

The Goodtime Gang

by

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Circle Of Confusion

SLAM IN:

EXT. EASTERN EUROPEAN WARZONE - CHAOS

A depressed, gray city is under siege; a revolution has devolved into a chaotic street war, with rebels, the fascist army, and rioting civilians tearing up everything in sight.

In the midst of this, a sexy electric blue Maserati suddenly whips around a corner, swerving through the city wildly. Behind it, gaining quickly, are two trucks full of furious looking men, taking potshots at the Maserati as they try to keep up.

Driving the slick sportscar is **SHAWN Shepherd**, 23, handsome with sandy hair. If he had a spirit animal, it would be a mongoose.

Next to him is **GARRY Glick**, 23, not as striking visually as Shaun but gifted with an undeniable charisma. His spirit animal would most likely be a badger.

Bullets plink off the back of the maserati; an I-pod hooked into the stereo blasts Backstreet Boys. Bullets punch through and hit the stereo, killing the music.

SHAWN

OH MY GOD! Did they hit the I-pod?

GARRY

I- shit- no, it's fine, thank christ-

SHAWN

Oh thank god! Do you have my phone?

GARRY

Yeah-

SHAWN

Did Kelly text me back yet?

GARRY

Did she **what-**

SHAWN

About this mess, dude-

GARRY

You **texted** her, I said call her-

SHAWN

Dude-

GARRY

YOU TEXT CASUALLY, YOU CALL IN AN
EMERGENCY!

Another hail of bullets hits the car as they swerve around a corner, sending a soldier flipping over their hood.

SHAWN

Are those Nashmeker A-10s?

GARRY

No, they're just AKs, Nashmeker's
would be going pop-pop-pop these
got the AK clikyklikakcliyclak-

SHAWN

They **are** going pop-pop-pop-

GARRY

No listen clikyklikakcliyclak-

SHAWN

Pop-pop-pop-

GARRY

clikyklikakcliyclak
clikyklikakcliyclak
clikyklikakcliyclak

SHAWN

Pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-
pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-
pop-pop- SHUT UP A MINUTE,
JESUS!

They both listen as the back window of the Maserati is blasted out with gunfire; "pop-pop-pop."

GARRY

Holy shit, you're right!

Garry opens the sunroof, and climbs half way out.

SHAWN

What is this, what is this mess
you're doing-

GARRY

You realize those guns are worth
more than this car, right?

(yelling to the pursuing
truck)

*Hey! Be careful with those,
there's two hundred years of
culture and history behind those
weapons-*

Garry's left ear is abruptly **BLASTED OFF**.

GARRY (CONT'D)
 AAAAH FUCK! WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT
 ABOUT!?

Garry ducks back down into the car.

SHAWN
 Did you just get shot again-

GARRY
 NO!...YES! FUCK!

Another hail of bullets hits the back of the car, and they swerve around a corner.

GARRY (CONT'D)
 Is there a big hole?

SHAWN
 Oh, ugh, um...No, no hole, it's
 just kinda-

GARRY
 -what-

SHAWN
 Just kinda shredded, I guess? Like
 ear-salad-

GARRY
 -Ear salad oh jesus!-

SHAWN
 Oh shit look at this.

Two tanks are rolling together further up the street, forming a blockade; a rapidly closing space remains between them. The maserati **ROCKETS TOWARDS THEM**.

GARRY
 Turn up there turn up there-

SHAWN
 No we can make it-

GARRY
 No, we have to turn, we have to
 turn-

SHAWN
 It'll be fine-

CASSIE Day, 23, beautiful in a smoldering, smokey way, sits up in the backseat, her long legs flopping all over the place.

CASSIE
Ooooh I'm so hungover-

GARRY
TURN THE CAR SHAWN-

SHAWN
WE CAN MAKE IN THE LITTLE HOLE-

CASSIE
-the volume is unacceptable-

GARRY
TURN THE FUCKING CAR SHAWN

Garry grabs the wheel and turns it hard, and they go swerving down an alley; at the end of the alley is a pile of garbage construction equipment...

...beyond that is a fence...beyond that...is a cliff...

And a 90 foot drop into the ocean. They're pulling 50. Way too fast to slow down.

CASSIE
...I hate you guys.

The maserati hits the construction equipment and is launched up, through the air...

...as it flies the I-pod is jolted and goes sailing out the window, and we go into **SLOW MOTION** as Shawn, *horrified*, makes a desperate last ditch grab for the I-Pod...

Aannnd....**freeze**.

TITLE: **THE
GOODTIME GANG**

The opening sequence is stylized, over iconography of shots booze, cash and bullets.

SMASH FROM THIS
TO:

INT. RUDDY BAR - BATHROOM

It's a broken down, filthy public bathroom. Cassie is heaving over a toilet. Shawn sits outside against the stall;

he's disassembled a smart phone, and is individually drying each piece.

Both Cassie and Shawn are soaking wet.

SHAWN
You okay in there?

CASSIE
...**NO**.

SHAWN
That's okay. Where the hell am I supposed to get a new I-pod out here, that's the real problem we're facing.

Cassie hurls.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Not helping, Cassie. Never helping.

INT. RUDDY BAR

Garry, also soaking wet, his ear sloppily bandaged, sits at the bar.

He's drinking with three stodgy looking Slovakian men and one hot girl, dressed in a third-world beat-up Mickey Mouse T-shirt. The men are drunk, the place is dirty, and the power flickers on and off.

He takes a shot.

GARRY
Mickey Mouse, I'm a big fan. You like Mickey? I actually, I know him personally. I can introduce you.

The girl just nods and smiles, eyeing the crumpled up ball of hundreds in his hand. There's an explosion in the distance, and the building shakes.

Shawn bursts out of the bathroom, holding the reassembled phone.

GARRY (CONT'D)
Shawn, wait up dude-

Shawn goes outside. Garry falls off his stool and crashes to the ground in his hurry to follow Shawn.

He stops by the door, noticing a family, a mother and her children, refugees from the fighting. They seem scared, huddled in a corner.

GARRY (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)
 (from flawless Russian)
 It's going to be okay. The
 fighting in the city will not leave
 the city. It will end by
 nightfall.

The family stares at him, and the mother nods curtly.

EXT. RUDDY BAR - CONTINUOUS

The air is thick with smoke. The sun is setting. There's the sound of battle in the distance. Shawn is walking from place to place, trying to get signal on the phone.

GARRY
 You got the phone working?

SHAWN
 I'm not talking to you.

GARRY
 ...Is this about the I-pod-

SHAWN
 FUCK YES IT'S ABOUT THE I-POD-

GARRY
 I'll buy you a new one-

SHAWN
 I don't want a new one, I want the
 one that has all my music on it.
 We're going back to a first world
 country.

GARRY
 Shawn, come on. We can't just
 leave-

SHAWN
 Why not? We finished the job-

GARRY
 Sorta.

SHAWN
 Is the armory blown up or isn't it?

GARRY
The city is in open revolt!

SHAWN
And what're we supposed to do about that?

GARRY
WE CAUSED THE REVOLT!

SHAWN
AND?

GARRY
We can't just go around- **fucking shit up** all the time, man. I want us to be perceived as reliable, and professional-

SHAWN
And as good as our parents, yakedy-ya-yak-yako. Now is not the time for this conversation- I'VE GOT SIGNAL!

GARRY
Shawn-

SHAWN
ShawSHHH.

Shawn starts to dial the phone as Cassie stumbles out of the bar, holding a bottle of Schnapps.

CASSIE
Look at this, man, the bartender gave me peppermint schnapps cause I gave him like a couple thousand dollars to repair the bathroom-

GARRY
What'd you do to the bathroom?

Cassie raises a detonator.

CASSIE
BATHBOOM.

GARRY
Waitwait-

There's a small explosion on the other side of the building. It startles Shawn and Garry. Cassie cackles like a lunatic, taking a big tug off the schnapps bottle.

SHAWN
WHAT THE FUCK, GARRY-

GARRY
You were the one who was supposed
to be watching her-

SHAWN
I thought you said you took her
demolitions kit away-

CASSIE
(sing song)
I had C4 in my purse-

GARRY
She's your girlfriend, man-

SHAWN
My girlfr- *Fuck! Shit!* Everybody
only thinks of themselves around
here!

Shawn storms off up the muddy road. Garry seems ready to shout after him, but then turns and sees Cassie doing a sexy dance.

GARRY
Lemme see that schnapps.

INT. MI-5

The crowded, clean offices of Britain's highest security agency are, as always, abuzz with activity.

KELLY Watts, 24, buttoned down in every way possible, sits in her cubicle. She's far too dorky to have a spirit animal; she'd probably be allergic.

Kelly's very engrossed, typing some kind of warrant. Her cell rings; "GTG" calling, with Madonna's "Holiday" as the ringtone.

She hurriedly silences the phone, fumbling and knocking things off her desk and she frantically hooks it into some kind of scrambler device, then another cord to the hardline, then another to another weird gadget.

Tons of encryption programs all run at once on her computer screen, scrambling the call and making it untraceable. Kelly picks up. She speaks in an upper-class posh accent.

KELLY
Hello, Kelly Watts speaking-

SHAWN (O.S.)
SHUT UP! I SAID SHUT UP, I THINK
SHE JUST- Kelly?

EXT. WARZONE - SIDE OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Shawn sits talking on the phone on the back of a wrecked car in a muddy ditch. In the background behind him, Garry and Cassie are wasted, dancing around singing "I Want You" by Savage Garden.

We **intercut** between Shawn and Kelly, who's trying to keep the call low profile.

KELLY
Yes, I'm here, how can I help you?

SHAWN
We're in a pile of crap, Garry's an asshole-

KELLY
Is he alright?

SHAWN
Who, Garry? Garry's fucking great, he's a ball of sunshine.

KELLY
Did you have any specific concerns I can address?

SHAWN
We're in Maramures right now, like south of Rusinko-

Kelly brings up multiple maps on her screen, pinpointing Shawn's location.

KELLY
Yes, I can see you have a difficult situation, there-

SHAWN
Yeah Garry's ear got shot off-

KELLY
(loses her cool)
What-

SHAWN

Yeah, and he lost my I-pod too, so basically what I'm saying is if you could charter us a jet-

KELLY

Is Garry-

SHAWN

I told he's fine, GARRY, KELLY SAYS HI.

GARRY

HI KELLY!

KELLY

HI GARRY!

SHAWN

Garry says hi. Now, uh, about that jet. Do you think you could get us a luxury class, or you think that's asking too much? Cause we've got no transportation out here, and I got no idea where the nearest airfield...

A truck rambles up the road, honking loudly, with five men, armed with AK-47s, riding in the back.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Oh come on, seriously?

The truck pulls up, and all of the men unload and advance.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Garry, gimme the-

Garry tosses him the bottle of schnapps, and Garry starts chugging it. The **LEAD REVOLUTIONARY THUG** raises his pistol as he walks up to Shawn.

LEAD REVOLUTIONARY THUG (SUBTITLE)

(from Russian)

***Lay on the ground, we are taking
your goods and your woman.***

Shawn gives him a "just a second" finger as he finishes the schapps, we

GO INTO SLOW-
MOTION...

Shawn *smashes the gun out of the thug's hand with the bottle*, and Garry plucks the gun out of mid-air as it passes him. Shawn quick draws a revolver.

One of the thugs starts to fire and Garry shoots him down. Another turns, firing erratically, to shoot Garry, and Shawn caps him. As the three remaining slavish thugs begin to fire, Garry and Shawn blow them away.

OUT OF
SLOWMOTION...

We get an instant replay of what just happened.

It goes down in under five seconds.

The revolutionary thugs lay dead. Shawn raises his cell phone, as though nothing happened.

SHAWN

Cancel what I said about us having no transportation. The luxury jet, I don't think it's too much but I'm asking you if you think it's too much, is it too much?

INT. SQUALID CARGO PLANE

Shawn and Garry sit huddled together, with Cassie laying on Shawn, all three wrapped in dirty cargo blankets. They are surrounded by refugees, cramped close together. A worn out boombox plays Russian folk music.

Cassie is asleep. It's freezing, they're miserable.

GARRY

When're you gonna get serious about her, man?

SHAWN

What, Captain Trainwreck here?

GARRY

Yeah.

SHAWN

Psh, come on man-

GARRY

I'm just saying, recently I'm not feeling it from you.

(MORE)

GARRY (CONT'D)

I don't feel like you're trying, even, anymore, you just act like everything is a joke-

SHAWN

Everything **is** a joke, Garry. And what's with you, since when the commitment to being a "good mercenary," who would even want to be a good mercenary-

GARRY

I've always tried my best at what I do-

SHAWN

Now there's a joke, man. Don't gimme that bright-eyed bullshit.

GARRY

I just think that if our parents could see us now, we might, you know-

SHAWN

Don't do that, okay, don't make this about them. This is about **you** feeling insecure-

GARRY

No, this is about you acting like we can go on like this forever, in this mess-

SHAWN

And what's the problem with that-

GARRY

Do you smell Vodka? I do smell vodka, yeah, for like the last couple-

SHAWN

Do you smell Vodka? Yes, it's been getting to me this whole time-

GARRY

Over there.

A refugee man sits nearby with a crate.

SHAWN (SUBTITLE)

(from Czech)

Helllooooooooooooooooooooo.

TWENTY MINUTES
LATER...

For those of you unfamiliar with martial arts, the simple way to put this is they **fling everyone into everyone else**. There's very little punching or kicking, but a whole lot of **WHAM BANG CRASH**.

Shawn's style is smoother (which figures, really), whereas Garry's is more brutal and frantic.

The fight progresses up the center of the plane, with Garry and Shawn repeatedly forcing the two dozen Interpol agents to shoot each other in the knees and arms.

Garry breaks open an emergency exit, and the inflatable slide drops down to the ground. Shawn gets grabbed as he and Garry dive out, and six agents wrestle him to the ground.

Garry, now armed with a pistol nabbed from an interpol agent, bounces down the slide, and lands on his feet, gun raised...

