

**TOP
SECRET**



THE GARY COLEMAN-EMMANUEL LEWIS PROJECT

WRITTEN BY

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**TOP
SECRET**

A NOTE TO THE READER:

Two years ago, I received a phone call from a famous A-list movie star I'd developed a close relationship with (he's asked to remain anonymous here). I remember the call as if it was yesterday:

"I just heard the most fucking incredible story ever," he said. Then he swore me to secrecy and told me it.

It was a story that had been circulating around the upper echelon of Hollywood for months, spoken about only when drinks were flowing at high stakes poker games amongst movie stars and studio heads. Thirty minutes later, I'd been rendered silent on the other end of the line.

"And this really happened?" I asked.

Despite his assurances that it had, I dismissed it with a laugh. It was too far-fetched. Too... ridiculous. I promised (as he had) never to share the story with anyone and hung up.

That night, I didn't sleep. Without knowing it, I'd just found my next project.

I spent the better part of the next year tracking down paper thin leads and traveling to Washington D.C. and Europe. Eventually, I'd managed to validate the story (always off-the-record).

Exactly one year after that fateful phone call... I found myself at breakfast with the two key players in an unbelievable tale of espionage and heroism:

Gary Coleman and Emmanuel Lewis.

This is the story of how, in the late summer of 2006, Gary Coleman and Emmanuel Lewis saved the United States of America from a devastating attack by international terrorists.

Whether you believe it or not... it is a true story.

EXT. JINKY'S CAFE (STUDIO CITY, CA) - MORNING

A slick BMW pulls up, parks. A pair of small, well-heeled FEET drop from the car. We pull up and REVEAL:

EMMANUEL LEWIS. Yes, that Emmanuel Lewis. He of *Webster* fame. He's got a newspaper under his arm, a smile on his face, and life by the balls.

He really does. Dude looks good. Still has the sweet face we remember. Sure, he's put on a little weight, but haven't we all? He wears a purple dress shirt, fitted, tucked into pair of tailored dress pants. Impeccable haircut. With a skip in his step he ENTERS...

INT. JINKY'S CAFE - CONTINUOUS

A HOSTESS greets him.

HOSTESS
Morning, Manny.

EMMANUEL
What's cookin', good-lookin'? My table ready?

HOSTESS
Always.

Emmanuel WINKS at her, walks past a PATRON.

PATRON
How's it hangin', Manny?

EMMANUEL
Long and straight, Jimbo.

Emmanuel lets out a loud, infectious LAUGH. It's a laugh that says, "*Yeah, I'm Emmanuel Lewis and I'm laughing my ass off, what are you gonna do about it?*"

Emmanuel sits at his table. A COUPLE (30's) approach.

WOMAN
Mr. Lewis? Could we trouble you for a picture?

MAN
We both grew up watching your show.

EMMANUEL
Of course, of course.

The couple scoot in, hand a WAITRESS the camera.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
Everyone say Gorgonzola!

EVERYONE
Gorgonzola!

Emmanuel's infectious LAUGH rings out again. As the camera FLASHES, we...

MATCH CUT TO:

ANOTHER FLASH OF LIGHT.

This time a LIGHTBULB flickering on. We're in...

INT. HOTEL ROOM (LOS ANGELES) - SAME MORNING

We pull down from the light, as a pair of SLIPPERED FEET drop to the floor and trudge to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The feet enter. We hear running water. A toothbrush doing it's job. We pull back to REVEAL:

GARY COLEMAN. Yes, that Gary Coleman. He of *Different Strokes* fame. Though he became famous as a kid, you'd recognize him anywhere. But there's something sad in his eyes. There's no infectious laughter here.

He spits out his mouth-full of toothpaste and rinses. His looks in the mirror, staring straight ahead.

His expression never changes.

EXT. HOTEL - VALET STAND

Gary waits for his car, head down. PEOPLE walk by. Double-takes. GIGGLES. We hear smatterings of "*That's Gary Coleman*" and "*What'chu talkin' 'bout Willis?*"

Gary keeps his head down, obviously used to it. An AGING FRATBOY (late 20's) approaches.

AGING FRATBOY
Yo, you're Gary Coleman!

Gary doesn't look up, gives the slightest of nods.

AGING FRATBOY (CONT'D)
This is crazy! My boys are gonna laugh
their asses off!

The guy holds out his cell, snapping a self-portrait.

AGING FRATBOY (CONT'D)
Dude, you gotta do it for me: give me a
"What'chu talkin' bout, Willis!?"

Gary looks up, speaks for the first time.

GARY
Go fuck yourself.

Gary walks away as his RENTAL CAR pulls up.

EXT. THE BOBBY WHITE AGENCY - DAY

A small office just off Ventura and Van Nuys. A simple sign reads: "The Bobby White Agency."

INT. THE BOBBY WHITE AGENCY - CONTINUOUS

We pan a wall of framed photographs: A SWEET-FACED WHITE GUY (BOBBY WHITE, 50's) poses in each with a famous 80's/90's childhood television star: RICKY SCHROEDER, PUNKY BREWSTER, ERKLE, THE ROBOT GIRL FROM *SMALL WONDER*.

Underneath the wall, Bobby sits at his computer, fidgeting nervously. Gary Coleman ENTERS.

BOBBY
Hey! Thanks for stopping by.

Gary takes a seat, silent. There's no small-talk in him.

BOBBY WHITE
How'd the shoot go last night?

GARY
Fine.

BOBBY WHITE
If that ad does well who knows, they
might want more.

Gary SHRUGS. Bobby smiles.

BOBBY WHITE (CONT'D)
I got you something. Work.

GARY
How much?

BOBBY WHITE
Don't you want to know what it is?

GARY
No. How Much?

Bobby looks him over. He really doesn't care.

BOBBY WHITE
Fifty grand.

This gets Gary's attention. He straightens up.

GARY
Seriously?

BOBBY WHITE
Seriously.

Then it hits Gary...

GARY
What is it, some reality show where they
make fun of me?

BOBBY WHITE
No--

GARY
Screw it, I'm in.

BOBBY
No, Gary. Jesus. Listen to me. I get a
call, ten o'clock last night. Woman,
heavy accent. She asks if you're
available. Figure they want you for a
high school reunion or some shit. I say,
"Yeah, he's available, for the right
price. Fact he's in Los Angeles right
now, just finishing a car ad."

(then, re: ad)
It went well, the shoot? Cause if they
like you, it could be steady work. The
director was good?

GARY

The used car ad director? He's the next Scorsese.

(cuing him)

Fifty grand...?

BOBBY

Get this. There's an area in Switzerland, bit outside Zurich, you ever been to Zurich?

Beat.

GARY

No.

BOBBY

Anyway, *Different Strokes* just went syndicated there. You believe that? Show's been over for twenty years. Anyhow, it's the number one show in half of Switzerland right now. This bigshot Swiss mucky-muck, he's hosting a weekend for other Swiss mucky-mucks, wants you there. Guest of honor. Friday night at a nightclub, Saturday at his mansion. They fly you out first class, two nights of bullshit, fifty grand, in your pocket. Your flight leaves in two hours.

Gary takes this in.

GARY

This is for real?

Bobby pulls out an already opened Fed-Ex envelope.

BOBBY

Check for half came this morning. It cleared. Didn't want to tell you until I knew it was legit.

Gary looks at the check. He looks up. He's not smiling, but almost. There's something grateful in his eyes.

GARY

Wow. Thank you, Bobby.

Bobby nods, hesitating. Then...

BOBBY

One catch. There's another hot show there now. They don't only want you.

GARY
Who do they want?

As if on cue, we hear the infectious LAUGH of Emmanuel Lewis. Gary's face drops as the door BURSTS open.

EMMANUEL
Bobby White! What's up, Brother-man!?
You got something for me?

Gary turns around. Emmanuel sees him, stops short.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
Oh. Hey.

Gary stands, approaches Emmanuel. There's tension here.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
Gary. Long time.

Gary shakes his hand.

GARY
Emmanuel.

Emmanuel turns towards Bobby, confused.

BOBBY
Hear me out.

EXT. BOBBY WHITE AGENCY - MINUTES LATER

Emmanuel walks briskly to his car. Bobby gives chase.

EMMANUEL
(ranting)
Wasting my time coming down here, are you
out of your freakin' mind?

BOBBY
It's fifty grand! For one weekend!

Emmanuel stops at the door of his car, turns back.

EMMANUEL
I'm don't need it. I was smart with my
money. My celebrity is in tact.

BOBBY
(desperate)
But you do these engagements all the
time. You love these kind of things.
(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(then)

It's him, isn't it? For God's sake, it was 1984!

EMMANUEL

Listen, what happened in '84 is his thing. I got no beef with Gary Coleman.

(lowering his voice)

But dude's crazy. I'm boys with Todd Bridges. He says dude's crazy. Todd Bridges! He's the only one from that show still alive! That's how crazy he is. Ain't no way I'm travelling halfway 'round the world with him. No way.

BOBBY

Manny--

EMMANUEL

I said no, Bobby.

Bobby puts his hand on his shoulder.

BOBBY

He's in debt, Manny. Serious debt. He's not a bad guy. He just got a few bad breaks.

(serious)

He needs this, Manny. I've never asked you for anything but I'm asking now.

ON EMMANUEL: a good guy, put to the test.

INT. AIRPORT - LATER

Gary and Emmanuel pull luggage on a MOVING WALKWAY.

People going in the OTHER DIRECTION practically break their necks gawking at them. Some snap pictures.

Emmanuel smiles for the photos.

Gary doesn't.

INT. AIRPLANE - LATER

The guys sit in FIRST CLASS SEATS facing each other, as you do on first class international seats.

As PASSENGERS head past them, Gary stares straight ahead, wearing large HEADPHONES. Emmanuel BANTERS with them...

EMMANUEL

Hey there/how ya' doin'/yeah, happy to sign it/who I make that out to?

Finally, everyone is past. Emmanuel and Gary are alone.

EMANUEL

So, how you been, Gary? I'm good, I'm good. Did the *Surreal Life*, Pretty good experience. Corey Feldman's a good dude. Last time we talked was... what--

GARY

(coldy)

1984.

Like that, Gary adjusts his headphones, closes his eyes, and leans back in his seat. Conversation over.

EXT. ZURICH AIRPORT - NEXT MORNING

A 747 makes a perfect landing.

INT. AIRPORT - LATER

Gary and Emmanuel walk down through the airport, not speaking. Suddenly, they stop in their tracks.

ON BAGGAGE CLAIM:

Pandemonium. The place is packed to the gills, and when they see Gary and Emmanuel, everyone starts SCREAMING. Flashbulbs. Paparazzi. Reporters.

The Beatles have landed... in the form of Gary Coleman and Emmanuel Lewis.

EMMANUEL

Holy crap.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Velcom' to Sveetzerland, Gentlemen.

Before them stands the most exceptional FEMALE SPECIMEN you've ever seen... nearly six feet of blonde-haired, blue-eyed Goddess. She speaks English with a heavily tinged Swiss accent.

Note to reader: Eet can be heerd to understoond thees accent buut once youu leern iit, iit iss not huurd to understoond it.

WOMAN
My name is Vilhelmina Oloffson.

EMMANUEL
Gezundheit.

Emmanuel CRACKS HIMSELF UP. Gary shakes his head. She smiles, not getting it. Emmanuel tries again.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
Emmanuel Lewis.

VILHELMINA
Yes.

She turns to Gary. He doesn't speak.

EMANUEL
This is Gary Coleman.

VILHELMINA
Yes.

Awkward.

EMANUEL
My friends call me Manny.

She smiles weakly, not getting it.

VILHELMINA
My friends call me Vilhelmina Oloffson.

EMMANUEL
Yes.

Jesus.

VILHELMINA
On the televeesion, you are not so eld.

EMANUEL
The shows were filmed a long time ago.

A confused beat.

VILHELMINA
You are quite fat now, too?

EMMANUEL
So it seems, yes.

VILHELMINA

But still cute, as they say, as a
butteen.

EMMANUEL

(with a giggle)
Black don't crack. And you're not bad
yourself.

They smile at each other. Gary has had enough.

GARY

Should we get going?

Vilhelmina NODS, leads them through the throng of
SPECTATORS.

People SCREAM, FAINT, HOLD SIGNS (ie "*I want to marry
Gary*") Ahead of them, large BODYGUARDS clear a path.

VILHELMINA

Mr. Johansson ees very excheeted to meet
you both. He ees, how you say, your
beegest fan.

EMMANUEL

Mr. Johansson is the one who flew us out?

VILHELMINA

Yes. Ludvig Johansson ees the reechest
man een all of Sveetzerland. Tonight,
you will be guest of honor at his
neetclub for his beerthday. Every
important person in Sveetzerland will be
ateending.

A SWISS WOMAN burst pasts the guards and throws herself
at Gary Coleman's feet. He just stares at her, confused.

SWEDISH WOMAN

I love you Gareeee! What'chu talkin'
bout' Willeees!

Without missing a beat, Vilhemina tosses her away like a
rag doll. She turns back to the guys, smiles casually.

VILHELMINA

Mr. Johansson aweets. Let us go to the
neetclub.

Gary and Emmanuel share a look.

EMMANUEL
To the neetclub.

EXT. SWEDISH ROAD - LATER

An enormous LIMO travels the windy roads. The landscape is iconically Swiss, snow-capped and mountainous.

INT. LIMOSINE - CONTINUOUS

Gary and Emmanuel sit side by side, Vilhelmina faces them. She can't stop smiling, particularly at Emmanuel.

VILHELMINA
May I ask you a queestion?

EMMANUEL
Sure.

VILHELMINA
On your show on the televeesion? The Weebster?

EMMANUEL
(correcting)
Webster.

VILHELMINA
Yes, Weebster. The white mummy, she's veery neece woman, no?

EMMANUEL
Uh... yes.

VILHELMINA
A wonderful theeng she does, take een small black child to her home.

Emmanuel looks at Gary, confused. Gary SHRUGS.

EMMANUEL
Yes, she's a good lady.

Vilhelmina shakes her head, awed.

VILHELMINA
I could not do eet.

Silence.

VILHELMINA (CONT'D)

We arrive!

INT. NEETCLUB - CONTINUOUS

A thundering bi-level NIGHTCLUB. Beautiful WOMEN dance in cages. Club music pumps. And then...

The MUSIC STOPS. All attention shifts upwards as a SPOTLIGHT shines on a red-velvet curtained BALCONY (there is also a large monitor playing for the crowd).

The curtain parts REVEALING:

A HEAVYSET MAN in an ostentatious navy blue pin-striped suit and matching fedora (*surely we should be able to land Phillip Seymour Hoffman for this*).

This is LUDVIG JOHANSSON (40). He grabs a mic and addresses the crowd. *His English is less-accented than Vilhelmina's, but his "Swiss-lish" often misuses phrases.*

JOHANSSON

I am the name of Ludvig Johansson!

Polite APPLAUSE. Johansson is unhappy with the response.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

I AM THE NAME OF LUDVIG JOHANSSON!

The crowd gets it, CHEERS thunderously. He motions to his side. A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN quickly approaches. He grabs her, plants a slovenly kiss, and pushes her away.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

We have tonight here a most impressive flock of Svitzers!

The spotlight finds luminaries in other balconies:

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

Henric Gustavsson is on the house!

SPOTLIGHT ON HENRIC GUSTAVSSON. Older, effeminate, and wearing a monocle.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

Henric, my wisest friend, when I need a friend to count on, I count your name on my fingers!

POLITE APPLAUSE, no one knows what the hell he's talking about. The tepid response infuriates Johansson again.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
I COUNT HIS NAME ON MY FINGERS!

