

THE WOLF IN CHIEFS CLOTHING

Written by

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Very loosely based on some stuff that kinda sorta happened.

EXT. ARROWHEAD STADIUM - KANSAS CITY - DAY

KANSAS CITY CHIEFS football happens in the world's loudest stadium. 142.2 decibels. The noise might rupture eardrums.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Kansas City - September 22, 2019"

76,416 FANS scream their lungs out. Huge homefield advantage.

Only a couple hundred fans root for the opposing BALTIMORE RAVENS. Small purple specks in a sea of red.

PATRICK MAHOMES, KC's prodigious quarterback, snaps the ball.

Mahomes' voice is Kermit the Frog-ish, but he's still one of the baddest motherfuckers alive. *That's* how talented he is.

MAHOMES (V.O.)

One might naturally assume this is
a story about me, MVP and Super
Bowl Champion Patrick Mahomes.

The KC offensive line crashes into the Baltimore defensive line. It's a 10-car pile-up. Tortured GRUNTS fill the air.

Mahomes drops back into the pocket and diagnoses an unblocked slot blitz. He throws an unorthodox lob off his back foot...

Wideout DEMARCUS ROBINSON jukes a corner, snags the ball with one hand. Perfect ball placement. Touchdown! The crowd ROARS.

ARROWMAN, the town's marquee fan, celebrates. He wears the opponent's jersey and hat pierced by red-and-yellow arrows.

LATER

The Chiefs are rolling. Mahomes nonchalantly slings a pass...

MAHOMES (V.O.)

Or a story about this guy, the
greatest tight end of all time,
Travis Kelce.

Surrounded by defenders, TRAVIS KELCE hauls in a catch.

Like 7-Eleven, Kelce is *always* open. That applies to both his route-running and his nightlife.

The REFS signal first down and move the chains.

In the first row, a MAN IN A RED TUXEDO drops to his knees holding a ring. He proposes to a WOMAN IN A YELLOW DRESS.

MAHOMES (V.O.)

Or even about this well-adjusted couple who discovered love because of their favorite football team.

The woman shakes her head yes. Everyone is touched.

MAHOMES (V.O.)

Unfortunately, this is a story about grown-ass men who dress up in silly costumes and make everyday fans look bad.

Fight! A few rows back, two SUPERFANS slug away at each other in the aisle. This takes the spotlight off the engagement.

RED EXTREME is best described as a rejected Power Ranger concept. X-FACTOR wears the world's lamest superhero costume.

MAHOMES (V.O.)

Red Extreme here has a drunk-and-disorderly arrest for every touchdown I've thrown.

The drunken buffoons show off ludicrously bad boxing form until -- BLAM! -- Red Extreme punches X-Factor's temple.

MAHOMES (V.O.)

And don't even get me started on X-Factor. He's a meth addict who exposed himself to a Cicis pizza.

X-Factor's knees buckle. He takes a nap on the steps. Zzzzzz.

Some SECURITY GUARDS drag them both out. Normal fans CHEER.

Mahomes breaks the huddle...

MAHOMES

Break!

And the fourth wall.

MAHOMES (CONT'D)

Superfans like these two clowns paved the way for the craziest superfan of them all -- Chiefsaholic. This is his tale.

TITLE: "THE WOLF IN CHIEFS CLOTHING"

INT. PRO WRESTLING TRAINING FACILITY - NIGHT

GAGE LAFRENTZ (late 20s) has a dirty mop on his head and another one in his hand. He's a janitor pulling graveyard.

He's weary. From a lack of sleep, but also from a lack of living. He has dark circles under his eyes and soul.

Gage mops one of the ramshackle wrestling rings. He inspects a small hole in the canvas. Shrugs it off. Typical.

INT. PRO WRESTLING TRAINING FACILITY - DAY

BULLFROG BELANTI, stubby with a flattop and a toad's face, mainlines coffee. The proprietor of this fledgling operation.

Two WRESTLERS in gimmicky getups rehearse a match. MORTICIAN, a cheap Undertaker knockoff, manhandles COUNT SMACKULA.

A zombified Gage washes windows upfront.

WHAM! Mortician suplexes Count Smackula right through the hole. Half the ring collapses and swallows him.

Bullfrog attends to the Count, who spits his fangs out as he writhes in pain. A bone protrudes from his arm. Yikes.

BULLFROG

GABE! GABE!

ON GAGE: Who, me?

BULLFROG (CONT'D)

Yeah, you.

GAGE

Name's Gage, sir.

BULLFROG

I don't care if it's Greta Garbo.
You want some ring work or not?

GAGE

Uh, yes, Mr. Bullfrog.

BULLFROG

Count Smackula is out. Go help
Mortician with his suplexes.

LATER

Gage is in the squared circle. His ratty wolf costume adorned with vintage Chiefs apparel. He hits a messy backflip, howls.

Unimpressed, the Mortician rag dolls Gage and hits him with a belly-to-belly suplex. THUMP.

German suplex. Fisherman suplex. Northern Lights suplex. Believe it or not, these are actual wrestling moves.

The hulking Mortician carries Gage to the top turnbuckle, sets him down. He superflexes wolf boy into oblivion. BLAM!

Gage spits out blood, clutches his ribs. Oof.

BULLFROG (CONT'D)

Told ya you weren't ready, kid.

GAGE

You haven't heard my promos yet. Know how everyone loves Arrowman? Well, Chiefsaholic is the Arrowman of wrestling. The gimmick plays.

BULLFROG

It doesn't. Take a look at Clair Voyance over there.

CLAIR VOYANCE, clad in a fortune teller ensemble, stretches.

BULLFROG (CONT'D)

She supernaturally predicts opponent moves. *That's* a gimmick. Keep sweeping floors until you can bring me something similar.

Gage rolls under the ropes. He gawks at Bullfrog.

BULLFROG (CONT'D)

What now!?

GAGE

My paycheck, sir. It's a week late.

BULLFROG

Gimme another week. Business has been rougher than expected.

Deflated, Gage grabs his backpack, limps out of the building.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Shock washes over Gage. He drops his red-and-yellow rabbit's foot keychain when he locates his...

Station wagon. A Clark Griswold dadmobile with wood paneling has been stripped. All the good, er, passable parts stolen.

"Go Chiefs" is spray-painted on its side. Even the criminals in this town have team spirit.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

A CROWD waits. TSSSS. The bus brakes. Its door swings open.

Last in line, Gage hobbles onboard. The BUS DRIVER shoots him a crooked stare and takes his \$1.50 fare.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

The building is on the last toenail of its last leg -- EEK! Gage sulks into the entrance.

INT. SHITTY STUDIO - APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

A closet masquerading as an apartment. Chiefs memorabilia Posters, pendants, photos. Notably, a photo of Arrowman.

In the bathroom, a crimson mess stares back at Gage.

He slides his battered body into the tiled shower. Funky spores seep out of porous grout. A mildew and mold party.

Gage turns the water on but that only produces a few sputters and sprinkles. City utilities turned off his water. Shit.

GAGE

Enough.

INT. CITY BUS - DAY

Seated, Gage nods off. His face still bloody as a rare steak.

A CONSTRUCTION WORKER sits down nearby. He catches a whiff of Gage's stench, covers his face with his helmet and moves.

EXT. DUMPY DUPLEX - DAY

Gage hops the fence. He scales the bark of an oak tree. Climbs out on a limb. CRACK. The branch fractures...

He swings and barely hangs onto the upstairs windowsill. THUD. The broken branch falls to the grass.

Gage pulls himself up, plops down on the rotting ledge. The window is rigged not to latch, which allows him to break in.

SERIES OF SHOTS - DUMPY DUPLEX

Desperate, Gage tears the place apart...

BEDROOM - He tips the mattress over. Nothing underneath.

GARAGE - A hoarder's paradise. Gage sifts through junk.

KITCHEN - He scours the cabinets. Still no luck.

ATTIC - Gage climbs in. Crawls around with a flashlight.

LIVING ROOM - Ransacked. An idea rockets him off the sofa.

SHED - Gage collects a metal detector and shovel.

EXT. BACKYARD - DUMPY DUPLEX

Gage scans patchy grass until... BEEP BEEP BEEP. Found it! He digs up a rusty, metal box and opens it, revealing...

WOLFIE. A plush toy of the Chiefs' wolf mascot. Cotton hangs from the zipper. An eye dangles. It's seen better days.

Gage is basically Gollum petting the ring of power. He converses with the stuffy, imagines it speaking back.

GAGE

Welcome back, Wolfie. Thought you were gone forever.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Nothing can keep us apart.

GAGE

My life has kinda been a mess ever since you went missing.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Now that we're together again it will all work out. Time for people to notice your talents.

MEL (O.S.)

Hope you old friends had a swell time catching up.

WHACK. Gage's head takes a smack. Wolfie is jerked away by...

MEL LAFRENTZ (50), Gage's mother. Colder than a polar bear's claws and even more likely to rip your face off.

MEL (CONT'D)

Because it's the last chat you'll ever have.

GAGE

Ow. What are you doing!?

MEL

Something I should've done a long time ago.

Mel stomps over to the charcoal grill, opens the lid.

GAGE

Wait! Dad gave that to me! He promised to give it back when I grew up.

MEL

One look at how you turned out and he'd be fine with me burning it.

GAGE

At least he would've cared about how I turned out. Unlike someone.

MEL

All you had to do was join the family business. But, noooooooooo, you were too fucking soft.

GAGE

I didn't want to ruin my life like the rest of you did.

MEL

Please. You have no life to ruin.

GAGE

Give Wolfie back to me. He's mine.

MEL

No! Look at you. You're a grown man with an imaginary friend. It's humiliating. For you and for me.

GAGE

This isn't about you!

MEL

It sure the hell is. You broke into my house. Looks like someone let a drunken chimpanzee loose in there.

GAGE

You're the one who made me take gymnastics as a kid so I could sneak into places.

MEL

Talk about lighting things on fire.
What a waste of money.

GAGE

Mom. I'm not scared of you anymore.
Don't make me --

MEL

-- TAKE ONE MORE STEP AND I WILL
CUNT PUNT YOU INTO OUTER SPACE.

GAGE

Fine... What do I need to do for
you to give it back? Tell me.

Hmm. Mel ponders how she can take advantage of this.

INT. TRUCK SHOP - DAY

A gas station slash fireworks store slash BBQ restaurant.
Endless amounts of pickled foods and B-rate Chiefs gear.

The HILLBILLY CLERK reviews receipts. Distracted. MUMBLING.
His country accent gives away that this is the outskirts.

Sweating bullets, Gage capitalizes and creeps over to the...

Wall of Shame. A framed photo of Mel is featured among other
shoplifters. Gage yanks it down. He freezes when he hears...

HILLBILLY CLERK

Stop right there! Can't let you
take that. It's a deterrent.

Gage turns. The hillbilly points a Roman candle at him.

GAGE

Is that a... Roman candle?

HILLBILLY CLERK

My sister needed to borrow my gun.
Long story.

GAGE

Totally understand family drama. My
mom is making me do this. *Sorry!*

The hillbilly lights the Roman candle. Gage hightails it out
of there with the framed photo of Mel...

EXT. TRUCK STOP - CONTINUOUS

SCREECH. Mel whips her shitbox sedan around and, in motion, swoops up a running Gage...

On foot, the hillbilly hauls ass after them, fires his Roman candle. Colorful sparks. It detonates towards Mel's car...

BAM BAM BAM. A fireball shatters her side-view mirror. KSSH. H.

The hillbilly's other shots miss. The firework fizzles out. He throws it to the pavement in disgust.

Mel's hooptie speeds into the distance. Not-so-clean getaway.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DUMPY DUPLEX - DAY

Mel's jalopy sputters into the driveway. She springs out to inspect the broken mirror.

MEL

Jesus fucking Christ. Look at this god damn mirror.

NEIGHBORS disapprove of this blasphemy outburst. One stops washing his car. Another pauses playing catch with his son.

Gage hustles over to take a glance at the damage. Mel removes the fake license plates she taped on top of the real ones.

MEL (CONT'D)

Raised your sister to be a master thief and you can't even boost a framed photo. Pathetic.

GAGE

If she's such a master, why did she get busted?

MEL

Paula made sacrifices for this family. She got caught because she had to carry your dead weight.

GAGE

Mad because your kid refuses to be a criminal. That's some world champion parenting. Such a hero.

MEL

Oh, you wanna talk heroes? Check this out.

Mel pulls up a website on her cell, shoves it in Gage's face.

HEADLINE: *"Embarrassed by Fellow Superfans, Arrowman Retires"*

Shellshocked, Gage holds back tears.

MEL (CONT'D)

Arrowman just retired. Couldn't
hack it anymore. Of course you're a
loser. You idolize one.

GAGE

He raised thousands for dying kids
with Leukemia!

MEL

Most of us can't afford to dress up
and play make believe. We're out in
the real world, hustling.

GAGE

Screw this. I'm done. Now that I
have Wolfie I'm never coming back.

MEL

Good! I don't need you anyway. Got
a solid score brewing. You'll see.

Gage storms off, carrying Wolfie.

MEL (CONT'D)

FUCK YOU AND YOUR CHIEFS!

The dad playing catch with his son has heard enough.

WHOLESOME DAD

Whoa! I stood here and listened to
you take the lord's name in vain,
but trashing the Chiefs is where I
draw the line.

MEL

Those bums haven't won a Super Bowl
in 50 years. Time to move on, pal.

Mel oscillates her head in utter disgust, storms away.

INT. PRO WRESTLING TRAINING FACILITY - DAY

Sunrise. Gage finishes wiping down the ring canvas with rags.
He stows his cleaning supplies in the custodial closet.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - PRO WRESTLING TRAINING FACILITY - DAY

Before wrestlers show up, Gage squeezes in a loooooong overdue
shower. A stream of dirty brown water swirls down the drain.

INT. BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY

Free breakfast program. IMPOVERISHED PEOPLE wait in line. A CHEERY VOLUNTEER serves Gage a plate. He fakes a smile.

INT. SHITTY STUDIO - APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Gage rests on a floor mattress with Wolfie the stuffed animal by his side. Unable to sleep, he studies the ceiling cracks.

In the studio above his, a DRUNK COUPLE plays a DANCING VIDEO GAME. Small ceiling chunks fall periodically. SIGH.

GAGE

Glad to have you back, Wolfie.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Glad to be back, Gage.

QUICK FLASHES: Gage revisits memories of his dad, DENNY...

- KID GAGE follows Denny into Arrowhead for the first time.
- Denny buys Wolfie for Kid Gage from the stadium shop.
- Father and son root on their Chiefs together.

EXT. BARS - POWER AND LIGHT DISTRICT - NIGHT

Game day. Red Kingdom block party featuring the largest big screen in the city. A huge crowd has amassed. Thousands.

SUPERIMPOSE: "October 17, 2019"

In raggedy Chiefs gear, Gage counts change for the TICKET TAKER. His wallet is short and the line behind him is long.

TICKET TAKER

Hurry the hell up, kid.

The ANNOYED FAN behind him forks over Gage's \$10 cover.

ANNOYED FAN

Here. I swear, if I missed kickoff,
I'm hunting you down.

GAGE

Thanks. I guess?

The ticket taker shoves Gage inside the roped-off area.

LATER

Gray wolf costume with an ethereal glow. It's calling to him.
An overzealous SPIRIT STORE EMPLOYEE approaches.

SPIRIT STORE EMPLOYEE
See something you like?

GAGE
The wolf. It's like heaven's light
is shining down on it.

SPIRIT STORE EMPLOYEE
Oh, that's because several
fluorescent bulbs went out, but,
yes, gorgeous nonetheless.

GAGE
Can I try it on?

SPIRIT STORE EMPLOYEE
Absolutely. You will fall in love.

LATER

In the fitting room, Gage pulls on the wolf head last. Checks
out the costume in the mirror. There's ecstasy in his eyes.

Wolf Gage steps out of the dressing room. The employee acts
as if he's complimenting a Met Gala gown.

SPIRIT STORE EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)
Oh. My. God. You absolute legend.
Please tell me you're buying this.

WOLF GAGE
How much does it cost?

SPIRIT STORE EMPLOYEE
Only three fifty. And it has a
lifetime guarantee. The last
Halloween costume you'll ever buy.

That sound is Gage's stomach sinking.

WOLF GAGE
Let me mull it over for a sec.

Gage re-enters the dressing room. He stuffs his clothes in
his backpack. Takes a deep breath. Inhale. Exhale.

What the!?! Suddenly, Gage sprints out of the store wearing
the wolf costume. The employee is caught flat-footed.

SPIRIT STORE EMPLOYEE

Hey. HEY!

WOLF GAGE

I'll pay you back. I promise!

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

The spirit store employee chases Gage, who races down the sidewalk still wearing the wolf costume! A bizarre sight.

Uh-oh. The wolf head spins around sideways. Gage's vision is blocked. He plows into PEDESTRIANS.

GAGE

'Scuse me... Sorry about that...

He peels off the wolf head and tucks it under his armpit.

The employee recruits a BEAT COP who inspects parking meters.

SPIRIT STORE EMPLOYEE

Officer, help. My store was robbed!

BEAT COP

By who? What do they look like?

SPIRIT STORE EMPLOYEE

He's a... wolf... a wolfman.

The beat cop shoots him an "are you on shrooms?" look. The employee is too out of wind to elaborate.

EXT. HAUNTED HOUSE - NIGHT

Gage screams around a corner. Stops when he notices a creepy old building that's been converted into a haunted house.

Thinking fast, he puts the wolf head back on, dips inside.

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A MILITANT DOORMAN intercepts Gage before he can enter.

MILITANT DOORMAN

Are you new? Nobody said anything to me about a wolf.

WOLF GAGE

Umm, yeah, that's me...

The doorman quizzically arches an eyebrow. Gage changes tack.

WOLF GAGE (CONT'D)

I mean, of course I'm the new guy.
Nobody would wear this thing for
fun. Sweating like a necrophiliac
at a funeral in here.

MILITANT DOORMAN

Obviously not that new. You already
picked up our dark sense of humor.

He waves Gage into the space.

INT. EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM - HAUNTED HOUSE - NIGHT

Gage huffs and puffs, catches his breath. A DEPRESSED
FRANKENSTEIN vapes on a velvet couch. Dismal body language.

The room is filled with costumes, props and makeup supplies.

GAGE

Hey, can I use this stuff?

DEPRESSED FRANKENSTEIN

Do I look like I really care?
Hanging on by a thread here, man.

INT. EXHIBIT AREA - HAUNTED HOUSE - NIGHT

Dressed in blood-spattered coveralls, Gage slips on a hockey
mask. He joins the exhibit and wields a fake chainsaw.

The spirit store employee and cop enter the spooky maze...