...to find he faces dozens of armed Interpol troops, taking cover behind their cars. The plane is completely surrounded. Cassie, in handcuffs, is bent over the hood of a distant car, struggling violently.

Garry twitchily brings up his gun, unable to decide who to aim at. There's a symphony of guns cocking.

GARRY

...OKAY! I'm going to need you all to do me a big favor, and just get into a single file line!

A tranquilizer dart shoots in and hits Garry in the neck. Garry yanks it out, and stares at it.

GARRY (CONT'D)

Why a dart this? WHO PUT DART ON GARrYYyyyyyyyyyyyyyy-

Garry collapses.

INT. HOLDING FACILITY - OBSERVATION COMMAND CENTER

It's a security observation command center in a federal holding facility. The walls are lined with screens, monitored by a half dozen technicians.

Milton HODGES, 50s, deputy director of the CIA sits watching one of the monitors intently. Spirit animal is a shark. A shark in a suit.

He watches a screen, where Cassie is being interviewed...

ZOOM THROUGH THE
SCREEN TO:

INT. HOLDING FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lance Corporal Wesley EUBANKS, 30s, sits across a steel table from Cassie Day, with a file on her open in front of him. He looks at the picture; Cassie in United States military garb. Prim, proper, clean-cut and respectable.

The Cassie before him, clearly in the middle of detox, squinting against the light, her eyes bloodshot and her skin pale, is unrecognizable alongside the picture.

Eubanks, by the way, is a piranha. And it's not subtle. He's all sharp edges, one of those "orders over anything" type of guys.

EUBANKS

Specialist Cassandra Day. Yale girl, came in on a full scholarship, left top of her class magna cum laude, Rangers two years, then the infantry. Served in the guard, then Afghanistan, then Iraq. Demolitions expert. A few behavioral violations, right alongside a purple heart and a Order of Saint Maurice Centurion status.

(beat)

Your family misses you, Cassandra.

CASSIE

First time for everything.

Eubanks smiles a strange, tilted smile.

EUBANKS

Specialist Day, help me to understand...How does this
(indicates the picture)
Become this.

He waves the picture somewhat disgustedly at Cassie.

CASSIE

I do a lot of cardio and drink gin instead of water.

Eubanks tilts smiles again. Cassie shifts uncomfortably.

EUBANKS

Help us help you, Cassie. We're trying to find a handhold, here. What makes someone like yourself, by all accounts a good and honorable person, just give up. Flake out. Abandon her life, her duty, her country?

Cassie thinks.

CASSIE

We'd been disarming IEDs all day. Three that day. We were on a roll. You know a roll ends when you're picking up your friends' arms and legs off the pavement.

(beat)

They were in a Dolorean. Like a real Dolorean, driving in the deserts outside of Karbala. They drove up alongside the humvees, they had music blasting, they had...sparklers...And they were yelling "hey, come with us, we're going to a body painting party in Sweden. Doesn't that sound like more fun than what you're doing?"

(beat)

And for the first time in my life, I thought clearly. I thought: "Yes. Yes that does sound like more fun."

EUBANKS

(beat)

Ah...ha. So you admit to desertion, then.

CASSIE

Been a year. I'm not having a bad time yet.

EUBANKS

Not even now.

CASSIE

Nah.

EUBANKS

Hm. Well, let's move right along. It seems that you're involved in some kind of sexual, romantic, what have you relationship with Shawn Shepherd. Yet we have you on file here for a violation of the don't ask don't tell policy. You're a homosexual, a lesbian.

CASSIE

I'm not orthodox.

(beat)

Listen, whatever you guys are up to, just cancel it, okay? That's your best bet. You know what a Luther Burger is?

EUBANKS

I'm sorry, a-

CASSIE

Luther Burger. It's like a donut hamburger. Just get some of those, the guys will be your best friends for life.

Eubanks gives a tinkling laugh.

EUBANKS

Oh, I'm sorry, no. That's not how this is going to go down.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM

Eubanks is talking to Hodges, who's joined by **REIGERT**, **MATHESON** and **BACON**, all 40s/50s straightlaced government types.

REIGERT

I'm just saying that the direct approach might not be worth the time, here-

EUBANKS

Worth the time? What, you want us to sit on our hands and wait for the FBI, or the NSA to swoop in and take them away from us?

MATHESON

I think what Reigert means is that we don't want to push them into their shell. These are hard men, serious men. Killers. They've been on the lamb their entire lives, they won't respect any kind of law we lay down.

EUBANKS

I appreciate that, but they must be clear on the severity of their situation-

HODGES

The question to me, Eubanks, is do we flip them as friends or do we flip them as foes. I mean, somewhere along the line here, probably sooner rather than later, we're going to have to take out our balls and put them on the table and hope these guys smile. They don't smile when we've got our balls out then we've got a problem, you know?

EUBANKS

But sir, our balls are our power, here.

HODGES

Just get a read on them. Profile, assess, and we see where we go from there. Once we trust them, we'll show them our balls.

BACON

What're they doing?

Everyone directs their attention to a security monitor, showing Garry and Shawn in an interrogation room.

HODGES

Turn on the audio.

They turn on the audio. Garry and Shawn are singing an acapella cover of O-Town's "All or Nothing."

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Cold, sparse room. Eubanks sits across from Garry and Shawn, holding a thick file. At the appropriate intervals, he slides pictures out of the file and onto the table.

EUBANKS

Shawn Shepherd, born October, 1985, son of Amelia and Christopher Shepherd, alias "The Sheep Dog," notorious internationally for hundreds of crimes ranging from grand theft to conspiracy to inciting a revolt, in Grenada, in 1991. Gun runners, assassins-

SHAWN

They also bought me a choochoo.

EUBANKS

(beat)

Killed in 2003 when one of their own bombs blew up in their face.

SHAWN

Yeah, well, that's the story.

EUBANKS

That's the **end** of the story.

SHAWN

I don't like you.

EUBANKS

Gerald Glick, born July 1985, son of Charles "Chad" Glick and Martina Roumeska. "Chad" an anarchist, arsonist, former Army ranger turned globehopping psychopath for hire, and Martina his female counterpart. Traveled and worked with the Shepherds for fifteen years, your father notable for his brutal signature style of execution; kneecap, elbow, head.

(beat, enjoying himself)

Both dead after their car was struck by an errant mortar shell past the demarcation line in North Korea.

(beat)

You were there. Must've been hard for you.

There's a long beat.

GARRY

My dick itches.

SHAWN

You say that like one of us is supposed to scratch your dick.

GARRY

My arms are tired.

SHAWN

If it comes down to it, I'd rather not be- I mean, I'm sure this guy could do it.

EUBANKS

(ignoring them)

You live primarily off money siphoned from the bank accounts of the largest criminal organizations in the world, you spend flagrantly, constantly damage and destroy both private and public property-

SHAWN

I don't like this, I feel like you're judging us-

GARRY

It's wrong for you to judge us on our lifestyle choices.

EUBANKS

I think the most impressive part of it all is that you've managed to fail, completely, in your chosen profession. You are, by all accounts, absolutely terrible mercenaries.

Shawn and Garry look uncomfortable. This pleases Eubanks.

EUBANKS (CONT'D)

You've been in the business for eight years, each...both of you inheriting sizeable legacies, only the best in equipment, given topflight training from birth...Yet combined you've completed a total of twenty seven missions. That's seven out of...four hundred and sixty one contracts that you've taken.

Garry shoots Shawn a look.

EUBANKS (CONT'D)

By common logic, you **should** be the best hired guns in the world, and so you keep getting jobs on your reputation, but...

(beat)

You're **dilettantes**. Most days of the week you're attending bacchanalian parties hosted by terrorists, criminals and despots, you-

SHAWN

I think you're just jealous you're not getting invited to these parties, man, so I'm not gonna take any of this personally and assume that it's your wedding ring talking. Garry, I'ma go for a hi-five here-

GARRY

Yes, you will get that high five, and I will look him dead in the eye while I do it.

Garry and Shawn stare at Eubanks as they give each other a very intense high five.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - LATER

Eubanks is across from Hodges, whilst Bacon, Matheson and Reigert listen.

HODGES

Couldn't get a read? I think you got a read, Eubanks.

BACON

Yeah, they don't give a shit.

MATHESON

We just have to press them; soft-balling them is pointless. We've got to start laying out terms, setting limits, prison, torture-

REIGERT

Execution, threaten to shoot them into space or shove dynamite up their asses, I don't know-

EUBANKS

I spoke to them for just over an hour. They don't seem to understand danger, consequences or personal accountability.

(beat)

Sir, they're...they're retards, sir.

SHAWN (O.S.)

That's not very nice.

GARRY (O.S.)

Or politically correct-

SHAWN (O.S.)

Or politically correct, yeah.

All of the CIA men freeze; what the hell?

GARRY (O.S.)

The mic's in breast pocket.

Eubanks checks his sleeve; there's a tiny transceiver hooked into the fabric. He takes it out and stares at it, dumbfounded. Everyone turns to the little monitor.

Garry and Shawn are smiling up into the camera, talking into their own little transceiver.

Hi! SHAWN Hello! GARRY

BACON

But- But we searched them, we-

GARRY

WE SURJED DEM, WA HAPPEN

SHAWN

HOW DEY GET DAT MIKAPHONE ON MEH

GARRY

WAAA! WAN BOTTLE

Shawn laughs. Hodges seems amused.

HODGES

Gentlemen...you're not as dumb as you appear to be.

GARRY

No one is as dumb as we appear to be.

CUT TO: BIG
PLATE OF LUTHER
BURGERS

INT. MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The meeting room is much nicer than the previous austere surroundings; Garry and Shawn sit at the far end of a polished table, scarfing Luther Burgers and drinking Jack and Coke.

Hodges sits at the far end of the table, watching silently.

GARRY

(as he chews)

Which one of the guys said to shove the dynamite up our asses?

SHAWN

Yeah bring that guy in, I wanna talk to him.

GARRY

I wanna talk to him with my fist mouth. I wanna have a conversation, but with punching instead of words.

SHAWN

Yeah, that's good.

HODGES

How much of all this is an act?

SHAWN

Define "all this--"

GARRY

Yeah, and define "act--"

SHAWN

Also, define "**dilettante**--"

GARRY

Shawn come on.

SHAWN

I just figure if he's already got the dictionary out.

Bacon, Reigert, and Matheson, along with a half dozen men in suits, enter the room, some carrying documentation, folders, files, some looking like agents and others like techies.

GARRY

Whoa, say ahoy to the hoy polloy.

SHAWN

What is this, our fanclub?

HODGES

You could say that. Shawn, your parents weren't mercenaries.

SHAWN

...What?

HODGES

Your parents weren't mercenaries, not in your lifetime. Two years before you were born, they were clandestinely recruited by the United States government to serve as "open-hand" operatives.

Hodges slides a file to Shawn across the table.

SHAWN

I don't need to look in there, you're...you know, you're making it up-

HODGES

No. Every job you ever saw your parents take came through **us**. Your mother and father checked in regularly, and their hard work helped us take down some of the world's most dangerous criminals.

Shawn has slowly started looking through the file; pictures of his parents in the military, even some with a younger Hodges.

SHAWN

I don't-

HODGES

They've both been post humously awarded the congressional medal of honor. Those medals are going to go into your possession, actually.

Medals are slid across the table to Shawn, who stares at them.

GARRY
What...I don't-

SHAWN
(quietly)
This isn't real.

REIGERT
No, it is.

MATHESON
This is for you, Mr. Glick.

Matheson slides a folder across the table, and it lands in Garry's lap. Garry takes a long look at Shawn, who's still rifling through documents in his own folder, in shock.

GARRY
Fine.

Garry pours himself a shot, takes it, and opens his file. His stares into it, then up at the CIA men.

GARRY (CONT'D)
What is this.

HODGES
It's a picture of your father,
Garry-

GARRY
This is a joke-

HODGES
CIA doesn't make it a practice to
spend a million and a half dollars
on a capture operation just to play
pranks on people, Garry.

Garry holds up a photograph. It's **CHAD Glick**, 50s. Lithe, expressionless, and somehow vacant, Chad could most easily and accurately be described as a slithering eel.

The picture shows him, amongst armed men, talking on a satellite phone.

GARRY
Those are RP150s, they were
released *last year.*

MATHESON

That's correct. This picture is from July.

GARRY

This year July.

Garry suddenly stands up, shoving his chair away from the table, breathing hard. He stands staring at the CIA men, flustered, trying to find words.

For the first time, there are chinks in The Goodtime Gang's armor. Shawn looks concerned, still recovering from his own shock.

SHAWN

Garry-

GARRY

You- No, *I saw my father die-*

MATHESON

No, you saw your mother die-

GARRY

SHUT UP!

Garry takes a little pace back and forth, then picks up a Lutherburger and starts furiously eating it. He then washes it down with a giant tug of Jack.

BACON

Um, Mr. Glick-

GARRY

(through a mouthful of food, near tears)

THUDDUP!

Garry paces, swallows and goes to the corner of the room, clearly freaking out. Shawn stares down at a picture of his parents.

SHAWN

(beat)

Why are you telling us all this?

HODGES

There are things happening right now. Wheels are turning, elements already in motion.

(MORE)

HODGES (CONT'D)

The United States has a long history of success with hiring private contractors. We're looking to hire you.

SHAWN

...Hire us, after your buddy here just got done telling us how useless we are-

EUBANKS

You have associations, connections, that are conducive to an operation, a clandestine operation that we simply cannot pin America's military down to.

GARRY

Ridiculous, it's all fucking **ridiculous-**

SHAWN

What are you talking about?

BACON

It is vital to national security that we locate and detain Charles Glick.

Shawn looks to Garry, doesn't react.

INT. HOLDING FACILITY - CELL

A stark holding cell. Garry sits on a bed, staring at the floor. Shawn comes over and sits down next to him.

There's a long beat, and then Shawn cautiously puts an arm around Garry. Garry shakes his head.

GARRY

I don't know. I don't know.

SHAWN

I know.

GARRY

What did they say to you?

SHAWN

They release us on our own recognizance, and brief us tomorrow.

