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Going forth: a thesis presented to the faculty of the Humanities and Teacher Education Division, Pepperdine University

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by

William DeWitt

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Going Forth

I. Introduction

Storytelling is a powerful tool. It is something that humans have used ever since they developed language and likely even before then, through gestures and grunts around fires in caves. Storytelling has been used to manipulate the masses, to drive the unmotivated, to preserve the lost. It is capable of changing the minds of the stubborn and warming the hearts of the unloving. We use stories to make sense of the insensible. As French director and screenwriter Jean Luc Godard famously said, “Sometimes reality is too complex. Stories give it form.” When our experiences are too much for us, humans use stories and storytelling to make sense of what has happened to them and what they have seen. It helps us wrap our minds around trauma, make sense of the unexplained, and relate to things that might otherwise be unrelatable. This is seen in almost all facets of the human experience, from picture books used to teach children lessons in pre-school to Oscar-winning dramas that help audiences see the world from a point of view they usually would not experience. We use stories to make sense of ourselves; fantasy author Patrick Rothfuss writes, “It's like everyone tells a story about themselves inside their own head. Always. All the time. That story makes you what you are. We build ourselves out of that story,” (657). We tell others stories about ourselves to give them a glimpse into who we are. We tell stories about others to let people know a little about what they meant to us. Our human experience is defined by the stories we have. At my father’s funeral in December, each person that spoke, including myself, related personal anecdotes about the man they knew. Each story was entirely different and unique to the person telling it, but each was used to build a picture of the man we had come together to celebrate, and those sitting in the church had a more complete picture of my dad after hearing them. All this to say that storytelling is essential, it is pivotal, and it is powerful. There is
a reason books are burned by those in charge that hope to keep power over the ruled. But storytelling is also enduring; as Canadian poet and novelist Margaret Atwood said, “You’re never going to kill storytelling, because it’s built into the human plan. We come with it,” (Rothman). Telling stories is a fundamental part of the human condition and is not so easily stamped out. With all this in mind, our calling as storytellers is an important one and one that must not be taken lightly. We are stewards of the human experience, and we can make a global impact if we hold ourselves to as high a standard as we should.

I would be lying if I said that I came to the Writing for Screen and Television M.F.A. program at Pepperdine University with the idea that I would, or even could, have an impact on culture as a whole. I have always wanted to be a writer, the seed of which was planted as a child whose parents took him to bookstores every week instead of toystores. Upon my arrival in Malibu, Pepperdine immediately challenged me, asking me what kind of writer I wanted to be and how I planned to influence more than just how people spent their money. These were questions I had not truly considered. Looking back at the movies that my family loved most, the ones we would go to on holiday breaks and laugh and enjoy together, I felt inclined to say, “popcorn films.” This, however, did not feel like the right thing to say. We needed to aim higher with our writing, and popcorn films were nothing but vapid, diluted experiences, immediately forgotten, were they not? My experiences over the past three years in the program have convinced me otherwise. During my time in the program, excellent professors and supportive classmates have encouraged and driven me to see that there can be something substantive, something that lingers and means something to the viewers behind those films. It just depends on the strength of their writers and their desire to say something important and meaningful.
It was with the advice and encouragement that I have looked towards filmmakers and screenwriters that have managed to inject both heart and thought into a type of movie most commonly associated with explosions and gaudy violence. As a student, I have been looking back at the films that my family and I have loved most and realized that the flashy, empty ones were quickly forgotten. In contrast, the ones that put effort into their story and their characters became favorites that we would return to again and again. While there are certainly plenty of writers that I feel meet this standard, there are a few that I have looked to more than others and that I believe have made a direct impact on my writing: Edgar Wright, most famous for his elevated genre films in the Cornetto Trilogy, Christopher Nolan, who has managed to make brainy films into hugely successful blockbusters, and Neill Blomkamp, who has injected his science fiction stories with his own experiences to create so-called popcorn films with messages about inequality and the nature of sentience and of the soul. Going forward, I will analyze these three writers and their impact on me and my writing while also exploring selected scenes from their works. Through this analysis, I will show how I plan on becoming a cultural leader myself. Finally, I plan on showing how I will utilize the lessons that I have learned, the skills my professors have taught me, and the ambition and confidence that has been instilled in me throughout my time at Pepperdine to go forth and accomplish everything that I feel that I am capable of.