Gage clocks them, revs up his chainsaw. BRUM BRUM BRUM. He
swipes at them with his faux weapon, misses on purpose.

The cop pushes him away and grips his service weapon.

BEAT COP

Whoa! What the hell are you doing?
Did you fail to see the uniform?

GAGE

(raspy, scary voice)
Sorry, officer. It's Halloween
season. Thought it was a costume.

BEAT COP

Forget it. You're young. Trying to
earn a paycheck.

SPIRIT STORE EMPLOYEE

Have you seen a wolfman? Gray,
furry, about this tall?

GAGE

Ran upstairs a few minutes ago.
Thought he was part of the act.

BEAT COP

Thanks, kid.

SPIRIT STORE EMPLOYEE

Come see me and we'll upgrade that
costume. You can do better.

The employee produces a business card, hands it to Gage. The beat cop drags the pedantic twerp away.

Now alone, Gage recedes to the back of the giant maze...

Over in the corner, Gage scoops his backpack and jets. Fur protrudes from the zipper. It looks like it swallowed a wolf.

EXT. HAUNTED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Gage flees via the fire escape. He's in such a hurry that he quickly climbs down the side instead of using the stairs.

EXT. PARKING LOT - ARROWHEAD STADIUM - DAY

Game day. Massive tailgate for Sunday Night Football. PACKERS FANS join CHIEFS FANS for alcohol-infused debauchery.

SUPERIMPOSE: "October 27, 2019"

Gage shows up rocking his wolf costume, which has been given a home-team makeover. It's shabby but spirited.

His outfit: An old school Chiefs jersey, red ball cap with holes cut out for the ears and faded yellow sweatpants.

WOLF GAGE

Anybody got an extra ticket they
can give away? Looking for a free
extra ticket? Anybody?

Tailgaters CRACK UP at this outlandish proposition. Might as well ask them to give away their first born.

Gage approaches a group of SUBURBAN CHIEFS FANS at a fancy tailgate with catered BBQ. Hmm. They could be charitable.

WOLF GAGE (CONT'D)

You guys have an extra ticket?

SUBURBAN FAN

Middle upper deck. How much you
give me for it?

WOLF GAGE

Hate to ask this favor, but I really need it for free.

The group realizes he's serious and explodes into LAUGHTER.

SUBURBAN FAN

Free Chiefs tickets!? In this economy? Are you mental?

WOLF GAGE

Only trying to help the team. You see, Mahomes got injured because Arrowman retired and the Chiefs lost their good juju. They need a new superfan to bring it back. Me.

SUBURBAN FAN

Buddy, you don't need a ticket. You need a good therapist.

Ouch. Gage sags. Hangs his head.

LATER

The HEAD BRO, who wears a Packers cheesehead, brings Wolf Gage back to his tailgate, joins fellow PACKER BROS.

HEAD BRO

Yo, fellas. This here is Gage.

CHIEFSAHOLIC

You can also call me Chiefsaholic.

Wolf Gage, now CHIEFSAHOLIC, awkwardly waves a paw.

HEAD BRO

We have a bet. He says he can take a punch. I say he can't. So if he can, we'll give him a ticket.

His bros, who share a single brain cell, nod in agreement.

Gage removes the wolf head and sets it on a grassy knoll by the curb. He slaps his face, bounces around, hulks up.

GAGE

Ready.

The head bro winds up and throws a sloppy haymaker. BAM. Gage takes a helluva shot to the chin. Doesn't go down.

GAGE (CONT'D)

Now give me the ticket.

HEAD BRO

Ah, that's cute. But I meant one punch from *all of us*.

GAGE

What!?! You never said that.

HEAD BRO

It's what I meant. Not my fault you didn't ask for specific details.

GAGE

Fine. Let's get this over with.

The Packer bros take turns trying to knock Gage out:

BAP. A jab sends spit flying...

WHAM. A left cross mashes his nose...

KAPOW. A right hook blasts his temple...

Gage stumbles back, but remains upright. He shadowboxes like Rocky in a training montage, celebrates his Pyrrhic victory.

GAGE (CONT'D)

One ticket, please.

The head bro extends a ticket, rescinds it when he spots...

TITUS, best described as zoomer Leif Erikson, carries a keg like a strongman contestant. He sets it down effortlessly.

HEAD BRO

Uh-oh. You're fucked now. That's my boy Titus. Twelfth alternate for the Olympic weightlifting team.

GAGE

Screw this. You can't keep moving the goalposts.

HEAD BRO

My ticket, my goalposts. Titus, hit him hard enough that he goes to sleep, but soft enough to keep his brain from hemorrhaging.

TITUS

No promises. Look at his weak chin.

Knowing the outcome, Gage half-heartedly braces for impact.

Titus lunges forward. Uncorks an uppercut. BLADOW...

Gage levitates. Feel free to take a bathroom break. He'll still be suspended in mid-air when you return.

EXT. PARKING LOT - ARROWHEAD STADIUM - NIGHT

Knocked out and coming to, Gage hears someone talking to him.

WOLF HEAD (V.O.)
Psst. Psst! Rise and shine, bitch.

It's the wolf mascot head over on the grassy knoll. The fake lump of fur is somehow sentient. What. The. Hell.

WOLF HEAD (V.O.)
Get your ass up. The Chiefs need you to be more than a punching bag.

GAGE
Nope. Not real. Definitely not real. Must be a concussion.

Gage doesn't engage. He simply absorbs the weirdness.

INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Now in normal clothes, Gage grabs two bags of peas from the frozen food aisle. Holds them to his bumpy, bruised face.

The Packers at Chiefs television broadcast plays storewide.

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Sitting on the toilet with his pants up, Gage ices his face with the pea bags he was too broke to buy.

On the speakers, famed broadcaster AL MICHEALS commentates.

AL MICHEALS (V.O.)
Second down and two... little flip here to Jones... gets a block...AND JONES OUT IN FRONT... they're trying to chase him down... he's inside the ten... and Jones down the sideline... he is in for the touchdown. Sixty-seven yards!

Mid-poop, the DUDE IN THE NEXT STALL kicks his door.

DUDE IN THE NEXT STALL
Goddammit! That's the ballgame.

GAGE
It's a one-score-game. Have faith.

DUDE IN THE NEXT STALL
No Mahomes, no comeback. It's over.

INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Gage exits via automatic doors, barely squeezes back through in time to scan a flier on the wall that piques his interest:

"The Next Great Superfan Contest!"

9 AM, Sunday November 3rd at 810 WHB Headquarters

Grand Prize: A club-level seat for the Vikings game where you will be introduced to the Arrowhead crowd."

Gage YELLS. Startled, a SENIOR SHOPPER drops her grocery bag.

SENIOR SHOPPER
Did the Chiefs come back?

GAGE
No, ma'am. Something else. Sorry.

SENIOR SHOPPER
You know better than to get
people's hopes up around here.

Gage assists her in picking up the spilled groceries.

EXT. RINKY-DINK ARENA - NIGHT

A line of WRESTLING FANS funnels in. Gage, whose face is now less swollen, stands off to the side and paces.

A seriously outdated white limo pulls up. Bullfrog exits in a green sequin jacket, flanked by washed-up RING GIRLS.

Bullfrog takes a sneaky key bump of cocaine. Gage interrupts.

GAGE
Mr. Bullfrog, sir.

BULLFROG
Beat it, kiddo. We're basking in
the glory here.

GAGE
What if I told you that you didn't
have to pay me my last paycheck.

BULLFROG
The glory can wait. Tell me more.

GAGE

Give me a ringside seat and we'll
call it even.

A giant smirk forms on Bullfrog's face. His meat hook pulls a handful of tickets out of his pocket, passes one to Gage.

BULLFROG

Not another word until next payday.

Bullfrog mimes an elbow to the face. Intimidated, Gage nods.

INT. RINKY-DINK ARENA - NIGHT

Sparse CROWD. In the ring, Mortician squares off against TRUST FUND, a baby-faced wrestler in a spandex tuxedo.

Ringside, Bullfrog announces the match with some FANBOY HACK fresh out of J-School. Gage sits a few rows behind them.

FANBOY HACK

Looks like Trust Fund is setting up
his finisher, the Bull Market.

Trust Fund revs up, charges a fallen Mortician as he rises...

Mortician was playing possum. He matadors Trust Fund who -- GONG! -- accidentally spears the ring post with his shoulder.

FANBOY HACK (CONT'D)

He missed! What a disaster.

Trust Fund gets hit with Mortician's suplex finisher, aka...

BULLFROG

The Morgue! That's a wrap. Toe tag
'em and bag 'em, Morty.

Mortician pins Trust Fund. The REF counts 1-2-3. DING DING DING. Bullfrog delivers the title belt, announces the result.

BULLFROG (CONT'D)

The winner and new Western Missouri
Independent Regional Pro Wrestling
Circuit Champion... Mortician!

Morty snatches the mic away, cuts a surprisingly epic promo.

MORTICIAN

Trust Fund was born with a silver
spoon up his ass. Pretty good luck.
Unfortunately for him, what I
inherited was a sadistic streak.

(MORE)

MORTICIAN (CONT'D)

When you pit sinister against
wealthy, well, the Monopoly Man and
his portfolio never stood a chance.
Consider his assets seized!

Gage's mind is blown. He jots down notes as he listens.

INT. PAYDAY LENDER - DAY

A scummy place erected solely to pillage blue-collar workers.

The MISANTHROPE MANAGER parks himself behind his desk, ready to destroy Gage's financial future. Slides over the contract.

MISANTHROPE MANAGER

You've been approved for a five-
hundred-dollar loan with a four-
month term. The APR is three
hundred and seventy seven percent.

GAGE

Uh, is that normal? Sounds high.

MISANTHROPE MANAGER

If you have bad credit? Absolutely.
You're lucky we approved you.

Gage doesn't look so lucky. He reluctantly signs the docs.

INT. SHITTY STUDIO - APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

In his wolf costume minus the head, Gage memorizes notes.

SUPERIMPOSE: "November 3, 2019"

Chiefsaholic got an upgrade. His Chiefs shirt and red-and-
yellow Zubaz pants are new. The mascot head wears a new cap.

He swigs a shot of tequila so cheap it might as well be 80-
proof piss. And another. And another. Gage picks up Wolfie.

GAGE

Don't know if I can do this, bud.
Need a pep talk.

Before Wolfie can "speak," the wolf mascot head interrupts.

WOLF HEAD (V.O.)

What you need is tough love. Stop
being a fucking failure and go get
on that god damn bus.

GAGE

Must be more drunk than I thought.

He rests on a Goodwill sofa that doubles as an insect condo.

GAGE (CONT'D)

Screw it.

Gage sets down Wolfie, scoops the wolf head and scrams.

EXT. PARKING LOT - 810 WHB RADIO STATION - DAY

The Next Great Superfan Contest. It's Comic Con East. The CONTESTANTS let their freak flags fly.

Tryout time: superfan wannabes perform for JUDGES.

BANJO HOBO plucks some putrid sounds.

LORD WHISTLE showcases a deafening shriek.

RED HULK flexes body-painted, roided-out muscles.

The judges pound coffee to stave off drowsiness. Chiefsaholic scribbles more notes over in the AUDIENCE.

LATER

Chiefsaholic is up. He approaches the mic stand.

CHIEFSAHOLIC

Umm...

WOLF HEAD (V.O.)

Step the fuck up right here, right now or you'll be a loser for life.

Him again. Gage shakes off the nerves. Deep breath. Showtime.

CHIEFSAHOLIC

Look at this sorry slate of sad sacks. No wonder the judges are falling asleep. *Lord Whistle?* Are you an inanimate object or royalty? Pick a gimmick and stick with it.

Lord Whistle wishes he could disappear.

CHIEFSAHOLIC (CONT'D)

Banjo Hobo? Your music sounds like getting your teeth drilled at the dentist. At least they have the courtesy to drug you up first.

Banjo Hobo strums a few chords. Spectators BOO him.

CHIEFSAHOLIC (CONT'D)

Red Hulk? You have huge balls to go out in public like that. Actually, steroids shrink balls, so I bet they look like tiny little raisins.

Red Hulk is seconds away from roid rage. His BODYBUILDER GIRLFRIEND holds him back. Red body paint rubs everywhere.

CHIEFSAHOLIC (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm Chiefsaholic and I'm here to rescue our hometown team from mediocrity.

Chiefsaholic HOWLS. He leans on his gymnastics background. Runs and tumbles...

A cartwheel propels into a backflip. Decent-ish landing.

Olympic judges would give him a 6.9, but parking lot judges give him a 9.6. They stand and APPLAUD. We have a winner.

EXT. FIELD - ARROWHEAD STADIUM - DAY

On the sideline, Chiefsaholic is laser-focused on his notepad. He hangs with the MASTER OF CEREMONIES.

The MINNESOTA VIKINGS offense is in the redzone. QB KIRK COUSINS, overflowing with youth pastor energy, hikes it...

And tosses a 16-yard touchdown to running back AMEER ABDULLAH. The CHIEFS DEFENSE is a step too slow.

SCOREBOARD: Chiefs 10, Vikings 16, 11:51 3rd quarter

The HOME CROWD is stunned speechless. TV timeout break.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Counting on you to get this place rocking. No pressure or anything!

The emcee ushers Chiefsaholic to midfield. Gage feels 75,000 eyes staring through him. The emcee speaks into a microphone.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (CONT'D)

Let's give a warm Arrowhead welcome to the winner of the Next Great Superfan Contest, Chiefsaholic!

Chiefsaholic takes the mic, freezes temporarily, goes for it.

CHIEFSAHOLIC

This is Chiefs Kingdom, baby! Are we gonna let these pretenders come into our house and steal a victory? Time to slay some Vikings and SEND THEM TO VALHALLA!!!

Chiefsaholic HOWLS into the mic. The Beastie Boy's "Fight for Your Right," KC's' unofficial anthem, hits the PA system.

He sprints and tumbles. Cartwheels propel into a backflip. Adrenaline coursing, his final descent is better!

Chiefsaholic waves his arms, tries to pump everybody up. Unsatisfied, he steals a BALL BOY's football, scurries to...

The endzone and dunks the ball on the goalpost crossbar! He falls on his ass, but at this point the crowd is in a FRENZY.

CROWD

Chiefsaholic!

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP.

CROWD (CONT'D)

Chiefsaholic!

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP.

EXT. ARROWHEAD STADIUM - KANSAS CITY - DAY

SCOREBOARD: Chiefs 23, Vikings 23, 0:03 4th quarter

You could hear a pin drop on a pillow. Excruciating suspense.

From his club-level front-row seat, Chiefsaholic leans forward, strokes his lucky red-and-yellow rabbit's foot.

HARRISON BUTKER, the Chiefs kicker, drills the football...

His 44-yard field goal is GOOD! Chiefs win 26-23!

Butker celebrates with his teammates, including Patrick Mahomes, who's still injured and wears street clothes.

Up in the stands, FELLOW FANS swarm Chiefsaholic with hugs and high fives. As if he kicked the game-winning field goal.

EXT. PARKING LOT - ARROWHEAD STADIUM - DAY

Chiefsaholic strides down 1 Arrowhead Drive. Cars HONK at him as they exit. PASSENGERS spot his costume and CHEER.

An oversized pickup truck with monster wheels -- hello, insecurity! -- slows down, driven by a DAY-DRUNK DRIVER.

DAY-DRUNK DRIVER
Yo, Chiefsaholic! Need a ride, man?

CHIEFSAHOLIC
You... you know my name?

DAY-DRUNK DRIVER
Dude. You're kinda famous now.

ON GAGE: About to pinch himself.

DAY-DRUNK DRIVER (CONT'D)
Get in.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Gage rides shotgun, sans wolf head. He chats with the driver.

DAY-DRUNK DRIVER
So... you gotta keep doing this.

GAGE
Yeah?

DAY-DRUNK DRIVER
Hell yeah, man. You brought us back. We were dead before that.

An ear-to-ear grin takes over Gage's face.

DAY-DRUNK DRIVER (CONT'D)
Just make sure you're always in the front row or something. Ya know, visible. Like Arrowman was.

Gage pulls the club-level stub out of his pocket. \$495!

DAY-DRUNK DRIVER (CONT'D)
Oh, and you have to go on the road. Arrowman *always* went on the road.

GAGE
I know. What I don't know is how I'm supposed to afford all of this?

DAY-DRUNK DRIVER
Hey, you could always rob a bank!

The driver jokingly nudges Gage, with no clue how close to home that lame punchline hit. Gage swallows hard.

INT. CELL - TOPEKA CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - DAY

From outside the cell, a HEFTY GUARD barks at an inmate.

HEFTY GUARD
LaFrentz! Visitor.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Topeka Correctional Facility"

The inmate who rises from her cardboard mattress is...

PAULA LAFRENTZ (30), a blasé crook who's fresh out of fucks. She takes the authority complex to soaring new heights.

INT. VISITATION ROOM - TOPEKA CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - DAY

FEMALE INMATES in baggy maroon jumpsuits gab with FRIENDS and FAMILY. A few vacuous GUARDS monitor the visits.

Nervous, Gage taps his foot as he waits at a table. The hefty guard ushers Paula in, shoves her into a chair...

PAULA
Little bro. Mom die or something?

GAGE
Wish I was that lucky.

PAULA
Hey. Watch your fucking cakehole.

GAGE
I came because I need advice on something you're experienced with.

PAULA
Aw. Finally have a special lady in your life after all those years of self-pleasure?

GAGE
No. C'mon. Something a little more illegal. You sure we can...?

Gage gestures at a GUARD.

PAULA
Pshh. I bribe those bozos. We could plot to assassinate the warden and they'd yawn. So out with it.

GAGE
I need to... rob some banks.

Paula GIGGLES so damn hard she spills out of her chair.

GAGE (CONT'D)

This is freakin' serious, Paula.

PAULA

For you maybe. For me it's so funny my god damn spleen just ruptured.

GAGE

Remember Arrowman? I'm basically the new him. But superfanning is expensive as hell and I'm broke. This is the only way.

The LAUGHTER keeps going... and going... and going...

GAGE (CONT'D)

Paula! Tell me what to do or I'll wing it and probably get shot. Do you want that on your conscience?

Paula re-merges from the linoleum. She ponders this.

PAULA

OK OK. Damn. Let's get your panties out of that pretzel. You ready?

Gage pulls out his notepad. He scribbles as Paula rants.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Hit credit unions and local banks. Small ones with highway access. Always far away. Never shit where you snooze. Boost a car to protect your identity and buy a burner phone or the feds will geotrack your ass.

Paula waits for Gage's pen to catch up to her mouth.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Pop your cherry with a teller note. Less pressure that way. Write something like, "Put the money in the bag and do it fast. No alarms, dye packs or bait money or people get hurt." Then flash your piece.