(MORE)

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Anything we need, full financial backing of the United States military-

GARRY

Ha!

SHAWN

Yeah, that's basically what- yeah. But they'll let Cassie out, let her come along.

GARRY

I mean, she's halfway to Rikers as is right now, man, they'll lock her ass up for life.

SHAWN

Oh, we'll break her out-

GARRY

After we break out, yes, but, Shawn...I mean...

SHAWN

...Are you considering doing this?

GARRY

No, I- well, yes, but not for **them**-

SHAWN

Garry, you can't really-

GARRY

I **can**, actually. If my father's alive, Shawn, if he's alive and they can show me how to find him...That's my dad, Shawn. I imagine if you could see Chris again-

SHAWN

I'd ask him why the hell he lied to me my whole life about who he was.

Garry stares at Shawn.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay, yes, I get it, but, I mean, we can't bone out of this, they'll be watching us the whole time-

GARRY
Maybe, so what?

SHAWN
So how do we, I mean, what if it gets gnarly or something and we want to light out for the territories-

GARRY
Well, **we don't**. We do the whole mission, and once we get to my dad, if that's even real...we play it by ear.

Shawn stares at Garry.

GARRY (CONT'D)
We should at least hear them out.

SHAWN
You really mean it, don't you?

Garry takes a beat, then nods. Shawn reluctantly smiles.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
For you, man. Only for you.

GARRY
Thanks Shawn.

SHAWN
Hey, if there's one thing I do love, it's my own recognizance.

CUT TO: SHAWN
TAKING A SHOT

SHAWN (CONT'D)
BITCHES IN DC GOTTA LEARN HOW TO PARTY!

WE MONTAGE
THROUGH...

Various DC clubs and house parties, as Shawn and Garry cause absolute drunken anarchy everywhere they go. We witness them hitting on girls, drinking absurd amounts of liquor, hacking an ATM for cash, picking up a valet, buying a car off a millionaire and then giving it to the valet, drunk singing on a bus, then leading the bus in a sing along, driving the bus, now filled with drinking and dancing people, crashed bus, and then having a chicken fight with two hot chicks in a pool.

The lights come on, and a housewife, in a bathrobe, accompanied by her husband, holding a flashlight, come out to their backyard pool.

SUBURBAN DAD

Get out of here! We've already called the police!

Garry and Shawn dump the girls off their shoulders, and stare at the dad in numb incomprehension.

GARRY

I AM A POLICE.

SLAM TO:

INT. WATERGATE HOTEL - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - MORNING

Garry wakes up in the bathtub, his cellphone alarm going off. He climbs out from under a supermodel hot black girl, and wanders through the wrecked presidential suite.

Coming out into the bedroom, he sees Shawn, asleep and hanging off the side of the bed.

GARRY

Shawn. Wake up.

SHAWN

Whaaat? Really?

GARRY

Yes really. We have our briefing.

SHAWN

NOOooooOOOooooOOooo come on!

GARRY

...Where's that girl?

SHAWN

I paid for a cab home. I have a girlfriend.

GARRY

What!?

SHAWN

Hey.

(getting up)

We're the serious guys now, right?

Garry smiles.

EXT. THE PENTAGON

The Goodtime Gang roars up the drive to the pentagon in a Lamborghini Murciélago. They turn off the road, and drive up onto a walkway, scattering pedestrians. The park just in front of the entrance, and are immediately surrounded by armed guards.

Garry and Shawn pop out, now wearing ridiculously colorful and garish "business" attire, the tags still hanging off. Shawn's in purple and yellow, Garry's in orange and blue. Even Garry's ear bandage has gone orange and blue.

SHAWN

It's all right, we've got a meeting with your boss.

HEAD SECURITY GUARD

YOU CANNOT PARK YOUR CAR HERE, SIR.

GARRY

Don't you mean **your** car?

Garry tosses the Head Security Guard the key, which bounces off his chest. There's a moment, and then one of the other security guards furtively picks up the keys.

The entire security team gives him a look.

INT. HIGH-TECH BRIEFING ROOM

Garry and Shawn sit in public school style deskchairs, looking up at huge flatscreens. Eubanks turns on the screens, whilst Hodges watches.

Cassie is marched into the room with two guards, in heavy restraints.

SHAWN

Heyo. Here's the convict.

CASSIE

Yeah, I'm aiming for Bondage Barbie.

GARRY

Well, at least you're keeping positive. We went out and partied all night, because we're self-centered and solipsistic.

CASSIE

Shawn, there were some real cute girls in the lock-up. And it was real lonely in there. Real cute. And real lonely.

Shawn shifts uncomfortably.

Kelly Watts enters at the far side of the room, and there's immediately sparks between her and Garry, though Hodges doesn't seem to notice.

HODGES

This is Kelly Watts, of MI5. You might remember her from your dealings with the IRA.

GARRY

Hey, I know this is a briefing, but can you get her to de-brief me?

SHAWN

Bones.

Shawn and Garry bump fists, and Kelly looks disgusted.

EUBANKS

As the foremost authority on your activities, Miss Watts has been upgraded to field status and assigned as on-site over-watch.

SHAWN

We're bringing her with us?

HODGES

That's right.

Shawn shoots Garry a look, which he ignores. Eubanks clicks on the screens, and images supporting what he says come up as he briefs them.

EUBANKS

Three years ago we lucked into some information. Whilst on reconnaissance on a drug ring in Canada, local PD intercepted a call. One of the voices on the call was positively identified as Charles Glick. The call came from here: Edinburgh, Scotland. We began to attempt to track his movements, but he was too far off our radar.

(MORE)

EUBANKS (CONT'D)

But every time he'd pop up, it would be due to expenditures, huge expenditures of money. Chad Glick was brewing something. Stewing something.

SHAWN

OoooOoooO-

Garry slaps him on the arm, and Shawn shuts up.

HODGES

Two months ago we got wind of some sort of big auction going on, organized by Chad Glick. We don't know who's buying, what Chad is selling, for how much, or to what purpose. The only thing we do know is that North Korea was ready to pony up twelve **billion** Euros for it, and Al Qaeda seems to have a bid in the running as well.

EUBANKS

Which means, in our estimation, that Chad Glick is selling some kind of weapon. A weapon of mass destruction, most likely for use against the United States or its allies.

HODGES

Our only preliminary intel is captured audio, of your father talking to or about someone named "Max." The odds are he's talking to Polish neo-fascist Max Dazinsky.

Dazinsky's picture comes up on the screen.

GARRY

Could I- Could I hear that-

EUBANKS

No.

SHAWN

Well that's not-

KELLY

Our mission would be to determine what Mr. Glick is selling, to whom he intends to sell it, and then to prevent the transaction from taking place. We would do this by reporting back to our contacts here in the CIA, and calling in a government sanctioned strike team.

SHAWN

Wow. This sounds like fun, right, Garry? Aren't you glad we came, Garry? Garry Garry Garry, Garry?

GARRY

Shawn, shut up. So- what...we just wander around the globe, I mean-

EUBANKS

Pescalo, Uruguay. It's the last known location of-

GARRY

Amy Fetch.

EUBANKS

-that's right.

SHAWN

Aunt Amy, Garry, what're you-

GARRY

Sh. I got it.

HODGES

What've you got, exactly?

GARRY

You said this was under our own discretion. Then it's under my discretion what I tell you, right?

HODGES

...I suppose so.

GARRY

We're gonna need a plane. A car. Guns. Lots of guns.

HODGES

Make a list.

GARRY
Whatever we want.

HODGES
That's right.

SHAWN
(drumming his hands on the
table)
We got a magic list! We're goin'
to Uruguay!

CASSIE
Woo.

EXT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - AIRSTRIP

An Escalade is being loaded up the ramp into an antique cargo plane. Cassie is having her handcuffs taken off by guards, whilst Kelly watches her nervously from a distance.

Shawn and Garry arrive, driven separately by government cars. Shawn, carrying a bag, rushes to catch up to Garry.

SHAWN
Why you gotta do me like that,
Garry?

GARRY
Eh?

SHAWN
Leave me out of the loop, don't do
that. We're a loop. You and me,
we're a two man loop-

GARRY
Do you know how to fly one of
these? Bristol, type 170-

SHAWN
It's an antique, of course I can-
Wait, no- Garry, that's an eight
and half hour flight, you're not
gonna make me fly, how will I drink-

GARRY
You won't. You take four hours, I
take four hours. We're not
bringing pilots.

SHAWN

Garry- but Garry, how will we drink!?

Garry stops just as they reach the plane.

GARRY

We're not gonna be drinking Garry-

SHAWN

FUCK YOU GARRY!

GARRY

Calm down.

SHAWN

I'M SORRY GARRY!

There's a moment. As they talk, we can see Cassie loading an Escalade onto the plane.

GARRY

My father owned...**owns** a controlling interest in a copper mine just south of Pescalco. Amy always used to hang out down there, she liked the weather.

SHAWN

...How come I didn't know about this?

GARRY

I wasn't even supposed to know about it. I heard Amy mention it once, when we were on vacation in Afghanistan.

SHAWN

That was when we were fourteen.

GARRY

Yeah.

SHAWN

(beat)

Is your memory really that good?

GARRY

...I guess, so, yeah. What's that face you're making?

SHAWN
 Nothing, I just- you know, you'd
 make a really good mercenary.

Garry smiles.

CUT TO:

An hour or so later, the cargo plane lifts off.

INT. CARGO PLANE - COCKPIT - LATER

Shawn sits flying the plane, listening to an I-Pod. Garry
 peeks in.

GARRY
 How're you doing up here?

SHAWN
 Durh I fly urplane!

GARRY
 Right. I'ma go check on our
 favorite crooked cop.

SHAWN
 Carrying a torch.

GARRY
 I'm not.

SHAWN
 Burnin' torch.

INT. CARGO PLANE - BELLY - CONTINUOUS

Garry ducks out into the belly of the cargo plane, passing
 the Escalade and crates of equipment, to where Kelly sits,
 looking out a window.

GARRY
 Hey there Kelly.

KELLY
 Hello Garry!

GARRY
 So how'd you swing this?

KELLY
 Why whatever do you mean?

GARRY

I mean our only contact in the entire global policing community is the one assigned to our case.

KELLY

Well, I am the foremost authority on your exploits, Garry-

GARRY

Because we hang out with you all the time. I'm amazed MI5 hasn't caught onto you, much less the CIA-

KELLY

Well, that's just it, Garry, they have. I mean they really have this time.

GARRY

What.

KELLY

I'd been meaning to tell you; they brought me in two months ago. I had to flip everything I knew. That's how they know so much! That's how they caught you-

GARRY

...You set us up. You're sitting here grinning at me and saying you set us up.

KELLY

Well don't you see Garry, I did it for you. So you could see your father. Ever since I met you and Shawn at Scotland Yard I'd been looking for a way to pay you back for all the good times we've had, the presents, the parties...Plus, I've always wanted to come out with on one of your adventures, and I thought...I thought...

Garry's just staring at her.

GARRY

I have to think about this.

After a moment, Garry gets up, walking back to the cockpit.

KELLY

Oh come on, Garry! I was trying to do the right thing! You're being incredibly hard on me please!

CASSIE (O.S.)

Say what.

Cassie sits up from on the other side of the Escalade.

KELLY

(flustered)

I mean- you're being hard on me- I-

CASSIE

Nice to see you again Smelly Kelly.

KELLY

Staff Sergeant Day. Good to see one of the few and the proud could make it.

CASSIE

You're never gonna be cool enough to hang with us Kel-Kel.

KELLY

Cassie, listen, just because it's easy for us to be...**bitchy** to eachother, doesn't mean we have to fall into that behavioral pattern-

CASSIE

You're right. I'm sorry. OH WAIT! I just found out that it's thanks to you I spent the **last three days in prison**. *No eyeliner in prison, Kelly!*

KELLY

I'm sorry about that, I didn't think that through-

CASSIE

Be gone from my sight, devil woman!

Kelly notices what Cassie's sitting in.

KELLY

Is that a massage chair?

CASSIE

(giving the finger)

Magic list.

EXT. URUGUAY - AIRSTRIP - AFTERNOON

The airstrip is secluded, but paved. Jungle surrounds it on all sides, but it has a hangar, a tower; your basic rural aviation amenities.

The cargo plane is landing.

INT. CARGO PLANE - MOMENTS LATER

Shawn and Cassie are asleep together in the massage chair. Kelly's passed out in the passenger side of the Escalade. She has a very strange way of snoring.

Garry abruptly comes into frame, blowing an airhorn. Everyone jumps awake.

GARRY
WELCOME TO URUGUAY! ARRRIBBAAA!

MOMENTS LATER...

Everyone's gathered around as Garry spreads a map across the hood of the Escalade.

GARRY (CONT'D)
We're at Monteverde Airstrip. That puts us fifteen miles from Pescalero Gorge, on the Viensuelo River. Jungle driving, that's like, what-

SHAWN
Twenty minutes, maybe-

GARRY
The gorge is only three miles across, so the mine should be pretty easy to find.

SHAWN
If it's even there-

GARRY
If it's even there.

CASSIE
And once we get there, what? "Hi Dad, found out that there's no Santa Claus after you faked your own death, tracked you down to talk it over-"

GARRY
I don't know, we don't know yet-

SHAWN
Sh...Do you hear that?

CUT TO: THE
SPINNING WHEEL
OF A SEGWAY

EXT. URUGUAY - AIRSTRIP - CONTINUOUS

DIETRICH Swan, 40, with bright eyes, wearing black slacks, black tie, white shirt, the garb of a mormon, is riding a Segway out towards the plane. Trailing him is a military-style cargo truck, filled with guerrillas wielding AK-47s.

He stops by the plane, and the guerrillas unload, flanking Swan, who raises a megaphone.

DIETRICH
Hello in there, and a pleasant afternoon! I'm here to notify you that this happens to be a private airfield. You can't land here-

One of the windows on the plane shatters, and Shawn sticks his head out.