Bigger applause. Johansson smiles, continues.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
Freja Karlsson is on the house!

SPOTLIGHT ON FREJA KARLSSON. Elegant. Uber ice queen.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
Freja, you calculating bitch, you are as beautiful today as you were when I first laid you.

APPLAUSE. She nods at Johansson. Johansson beckons for the beautiful girl again. She emerges, he squeezes her boobs like a squeeze toy, pushes her away.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
Nicholas Magnusson is on the house!

SPOTLIGHT ON NICHOLAS MAGNUSSON. Young, dangerous, and wired with muscle.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
Nicholas, my protegee, you are young, strong, and powerful. It is like sometimes looking in a scissor.

As APPLAUSE rains down again, he toasts his glass at Nicholas. Nicholas nods, chugs down his drink.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
Tonight we celebrate me on my 40th year since they cut me from Mummy! DRINKS ARE IN THE HOUSE!

More applause.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
And now, I introduce our guests of honor. You know them from the number one and number two shows on television. One is a diminutive negro who white people say to live with them. The other, a diminutive negro who white people say to live with them. Ladies and Gentlemen, our guests of honor, two diminutive negros who I would like to live with...

He points over to the side, CUING someone.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
GARY COLEMAN AND EMMANUEL LEWIS!

CUE: a remix rap version of the *Different Strokes* theme
(*"The world don't move to the beat of just one drum..."*)

Complete pandemonium as the SPOTLIGHT searches for Gary and Emmanuel. Finally it finds them as they ENTER.

Their IMAGE goes up on the monitor. Everything stops.
ONE SCREAM pierces through, then silence.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
(from above, shocked)
You are older than on the television.

VILHELMINA
The televeesion shows were feelmed a long
teem ago.

Johansson processes this, for a long moment.

JOHANSSON
What a wonderful surprise! Bring to me
my diminutive guests! Drinks are in the
house!

Everyone goes nuts. Vilhelmina breathes a sigh of relief.

INT. JOHANSSON'S BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

Johansson now has all the important luminaries in his booth. Vilhelmina leads Gary and Emmanuel to him.

VILHELMINA
I present to you, Ludvig Johansson.

Johannson bows. Emmanuel bows. Gary just stands there.

JOHANSSON
(greeting Emmanuel)
Mr. Weebster. You honor the Swiss with
your presence.

EMMANUEL
And the Swiss honor me with their cheese.

He ERUPTS in GIGGLES. Gary rolls his eyes. After a confused beat, Johansson (and then his followers) join in the LAUGHTER. Finally, Johansson turns to Gary.

JOHANSSON
My heart leaps.

GARY
Hey.

JOHANSSON
I have long awaited to this moment.

Gary nods, uncomfortable. Off to the side, Henric (effeminate, monocle) waves at him flirtatiously.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
Can you do it for me?

GARY
What's that?

JOHANSSON
Your famous quotation. You know.

GARY
Yeah, I'd rather not.

A long beat. Johansson smiles.

JOHANSSON
(leading him)
What'chu talking about, Willis!?

GARY
Sorry, no.

Johansson's face drops. This is a man not used to being denied. His dangerous protegee, Nicolas, steps forward. Johansson waves him to a stop.

JOHANSSON
(to Gary)
Perhaps your mind will change itself.

GARY
I don't think so.

JOHANSSON
Maybe tomorrow.

GARY
Probably not.

Awkward. Finally, Johansson LAUGHS big. Everyone joins in. Johansson CLAPS. Three gorgeous WOMEN arrive instantly.

JOHANSSON

The three most beautiful virgins in all of Switzerland. You may do whatever you wish in them.

He pinches Emmanuel's cheek.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

Look at him! Weebster! Vilhelmina, I think you would fit him inside of you.

VILHELMINA

Whatever you weesh, Mr. Johansson.

JOHANSSON

Let us party!

The music CRANKS, as we watch the party get into full swing...

- SWISS DANCE, as images of *Different Strokes* and *Webster* play in the background.

- IN THE BALCONY, Gary and Emmanuel sit with Johansson and his crew. Johansson and Emmanuel do all the talking.

- TO THE SIDE, Nicolas keeps a close eye on Gary, who refuses to humor Johansson despite the obvious attempts to get him to do his catch-phrase.

- ON THE DANCE-FLOOR, where Emmanuel leads a group (including a euphoric Johansson) in the Electric Slide. He and Vilhelmina dance flirtatiously, hitting it off.

- BACK IN THE BALCONY, where Gary sips on a water as the three beautiful virgins wait to be utilized.

- OUTSIDE THE CLUB, as PATRONS exit, most carrying autographed copies of Gary and Emmanuel headshots. In the foreground, Johansson bids goodnight to his stars.

- ON THE LIMO, which pulls up in front of a luxurious hotel where Gary and Emmanuel are dropped off.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - LATER

Gary and Emmanuel stand in front their adjacent rooms, readying their keys.

EMMANUEL

Weird night.

GARY
It is what it is.

Gary puts the key in the door.

EMMANUEL
Listen, Gary, it was 1984, can't we just--

GARY
I don't want to talk about it.

EMMANUEL
Okay fine. Whatever.

Gary tries getting his door to unlock.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
Can I ask you something? Not about that.

Gary turns around, waits.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
Why don't you do it?

GARY
What?

EMMANUEL
The catchphrase. The song and dance.
Why don't you just go with it? The glass
can be half-full you know?

Gary turns to him.

GARY
My glass broke a long time ago.

Gary talks quietly, almost to himself.

GARY (CONT'D)
I wish the damn show never happened.
Swear to God. Give me a do-over, I go to
high school. Become a god damn
accountant, I don't care. It was twenty
years ago and I've been screwed ever
since. People I trusted stealing all my
money, doing crap commercials just to pay
the bills, idiots on the street trying to
make me say that dumbass line every
single day of my life. I mean, if you
want to laugh like an idiot and pretend
it's all good--

EMMANUEL
It is all good! People loved our shows.
We did something most people never do, we
made people laugh--

GARY
And now they laugh at us. We're a joke.

EMMANUEL
I'm not a joke.

GARY
You are, Manny. You're just not in on
it.

Gary ENTERS his room, leaving Emmanuel alone.

EXT. JOHANSSON'S MANSION - NEXT AFTERNOON

An unreal estate, beset on all sides by mountains.

INT. JOHANSSON'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Ostentatiously decorated. All over the great hallway are
ridiculous FANTASY ART PORTRAITS of Johansson.

DOWN BELOW, Johansson leads Gary and Emmanuel on a tour.

JOHANSSON
And this is the ping pong room.

He opens a door to a room...

ON ROOM

Huge, over 4000 square feet. There's nothing in it
except a ping pong table, dead center.

EMMANUEL
Oh, wow. Are you a big ping pong player?

JOHANSSON
No.

Awkward. They move down the hall. Pass another door.

EMMANUEL
And what's this room?

Emmanuel opens the door.

INSIDE THE ROOM we find those we met earlier (Nicolas, the dangerous protege', Freja, the elegant ice-queen, and Henric, the effeminate monocled man).

They are standing in front of a huge monitor.

ON MONITOR

It shows a map of THE WEST COAST OF THE U.S. There are blueprints all over the walls. Henric holds a pointer.

The group hears the door open and turn quickly.

JOHANSSON
(strongly)
That is a room for talks of business.

He closes the door, quickly puts on a huge smile.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
Come, dinner will be served.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

A ridiculous long wood table. Gary and Emmanuel sit at the respective heads. Those we've met line the sides.

Everyone's attention is riveted on Emmanuel, mid-story...

EMMANUEL
So I'm leaving the audition - you can imagine where my head's at by now - and the casting director grabs me and says, "*Congratulations, Emmanuel. You just became Webster.*"

Everyone claps. He smiles.

JOHANSSON
A riveting tale of triumph!

Johansson lifts his glass. Everyone follows.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
To our diminutive friends, who will share for us useful and informative tales. And to my fellow Zwitserers, as we begin our new enterprise. Soon the world will know of Switzerland more than just neutrality. We will put Switzerland back in the map!

His Swiss comrades "here, here" and drink.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

And Mr. Gary Coleman, what tales of the
Hollywood do you have to rivet us to?

Henric moves his chair uncomfortably close to Gary.

HENRIC

Your sad little eyes tell stories by
themselves.

NICOLAS

Keep it in your pants, Henric.

Henric glares at Nicolas - there's tension here.

GARY

No stories, sorry.

Silence. Just then...

VOICE (O.S.)

Father?

Everyone turns. There stands an adorable blonde boy (9).

JOHANSSON

Look who it is! My son! Please approach
our honored guests, my Son.

The boy approaches Gary, nervous.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

Mr. Gary, may I present my best son. He
was given the name Bjorn but we call him
by the name Willis.

Gary looks to Johansson. He seems to be serious.

GARY

(tentative)

Hey, Willis, how's it going?

Willis looks to his father. His father NODS at him. The
kid glances at a PIECE OF PAPER he has in his hand,
reading it, then...

WILLIS

Sometimes I make a poop and throw it in
the air and try to catch it.

Gary looks confused.

JOHANSSON

Why that's an odd thing to say, Willis!
Gary, perhaps you would like to ask
Willis to clarify what it is he's
speaking of?

GARY

(confused)

Uh, it's okay.

Johansson NODS again at Willis, who once again reads...

WILLIS

I think airplanes should look like cars
and be covered in poop.

JOHANSSON

Willis! What has come over you!? Gary,
you should really ask my son what it is
he's talking about.

(beat)

My son, Willis.

GARY

(catching on)

Really, I'm good.

WILLIS

(off paper)

I eat poop.

JOHANSSON

What is this poop talk!? Gary, please,
ask him what he's talking about. My son,
Willis.

GARY

I'm not saying it, Dude.

JOHANSSON

Just ask him.

GARY

No.

JOHANSSON

My son, Willis.

GARY

Please stop.

JOHANSSON
(frantic)
What'chu talking about, Willis!? With
all this poop! Ask him! Just ask him,
God dammit!

GARY
Okay, that's it. I'm outta here.

Gary gets up, storms away from the table.

EMMANUEL
Excuse me a moment.

Emmanuel chases after him.

EXT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Gary walks briskly away from the mansion, down the long
gated driveway. Emmanuel chases after.

EMMANUEL
Gary, c'mon--

GARY
I'm leaving. You want to go back into
that loony-bin, be my guest.

He's out to the street.

EMMANUEL
Gary, what about the money. You need it.

GARY
I already got half, Bobby will get the re-
-

Just then, BAM! TWO MEN IN BLACK jump out of the bushes
and put bags around both men's heads.

A BLACK VAN pulls up, they're thrown inside, and the van
screeches away.

CUT TO:

PITCH BLACK.

We see nothing. Just hear loud breathing.

VOICE (O.S.)
We clear?

SECOND VOICE (O.S.)

All clear.

Bags come off their heads as eyes adjust. We're in...

INT. BLACK VAN - CONTINUOUS

Emmanuel and Gary look up:

Facing them sits a tough looking AMERICAN, dressed all in black. He's instantly intimidating and intense (*surely we should be able to get Ed Harris for this*).

AMERICAN

Mr. Coleman, Mr. Lewis, my name is
Clifford Armstrong.

GARY

I don't care who you are, let us out of--

ARMSTRONG

I'm the deputy director of The United
States' Anti-Terror Division of the CIA.

This stops them. We move in slowly on Armstrong,
dramatic.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

I'll cut to it: the man who's home you
were just in is named Ludvig Johansson.
He is, without a doubt, the most
dangerous criminal mastermind in all of
Europe. The CIA has been monitoring his
movements and activities for the past
seven years. Despite our best efforts,
we have not been able get inside his
residence, let alone infiltrate his
organization. Our intelligence tells us
that he is planning a devastating attack
on the United States sometime in the next
seven days. Our time is running out, and
our intelligence leads have run dry.
Your arrival comes in the nick of time.
We know he's fond of you. You are the
only two with the ability to so quickly
get close to him, infiltrate his
organization, and figure out what he has
planned so we can stop him.

(a beat)

Gentlemen, if I had time to put on a dog
and pony show I would, but I don't.

(MORE)

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)
The United States government is asking
you to go undercover and serve your
country. What do you say?

REVEAL GARY AND EMMANUEL. Blank-faced. Then...

GARY
What'chu talkin' about mother-fucker?

Armstrong starts to respond, Emmanuel cuts him off...

EMMANUEL
Wait a sec, wait a sec. The most
notorious criminal mastermind in the
world lives in Switzerland?

ARMSTRONG
Yes.

EMMANUEL
I thought Switzerland was neutral.

ARMSTRONG
That's what everyone thinks. Switzerland
is Kabul with snow.

Emmanuel takes this in, then...

EMMANUEL
(looking around)
Is this some kind of hidden camera show?
I told Bobby I would not do more reality--

ARMSTRONG
I assure you Mr. Lewis, this is not a
hidden camera show.

EMMANUEL
That's what you'd say if it was a hidden
camera show.

ARMSTRONG
It's not a hidden camera show.

EMMANUEL
Says you.

ARMSTRONG
(frustrated)
When do you ever watch a hidden camera
show where the target immediately guesses
it's a hidden camera show?

EMMANUEL
They could cut it out in editing. I know
how it works. I was in *The Surreal Life*,
Dude.

ARMSTRONG
(trying patience)
Mr. Lewis. This is very, very real. All
we're asking is for you to stay close to
Johansson, keep your eyes and ears open.

Gary interjects.

GARY
How much?

ARMSTRONG
Excuse me?

GARY
How much would we get paid?

EMMANUEL
Gary--

GARY
Shut up.

Emmanuel shuts up. Armstrong leans back, surprised.

ARMSTRONG
How much do you want?

GARY
Hundred grand. Each.

Emmanuel looks at Gary, shocked by his moxy.

ARMSTRONG
I can't authorize that kind of payment.

GARY
Then good luck to you, Pal. Hope America
doesn't explode.

EMMANUEL
Gary, stop it--

ARMSTRONG
Fine. One hundred thousand a man.

GARY
Cash.

ARMSTRONG
You have my word.

Armstrong holds out his hand, Gary takes it.

EMMANUEL
(dramatic)
I'm a wealthy man, Mr. Armstrong. My country has given me enough already.

GARY
(annoyed)
George Washington Webster over here.

Armstrong picks up a walkie-talkie, speaks into it.

ARMSTRONG
The Gary Coleman-Emmanuel Lewis Project is a go. I repeat, The Gary Coleman-Emmanuel Lewis project is a go.

Emmanuel jumps, realizing something.

EMMANUEL
Wait! Before dinner... that room. They were looking at a map of the U.S. The West Coast. They got us out of there real quick, like they were hiding it.

Armstrong turns to his men, excited.

ARMSTRONG
Get on this, I want a list of likely possible targets on the West Coast and contingency plans for each.
(to Emmanuel)
Good work.

Emmanuel smiles, pleased with himself. Gary rolls his eyes.

EMMANUEL
(re: Gary's eye roll)
What?

ARMSTRONG
Gentlemen, let's get you to headquarters.

EXT. GERHARDSEN SKI SHOP - LATER

A small ski shop, nestled off a small road.

The Black Van pulls up front, parks. Emmanuel, Gary, Armstrong, and the Men in Black get out and ENTER...

INT. GERHARDSEN SKI SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Just what you'd expect. Ski equipment everywhere. A small front desk. One SLAVIC MAN behind the desk.

The group ENTERS. The man nods at Armstrong, Armstrong nods back, and leads the group through a door.