While leaning against the wall, one of the GUARDS nods off.

PAULA (CONT'D)

After that, graduate to vaults. Most idiots only grab the manager, but it always takes two employees to verify. Once you're in, only bag high-denomination bills. Then run it all through a casino to rinse it.

Paula pauses momentarily to mull over her final advice.

PAULA (CONT'D)

No amount of book learning prepares you for gripping a gun. It's purely about confidence. So you better find some. Because if you're not menacing enough, you wind up in a hellhole like this. Or dead.

ON GAGE: Gulp.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Fuck, that was fun. Been waiting for us to bond like that.

EXT. RETRO MOTEL - BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA - DAY

A 50s-style lodge made trendy. Midday. Midweek. Super quiet.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Bloomington, Indiana"

Around the corner, a sting operation mounts led by...

AGENT MEMPHIS MCCRAE (50), an odd duck the FBI lets swim in his own pond -- bank robbery division. More artist than suit.

His partner, AGENT KEITH CASH, and LOCAL POLICE back him up. Someone's vacation is about to come to an abrupt end.

[Editor's note: Jason Sudeikis and Paul Rudd grew up in the KC area and are both die-hard Chiefs fans. Just sayin'.]

As he vibes to experimental jazz in his AirPods, McCrae motions for the others to follow his lead...

Outside room 116, he raises a fist, signals for them to stop.

INT. ROOM 116 - RETRO MOTEL - DAY

Neo-hippie LOVEBIRDS perform yoga naked. Can't unsee that. The DUDE has blue hair. The LADY is a white girl with dreds.

WHOOM. A battering ram collapses the door. An armed Agent McCrae spills into the room, flanked by the cadre of cops.

The lovebirds beeline for the window in their birthday suits, promptly get tackled. Escape muffed and hands cuffed.

EXT. RETRO MOTEL - BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA - DAY

The lovebirds, now clothed somewhat strangely, are perped to a bureau vehicle by Agents Cash and McCrae.

DUDE LOVEBIRD

At least tell me how you caught us.

AGENT MCCRAE

Agent Cash, you hear the story about the Lotto Lovebirds yet?

AGENT CASH

Nope. I'm all ears.

AGENT MCCRAE

So this distinctive-looking couple keeps gobbling up thousands of lottery tickets in states with recent bank robberies. Brilliant, right? Especially given their eastern trajectory. The Dakotas. Minnesota. Wisconsin. Eventually, they wind up in the state where ten percent of Powerball winners come from. Geez. Think my seven-year-old niece could've cracked this case.

LADY LOVEBIRD

Knew you were too stupid to be a bank robber!

Lady Lovebird lunges at her man, but Cash pulls her back.

AGENT MCCRAE

In my experience, smart bank robbers are rarer than winning lotto tickets.

The agents shove the cuffed lovebirds into the backseat.

AGENT CASH

The Lotto Lovebirds. Gotta get that to the press. Create some buzz for ourselves.

AGENT MCCRAE

There's more to life than adulation.

AGENT CASH
Says the guy who goes on stage
everywhere we travel.

AGENT MCCRAE
That's different.

AGENT CASH
Oh yeah. You do it to avoid
attention. Makes total sense.

McCrae climbs into the driver seat, Cash rides shotgun.

FIRST SCORE MONTAGE - VARIOUS

- Walmart. Gage shoplifts a pay-as-you-go phone.
- Gage jimmys a minivan window. He hot-wires the vehicle. It has a full tank of gas! Yessssss.
- In the minivan, Gage crosses Tennessee's state line. Those annoying family stick figures are stuck on the rear window.
- Gage approaches a podunk regional bank, wearing a black ball cap and sunglasses. He chickens out, turns around.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Dyersburg, Tennessee"

- McDonald's. Gage sips a cup of joe. Drafts robber notes and crumples them up. The struggle is real.
- Gage paces in front of a different bank. Notices the security camera staring him in the face and skedaddles.
- Taco Bell. Gage brainstorms. Devours a Crunchwrap Supreme.
- Oops! Gage chickens out at yet another bank.
- Popeye's. Gage slumbers in a booth. The SHIFT MANAGER ejects him from the premises.

INT. STOLEN MINIVAN - DYERSBURG, TENNESSEE - DAY

Gage cases a small local bank from across the street. Checks the time on his phone: it's 3:50 PM. Tick tick tick...

GAGE
Who closes at four? Stupid.

The wolf costume head rests on the passenger seat.

GAGE (CONT'D)

Guess I have to get drunk or
concussed for you to help me.
Thanks a lot.

Gage puts on his cap, shades and gloves, hops out.

INT. LOCAL BANK - DYERSBURG, TENNESSEE - DAY

Still in his cap and shades, Gage hands a note to a CRANKY
TELLER who's had a long day and doesn't give a shit.

THE NOTE: *"This is a robbery. Fill a bag with big bills and
don't try any funny stuff. Or people will get hurt."*

Gage flashes a weird looking gun and an unconvincing scowl.

CRANKY TELLER

I don't have any bags.

GAGE

Shhhhh.

CRANKY TELLER

Not sure what you want me to do
here. Did you bring a bag?

GAGE

Didn't know you had to. Just pile
the cash up in my hands.

CRANKY TELLER

I'm sounding the alarm.

GAGE

Don't do that.

Too late. EEEOOEEEEOOO. The alarm blares. Busted.

The RENT-A-COP on duty scrambles to the teller window.
Panicked, Gage points his pistol at him. Far from menacing.

GAGE (CONT'D)

Freeze. I'm leaving and you're
gonna let me.

RENT-A-COP

Wait, that's a BB gun.

Yup. The gun is obviously an air pistol. Not fooling anybody.

GAGE

No! How stupid do you think --

RENT-A-COP

-- I bought that same one for my son. What kind of idiot brings a bb gun to a robbery?

Whoops! Gage stuffs the BB gun down his pants and makes a break for the front exit...

Some GOOD OLD BOY customer body-blocks Gage. KSSHHH! Gage soars through the glass, falls hard onto the brick sidewalk.

Gage is covered in glass. His eyes roll back into his head...

FADE TO BLACK

Tires RUMBLE. Wind WHOOSHES. An engine PURRS.

GAGE'S POV

His eyes open slowly to unveil...

A life-sized WOLFIE driving!!!

INT. FAMILY MINIVAN - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Gage's imaginary friend has taken the wheel. *Literally.*

WOLFIE is the Big Bad Wolf and your fucked-up uncle tossed in a blender. A seven-foot-tall fuzzball with a sardonic streak.

WOLFIE

Hey hey. Look who finally woke up.

Upon seeing this Faustian figment of his imagination, Gage freaks the eff out, attempts to open the passenger door.

GAGE

Stop the car! Let me out!

WOLFIE

Fucking chill. The child locks are on.

GAGE

Then slow down and unlock them!

WOLFIE

Do it yourself. Technically, you're the one driving.

All of a sudden, they swap places. Gage now drives and Wolfie kicks back in the shotgun seat. Funhouse mirror shit.

WOLFIE (CONT'D)

I'm just a stuffed animal your weird-ass mind anthropomorphized.

GAGE

What??? How? Why?

WOLFIE

Kid, you're a featherweight. Without me, you stood no chance of getting out of there. Let alone ganking that chump's wallet. Eighty bucks is better than nothing.

GAGE

So subconsciously... you took over?

WOLFIE

Nailed it. Might be a bit of a candy ass, but you aren't dense.

GAGE

Damn. You're a lot meaner than the Wolfie I know.

WOLFIE

The little guy? He's a security blanket. I'm a wartime consigliere.

GAGE

No no no. I bumped my head, blacked out and went into autopilot. That explains everything.

WOLFIE

If you say so, champ.

GAGE

Shut up! We're going to sit here and be silent until you disappear.

WOLFIE

The hard-to-get type. I dig that.

Gage shushes Wolfie with his index finger then flips him off.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - HARRAH'S KANSAS CITY - NIGHT

Gage vacates the parked minivan. Wipes the door handle with a towel to erase fingerprints. Turns around -- AHHHH! It's...

Wolfie ripping a cig. Blocking his path. What. The. Hell.

Gage's soul nearly leaps out of his chest.

WOLFIE

What are you doing?

GAGE

No. What are you doing!? Thought I told you to disappear.

WOLFIE

Stop avoiding my question. Spill the beans, amigo.

Gage scans the area to ensure there's no eavesdropping.

GAGE

Fine. So I grew up broker than the tooth fairy in a meth house.

WOLFIE

Bang. There's that winning sense of humor. Bring that out more often.

GAGE

If I'm gonna use casinos to launder my money, I need to know my way around one.

WOLFIE

Reconnaissance. Dude, now you're thinking.

GAGE

Obviously not. My bell is still rung. Or else you'd be gone.

WOLFIE

Hate to break it to you, but your bell was rung at birth.

GAGE

Stay out of my way. Trying to salvage a very bad day and you're not helping.

Gage cyclones toward the "Harrah's Kansas City" entrance.

WOLFIE

Not helping? NOT HELPING!?

Strung-out GAMBLERS depart the casino, block Gage's path. They're oblivious to the phantom melodrama he experiences.

WOLFIE (CONT'D)

If it wasn't for me, you'd be spending the night in a six-by-eight cell. Fucking ingrate.

INT. CASINO FLOOR - HARRAH'S KANSAS CITY - NIGHT

Gage nurses a well rum and coke. He scouts the scene while playing the cheapest slot machine in the joint.

A leathery LOUNGE LIZARD busts at the blackjack table.

Some BACHELORETTE PARTY wastes money on roulette.

Then there's this HIGH ROLLER who plays Texas hold 'em poker. Laser-focused. Dressed to kill. Fat chip stack.

Impressed, Gage emulates him. Sweeps his hair back. Sits up straighter. Test-drives a cocky smirk.

EMERALD

Get you something, hun?

Gage spins on his stool, becomes a glazed zombie when he's stunned by the pearly whites of waitress EMERALD GREENE (30).

On her best days, Emerald can out-charisma a cult leader. But it's been a long time since she had a day like that.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

I don't bite. Actually, that's a lie. By the third date I'm Dracula.

GAGE

Ha. Sorry. Didn't mean to be rude. Long drive behind me.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

All good. You're my first customer tonight who wasn't in a drunken stupor or gawking at my glutes.

GAGE

Gage. Gage LaFrentz.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Emerald Greene.

Gage fights hard but can't hold the SNICKER in.

EMERALD

Yep, that's my actual name since everybody asks. My parents really thought they did something there.

GAGE

No, it's cool. Most people couldn't pull it off, but you do. That why you're wearing green?

EMERALD

Every day is St. Patrick's Day in my world. Keeps the jokes at bay.

GAGE

Gotta say, it looks nice on you.

EMERALD

Hey, you're not bad yourself. This mop is hiding a stealth hottie.

She pretends to cut his hair. Gage turns Chiefs red.

EMERALD (CONT'D)

Shoot. Easy to lose time to nice conversation, but my boss is a dick. Better go. Take it easy.

GAGE

Oh yeah, I'll take it easy alright. Not gonna take it hard or anything.

Rendered speechless by his Ben Stiller-ing, she sashays away.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Stop humiliating yourself and shoot your damn shot. NOW.

GAGE

Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

Blown away, Emerald is tractor-beamed back to Gage.

EMERALD

Yeats. Love that poem. You a bookworm too?

GAGE

My mom pushed us pretty hard so they were always a good escape.

EMERALD

One of those moms who wanted you to get into Harvard or something?

GAGE

Not exactly. Could never afford college. How about yourself?

EMERALD

Got knocked off track. Still want to earn my degree, though. Someday.

GAGE

Degree or no degree, you're a sophisticated smokeshow.

On Emerald: Swoon.

EMERALD

Look, this prologue has convinced me you're a book worth reading.

She jots down her number on a napkin.

EMERALD (CONT'D)

Are you a psycho? Or worse yet, a Raiders fan?

Gage hikes his pant leg. He has a Chiefs logo ankle tattoo. She shows him an identical tattoo on the nape of her neck.

Emerald beams. She struts off and leaves her number behind.

The butterflies in Gage's stomach finally stop fluttering.

GAGE

Oh shit.

He checks his phone for the time: 12:27 AM.

INT. PRO WRESTLING TRAINING FACILITY - NIGHT

On his knees, Bullfrog cleans the wrestling ring by hand. He stands and clutches his back, clearly in pain.

Gage unlocks the door, Tasmanian devils his way inside. A ball of nervous energy. He's surprised to see Bullfrog.

GAGE

Uh, sorry I'm late, sir. There was an urgent situation.

BULLFROG

Hope you got things resolved, because it cost you your job.

GAGE

Mr. Bullfrog --

BULLFROG

-- don't Mr. Bullfrog me, punk.
Didn't bust my ass building this
place to break my back cleaning it.

GAGE

There must be some way to fix this.

BULLFROG

Yeah. Hire somebody else.

GAGE

Sir, *please*.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Welp. There goes your dignity.

BULLFROG

Hit the bricks, Gavin. And leave
your damn keys.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Tag me in. I know exactly how to
handle this chump.

Out of nowhere, Wolfie climbs the steps and enters the ring.

WOLFIE

Listen up, you exploitative
fuckstick. Hand over all the cash
you have, right the fuck right now,
or I'll call the Department of
Labor and tell them you run a sub-
minimum wage sweatshop.

Wolfie stalks Bullfrog, menaces him. Bullfrog backpedals.

WOLFIE (CONT'D)

If that's not enough to shut this
shithole down, then the local press
will get an email about unwanted
sexual advances in the workplace.

GULP. Bullfrog is cornered, literally and figuratively.

WOLFIE (CONT'D)

Oh yeah. There's video. Clair
Voyance deserves better, you
fucking creeper. Gonna enjoy
watching you get cancelled.

Completely shook, Bullfrog empties his wallet and surrenders
the \$174 dollars it contains.

Wolfie snatches the money, slips through the ropes and peacocks toward the exit. Gage trails behind.

BULLFROG

What the hell got into that kid?
Like a different person.

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

Gage plants himself down on the bench next to Wolfie.

GAGE

What was that about the video? I don't have any video.

WOLFIE

Exactly. When you're menacing enough, people are too scared to call your bluff. That's the lesson.

GAGE

It did feel good.

WOLFIE

Trading places, baby. You became the lion and he became the lamb.

GAGE

But don't I still need a job? For like my cover story?

WOLFIE

Wet blanket alert. Enjoy the moment, would you?

GAGE

You're right. You're totally right.

Gage pulls out Emerald's digits and grins. Wolfie is more transfixed by the wad of crumpled cash in his paw.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

HOLY SHIT. The roof caved in. A fenced safety perimeter surrounds what's left of Gage's apartment building.

There's an announcement on a bright orange sign:

"NOTICE

*This building has been **CONDEMNED** by the Kansas City Inspection Division. Occupancy or use is **PROHIBITED**"*

Gage's jaw is agape. Perhaps permanently.

Abracadabra. Wolfie appears out of thin air, pats his back.

WOLFIE

I mean, it's not like you could take Emerald back here anyway. One look at this cesspool and she's gone. Like a toupee in a tornado.

GAGE

I have to go back in there.

Gage peaks around. The coast is clear. He scales the fence.

INT. SHITTY STUDIO - APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Half the ceiling collapsed. No big deal. Gage locates Wolfie the stuffed animal, removes it from some rubble. *Dramatic.*

BUZZ. Gage checks his burner. Oops. Wrong phone. He hunts down his personal cell. There's a bunch of texts:

Mom/Beelzebub:

"you're famous now! knew all you needed was some tough love"

"Paula tells me you finally joined the family biz"

"congrats"

Wolfie lounges on a large debris pile. Gage stuffs clothes into his duffle bag in a rush.

WOLFIE

Halle-fucking-lujah. Our prayers have been answered.

GAGE

No way.

WOLFIE

Dude. Call her.

GAGE

Absolutely not.

WOLFIE

The only thing she ever gave you was abuse. She owes you big. Milk that shit.

Gage knows what must be done and isn't exactly enthralled.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DUMPY DUPLEX - NIGHT

Mel pulls out the mattress from her classy red sleeper sofa and makes the bed with fresh sheets. Her crib got a glow-up.

Befuddled, Gage scratches his head.

GAGE

Damn, mom, you really freshened the place up. Everything's new.

MEL

Had a good run since we last saw each other.

MEL'S SCAM MONTAGE - VARIOUS

- Target. Mel moseys to the gift card area. Positions herself in security cam blind spots, pockets a stack of cards. Slick.
- Back at her duplex, she removes the security tape from cards and logs their secret activation codes.
- Mel has similar security tape and replaces the strips she removed to make the stolen cards appear new.
- Back at Target. Mel slithers to the same security blind spot. She returns the altered cards without anybody noticing.
- On Target's website, Mel checks dollar amounts for the list of secret activation codes. Records the amounts for each one.
- Mel's closet transforms. Her wardrobe gets a posh makeover.
- Grungy furniture is swapped out for upgraded furnishings.
- Back at Target. Again. Mel shoplifts more gift cards.
- Mel puts back stolen Target gift cards. A SECRET SHOPPER observes everything, makes a call on their walkie-talkie.
- Cuffed in the back of a cop car, Mel SCREAMS and squirms.

BACK TO SCENE

MEL

Unfortunately, even the sweetest fruit goes rotten. But don't you worry about that.

GAGE

You hurting for money or something?

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Why do you think she rolled out the red couch?

MEL

Honey, no. This isn't about me. My shit always works out. Always.

GAGE

OK. Better get some sleep now. Been up for almost two days straight.

MEL

Maybe we can watch the game Sunday? Like we all used to.

GAGE

Sure.

She flips off the light switch.

MEL

Glad you called.

Exhausted, Gage loses the fight to keep his eyelids open. Mel's pleasant facade ceases as soon as he dozes off.

INT. DIVE BAR - PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA - NIGHT

Some GOTH POET performs during open mic night.

GOTH POET

Pass me a tissue, and another yet,
and yet another, because the last
ones are wet.

She bows, draws a sad smattering of CLAPS from the CROWD.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania"

Agent McCrae waltzes onstage wearing a groovy ensemble.

AGENT MCCRAE

Salutations. My name is Memphis
McCrae and the first thing you
should know about me is I'm a cop.

CHEERS barely drown out BOOS.

AGENT MCCRAE (CONT'D)

Hey. No need to boo. I don't hand
out speeding tickets or engage in
racial profiling. I'm in the FBI.

(MORE)

AGENT MCCRAE (CONT'D)
Bank robbery division. I protect
your money from thieves.

Only CHEERS this time.

AGENT MCCRAE (CONT'D)
Unfortunately, I can't protect your
money from you. So if you have a
gambling addiction or struggle with
math, that's your fucking problem.