DIETRICH (CONT'D)
Shawn? Little Shawny Shepherd, is that you- Y'know, I heard tell you might be coming this way.

INT. CARGO PLANE - BELLY - CONTINUOUS

Shawn sticks his head back into the plane.

GARRY
Is that-

SHAWN
It's Dietrich freaking Swan.

KELLY
I- Wait, I know that name, he's a mercenary, he's a notorious-

CASSIE
Yeah yeah, the Mormon Madman.
What's he doing here?

GARRY

I...I mean, that clinches it,
doesn't it? My dad is definitely
involved...Oh my god-

SHAWN

Garry, it'll be okay. Dietrich
likes us, right? We've known him
since we were ten.

Shawn sticks his head back out the window.

BACK TO: OUTSIDE

SHAWN (CONT'D)

I, uh- hi Dietrich!

DIETRICH

Well heck, what're you doing way
down here in the devil's country?

SHAWN

We're just here to check on some
things, check some things out-

DIETRICH

Yes, I'm aware of that.

SHAWN

...So are we cool?

DIETRICH

We're very cool, brothers under the
eyes of the lord, Shawn. Just
don't get off the plane or I'll
have to kill you.

SHAWN

...That kind of puts us in a tight
spot Dietrich. We want to get out
of the plane.

DIETRICH

Well, you heard me put a condition
on that, didn't you. "There is
nothing which is good save it comes
from the Lord: and that which is
evil cometh from the devil."
That's Omni 1:25.

SHAWN

...Kay.

DIETRICH

Now I know that I came from the lord, and I know that I am good. Therefore, though there is some tribulation in my heart about shooting you whom I've known since your birth, ultimately I must accept that you were sent by the devil. Understand? That's if you get out of the plane.

SHAWN

...Kay.

Shawn sticks his head back in the plane.

BACK TO: INSIDE

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Yeah, I think I might've overestimated the amount of "fine" it would be. Garry, what're you thinking?

GARRY

...Kelly, is this plane ours?

KELLY

What do you mean-

GARRY

I mean is it accounted for as a mission asset.

KELLY

Um, yes, yes I believe it is, why?

Garry smiles, and looks to Cassie. Her face lights up.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - MOMENTS LATER

Dietrich stands with his paramilitary goons, waiting. The front of the cargo plane **EXPLODES**; the impact throws Dietrich off his segway.

The back of the cargo plane drops open, and the Escalade comes flying out, with Shawn out the open sunroof, wielding an RP-90 assault rifle.

The Goodtime Gang escalade swerves hard towards the goonsquad, with Shawn firing wildly into the crowd. It skids to a halt, and Garry, driving, shoots out his own windshield.

GARRY
Clear! Light'em up!

Cassie quickly finishes loading an RPG.

CASSIE
Kablukey.

Cassie **fires the RPG straight through the paramilitary guys**; Swan throws himself out of the way and the rocket strikes the beat-up truck, which **explodes into flames**.

Dietrich pops to his feet, already shooting with a huge revolver, but Garry swerves the Escalade again, motoring off onto a jungle backroad. Shawn shoots into the air.

SHAWN
I LOVE URUGUAAAAAAAAAAAY!

GARRY
WOOOO!

Three beat-up paramilitary hummers take off after them, Swan jumping on the one in back.

EXT. JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

The Goodtime Gang leads the mercenaries on a chaotic, pulse-pounding chase through the jungle, exchanging gunfire the whole time. Several times they crash off the road, through the dense undergrowth.

One of the hummers gets blasted by Shawn and goes crashing off into a dry ravine. Cassie hurls a grenade into the closer hummer, and the roof **blows off**, leading to the hummer to go sailing off a jungle cliff.

Swan's hummer pulls up behind them. Dietrich **has mounted a minigun on the roof**.

SHAWN
GARRY. THING! THING!

GARRY
What, what is it?

KELLY
(looking out the back
window)
Oh good lord.

SHAWN
THING BAD DO THERE!

CASSIE
SWAN'S GOT A FREAKIN' MINIGUN!

Garry swerves the Escalade as Swan opens fire; the **stream of bullets literally SLICES THE CAR IN HALF** just behind the rear wheels. Out of control, the car flips on its side, crashes through a bank of trees, plummets 20 feet and abruptly hits water.

They've landed in Amazonian rapids! CRAP.

Swan's hummer pulls up, and he looks down into the water; the Escalade has sunk, the waters are impenetrable.

DIETRICH
 Well shucks.

EXT. VIENSUELO RIVER - AFTERNOON

An independent fruit cargo trawler moves lazily up the river. Its wisened old Uruguayan **CAPTAIN** sits behind the wheel. He hears a ruckus from the aft. He grabs a shotgun, and heads out to see...

Kelly, Cassie, Garry and Shawn climbing out of the water, pulling two duffles with them.

KELLY
 -always driving cars off cliffs
 into water!?

SHAWN
 Hey Garry was driving this time-

GARRY
 You cannot blame me, okay, that's
 just bitchy of you Shawn-

CAPTAIN (SUBTITLE)
*Who are you? What are you doing on
 my boat?*

The four of them all stare at the captain.

GARRY (SUBTITLE)
 Is this the Viensuelo river?

CAPTAIN (SUBTITLE)
 Yes.

GARRY (SUBTITLE)
 The Pescalero Gorge; you know that
 place? Is it on the river?

The Captain nods.

SHAWN (SUBTITLE)
 (beat, referencing Cassie)
 If you give us a ride up the river
 to the Pescalero mine, she'll give
 you a lapdance.

The Captain hesitantly smiles, lowering the gun a little.

CASSIE
 What'd he say? I don't speak
 Spanish. Shawn, what'd you say?
 What'd you just say in Spanish?
 (beat)
 I don't speak Spanish, what'd you
 say?

THE
 BOAT...SUNSET

The Captain looks totally and completely euphoric, lazily steering the boat. Garry and Kelly are up near the front, laughing.

GARRY
 -and Shawn just had no idea. He
 was coming at a vibrator with a
 full defusal kit, sweat like,
 gushing down his face...It turns
 on, I swore he jumped five feet in
 the air.

KELLY
 You really love him, don't you?

GARRY
 What, Shawn? I've known him since
 I was four years old. He's my best-
 yes, I love him.

KELLY
 I'm jealous of you, Garry. I
 always have been; you and Shawn
 traipsing around the world, doing
 what you want.

GARRY
 Yeah. I'm jealous of me too. I'm
 kind of scared, actually.

KELLY
 Scared?

GARRY

Of my dad. I don't...You know, I want it to be him, but I don't? Kelly, promise me something: When we find him, I mean, if it really is him, you let me have control. You let me decide what to do, you don't call back to the CIA Interpol goon squad, you *let me figure it out*.

KELLY

(beat)

Okay, Garry. For you.

GARRY

Thank you. You don't know how much that means to me. I know why you did what you did, Kelly. I'm sorry I was a dick.

KELLY

It's okay, Garry. I understand. It's a beautiful sunset, isn't it?

Over at the back of the boat, Shawn is watching Garry and Kelly talk from a distance, eating a banana, thinking. Cassie, wearing only her underwear; a tattoo reading **LUCKY YOU** is visible just over her low-rider thong's panty line.

The Captain is smiling at her from the bridge. She winks at him.

SHAWN

How was it?

CASSIE

My life is a victory for feminism.

There's a beat.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Is that "thoughtful?" Or is it "jealousy?" Whatever it is, put it away, it looks bad on you.

SHAWN

Cassandra-

CASSIE

-ooh "Cassandra"-

SHAWN

Have you ever thought about, you know, us? About us being more, I don't know, exclusive, or, together-

CASSIE

Our relationship, you mean.

SHAWN

Yeah.

CASSIE

Shawn, we have no relationship. You just pimped me out to give a lap dance to a seventy three year old man.

SHAWN

Yeah, but that was just-

CASSIE

-ah ah ah come on. Come on. You want grown up, we can be grown up: I love being with you. You make me laugh, we have fun. But I don't delude myself into believing that Shawn Shephard cares about anyone except Shawn Shephard. And you shouldn't either.

Shawn looks a little shellshocked. There are some lights up the river.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Chin-up. I think we're getting close. Which means it's time I put some clothes on, ya?

Cassie ruffles Shawn's hair and heads off.

EXT. PESCALERO GORGE MINE - DOCK - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

A rickety old dock extends out from a dark jungle path. The boat has pulled up, and The Goodtime Gang is disembarking. Garry drops a duffle down on the dock, and starts unloading guns.

KELLY

Kind of creepy out here, isn't it?

GARRY

You've clearly never done acid at Disneyland. It hardens the soul.

Shawn laughs, and picks up a few guns, just in time to see Cassie give the "Call Me" sign to the Captain as the boat heads off down the river.

Garry starts tossing out flashlights.

SHAWN

Garry, are you sure this is it? I mean, it looks pretty abandoned-

GARRY

If this is Pescalco Gorge, then this is Pescalco Gorge.

KELLY

(consulting GPS)

We're in a little valley, here. Satellite feed shows a big clearing just north of here.

Cassie immediately heads off into the jungle, with the rest of the gang trying to keep up.

GARRY

Stick together, guys. You get lost in this jungle it's gonna be a long walk home.

SHAWN

Won't it be a long walk home anyway, I mean-

GARRY

Shawn **SHUT UP SHAWN** Jesus, I can't say anything without you picking it apart-

SHAWN

I mean-

GARRY

Shut up shut up shut up!

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

The Goodtime Gang moves through the jungle dense jungle path, their flashlight beams flitting around in the darkness.

KELLY

Is it safe out here?

SHAWN

You mean other than the high potentiality of guys with guns who want to kill us, is it safe?

KELLY

I meant, you know, animals, poison plants-

CASSIE

-I think I'm about to accidentally shoot her-

GARRY

No Kelly, it's not safe. From any perspective.

KELLY

Well I mean, if it's not too much of a bother, could you give me your rifle. It's the only weapon I'm certified with-

CASSIE

Sh! Did you hear that?

KELLY

Hear what-

CASSIE

Don't say "hear what" just sh!

They're all silent. There's a click from the woods.

SHAWN

Well this sucks.

KELLY

What su-

*The jungle is suddenly **ALIGHT WITH GUNFIRE.** Glowing phosphorescent tracer rounds punch through the undergrowth in all directions.*

GARRY

SHIT! SHIT! GO!

Crouch-running, the gang hurries through the jungle, surrounded by falling debris and whizzing bullets.

KELLY

Clearing, there, up ahead!

Shawn and Garry stand up and lead the way, firing into the darkness.

EXT. PESCALERO GORGE MINE - CONTINUOUS

The clearing they push out into is well lit by moonlight; the tracer rounds look surreal coming flying out of the jungle, like magic.

The whole area is filled with abandoned mine equipment; cranes, drills, bulldozers, mine shafts, mine buildings, but it hasn't been used in weeks. Everything's derelict.

GARRY
Spread out, stay down.

CASSIE
Shawn, watch the retard.

KELLY
I beg your pardon-

Shawn grabs Kelly and yanks her to cover as the mercenary troops emerge from the jungle, guns blazing.

Garry and Cassie return fire, moving cleverly through the derelict equipment to keep the advantage, picking off the guerrilla guns-for-hire. In the meantime, Shawn drags Kelly off into a mining building.

INT. PESCALERO GORGE MINE - DERELICT MINING BARN - CONTINUOUS

Shawn drags in Kelly, and then peeks out, watching the intense gun fight outside.

KELLY
I don't understand, who are those men-

SHAWN
They're Swan's guys again. The question is, whose guy is Swan? Did that sentence make sense, hm-

KELLY
Oh dear. Shawn.

SHAWN
I've got to go out and help them-

KELLY
Shawn, look.

Shawn turns, and sees what's freaking Kelly out; hazmat radioactive protective suits, and all manner of radioactive mineral mining equipment.

SHAWN

What is all that stuff?

KELLY

It's for handling radioactive elements...Garry was wrong. This is *not* a copper mine. This isn't a hide out. *This is part of the plan.*

EXT. PESCALERO GORGE MINE - CONTINUOUS

Cassie and Garry continue duelling with the mercenaries; Cassie's sharply efficient military style of shooting clashing pleasingly with Garry's Devil-may-care shoot'em-as-they-come mayhem.

CASSIE

Looks like we got here too late; this place is all packed up. What're all these crates?

GARRY

They say Mac's; it must be the equipment company they were buying from.

Lights suddenly start coming on all around them; the rusty generators rumbling to life.

GARRY (CONT'D)

What the hell that?

CASSIE

Somebody started the generators, I'll go around and check it out-

GARRY

Okay, but wait til-

A huge hail of gunfire separates them, Cassie disappearing from sight. A last big wave of a dozen men is closing in. Garry rushes back towards the abandoned mine building, shooting guys down as he runs and jumps over everything in his way.

GARRY (CONT'D)

SHAWN SHAWN SHAWN

Shawn bursts out of the building, blasting back at the goons.

SHAWN
I AM SHAWN

GARRY
Jesus christ, they buy these guys
in bulk or what? I've never seen
so many generic brand goons.

SHAWN
How many did you already shoot?

GARRY
Twelve-

SHAWN
Twelve, jesus man are you trying to
kill everyone in Uruguay!? How
many people are there in Uruguay,
are there more than twelve? I just
realized I know very little about
Uruguay!

Another grenade goes off near them; Kelly wanders out of the shed, futzing with the GPS, and Garry yanks her down out of the way of a hail of bullets; the mining camp is almost completely lit, now.

There's suddenly a burst of fire from above them; three of the goons run **screaming, engulfed in flame.**

GARRY SHAWN
Hot tamale! Holy smokes!

Another stream of fire takes out more goons, and they remaining troops run screaming into the jungle. Kelly looks up.

CLOSE ON:

The burner of a flamethrower being used to light a cigar.

KELLY
It's A...it's Am...It's...

SHAWN
AUNT AMY!

"Aunt" **AMY Fetch**, 40, %200 grizzled cougar, stands on some scaffolding above them, wielding a flamethrower. Shawn and Garry both look delighted, but then quickly raise their guns.