As they pass the desk, Emmanuel and Gary look behind it. The underside of the desk is lined with MACHINE GUNS.

Gary and Emmanuel share a look ("holy shit.")

INT. GERHARDSEN SKI SHOP (WAY INT.) - CONTINUOUS

TWENTY YOUNG AGENTS line various desks, all on computers. ELECTRONIC MAPS on walls. WEAPONS everywhere.

ARMSTRONG

Gentlemen, you have at your disposal one of the finest task forces in the world.

Armstrong leads them through the room. As he does, he replaces GRENADES on shelves, re-latches MACHINE GUNS, and pats AGENTS on the shoulder encouragingly.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

We are here without any official protection from the United States. We've been given orders through back channels, left to our own devices. Should you be captured, you'll be on your own. The United States government will not get involved in a war with Switzerland. It's just too dangerous here.

EMMANUEL

(floored)

I really just always thought they were neutral.

ARMSTRONG

That's exactly what they want us to think. Switzerland is hell on Earth, Gentlemen. Up to me I'd nuke the whole place, send the entire lot of blonde haired Nordic fucks straight to hell.

Gary and Emmanuel share a confused look.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. It's just... this place.
(with disdain)
Switzerland.
(then, controlling himself)
Now normally, we'd put civilians through
three months of rigorous training. But
we can only afford twenty-four hours. I
don't suppose either of you have any
previous combat training?

GARY
I did an episode of *strokes* where I had
to fight the Gooch, but we used a double.

EMMANUEL
I remember that episode, it was one of
your best.

GARY
Thanks.

They turn back to a blank-faced Armstrong. After a beat:

EMMANUEL
No. No combat training.

EXT. SNOWY FIELD - LATER

Combat training.

A completely empty, snowy field. PULL DOWN to REVEAL:

Emmanuel, as he crawls under one of those ROPE-LADDER-
TRAINING-THINGS. As he crawls, agents SHOUT and FIRE
SHOTS behind him to simulate battle.

We watch for a moment as Emmanuel throws himself into it
(*Note to reader: in case you've lost perspective by now,
please try and imagine Emmanuel Lewis crawling under a
rope ladder in the snow as CIA agents fire at his feet*).

Gary watches blankly. He turns to Armstrong.

GARY

Do you think it's very likely we're going to have to crawl under a rope ladder in the next seven days? Cause I might sit this one out.

CUT TO:

HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT

Two AGENTS show off intensive hand-to-hand combat maneuvers. It's rapid-fire and amazing. They finish.

Emmanuel and Gary turn to Armstrong, unsure what to do.

ARMSTRONG

You're up, Gary.

An AGENT approaches, gets down on his knees in front of Gary (to get to eye-level). After a beat... Gary turns back to Armstrong.

GARY

When the bad guys decide to fight me, do you really think they're gonna get down on their knees?

ARMSTRONG

Mr. Coleman, the point here is to train you! If you don't attempt anything, how can you--

GARY

Okay! Fine!

Like that, Gary wheels and throws a hard punch hitting the unsuspecting agent (who has since stood up) right in the nuts. The guy goes down.

Gary and Emmanuel turn back to Armstrong.

EMMANUEL

What's next?

CUT TO:

BOMB DEACTIVATION.

On a table, a large bomb.

ARMSTRONG

Good news, bad news. We believe Johansson has obtained a chemical weapon. It's a powerful weapon, capable of killing everyone within a hundred mile radius.

EMMANUEL

I hope that's the bad news.

Emmanuel belts his loud LAUGH. Armstrong looks to Gary.

GARY

("see what I'm dealing with")
Right?

Armstrong continues.

ARMSTRONG

The good news is that the device is not very sophisticated. Most unsophisticated devices have what we call a fail-safe: one wire that, if disarmed, can deactivate the bomb. The key is knowing what to look for--

Before he can finish, Gary pulls out a YELLOW WIRE. Green smoke fires out of the mock-bomb.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

(calmly)
If that was a real chemical device, every piece of skin on your body would have already melted off.

Gary looks at Emmanuel.

GARY

Don't pull the yellow wire.

EMMANUEL

(committing to memory)
Yellow wire, skin melts off. Got it.

WEAPONS TRAINING.

A LARGE SUV is parked in the center of the field.

ARMSTRONG

You'll tell Johansson you decided to stay and rented a car to get around.

GARY
(impressed)
Honda Pilot.

EMMANUEL
S-weeeeet!

Armstrong studies them for a beat, then... REMOVES a
PANEL from the TRUNK, revealing an assortment of WEAPONS.

ARMSTRONG
Obviously you can't carry a weapon,
You'll keep everything in here. Your job
is to gather intel, not exchange fire.
This is only for what we call a doomsday
scenario.

He demonstrates each weapon.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)
(showing grenade)
Grenade. Pull the pin, get rid of it.
(showing machine gun)
Assortment of machine guns. Safety here,
trigger here, you reload by--

Emmanuel is chomping at the bit, adorably excited...

EMMANUEL
Can we try it?

Armstrong looks at Gary, who SHRUGS (he could care less).

CUT TO:

FIRING RANGE

Targets are about one hundred feet away. Armstrong holds
the MACHINE GUN. Emmanuel looks orgasmic.

ARMSTRONG
Pretty simple weapon, you basically just
point and fire, like this...

He DEMONSTRATES, a perfect round decimates a target.

Emmanuel holds out his hands, eager.

EMMANUEL
Me. Me. Me.

Armstrong shakes his head, carefully places the weapon's strap on Emmanuel's shoulder.

As soon as Armstrong lets go, the weight of the gun drops little Emmanuel to the ground. GUNFIRE goes off everywhere, as AGENTS dive for cover. Finally it stops.

Everyone gets up slowly. Gary turns to Armstrong.

GARY
Do you have anything smaller?

CUT TO:

INT. HEADQUARTERS - LATER

Gary and Emmanuel wear only wife-beaters. WIRES are being taped to their chests.

ARMSTRONG
These wires will avoid all kinds of electronic detection. You NEVER take them off.

The guys follow Armstrong as he approaches a MONITOR.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)
We believe Johansson is working with a team, you've already met the key players.

A PHOTO OF FREJA comes on the screen.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)
Freja Karlsson. Most dangerous woman in Sweden. She's been married to five of the most important men in Europe. They all died. Prematurely. You follow?

GARY
Don't marry Freja, got it.

A PICTURE OF HENRIC comes on screen.

ARMSTRONG
Henric Gustavsson, the professor. Smart, probably the brains behind any operation of Johansson's. Reported weakness for men, especially young ones.

Emmanuel GIGGLES loudly. Armstrong stops, turns to Gary.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)
(re: the loud laugh)
Is that gonna be a problem?

GARY
I imagine it will be, yes.

Armstrong SIGHS, pulls up A PICTURE OF NICOLAS.

ARMSTRONG
Nicolas Magnusson. Cold-blooded killer.
This kid's taken out five of our best
operatives already. Should you have to
engage him in any sort of physical
combat, you'll want to use every bit of
training you've received here today.

GARY
Hopefully there'll be a rope ladder
hanging two feet off the ground.

Armstrong shuts off the monitor.

ARMSTRONG
Gentlemen: tomorrow, you'll tell
Johansson that you're staying the week to
take in the sights. Weasel your way in,
keep your ears to the ground. The United
States of America is depending on you.
Any questions?

They look at each other.

EMMANUEL
Can we call our agent?

INT. BOBBY WHITE AGENCY - LATER

Bobby sits behind his desk, looking exhausted. JALEEL
WHITE (once known better as Erkle) sits in front of him.

*In case you haven't seen him in a bit, Jaleel White is
actually a big, athletic, good-looking dude.*

JALEEL
Fuck this, Bobby! Stop coming at me with
this convention bullshit! I don't want
to be sitting at another motherfucking
convention signing motherfucking pictures
of motherfucking Erkle! Get me something
real!

(MORE)

JALEEL (CONT'D)
 I don't care if I gotta be a fucking
 corpse on *Law and Fucking Order*! Just no
 more fucking Erkle!

CUE: PHONE.

BOBBY
 Valid points as always, Jaleel. If
 you'll excuse me for a minute.

Bobb answers the phone.

BOBBY WHITE
 Bobby White Agency.

WE GO SPLIT SCREEN

Emmanuel and Gary on one side (on speakerphone), Bobby
 White and Jaleel on the other (just Bobby on phone).

EMMANUEL
 Bobby, it's Manny.

BOBBY
 Manny! Good to hear your voice!
 (whispering, to Jaleel)
 Emmanuel Lewis.

JALEEL
 Tell him hey.

BOBBY
 I'm here with Jaleel White. He says hey.

EMMANUEL
 Yo, tell Jaleel I say whassup! We gotta
 ball when I get back.

BOBBY
 (translating to Jaleel)
 He says what's up. He wants to ball.
 (back on phone)
 How's it going? How's Gary doing?

EMMANUEL
 He's good, he's good. He's here with me
 right now.

GARY
 Hey.

BOBBY

Gary! Wow, this is a great surprise!
(explaining to Jaleel)
Gary Coleman.

JALEEL

Tell him hey.

BOBBY

Jaleel White says hey.

GARY

Tell him hey.

BOBBY

(whispering)
He says hey.
(then)
How's Switzerland? Back tomorrow, right?

EMMANUEL

Yeah, actually, we've decided to stay a week. You know... take in the sights.

BOBBY

That's great, that's great. You guys are getting along, huh? Well no rush, I'll hold down the fort here. Push back your auditions and such.

GARY

What auditions?

BOBBY

If you get any. I'll push them back if you get any.

EMMANUEL

Alright, Bobby. Later.

GARY

Later.

BOBBY

Later.

They hang up. Bobby turns back to Jaleel.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Hey - and I'm just spit-balling here - any interest in doing something reality-based with those guys?

JALEEL
 Look at my face! Do I look like I have
 any motherfucking interest in doing
 something reality-based with Emmanuel
 Lewis and Gary Coleman!? Law and Fucking
 Order, that's what I want, Bitch!

As Jaleel continues to rant, we...

CUT TO:

INT. JOHANSSON'S MANSION - NEXT MORNING

CUE: A LOUD BUZZER.

Johannson, Henric, Freja, Nicolas, and Vilhelmina look at
 a SECURITY MONITOR on the wall.

ON SECURITY MONITOR

Emmanuel and Gary, their faces really close to camera.

BACK TO BAD GUYS

Who look at each other, confused. After a beat,
 Johansson pushes a button on the wall.

JOHANSSON
 Let them in.

INT. JOHANSSON'S MANSION - LATER

The front door opens, revealing Gary and Emmanuel.

JOHANSSON
 This is a surprise.

EMMANUEL
 We wanted to apologize for leaving so
 suddenly last night.

Johansson turns to Gary, expectant. Emmanuel nudges him.

GARY
 (eating crow)
 I was having a bad day.

Henric steps forward, puts a hand on Gary's shoulder.

HENRIC

We all have bad days my doe-eyed little friend.

Gary looks down at Henric's hand, lingering an extra beat on his shoulder. Henric smiles and removes it.

EMMANUEL

We've actually decided to stay for a week, take in the sights of your beautiful country.

He catches Vilhelmina's eye, smiles. She smiles back.

FREJA

This is a very bad week for us--

JOHANSSON

Nonsense! If our diminutive friends wish to stay, it is our job to pleasure them.

Henric smiles at Gary. Gary looks uncomfortable.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

Come inside! Of all the meals, breakfast is the one that holds the most impotence.

EMMANUEL

Great! Could I just use your restroom before we eat? Small guy, small bladder.

He LAUGHS his big laugh. Vilhelmina GIGGLES, stops herself off Freja's look.

JOHANSSON

Of course. Down the hall, to the right.

Emmanuel EXITS. Gary is left alone with the crew. He looks at Johansson.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

I will not try to make you say it anymore. I sense it upsets you.

GARY

I appreciate that.

JOHANSSON

But perhaps, in time, you will change your mind and come to think of me like your Mr. Drummond, a rich old white man who only wishes for a small black child to own.

GARY
You never know.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Emmanuel rushes down the long hallway of doors.

EMMANUEL
(to himself)
Which one was it?

He settles on a door, OPENS IT.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wrong one. It's a child's room (of Willis, the son).
Walls are covered in OUTDATED POSTERS of Gary and
Emmanuel. A BED is filled with STUFFED ANIMALS.

Emmanuel turns to go, but HEARS VOICES. He darts inside.

VOICE (O.S)
Quickly, we must talk.

VOICE #2 (O.S.)
Let's go in the boy's room, he's at
school. We can speak freely there.

Emmanuel panics, looks for a place to hide. With no
options, he jumps onto the bed and covers himself in the
OVERSIZED STUFFED ANIMALS.

ON EMANUEL

Completely covered and still. Only his face sticks out
from between the stuffed toys. He blends right in.

AT DOOR

Freja, Henric, and Nicolas ENTER, close the door.

FREJA
Ludvig's adoration of these munchkins
overrides his common sense. It is a
mistake to allow them into our circle
days before we launch our enterprise.

NICOLAS
Let us be safe. I can eliminate them.

Emmanuel's eyes open wide.

HENRIC

No, they are the biggest stars in the world. It would be too public if they go missing. Besides, I enjoy their company, particularly the cute little angry one.

NICOLAS

Stop thinking with your viener, Henric.

On "viener" Emmanuel GIGGLES. They all turn.

NICOLAS (CONT'D)

What was that?

They look around. Nothing. Just a stuffed animals.

FREJA

Let us remain focused. Our development moves steadily. In five days we strike a crippling blow at the heart of the people of California and begin the long awaited creation of a new Switzerland.

Nicolas NODS eagerly.

FREJA (CONT'D)

We must monitor them closely. If we sense anything, we take them out.

The men NOD in agreement and they EXIT. Once clear, Emmanuel extricates himself from the stuffed animals.

EMMANUEL

(speaking into chest)

Did you get that? Target is somewhere in California in five days.

Emmanuel heads for the door.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)

(to himself)

This is so cool.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Gary sits at the table with his hosts.

GARY

So, Mr. Johansson... what's this big business project you keep talking about?

JOHANSSON

Oh, Gary, it will be magnificent. In just days we will announce to the world--

Freja grabs his hand, shutting him up.

FREJA

Mr. Coleman, do you ski? Perhaps we might show you some of Switzerland's finest slopes.

GARY

Nope, don't ski.
(back to topic)
You were saying?

Just then, EMMANUEL ENTERS from the "bathroom."

EMMANUEL

Golly, I just peed forever, huh?! I mean, I bet you were wondering how someone could take that long to pee but I swear I was peeing that whole time!

Awkward beat.

FREJA

Mr. Weebster, I was just asking Gary if he enjoyed the skiing.

GARY

(to Emmanuel, pointedly)
I told her no.

FREJA

You cannot come to Switzerland without skiing.

EMMANUEL

I've never ski'd before but I'd love to learn.

Gary ROLLS his eyes.

GARY

(imitating, pitching voice)
I've never ski'd before but I'd love to learn.

EMMANUEL

Stop it.

GARY
You stop it.

EMMANUEL
You.

GARY
You.

EMMANUEL
Stop being mean.

GARY
(imitating)
Stop being mean.

JOHANSSON
Gentlemen!
(then)
I begin to understand why Mr. Drummond is
so tired usually.

He stands, CLAPS his hands.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
It is settled! Vilhelmina will take you
to shopping, and then, we will ski!

Emmanuel and Vilhelmina share a smile. Henric taps
Gary's shoulder.

HENRIC
I do not ski either. We can sit by the
fire at the lodge and become... better
acquainted.

GARY
Fantastic.