A few GUFFAWS from the audience.

AGENT MCCRAE (CONT'D)
My work entails lots of travel.
Lots of travel. Which means I'm a
deadbeat dad. Consequently, my son
is being raised by another man. And
by another man I mean whatever
rando my wife took home last night.

This joke draws a POP from spectators. McCrae eats it up.

LATER

At the bar, McCrae takes the barstool next to Agent Cash.

AGENT CASH
Decent set tonight. Wasn't awful.

AGENT MCCRAE
Geez. What a ringing endorsement.

AGENT CASH
It's bad enough that you think
you're Sam Spade. Can't have you
thinking you're Chris Rock too.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DUMPY DUPLEX - DAY

Mel's eyes are glued to her new flat-screen TV.

ON TELEVISION

In Nashville, the Chiefs trail the TENNESSEE TITANS 32-35.
0:03 left in the game. Butker preps to kick a field goal.

SUPERIMPOSE: "November 10, 2019"

Gage races back into the room in his Chiefsaholic costume. He
pulls on the head in a hurry.

GAGE

The costume was definitely the problem. We're gonna win now.

Play-by-play man JIM NANTZ makes the call for the broadcast.

JIM NANTZ (V.O.)

For overtime. Butker's kick...

The Titans D-line rips through the Chiefs O-line and -- THWACK! -- blocks the game-tying field goal attempt.

JIM NANTZ (V.O.)

Is blocked! It's picked up by the Titans. This game is over!

Chiefs players are dejected. MIKE VRABEL, the Titans' mustachioed beefcake coach, celebrates with his players.

JIM NANTZ

The Titans with a signature win.

Mel turns off the TV. Gage removes the Chiefsaholic wolf head and chucks it to the ground.

GAGE

It's all my fault. I have to be at the games for the mojo to work.

MEL

Then you better take care of business. Your boys are six and four. Another loss or two and...

She mimes someone getting their throat slit.

Voila. Wolfie materializes and puts bunny ears on Mel.

WOLFIE

Trailer Park Cersei Lannister has a point.

GAGE

I know. I know. All of Chiefs Kingdom is relying on me.

MEL

When you're taking care of your fake family, don't forget about your real one.

Mel wraps her arm around Gage's shoulders. It's forced and about as warm as a Wim Hof ice bath.

MEL (CONT'D)

Kiddo, we haven't been very good at sticking together since your dad passed.

WOLFIE

Welcome to Manipulation City. It's the destination I deserve for siding with a psycho.

Wolfie doesn't phase Gage. He enjoys the rare affection.

MEL

Still got his old watch?

Gage flashes a vintage leather Cartier. It's not bling bling enough for a music video, but it's nice enough.

MEL (CONT'D)

He'd be fine with you selling it if that gets you on the road. Now that you're following in his footsteps.

Shocked by this blessing, Gage double-takes. Mel nods.

QUICK FLASH: Denny lets KID CAGE unclasp his Cartier watch.

DENNY

One day that will be yours, son.

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

The STINGY PAWNBROKER studies Denny's old watch. Gage awaits the verdict. Bored, Wolfie scopes out all the junk.

WOLFIE

Remember what we worked on. You're the lion, he's the lamb chops.

The pawnbroker lifts his head, verdict made.

STINGY PAWNBROKER

Can give you three hundred for it.

GAGE

That's insulting. Taking my business elsewhere. Thanks.

STINGY PAWNBROKER

Fine. Four hundred. Final offer.

GAGE

More like final time visiting this shop. Now give it back.

STINGY PAWNBROKER
 Shit fit, you drive a hard bargain.
 Five hundred. Best I can do.

GAGE
 That's a vintage Cartier. My dad
 paid two grand for that decades
 ago. At the very least, it's held
 value. Probably appreciated.

Gage grabs the watch, but the pawnbroker stops him.

STINGY PAWNBROKER
 One thousand even. You'll be
 robbing me blind if I do anymore.

GAGE
 One thou plus a decent handgun.

Gage extends his hand for a shake. The broker reciprocates.

STINGY PAWNBROKER
 Need ammo?

GAGE
 No. Don't want to hurt anybody.
 Just scare them. Have any blanks?

STINGY PAWNBROKER
 I'll throw in a few. Just remember
 who took care of you.

WOLFIE
 Bravo, kid. Well fucking done. You
 took everything you could,
 including his pride.

INT. JACK STACK BARBECUE - NIGHT

Upscale for a BBQ spot. Gage nibbles on a pulled-pork hoagie
 and Emerald works on some ribs. He brought her flowers.

GAGE
 Like how you aren't afraid to get a
 little messy.

EMERALD
 Grew up eating barbecue. Usually
 before games with my dad.

GAGE
 My dad used to grill. Gigantic
 spreads. Game days were holidays.

EMERALD

So how big of a fan are you?
Because I'm borderline nutty.

GAGE

There's no borderline in my case.

EMERALD

Niiiiiiice. Go on.

GAGE

You hear about the Chiefsaholic
thing, you know --

EMERALD

-- homeboy who dressed up as a wolf
and helped us beat Minnesota?

Gage's smile gives away the game.

EMERALD (CONT'D)

Screw me sideways with a sequoia.
THAT WAS YOU!?

GAGE

Can hardly believe it myself.

EMERALD

You're our lucky charm. Maybe some
of you will rub off on me. In a non-
dirty way. Or maybe in a dirty way
too. If you play things right.

GAGE

Trying to bring good mojo. Really
want to go to the Chargers game,
but don't know if it's possible.

EMERALD

Uh, why? Anything's possible.

GAGE

It's in Mexico City and I don't
have a passport.

Emerald puts on her thinking cap.

EMERALD

Got it! You bought me flowers and
took me to dinner. Now it's my turn
to do something nice for you.

GAGE

You don't have to --

EMERALD

-- I know I don't have to. But I want to. Dare you to stop me.

GAGE

Might be dumb, but I'm not crazy.

The connection is palpable. Already on the same wavelength.

EXT. - LUXE CONDO BUILDING - NIGHT

Emerald reaches to dial a unit number into the call box, pauses. She turns to Gage, who's perplexed.

EMERALD

Need to tell you something, but I'm worried it will scare you away.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Ah shit, she has a kid! Run!

GAGE

You won't scare me away.

EMERALD

Swear on your mother?

GAGE

Terrible person.

EMERALD

Your sister?

GAGE

Also iffy.

EMERALD

Your dad?

GAGE

I swear on my father's grave.

Emerald studies his face.

EMERALD

Lost my dad too. That's how I can tell you're serious. So...

Gage lightly touches her arm to show support.

EMERALD (CONT'D)

The reason I'm waitressing... the reason I didn't finish college is... I went to prison.

WOLFIE (V.O.)
Phew. And here I was worried.

GAGE
All my relatives have spent time inside. This will give everyone something to chat about over Thanksgiving dinner.

EMERALD
It's not a joke. I ran drugs for my ex. Not proud of it, but it happened. So now he owes me.

Emerald punches in a set of numbers. BUZZ. The door opens.

EMERALD (CONT'D)
By the way, there's nothing to be jealous about. My past is my past.

She kisses Gage to ease his nerves.

WOLFIE (V.O.)
That's code for "my ex is rich and has a foot-long dong."

INT. PENTHOUSE - LUXE CONDO BUILDING - NIGHT

KNOX (50) isn't a typical drug lord. He looks like he should be sailing Cape Cod, not slinging coke. He knits. Yes, knits.

His SUGAR BABY's pedicured feet rest on his lap. She skims one of her college textbooks.

DING-DONG. Knox welcomes in Emerald and Gage.

KNOX
Emerald. The most precious gem.

EMERALD
Good to see you, Knox.

KNOX
Gage, I presume? Or should I call you Chiefsaholic? Honey, we have a celebrity in our house.

SUGAR BABY
Yeah yeah. Whatever.

Gage is intimidated by his charm and the pomp of his pad. Knox signals for them to follow his lead. They pass the den.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Damn. Look at how this
motherfucker's living.

SUGAR BABY

Heard you flirting.

KNOX

She's no threat to you, honey.

EMERALD

The Dicaprio of drug dealers thinks
being 29 makes you a grandma.

KNOX

Hysterical. Into my office.

INT. OFFICE - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Knox arranges Gage in front of a solid backdrop.

KNOX

Normally my focus is my art -- I
was recently published in a coffee
table book -- but every now and
then I dabble in counterfeiting.

FLASH. Knox snaps a photo with a digital camera. On his
computer, he builds a fake passport for Gage.

KNOX (CONT'D)

This closes our tab, Em. Next time
is full price.

EMERALD

There won't be one. This is
goodbye.

KNOX

In that case, best wishes, you two.
And keep your nose clean, Gage. Em
here is a born-again puritan.

EMERALD

With an exception for fake
passports. But only because the
Chiefs need their biggest superfan.

GAGE

Thanks for hooking this up.

KNOX

Thank her, not me.

Knox hands over his shiny new passport. It's bulletproof.

EXT. LUXE CONDO BUILDING - NIGHT

Outside, Emerald has her arms wrapped around Gage.

EMERALD

Let's spend the night together? Too soon? It's too soon, isn't it?

GAGE

Holding out for Dracula on the third date.

On Emerald: Vampire fangs.

GAGE (CONT'D)

In all seriousness, we've got a good thing going here. Why rush it?

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Jesus. Which Hallmark movie did you steal that line from?

EMERALD

Let me at least give you a ride?

GAGE

I live too far away. It's not your fault my car got stolen. I'll Uber.

EMERALD

So when will I see you again?

GAGE

When I get back from my trip. Look for me on TV.

EMERALD

Go help our boys get a win. And behave yourself.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS - DAY

Gage crouches to stay out of sight, unzips his backpack. Wolfie manifests himself. The world's most deranged hype man.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Brownsville, Texas"

WOLFIE

Paying off a loan takes 30 years. But the sentence for bank robbery is a decade. Breaking their rules isn't risky. Playing by them is.

GAGE
Someone could shoot me.

Wolfie pats Gage's chest.

WOLFIE
Bulletproof vest.

GAGE
What about my face?

WOLFIE
They're pencil pushers, not sharp
shooters. Menace those lemmings and
they'll fall the fuck in line.

GAGE
You're right. Can't bitch out now.
This is too important. For me and
the Chiefs.

To psych himself up, Gage slaps his own face.

Gage removes items from his bag. Puts on a neck gaiter mask,
Oakley goggles and some gloves. Pulls up his hoodie.

Wolfie shifts from wisecracking provocateur to pure evil
incarnate. He unleashes a sinister GROWL.

Gage blasts hardcore rap on his earbuds. A fiendish track
that could convert a monk into a hardened criminal.

He holds a pistol with a pearl handle. It's go time.

INT. CREDIT UNION - BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS - DAY

The ambience makes it obvious that this the Lone Star State.

The front doors fling open. Gage crashes through them like a
bull chasing a red cape. He points his gun in the air.

GAGE
THIS IS A MOTHERFUCKING ROBBERY!
EVERYBODY ON THE GOD DAMN GROUND.

In shock, CUSTOMERS and EMPLOYEES freeze.

GAGE (CONT'D)
NOW!

Gage fires a blank. BANG! Deafening. Sounds real.

Everyone hits the floor. Terror owns their faces.

GAGE (CONT'D)

If that alarm sounds, customers
leave here in a hearse. Don't move,
don't talk, don't even breathe
unless I give you permission. Which
one of you is the manager?

The BALDING MANAGER on the floor raises his hand. Gage yanks
him up by the suspenders, damn near rips them.

GAGE (CONT'D)

C'mon, baldy. Take me to the vault.
Which teller needs to come with us?

BALDING MANAGER

Uh, none. I'm the only --

GAGE

-- shut up! We both know it's dual
control. So don't make me hurt
somebody. Because I will.

BALDING MANAGER

Fine. Her name is Gina.

GAGE

GINA! Let's go.

The teller, aka GINA, rises and rushes over, heels clacking.

INT. VAULT - CREDIT UNION - DAY

The balding manager and Gina frantically put \$20, \$50 and
\$100 stacks into the backpack. Gage holds them at gunpoint.

GAGE

Swear to god, if one of you puts a
dye pack or bait money in that bag,
I will hunt you down at your home.

GINA

Why are you doing this?

GAGE

Poverty mocks you and I'm sick of
being mocked. So I decided to do
something about it.

BALDING MANAGER

Your bag's full. That's at least
seventy thousand. Now please leave.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Gonna need a bigger bag next time.

GAGE

Nobody follows me. If you want to save some lives, keep everybody inside the fucking bank.

BALDING MANAGER

Credit union.

Vexed, Gage brandishes his piece at the persnickety Manager.

BALDING MANAGER (CONT'D)

Semantics. It's a de facto bank.

Gage pulls the pistol back and retreats.

INT. LAME HATCHBACK - HIGHWAY - DAY

The most uncool ride Gage could steal. Painfully inconspicuous. Wolfie hangs out in the back seat.

Gage checks his rearview. Nobody chasing him. Got away scot-free. Wolfie leans forward.

WOLFIE

You did it, kid. Seventy-thousand smackeroos. Pretty sure you made that manager piss his khakis too.

GAGE

Was totally in the zone. Can I make a confession, though.

WOLFIE

Do I look like a priest to you?

GAGE

Now that the adrenaline has worn off, some guilt is kicking in.

WOLFIE

Perfectly normal. You think Dillinger felt great after sticking up his first bank?

GAGE

No. Probably not.

WOLFIE

I'm joking, you dumbass. Of course Dillinger felt great afterwards. That guy was a natural.

GAGE

Point taken. I'll toughen up.

WOLFIE

Always here to hold your hand.

GAGE

Now shut the fuck up for the first
time in your life. My life.
Whatever.

On Wolfie: So sensitive.

GAGE (CONT'D)

Let's just stash this money and get
to Mexico.

MEXICO CITY MONTAGE - VARIOUS

- From inside the plane, Gage looks down upon the distinctive X-shaped airport that is the biggest in the Americas.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Mexico City"

- Gage rushes through the six-million-square-foot terminal with his carry-on and backpack.

- Thousands of TRAVELERS from countless countries scream by Gage. Culture shock is an understatement.

- A taxi escorts Gage through the city. He's never seen anything like this booming metropolis.

- Gage checks into the St. Regis, a five-star hotel. He's quickly gone from ashly to classy.

EXT. ESTADIO AZTECA - MEXICO CITY - DAY

The NFL holds a Chiefs-LOS ANGELES CHARGERS game in Mexico.

The raucous stadium's capacity is 90K. It's altitude is 7,218 feet. Simply thinking about it makes you out of breath.

SCOREBOARD: Chiefs 24, Chargers 17 0:24 4th quarter

The LA offense is in the red zone. 2nd and 10 from the 14.

SUPERIMPOSE: "November 19, 2019"

In his Chiefsaholic wolf costume, Gage stands in the front row. Berserker mode. Flails his arms everywhere.

CHIEFSAHOLIC

DEFENSE! DEFENSE! DEFENSE!

HARRAH'S KANSAS CITY CASINO

While waitressing, Emerald spots Chiefsaholic on TV and busts out a happy dance. Genuine joy. No concern for who sees her.

BACK TO SCENE

Things are so tense a FELLOW CHIEFS FAN can't even watch.

FELLOW CHIEFS FAN
They're gonna come back and beat
us. A classic Chiefs collapse.

CHIEFSAHOLIC
Bullshit. Have some faith!

Gage caresses his lucky rabbit's foot like he wants to get it underneath the covers.

LA quarterback PHILIP RIVERS, aggressively Southern and even more religious, feels the heat. He chucks up a duck...

Chiefs' safety DANIEL SORENSEN leaps and... intercepts the ball in the endzone. Ballgame. The Chiefs win. Phew.

CHIEFS FANS -- some tourists, others local -- hoist Chiefsaholic up in the air. They adopt a familiar chant.

CROWD
Chiefsaholic!

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP.

CROWD (CONT'D)
Chiefsaholic!

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP.

WOLFIE (V.O.)
Arrowman, Schmarrowman. It's our
time now. Talking SportsCenter
appearances, New York Times puff
pieces, all of it.

INT. POKER ROOM - HARRAH'S KANSAS CITY - NIGHT

Behind a fat stack of poker chips, Gage studies his opponent, a WANNABE POKER PRO. Wolfie chills across the table.

WOLFIE
Look at his face. The fucker's
bluffing. Guaran-damn-teed.

GAGE
Call.

Gage pushes more chips in. They flip cards. Gage: two pair. His opponent? Three of a kind. Gage loses a fairly big hand.

WOLFIE

Fuck it. Needed to dump some money to avoid suspicion anyway.

Mid-shift, Emerald spots Gage and flounces over.

WOLFIE (CONT'D)

Awooga. Emerald coming in hot.

EMERALD

Lookie here. If it isn't Kansas City's greatest superfan.

GAGE

Emerald. Four days no see. Way too long if you ask me.

EMERALD

Ah, but I did see you. On TV at least. Way to deliver the win.

They embrace in a long, sweet hug. Wolfie ghosts.

EMERALD (CONT'D)

Holy smokes. Is that your chip pile?

GAGE

Uh, yeah, sure is.

EMERALD

Damn, player!

GAGE

Got some good news: I've been promoted to regional warehouse manager. All the Midwest is under my umbrella now. The guy I work for is a season ticket holder. Being a famous Chiefs fan has it's perks.

EMERALD

Wow. You're kicking ass all over the place. Congrats!

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Couldn't have lied better myself. Well done.

GAGE

Plus, I got a little lucky with the cards tonight.

EMERALD

When do I get a little lucky?

GAGE

Soon. Finding a new place this week and I owe you a sleepover.

EMERALD

I'm off all weekend long.

GAGE

It's the Chiefs bye week, so I'm totally free too.

EMERALD

RAWR. Leave the wolf in the closet and let the real animal loose.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Bonk bonk! Horny police.

EMERALD

Better not be stringing me along.

GAGE

Stringing along the most beautiful girl I've ever met would be the dumbest thing since the Bears drafted Trubisky over Mahomes.

EMERALD

Whew. That was even better than the Yeats poem.

She plants a kiss on his lips.

EMERALD (CONT'D)

Gotta jet. These overpriced drinks don't serve themselves.

Emerald swaggers away. Extra pep in her step. Gage's eyes are glued to her as she disappears into the distance.

INT. THE CAGE - HARRAH'S KANSAS CITY - NIGHT

Gage passes his poker chip trays to a CASINO CASHIER.

GAGE

Cashing out my winnings.

CASINO CASHIER

Thank you, sir. Can I please verify your identification first?

He hands her his license. She reviews it, passes it back.

CASINO CASHIER (CONT'D)

Let me process this for you.