Amy speaks in a thick cajun accent.

AUNT AMY
Why ya'll gotta point dem gun at
me?

SHAWN
You just surprised us is all-

Shawn starts to lower his gun, but Garry quickly pushes it
back up.

GARRY
Put down the flame thrower, Aunt
Amy.

AUNT AMY
Well shucks ya throw down a lil
butane lighter and dat ain't a
problem.

Amy roughly drops the flame thrower. Shawn and Garry slowly
lower their guns.

AUNT AMY (CONT'D)
Come round follow me.

Amy tromps off on the scaffolding, heading deeper into the
mining camp, while Garry, Shawn and Kelly follow.

AUNT AMY (CONT'D)
Who dat dere you got with you?

GARRY
It's our friend Kelly.

AUNT AMY
Who you kiddin' making friends now,
that's some lunatic stuff bring a
girl into the jungle.

KELLY
I'm an MI:5 operative, actually-

AUNT AMY
Oh da yakado yak yakkity-

GARRY
Look, Amy, what're you doing out
here?

AUNT AMY
I done been livin' here, jungle got
nice weather.

KELLY

Garry, there's something we need to discuss-

AUNT AMY

Shawnie's gooda see you boy, how you doing? I'm glad to see you done drop that scoundrel woman-

SHAWN

It's great to see you too, Amy, but Cassie is-

GARRY

Are you trying to tell us you **aren't** with Dietrich? Aren't working with my father?

AUNT AMY

Your father? Ha boy you done lost your mind, Garry. God rest your father soul he done heard you talk like this he flip in the grave.

Amy gets up onto a higher platform as Shawn, Kelly and Garry climb up after her, onto a platform beneath her.

GARRY

You're saying my father is dead.

KELLY

(whispering)

She's lying, Garry. This mine was operational as recently as a week ago-

SHAWN

Aunt Amy wouldn't lie to us, she's known us since we were babies. Amy trained us-

KELLY

Amy Fetch is an assassin, and a terrorist-

GARRY

Aunt Amy, what're you doing up there-

The ground beneath them **abruptly drops out! The three of them fall ten feet onto a conveyor belt, surrounded by rocks.**

KELLY

Agh, my ankle!

The conveyor belt rumbles to life. Down the line a mere ten feet, a rock crusher is pounding boulders (and soon the Goodtime Gang) to dust.

GARRY

I knew it, I knew it-

Garry begins frantically searching for a way out, but the walls of the tunnel are fenced off, and their way back is blocked by a boulder.

SHAWN

No, no, it's a mistake, it's
must've been a mistake! Amy would
never-

Amy calls down to them from above.

AUNT AMY

I would never what, mon cher
Shawnboy? I assure you der ain't
but nothin' Aunt Amy won't try
once. Ya'll shouldn'ta come here,
led by your sentimentality-

Garry begins **individually shooting links in the chain fence walls**, but the forward movement of the conveyor belt makes progress almost impossible.

GARRY

-Shit, shit!-

AUNT AMY

-Garry maybe, but Shawn? I'm
disappointed in you. I always
thought you was de boy gon go far
in this business, cause you so damn
selfish. Empathy only done one
thing and that's do you wrong, now
you get crushed in da **big grinda!**

Cassie **suddenly pops up behind Amy**, trying to slit her throat. Amy blocks, and violently slams Cassie into the panel. Kelly, thinking she has a shot, opens fire on Amy, nearly hitting Cassie.

CASSIE

WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU!?

KELLY

Sorry! Sorry, I didn't see you,
terribly sorry!

GARRY

For christsakes Shawn stop staring
and help me with this!

Shawn snaps out of it and begins shooting links in the fence; in order to stay current as the fence moves past them, they have to move CLOSER to the grinder, and **squat-walk backwards on the conveyor belt as the boulder moves forward, bringing violent death with it.** They've nearly cut a hole, now.

Up on the platform, Amy and Cassie go toe to toe. Amy's a brawler, but Cassie's Ranger training wins out, and she's able to flip Amy off the platform. Cassie frantically addresses the incomprehensible control panel.

GARRY (CONT'D)

CASSIE THE MACHINE TURN OFF
THE MACHINE

SHAWN

CASSIE TURN IT OFF THE
MACHINE TURN IT OFF

CASSIE

AGH YOU GUYS NEVER SHUT UP

Cassie frantically starts pressing buttons, when there's a **BURST OF FIRE ALL AROUND HER**; Amy's got the flamethrower again! Cassie frantically rolls away, blindly firing her pistol at Amy.

AUNT AMY

Dem skinny little fritter gonna
burn real good! You got a molotov
cocktail in your veins, yepyp!

Cassie screams as another stream of fire nearly incinerates her, shooting chaotically at Amy.

AUNT AMY (CONT'D)

We got ourselves a US Ranger
barbeque up in heyuh! I always
hope I get to kill yo skanky ass,
dis here just an excuse boy oh boy-

A Black Hawk helicopter blows past overhead.

CASSIE

What the hell-

AUNT AMY

Nah what dis here?

Garry, Shawn and Kelly are **PRACTICALLY INSIDE THE GRINDER**, all of them screaming insanely at Cassie. Cassie looks around; **Amy is gone.** Cassie frantically presses all the buttons.

NOTHING WORKS. She takes a step back, and unloads her pistol into the control panel. It sparks, and lights on fire. The conveyor belt stops, and the machine turns off.

CASSIE
 (thoughtful)
 Man, guns solve all problems.

Another two helicopters zoom overhead, and Cassie jumps down off the platform.

On the conveyor belt, Shawn, Kelly and Garry finish cutting through the fence, and dump out into...

INT. PESCALERO GORGE MINE - MINESHAFT - CONTINUOUS

The shaft stretches off in either direction. Garry helps Kelly out; her ankle is clearly broken.

SHAWN
 Amy turned it off, see I told you,
 Amy wouldn't-

CASSIE
 (climbing down)
 Amy didn't turn it off, I did.

GARRY
 Is your ankle-

KELLY
 I think it's broken.

SHAWN
 Aw, c'mon! It was only a surprise
 ten foot drop onto rocks!

CASSIE
 There's goddamn black hawks up
 there guys, we've gotta move-

KELLY
 No, actually.

| | | | |
|-----------|-------|-----------|-------|
| Say what? | SHAWN | What say? | GARRY |
|-----------|-------|-----------|-------|

KELLY (CONT'D)
 I called them in.

Garry looks at Shawn. Shawn looks at Garry. Garry looks at Cassie.

CASSIE
 What is **wrong** with you?

KELLY

This isn't a copper mine, he's mining geridium.

(blank, angry faces)

Geridium; it's a metal with massive latent radioactive potential. **When exposed to potassium nitrate, it become three times as deadly as plutonium.**

GARRY

They got here so quick- *you mean they were following us the whole time!?*

KELLY

Garry, of course! I mean, I thought you knew-

CASSIE

You **bitch-**

Shawn holds back Cassie.

GARRY

You promised me you wouldn't call them in until I-

KELLY

-found your father, yes, but Garry, this is bigger than that now. There are only so many ways to use geridium; the most likely is a dirty bomb, and if that's what he's doing, we can't waste any time-

GARRY

You betrayed us. **Again.**

KELLY

If he's working with Max Dazinsky, we can hunt him down in Poland, go after all the people we have intel about handling geridium! I didn't betray you-

GARRY

What about us now, doofus!? We didn't even get my dad! They'll try to arrest us again!

KELLY

Well now, I hardly think-

SHAWN

Garry, let's go. There's wind coming up from from down there somewhere.

GARRY

Yeah.

KELLY

But Garry, please! I didn't mean this to come between us, I'm just doing what's right for the mission! Garry! Please, listen, come back!

GARRY

(from down the shaft)

One too many times, Kelly! One too many!

KELLY

But- my foot-

GARRY

I'll fax you a new one.

Garry, Shawn and Cassie disappear down into the tunnels. After a beat, a clearly upset Kelly calls out.

KELLY

Garry! Please! Shawn! Garry!
Please come back! I was doing- I
was doing what I had to do!

EXT. PESCALERO GORGE MINE - RIVERSIDE WASTE RUN OFF - MOMENTS
LATER

The trio comes falling out of a very steep mineshaft opening in the side of a canyon, entering out onto a small ravine. We can see more Mac's crates strewn around.

Up high above them, we can hear helicopters landing and marines shouting, even some muted back and forth gunfire.

The three of them straighten themselves; Cassie consults a GPS while Garry futzes with a flashlight and Shawn fidgets anxiously with his clothes.

Garry notices something on one of the discarded crates, and starts frantically looking from crate to crate, having an "aha!" moment.

SHAWN

What's the GPS say, Cassie?

CASSIE

Two different ways we could play it. There's a state road three miles that way, a sort of hitch or hijack situation. Then two and a half miles down river there's a subsistence farming community, and we could probably catch a truck with a few...caballeros...Garry, what're you-

GARRY

Guys, look, the crates. See? Get it?

(points at a shipping tag)
Canada!

Cassie and Shawn are lost.

GARRY (CONT'D)

They said they heard my dad talking on the phone to Max Dazinsky. But that's just what they assumed, see: It's not "Max." It's "Mac's," Mac S, possessive!

Cassie and Shawn are still lost.

GARRY (CONT'D)

The postage on these crates is two ways, and they're lead lined!

SHAWN

Garry-

GARRY

Don't you get it? These aren't used; they weren't just getting stuff from Canada, they were shipping geridium back! The plan is in Canada, at the
(reads the label)
"Montahuma Industrial Park." **My father is in Canada**, and the US government, I mean *they're barking up the wrong tree-*

SHAWN

I don't care.

GARRY

(beat)
I don't-

SHAWN

Let's just go, Shawn. Kelly was right, this is **bigger than us**. I mean, a dirty bomb? International terrorism, that's serious-

GARRY

Serious?

(beat)

SERIOUS!? We've already shot like forty guys on this mission. People we've known our entire lives **have tried to murder us**, that wasn't serious?

SHAWN

Well, you know what I mean- I just think we can save ourselves, you can save yourself, a lot of trouble-

GARRY

SAVE MYSELF A LOT OF TROUBLE!? Are you really this stupid? I'm embarrassed right now, I'm embarrassed that you're my friend. Cassie, can you-

CASSIE

Shawn, Garry has a-

SHAWN

MY PARENTS ARE STILL DEAD. Okay!? My parents are still dead, and they lied to me about who they were my entire life! And I find that out, and what's the first thing you do, "let's go on a mission, let's get serious!" For who? FOR GARRY, to find Garry's dad! And now you're just using the Geridium, you're using it as an excuse to keep doing what you want to do!

GARRY

...Shawn-

SHAWN

NO MAN! Aunt Amy hates us now! I've known her since I was five years old, and she tried to kill us! And I'm not gonna stick around and wait for your dad to finish the job. **FUCK YOU GERALD.**

Shawn storms off up river.

GARRY

Shawn, wait- come on man, wait,
you're right, I didn't think-

Cassie looks at Shawn, then Garry. Garry looks heartbroken. Cassie hurries off after Shawn. There's a beat, and then Garry snorts back tears, and heads off down the river.

MONTAGE OF THE
FOLLOWING SCENES
SET TO OVERLY
SAPPY SAD MUSIC

1. Garry catching a ride in the back of a farm truck filled with goats; all the goat's asses are in his face.

2. Shawn and Cassie, not talking, uncomfortable, in a crowded run-down bus going over rocky roads. Someone's pet monkey jumps into Shawn's lap. He looks at it, sad.

3. Garry, at a small urban airport, asks to charter a jet; at first the pilot looks nervous, but then Garry puts down a bunch of money, and the pilot beckons him onward.

4. Shawn and Cassie in line for the ticket counter at a big urban airport.

INT. URBAN AIRPORT - CONCOURSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

(same)

CASSIE

So are you doing this the rest of
the day, then?

SHAWN

Doing what-

CASSIE

Doing what. NOT TALKING. You
haven't spoken since we left the
mine.

SHAWN

I'm upset.

CASSIE

Then we should talk about it-

SHAWN

Why? Would would I want to talk about it with you?

CASSIE

Right. Okay. So where are we going?

SHAWN

We? We're not going anywhere.

CASSIE

What is this. Why are you doing this to yourself.

SHAWN

Look should you care what happens to me, I thought we "had no relationship-"

CASSIE

(restrained fury)

I know this might be hard for you to understand, because you're not, I don't know, technically human, and emotions confuse you, *but sometimes people say things because they're looking for you to say something*, do you understand? Does that get through?

Shawn looks at her, blank and startled.

SHAWN

I don't- I mean, I don't know what you-

CASSIE

Ugh, you know what, fuck it. You've turned me into a complete girl. To hell with this. Be alone, Shawn, see how you do with that. I'm getting off.

Cassie storms off into the crowd.

SHAWN

Damn Garry, I guess it's just-
(realizing)
You...and me...now...

Shawn stares after Cassie, and then notices two little boys playing with each other, chasing around an airport shop, laughing.

Shawn's eyes move to the big Departures screen.

EXT. URUGUAYAN AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Cassie storms out, and goes over to a secluded area by a bus turnabout. She takes a moment to compose herself, and notices that she's shed a tear in her reflection in muddy water on the street.

She quickly wipes it away...to see Amy Fetch standing behind her.

AUNT AMY

Skinny bitch like you'll fit nice
in the luggage.

Cassie spins, drawing a knife, but Amy blocks and **headbutts her into unconsciousness, WHAM.**

SLAM TO BLACK.

EXT. MONTAHUMA - INDUSTRIAL AIRSTRIP

Garry, freshly disembarked, looks around at the cold, snowy, forboding landscape of Montahuma.

INT. MONTAHUMA - SPORTING GOODS STORE

Garry looks at several different types of camouflage, and then notices two sets out of the corner of his eye; neon orange and neon rainbow. His eyes move back and forth from the rainbow to the standard snow camo.

CUT TO: THE
COUNTER

Garry puts down a shotgun, a rifle, a revolver, some binoculars, a duffle, ammo...and the rainbow camo.