INT. SKI RENTAL SHOP - LATER

Emmanuel tries on SKI EQUIPMENT as Vilhelmina oversees.
Emmanuel jumps side to side in his skis.

OFF TO THE SIDE Gary stands with his arms crossed,
watching the bizarre flirtation from afar.

VILHELMINA
Yees! The ski's feet perfectly. I must
buy for you!

EMMANUEL

No, no. You're very generous but I can't let a beautiful woman buy me ski's.

VILHELMINA

(blushing)

Oh, no. I think I eem not beautifeel. I eem tall and awkward.

EMMANUEL

(joking)

Imagine what our babies would look like.

VILHELMINA

(serious)

Yees. I can.

She smiles. Emmanuel is completely smitten. Gary approaches, grabs him.

GARY

Can I talk to you?

EMMANUEL

(to Vilhelmina)

Excuse me a moment.

Gary pulls Emmanuel aside, speaks quietly.

GARY

Listen to me. I'm not gonna risk blowing one hundred grand cause you're getting your little head stuck up your little ass.

EMMANUEL

What are you talking about? We're supposed to get close to them, I'm getting close.

GARY

Please. Do you really think you have a shot with the six foot supermodel?

EMMANUEL

You know what, Gary? I'm getting sick of taking your crap. You want to hate me for something that happened twenty years ago, fine. You want to feel like the world's out to get you, like you don't deserve anything you want, that's your problem. She likes me. She thinks I'm cute. So deal with it.

(MORE)

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
Now if you'll excuse me, I'll be in the
little boys department finding ski-pants.

Emmanuel storms off.

INT. SKI RENTAL SHOP - LATER

Emmanuel tries on ski jackets as Vilhelmina watches.

VILHELMINA
You and Mr. Colemeen, you do not leek
each other much?

EMMANUEL
We have a history.

VILHELMINA
What ees this... heestory?

Emmanuel takes a deep breath, tells her the STORY. *Note:*
The story is told over REAL CLIPS and IMAGES from the
80's.

We start with EARLY CLIPS from *Different Strokes*.

EMMANUEL (V.O.)
Gary's show started in 1978, five years
before mine. *Different Strokes* was huge
back then, I mean... Gary was the biggest
thing around.

IMAGES OF MAGAZINE COVERS, CLIPS of Gary doing CARSON.

EMMANUEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He was everywhere. God knows how much
money he was making, I don't think he
knew, winning every award.

IMAGES OF GARY WINNING AWARDS.

EMMANUEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He won the People's Choice Award for
Favorite Young TV Performer in 1980, '81,
'82, '83. You've gotta understand...
this was unprecedented.

CLIPS FROM *WEBSTER*.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
My show started six years later, 1983.
People compared the shows of course -
small black kids, adopted by white folks -
frankly, I never saw it.
(MORE)

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)

I mean, my white family was middle-class his was rich, he had a brother I was an only child... whatever, don't get me started.

IMAGES OF EMMANUEL on MAGAZINE COVERS. Doing CARSON.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)

Point is, suddenly I became the guy. And then came '84. People's Choice Awards, my first time. I was happy just to be there, got to meet Kenny Rogers--

VILHELMINA (O.S.)

Oh my God! Keenny Rogers.

EMMANUEL (O.S.)

Kenny's amazing. We text constantly.

(then)

Anyhow, I certainly didn't expect anything, I mean Gary had won four years in a row. But then...

IMAGES OF EMMANUEL WINNING.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)

I won. I beat him.

BACK TO SCENE

Vilhelmina listens, enraptured.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)

I made a joke during my acceptance speech. It was pretty harmless. I said something like, "*Well, I guess Gary Coleman just became the second most popular little black kid in Hollywood.*" Got a huge laugh but it embarrassed him horribly. And he never forgave me.

He pauses, reflective.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)

It wasn't a nice thing to say. I was just a kid and it was just a joke but ... I don't know. I've always felt bad.

Sheepishly, he looks up at Vilhelmina. She leans in and gives him a PECK on the cheek.

VILHELMINA

You are a good person, I theenk.

EMMANUEL
I try to be.

VILHELMINA
That must be neece.

EMMANUEL
What? You're not a good person?
She doesn't respond, looks upset.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
What is it, Vilhelmina?
Gary walks over, cuts him off.

GARY
We should get going.
Vilhelmina gathers herself, the moment lost.

VILHELMINA
Yes, let us go.
She EXITS. Emmanuel glares at Gary, follows her.

GARY
(re: the glare)
What?
As Gary walks after him, TWO MEN IN BLACK emerge from behind mannequins. One of them speaks into his sleeve:

MAN IN BLACK
The operatives are in play. I repeat...
He hesitates, turns to the other guy. The other guy SHRUGS.

MAN IN BLACK (CONT'D)
(into sleeve)
The guys from *Different Strokes* and *Webster* are in play.
(to other guy)
This is so fucking weird.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKI SLOPE - LATER

Emmanuel rides on a SKI LIFT next to Vilhelmina.

EMMANUEL
You're sure I shouldn't get a lesson?

VILHELMINA
I vill look out for you.

The lift reaches the bottom. Vilhelmina SCOOPS up Emmanuel like a doll and places him on the ground.

VILHELMINA (CONT'D)
We vill start on the easiest mounteen.

She starts off. Emmanuel walks/hops after her in his skis, awkwardly.

EMMANUEL
So Vilhelmina, before... it felt like you wanted to tell me something?

Vilhelmina hesitates. Just then FREJA whips over, executing a HOCKEY-STOP and spraying snow everywhere.

FREJA
Vilhelmina? You have entertained our guest long enough. I will take Mr. Weebster down the mountain.

VILHELMINA
Oh, eet's really not a probleem--

FREJA
(coldly)
You are dismissed, Vilhelmina.

Vilhelmina nods, smiles weakly at Emmanuel, and skis off.

FREJA (CONT'D)
A man of your stature should not spend his entire trip with a mere assistant. Come. I will take you to a more challenging hill. It will give us a chance to talk about why you have decided to stay in Switzerland longer.

Emmanuel SWALLOWS. Freja grabs his arm, pulls him off.

CUT TO:

INT. SKI LODGE - MEANWHILE

Gary sits in a cozy lodge, sipping a warm beverage. In front of him sits Johansson, Henric, and Nicolas.

JOHANSSON

So, Gary. Tell me of your fictional best friend, Dudley. Why in the show do we never see his parents? And where comes from the name Dudley? Is it an African name? Are you close in the real life?

GARY

Sorry, I haven't heard from him in years.

This stops Johansson. He turns to Nicolas.

JOHANSSON

(softly)

He gives me nothing! Do I ask for so much!?

(then, announcing)

I need a drink.

He stalks off, Nicolas glares at Gary and EXITS after Johansson. Once they're gone, Henric nudges closer.

HENRIC

Nicolas follows him like a lapdog.

GARY

Yeah, they seem pretty tight.

HENRIC

Johansson has always favored him. Too much, I think sometimes.

Gary picks up on the jealousy, treads carefully.

GARY

That must bother you a little. How does he favor him?

HENRIC

Oh, I could tell you stories.

GARY

Please do.

HENRIC

(whispering)

We have a... project in California. It was my... conception. Yet despite the fact that Nicolas is idiot homophobe, Johansson chooses him to--

He stops, hesitant.

GARY

To what?

HENRIC

Come. Let us sit on the rug by the fire.
It will make me more comfortable to speak
freely.

Gary SWALLOWS, looks at the BEARSKIN RUG near the fire.

BACK TO:

EXT. SKI SLOPE - MEANWHILE

Freja leads Emmanuel through the snow. She skis on the
flat ground with ease. He labors after her.

EMMANUEL

So, what is it you hoped to do with your
extra time in Switzerland, Mr. Weebster?

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)

Oh, you know, see the sights--

FREJA

Such as what? Opera houses? Castles?
Major cities?

EMMANUEL

Yep. Want to bang out all that stuff.

FREJA

Such a sudden decision. To leave dinner
so quickly and then decide to stay
another week.

EMMANUEL

I'm a fly by the seat of my pants kinda
guy, Freja. Is it much further?

FREJA

You obtained a rental car so quickly.

EMMANUEL

Yep.

FREJA

From where?

EMMANUEL

Oh, we got it at the airport.

FREJA
Why do you lie, Mr. Weebster?

EMMANUEL
Lie?

FREJA
I know when men lie, Mr. Weebster. My first husband told me he did not cheat. My second, that he did not gamble. I knew both times, immediately, that they lied. Just as I know that you lie now.

They have arrived at the EDGE OF A CLIFF.

FREJA (CONT'D)
I think it may be time for you to tell me what you really do here, no?

Freja pulls a GUN from behind her ski jacket. Emmanuel looks at the gun, speaks toward his chest/wire area.

EMMANUEL
Golly gee! Freja has pointed a loaded gun at me! I repeat: Golly gee! Freja has pointed a loaded gun at me!"

Freja looks confused.

BACK TO:

INT. SKI LODGE - MEANWHILE

Gary Coleman lies on the bear skin rug with Henric. *I repeat, Gary Coleman lies on the bear skin rug with Henric.*

HENRIC
You look so young in the light of the fire, Gary Coleman.

GARY
(uncomfortable)
Thanks. So... you were saying? About Nicolas?

Henric SIGHS dramatically.

HENRIC
We are delivering our presentation to the world in five days. And because Johansson favors him, Nicolas will be...
(MORE)

HENRIC (CONT'D)
let's just say, delivering the actual
presentation. It is a big honor.

GARY
You don't say?

Henric GIGGLES. He places a hand on Gary's leg.

HENRIC
I love your show, Gary. I know many
different strokes of my own if you get my
meaning.

Gary cringes.

Where? GARY

HENRIC
The arm, or the leg, or somewhere more
private--

GARY
No, where is Nicolas delivering the presentation?

HENRIC
Oh, I shouldn't.

Johansson and Nicolas RE-ENTER the room, carrying drinks.

HENRIC (CONT'D)
Ludvig! Nicolas! You are back so soon!

JOHANSSON
Are we interrupting something?

Kind of.	GARY	Yes.	HENRIC
----------	------	------	--------

Johansson looks confused, shares a look with Nicolas.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
(re: homosexuality)
Gary Coleman! I had no idea.

Gary starts to protest, then stops himself. He shakes his head and bites the bullet.

GARY
You know what they say, Mr. Johansson:
the world don't move to the beat of just
one drum.

Johansson looks completely shocked by the revelation.

BACK TO:

EXT. SKI SLOPE - MEANWHILE

Emmanuel is still at the precipice of the cliff, being held at gunpoint by Freja.

EMMANUEL
(talking to his chest)
Freja, it's not very nice that you have a gun pointed at my face. On a cliff. I'm not sure where...

FREJA
Why do you speak into your chest?

EMMANUEL
What do you mean? That I'm talking into my chest as if I'm trying to get someone to come rescue me? On the cliff? Where Freja has a gun pointed at me?

Realizing, Freja rips open Emmanuel's ski jacket and reaches down his shirt. She rips out his WIRE.

FREJA
I knew it!

She levels her gun. Emmanuel closes his eyes. Just as she goes to fire he JUMPS off the precipice.

EMMANUEL
HOLY... CRAPPPPPPPPPP!

Freja takes off after him.

ACTION SEQUENCE

Emmanuel races down the mountain, SCREAMING the entire time, going a hundred miles an hour.

Behind him, Freja gives chase, side to side across the mountain... an expert skier.

Emmanuel hits a MOGUL, flies, his legs go spread eagle.

Behind him, Freja FIRES her weapon. The bullet whizzes through Emmanuel's spread eagle legs.

His eyes open WIDE.

Freja catches up, grabs him. Entwined (standing face to crotch) they careen down the mountain.

She angles her gun towards Emmanuel. He grabs it. They fight for control of the weapon as they continue down.

A TREE comes up quickly, dead center on the slope. At the last minute, they SPLIT UP, avoiding it.

Still moving downhill, Emmanuel realizes: somehow's he retained possession of the GUN.

Freja comes back after him. He points the weapon at her.

She leaps at him. He FIRES.

The BACKFIRE from the GUN sends him TUMBLING backwards. Simultaneously, the shot causes her to duck for cover and start TUMBLING in the other direction.

They ROLL down the hill, SOMMERSAULTING parallel to one another. Eventually, they come together.

They both grab each other, roll down the hill as one.

Freja is able to regain her footing, pulls Emmanuel up.

Emmanuel looks forward. They're hurtling toward another TREE. He braces for impact. At the last possible second...

Someone SWOOPS in from the side and grabs him... leaving Freja to SMASH into the tree by herself.

Emmanuel looks up, dazed. Before him stands ARMSTRONG (head of the CIA), dressed in all black.

Armstrong steadies Emmanuel on his feet, says nothing, and skis fluidly over toward Freja.

Meanwhile, a BLACK CHOPPER ARRIVES and LOWERS A ROPE LADDER from above.

Freja lies on the ground, groaning.

FREJA
(half conscious)
I knew it! I knew he was working for
someone--

Without a word, Armstrong reaches down and SNAPS her neck. She falls back, dead.

EMMANUEL

Holy crap!

ARMSTRONG

Emmanuel, come here, quickly.

Emmanuel WADDLES over in his skis. Armstrong grabs him, re-adjusts his "wire," and zips up his jacket.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

Get to Johansson. Say there's been an accident. You have to move quickly.

Armstrong grabs the rope ladder, gets lifted away.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Meet at headquarters tonight for a debriefing.

EMMANUEL

You killed her! Holy crap! She's like totally dead!

ARMSTRONG

We had no choice! Go, Emmanuel! Now!

Flustered, Emmanuel runs off in his oversized skis.

He looks ridiculous.

INT. SKI LODGE - CONTINUOUS

Johansson sits in front of Gary, still stunned by news of his sexual orientation.

JOHANSSON

Did Mr. Drummond know?

EMMANUEL BURSTS IN, out of breath.

EMMANUEL

There's been... accident... Freja... go... quickly...

Everyone RUSHES OUT. Gary goes to follow, Emmanuel grabs him. They speak quickly, heated WHISPERS.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
Freja's dead.

GARY
They think I'm gay.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
What!?

GARY
What!?

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
Armstrong snapped her neck.

GARY
I'm leading Henric on.

EMMANUEL
What!?

GARY
What!?

They pause.

GARY
You go first.

EMMANUEL
Freja found out I was wearing a wire.
She chased me down the mountain with a
gun. Armstrong saved me and snapped her
neck to make it look like an accident.

GARY
Wow.

EMMANUEL
It was bananas. Now you go.

GARY
I let Henric feel up my leg in front of
the fire and got him to tell me that
Nicolas is the one delivering the bomb.
(then)
He just snapped it? Her neck?

EMMANUEL
Like in the movies. We're supposed to
get debriefed later.

GARY
I almost got debriefed five minutes ago.

EMMANUEL
(surprised)
That's funny, Gary. You made a very
funny joke.

GARY
Thanks. Your approval means the world to
me, Manny. Really.

EMMANUEL
(as his face drops)
Why do you have to do that? The sarcasm?

GARY
Because you irritate me. And stop being
so sensitive.

EMMANUEL
Whatever. I'm not the one holding onto a
grudge from twenty years ago.

GARY
Enough with that shit already!

He takes a deep breath. Emmanuel does the same.

EMMANUEL
I'm sorry. It's just... this is harder
than anything I've ever done.

GARY
Really? Saving America from a terrorist
attack? It's tougher than *The Surreal
Life*?

They start walking out.

EMMANUEL
You're such a dick.

GARY
You are.

EMMANUEL
You are...