A frustrated Wolfie surfaces, gnashing his fangs.

WOLFIE

You got to show off for her.
Fucking happy now?

GAGE

One time deal. There's nothing to worry about.

WOLFIE

Remember when Paula said never shit where you snooze? This is diarrhea on your duvet cover. All to impress some broad.

GAGE

Leave it alone, Wolfie.

The Peppy Cashier returns with banded, stacked cold cash.

CASINO CASHIER

Did you say something, sir?

GAGE

Thinking out loud.

CASINO CASHIER

Your total winnings are sixty-two thousand, five hundred and fifty dollars. Congratulations, sir.

Gage nods, bags his money and the receipt.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - CREDIT UNION - DAY

Seated in front of the vacant desk, Agents McCrae and Cash wait. A longhorn wall mount hangs over the door. Very Texas.

AGENT CASH

This is a humongous waste of time.

AGENT MCCRAE

Because you hate Texas.

AGENT CASH

Ever hear the line, "only steers
and queers come from Texas"?

AGENT MCCRAE

Once or twice.

AGENT CASH

As a gay man, I can assure you the
queers part is false advertising.
It's only steers and more steers.

The Balding Manager escorts Gina behind the desk. He pulls
out a chair for her, remains standing. McCrae records notes.

BALDING MANAGER

Gentlemen, this is Gina. The teller
who was back in the vault with me.

AGENT MCCRAE

Thanks for talking to us. Would
either of you say the perpetrator
exhibited signs of drug use?

BALDING MANAGER

No. Seemed sharp. Sober as a judge.

AGENT MCCRAE

Did he have an accent, you know,
some sort of regional dialect?

Gina and the manager confer, shake their heads no.

GINA

Kinda plain old American.

BALDING MANAGER

He wasn't from around here. Can
tell you that much.

AGENT MCCRAE

To borrow from football parlance,
did he know the playbook? Or was it
all a bunch of blunderbuss?

GINA

Bunderbluss?

AGENT CASH

Allow me to translate for my gasbag
partner: Sloppy.

BALDING MANAGER

He knew the playbook. Maybe he hasn't mastered it yet, but he wasn't no rookie either.

AGENT MCCRAE

Last question. Did he say anything distinct, perhaps even personal?

GINA

Poverty mocks you.

AGENT CASH

Huh. That's fascinating, actually.

AGENT MCCRAE

Go on. Please elaborate.

GINA

He was sick of being mocked and decided to do something about it.

INT. EMPTY SALOON - BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS - NIGHT

Agents Cash and McCrae gnaw on what might be roadkill, wash it down with cheap brewskis. McCrae peaks up from his notes.

AGENT MCCRAE

He wasn't some junkie or even an adrenaline junkie...

AGENT CASH

Somewhat onboard with that.

AGENT MCCRAE

He turned to what he knew... to escape his socioeconomic state.

AGENT CASH

Once again you've lost me.

AGENT MCCRAE

We're looking for someone from an area with a neutral accent, likely metropolitan, who grew up around established pros. A complete novice wouldn't be this efficient.

AGENT CASH

Want me to hunt for a money trail while you play your wild hunch?

AGENT MCCRAE

Gut feeling.

AGENT CASH

You say gut feeling, I say future
bowel movement.

AGENT MCCRAE

That money trail has your name on
it. Time for my regularly scheduled
"your son doesn't want to talk to
you" check-in.

McCrae pulls out his phone and ambles away.

INT. DOWNTOWN LOFT - KANSAS CITY - DAY

Fully furnished bachelor pad. The ceilings are high enough to
accommodate a pet giraffe.

A REAL ESTATE AGENT finishes showing Gage the unit. Hands him
a Chiefs-theme biz card. It says "73 Days to Super Bowl LIV."

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Print a new batch every single day.
Go Chiefs, am I right?

GAGE

Pretty cool.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Get in touch if you decide --

GAGE

-- let's cut to the chase.

Gage pulls \$48,000 in cold hard cash out of a new briefcase
and slaps it on the kitchen island. Power move.

GAGE (CONT'D)

One year's rent upfront.

Wolfie slouches in an excessively modern pod chair that
resembles an egg. Kicks his feet up on the coffee table.

WOLFIE

Knox's crib is better, but this
will do in a pinch.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Umm, OK, that's a first. Guess we
just need proof of employment. What
is it that you do again?

GAGE

Warehouse regional manager.

REAL ESTATE AGENT
Is there a supervisor I can call?

GAGE
Mary Duckworth. The owner of the
company. She'll answer right away
if I'm the one calling.

Gage presses send call and passes the agent the phone.

MARY DUCKWORTH (V.O.)
It's a pleasant afternoon at
Weatherproof Warehouses.

REAL ESTATE AGENT
Mary Duckworth, please?

INT. KITCHEN - DUMPY DUPLEX - DAY

Mary Duckworth is actually... Mel LaFrentz, speaking as if a
stick is so far up her butt it must be surgically removed.

MEL
Speaking.

INTERCUT REAL ESTATE AGENT/MEL PHONE CALL

REAL ESTATE AGENT
I'm a realtor who needs to verify
employment for Gage LaFrentz.

MEL
Exquisite human being. I gave him a
promotion, but what I would really
like to give him is my daughter's
hand. Serious marriage material.

REAL ESTATE AGENT
Well, that's all the info I needed.
Thanks for your time.

MEL
Of course. Have a wonderful day.

BACK TO SCENE

The Real Estate Agent hangs up.

REAL ESTATE AGENT
You're in. The loft but also
possibly the Duckworth family.

INT. KITCHEN - DUMPY DUPLEX - DAY

Mel screws around with solitaire on her phone. Killing time.

Gage strolls in, hides something behind his back.

GAGE

Hey, Mom. Got a present for you.

MEL

You better. Stuck my neck out for you with that pencil dick real estate agent.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

What does she want, a National Mother of the Year nomination?

Gage sets \$2K in cash on the table.

GAGE

For my rent and whatnot. Thanks for helping me get back on my feet.

MEL

Looks a little light.

GAGE

That's two-thousand bucks!

MEL

Without me giving you room and board, you'd be in some homeless shelter, not out there playing Clyde fucking Barrow.

GAGE

That's a lot of money for a handful of nights. Could've stayed at the Ritz-Carlton for that amount.

MEL

What about your poor sister and her cut? She handed you the Idiot's Guide to Bank Robbing.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

I'd read the hell outta that.

GAGE

Let me settle up with Paula. She knows I'm grateful.

Mel grabs the \$2K and makes a FART NOISE with her mouth.

MEL

This is grateful?

GAGE

What do you want from me, Mom?

MEL

The LaFrentz family suffered because you weren't contributing. You can't settle that debt with a measly two Gs. There's back taxes.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Being audited by your own mom was not on my bingo card.

GAGE

Fine. Next time there will be more. Just get off my ass for once.

MEL

Now give your mother a hug.

Mel hugs Gage, who gets whiplash from her personality shift.

MEL (CONT'D)

And do better next time.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Fuck her. Next time is the final time. No more pity payments.

INT. PATIO PORCH - DOWNTOWN LOFT - NIGHT

Sporting a fresh haircut and some slick new threads, Gage peers at the city below. He HOWLS like a wolf.

Some PARTYGOERS below HOWL back. This. Is. The. Life.

EXT. LAVISH LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

The limo is parked in front of a tiny green bungalow. Gage holds the door open for...

Emerald in a jaw-dropping green dress. Vogue ready.

Gage gets romantic, recites a poem.

GAGE

The dawn was apple-green, The sky
was green wine held up in the sun,
The moon was a golden petal
between.

(MORE)

GAGE (CONT'D)

She opened her eyes, and green they
shone, clear like flowers undone,
For the first time, now for the
first time seen.

EMERALD

Don't know what I'm more turned on
by -- the poetry or the haircut.
Who was that?

GAGE

D.H. Lawrence.

They smooch and slide into the limo.

INT. VIP SECTION - SWANKY NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Emerald and Gage are all smiles, enjoy ludicrously overpriced
bottle service with other super duper special folks.

EMERALD

Gotta go to the little girls room.
Don't drink it all while I'm gone.

She pecks his cheek and scoots out of the booth.

Wolfie slips in beside Gage the second she's gone.

WOLFIE

Dude. Check it out. On your left.
The GOAT himself just sat down.

It's Travis Kelce. KC's biggest rock star. Remember him?

Gage can't resist. He heads over and introduces himself.

GAGE

Travis Kelce. I'm Gage LaFrentz.
One of your biggest fans.

KELCE

Oh yeah? Nice to meet you, bro.

GAGE

Grab you a drink or something?

KELCE

I'm good, man. Just waiting for
some folks.

GAGE

When I said "big fan," I might've
undersold myself. I'm Chiefsaholic.

KELCE
No fucking way!

Kelce bearhugs Gage and rambunctiously shakes him.

WOLFIE (V.O.)
Is this heaven? Always pictured
myself as the hell type.

KELCE
Keep bringing that luck, brother.
Saw you in Mexico City when I was
sucking down that oxygen.

GAGE
The altitude didn't slow you down
much. Ninety-two yards and a tuddy.

KELCE
Oh, you wanna talk performances?
How about that legendary one you
pulled at the Vikings game?

GAGE
Only trying to fill Arrowman's
giant shoes.

KELCE
We're kindred spirits, baby. We
both found socially acceptable ways
to channel our inner wild animal.

WOLFIE (V.O.)
Socially acceptable isn't exactly
the term I'd use.

Gage catches Emerald return out of the corner of his eye.

GAGE
Emerald! Come over here.

Emerald tries not to freak. She saunters to Kelce's booth.

GAGE (CONT'D)
Travis, this is my girl, Emerald.
Or soon to be my girl.

KELCE
Which is it? Because if she's still
single... I'm joking.

The big smoothie kisses her hand.

KELCE (CONT'D)
Pleasure to meet you, Emerald.

EMERALD
Sorry. I'm geeking out really hard
right now.

Kelce locates some CHIEFS TEAMMATES at the VIP entry rope.

KELCE
You guys like karaoke? What am I
even asking, of course you do.
Everybody does. Come with me.

Emerald and Gage don't answer. Or argue. They simply follow.

KARAOKE SUITE MONTAGE - NIGHT

- Kelce BELTS OUT a rock song. Not a shy bone in his body.
- A few of his Chiefs teammates RAP a well-known hit.
- Emerald and Gage do a DUET. Enjoy the hell outta this.
- The Chiefs players celebrate with Emerald and Gage.
- Gage does a secret shake with Kelce, who rolls out.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - SWANKY NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Music PULSATES. SWEATY CLUBBERS get down. Place is packed.

Emerald and Gage bust out goofy dance moves. He hits her with the Sprinkler. She counters with the Cabbage Patch.

Wolfie does the Running Man. Gage doesn't notice. He's too enthralled by Emerald.

DJ SCRATCHES. The music shifts from CLUB BANGER to SLOW JAM.

Emerald and Gage come closer. Bump and grind.

Everyone else on the dance floor literally vanishes. POOF.
It's just the two of them. Love-struck tunnel vision.

Multicolored lights all turn GREEN. A modern Garden of Eden.

They eyefuck each other. Somehow both sweet and savage.

When the teasing can no longer be tolerated, Emerald and Gage kiss as if an astroid pulverizing humanity is moments away.

Seamlessly, the make-out sesh spills into...

INT. GAGE'S BEDROOM - DOWNTOWN LOFT - NIGHT

Flying clothes. Nibbled necks. Grazed erogenous zones. Cut to the next scene before this devolves into Pornhub.

LATER

Post-coitus, Emerald and Gage cuddle beneath the sheets. They share a phosphorescent glow.

GAGE

Intrinsically intertwined. That's what we are. We knew each other even before we knew each other.

EMERALD

Yeah. I feel that too.

She grabs his hand and holds it over the comforter.

EMERALD (CONT'D)

At the same time, deep down part of me is screaming "storybook endings aren't real, you big dummy."

GAGE

Why can't we write our own fairy tale? Sure some couples have pulled it off over the course of human history. One or two. Maybe three.

Emerald lightly CHUCKLES.

EMERALD

Pages are screaming by so fast. I can't see all the chapters yet. What if there's a really shitty plot twist?

GAGE

My side is an open book. Anything you want to know you can.

She pauses to digest, which allows Wolfie to chime in.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Listen up, shitberg. Utter the word "bank" and I'll rip your tonsils out with my bare paws. Remember, you have all of this because of ME.

EMERALD

Sorry, babe. This is my past
bubbling up. Had to go and ruin the
perfect night. Gosh.

GAGE

Tonight could never be ruined. Been
the best night of my life.

EMERALD

Until the Chiefs win the Super
Bowl, right?

GAGE

Why do I have to chose between us
hooking up and a Chiefs Super Bowl?
Can't we have both?

EMERALD

Ask yourself that question. You're
the team talisman.

GAGE

I love your vocabulary.

EMERALD

You would. Freaking bookworm.

GAGE

Know what they say; you can't judge
a book by its... covers.

Gage playfully throws the covers on her. She play-fights
back... And they go at it again. Ahhhhh. The honeymoon stage.

Wolfie paces, sweats the close call.

WOLFIE

Fuuuuuck. Crisis averted. For now.

EXT. ARROWHEAD STADIUM - KANSAS CITY - DAY

Game day. Chiefsaholic observes from the first row.

SUPERIMPOSE: "December 1, 2019"

The OAKLAND RAIDERS are the visiting team. KC's offense has
the ball on Oakland's 13-yard line. Scoring range.

First down. Mahomes stands back. Shotgun formation.

MAHOMES

Bluuuuuue eighty! Set hike!

He hikes the ball. The Chiefs' offensive line maims pass-rushers. Mahomes has time to do his taxes back there...

Mahomes scrambles left... it's *wide freaking open*... and showboatingly high-steps into the endzone. Touchdown, KC.

Butker kicks the extra point. It's good!

SCOREBOARD: Chiefs 14, Raiders 0, 6:25 2nd quarter

A blowout in the making. The MASTER OF CEREMONIES makes an announcement over the PA system.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (V.O.)
Please direct your attention to the
Jumbotron and give a warm Arrowhead
welcome to our favorite good luck
charm... Chiefsaholic!

JUMBOTRON

As some outdated HIP-HOP ANTHEM causes permanent hearing loss, Chiefsaholic does an impromptu dance in the aisle.

The HOME CROWD is strangely chill. The camera catches a YAWN.

Screw it! Chiefsaholic unleashes a backflip... Nearly breaks his neck but narrowly nails the landing.

This shocks the capacity audience out of its coma.

CROWD
Chiefsaholic!

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP.

CROWD (CONT'D)
Chiefsaholic!

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP.

Chiefsaholic takes a bow.

EXT. SPIRAL RAMP - ARROWHEAD STADIUM - DAY

CHIEFS FANS, and some HUMILIATED RAIDERS FANS, shuffle as a herd through one of the stadium's distinctive spiral ramps.

Still in costume, Chiefsaholic is among them. A middle-aged CHIEFS HUSBAND and WIFE approach. Giddy.

CHIEFS HUSBAND
Chiefsaholic! We love you, man.
Forty to nine, baby!

CHIEFS WIFE
Blowouts like this never happened
until you showed up.

CHIEFSAHOLIC
Appreciate it, guys. Really do.

Wolfie appears, invisible amongst the human livestock.

WOLFIE
The key to this Super Bowl run is
YOU. Everybody else sees it too.

INT. VISITATION ROOM - TOPEKA CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - DAY

INMATES and VISITORS chat. GUARDS who don't care. Same drill.

Alone at a table, Gage fidgets. Some HUNKY GUARD accompanies
Paula to a chair. She winks, pats his butt. He SCOFFS.

PAULA
If it isn't Mr. Bank Robber. How's
it feel to finally be in the club?

This freaks Gage out.

GAGE
Shhhhh!

PAULA
Nobody cares. Remember?

GAGE
Uh, well, not gonna lie. The first
time was a disaster. My teller note
got me tossed through a glass door.

This kills Paula. She CACKLES uproariously.

PAULA
Fuck me.

GAGE
Now the second time, that was
incredible. Hit the vault. In and
out. No mistakes whatsoever.

PAULA
Shit. Way to go, Gage. Maybe you do
have it in you. What was the take?

GAGE
Little over seventy thou.

PAULA
Unreal money for your first score.

GAGE
Problem is I'm out of dough.

PAULA
Always goes faster when it's not technically yours. What's up next?

GAGE
Game in New England this week. Need the money but I'm scared to --

PAULA
-- don't puss out on me now. Finally have some hope for you.

WOLFIE (V.O.)
He really needs to grow a pair.

GAGE
Argh. I know. I know.

PAULA
This life, it's the easiest money people like us -- you know, the born loser types -- can ever make.

GAGE
Then how did you get caught?

PAULA
Got greedy. Targeted big banks. Brought a lot of heat down on us. Then my partner was sloppy. Bragged on Reddit, got busted and snitched. Keep working alone. It's smarter.

GAGE
OK, criminal mastermind, if it's so easy for you tell me my next move.

PAULA
Stay the fuck away from Boston. It's Bankrobberpalooza. Throw a rock there and you have a fifty percent chance of drilling a fed.

GAGE
Then where?

PAULA

Some podunk branch in Vermont. New Hampshire maybe. Keep it tiny. Like what's in your pants.

GAGE

Hilarious, Paula. Just hysterical.

PAULA

Gotta keep things light. Can hear your asshole puckering up.

Paula pauses. The expression on her face becomes serious.

PAULA (CONT'D)

So... start putting away a nest egg for me yet?

GAGE

Uh, um, no. You didn't ask me to.

PAULA

Kinda thought it was implied. Manager's fee or whatever.

Gage doesn't like this. Not. One. Bit. He grinds his teeth.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Your family takes this honor among thieves shit far too literally.

GAGE

Alright. I'll put something aside.

PAULA

This is a family business. When you're up, you help those who are down. Gotta pick up the slack.

GAGE

I hear ya.

PAULA

Now give your sister some love.

GAGE

You're so much like mom it's scary.

PAULA

Hey, not cool. She's like three times more sociopathic.

They get up and share about the warmest embrace they can.

PAULA (CONT'D)
Don't get yourself killed.

GAGE
Thanks for putting that in my head.

INT. DIVE BAR - BOISE, IDAHO - NIGHT

Open mic night. Agent McCrae performs onstage. A cravat dangles from his neck. Yes. He wore that to a watering hole.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Boise, Idaho"

AGENT MCCRAE
There are two keys to being hailed as genius in law enforcement circles. Key number one: *Eccentricity*. Hercule Poirot is daring enough to sport a fuzzy canoe on his god damn face, so people automatically assume he's some unconventional mastermind.