CLERK

Will that be all
(reads credit card)
Mr. Valesquez?

GARRY

Si.

EXT. ICY ROAD

The road stretches off in the snowy wasteland. Garry is hitch-hiking. A big-rig truck pulls over.

INT. TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

The **CREEPY OLD TRUCK DRIVER** is eyeing Garry as they drive along.

GARRY

Can you take me up to Montahuma?

CREEPY OLD TRUCK DRIVER

Sure. How you gonna pay?

GARRY

I'm sure we'll figure something out.

CREEPY OLD TRUCK DRIVER

You got a pretty mouth. Mm.

GARRY

You got a pretty mouth. Mrmmrm.

CREEPY OLD TRUCK DRIVER

Mm?

GARRY

Mmm!

CREEPY OLD TRUCK DRIVER

MmmMmmMrrrrmmrm

GARRY

MMMMMMMMMMMMMM

CREEPY OLD TRUCK DRIVER

(creeped out)

Cash is fine.

GARRY

Mm.

EXT. MONTAHUMA INDUSTRIAL PARK - ACROSS THE STREET

A large factory planted in the middle of snowy flat nothingness. In the snow-covered plain behind it, many oil pumps are visible, up and down they go.

It looks pretty...blase. Harmless. A sign reads "CHIEF PRODUCER OF K-21 VALVES WORLDWIDE!"

Garry, posted out on a hill across the street in his rainbow camo (in some underbrush, he's not stupid), is watching the factory through binoculars.

He sighs, tiredly, and looks around.

EXT. SNOW-BOOTIES!

It's the local bar/strip club, probably the only one in many, many miles. Garry stares at the neon, and heads in.

QUICK MONTAGE OF
GARRY TAKING
SHOTS

Garry sits alone at the bar, with a hamburger, a pocket knife and a donut, trying clumsily to construct a Lutherburger. He looks pathetic. He hears something from up the bar, and turns.

It's fucking CHAD GLICK, GARRY'S FATHER, LESS THAN TEN FEET AWAY, ORDERING A DRINK. He's a grizzled old wolf, that's for sure, dangerous on sight. He wears a tuxedo.

He takes a shot, and then notices Garry staring at him out of the corner of his eye. Garry's hand goes to his pistol under the bar.

CHAD

Garry? Holy shit!

He slams down the shot glass, approaches Garry, and...**embraces him!**?

GARRY

...Dad?

CHAD

You mealy little son of a bitch!
Say, where the hell is your ear!?

MOMENTS LATER...

Chad and Garry are in a booth. Chad's wolfing down a steak, drinking long tugs of beer, whilst Garry just watches, in numb shock.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Been travelling underground for the past nine, ten years, setting all this up. After I left you and your mom it's basically been just one long roller coaster ride.

(MORE)

CHAD (CONT'D)

Gosh, you look great, don't you?
Spitting image of me at your age,
almost. ALMOST! Maybe you're a
little better looking, but that's
the lifestyle, ain't it?

GARRY

I...You're my dad Chad.

CHAD

Yeah, whoa there, don't say it like
that, that sounds...retarded.

GARRY

Right, sorry. I just...why?

CHAD

Why!? For this, for what I'm doing
today! DUH. The single greatest
act of terrorism in human history,
come on now, you gotta make
sacrifices if you want to do
something truly special. When your
poor mother passed I saw an
opportunity to **free you**, to save
you from this life, this messy
life. So I cut you loose, cut my
life loose. It's not a big deal.

GARRY

...not a...not a big deal-

CHAD

Not in the scope of things, I mean,
you chose it anyway, didn't you?
You're a mercenary, I didn't see
that coming. Woulda thought you
and that piece of shit Shawn woulda
just taken the cash and run, right?

GARRY

I...wanted to be like you-

CHAD

And shit man, you are like me,
aren't you!? I mean, you found me,
you tracked me down. CIA couldn't
do that. Interpol, MI:5, everyone
nippin' at my heels and you're the
one who found me. Honestly, I'm
just really glad you could be here
for this, this is the big moment.

Garry shifts, totally off his game, no idea how to react, thrown so far out of his element he's practically drowning.

CHAD (CONT'D)

It came to me in a dream. What does everybody need? Food, water, air. You corrupt one of these things, you get that lovely chaos, you know? So I decided, which one is the road least travelled, where can I be an original. Food, poison, blah, everybody does that, air, you got all kinds of toxins and gasses, blah. But. But.

Garry casually overturns a cup of water onto the table.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Agua. H₂O. We've got reservoirs, with sewer systems thanks to the Romans and such. And at the heart of every reservoir in every major city in the United States is a-

GARRY

K-21 valve?

CHAD

Damn you're a bright kid, I love it, I love it. So I assume an identity. Buy a controlling stock in an upcoming company manufacturing these valves. And then I take personal control of the manufacturing.

GARRY

You made the valves out of Geridium.

Chad slaps the table, "HA!", splashing up some spilt water.

CHAD

Well done. And then, you got millions, I mean **millions** of gallons pumping through these valves a day, out to all the schools and homes and offices and EVERYTHING...And all it takes is one little pill of potassium nitrate, to trigger the Geridium's latent radioactivity, and **ABRACADRA ALAKAZAM-**

GARRY

An entire city's water supply
rendered radioactive.

CHAD

And not "melt your face" big budget
radioactive, either, ha! CANCER!
Give hundreds of thousands of
people terminal cancer in one shot.
Set off all the valves at once,
you've got TENS OF MILLIONS of
Americans dead within forty eight
hours, and more after that. Pretty
neat, right? A clean, freaky
little bit of business. Best of
all, all the pipes are already
installed. All you need is ten
cent capsules of potassium nitrate.

(beat)

The auction's today, people are
already arriving.

GARRY

...why-

CHAD

Why!? Why not? When you were a
kid, you used to love building sand
castles, knockin'em down. That's
all it really is, right? I mean,
christ Garry, don't tell me during
all the shots and shooting you
forgot how to have good old
fashioned fun!

GARRY

...I can't believe you're alive.

Chad finishes up his steak.

CHAD

Yeah, well, we're past that part
now. You wanna come to the
factory, I'll show you how it's all
done, you can come to the auction
with me. I think Al Qaeda's got a
pretty strong bid, but there are
some dark horses to watch for-

GARRY

But what about the-

CHAD

The CIA, your sexy little spy girl Kelly, not a problem. I have eyes on them, getting ready to head off and dick around on a wild goose chase in Poland. You did the legwork, dodged Dietrich and Amy. You deserve to be there for the final act.

Garry is clearly on autopilot, standing up and heading out with his father.

EXT. SNOW-BOOTIES! - MOMENTS LATER

It's overcast as Garry and Chad exit the bar.

CHAD

We'll take my car, yeah?

GARRY

Okay.

CHAD

Say, Garry, you know what your mother's last words were?

GARRY

What?

CHAD

Oh, so you know, then.

Chad **ABRUPTLY DRAWS A MACHETE FROM A LEG SHEATH AND SLASHES GARRY ACROSS THE BACK. HE FALLS, AND CHAD SWINGS THE BLADE TOWARDS THE BACK OF GARRY'S HEAD -BLAM!- THE MACHETE IS SHOT OUT OF HIS HANDS!**

GARRY

Aah!

Shawn, hunting rifle blazing, approaches from the other side of the lot, as Chad draws a sawed off shotgun and blasts back at him!

Garry, in shock, fumbles out his revolver and takes a few haphazard shots at his father; one of them **BLOWS OFF HIS RIGHT EAR.**

CHAD

WHAT!?! AGH ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING

Chad ducks out, taking cover, as Shawn goes to help Garry.

SHAWN

Garry!

GARRY

Shawn!? Ow, fuck!

Chad's car screeches out of the lot, headed off up the road. Shawn slumps down to Garry, taking him up in his arms. As the conversation progresses they both gradually break down in tears.

SHAWN

Is it-

GARRY

It's not bad, I don't think- I should've known that was coming, he's fucking, he's completely fucking evil, Shawn. He did the thing where the bad guy explains his whole plan-

SHAWN

-Oh that's so douchey!-

GARRY

-so douchey! And I was just like, I was like in shock to see him-

SHAWN

S'lucky I was here-

GARRY

How'd you know I'd be here-

SHAWN

I didn't, I just wanted to drink and see boobs-

GARRY

Yeah that was why I came too-

SHAWN

That's so awesome!

GARRY

Where's Cassie?

SHAWN

She left. She left us.

GARRY

She left **you**.

SHAWN

Yeah.

GARRY

I knew you'd come, man. Do you remember that night, in London, when we drank all that Absolut, and all that Johnny Walker, and we were hanging out with those models from Israel, and I fell in the mudwrestling pit, and you ruined your shoes and your whole outfit to pull me out, that's when I knew, that's when I knew you were my best friend!

They're both full on sobbing now.

SHAWN

No! I don't remember anything from that night!

GARRY

It was a great night! You puked on the queen of England from a hot air balloon-

SHAWN

It sounds like a great night!

Shawn and Garry embrace, sobbing.

GARRY

Now let's go **kill my dad.**

EXT. MONTAHUMA INDUSTRIAL PARK - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Cars are pulling up, headed inside; all different makes and models. Across the street, Garry and Shawn, in their ridiculous camo, are posted out, watching through binoculars.

GARRY

Ten snipers.

SHAWN

I count nine.

GARRY

By the smokestack.

SHAWN

Ooh. Yeah, and Shah Nissad just went in.

GARRY

Nissad, Michael O'Shaunessy,
Xi'Shan Wing-

SHAWN

All the number two guys from the
most powerful terrorist
organizations in the world. And
the hits just keep on coming;
there's Paco Guitierrez.

(beat)

I don't get it. If your father
already has all the valves
installed, what's he selling them?

GARRY

The secret. The fact that the plan
exists. Once you know that, all
you need are a couple couch class
tickets and few dozen ten cent
potassium capsules, and you're the
deadliest man alive.

SHAWN

Gotcha. Shit man, we're not gonna
be able to get through all those
guys.

GARRY

Yeah, and Kelly isn't answering her
phone.

SHAWN

You called Kelly!?

GARRY

I had to try.

SHAWN

...So what do we do now?

CUT TO: GARRY
AND SHAWN VIEWED
THROUGH A PAIR
OF HIGH TECH
BINOCULARS

Chad, flanked by Aunt Amy and Dietrich Swan, observes the
Goodtime Gang. His ear is bandaged.

CHAD

Gotta hand it to them, they're
stupid in a very unorthodox way.

(MORE)

CHAD (CONT'D)

They've chosen a perfect cover location from our snipers...while still wearing those clown suits and laying right out in the open.

DIETRICH

I could head out there. Give them a talking to.

CHAD

No, I don't want a ruckus. Let them wait it out, they're not smart enough to stop us. They've got no back up, shitty guns...Amy, you said you had a contingency plan for them. Is that all set up?

AUNT AMY

Ayep, outback in da field. That gonna set them a fine conundrum they come on in here, yep.

CHAD

Good. Then I think it's time we go down and greet our guests. Dietrich, you're on perimeter.

BACK TO: SHAWN
AND GARRY

Shawn and Garry both look frustrated. Shawn is covertly pouring himself a shot when Garry has a stroke of genius.

GARRY

Shawn!

SHAWN

(startled, spilling his drink)

Yes, I am focused!

GARRY

Who do you call when something bad is going to happen? I mean, who do normal people call? Who would we **never think to call?**

SHAWN

G...ghos...ghostbus-

GARRY

No, Garry.

CUT TO: A POLICE
SIREN

It's twenty minutes later; a single squad car is rolling up the icy road towards the factory. It stops out front of the closed gate.

Garry takes careful aim with his rifle. Shawn crosses his fingers.

Garry fires, shattering the windshield of the cop car, and again, hitting the police lights. The mountie rushes back to the car, unsure where the shots came from, taking cover.

Garry and Shawn share a silent, subtle high-five.

MINUTES LATER...

Four more cop cars are arriving, pulling up in front of the gate in a cover formation. Garry and Shawn watch the snipers fidget through their binoculars.

GARRY (CONT'D)

Okay, come on. We've gotta hurry, he could've already started the auction by now-

SHAWN

Off merrily we go.

Garry and Shawn get up and hustle further down the little snowy hill they're on, zig-zagging...

The Snipers OPEN FIRE.

Shawn and Garry throw themselves to the ground in a ditch by the road. The police, assuming they were the targets, return fire at the snipers. We can see one of the cops screaming into a radio for back-up as it becomes a full fledged firefight.

The gate to the factory begins to open; just beyond it, a giant garage door starts to roll up.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

That's our cue-

GARRY

Wait, do you hear that?

CUT TO: THE
SPINNING WHEEL
OF A SEGWAY

Dietrich slowly emerges from the darkness beyond the opening garage door. He is stabilizing the segway...**on which is mounted his minigun.**

DIETRICH

Mine eyes have seen the glory of
the coming of the lord!

Dietrich **OPENS FIRE, ADVANCING ON THE COPS. The minigun blazes through the cop cars like they're made of wet tissue paper, sending pieces flying off in all directions.**

SHAWN

GEE WILLIKERS!

GARRY

Come on, come on!

Garry rushes forward to the cop cars, Shawn in pursuit, taking a moment to take out two of the snipers. They duck down behind a police SUV, next to one of the cops; who've all hit the ground as their cover is shredded by the minigun.

MOUNTIE

Who in the hell are you boys, now?

GARRY

(terrible Canadian accent)
We're just normal Canadian citizens
like you, eh!

SHAWN

(terrible Canadian accent)
Yeah, I like your uniform, can I
wear your hat?

GARRY

Shawn, no hats-

SHAWN

It's a nice-

GARRY

No hats, eh.

MOUNTIE

You guys gotta get outta here, all
kinda shit's goin' down! SWAT's on
the way-

GARRY

Is that an MP5?

MOUNTIE

What? Yes but-

GARRY

GUN TRADE NO BACKSIES

Garry grabs away the MP5 submachine gun from the cop, tossing him his crappy rifle.