Their bickering FADES OUT as they EXIT the lodge...

EXT. SKI SLOPE - LATER

A GURNEY lifts Freja's dead body into an ambulance.

Nicolas pulls back the SHEET over Freja's body. Her neck
has RED MARKS on it... like someone had their hands on it
before she died.

He looks off toward the side where...

Emmanuel talks to MEDICAL WORKERS. He points at the
tree, clearly explaining what happened.

Nicolas pulls the sheet back over Freja's face. His gaze never leaves Emmanuel.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - LATER

Emmanuel and Gary stand in front of Armstrong.

ARMSTRONG
Here's what we now know: Nicolas will be delivering the bomb somewhere in California in four days time. We need to know where and we need to know how.

He turns to Gary.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)
Gary, continue to focus on Henric. He seems to have a loose tongue.

Emmanuel GIGGLES.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)
(reprimanding)
Emmanuel.

EMMANUEL
Sorry.

He turns to Emmanuel.

ARMSTRONG
Emmanuel, the assistant, what's her name?

EMMANUEL
Vilhelmina.

ARMSTRONG
Vilamina also seems--

EMMANUEL
(correcting him)
Vilhelmina.

Armstrong stops, takes a breath.

ARMSTRONG
(trying calm)
Thank you.
(then)
She also seems to know something.
(MORE)

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)
I want both of you to take twenty-four
hours to gain their trust. We need to
see how far you can get with them.

Emmanuel GIGGLES again. Gary turns to Armstrong.

GARY
If you shoot him, I won't tell anyone.

ARMSTRONG
Just get close, Gentlemen. We just need
them to believe they can trust you.

WE CUE: the 80's theme song from Webster (*look it up on-
line, it's perfect*): "*Then Came You*" as we launch:

GARY-HENRIC/MANNY-VILHELMINA "FALLING-IN-LOVE MONTAGE"

A FUNERAL for Freja. Everyone in black. Johansson
speaks.

ON GARY. As Henric, sobbing, rests his head on his
shoulder. Gary pats his head, uncomfortable.

ON EMMANUEL. As Vilhelmina, tears in her eyes, takes his
hand.

PULL BACK. In the distance, Nicolas watches both of
them. He looks suspicious.

IN A CASTLE: As Henric and Vilhelmina lead Gary and
Emmanuel on a tour. Vilhelmina holds out her hand,
Emmanuel takes it.

Henric holds out his. Gary hesitates, then takes it.

ON A SNOWY FIELD, Vilhelmina tosses snow playfully at
Emmanuel. He throws a snowball at her. She tackles him
and they frolic in the snow.

OFF TO THE SIDE, Gary watches, shakes his head. After a
beat, he's tackled from behind by Henric.

IN THEIR CAR, as they drive and sing along to the radio.

IN A MUSEUM, as Vilhelmina and Emmanuel look at a
painting of a young couple, very much in love.

IN A BAR, where the couples slow dance.

AND FINALLY, back at the hotel, where the couples bid one
another awkward goodnights. As Henric and Vilhelmina
clear frame, we PUSH IN ON...

NICOLAS, sitting in the lobby, monitoring it all. Once they're gone, he gets up and EXITS.

END MONTAGE.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - LATER

Johansson sits in a seat, looking out at SOMETHING (we don't see what). He looks exasperated.

JOHANSSON

No, no, no! It is not good enough! We must be ready in FOUR DAYS!

Nicolas approaches, sits down next to him.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

What of our diminutive friends?

NICOLAS

They spend all day with Henric and Vilhelmina. I have bad feelings.

JOHANSSON

I know, I know.

NICOLAS

They decide to stay long. The angry one infects Henric with lust. Now Freja is dead. You must let me eliminate them.

Johansson takes a deep breath, aggravated.

JOHANSSON

I understand your concerns, Nicolas. This enterprise is too important to risk, even for the world's greatest stars.

(then)

I have a plan. We will take them to the Riviera. I can always see a man's soul at the Riviera.

NICOLAS

And if you don't like what you see?

JOHANSSON

(dramatically)

Then Gary Coleman and Emmanuel Lewis die in Switzerland.

A beat, then:

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
Oh Jesus, I really hope we don't have to
kill them. They are so talented.

INT. SKI RENTAL SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Armstrong briefs Gary and Emmanuel.

ARMSTRONG
Tonight is a big night. Johansson only
takes those in his inner circle to the
Riviera. We need to figure out where he
plans on hitting us in California. We're
running out of time.

Emmanuel sits forward, excited.

EMMANUEL
(eager)
Do you want us to shoot anybody?

ARMSTRONG
Emmanuel: what do I keep saying?

EMMANUEL
(by rote)
Stop giggling like a idiot and
interrupting you.

ARMSTRONG
No, about the guns.

EMMANUEL
Oh.
(then, the "right" answer)
The guns in the trunk are only for a
Doomsday Scenario.
(quietly)
L-aaaaaame.

Over ARMSTRONG'S NARRATION we watch our heroes prepare.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Emmanuel stands in front of the mirror, puts on a TUXEDO
over his HIDDEN WIRES.

ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
You'll need to be at your best tonight.

INT. SECOND HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gary similarly adjusts his bow tie.

ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
The closer you get, the more suspicious
Johansson will become.

EXT. HOTEL - LATER

Gary and Emmanuel wait outside the hotel. A LIMOSINE
ARRIVES. The door opens and VILHELMINA steps out in an
evening gown. Stunning. Emmanuel melts.

ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
Johansson said he'd be picking you at
seven.

INT. LIMOSINE - CONTINUOUS

Gary and Emmanuel sit opposite Vilhelmina, Johansson,
Henric, and Nicolas. It's a ridiculous tableau.

ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
I imagine you'll head straight to the
Casino.

The limo stops. They step out...

EXT. RIVIERA - CONTINUOUS

An OPULENT CASINO -the Bellagio times fifty. Gary and
Emmanuel take it in.

ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
The Riviera puts Monte Carlo to shame.
The Swiss are notorious for their love of
gaming and extravagance.

GARY (V.O.)
Really? The Swiss?

ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
They're fucking animals.

INT. RIVIERA CASINO - CONTINUOUS

Johansson leads his "entourage" through the Casino.
SPECTATORS stop to pay homage.

Nicolas, like a wrecking ball, clears a path for all.

ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
Johansson's a notorious gambler, he'll
head straight for the tables.

A HOT WAITRESS stops the procession, holding out a tray
of MARTINIS. Johansson passes one each back to Gary and
Emmanuel.

ARMSTRONG (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He'll try and get you drunk. Be careful,
you'll need your wits tonight.

Johansson turns, continues marching forward. As soon as
he does, Gary and Emmanuel TOSS the contents of their
drinks over their shoulders...

Into the faces of NEARBY SPECTATORS.

INT. HIGH ROLLER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

VELVET ROPE parts, allowing them to enter a room with...

ONE POKER TABLE.

At the table sit VARIOUS BUSINESSMEN. Each has a
PERSONAL BEAUTIFUL WAITRESS who waits behind him.

Manny, Gary, Johansson, Henric, and Nicolas take their
places at the table. Vilhelmina steps behind Manny..

JOHANSSON
Tonight we will gamble a game of real men
in honor of dear Freja who was like a
real man but with a vagina.

He stops, gathers himself, and continues.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
We will look into each other's souls and
see what we find. Hopefully, we find a
depth as I once found in Freja's vagina.

Gary and Manny SHUDDER as Johansson CLAPS TWICE.

Instantly each waitress steps forward and places a TIARA-ESQUE CROWN around the forehead of each man at the table.

Gary and Manny look confused.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

First we drink. We drink because we are merry, and because I am a drunk who cannot find the pleasure in life without the alcohol. Ha ha ha ha.

Prompted, everyone joins him in a LAUGH.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

(stopping short)

It's not funny. I am not a happy person.

They stop. He CLAPS TWICE MORE. Instantly, MARTINIS are passed out by waitresses.

Johansson points at Gary and Emmanuel, waiting for them to drink. They hesitate, not sure what to do.

GARY

Omigod! Is that Todd Bridges?

Everyone WHIPS around, excited. Gary and Emmanuel, synchronized, once again TOSS their drink contents over their shoulders onto the WAITRESSES behind them.

EMMANUEL

Nope. Just looks like Todd Bridges.

JOHANSSON

DAMMIT!

GROANS of disappointment. Everyone turns back and Johansson calms himself, continues.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

The game is called One Card Stud. I have staked our celebrity friends with one million American dollars. Consider it a gift.

EMMANUEL

Oh, no, we can't acce--

Gary SMACKS MANNY in the face with the back of his hand without so much as changing his expression.

GARY

Please continue.

JOHANSSON

Twelve men sit at this table, twelve
cards will be dealt. One card per man.

CARDS are dealt. Each man, without looking, TUCKS IT
INTO the front of his tiara so that the card faces out.

Goes without saying: it's an odd sight.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

You bet when you think you have high
card. You fold when you think you do
not. It is about reading your opponent.

Johansson smiles, crosses his legs.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

You see, my famous little purplish
friends, I do not read books. I read
people. Sometimes I even go to libraries
to read people. Because it is often most
interesting to read people while they are
reading books. If you know what I mean.

No one does.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN THAT I READ
PEOPLE!?

QUICK MURMURS OF AGREEMENT ("*sure, sure,*" "*you're great
at that*" "*Yes, especially in libraries*").

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

Henric starts the betting.

Henric (with a KING in his Tiara), throws down his card.

HENRIC

I fold.

NICOLAS

You had King!
(under his breath)
Faggot.

HENRIC

What was that?

NICOLAS

You hear me.

Henric shakes his head at Gary and MOUTHS, *"Do you see what it is I'm dealing with?"*

Gary smiles gently, MOUTHS BACK, *"Don't let it get to you."*

Henric SIGHS and SLURPS down his entire drink, calls for ANOTHER.

HENRIC
(to Nicolas)
You'll be sorry for talking this way to me, you overgrown moron.

NICOLAS
What did you say?

HENRIC
(imitating Nicolas)
You hear me.

Nicolas JUMPS at Henric. Johansson SLAMS the table with his hand and Nicolas instantly sits... a dog restrained.

JOHANSSON
Enough. If I want more children why did I tie up my baby juice inside of me!? So stop acting like children or I... will release my baby juice...

He peters out, losing even himself.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
CONTINUE THE BETTING!

The game continues to go AROUND THE TABLE, some men FOLD, some men BET. The bet comes to Gary. He holds a "TEN."

He looks at Johansson who holds a JACK.

GARY
So, Mr. Johansson. You say you like to read people's souls. What do you see when you look at me?

JOHANSSON
I see that despite your vast riches, Gary Coleman, you cannot take your eyes off the money in front of you. I see a man who values money above all else.

EMMANUEL
Wow! That's so true!

GARY

Shut up.

EMMANUEL

But he's spot on!

(to Johansson)

Do me! Do me! Am I ever gonna get married?

GARY

Shut up, Manny!

Emmanuel goes quiet. After a beat, Gary regains his composure and his James Bond demeanor.

GARY (CONT'D)

Would you like to know what I see when I look at you, Mr. Johansson?

MR. JOHANSSON

Please.

GARY

I see a powerful man looking to feed a gigantic ego. A man who plans on doing something big that will hurt many.

(then)

And I see a man with a better hand than me. This time.

Gary FOLDS. Henric sits up, already drunk and SLURRING.

HENRIC

Good work, Gary! Adorable AND intuitive! Let me ask you... can you tell just by looking at him that he always sides with Nicolas over me?

JOHANSSON

(tense)

That's enough, Henric.

HENRIC

And what can I do? He is Ludvig Johansson! And on Saturday when we gain access to your Hollywood - with my plan I might add - even your famous leader Bush won't be able to stop him--

NICOLAS

Henric!

Gary and Emmanuel share a quick look.

HENRIC
Oh, I'm sorry, should I not say this?
I'm just such a FAGGOT--

Johansson leans over to Nicolas.

JOHANSSON
I think Henric needs to use the restroom.

HENRIC
I'm fine actually.

JOHANSSON
Nicolas, help him to the restroom please.

Nicolas pulls Henric away. Everyone sits there in awkward silence. Finally, Johansson turns to Emmanuel.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
In answer to your question: you will
marry many times, Emmanuel Lewis.

EMMANUEL
Yay!

JOHANSSON
Now, let us gamble.

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nicolas pushes Henric inside.

NICOLAS
You idiot! You practically give plan
away.

HENRIC
I am the one who found the bomb! I will
not be bullied by you anymore, Nicolas.
My love of Gary Coleman has changed me.

Nicolas smiles, a dangerous smile.

NICOLAS
Yes, well, now your love of Gary Coleman
will kill you.

Henric's face drops as Nicolas LOCKS THE DOOR.

BACK TO:

INT. HIGH ROLLER ROOM - NEXT FEW HOURS

As TIME PASSES we watch the men at the table gamble.

- JOHANSSON wins a hand, LAUGHS and DRINKS.
- GARY wins a hand, smiles at Johansson.
- EMMANUEL helps Garry scoop up his winnings. Gary slaps his hand away from his chips.
- ONE BY ONE, players exit the tournament.
- Eventually, EMMANUEL loses to Johansson.
- Soon, only Gary and Johansson remain... each with LARGE PILE OF CHIPS.

We break from the GAMBLING MONTAGE as...

NICOLAS returns to the table. His shirt is splattered with BLOOD. Everyone looks up at him.

Beat.

NICOLAS
Henric has a stomachache.

EMMANUEL
Ouch. Is it bad?

Nicolas looks at Johansson, nods.

NICOLAS
As bad a stomachache as one can have.

Johansson smiles, then... catches Gary's eye. Gary looks at him, knowingly.

JOHANSSON
And so we are down to final two: Gary Coleman and myself. I have dreamt of this test ever since seeing the episode of *Different Strokes* where the evil bike shop owner tries to molest Gary Coleman's handsome friend Dudley and Gary Coleman saves the day by alerting authorities.

Two CARDS are DEALT. Both men go to put their cards in their TIARA'S... but Johansson stops.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
Would you care to play this one blind,
Mr. Coleman?

GARY
It's your game, Mr. Johansson.

Both men lie their CARDS FACE DOWN, neither looking at
them. The crowd GASPS.

Emmanuel looks confused, turns to Vilhelmina.

EMMANUEL
Is it just me or is this the most idiotic
thing I've ever seen?

VILHELMINA
Yes. Ees very eediotic.

Meanwhile, Gary and Johansson are locked on each other.
They hold conversation, never breaking their gaze.

GARY
Tell me about this big project of yours
in Hollywood.

JOHANSSON
Happily. First, you say "What'chu talking
about Willis?"

GARY
I think you know I won't do that.

JOHANSSON
As do you, Mr. Coleman.

Gary smiles, masking his irritation.

GARY
What did you do to Henric?

JOHANSSON
Nothing he didn't do to himself.

GARY
What's in Hollywood?

JOHANSSON
"What'chu talking about Willis?"

GARY
Hollywood? Saturday?

JOHANSSON
Willis? What's he talking about?

GARY
Tell me.

JOHANSSON
Say it.

Emmanuel jumps up from his seat, interrupting:

EMMANUEL
WHAT'CHU TALKIN' BOUT WILLIS!? THERE! I
SAID IT! ENOUGH! JESUS!

Everyone looks at Emmanuel for a beat, then turn their attention back to the game.

JOHANSSON
All in.

He PUSHES all his chips in. The crowd GASPS, then APPLAUDS. Gary hesitates.

GARY
I'd be wise to fold, or else I risk
blowing all my money.

Johansson smiles, reaches for the pot.