Agent McCrae sips his Negroni, sets it back on the stool.

AGENT MCCRAE (CONT'D)
Key number two: *Obsessiveness*. Cops and detectives are encouraged to become so consumed with work that they demolish their personal lives. For us, a drinking problem isn't a problem. It's a successful stress management tool. Can practically list alcoholism on your resume.

A few GUFFAWS. He pauses for dramatic effect.

AGENT MCCRAE (CONT'D)
I'm living proof that a funky wardrobe and a non-existent social calendar can take a man far. You'll eat holiday meals alone and won't get laid unless you pay for it, but priorities, am I right?

BA DUM TISH. The crowd warms up to his act.

LATER

Agent McCrae pounds another Negroni at the bar. This MUCH YOUNGER WOMAN sidles up to him.

MUCH YOUNGER WOMAN
Liked your set.

AGENT MCCRAE
Thanks. That's very kind.

MUCH YOUNGER WOMAN
Know what else I like? Older men.

AGENT MCCRAE
What are you doing? My fourth ex-wife isn't the future you want.

MUCH YOUNGER WOMAN
Damn, you're cranky. Seemed so happy onstage.

AGENT MCCRAE
Ever hear of the famous Italian opera *Pagliacci*?

MUCH YOUNGER WOMAN
What? No.

AGENT MCCRAE
It's about clowns who smile to camouflage their pain. I'm one of those clowns.

MUCH YOUNGER WOMAN
Can't believe I considered sleeping with you. So dumb.

She's gone. On to her next target. He pounds his drink.

EXT. SMALL CHAIN BANK - ESSEX, VERMONT - DAY

Gage creeps around closer to the front entrance, still sort of hidden. Wearing his bank robber gear.

Hardcore hip-hop THUMPS in Gage's earbuds. It's go time.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Essex, Vermont"

Gage lights a cherry bomb, throws it near the door. POP! Nothing. Chucks another one. POP!

The ruckus causes an ANCIENT GUARD to poke his head out.

ANCIENT GUARD
Hey! What are you damn kids doing!?

Gage's pistol is right in the guard's grill.

GAGE
Quiet. Or they'll need a scavenger hunt to find your brain fragments.

ANCIENT GUARD

I don't want trouble. Got one foot
and four toes in retirement.

GAGE

Then be smart and live long enough
for your pinky toe to join the
rest. Now cuff yourself.

ANCIENT GUARD

Huh?

GAGE

Take your handcuffs and slap them
on your wrists. Won't ask again.

The guard's hands tremble as he cuffs himself.

Gage yanks him by the collar and SLAMS him into the...

INT. SMALL CHAIN BANK - ESSEX, VERMONT - DAY

The ancient guard flies through the doors, falls on his face.

Right behind him, Gage tornados in. He hops on a desk. BANG.
Fires a warning shot at the ceiling.

GAGE

THIS IS A MOTHERFUCKING ROBBERY!
EVERYBODY ON THE GOD DAMN GROUND.

Scared shitless, CUSTOMERS and EMPLOYEES comply, drop down.
NERVOUS TICS fill the space.

GAGE (CONT'D)

This money is insured by the FDIC.
Don't know what that acronym means,
but I do know it's true. So don't
be a hero and get shot for nothing.

INT. VAULT - SMALL CHAIN BANK - DAY

Gage wields his pistol. Brought a bigger bag this time. A
PANICKED TELLER and a STOUT MANAGER start to bag money.

GAGE

Flip through the money before you
bag it. Check for booby traps.

PANICKED TELLER

What? *What?*

The teller is completely paralyzed by fear.

Gage snatches a brick of money and demonstrates.

The manager tackles a distracted Gage. THUD. Both hit the floor hard. They tussle. Neither has the upper hand...

Until -- BAM -- Gage pistol-whips him in the temple. The manager goes woozy. Blood drips down his cheek.

Gage scrambles back to his feet. Sees red. Literally snaps.

GAGE

The fuck was that? Fuck you! I'll shoot your ass! Not gonna end up like my fucking family!

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Shut up, you idiot! Think about what you're saying.

This plea calms down Gage enough to restore his sanity.

GAGE

Please don't make me resort to violence. Just hurry up and put the clean money in the bag. Then you'll never see me again.

Cobwebs now cleared, the manager bags with the teller.

INT. CLASSIC VOLKSWAGEN BUS - HIGHWAY - DAY

In 49 states, you wouldn't steal a VW Bus to blend in. But this is Vermont. Hippie nirvana. Land of Ben and Jerry's.

Furious, Gage punches the steering wheel. HONKS accidentally.

GAGE

I'm such a fucking idiot.

Wolfie skims a 1970s Playboy mag that was left in the back.

WOLFIE

Knock it off, numbnuts! You're drawing attention to us.

GAGE

Sorry. Just so upset with myself. Blacked out for a second there.

WOLFIE

You're not the first person to have a rage seizure. There's Mel Gibson. Kanye West. The Incredible Hulk.

GAGE

But I left a clue. Now they know
all about my family.

WOLFIE

You left a bread crumb, not the
whole loaf. Now stop being a whiny
little bitch and check this out.

Wolfie unzips the duffel bag used at the bank.

WOLFIE (CONT'D)

Two-hundred K. At least. If this
doesn't calm you down, then lay off
the methamphetamines.

Gage lets out a nervous CHORTLE. Inhales, EXHALES deeply.

WOLFIE (CONT'D)

He's back, folks.

GAGE

WOO-HOO!

WOLFIE

Just a wee bit unstable. No big.

INT. SPORTS BOOK - MGM SPRINGFIELD - NIGHT

Gage "rinses" his money at another casino. He confidently
engages the CAFFEINATED CLERK at the sports book desk.

SUPERIMPOSE: "New England"

CAFFEINATED CLERK

Greetings, sports fan. Would you
care to place a wager tonight?

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Easy on the espressos, bub.

GAGE

Three-leg parlay for Chiefs-
Patriots. The under at forty nine,
the KC moneyline and Kelce over
five and a half receptions. Payout
should be six X.

Numbers are crunched.

CAFFEINATED CLERK

That's... correct. For how much?

GAGE
Fifty thousand.

This blows the clerk's hair back. He pulls down his glasses.

CAFFEINATED CLERK
They might fire me for this, but in good conscience, I have to double-check to make sure... you actually want to bet fifty-thousand dollars against Tom Brady, the greatest quarterback who ever lived?

Gage smirks.

GAGE
For now. Mahomes is coming for *everything*. Here it is.

Wisely using a different bag, Gage forks over \$50,000.

GAGE (CONT'D)
Now give me my ticket.

CAFFEINATED CLERK
Best of luck. You'll need it.

WOLFIE (V.O.)
Sure, pal. This time tomorrow we'll be swimming in money.

The clerk punches in the bet and hands Gage his slip.

EXT. GILLETTE STADIUM - FOXBOROUGH, MA - DAY

CHIEFS at NEW ENGLAND PATRIOTS. Chiefasaholic stands in the front row. He goes berserk for the television cameras.

SUPERIMPOSE: "December 8, 2019"

Crazy-ass PATRIOTS FANS are about to burst a blood vessel.

BOSTON TOWNIE
This fucking wolf is about to learn that Boston don't play.

SECURITY GUARDS hover in the aisle, monitor everything.

Chiefsaholic attempts to diffuse the situation.

CHIEFSAHOLIC
Chill out. Who's been buying you guys beers all night long?

TOM BRADY APOLOGIST

The wolf has a point. Plus, Brady's got this. We've seen this movie countless times.

BOSTON TOWNIE

You're right, bro. You're right.

WOLFIE (V.O)

Someone finally talked some sense into Dollar Store Mark Wahlberg.

TOM BRADY, the ageless Dorian Gray of quarterbacks, and his Patriot teammates take the field...

BOSTON TOWNIE

Let's go Tommy! That's the GOAT.

SCOREBOARD: Chiefs 23, Patriots 16, 2:00 4th quarter

New England ball on the KC 14. In range to tie this game. It's 2nd down and 12... Brady throws an incomplete pass.

3rd down and 12... Brady darts a pass to wideout JULIAN EDELMAN for 9 yards. He's tackled short of the marker.

TOM BRADY APOLOGIST

There we go, Pats. We can do fourth and three. That's manageable.

4th and 3. Brady must convert here or his squad will take a rare L. He hikes the ball...

KC sends a safety blitz. Surprise!

Brady feels the heat. Uncharacteristically panics, launches the ball into the endzone toward Edelman...

Corner BASHAUD BREELAND swoops in and swats the pass down. No flags! The game is essentially over! Chiefs victory.

Pain commandeers Brady's face. Years of plastic surgery can't hide his anguish. Chiefs players whoop it up all around him.

Perhaps unwisely, Chiefsaholic taunts rival fans.

CHIEFSAHOLIC

Your twenty-one-game home winning streak is over. Take that, Brady!

WOLFIE (V.O.)

How you like dem apples?

Not exactly known for their manners, Patriots fans go ballistic. Shove Chiesfaholic, try to tear his costume off.

Security guards escort Chiefsaholic out of the stadium to prevent a riot. Possibly Gage's murder.

BOSTON TOWNIE

Fuck you, buddy! Better get to your car! Or you're fucking dead.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

(mocks Boston accent)

Betta get to ya caaaaaah.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - MGM SPRINGFIELD - NIGHT

Gage dumps two bags full of money stacks -- about \$500,000 total -- on the king-sized bed.

GAGE

Half a fucking million! Patty Mahomes. We did it, baby.

Wolfie does a Scrooge McDuck dive onto the cash, backstrokes.

WOLFIE

Get your ass in here. The water is warm.

Gage takes the plunge and pretends to swim freestyle.

INT. TINY GREEN BUNGALOW - DAY

Emerald binges homogenous home improvement TV. Her crib is greener than Ireland on March 17.

DING-DONG. She scurries to the front door, reveals...

Gage standing there in a flashy bespoke suit.

EMERALD

Hubba hubba.

GAGE

Get dressed in something nice. We're going to celebrate.

EMERALD

Celebrate what?

GAGE

You are looking at the brand new national director.

EMERALD

What!? Oh my god! Already? Huge
congrats. Where are we going?

GAGE

On a shopping spree. We have a
fancy gala to attend tonight.

EMERALD

Oh, you don't have to do that.
Wouldn't want you to spend too much
money on me.

GAGE

Check out my new car. Does it look
like I'm hurting?

Emerald peaks outside. Her eyes pop upon locating a...

2019 MERCEDES-AMG GT R. A street-legal race car in a color
called Green Hell Magno. It costs more than her house.

EMERALD

Bow my legs and call me Bambi.

GAGE

You have permission not to worry
about anything I spend today.

On Emerald: No words.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Welp. Someone's getting lucky
tonight.

SHOPPING SPREE MONTAGE - VARIOUS

- Gage drives Emerald around the ritzy Country Club Plaza shopping area in his new Mercedes.
- Emerald slips on dozens of designer heels. Many are green.
- Gucci. Prada. Dior. Whatever. Emerald looks at an item. Gage purchases said item.
- Emerald compares luxury purses. Torn between two. Fuck it. Gage carries both to the register.
- Em and Gage can hardly carry all the shopping bags. This spree would make Julia Roberts' *Pretty Woman* character blush.
- Back in the car, Emerald and Gage barely fit because the exorbitant amount of bags. They smooch. This. Is. The. Life.

INT. MIDLAND THEATRE - KANSAS CITY - NIGHT

Patrick Mahomes hosts his "15 and the Mahomies Foundation Gala" black-tie event. Em and Gage are at a prominent table.

An ANNOYING AUCTIONEER auctions a custom Mahomes Painting.

It's over the top. Like one of those paintings of muscular Trump on top of a tank with bald eagles on both shoulders.

ANNOYING AUCTIONEER

Lets start the bidding for this drop-dead gorgeous painting of the one and only Patrick Mahomes.

Overstatement of the year. It's tacky. Gage raises his hand.

GAGE

Five thousand! For the kids!

ANNOYING AUCTIONEER

Holy mackerel. We have an opening bid of five thousand. Going once... going twice... going three times... sold to the young gent in the snazzy suit.

Gage rockets up from his seat, swaggers on stage.

Raucous APPLAUSE. This energizes the SNOOTY CROWD. The auctioneer shakes Gage's hand, gives him the artwork.

LATER

Emerald and Gage munch hors d'oeuvres they can't pronounce.

KELCE (O.S.)

Ahem.

They turn around and notice Kelce flanked by...

Patrick Mahomes. In the flesh. Football royalty.

KELCE (CONT'D)

Pat, this is my guy Gage, aka Chiefsaholic, and his girl Emerald.

Emerald and Gage double take. Dazed. Dumbstruck. Disoriented.

MAHOMES

Chiefsaholic in da house. We're all obviously huge fans.

GAGE

Think you have that backwards. You were the MVP last year. Not me.

MAHOMES

Well, you're the MVP of fans. Thanks for buying the painting. Every contribution really helps.

GAGE

Anything for number fifteen.

Mahomes gives him a fist bump and continues playing the politician. Kelce bear hugs both Emerald and Gage.

KELCE

See you kids at Arrowhead.

EXT. MIDLAND THEATRE - KANSAS CITY - NIGHT

Emerald and Gage slump on some steps and sip bubbly. Both sport stylish new winter coats because, BRRR, it's freezing.

EMERALD

Maybe I'm brave because I'm drunk, or buzzing off the high of meeting Mahomes, but if I ask you something you promise not to get mad?

GAGE

Kind of a hard promise to make, but I'll give it my best shot.

EMERALD

This all feels kinda sus. If you're doing something you shouldn't to impress me, you can stop. I'm already impressed.

Gage knew this was coming, yet isn't ready. Takes a beat.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Tell her the full truth and instead of cuddling with her you'll be snuggling with guys named T-Bone and Knuckles.

GAGE

I did promise to be an open book, so here's the truth... Is what I'm doing always one-hundred-percent ethical. Not exactly. But I can promise you this -- the little guys never get hurt. Never.

EMERALD

So a warm way to spin your work would be that you stick it to the Man? Make a killing off the rich?

GAGE

The people I take advantage of don't even feel the hit. Chump change to them.

EMERALD

Sort of Robin Hood-ish. I can live with that.

GAGE

Poverty mocks you and I got sick of being mocked.

EMERALD

Definitely feel you there.

Gage wraps his arm around Emerald.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Don't feel bad, champ. It wasn't a lie -- it was a white lie. For her own damn good.

INT. VAULT - SMALL CHAIN BANK - DAY

Agents Cash and McCrae pick the Stout Manager's brain. The manager is still somewhat traumatized. McCrae records notes.

AGENT MCCRAE

We read the report. So you can relax. No more bureaucratic, byzantine bullshit. We simply want to hear your opinion of the fella.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Essex, Vermont"

STOUT MANAGER

Well, he was a bit off. Sorta unhinged if you will.

AGENT CASH

So impulsive? Irrational?

STOUT MANAGER

More just angry. Otherwise he stuck to the plan. Perfect day. Perfect time. Handled security with ease. Knew what to ask for. All of it.

AGENT MCCRAE

Huh. That's about as rare as hen's teeth... Now, did he have an accent or some sort of regional dialect?

STOUT MANAGER

It was like, how do I want to say this, kinda plain...

AGENT CASH

Plain old American?

AGENT MCCRAE

Plain old American?

STOUT MANAGER

Exactly.

AGENT MCCRAE

Anything else come to mind that you didn't tell the officers on the scene? Your bell was pretty rung. Nobody would blame you.

STOUT MANAGER

Yeah. Just came back to me being in here again. After he threatened to shoot me, he said "I won't end up like my fucking family!"

On Agent McCrae and Cash: Holy shit.

EXT. DUMPY DUPLEX - DAY

Mel tends to her rose bushes. It's a silk hat on a pig, but, hey, every con artist wants to paint a pretty picture.

Gage steers his Mercedes into her driveway and grabs Mel's attention. She nearly goes into cardiac arrest.

Louis Vuitton bag in hand, Gage exits his new whip.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Don't disappoint me now. Lay down the fucking law.

Mel removes her gardening gloves, accepts Gage's gift.

GAGE

Twenty thou for both you and Paula. Plus, the purse. I consider us even. Time to step out of your shadows and build my own empire.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

BOOM! Eat it, TJ Maxx Lady McBeth.

MEL

You... you...

GAGE

She's speechless, folks. I knew you'd like it.

MEL

You ungrateful sack of puss!

POW. She hits him with a tennis pro backhand.

MEL (CONT'D)

Should've had you removed from my womb. Could feel your poison rotting my insides and stupidly chose to ignore it.

BAP BAP BAP. She beats him with the purse he gifted her. Money flies out. It's a scene. NEIGHBORS become spectators.

GAGE

Jesus, mom. Calm down and maybe we can talk about this.

She doesn't stop, she simply becomes exhausted.

MEL

Such a leech. Sucked this family dry since they day you were born. What a god damn disgrace.

GAGE

Calling me every name in the book won't change a thing. My offer is final. Family and business are separate from here on out.

MEL

The LaFrentz family has never done things that way.

Temperatures rise. Gage gets heated.

GAGE

Exactly! And look how it turned out for everyone except you. Paula is in prison. Dad is dead. But you, you always walk away unscathed.

MEL

Take that shit back. Take it back!

GAGE

No. It's the truth.

MEL

If you cut me out, I'll drive up to that shithole casino and tell your little whore girlfriend what you do for a living.

GAGE

She already knows about it. But nice try. And she's not a whore, by the way. She's a good person.

MEL

Then... I'll turn you in for a reward. Have to get my restitution. One way or another.

GAGE

Take me down and there will be two accomplices. Paula taught me everything and you willingly accepted dirty money.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Read her ass the riot act.
Woooooooooooo!

It takes a moment, but Mel realizes she's in checkmate.

MEL

You're dead to me. Deceased. Honestly, I'm relieved. No longer have to pretend to care about you.

She cyclones toward the front door. Stops short, yells.

MEL (CONT'D)

I HOPE PATRICK MAHOMES BLOWS OUT
BOTH OF HIS KNEES!

The neighbors are *this close* to burning her house down.

INT. KITCHEN - DUMPY DUPLEX - NIGHT

The tough facade withers. Mel is distraught.

MEL

My family is gone.

She finally cracks. Complete meltdown territory.

MEL (CONT'D)

My family is gone! What am I gonna do? What am I gonna do!?

Mel rests her head on the table and sobs.

QUICK FLASHES: Mel revisits memories of her husband, DENNY...

- YOUNGER MEL is the getaway driver for Denny's bank heist.
- Denny exits the car, blows a kiss, pulls down his ski mask.
- The ALARM blares. YOUNGER MEL panics, speeds away.
- Denny runs out of the bank. Realizes his getaway car left. POW. From across the street, a BEAT COP shoots Denny dead.