Shawn and Garry duck out from cover, splitting up and cleverly moving in stealth around the gates, into the complex. Finally, they manage to get on either side of Dietrich, who's still merrily firing out into the cop cars.

Garry and Shawn burst up from cover, each firing one shot.

Garry shoots off Dietrich's nose; Shawn hits Dietrich in the knee.

SHAWN

WHOOPIE-DO MOTHERFUCKER!

Dietrich staggers onto the segway, and the minigun goes **wild, carving slices all over the factory before collapsing.**

Shawn and Garry dive for cover. After a moment, they come out, and see Dietrich sitting on the ground. He looks really sad.

DIETRICH

...You know something, you never really appreciate your nose. You don't really notice it there at the bottom corner of your vision, always there...Well, I appreciate it now. Yes I do. You sons of god have taken away my providence, only to reveal its grace. And I thank you for that.

Garry and Shawn look uncomfortable.

GARRY

Sorry about your nose, I was aiming for your head, and, yeah, it's good that you can, you know, see the bright side-

SHAWN

It's great for you, to get perspective, I guess, yeah, and we were, I mean, we weren't trying to-

GARRY

Let's go.

SHAWN

Yes.

INT. MONTAHUMA FACTORY - SECONDS LATER

Shawn and Garry quickly stealth their way into the factory, ducking to avoid reenforcements headed out to the continuing firefight with the cops.

SHAWN

Oh we're so sneaky.

GARRY

The sneakiest. Come on, this way.
I smell food.

SHAWN

Ooh, food.

INT. MONTAHUMA INDUSTRIAL PARK - CONFERENCE ROOM

It's a sparse white collar office room inside the factory. Currently, it's filled with the most frightening criminal element on planet earth. The men and women in there are the motliest crew in existence.

Every representative has three armed body guards. It looks like a Villain Convention.

They're eating appetizers. Chad is mingling; a guard comes up and whispers in his ear.

CHAD

Everybody! I know there's a bit of a tense mood, an ambience, in here right now, but I just wanted to assure everyone that the auction will be starting in five minutes, and that everything is under cont-

SHAWN AND GARRY BURST IN THROUGH THE DOUBLE DOORS AT THE FAR END OF THE ROOM, LETTING OUT WAR CRIES! Everyone stares at them. There's a beat of silence as this sinks in for The Goodtime Gang.

SHAWN

LISTEN. YOU'RE ALL...IN A LOT OF TROUBLE.

GARRY

(squeaking it out)
Yeah.

CHAD

My son, Gerald, everybody.

Garry gives a little wave out of instinct.

YAKUZA BOSS
I knew it was a fucking trick! Ice
them! Kill everyone!

CHAD
A-ha.

Chad quickly ducks out a side door, as the room **ERUPTS INTO ANARCHY**, with **EVERYONE** shooting **EVERYONE**.

Shawn tries to pull Garry to cover.

GARRY
No!

SHAWN
Garry-

GARRY
No!

Garry yanks away from Shawn, and **runs out into the chaos** after his father. Shawn takes a deep breath, and follows.

TRACKING SHOT:

The two young men run, jump, duck and dodge through bullets, thrown knives, shuriken and even grenades to make it through the room; they will not be stopped.

INT. MONTAHUMA FACTORY - FACTORY FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Exiting out of the conference room puts you on catwalks high in the air above the big warehouse style valve making room. Chad rushes across the catwalks; he looks genuinely annoyed.

GARRY
Dad!

Chad doesn't even glance back, hurrying down a stairway to the factory floor. Garry and Shawn rapidly parkour their way through the cat walk, climbing down onto the machinery to intercept Chad.

Garry drops down in front of him, and Chad roundhouse kicks him out of the way, **WHAM!** Shaun tries to attack him from behind, and Chad **hurls him face first into the side of a big piece of equipment.**

Chad draws his machete. Garry and Shawn both draw their hunting knives, and *attack*.

The fighting is fast and furious, blindingly so, with Chad dodging everything our two heroes throw at him, barely putting forth an effort, and repeatedly punching and kicking them.

It's like an adult fighting children; absolutely infuriating to watch. Finally, Chad disarms and uppercuts Garry, before disarming and headbutting Shawn.

Both our guys go down.

CHAD

You deserve better back up, Garry, you really do. This little piece of crap is just as predictable as his snitch parents.

SHAWN

...Wh-

CHAD

Oh, you thought I didn't know? What, you think their death was an accident, really, does your idiocy know NO BOUNDS? Garry, come on, you must've guessed that by now. Why do you think I had to kill your mother?

GARRY

You- !- Mom!?

CHAD

She'd flipped for the other side, wanted us to go to work for Uncle Sam. Are you kidding, I said, and she said no, and I knew right there I was way too tied down, had been for a long time. A man's got to be free to do what he loves, Garry.

SHAWN

You...You killed-

CHAD

Yes, jesus, do you ever listen? I killed your precious little mommy and daddy, and you can't do jack shit about-

Shawn **BOOTS CHAD IN THE FACE**, punches him POW POW POW, and then wildly slashes him several times with his own machete, which Chad is forced to block with his arms, lacerating him very badly.

Chad abruptly fights back, knocking down Shawn and rushing out a big loading bay door out to the oil field. Shawn, furious, gives chase.

GARRY
SHAWN, DON'T! IT'S TRAP!

Shawn just keeps going.

GARRY (CONT'D)
***FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE JUST LISTEN
 TO ME!***

This gets through. Shaun skids to a halt just short of the door, turns and drops to a duck-and-cover, just as a grenade rolls in, BOOM. The concussion knocks Shawn down, but thanks to taking cover, he's unhurt.

Garry rushes to his downed friend, who's already getting up.

GARRY (CONT'D)
 Told you so.

Garry and Shawn hurry through the smoke, out onto...

EXT. MONTAHUMA INDUSTRIAL PARK - OIL FIELD

The flat field of snow marked with oil pumps extends out into the distance. Shawn looks around frantically, but then Garry grabs his arm, pointing out into the tundra.

Cassie, beaten and bloody, has been handcuffed to an oil pump. She's slumped, half conscious, unprotected against the cold.

SHAWN
 Cassie!

Shawn and Garry start to run out to her, when a nearby oil pump suddenly **EXPLODES**, knocking them both to the snow.

Aunt Amy appears on a second story balcony of the factory.

AUNT AMY
 You boys just ain't learn no good lesson, ain't dat right? Look like Aunt Amy gon' have to teach ya'll a little somethin' bout empathy. Got your little skanky friend der all tied up. Got bombs on all the pumps. Ten bombs. Got one on her pump too. An' I hook'em up to this here.

Aunt Amy raises an iPod Shuffle.

AUNT AMY (CONT'D)
Gonna go off at random. Random
order. Random interval. Now ya'll
can't save her. Ya'll brain's'll
tell you that. But your
empathy...that's what's gonna get
you killed.

Garry and Shawn, struggling to their feet, exchange a look. Suddenly, Chad roars out of a nearby garage, riding a souped up Harley-Davidson.

Shawn looks at Garry, who's staring, enraged, after his father, then turns and looks in desperation at Cassie. Garry looks from his father, to Shawn, to Cassie, and starts to move out into the oil field.

GARRY
Come on, let's-

SHAWN
(grabbing Garry)
No, dude, I got this. Go get **him**.

Garry hesitates.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
He killed my parents, and he kicked
my ass, *go get him!*
(beat)
I already know you're a great
friend. Go be a great mercenary.

GARRY
That's pretty corny, man.

SHAWN
It ain't corny if it's what's up.

There's a beat, and then Garry nods, and takes off running back towards the cop cars. Shawn turns and runs out towards the oil fields, and Cassie.

Up on the balcony, Aunt Amy smiles, and hits play on the iPod. As Shawn runs, one of the pumps further away **EXPLODES**.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Loud! *LOUD!*

EXT. MONTAHUMA INDUSTRIAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

The area in front of the industrial park has descended into **open warfare**, a MASSIVE firefight going on between the Canadian police and the surviving rag-tag group of notorious international criminals.

Neither side is doing well.

Garry rushes through the gun battle.

GARRY

Scuse me, pardon me, whoops, look out, coming through, don't aim at me, I'm just a tourist-

Garry looks both ways up the long, straight, icy road; his father is a speck to the north. Garry turns, and runs to a cop car. The two Canadian cops behind it are pinned down by mercenaries with a mounted machine gun.

Fire from the machine gun blows off the driver's side door of the cop car.

Garry surveys the situation, then pops up from cover and takes out the mercenaries BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM. The two cops stare up at him in awe.

GARRY (CONT'D)

Gimme your keys.

BACK TO: SHAWN

Shawn reaches the pump, doing a baseball slide in the snow to Cassie. Cassie is clearly concussed and out of it, both arms cuffed crucifix style to the side of the pump, with chainless cuffs.

SHAWN

Cass, Cassandra, wake up!

CASSIE

...Shawn? Hello Shawn-

A another bomb **EXPLODES** on a pump behind them, startling them both.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

What the hell-

SHAWN

There's a bomb on this pump, we've got to get you free-

Shawn realizes that there's no way to undo the cuffs.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Shit, **shit-**

CASSIE
What type of bomb?

Shawn rushes to climb up to where the bomb is mounted.

EXT. ICY ROAD

Chad motors along the road, pulling ninety. Further up the road, there's a huge eighteen wheeler, which he's rapidly catching up to. There's the whoop of a police siren.

CHAD
You fuckin' kidding me?

He turns to see a cop car *nearly on top of him...driven by Garry*. The car swings around alongside, so that the driver-side is perpendicular to the Harley.

Father and son face each other.

CHAD (CONT'D)
(yelling over the wind)
What the hell are you doin_
(seeing it Garry's eyes)
AW NO FUCKIN WAY-

Garry **LEAPS OUT OF THE CAR ONTO THE MOTORCYCLE!** The cop car goes crashing off the side of the road, and the motorcycle swerves all over the with the new weight.

The two of them end up standing on opposite sides Harley, each of them steering one of the handles. Chad draws his machete. Garry whips out his hunting knife.

The two men begin to have a knife fight across a motorcycle going 90 on an icy road, the cycle swerving wildly as they duck and dodge each other's attacks.

INSIDE THE 18-
WHEELER'S CAB:

The **TRUCK DRIVER** looks in his rearview mirror in awe.

TRUCK DRIVER
What the hell?

BACK OUTSIDE:

Garry knocks away Chad's machete as they come up on the cab of the 18-wheeler.

CHAD

This is insanity, Garry!

Garry ignores him, and attempts another stab; Chad headbutts him and **leaps to the cab of the 18-wheeler!** The motorcycle, now half-driverless, wiggles wildly and starts to tip over.

At the last second Garry is able to **run up the motorcycle and leap to the back of the 18-wheeler's cargo trailer;** the motorcycle flips and rolls and comes apart on the asphalt.

Garry watches it go, and then looks up at the cab, a trailer's length away from him. The Truck Driver comes flying out, zipping past Garry on his way to a nasty demise.

Garry, fighting against the wind, the cold and his injuries, begins the climb along the side of the trailer.

BACK TO: SHAWN

Shawn's behind Cassie, where the bomb is mounted; he's uncovered the insides, a mess of wires, with a vial suspended over some kind of mechanism.

CASSIE

What color is the fluid in the vial?

SHAWN

I don't know, clear, it's clear!

CASSIE

It can't be clear, Shawn-

SHAWN

There's-

A pump nearby **EXPLODES.**

SHAWN (CONT'D)

AH! There's little blue flakes!

CASSIE

That's a triseclor fuse, an acid bomb, okay? Shawn, we can do this-

SHAWN

It could explode at any time, it could explode *right now-*

CASSIE
Get the little blue wire at the
bottom, and unhook it from the
callbox.

SHAWN
Oh, oh shit, okay!

Aunt Amy stands up on the second floor balcony, watching them
through binoculars.

AUNT AMY
What in de bejesus he think he
doin'? Naw naw naw!

Amy slaps a clip into her handgun, and heads down the stairs.

BACK TO: GARRY

Gary is almost to the cab of the truck. Chad, noticing him,
swerves it a little. Garry holds on. Chad swerves again,
but almost loses control. Garry tries to get from the
trailer to the cab; he can't, and tries again, still can't.

Chad, seeing this the side mirror, laughs.

CHAD
Hah! Gonna be a long, cold drive
to Alberta, kid-

The side mirror is abruptly *shot off*.

BACK TO: SHAWN

CASSIE
Okay, now take the green wire-

SHAWN
There's no green wire-

CASSIE
Okay, it's not always green, it'll
just be thicker than all the other
ones-

A pump very near to them **EXPLODES**, almost knocking Shawn over
with the wire in his hands.

SHAWN
*How many are left!? How many have
gone off?*

CASSIE
Shawn, it doesn't matter-

SHAWN

How many!?

Cassie looks. Six.

CASSIE

Six.

Shawn's eyes go from the bomb, to Cassie's cuffed hands, and then to an abandoned cop car he can see round front. The keys are in the ignition. Shawn falters.

There's a moment...

SHAWN

Okay. I've got the thick, the thick wire.

Aunt Amy exits the factory, walking with purpose towards Shawn and Cassie, pistol dangling at her side.

BACK TO: GARRY

Garry tries to get to the cab again; he simply can't reach. Inspiration strikes, or maybe it's insanity: he hooks his legs into the side of the trailer, and hangs upside-down under the truck, his **head inches from the asphalt as it races by.**

He takes a deep breath, clearing his mind, and then **shoots out the front tire on the opposite side of the truck.**

The effect is **IMMEDIATE.** The truck lurches **HARD RIGHT**, rolling onto its side, *sliding off the road.* Garry drops his gun and holds on for his life as the truck **plummets off a small ledge, TURNING COMPLETELY UPSIDE DOWN** and sliding out onto a **FROZEN LAKE.**

EXT. FROZEN LAKE - CONTINUOUS

The truck slowly skids to a halt, the ice covered in hairline cracks in all directions. Silence.