GARY (CONT'D)
Then again... I'm Gary Coleman. I've
blown all my money plenty of times.
(a beat)
I call.

Gary shoves his CHIPS into the center of the table. The place ERUPTS!

Johansson's FACE DROPS. He TURNS his card. A JACK!
Gary TURNS his...

A KING! GARY WINS! Johansson stands, furious.

JOHANSSON
You realize that required no skill of any
kind.

GARY
I do.

JOHANSSON
As long as you know.

Johansson STORMS away. Nicolas follows him.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

(to Nicolas)

I have looked in their souls. You are right: they are more than just the world's preeminent superstars. Tomorrow morning we get to the bottom of Gary Coleman and Emmanuel Lewis... even if I have to dig to the bottom of them myself.

Nicolas smiles sadistically. He takes a look back at...

GARY AND EMMANUEL:

As they revel in the ADULATION of the SPECTATORS, completely unaware of what awaits them.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL - LATER THAT NIGHT

The LIMOSINE pulls to a stop in front of the hotel. Gary EXITS, followed by Emmanuel and Vilhelmina.

GARY

Well, thanks for the ride home, Vilhelmina. We'll see you tomorrow?

Emmanuel steps forward, puts a hand on Gary's shoulder.

EMMANUEL

(pointedly)

Goodnight, Gary.

GARY

Goodnight? Where the hell are you going?

EMMANUEL

(pointedly, again)

I'm not going anywhere, Gary.

Emmanuel NODS toward Vilhelmina. Gary looks at her, confused. She looks away, embarrassed.

Gary slowly smiles, getting it.

GARY

Ohhhhh! I see! Hadn't realized Webster was laying his web!

Gary looks at Vilhelmina: beautiful, blond, really fucking tall.

GARY (CONT'D)
Vilhelmina.

He looks at Manny: nervous, adorable, really fucking small.

GARY (CONT'D)
Don't break him.

Gary EXITS. Manny CHUCKLES, sheepish.

EMMANUEL
That guy... he's just so... the thing is... are you hungry?

Awkward silence. Vilhelmina steps toward him.

VILHELMINA
Emmanuel?

EMMANUEL
Yes?

VILHELMINA
I want you--

EMMANUEL
I want you too, Vilhelmina! I want you so bad it feels like I have a hernia!

She continues undeterred.

VILHELMINA
I want you... to listen to me, Emmanuel.

EMMANUEL
Oh. Should have let you finish I guess.

VILHELMINA
My boss ees not neece Man, Emmanuel. You are in danger. You must leave Sveeterland.

Emmanuel takes this in for a long beat, then...

EMMANUEL
I feel really weird about saying that I wanted you just now. I was just caught up in the moment, too much to drink maybe.

(MORE)

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)

And you never know, I might actually have a hernia. I mean, I've been lifting my suitcase a lot and--

Suddenly, Vilhelmina SCOOPS him up like a doll and KISSES HIM, the most romantic and bizarre kiss of all time.

Finally, the kiss ends and they pull apart.

She puts him down.

VILHELMINA

Just be careful, Manny. Sweetzerland is a dangerous place for a neece person.

She gets into the limosine and pulls away. Emmanuel can't take the shit-eating grin off of his face.

SMASH CUT:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Emmanuel bursts into Gary's hotel room.

EMMANUEL

I kissed her, Gary! Well, she kissed me. And I know what you're going to say: that she's too tall and too beautiful and that I'm a joke and she'd never like me in a zillion years but I DON'T CARE! She picked me up like a Care Bear Doll and kissed me and I LOVE HER so there!

He turns to go. Gary's voice stops him.

GARY

Manny?

Emmanuel turns around.

EMMANUEL

I don't know. I mean...
(struggling)

I guess I can see how someone like her might be able to like someone like you. I guess. If she was like, a little drunk or kind of retarded or something.

It's as close to "tender" as Gary Coleman gets.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)

Gary! Thank you. And I've gotta say: if you just lightened up a little I think you'd be a pretty easy guy to like yours--

GARY

Get out.

EMMANUEL

Yep.

Emmanuel turns and EXITS.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NEXT MORNING

It's early. Emmanuel lies in bed, still grinning.

A KNOCK on the door jolts him from sleep. He gets up.

EMMANUEL

Okay, okay! Gary, gee whiz, I'm coming--

He opens the DOOR, revealing...

NICOLAS!

NICOLAS

Mr. Johansson wishes to see you for breakfast.

EMMANUEL

Oh, okay great. Lemme just put my face on and--

NICOLAS

Now.

Emmanuel's face drops.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Nicolas pushes Emmanuel and Gary through the lobby. Gary leans in toward Emmanuel, speaks in WHISPERS.

GARY

Were you able to get your wire on?

EMMANUEL

Yeah. You?

Gary NODS just as Nicolas pushes them through the DOOR.

EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Nicolas heads toward his LIMOSINE, parked in front.

GARY
Hey, Nicolas? Why don't we take our car?
You ever drive a Honda Pilot before?

Gary TOSSES Nicolas HIS KEYS. Nicolas GRUNTS, tempted.

GARY (CONT'D)
(tempting him)
It's a really smooth ride.

Nicolas is torn. After a beat, he grunts and pushes them toward the Honda.

EMMANUEL
So... Nicolas. Is Henric feeling better today?

NICOLAS
No. He is not.

Nicolas opens the CAR DOOR, pushes Gary and Emmanuel in.

INT. PING PONG ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nicolas leads Gary and Emmanuel into Johansson's empty PING PONG ROOM, REVEALING...

Johansson is PLAYING PING PONG with his SON, WILLIS. Willis wins a point with a wicked backhand.

WILLIS
Game point for me!

JOHANSSON
What are you talking about?

Willis hesitates, confused.

WILLIS
That was twenty. It's game point for me.

JOHANSSON
What'chu talking about, Willis!?

WILLIS
Daddy, it's not funny.

JOHANSSON
What'chu talking about, Willis!?

WILLIS
Daddy, stop!

JOHANSSON
What'chu talking about, Willis?

WILLIS
(near tears)
I hate when you do this!

JOHANSSON
What'chu talking about, Willis?

WILLIS
I HATE YOU!

Willis, crying, STORMS OUT. Johansson calls after him.

JOHANSSON
You are unworthy of the name bestowed
upon you!

Johansson SMASHES a PING-PONG BALL against the wall.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
(without turning)
If you can't tell by now, Mr. Coleman and
Mr. Lewis, I am not a man to be
disappointed. It has begun to occur to
me that perhaps you have disappointed me
as well--

Gary steps forward.

GARY
Mr. Johansson? I'm sorry, I really need
to use the bathroom if you don't mind.

JOHANSSON
Now?

GARY
Small guy, small bladder - remember? And
I know Emmanuel has to go too.

EMMANUEL
No, I don't.

GARY
(pointedly)
But you always have to go.

EMMANUEL
Not now.

GARY
Now.

EMMANUEL
I really don't have to pee, I swear.

GARY
(under his breath)
Well, then don't pee.

EMMANUEL
(under his breath)
If you think I'm going number two in
someone else's house you're crazy.

Gary clamps a hand around Emmanuel's neck.

GARY
If you'll just excuse us one second.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

They ENTER. Once the door closes, Gary grabs Emmanuel.

GARY
I have a bad feeling.

EMMANUEL
Well, then I certainly don't want to be
in here to watch, Gary.

GARY
Listen to me you idiot: Johansson's
falling apart, acting strange. We have
to dump our wires.

EMMANUEL
Oh. Yeah, that's probably a good idea.

They start RIPPING WIRES off from underneath their
clothing, dumping them in the toilet.

INT. PING PONG ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Gary and Emmanuel RETURN. Nicolas and Johansson wait.

GARY

Sorry about that, you were saying?

JOHANSSON

I pay for you to come out here. I show respect by naming my son for your program. I make "*Gary Coleman and Emmanuel Lewis Day*" a national holiday. And how do you repay me--

EMMANUEL

Wait, I didn't know about the holiday thing?

GARY

Me neither, when did you do that?

JOHANSSON

(sheepish)

The other day. I was going to surprise you.

EMMANUEL

That's really cool. Thanks, Mr. Johansson.

JOHANSSON

(embarrassed)

It's just a national holiday.

EMMANUEL

Well it's very generous of you, really.

(then)

I'm sorry, you were saying?

JOHANSSON

Oh, yes.

(then; back to evil)

And how do you repay me!? By working against me as agents of my enemies!

GARY

What are you trying to say?

Johansson NODS at Nicolas. Nicolas steps forward, RIPS open Gary's shirt. There's nothing but a WIFEBEATER.

Nicolas looks at Johansson, confused. Johansson NODS at Emmanuel. Same thing: ripped shirt, no wire.

EMMANUEL

Damn! That shirt was custom!

JOHANSSON

I'm sorry.

EMMANUEL

You think I can just walk into any store and find a silk shirt tailored to my size!?

JOHANSSON

No, I do not... But I thought...

Johansson gathers himself.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

If I am wrong about my instinct, I apologize with great sadness.

He looks at Nicolas, NODS.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

Your visit has become distraction. I have important business to attend to, something years in the making. See yourselves out of my house and my country. Quickly.

He turns on his heels and EXITS (with Nicolas).

Once he's gone, Gary and Emmanuel breath a SIGH OF RELIEF... but then, Johansson peeks back in.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

Before you go: you won't just say it one time?

GARY

No.

JOHANSSON

I will give you my son.

GARY

Not happening.

JOHANSSON

My ping pong table and my son?

GARY
Nope.

JOHANSSON
Both were made by the Chinese.

GARY
Uh-uh.

JOHANSSON
Damn you, Gary Coleman!

He STORMS OUT. Gary and Emmanuel share a look then...
They GO AFTER HIM!

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nicolas and Johansson walk briskly down the hall.

NICOLAS
Everyone is ready and waiting for you.

JOHANSSON
They better be.

They CLEAR FRAME. Once they do... GARY and EMMANUEL
EMERGE. They give chase.

EXT. LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Nicolas and Johansson EXIT the back of the house. They
cross a LONG LAWN and ENTER A SECOND BUILDING!

After a beat... Gary and Emmanuel EXIT the house, DART
across the lawn, and arrive at that second building.

They OPEN THE DOOR, REVEALING...

INT. UNKNOWN BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

It's dark. Confusing. There are WIRES everywhere.

They stop in their tracks, hearing something in the
distance. It sounds like... LAUGHTER. GROUP LAUGHTER.
And is that... APPLAUSE?

Gary and Emmanuel head toward the NOISE and the LIGHT...
revealing:

IT'S A SOUNDSTAGE! The kind of set you'd find on a multi-camera sitcom. A stage. Lights. A FULL AUDIENCE.

Gary and Emmanuel are completely confused. They look out to the stage where a "SHOW" is in full performance.

It's the most offensive sit-com you've ever seen.

ON STAGE

A SMALL ASIAN CHILD sits on a couch between TWO WHITE PARENTS.

WHITE MOM

Do you know why we're mad at you, Chinky?

ASIAN CHILD

(broken English)

Because you racists who adopt me for tax break?

The jam-packed AUDIENCE explodes into CANNED SIT-COM LAUGHTER. The actors wait for the hysteria to die down.

WHITE DAD

That's not why we're mad at you. We're mad because you got in a fight at school.

The child's face registers surprise. Then, with a huge smile...

CHINKY

(huge)

YOU A CRAZY WHITE DADDY!

The AUDIENCE HOWLS! Pure pandemonium. Then...

JOHANSSON (O.S.)

No! Not good enough!

In the center of the audience, Johansson STANDS.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

Chinky must be the breakout star! That is his catchphrase! You must deliver "You a crazy White Daddy" like a real adorable Asian!

(then, horribly racist)

Ru a crazy Rite Raddy! Say it!

ASIAN CHILD

You a crazy White Daddy!

JOHANSSON
Ru a razy Rite Raddy!

ASIAN CHILD
(confused)
You a crazy White Daddy?

JOHANSSON
Ru a razy Rite Raddy!

Exasperated, Johansson THROWS down his notebook in frustration. He begins pacing the aisle.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
In just 48 hours we will gain our access to Hollywood! Even their leader Bush will not be able to stop us! WE WILL STRIKE AT THE HEART OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE BY EXPLODING THEIR PEOPLE'S CHOICE AWARDS! THE PEOPLE WILL HAVE NO CHOICE ABOUT THAT!

The crowd CHEERS! Gary and Emmanuel share a shocked look as Johansson continues his speech.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
The bomb will kill every major star in Hollywood who attends. And the chemical fallout will destroy the rest. No stars will survive. No soundstages will remain standing. And when Hollywood is no more, where will the world turn for their entertainment? WHERE WILL THEY TURN!?

CROWD
SWITZERLAND!

JOHANSSON
Switzerland! The one place prepared for this attack because we DID it! I have spent years putting into place all that we need here to fill void: studios, film equipment, back-lots! We will have shows ready to sell, movies in post-production, and most importantly: a little Asian named Chinky who will go on lunch-pails and cereal boxes all over the world!

More FRENZIED APPLAUSE!

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
Soon... Switzerland will not be known for
just for neutrality, but as entertainment
capital of the world! Now: Chinky,
please! Be more Asian! I'm later for my
Cowboy movie run-through.

The rehearsal continues. We head BACK TO GARY AND
EMMANUEL but...

They're already gone!

EXT. LAWN - CONTINUOUS

They YELL breathlessly as they RUN across the lawn:

EMMANUEL
WE DID IT! WE CAN TELL ARMSTRONG THE
PLAN!

GARY
I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS ACTUALLY WORKED!

EMMANUEL
JOHANSSON'S OUT OF HIS MIND!

GARY
DOES HE REALLY THINK THAT SITCOM COULD
WORK!?

EMMANUEL
AN ASIAN KID ADOPTED BY WHITE PARENTS?
PLEASE!

VILHELMINA (O.S.)
Emmanuel?

They stop. Vilhelmina stands near the house.

EMMANUEL
Vilhelmina?

VILHELMINA
Emmanuel, what are you doing here?

EMMANUEL
Oh... well, it's a bit complicated--

She smiles, misinterpreting his awkwardness.

VILHELMINA

You weeshed to speak with me about last night, no? There ees much to say. For us both, I theenk.

EMMANUEL

Yes, there is. But... that's not why I'm here.

VILHELMINA

(confused)

It's not?

Gary COUGHS. They don't have time for this.

EMMANUEL

Vilhelmina, I do want to talk but it's a really bad time right now. I have to go--

VILHELMIN

(confused)

Go where?

Emmanuel looks at Vilhelmina. She's lost. He steps forward, takes her hand. She bends down to eye level.

EMMANUEL

You were right about your boss, Vilhelmina. He's not a nice man. And I haven't been nice to you, either. I haven't been honest.

He takes a deep breath, melodramatic.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)

I'm a spy, Vilhelmina. A covert operative for the United States government. It's a dangerous job, and because it's dangerous, I sometimes have to lie to those that matter most to me--

GARY

(under his breath)

Jesus Christ, seriously?

Emmanuel pauses, regains his composure.

EMMANUEL

Your boss is going to unleash a chemical bomb on the People's Choice Awards in Hollywood on Sunday night, Vilhelmina--

(to Gary)

(MORE)

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
A really weird plan when you think about it, huh?

Gary NODS.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
Anyway... we have to go warn the people who can stop him--

VILHELMINA
(head spinning)
I don't understand. Where are you going?

EMMANUEL
There's an American military base disguised as a ski chalet near the hotel. We'll go there, warn them, then I'll meet with you at the hotel and explain everything. Okay?