BACK TO SCENE

Mel has shifted from sad to mad. Spoiler Alert: Of course her contrition didn't last long.

"CHIEFS ON A ROLL" MONTAGE - VARIOUS

- The CHIEFS once again face the rival Broncos at Arrowhead.

SUPERIMPOSE: "December 15, 2019"

- Chiefsaholic salutes Kelce after the Chiefs roll, 23-3. Kelce comes over from the sideline to high five him.
- Gage sticks up a local bank in Central Illinois. He's a seasoned pro at this point.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Illinois"

- At Harrah's Joliet Casino, Gage rinses his money playing slots and poker.
- The Chiefs face the CHICAGO BEARS at Soldier Field.

SUPERIMPOSE: "December 22, 2019"

- Chiefsaholic runs amok in the stands after a 26-3 blowout. BEARS FANS find him obnoxious.
- Agents Thompson and Cash interview CONVICTS at various prisons. They're getting closer.
- Back at Arrowhead, the Chiefs battle the Chargers again.
- KC beats LA 31-21. Chiefsaholic crowd surfs with the help of other KC fans. Emerald is there too and eats it up.

- Mel visits Paula at the Topeka Correctional Facility. Beyond frustrated, they vent to each other...

- Em and Gage binge watch/binge drink. Everything is golden.

INT. BEDROOM - DOWNTOWN LOFT - DAY

Everything is NOT golden. Emerald wakes up. Groggy. Hungover.

EMERALD

Ow. My head. I'm still drunker than Ernest Hemingway on New Year's Eve.

Zzzzz. Gage remains motionless. Emerald checks the alarm clock. It's 12:48 PM. They overslept.

EMERALD (CONT'D)

Fuck! Gage. GAGE.

She shakes him until he finally stirs.

EMERALD (CONT'D)

Kickoff is in like an hour!

GAGE'S BLOODSHOT EYES

Snap open. Filled with sheer terror.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Dude! What are you doing? Get your ass dressed and get on the road.

INT. 2019 MERCEDES-AMG GT R - FREEWAY - DAY

Gage, in full wolf costume minus the head, is stuck behind an accident. The traffic moves ssslllloowww. He HONKS the horn.

GAGE

Move, you assholes!

Bumper to bumper. Tick tick tick. Loses precious time.

EXT. ARROWHEAD STADIUM - KANSAS CITY - DAY

WHAP! The visiting HOUSTON TEXANS block a punt and return it 10 yards for an early special teams touchdown.

SUPERIMPOSE: "The Playoffs - January 12, 2020"

Surprisingly, Coach Reid, Mahomes, Kelce, and the other Chiefs remain calm on the sideline. No panic. None.

SCOREBOARD: Chiefs 0, Texans 14; 10:06 1st quarter.

INT. 2019 MERCEDES-AMG GT R - CITY STREET - DAY

Gage frantically drives toward the stadium. Gets stuck again. Checks the score on his phone: Chiefs 0, Texans 21. RUH ROH!

GAGE

What the hell!?

Wolfie rears his ugly head.

WOLFIE

Way to go, sport! The entire city
will pin this loss on us.

EXT. ARROWHEAD STADIUM - KANSAS CITY - DAY

The Texans line up for a field goal. The kick is... GOOD.

Scoreboard: Chiefs 0, Texans 24; 10:54 2nd quarter.

Many CHIEFS FANS head for the exits, shellshocked by this outcome. They know the hole is too deep to dig out of.

LATER

At the gate, Chiefsaholic hands a TICKET TAKER his ticket...

The Texans prepare to punt on 4th and 4 from deep in their own territory. Houston shocks everybody with a fake punt...

Except for Chiefs LB Daniel Sorenson, who sniffs it out. The most headsy play of the year. Turnover on downs. Chiefs ball.

LATER

Chiefsaholic shuffles down a flight of Arrowhead's stairs and locates his front-row seat.

Some fans send furious gestures his way, wonder where he was.

Down on the field, the Chiefs refuse to roll over and die. Mahomes flings it from 5 yards out... Kelce dives for a TD!

Scoreboard: Chiefs 13, Texans 24; 8:05 2nd quarter.

LATER

The Mahomes-Kelce connection hooks up for another short TD. Kelce found the blank space in between a trio of defenders.

Scoreboard: Chiefs 20, Texans 24; 6:31 2nd quarter.

In the stands, this is the most animated Chiefsaholic has ever been. He implores other fans to reinvest their energy.

LATER

THEY'RE ON FIRE! Mahomes flips a third short touchdown to Kelce within a matter of minutes. Swear to god this happened.

Scoreboard: Chiefs 27, Texans 24; 0:44 2nd quarter.

An offensive explosion. The Texans and their quarterback DESHAUN WATSON (yup, that scumbag) can't believe their eyes.

Chiefs fans do the TOMAHAWK CHOP CHANT. It's deafening.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DOWNTOWN LOFT - DAY

Emerald takes in the game on a TV big enough to be a movie-theater screen. Her dimples grow when...

ON TV: Chiefsaholic goes apeshit celebrating the Chiefs' furious comeback. Enthusiastically hugs complete strangers.

The broadcast cuts to Chiefs left tackle ERIC FISHER. He grabs two beers from FANS and pours them into his helmet.

Scoreboard: Chiefs 51, 31. 0:00 remaining. CHIEFS ADVANCE.

INT. FOX SPORTS ONE TV STUDIO - DAY

Famous sports commentator and noted Chiefs fan NICK WRIGHT rants on the *First Things First* morning television show.

NICK WRIGHT

Not only do we have the best player in Mahomes, we have the best fan in Chiefsaholic. The Chiefs were down twenty-four to nothing, then he shows up and -- BOOM - a fifty-one-point explosion. If haven't heard of him yet, remember the name.

INT. SPORTS BOOK - MGM SPRINGFIELD - DAY

The CAFFEINATED CLERK prints out a betting slip for a BETTOR. Agents McCrae and Cash are next in line.

CAFFEINATED CLERK

Good evening, officers. Something tells me you aren't here to bet.

AGENT MCCRAE

That obvious, huh?

CAFFEINATED CLERK

His badge might as well be tattooed on his forehead.

The clerk points to Cash. McCrae CRACKS UP.

CAFFEINATED CLERK (CONT'D)
But you look more like an English
Lit professor, if I'm being honest.

Cash elbows McCrae. Not so funny now, huh.

AGENT MCCRAE
Your supervisor says you took an
unusually large bet on December
Seventh. He also found it quite
peculiar. That's why we're here.

CAFFEINATED CLERK
Yeah. Some lunatic bet fifty
thousand against Tom Brady and won.
Never gonna forget that one.

AGENT MCCRAE
Hmmm. From his perspective, maybe
it wasn't against Tom Brady. Maybe
it was for a team he's a fan of.

CAFFEINATED CLERK
Oh, he was a huge Chiefs homer. Was
ranting about that Mahomes kid.

Jackpot. McCrae smirks. Cash sings sardonically.

AGENT CASH
*I'm going to Kansas City, Kansas
City here I come.*

INT. BATHROOM - DOWNTOWN LOFT - NIGHT

Unable to sleep, Gage staggers into the bathroom in his pajamas. He takes a whiz, washes his hands.

Gage glowers at himself in the mirror. This summons Wolfie.

WOLFIE
Can't sleep? Want me to get you a
glass of warm milk and tuck you in?

GAGE
Shut up. It's hard living a double
life. Don't know if I can keep --

SMACK. Wolfie slaps Gage right across the cheek.

GAGE (CONT'D)
Ow. What the hell, man?

WOLFIE

Technically you smacked yourself.

GAGE

Why can't you just let me quit
while I'm ahead?

WOLFIE

Ahead!? Chiefsaholic doesn't even
have a Wikipedia page. You're a
flavor of the month. A god damn
TikTok trend.

GAGE

Emerald said that she'd care about
me no matter --

WOLFIE

-- bullshit. Once the money's gone
she'll disappear faster than a cold
fucking beer in the middle of July.

GAGE

But eventually I'll get caught.
There's no way to win long-term.

Wolfie SNARLS. Refuses to let Gage tap out.

WOLFIE

For a voracious reader, you don't
know shit from shinola. In this
country, you win by becoming too
big to fail.

GAGE

That doesn't make any sense. I'm
not an auto company or big bank.

WOLFIE

No, but that's the way to think.
Like a white-collar criminal
preparing a golden parachute.

GAGE

So I need to come up with a plan.

WOLFIE

Step one: Make yourself famous by
helping the Chiefs win the Super
Bowl. Step two: Tuck away a couple
mil in an offshore account. Rainy
day fund. Step three: If you get
busted, use your notoriety to pen a
bestseller.

(MORE)

WOLFIE (CONT'D)

Then leverage that into a pro wrestling career. Leave the joint smelling rosier than when you went in. *That* is too big to fail.

As he contemplates this, Gage's head see-saws up and down.

EMERALD (O.S.)

Hey. Are you arguing with someone? Swore I heard something.

Eek. A groggy Emerald catches Gage totally off guard.

GAGE

Umm.... I gotta go out on the field tomorrow and I get stage fright. Chastising myself for being a wimp.

EMERALD

A wimp? Never! You're my wild animal. Come here, baby.

Emerald showers Gage with much-needed affection.

EXT. ARROWHEAD STADIUM - KANSAS CITY - NIGHT

The Titans brawl with the Chiefs. A trip to the Super Bowl is on the line. You could cut the tension with a spork.

SUPERIMPOSE: "AFC Championship - January 19, 2020"

Out of the wildcat formation, Titans running back DERRICK HENRY, a human kaiju monster, plows ahead for a 4-yard TD.

Scoreboard: Chiefs 0, Titans 10; 5:52 1st quarter.

In the front row, Chiefsaholic doubles over as if he took a gut punch. Emerald is even more jittery. A cat on hot bricks.

LATER

The emcee's voice reverberates throughout the stadium.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

When the Chiefs are in a funk, who delivers the spunk? CHIEFSAHOLIC!

A HOWL SOUND EFFECT echoes. Chiefsaholic rumbles down the field, frantically waves a Chiefs flag the size of Utah.

The crowd goes BONKERS.

LATER

Scoreboard: Chiefs 14, Titans 17; 0:23 2nd Quarter

The Chiefs have the ball on the Titans' 27-yard line. Mahomes catches the snap out of shotgun. Scans the field. Scrambles.

Mahomes skips past a diving defender who barely misses...

Head-fakes another would-be tackler out of his jock...

Tip-toes down the sideline for about 15 yards...

Cuts inside at the 10 with no clear path to the endzone...

SWOOSH. He spins at the five, makes three defenders miss...

And dives into pay dirt! Touchdown! HE. IS. THE. ONE.

The entire stadium loses its collective mind. Chiefsaholic and Emerald bounce like pogo-sticks. Pure bliss.

LATER

Scoreboard: Chiefs 35, Titans 24; 0:10 4th Quarter

The entire stadium counts down.

CHIEFS HOME CROWD

10... 9... 8... 7... 6... 5... 4...

Chiefsaholic and Emerald relish the moment.

CHIEFSAHOLIC

3... 2... 1!

EMERALD

3... 2... 1!

The Chiefs finally did it! The 50-year curse has been broken. Chiefsaholic squeezes Emerald, lifts her off the ground.

CHIEFSAHOLIC (CONT'D)

We're going to the Super Bowl,
baby! We're going to Miami!

Wolfie stands on the guardrail, mocks *The Titanic*.

WOLFIE

I'm the king of the world.

But Chiefsaholic Gage has been whisked away to Emerald City. Wolfie pouts. Not enjoying third-wheel status.

LATER

The AFC Championship Trophy presentation. Players join CBS commentator Jim Nantz on stage. Red and gold confetti rains.

TV cameras record the big moment. Kelce is onstage with... Chiefsaholic and Emerald! Kelce snatches the mic from Nantz.

KELCE

I learned one thing since I've been here... YOU GOTTA FIGHT, FOR YOUR RIGHT, TO PARTAAAAAYYYYYY!

"Fight For Your Right" by the Beastie Boys BLASTS.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - TOPEKA CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - DAY

One of those sterile interrogation rooms nobody wants to find themselves in. Paula slouches, peruses a magazine.

AGENT MCCRAE (O.S.)

Paula Lafrentz.

PAULA

Memphis McCrae.

Agents Cash and McCrae barge in.

AGENT MCCRAE

Sure you remember my partner.

PAULA

The prick who hit my head on the car during my perp walk. Of course.

AGENT MCCRAE

We're on the scent of a relatively new but prolific bank robber who comes from a long lineage of bank robbers. Sound familiar?

PAULA

Sure. Pretty much everyone who robs banks is born into it.

AGENT MCCRAE

True. But we've narrowed our scope more than that. Young man in his twenties. Medium build. Above average height. No discernible accent, which Kansas City is known for. Plus, a gigantic Chiefs fan.

AGENT CASH

Sounds an awful lot like your brother Gage, wouldn't you say?

Mid-sip, Paula spits out her coffee. HOOTS heartily.

PAULA

Call me crazy, but the choir boy who never got a speeding ticket growing up suddenly knocking off banks left and right sounds a little farfetched.

AGENT MCCRAE

We know he doesn't have a record. We also know he's been visiting you more. Maybe getting some lessons dad never got the chance to teach.

PAULA

Barking up the wrong redwood. The truth is prison will make you bury the hatchet. He's my only sibling.

AGENT CASH

You're no snitch. We respect that.

AGENT MCCRAE

But your brother isn't built like you. This game will chew him up and defecate him out. Help us save him from himself.

AGENT CASH

Could even shave a little time of that sentence of yours.

AGENT MCCRAE

My son's a mess too. So I get it. Please let me do some good here.

PAULA

Are we're done?

AGENT MCCRAE

Guess we'll have to give your mother a visit.

EXT. SOUTH BEACH - MIAMI, FLORIDA - DAY

Emerald and Gage sunbathe, sip cocktails with umbrellas.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Miami, Florida"

Gage's phone vibrates. He answers.

AUTOMATED VOICE

This is a collect call from the Topeka Correctional Facility. Do you accept the charges?

GAGE

Yes.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - TOPEKA CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - DAY

Paula is on the other line. Uncharacteristically bothered.

PAULA

Yo, bro. Got some bad news.

INTERCUT GAGE/PAULA CALL

GAGE

Alright. What?

PAULA

The feds are on to you. I didn't squeal, but I'm not the only one they're talking to.

GAGE

Mom. Shit!

His minor outburst gets Emerald's attention.

EMERALD

Everything cool?

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Fuck no. This is a four-alarm fire.

Gage takes a chill pill, gives his girl the thumbs up. He traverses a swath of sand to gain some privacy.

PAULA

It's McCrae. The swinging dick who busted me. So ditch your phone and flee the country. Like yesterday.

GAGE

What about the Super Bowl?

PAULA

Go and they'll catch you.

GAGE

Alright, alright. I'll run.

PAULA

Take care, Gage. Hopefully, we'll cross paths at some point.

GAGE

Bye, sis.

BACK TO SCENE

The devil on Gage's shoulder surfaces, tilts hardcore.

WOLFIE

You're not gonna actually listen to her are you? What about the Chiefs?

No response. Which speaks volumes.

WOLFIE (CONT'D)

So we need to run. We can do that. But we need more money. The scratch we have won't get us very far.

Gage grimaces. He traipses back over to Emerald. Dejected.

GAGE

Hey, so there's a work emergency that popped up. See you back at the hotel in a couple hours?

EMERALD

Sure. You swear everything is OK?

GAGE

It will be.

He blows her a kiss and marches off... Once Gage is out of her sight line, he hurls both his phones into the ocean.

EXT. NATIONAL CREDIT UNION - MIAMI, FLORIDA - DAY

OH NO! The financial institution's ALARM has been sounded.

In his bank robber gear, Gage barrels out of the building, carries a stuffed duffle bag.

A TRIGGER-HAPPY GUARD is only seconds behind. The guard draws his hand cannon and -- BAM BAM BAM -- shots fired...

THWIP. A bullet grazes Gage's pant leg, creates a gash. He stumbles but doesn't fall. He hops a fence and fades away.

The guard holsters his gun. Too out-of-shape for a race.

INT. 2019 MERCEDES-AMG GT R - MIAMI BURBS - DAY

VROOM. Gage zooms down a suburban street. Obliterates the speed limit. No cops on his tail. Wolfie panics in the back.

WOLFIE

We rushed that, man. Check the money. Now! Shit might be tracked.

Gage unzips the bag. Removes money as he drives, flips through each bundle. Stack after stack is clean until...

PSSSHHH. A dye pack! Red ink mist fills the car.

Gage chucks the exploding stack to the floor, furiously zips up the bag to salvage some of the cash.

The ink is *everywhere*. Gage might as well be blindfolded. He loses control of the car. SCREEEEECH. Slams on the brakes...

KABLAM. The Mercedes plows through a picket fence.

WOLFIE (CONT'D)

Let's get the fuck outta here.

Gage scans the area. Nobody has spotted them. Yet. He jerks the car into reverse. Completely rips up the lawn.

He punches the car into drive. SKRRRTT. The vehicle's tires skid as it leaves the neighborhood in its dust.

INT. 2019 MERCEDES-AMG GT R - ART DECO MOTEL - NIGHT

Parked in the motel's back lot, Gage dwells in his despair. The entire interior is stained red. Wolfie is on standby.

The gorgeous architecture outside is quite the juxtaposition.

GAGE

Gotta go in there and face this.

WOLFIE

You look like a bloody tampon.
She's gonna flip the fuck out.

GAGE

If her love is true she'll stay.

WOLFIE

Sheesh. That's so corny it
literally hurts my insides.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - ART DECO MOTEL - NIGHT

Emerald chews her nails, nervously anticipates Gage. The key jingles and the door creaks open, revealing...

Gage completely covered in red like the horror movie *Carrie*.

Shocked by his appearance, Emerald rushes to his aid.

EMERALD

Oh my god. Is that blood?

GAGE
No. It's ink.

She notices the laceration on his quadriceps.

EMERALD
Your leg! What happened, baby?

GAGE
Remember when I told you the people
I take advantage of don't feel it?

EMERALD
Yeah.

GAGE
I didn't give you the whole truth.

EMERALD
Talk to me. We'll figure this out.

WOLFIE (V.O.)
Don't do it, dude.

Too terrified to annunciate, Gage mumbles.

GAGE
I rob banks.

EMERALD
You what?

GAGE
I rob banks!

WOLFIE (V.O.)
Famous last words.

EMERALD
Fuck a duck! God, I'm dumb. It's so
freakin' obvious now. Argh!

Emerald loses her temper. Whacks him with pillows, remote controls, a Gideon Bible, anything within her reach.