BACK TO: SHAWN

CASSIE

Now pull out the pin under the vial, **SLOWLY.**

Shawn slowly, carefully pulls the pin out from beneath the vial in the bomb.

SHAWN

Got it, I got it! HahahaHA!

Shawn pulls out the vial and hurls it away into the snow, then moves around towards Cassie.

CASSIE

Shawn wait you got the bomb but if it triggers it'll still set off the primer-

SHAWN

The whatnow?

CASSIE

The pri-

There's a hiss, and the bomb **EXPLODES**; the explosion is VERY small. It's just the primer charge, but it's enough to flip Shawn face first into the snow, laying across Cassie, who's also dazed from the explosion..

Aunt Amy's almost to them now.

AUNT AMY

Now how the hell you gon and mess dat all up for? I had a clean little lesson laid out for Shawnie, and ya'll had to cheat wit your weird bomb knowledge, how you gon do that to me, bitch?

She raises her pistol at the helpless duo.

AUNT AMY (CONT'D)

Now I gotta waste two bullets-

Cassie, the explosion having knocked apart one of the railings she was handcuffed to, grabs Shawn's gun out of its holster, quick-draws and *shoots Aunt Amy in the head.*

Aunt Amy stares at her, surprised.

AUNT AMY (CONT'D)

Now what you gon' do dat fo'?

Aunt Amy fires a few shots at random, and then falls to the ground, dead. A bomb **EXPLODES** over to the left.

BACK TO: THE
FROZEN LAKE

Chad kicks open the door of the truck, and looks around. No Garry.

He starts to step out gingerly onto the ice, when he's **suddenly grabbed in a headlock from above, and dragged up onto the top of the overturned truck.**

Chad breaks free immediately and goes on the offensive; his fighting style and mannerisms are recognizable from what we've seen from Garry, but if Garry's a house-cat, this guy is a tiger.

He drives Garry back across the overturned trailer, **beating the crap out of him.** The fight gets more intense, and Garry, acting out of instinct, pops a tire. The airburst startles Chad.

Garry pushes his advantage, getting some shots in, but Chad quickly takes control again, slamming Garry to into the axle, choking him.

CHAD

See? You absolute letdown, you disaster of a child. Your mother was weak, but you, you're even worse. You're a disgrace. I'm ashamed that you look like me, kid, and killing you is gonna be, I have to say, truly cathartic. Finally, a parenting experience I can look back on and smile. This is how you end up when you waste all your time getting drunk.

GARRY

(choked)

Not...All...Just...Most!

Garry flips his father off of him, and **DRILLS HIM** with a few big hits. The truck lurches; the ice is cracking further. Garry knees Chad in the head, sending him toppling off the side of the truck- he catches onto the edge.

CHAD

Shit! Shit!

The connectors attaching the trailer to the cab are snapping, one by one; they stop, only two left. The trailer lurches, the back end dipping into the water.

Chad looks down into the ice cold water; shock the moment he hits it, death soon after. He looks back up at Garry, and for the first time, something like real pride and love surges across his face.

CHAD (CONT'D)
 Holy shit, Gerald! Holy shit! You
 beat me!

Garry just stares at him.

CHAD (CONT'D)
 Okay, shit, wow, I'm done. I
 surrender, I give up. I'm done-zo.
 I'm so- shit, I'm so fuckin' proud
 of you right now! You beat me!

Garry stares, but hearing "proud" got through to him. Even
 after all the obvious insanity, it's all he ever wanted.

CHAD (CONT'D)
 You gonna give me a hand or what?
 Ha, don't worry, I'm really done
 now, I'm not gonna pull you over or
 something stupid like that.

Garry thinks, and then reaches down...grasps his father's
 hand...Chad let's Garry pull him up, and then immediately
 assumes a submissive position, on his knees.

GARRY
 Why?

CHAD
 What?

GARRY
 I just wanted you to be proud of
 me. My whole life, I just wanted
 to be like you...you and mom,
 together, and- I don't understand
 why, you know?

CHAD
 I'm crazy, Shawn. I'm a crazy guy.
 I'm one of the bad guys. You're
 not.

GARRY
 (starting to cry)
 But I love you! I missed you- even
 after you hit me with a machete-
 even after I found out you killed
 mom! I still just want- I want you
 to be proud of me.

CHAD

(beat)

You saved a lot of lives back there at the factory, when you shut me down. I hope you appreciate that. You did a real good thing. You should be happy you're not like me.

Garry turns to hide his sobbing.

GARRY

I...I just-

Chad **suddenly draws out a gun, trying to shoot Garry in the back, but Garry instinctively blocks the shot and it goes low into his thigh.**

Garry screams in pain but twists his father's wrist, **forcing Chad to shoot himself in both kneecaps**, then socks him in the face, sending Chad falling down the back of the truck.

Chad again catches himself on the trailer just before he goes into the ice water. He laughs, pained. Garry collapses, grasping his injured thigh.

CHAD

Okay, buddy. Enough fooling around. I'm sorry, I just, you know, I can't go down without a fight, right?

Garry just stares at him.

CHAD (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna try to kill you again, kid, you kneecapped me! You made me kneecap myself, hot damn. I'm proud of you. I meant it when I said that.

Garry looks up at the cold blue sky. He snorts, and wipes the tears from his eyes.

GARRY

You know what hurts. What really hurts? Is that you think I'm so **fucking** stupid.

Garry unhooks the two last connectors from the cab of the truck to the trailer. It immediately begins to slide backwards into the ice water.

CHAD

What? You...You goddamn psychopath! How could you do this you ungrateful little shit! You worthless, pathetic party boy stooge, you can't kill me!

GARRY

You died a long time ago.

Garry and Chad stare at each other.

GARRY (CONT'D)

Goodbye dad.

Garry turns and climbs down the back of the truck to the ice.

CHAD

No! NO no *wait* Garry *WAIT NO NO-*

The trailer turns upright, sinking instantly down into the freezing water. Chad disappears from sight immediately.

Garry stands still, watching the truck disappear into the water.

BACK TO: SHAWN
AND CASSIE

Shawn slowly recovers from his daze. He sees Amy laying dead in the snow. He looks sad, and turns to Cassie, who's staring at him **very intensely**. Her expression is unreadable.

CASSIE

You didn't leave me.

SHAWN

...Of course I wouldn't leave you, I'd never leave you, Cassie, I..you- you know...

He trails off, staring at her. Half-frozen, bloody, speckled with oil leaking out from the burst pump.

CASSIE

What?

SHAWN

I- stuff, you know-

CASSIE

-I don't-

SHAWN
I have you stuff, you know
what I-

CASSIE
Stuff, what is that, I don't-

SHAWN
I **stuff** you!

CASSIE
-you "stuff?"-

SHAWN
I-

CASSIE
Stop, stop. Stop. Shawn.

The epiphany is clear in Cassie's eyes.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
I love you.

SHAWN
(beat)
I ?**LoVE**? YOU.

CASSIE
Oh my god. I love you!

SHAWN
I love you!

They stare at each other, both trying not to look giddy, and failing.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Yeah, whoa. I can't feel my feet.

CASSIE
I can't feel your feet either.

Laid out on the snow amidst all the and spilt oil, they kiss. The last Shuffle-Bomb goes off behind them. They don't notice.

BACK TO: THE
FROZEN LAKE

Garry is limping badly away from the big hole in the ice, when the lake begins to collapse. The cab of the truck drops out of sight into the water, and the ice cracks in all directions.

Garry frantically hurries to the nine foot high ledge the truck fell off of, but he can't reach it, especially not with his injuries.

The cracks are spreading too rapidly; the ice beneath his feet cracks, **THIS IS IT!** He jumps one last time-

-a hand catches his, helping to pull him up onto the ledge by the road.

It's the Truck Driver. He's bloody from bad road rash. The two of them lay there in the snow, breathing hard.

GARRY

You're- How did you survive, I thought you were dead?

TRUCK DRIVER

Just lucky I guess.

Garry starts crying openly, and leans over, hugging the truck driver.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)

Easy. Easy there buddy. You're okay.

FADE TO BLACK.

...

IN ON:

Shawn, bandaged up but back to goofy, flamboyantly colorful clothing, singing the opening of "Wonderwall" by Oasis.

INT. KARAOKE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Shawn is on stage, singing passionately (if not well), to Cassie, who sits at the edge of the stage in a tiny dress, as bandaged up as Shawn. Garry is sitting with Cassie, also bandaged and dressed to kill.

He watches his friend sing, then looks to Cassie, who's deliriously happy. Garry gets up and goes to the bar, leaning on a crutch, and orders three drinks. Kelly appears next to him; she's all dolled up, and looks absolutely gorgeous.

GARRY

Oh. Hey.

KELLY

You really blew everyone's minds, you know? The CIA's Top 10 most wanted is entirely cleared, they've gotta reboot the whole thing. Ha, the FBI isn't happy about having to give all these awards and citations and bounties away to a bunch of Canadian high patrolmen-

GARRY

(cold)

Yeah well they earned them didn't they.

KELLY

Ha, yes, I suppose they did, very good. Um, oh, the valves are in the process of being removed. We were able surmise their locations from the shipping sheets in Montahuma, and-

GARRY

Yeah Shawn! Woo!

KELLY

-and, we were wondering if you couldn't come down to DC tomorrow.

GARRY

DC, why?

KELLY

Well, it's just a formality, but the President of the United States wants to give you the congressional medal of-

GARRY

GONNA BE THE ONE THAT SAVES
MEEEEEE, get it Shawn! I'm sorry Kelly, the congressional what now?

KELLY

Congressional medal of honor.

GARRY

(beat)

Oh, sure, yeah, sounds great.

KELLY

They're going to expunge all the desertion charges from Cassie's record, as well, I saw to that. As well as you and Shawn, you both have a clean slate.

GARRY

We're gonna get that dirty real fast. We've stolen five hundred and forty thousand dollars from yakuza off shore accounts in the last two hours. You gonna tattle on us, Kelly?

Kelly stares at Garry, who's still watching Shawn. She wants him so bad it's killing her.

KELLY

Listen Garry, I really am sorry about the way this all happened...Not just for what I did, but for your father, and...You know-

GARRY

Is that all?

KELLY

Oh- um...I guess, yes.

GARRY

Okay.

Garry gets up, carrying the drinks, headed back to his table.

KELLY

Garry!

Garry turns.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Do you forgive me?

Garry sips his drink.

GARRY

You know, if you wanted to get me in handcuffs, there was an easier way.

(beat)

I'll think about it. I'll drink about it.

Kelly smiles, and Garry goes back to his table. A **SLEAZY GUY** approaches.

SLEAZY GUY

Heyyy-

KELLY

Bugger off.

WE MONTAGE
THROUGH...

Various bars, clubs and house parties, the Goodtime Gang tossing back shot after shot, Garry dancing with his crutch, "CRUTCH-GUN! CRUTCH-GUN!", Shawn riding a panda "I'MA RIDE IT BACK TO CHINA!", Garry and Cassie in some kind of water-balloon paint fight, then, suddenly silent as we cut to:

Cassie, Shawn, and Garry having Congressional Medals Of Honor pinned on them, still covered in paint and wasted. Cassie belches, and Shawn and Garry start cracking up.

SLAM BACK TO
MONTAGE:

More shots, more anarchy, dancing, Cassie pole dancing, Shawn pole dancing (he falls), a topless girl covering her breasts with Congressional Medals of Honor, Shawn and Garry yelling at each other and then a car **EXPLODES BEHIND THEM** and Cassie runs past pantsless, giggling insanely.

SLAM IN:

Garry snaps awake, face down on a carpet. Dazed, he stands up, pushing two girls off of him. Everything's blurry, but he gradually realizes he's in some kind of big luxury airplane.

There's drunk passed out people, party debris and garbage EVERYWHERE. Garry, half awake, staggers through the body of the extremely large airplane, finally reaching the cockpit.

INT. AIRPLANE - COCKPIT

Garry slumps down into the copilot chair; Shawn is snoring in the pilot's seat, with Cassie sprawled across him, also asleep.

GARRY

Shawn. Hey Shawn.

SHAWN

What? Uh, yeah. Good morning.

GARRY
Is it morning?

Shawn smiles. Garry smiles.

SHAWN
You were right. About everything.
About us. About getting serious.

GARRY
You were right too, man.
This...This is good. We earned
this.

SHAWN
How do you feel about-

GARRY
I feel good.

SHAWN
Yeah? Me too.

Garry peers out the cockpit window.

GARRY
What is that, Maui?

SHAWN
Garry, you're my best friend. I
love you.

GARRY
I love you too.

The two guys squeeze-hands.

SHAWN
What next?

GARRY
I don't know. We've got
congressional medals of honor-

SHAWN
Aw, no, I lost mine-

GARRY
-Lost it, aw man-

SHAWN
Or I traded it for Patron or
something, I don't remember-

GARRY

Aw, cause what I was saying is that now I bet the US government is probably all on our balls, they'll hire us to start doing some jobs. Real jobs.

SHAWN

Aw yeah, cause we saved all of America and shit, yeah! They probably think we're fuckin' rockstars-

GARRY

We are rockstars, fuck yeah!

Cassie stirs, waking up.

CASSIE

Guys. Guys, whose plane is this?

Garry looks at Shawn. Shawn looks at Garry.

QUICK ZOOM TO
EXTERIOR TO
REVEAL...

It's fucking **AIR FORCE ONE**.

SLAM TO CREDITS:

The credits are set to "STARSTRUKK" By 3oh3, and feature the cast and crew, in green-screen profile, dancing on multicolored backgrounds as their names come up.

AFTER THE
CREDITS:

EXT. WINDSWEPT SNOW ROAD

A sign reads ANCHORAGE, ALASKA - 200 MILES. A truck is pulling over for a lone hitchhiker in a heavy hooded coat. The hitch-hiker climbs into the passenger seat.

GOOD SAMARITAN

Damn friend, it's negative ten out there. Where'reya headed?

The hood drops, revealing a grisly pale, noseless face.

DIETRICH
Wherever the good lord takes me.

SLAM TO BLACK.