She NODS, lost. Emmanuel, always the action star, turns to Gary.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
Let's roll.

GARY
Wow. You're just completely off the reservation aren't you?

They turn to go. But once they do...

VILHELMINA (O.S.)
Stop them both.

They turn back. Vilhelmina speaks into a WALKIE-TALKIE.

VILHELMINA (CONT'D)
Johansson was right. They're working for the Americans.

TWENTY HUGE SWEDISH GUARDS emerge out of nowhere, grab Gary and Emmanuel.

VILHELMINA (CONT'D)
(to guards)
Find Nicolas. The American base is at the ski chalet near their hotel. He'll know it, we've tracked them there before.

GARY
You Swiss bitch!

Vilhelmina approaches them.

EMMANUEL

(lost)
I don't understand. You knew that I...
the whole time you were...
(softly)
How could you do this to me?

She kneels down, smiles sadly at Emmanuel.

VILHELMINA

Johansson promeessed to make me the
world's beeggest movie star, Manny.
Bigger even than Nicole Eggert of *Charles*
in Charge.

EMMANUEL

But she's not even a star anymore!

Vilhelmina CHUCKLES, sadly.

VILHELMINA

Always trying to make me laugh, even at
his lowest point.
(then)
I tried to warn you, Emmanuel.
Sweetzerland is a not a safe place for
neece person.

Her face hardens as she turns to one of the GUARDS.

VILHELMINA (CONT'D)

Hold them here until Nicolas and his team
finish with the Americans.
(a beat)
Then kill them both.

One last sad smile at Emmanuel... and she's GONE.

As Emmanuel's heart drops, TWO GUNS are simultaneously
raised at the heads of our heroes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAWN - LATER

Gary and Emmanuel are on their knees, GUNS still leveled
at their heads by TWO GUARDS.

Off to the side, THE OTHER GUARDS smoke. They CALL to
the TWO GUARDS holding the guns.

The two men take a cursory look at Gary and Emmanuel, then head over nearby to join in the smoking.

GARY
(whispering)
Manny?

Manny doesn't respond. He looks catatonic.

GARY (CONT'D)
Manny, look at me.

Emmanuel turns slowly, a lost man.

GARY (CONT'D)
We have to get to the guns from the car.
It's our only chance.

But Manny is in another world. Gary thinks, calls out:

GARY (CONT'D)
Excuse me? Bad guys?

Two of them approach.

GARY (CONT'D)
You don't happen to be fans of our shows?

The guards share a look, then admit:

GUARD #1
My son watches every Friday.

GUARD #2
I have daughter. She adores the Weebster.

Emmanuel doesn't even look up.

EMMANUEL
(sullenly)
I bet she just pretends to adore the
Webster when she really just wants to
have him killed.

The guard SHRUGS. Gary tries to keep on point.

GARY
I bet you guys would be real heroes if
you came home with autographed headshots.
They'll be worth a fortune after we're
dead. I've got some in the trunk. All
you have to do is take us to get them.
(MORE)

GARY (CONT'D)
We're happy to sign until our
assassinations.

The guards look tempted. Gary seizes the moment.

GARY (CONT'D)
All we ask is that you kill us quickly
and painlessly.
(then)
Me more than him.

The Guards share a look, intrigued.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Gary and Emmanuel walk toward the HONDA PILOT. Guards march ten feet behind them, guns aimed at their backs.

GARY
(quietly, to Emmanuel)
Soon as I open the trunk, we start
shooting.

EMMANUEL
What's the point? What's the point of
anything anymore?

GARY
Manny: I want you to channel all that
heartbreak you've got inside you and turn
it into rage. Your country needs you to
be a forty-eight inch killing machine
right now. Are you ready to do that?
Are you ready to make these Swiss
bastards pay?

Emmanuel turns to Gary. Finally: something lights in his eyes.

The fury within Emmanuel Lewis is about to be unleashed.

EMMANUEL
Just get me a gun.

Gary NODS. He takes out his key, POPS the trunk to the Honda Pilot. Revealing...

HEADSHOTS! Lining the trunk of the car. Gary turns back to the wary guards (who see the headshots).

GARY
Anyone got a Sharpie?

The guards huddle, begin checking pockets. Once they're distracted, Gary POPS the hidden PANEL, revealing...

A FULL ARSENAL. Gary and Emmanuel reach into the trunk, quietly gathering hardware. A GUARD approaches with PEN.

GUARD #2
You will make mine out to Andrea?

Emmanuel looks at Gary and NODS.

EMMANUEL
(ala action star)
You wanted a headshot? Here you go.

Synchronized: Gary and Emmanuel WHEEL AROUND, now TOTING HUGE MACHINE GUNS!

Emmanuel SLAMS the butt of the gun into the guard's crotch as he and Gary WILDLY OPEN FIRE! Two guards get hit, the rest dive for cover.

FROM ABOVE

Gary and Emmanuel let out simultaneous WAR CRIES as they release a FLURRY OF BULLETS.

Some of the guards FALL, the rest RUN FOR COVER.

Emmanuel grabs a load of WEAPONS and GRENADES from the trunk, turns toward Gary.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
No one survives.

Emmanuel RUNS after the guards. Gary stands there for a second, then runs after him.

GARY
(as he runs)
Really? Cause I was kind of thinking we'd just get out of here now.

But Manny's off to the races. Gary SIGHS, gives chase.

EXT. LAWN - CONTINUOUS

The guards run across the lawn toward the SOUNDSTAGE as Gary and Emmanuel SPRAY FIRE at them.

The GUARDS TURN, SPRAY FIRE BACK.

Gary and Emmanuel DIVE for cover behind a TREE. They're breathing hard.

GARY
Manny: I really think we should just go
warn Armstrong--

Emmanuel BITES the pin out of a GRENADE.

EMMANUEL
Cover me.

GARY
Wait, what?

Emmanuel LOBS the GRENADE and takes off from behind the tree as it EXPLODES in the distance.

GARY (CONT'D)
Jesus!

Left with no choice, Gary PIVOTS and re-opens FIRE.

ON EMMANUEL

Man on fire. He weaves side to side in SLO-MO, arms crossed, a gun BLAZING in each hand.

ON GARY

Chasing after him.

GARY (CONT'D)
Manny, slow down! I'm gonna accidentally
shoot you!

He stops, realizing.

GARY (CONT'D)
(to himself)
I can accidentally shoot him.

He shakes off the idea, follows him. They reach the door to the SOUNDSTAGE. Emmanuel turns toward Gary.

EMMANUEL
Don't stop firing until every last one of
them is dead.

GARY
Jesus, Man! Listen, I know I told you to
be a killing machine but--

Too late. Emmanuel BURSTS through the door.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Where a full-fledged GUN BATTLE takes place on the sitcom
set.

Emmanuel runs past an end table bearing PHOTOS OF CHINKY
AND HIS WHITE PARENTS.

BAD GUY GUNFIRE SHATTERS the pictures, just missing him.

IN THE AUDIENCE

The still seated CROWD APPLAUDS, thinking they're
watching the show.

BACK TO ACTION

As Emmanuel DIVES over the couch, firing in two
directions as he dives. He takes out two guards, STANDS.

EMMANUEL
(screaming to Heavens)
JOHANSSON!

The audience LAUGHS their canned sitcom laughter.
Emmanuel looks up, confused.

Just then...

A GUARD CHARGES AT EMMANUEL from behind. GARY HURLS
himself at the guard and knocks him down.

The Guard GROANS, prone on the ground and weaponless.
Emmanuel and Gary stand over him.

GUARD
Please. I have a family.

Emmanuel COCKS his shotgun. The crowd "WHOOS."

EMMANUEL
(melodramatic)
So did I.

He raises gun over the soldier! Gary is confused.

GARY
What family? What are you talking abo--

Too late. Emmanuel SHOOTS THE GUARD DEAD!

GARY (CONT'D)
Holy shit!

The CROWDS "OOHS" at the curse word.

EMMANUEL
Let's roll.

Emmanuel runs through another door. Gary shakes his head and follows him into...

EXT. WILD WEST MOVIE SET - CONTINUOUS

Something out of an old Eastwood movie. HORSES abound. GUARDS spray GUNFIRE everywhere. Manny spots a NEARBY HORSE, runs to it. Gary follows him.

EMMANUEL
(to Gary)
Give me a boost.

GARY
You know that's a horse, right?

EMMANUEL
Now, Gary!

Gary BOOSTS Emmanuel up on the HORSE. Emmanuel holds down his hand as GUNFIRE rains around them.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
You coming?

Gary gives him his hand. Emmanuel pulls him up on the horse. It takes a while. Gary hangs from the horse awkwardly. Finally, he's up.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
(kicking horse)
Ya! Ya!

FROM ABOVE

Gary and Emmanuel ride, raining hell on the guards as they weave through them.

They ride between TWO GUARDS, one on each side of them.

Gary and Emmanuel LEAN over one another, FIRING back over the other's shoulder. Both GUARDS DROP.

IN THE DISTANCE

Johansson!

JOHANSSON
(to nearby Guards)
Get me out of here.

Four more Guards rush him away, into a SALOON SET.

BACK TO EMMANUEL AND GARY

Emmanuel hops off the horse. Gary awkwardly slides down from the horse (it takes a while) and runs to join him.

INT. SALOON SET - CONTINUOUS

Your prototypical Cowboy movie Saloon.

As soon as the guys enter, GUARDS OPEN FIRE!

Gary and Emmanuel DIVE behind the "bar" as bottles of fake alcohol shatter above them.

BEHIND THE BAR

They breathe heavily, backs to the bar. Emmanuel readies two more GRENADES.

EMMANUEL
On my count. One.

GARY
Manny, this is crazy--

EMMANUEL
Two--

GARY
I'm not Butch. You're not Sundance--

EMMANUEL
Three.

GARY
Oh shit.

Emmanuel THROW TWO GRENADES over the bar. As they EXPLODE, he and Gary pop up ON TOP OF THE BAR.

Avoiding incoming fire, they SLIDE the length of the bar in opposite directions, firing all the while, as two more Guards fall.

The two remaining guards hustle Johansson out the BACK.

Gary and Emmanuel give chase.

EXT. BACK EXIT - CONTINUOUS

Johansson hops into a LIMOSINE as it speeds away. Gary and Emmanuel FIRE AFTER him until their guns run out.

They watch the car escape off into the distance. A long beat of silence and heavy breathing. Finally:

GARY

You're a bad mother fucker, Webster.

Emmanuel TOSSES his empty weapon aside.

EMMANUEL

Let's get to Armstrong.

Like that, Emmanuel Lewis, action star, walks away.

EXT. SKI RENTAL SHOP - LATER

The Honda races up, parks in front. All seems quiet. Gary and Emmanuel COCK their weapons, EXIT THE CAR.

INT. SKI RENTAL SHOP - CONTINUOUS

They ENTER, stop in their tracks:

THE AMERICAN SENTRY lies face down at the desk. Dead.

EMMANUEL

Oh my God.

They walk into the main room, REVEALING:

TOTAL CARNAGE. American soldiers litter the floor, gone.

They are too late.

Emmanuel turns over a body. IT'S ARMSTRONG. Dead. Emmanuel CHOKES. Like that he snaps out of action hero mode. All the fight leaves him instantly.

He stands, turns, and EXITS.

Gary stays behind a moment. He bends down, closes Armstrong's EYES, and follows Emmanuel outside.

EXT. HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Emmanuel sits on the stoop, eyes filled with tears.

Gary EXITS the building, sits next to him. They sit in silence for a long beat.

EMMANUEL
I did this. I killed them.

GARY
Manny--

EMMANUEL
Say whatever you want but you know it's true. I told her exactly where they were. She played me like a fiddle.
(beat)
You were right, Gary. I'm a joke. And everyone knew it except for me.

Silence. Gary hesitates, then:

GARY
Do you know why I've always hated you?

EMMANUEL
Yes, this is exactly what I need! How many times do I have to apologize for some dumb thing I said in 1984!?

Gary takes a deep breath.

GARY
You honestly think I care about some stupid awards show twenty-two years ago?
(then)
I hate you because as annoying as you may be - with your stupid giggle and your goofy smile - you've always refused to believe that you're a joke.

Emmanuel SIGHS.

EMMANUEL
Well, I was wrong.

GARY
No, I don't think you were.

EMMANUEL
(aggravated)
What's your point, Gary?

GARY
I'M THE POINT! Look at me! I'm the joke, Manny. And not because of some stupid show or some stupid catchphrase. I'm a joke because I spent my life believing I was one. Pretty girl? She'd never like me. Job offer? They just want to make fun of me. You don't want to turn into me, Manny. Trust me, it's not a lot of fun. You are only a joke if you allow yourself to be one. And I won't let you do that.

Gary looks at the shotgun next to him, picks it up.

GARY (CONT'D)
I haven't exactly done anything with my life that I'm very proud of. But I'd like to try. I'd like to prove that maybe I'm not a joke either. But I can't do it alone. I need you with me. Much as it pains me to admit it: you're my Sundance, Emmanuel Lewis.

Gary stands up, dramatic.

GARY (CONT'D)
I never thought I'd say this in a million years but...

He cocks his shotgun.

GARY (CONT'D)
Let's go save Hollywood.

Emmanuel takes this in. Then, slowly, he STANDS. Cocks his shotgun.

EMMANUEL
Let's go save Hollywood.

The music SWELLS. Then, suddenly... it stops.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
How exactly are we gonna do that?

EXT. SKY - LATER

An AIRPLANE crosses the night sky.

EXT. THE BOBBY WHITE AGENCY - LATER

A TAXI CAB drops off Emmanuel and Gary in front.

INT. THE BOBBY WHITE AGENCY - CONTINUOUS

They BURST INTO Bobby's office. He sits behind his desk.

BOBBY
Manny! Gary!

GARY
Bobby, we don't have a lot of time. We need your help.

BOBBY
Oh shit. What happened? Does it involve a stripper? Is she dead?

EMMANUEL
Bobby, you better sit down.

Bobby plops down in his seat, upset.

BOBBY
Oh God. She's dead isn't she?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOBBY WHITE'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

As Emmanuel finishes their story...

EMMANUEL
... then we called in an anonymous tip so that the bodies wouldn't just be left behind, and we caught the first flight out of Zurich. We came directly here.

REVEAL BOBBY

Wide-mouthed in front of the guys, speechless.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
What do you think?

Bobby rubs his face, taking it in.

BOBBY

I think we can sell it at Fox. For sure the CW.

GARY

Bobby, this is real.

BOBBY

Okay, okay. Let's assume for a minute that you two - Gary Coleman and Emmanuel Lewis - actually served as covert operatives in Switzerland, apparently home to the world's most nefarious international criminal masterminds, and uncovered a terrorist plot aimed at detonating a chemical bomb in Hollywood only to watch as the team of Navy Seals you were working for were massacred after Manny was betrayed by a six foot Swiss amazon woman with whom he'd become romantically involved with. Let's assume that's all true. I just have one question.

They wait for it.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

What the hell do you want me to do?

EMMANUEL

We need you to get us into the People's Choice Awards.

BOBBY

Okay, well now you're just being ridiculous.

GARY

Bobby--

BOBBY

Can't you just call the police? Or the White House!

EMMANUEL

And tell them what? This is Emmanuel Lewis and Gary Coleman calling for the President? It was a top secret mission, Bobby! Everyone who knew is dead!

BOBBY

Do you know how hard it is to get tickets to the People's Choice Awards? I spent the entire month getting tickets for two of my clients.

GARY

There's got to be a way.

Bobby SIGHS, thinks.

BOBBY

I got them each plus ones. I mean, I guess I could call and ask them to take you as their plus ones.