EMERALD (CONT'D)
You shitforbrains scam artist.
Guess what we have is fake, huh?

GAGE
No. You're the reason I did it.

She packs her belongings as fast as humanly possible.

EMERALD

Don't blame me for your horrible decisions.

GAGE

I saw how your ex lived. Thought this was my only chance.

EMERALD

You know my past. Why would you drag me into something like this?

GAGE

Because I didn't think I was good enough for you.

EMERALD

Maybe you were right. What kind of person robs banks?

GAGE

What kind of person traffics drugs? At least banks are insured and no little people got hurt.

Emerald rolls her suitcase, flies toward the exit. Gage drops to his knees. Tears stream down his cheeks.

GAGE (CONT'D)

Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

This halts her in her tracks. She's listening. For now.

GAGE (CONT'D)

My family robs banks. This path was chosen for me. But life gave you a second chance. Maybe you can help me figure out mine. I've got enough money for your school and to get us going. We can go somewhere far away. Start over.

Emerald drops her suitcase. Turns around. Her eyes are misty.

EMERALD

You *really* hurt me. Swear you'll never do it again. And not on your fucked-up mom or sister either. On your dad's grave.

GAGE

I swear on the grave of Dennis Chester Lafrentz.

Timing be damned, Emerald can't help but GIGGLE.

EMERALD

His middle name was Chester?

LATER

Gage lies on the bed in his underwear. Em stitches his leg.

GAGE

Sure you know what you're doing?

EMERALD

Yes. I learned to sew in home ec.

GAGE

That's my leg, not a pair of jeans.

Gage winces. Checks her progress. Only halfway done.

EMERALD

Here's the plan. I'm not asking.
I'm telling.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Get used to not wearing the pants,
because that's your situation now.

EMERALD

Gonna get us brand new identities.
My ex has a place here in Miami.
He'll be here for the game.

GAGE

Knox has a place in Miami?

EMERALD

The Drug Dealers Association of
America requires members to
establish residency here.

GAGE

Smart ass. What's this gonna cost?

EMERALD

Like fifty grand.

GAGE

Fifty grand!

EMERALD

Either that or I bang him.

GAGE
Fifty grand it is.

EMERALD
Go sell the car. To someplace
shady. Take whatever you can get.

GAGE
Done.

EMERALD
Tomorrow we fly to Montenegro.

GAGE
Why Montenegro?

EMERALD
No extradition. You learn this
stuff when you run in drug circles.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DUMPY DUPLEX - DAY

Agents Cash and McCrae are ensconced on the sleeper sofa.
They reluctantly sip cheap coffee that tastes like Pennzoil.

Mel rocks in a vintage rocking chair, legs crossed. She
unveils her phone, presses the record button.

MEL
I'm now hitting record. This will
be sent to my attorney. Just in
case you try to welsh on our deal.

AGENT MCCRAE
Fair enough.

MEL
I'm offering information about my
son Gage LaFrentz and agree to
testify against him. In exchange,
my shoplifting charges will be
dropped. Also, I won't be named as
an accessory to any of his crimes.

AGENT MCCRAE
Agent McCrae here stating that this
is our formal offer. Now, enough
dillydallying. Give us the goods.

MEL
I know of three bank robberies. One
botched, two successful. I can also
assure you that my son will be in
attendance at the Super Bowl.

AGENT CASH

A mighty bold proclamation.

MEL

Gage thinks he's the team's lucky charm. That boy has always had delusions of grandeur. He'll be there. Trust me.

INT. TSA CHECKPOINT - MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Em and Gage stand in line, whisper about their new IDs.

GAGE

Can't believe I'm Hubert Wilcox for the rest of eternity.

EMERALD

I used to be Knox's girl. He wasn't going to let us live happily ever after *and* have cool names.

GAGE

Actually, that makes sense.

EMERALD

Besides, Hubert Wilcox is better than Agnes Cumberland.

They reach the MOODY TSA AGENT. He snags Emerald's passport. It scans. He waves her threw.

The agent rips away Gage's ID. Scans it twice. Nothing.

MOODY TSA AGENT

Sure this is up to date?

GAGE

Absolutely, sir.

The agent does one last scan and... it finally clears. Phew.

INT. GATE - MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Emerald and Gage hang at the gate for their connecting flight. A PERKY FLIGHT ATTENDANT speaks over the PA system.

PERKY FLIGHT ATTENDANT

First class may now board.

EMERALD

You ready, babe?

GAGE

Actually, go ahead. Gonna grab some snacks. It's a long-ass flight.

EMERALD

OK. But don't stand me up. Most of your money is in Agnes's account.

They share a smooch.

EMERALD (CONT'D)

Love you.

GAGE

Back atcha.

Gage saunters toward his destination.

INT. GIFT SHOP - MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

At the register, Gage purchase a metric shit-ton of snacks. The CASHIER hands him his receipt and bag. Gage exits and...

Steps into a torrent of CHIEFS PLAYERS and COACHES. He literally bumps into Kelce.

KELCE

Dude, watch where... GAGE! Of all the gin joints! Ready for the game?

GAGE

Actually, we're going overseas. Promised my girl a trip.

KELCE

Boy, that shit can wait a week. The team needs you. Don't let us down.

Kelce pounds on Gage's heart with his fist for emphasis.

KELCE (CONT'D)

Better see you in the stands.

Gage panics. Wolfie knows he's ripe for a recruiting pitch.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Remember all those times your mom called you a loser? You want the Wicked Witch of the Midwest to be right? Or will you prove her wrong?

GAGE

But what about Emerald? I can't just leave her?

WOLFIE (V.O.)
Meet her there in a week. She'll
totally understand.

GAGE
Think so? Man, I don't know.

A BIZ TRAVELER whooshes by, wonders who Gage is speaking to.

WOLFIE (V.O.)
If her love is true, remember?

Gage forlornly peers back at the gate, makes his getaway.

INT. COMMERCIAL JET - AIRPORT RUNWAY - DAY

Emerald slouches in the front row of the plane. Taps her feet. Picks her nails. The suspense is killing her...

She can't take it anymore. She unbuckles her seat belt and attempts to deboard the plane...

But the PERKY FLIGHT ATTENDANT prevents her from leaving.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Miss, please be seated. Our flight
is ready for departure.

EMERALD
But my boyfriend didn't make it on
the flight. I have to go get him.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Sorry. Regulations.

Emerald's heart is shattered into a thousand pieces. She manages to drag herself back to her first-class seat.

EXT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT - HARD ROCK STADIUM - DAY

Super Bowls have an additional layer of security at the entrances. STADIUM EMPLOYEES scan bags and pat down FANS.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Super Bowl Sunday - February 2, 2020"

Finally, it's CHIEFSAHOLIC turn to be inspected.

STADIUM EMPLOYEE
Security!

A HUSKY GUARD grabs Chiefsaholic by the wolf arm.

HUSKY GUARD
Come with me, please.

GULP.

INT. SURVEILLANCE CENTER - HARD ROCK STADIUM - DAY

In the bowels of the stadium, Agents Cash and McCrae are joined by LOCAL POLICE OFFICERS and STADIUM SECURITY.

The husky guard presents Chiefsaholic to the brain trust.

AGENT MCCRAE

Let's see it.

There's a *Scooby-Doo* unmasking and... It's NOT Chiefsaholic.

AGENT CASH

Motherfucker. You gotta be kidding me. What is that, ten imposters?

AGENT MCCRAE

Nine.

AGENT CASH

We have to sweep the stadium, shake some people down.

AGENT MCCRAE

He's a needle in a hay barn. There's sixty-three thousand people here. And many of them are rich, famous and powerful. A sloppy manhunt would be career seppuku.

Cash surrenders, slumps back down into his chair.

EXT. HARD ROCK STADIUM - MIAMI, FLORIDA - NIGHT

DJ KHALED spins from the sidelines. MUSIC BUMPS. Thousands of FOOTBALL FANS loiter during the neverending pregame show.

Tucked away in the back of club level and concealed by the shadows of the upper deck is...

Gage! Shades. Ball cap. Platinum blonde hair. Fake mustache. No Chiefs gear. He resembles a completely different human.

He scopes out the club box behind him. MARTHA STEWART!? Scans other boxes. KEVIN HART. LADY GAGA. BOB DOLE is still alive?

Gage's eyes hit the empty seat next to him. Giant frown.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Suck it up, loverboy. You'll see her soon enough.

LATER

The Chiefs clash with the formidable SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS. Kansas City has a 2nd and 6 on the San Fran 34-yard line.

SCOREBOARD: Chiefs 0, 49ers 3:35 1st quarter

Mahomes detects that the 49ers are offsides and hikes the ball. Free play. He lasers a strike to...

Kelce who uses his je ne sais quoi to find the soft spot, pick up the first down. He spins for an extra five yards.

Gage rubs his lucky rabbit's foot. Confident body language.

LATER

Mahomes hikes the ball from the one-yard line. Runs the option and fakes the pitch... Quarterback keeper for a TD.

Butker drills the extra point right through the uprights.

SCOREBOARD: Chiefs 7, 49ers 3, 0:31 1st quarter

It's Arrowhead East. CHIEFS FANS have the joint ROCKING. Gage fist-pumps, dials back his emotion to remain undetected.

LATER

The Niners have a 1st and 10 from the 15. QB JIMMY GAROPPOLO, a himbo if there ever was one, play-action fakes and...

Dumps off to fullback KYLE JUSZCZYK -- yes, these are their actual last names -- who sheds a defender, rumbles upfield...

And launches himself like a missile. Juszczyk skies past two Chiefs and lands in the endzone. 15-yard touchdown, 49ers.

Chiefs fans grow quiet. NINERS FANS lose their minds.

SCOREBOARD: Chiefs 7, 49ers 10, 5:05 2nd quarter

Flustered, Kelce roams the sideline like a madman.

From his club level seat, Gage notices Kelce down below.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

They're losing! It's not because of bad coaching or the Niners having better players. It's because of you. This is your moment to change history. Your moment to become somebody or remain a loser forever. So go fucking do something!

Sheer determination seizes Gage's face.

INT. CLUB LEVEL BATHROOM - HARD ROCK STADIUM - NIGHT

Inside a stall, Gage plops down on the toilet. Waits...

A FAKE CHIEFSAHOLIC enters the next stall.

GAGE
Jeremy, is that you?

FAKE CHIEFSAHOLIC
Yup.

GAGE
What I owe you is in my pocket.

Both men get undressed, swap outfits.

INT. CLUB LEVEL LOUNGE - HARD ROCK STADIUM - NIGHT

NFL 100TH ANNIVERSARY TEAM HONOREES crowd the bar.

Household names in burgundy blazers: JOE MONTANA, JERRY RICE, PEYTON MANNING, DEION SANDERS, TONY GONZALEZ and RAY LEWIS.

Chiefsaholic is a fly on the wall. Even in his wolf costume he goes completely unnoticed due to the blinding star power.

MONTANA
Fellas. Let's head to the tunnel.
Best view in the house.

MANNING
The Manning family is Team Shakira.
(sings)
Le-do-lo-le-lo-le Le-do-lo-le-lo-le
Can't you see? I'm at your feet.

GONZALEZ
No way, man. Team J-Lo all day.

Tony G twerks. Good looking guy, but it's a bit much.

Chiefsaholic takes all this in. He locates an 80-YEAR-OLD NFL LEGEND who's passed out with a discarded jacket.

WOLFIE (V.O.)
This is your chance.

He swipes the burgundy blazer, smoothly slips it on. He removes his wolf mascot head, tucks it underneath the jacket.

Montana and his entourage roll out. Chiefsaholic hustles to bring up the rear, blends in behind the towering titans.

A STADIUM GUARD instantly waves them onto an elevator. Nobody in their right mind would dare question this player posse.

INT. ELEVATOR - HARD ROCK STADIUM - NIGHT

By the time the NFL luminaries detect Chiefsaholic, he has removed his jacket and put his wolf head back on.

SANDERS

Whoa. How'd the wolf get in here?

GONZALEZ

That's Chiefsaholic, man. You been under a rock this year or what?

RICE

Nobody cares about the Chiefs. It's all about the Niners. Right, Joe?

MONTANA

As much as I'd love to side with you, Jerry, I am part Chief.

RICE

Who'd you win rings with?

Lewis nudges Chiesfaholic, who remains starstruck. Dazed.

LEWIS

Going to watch the halftime show?

WOLFIE (V.O.)

Say something before Ray-Ray here tackles you into oblivion.

CHIEFSAHOLIC

Actually, I'm in the show.

MANNING

Gonna be late. We better get you down there.

EXT. TUNNEL - HARD ROCK STADIUM - NIGHT

Drenched in sweat, Peyton Manning ushers Chiefsaholic to the edge of the field. Several SECURITY GUARDS hold them back.

They've got a fantastic view of the Halftime Show.

Clad in a fur cape that's both the American and Puerto Rican flags, JENNIFER LOPEZ performs "Let's Get Loud."

SHAKIRA plays the drums. Backup DANCERS and SINGERS weave together in synchronized fashion. Choreography perfection.

MANNING

Hate being like this, but you know
who I am right?

ON SECURITY GUARDS: Duh.

MANNING (CONT'D)

Chiefsaholic here is a famous
superfan. He's supposed to run out
there as part of the show.

CHIEFSAHOLIC

There's a Forty Niners fan too.
Over on the other side.

The guards consult, pull back the velvet rope. The biggest
Halftime Show fuckup since Timberlake flashed Janet's boob.

WOLFIE (V.O.)

We're seconds away from
immortality. Let's fucking gooooo!

Adrenaline pumping, Chiefsaholic scuttles toward the stage...

EXT. HALFTIME SHOW STAGE - HARD ROCK STADIUM - NIGHT

Razzle-dazzle. Shakira gyrates with gold-clad dancers during
a musical interlude set piece. All of a sudden...

Chiefsaholic is onstage, dances with performers. HOLY SHIT!

Shakira and the other professionals don't let it affect their
rhythm. They simply block him out.

A thousands-strong CHIEFS CONTINGENT eggs on the tomfoolery.

CHIEFS CONTINGENT

Chiefsaholic!

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP.

CHIEFS CONTINGENT (CONT'D)

Chiefsaholic!

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP.

COMMON AREA - TOPEKA CORRECTIONAL FACILITY

Paula and other INMATES watch this all unfold on TV. She
facepalms. Everybody else CRACKS UP.

LIVING ROOM - DUMPY DUPLEX

As Mel observes this spectacle, history's biggest shit-eating grin forms on her face.

CHIEFS LOCKER ROOM - HARD ROCK STADIUM

Kelce, Mahomes and other Chiefs stay limber. Kelce catches what's onscreen and points. They can't believe their eyes.

HOTEL ROOM - MONTENEGRO

A tear streams down Emerald's cheek. She turns off the television. Unable to watch Gage throw his life away.

BACK TO SCENE

Shakira and the gold crew clear out for J-Lo and her silver squad. Shakira tries to push Chiefsaholic off the stage...

He almost falls off but manages to regain his balance.

J-LO
(sings)
Let's get loud!!!

J-Lo spots the imposter. Tosses her mic to a dancer and charges at Chiefsaholic. She's a scantily clad bull...

BOOM! J-Lo tackles Chiefsaholic. It's the hardest hit of the night. She clearly never misses leg day.

The CROWD goes absolutely bananas. J-Lo returns to her routine. Doesn't skip a beat. What a badass.

BEEFCAKE BOUNCERS drag Chiefsaholic offstage and -- THWACK -- his head ricochets hard off the Bermuda grass field.

GAGE'S POV

Everything grows fuzzy. He's unconscious. FADE TO BLACK.

INT. FBI VEHICLE - HARD ROCK STADIUM PARKING LOT - NIGHT

POLICE OFFICERS heave Gage into the back seat. He's bruised and battered. Still in his costume, except the head is gone.

Upfront, Agent Cash is behind the wheel and McCrae rides shotgun. The Super Bowl broadcast plays on the RADIO.

AGENT MCCRAE
I'm Agent McCrae and this --

GAGE

-- save it. I know who you are.
Let's just listen to the game.

AGENT CASH

Shouldn't we turn it off so the kid
can't enjoy it?

AGENT MCCRAE

I've experienced every Super Bowl
of my lifetime. Won't let some
grandstanding guttersnipe ruin it.

Cash drives through the lot, toward the nearest street. The golden voice of KEVIN HARLAN calls the play-by-play action.

KEVIN HARLAN (V.O.)

Under center Mahomes. Second down
and six from the thirty-eight. Hand
off to Williams... Got a block from
the fullback...

FOOTBALL FIELD - HARD ROCK STADIUM

KC running back DAMIEN WILLIAMS is shot out of a cannon...

KEVIN HARLAN (V.O.)

He's at the thirty-five...
thirty... breaks a tackle down the
sideline... twenty...

Williams blows by a defender, turns on the afterburners...

KEVIN HARLAN (V.O.)

Chasing him down the sideline...
the ten... the five...

TOUCHDOWN KANSAS CITY! In the endzone, Williams flexes.

SCOREBOARD: Chiefs 30, 49ers 20, 1:12 4th quarter

KEVIN HARLAN (V.O.)

That's it! That's it! A thirty-
eight-yard touchdown run by Damien
Williams. One twelve to go.

SUPER BOWL CHAMPS! Chiefs fans hug as if they won Powerball.
Five decades of pain evaporated in a cathartic instant.

KEVIN HARLAN (V.O.)

Three touchdowns in the last five
minutes of this game. The Chiefs
lead by ten, thirty to twenty.

Kelce boogies. Reid gets the customary Gatorade bath. Mahomes beams like a man who is about to sign a \$500 million deal.

BACK TO SCENE

Agent McCrae shuts off the radio.

Gage HOWLS in the back seat. He can't victoriously raise his cuffed paws, so Wolfie raises his for them both.

WOLFIE
HOW BOUT THOSE CCCHHHIIIEEEFFSSS!

GAGE
I DID IT! THEY CAN NEVER TAKE THIS
AWAY FROM ME! WIKIPEDIA!
SPORTSCENTER! HERE WE COME!

His dream realized, Gage sobs in his lap.

AGENT CASH
Idiot. You didn't do jack except
make an ass of yourself in front of
two-hundred-million people.

AGENT MCCRAE
Worst day of his life, but he
thinks it's the best day. Sad.

GAGE

Lifts his head from his celebratory cry. His face morphs into Wolfie's snout and fangs. His darker side is all that's left.

MAHOMES (V.O.)
So there you have it. I got the
biggest contract in sports history.
Travis got a Super Bowl ring. Agent
McCrae got his man, but he didn't
get his family back. Emerald got a
condo in Montenegro. Mel got her
charges dropped. And Gage? Gage got
his Wikipedia page.

THE END.