EMMANUEL

There you go, Bobby White! Who are they?

SMASH CUT:

INT. LIMOSINE - LATER

Gary and Emmanuel wear TUXEDOS, sit next to each other.

OPPOSITE THEM SITS...

MR. T and JALEEL WHITE. Both wearing tuxedos. Awkward.

EMMANUEL

So... Mr. T? How you been?

MR. T

Good, good. I've been good. Beat Cancer. That was cool.

EMMANUEL

That's amazing, Mr. T!

MR. T

My friends just call me T.

EMMANUEL

(serious)

It's an honor to be your plus one, T.

Gary shakes his head, turns to Jaleel White.

GARY

And Jaleel? What's the latest with you?

JALEEL

Oh, I don't know? I guess the latest thing is that I rented a three hundred dollar tuxedo and hired an eighty dollar an hour limo so I could bring a hot piece of ass with me to the People's Choice Awards and look like a bigshot and maybe, just maybe, get myself a fine piece of pussy for the first time since 1994. Instead, my dumb-fuck agent calls me and tells me two of his clients are having mental breakdowns and I have to go on a triple date with Gary Coleman, Emmanuel Lewis, and mother-fucking Mr. T.

Mr. T GROWLS.

JALEEL (CONT'D)

So I'm good, Man. Never been better.

EXT. SHRINE AUDITORIUM - LATER

The RED CARPET is in full swing. CELEBRITIES line the carpet, doing interviews. An ANNOUNCEMENT PLAYS:

PA ANNOUNCEMENT

The show will begin in five minutes.
Please proceed inside the Auditorium.

We CLOSE IN on the reporter NANCY O'DELL.

NANCY O'DELL

That'll do it for our pre-show coverage. Don't forget: we'll be checking in all night backstage with Billy, who will be getting reactions from the stars just moments after they receive their awards.

Gary and Emmanuel's LIMO PULLS UP. The entourage EXITS.

ON THE TABLEAU

It's an odd sight: Gary, Emmanuel, Jaleel, and Mr. T all walking down the red carpet. The PAPARAZZI GOES NUTS.

Mr. T and Jaleel get CALLED OVER for sporadic interviews. Gary and Emmanuel ignore it all, look around feverishly.

GARY

Let's split up.

EMMANUEL
We have to find Nicolas.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Gary! Emmanuel! One picture!

Emmanuel puts his arm around Gary's shoulder as they turn and smile. BULBS FLASH everywhere.

EMMANUEL
I think I blinked.

GARY
Manny. Nicolas. Focus.

Emmanuel NODS. Instantly, they separate and run off.

ON GARY

Who heads down the red carpet, spinning people around.

ON EMMANUEL

Who does the same. Looking everywhere. Until...

NICOLAS!

Emmanuel spots him first. He's at the other end of the red carpet dressed as a CAMERAMAN!

EMMANUEL
(calling out)
Gary!

Gary turns. Emmanuel points at Nicolas. Gary sees him.

But so does Nicolas, who briskly heads inside. They try to follow but get trapped by the surging crowd.

INT. SHRINE AUDITORIUM - LATER

Out of breath, Gary and Emmanuel finally get inside. They search the crowd. Under seats. Under celebrities.

VOICEOVER
Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to the
People's Choice Awards. And now,
introducing your host... Craig Ferguson!

ON STAGE

Craig Ferguson takes the stage TO APPLAUSE. Gary and Emmanuel look up at him, only to spot...

NICOLAS! He's looking out from behind the side curtain.

Gary and Emmanuel bolt down the aisle toward stage as Ferguson starts the show.

CRAIG FERGUSON
When I was asked to host the People's
Choice Awards, I thought to myself: I can
do this. I'm a person, I know people,
I've made choices--

Gary and Emmanuel HOP up on the stage, interrupting. The CROWD CHEERS, thinking it's a comedy bit.

EMMANUEL LEWIS
(to crowd)
Everyone get out here now! There's a
bomb in the building!

The CROWD bursts into hysterics. Gary grabs Emmanuel.

GARY
You're wasting time! C'mon!

They run off to Nicolas. Ferguson is left alone, thrown.

CRAIG FERGUSON
Ladies and Gentlemen: a round of applause
for Gary Coleman and... the other one.

LAUGHTER.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Gary and Emmanuel part the side curtain, enter the CHAOS. Cameras everywhere. Stagehands. PA's. Makeup people.

OFF TO THE SIDE

ELLEN DEGENERES talks to a PRODUCER backstage.

ELLEN
You want me to say this? It's not very
funny.

PRODUCER
We feel like you can make everyone laugh
with it.

ELLEN
I could tickle everyone in the audience:
they still won't laugh at this.

Gary and Emmanuel run up toward them, frantic.

GARY
Has anyone seen a man dressed as a camera-
man? Orange t-shirt? Swiss accent?

ELLEN
Gary Coleman! Huge fan! What'chu
talkin' about, Willis!?

GARY
God dammit, not now Ellen!

He runs off. She turns to the producer.

ELLEN
Now that's funny.

BACK TO GARY AND EMMANUEL

Who search frantically. As they run through the chaos
they pass...

BILLY BUSH

Who is doing a stand-alone report from backstage.

BILLY BUSH
I'm Billy Bush reporting to you from
backstage at the People's Choice Awards,
where I'm just moments away from our
first backstage interview. Remember:
only Access Hollywood can bring you this
kind of, well, access...

Gary and Emmanuel keep moving. Suddenly, Gary stops.

GARY
Wait!

As he thinks, we hear FLASHBACK VOICES in his head.

HENRIC (V.O.)
...when we gain access to your Hollywood
even your famous leader Bush won't be
able to stop him--

BILLY BUSH (V.O.)
I'm Billy **Bush**.

JOHANSSON (V.O.)

And when we gain access to your Hollywood
even your famous leader Bush won't be
able to stop us--

BILLY BUSH (V.O.)

Remember: only **Access** Hollywood can bring
you this kind of, well, access...

BACK TO GARY

Who turns, in SLOW-MO, back toward Billy Bush. And
there, holding a camera and "filming" Billy is...

NICOLAS!

He doesn't see them yet. Gary looks closer at...

HIS CAMERA! It has an extraordinarily large base. Is
that the BOMB?

Nicolas holds some kind of TRIGGER in his hand. He
squeezes it, about to blow Hollywood to pieces.

GARY

Manny!

Before Manny can even react...

Gary runs FULL SPEED at Nicolas. He barrels over Billy
Bush, sending him flying, and...

HE TACKLES NICOLAS! The trigger FLIES from his hand!

It ROLLS across the floor toward...

BILLY BUSH! Who gets up, confused. He picks it up.

BILLY BUSH

What the--

EMMANUEL

Don't!

Emmanuel flies in, TACKLES BILLY BUSH AGAIN! The trigger
again slides away across the floor to...

ELLEN DEGENERES! She picks it up.

ELLEN DEGENERES

What is this?

GARY

No!

Gary launches himself at Ellen Degeneres, TACKLES her.
The trigger goes flying, sliding across the floor and...

OUT ONTO THE MAIN STAGE!

Gary, Emmanuel, and Nicolas all freeze. Then...

THEY RACE ONTO STAGE!

INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Where Craig Ferguson continues his monologue...

CRAIG FERGUSON

Now as many of you know, I'm not
originally from the United States but...
oh, you've gotta be kidding me--

Gary and Emmanuel and Nicolas have RACED ONTO STAGE!

Nicolas HAS A LEAD on them, heading toward the trigger!

Gary DIVES and GRABS ONTO one of his legs.

Emmanuel DIVES and GRABS ONTO the other.

Nicolas SWATS at them and presses forward, pulling them.

Gary PUNCHES at his knees!

Emmanuel throws RABBIT PUNCHES at his testicles.

The crowd is HYSTERICAL!

CRAIG FERGUSON (CONT'D)

Ladies and Gentlemen, I swear I have no
idea what is going on here. Am I being
Punked? Ashton, is this your doing?

IN THE CROWD

ASHTON KUTCHER, hysterical, shakes his head "no."

BACK TO SCENE

They hang onto Nicolas for dear life but can't stop him.
He inches closer. Closer. He reaches for the trigger.

His fingertips graze it. Just as he's about to get it...

BAM!

A punch from the other side KNOCKS HIM OUT!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Mr. T! He stands over Nicolas like Ali over Liston.

MR. T
I pity the fool who messes with my plus
one!

The crowd goes CRAZY. Gary runs over to Ferguson.

GARY
I need your mic!

FERGUSON
Oh what the hell. I guess we're off book
at this point.

He hands Gary the mic. Gary addresses the audience.

GARY
Listen to me, everyone!

Everyone's LAUGHING.

GARY (CONT'D)
Shut the fuck up! This is not a joke!

That does it. Laughter stops. It's gone from funny to
bizarre and uncomfortable in a heartbeat.

GARY (CONT'D)
This man is a terrorist! He has a
chemical bomb backstage. We need to
evacuate the building.

Confused MURMURS from the audience. A few people stand,
uncomfortable. A few even hustle out.

EMMANUEL
Wait, wait. Everyone relax. We have the
bomb's trigger right here--

He looks down. The trigger is gone.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
Oh oh.

ON NICOLAS

Who has regained consciousness and HOLDS THE TRIGGER.

NICOLAS
All glory goes to Switzerland!

GARY/EMMANUEL
NOOOOOOOOOO!

He SQUEEZES it it! They close their eyes, brace for impact and...

NOTHING. They look at each other, confused. After a beat, they run backstage.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

They arrive at Nicolas' camera. A SHEET covers the base of it. They pull it back, revealing...

THE ACTUAL BOMB! A TIMER has been activated on it, counting down from one minute.

EMMANUEL
We have to deactivate it.

He opens the casing. WIRES are everywhere.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
The yellow one melts skin off.

GARY
You're sure?

EMMANUEL
I still use a technique I had for memorizing my Webster lines: If you had no skin, you'd be in pain. You wouldn't be mellow. Mellow rhymes with yellow--

GARY
Okay, I get it! So if it's not yellow than it's between red and blue.

EMMANUEL
I don't know that one.

GARY
I think blue.

He reaches in.

EMMANUEL
Wait! What if it's red?

GARY
I think it's blue.

EMMANUEL
But you don't know?

GARY
No, but I'm going with my gut and trying to be a glass half full kind of guy.

EMMANUEL
But--

GARY
Jesus, Man! You're constantly saying I need to be more glass half full and I'm trying to be positive and say that the blue wire is the one and you're gonna give me shit about my decision right now?

Emmanuel thinks about this.

EMMANUEL
I'm glad you're more glass half full.

GARY
Thanks. Sorry if this kills you.

Gary reaches down. The timer ticks. Four. Three. Two.
He closes his eyes, SCREAMS, and PULLS IT! It STOPS!
Long beat. They just sit there, EYES CLOSED! Finally...

EMMANUEL
Are we in Heaven?

GARY
If I go to Heaven and you're there, I'm leaving immediately.

EMMANUEL
That's nice.

GARY
All I'm saying is I'd get right on the elevator and head down to Hell.

EMMANUEL

That's great, Gary. We just saved Los Angeles from a terrorist attack and you're insulting me?

GARY

For God's sake: stop being so sensitive.

EMMANUEL

Oh, okay, I'm being sensitive. You just told me that you'd rather spend eternity in Hell than go to Heaven with me--

We PULL UPWARDS, closing in on a single STAGE LIGHT...

DISSOLVE TO:

A SIMILAR SINGLE LIGHT.

We PULL DOWN, revealing that we're in...

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - WEEKS LATER

Gary and Emmanuel sit in front of a MILITARY PANEL.

TRIBUNAL SOLDIER

Your debriefing is now complete. Obviously the events of the past two weeks can never be publicly disclosed.

SITTING ALONE in the audience is Bobby White.

BOBBY

And just to confirm: that includes a made-for-television mini-series?

TRIBUNAL SOLDIER

Yes.

Bobby shakes his head, disappointed.

TRIBUNAL SOLDIER (CONT'D)

All tapes of The People's Choice Awards have been seized, all attendees have been sworn to silence under some obscure law we made up for this type of thing.

GARY

You can do that?

TRIBUNAL SOLDIER
 We can do anything. It's pretty great.
 (then)
 Because your country owes you its highest
 form of gratitude, we will now bestow on
 you its highest honor.

He stands, approaches them.

TRIBUNAL SOLDIER (CONT'D)
 Gary Coleman and Emmanuel Lewis. The
 President of the United States is
 bestowing upon you the Medal of Honor in
 honor of your heroic service. You should
 be very proud of yourselves.

They share a smile as medals are placed on them.

TRIBUNAL SOLDIER (CONT'D)
 You really can't ever tell anyone about
 this. I know it sucks, but you just
 can't.

They NOD, understanding.

TRIBUNAL SOLDIER (CONT'D)
 Is there is there anything we can do that
 can begin to repay you for your service?

They share a look. Emmanuel tries first.

EMMANUEL
 We both really enjoyed that Honda Pilot.

TRIBUNAL SOLDIER
 You'll each have one.

GARY
 I have some financial difficulties.

TRIBUNAL SOLDIER
 Not anymore. Is there anything else?

Gary and Emmanuel share a look, smile.

CUT TO:

INT. GUANTANAMO BAY - TWO DAYS LATER

A WAITING ROOM. Gary and Emmanuel sit at SEPARATE TABLES.

A DOOR OPENS. In walk JOHANSSON AND VILHELMINA. Both are cuffed and wear prison garb.

Vilhelmina is brought before Emmanuel, she sits opposite him. Johansson approaches Gary, does the same.

ON EMMANUEL AND VILHELMINA

VILHELMINA
Hello, Manny.

EMMANUEL
Vilhelmina.

ON GARY AND JOHANSSON

JOHANSSON
You foiled my plan for world domination,
Gary Coleman.

GARY
Oops.

BACK TO EMMANUEL AND VILHELMINA

VILHELMINA
I've meesed you.

EMMANUEL
I asked to come here for one reason and
one reason alone, Vilhelmina.

BACK TO GARY AND JOHANSSON

GARY
Because of me, Mr. Johansson, you are
going to spend the rest of your life in
prison. I don't know that I would wish
that on my worst enemy.

BACK TO EMMANUEL AND VILHELMINA

EMMANUEL
I came here to tell you that you may have
fooled me, you may have betrayed me, you
may even have stuck your tongue so far
down my throat that you almost choked me:
but I am not a joke. You are the joke,
Vilhelmina. YOU would have been
overachieving by landing ME. You're a
Heidi Klum wannabe who couldn't scrape
the gum off the shoes of Nicole Eggert.
When she was young and in her prime.
(MORE)

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)

Before the Cinemax movies and plastic surgery. That's what I came here to say. I wasn't planning on the Nicole Eggert thing, that just came out.

BACK TO GARY AND JOHANSSON

GARY

In a strange way, you gave me a reason to believe in myself again. I figure the least I can do is give you the one thing I know you've been dying to hear from me. My catchphrase.

Johansson leans forward, practically drooling.

JOHANSSON

Yes! Yes!

Gary leans in towards him, tantalizingly close.

GARY

But then I thought about what you did to Armstrong and I changed my mind.

JOHANSSON

Noooooooooo!

GARY

Manny, you ready?

EMMANUEL

All done here.

GARY

Let's roll.

They stand and walk away. Emmanuel lets out his GIGGLE.

EMMANUEL

(calling back)

Have fun getting waterboarded.

Johansson SCREAMS!

JOHANSSON

DAMN YOU GARY COLE--!

The door slams before he can complete the sentence.

THE END