II. Edgar Wright: Crafting Emotional Characters

English filmmaker and screenwriter Edgar Wright first burst onto the stage in the early 90s, achieving his first significant hit in 1999 with his quintessential British comedy show “Spaced.” It was not long before his skills were recognized on the silver screen as, five years
later, he created an international hit with “Shaun of the Dead.” Wright has written and directed a number of hits since, including his other two entries in the Cornetto Trilogy, “Hot Fuzz” and “The World’s End,” “Scott Pilgrim vs. the World,” and “Baby Driver.” With this amount of worldwide success comes an equal amount of experience, and his advice on writing remains pertinent as I prepare to go out into the professional world. The Cornetto Trilogy, in particular, is Wright’s love letter to genre film. It might seem that homage can toe the line with parody, which begs to be panned by critics and viewers alike, but Wright encourages writers to stick to their passion, “I think you have to write the film that you want to see, and try and do it honestly, and you can’t control people’s responses, really,” (Brew). When you write from that place of passion, brilliant things can happen. It is only when you start writing a script with the aim of producing something that is “marketable” that you lose the thread. Wright’s passion shines through in his films, which have taken the seemingly mundane: a listless box store employee, a small English village, a friends reunion, and injected them with the fantastical: a zombie invasion, a far-reaching conspiracy, and an alien invasion. Wright’s Cornetto Trilogy proves how far a vivid imagination can take you, “Maybe directors who are more interested in realism and naturalism come from cities, where they see things on their doorstep every day. But growing up as a kid in a very pretty but ever-so-slightly boring town, where not a great deal happened, encouraged me to be more escapist, more imaginative and more of a daydreamer,” (Smith). Growing up in small towns in West Texas and rural Georgia, seeing someone whose origin feels so similar to my own and how they have found so much success pursuing their passion gives me confidence in my path.

As I worked through writing my features in several classes, my professors drove home a multitude of amazing points that I feel have made me a better overall writer. Three points, in
particular, come to mind: Lynn Grant Beck’s insistence that you “kill your darlings,” Tom Provost’s hammering home “make your characters suffer,” and Peter Hanson’s advice that “giving even your small characters moments can really elevate your work.” It is important for any writer, for the sake of their story, to realize when a scene or plot point is no longer in service of your story, and Wright agrees, “When you write something, at first you might feel very defensive and protective of every single thing, but after a while, you just see what works and what doesn't,” (Solomons). One of the most difficult lessons I have learned at Pepperdine was to accept criticism and that a scene that I am particularly proud of might simply not work. Realizing that this was not the end of the world was a turning point in my writing. Provost’s point on making your characters suffer points to a story’s overall need for conflict and drama. An audience might want their favorite character to escape suffering, but given a movie where that happens, quickly discovers that the film itself is utterly boring. If we allow our characters to suffer, to twist the proverbial knife whenever we, as writers, can, we give the audience the journey that they actually want and, once the character emerges at the other side, we give them the feeling of victory and relief that they did not even know they actually needed. Most importantly, however, we allow the audience, and maybe even ourselves, to learn something from the suffering of our characters and from their overcoming of that suffering. It is because Wright allows his characters, rich in emotion that they are, to suffer that the audience can truly experience something special. Hanson’s advice on injecting moments into your script helped elevate the script I was writing in his class and, I fully believe, has elevated my writing in general. At the end of “Shaun of the Dead,” Shaun goes to check something in the shed, and in that shed, we find a zombified Ed, still playing video games much like he was throughout Act I. It’s a small scene, but one that gives the audience one final moment to remember. A small
moment that captured and continues to capture the attention of each person that watches the film. This example highlights the importance that even seemingly inconsequential scenes in your scripts can have. With these latter two points, Edgar Wright’s first big film hit, “Shaun of the Dead,” has perfect examples of both.

Edgar Wright’s “Shaun of the Dead” is best known as the British man’s entry onto the international stage. Known for its quick wit and emotional resonance, the plucky genre movie that was made for a measly $6 million raked in $30 million and established not only Wright, but his writing partner and star of the film, Simon Pegg, and their third collaborator, Nick Frost, as international stars. Through the mid-point of the film, there have been several scares and plenty of laughs, but that is about it. It is only once Shaun goes to save his mother, Barbara, and his hated step-father, Philip, that Wright ambushes us with an emotionally charged scene that brings the audience to tears. Up to this point in the film, the audience knows very little about Philip other than he and Shaun do not get along and, as Shaun is the main character, the audience is predisposed to take his side. Before Shaun, Ed, and the others make it to Shaun’s family’s house, we find out that Philip has actually been bitten, and we rejoice with Shaun as he fantasizes about taking Philip out. Once at the house, Barbara convinces Shaun that they cannot abandon Philip, and we end up with Philip squeezed into the car, bitten, next to Shaun and everyone else from the group. Shaun has just turned off the loud music that Ed was playing that had so irked Philip. It is here that Philip and Shaun have an intimate conversation, perhaps the first and only real conversation that they have ever had:

PHILIP. Being a father Shaun. It’s not easy.

SHAUN is taken aback.

SHAUN. What?
PHILIP. You were twelve when I met you, you’d already grown up so much.

SHAUN. Yeah...well, I wasn’t the easiest person to live with.

PHILIP. I just wanted you to be strong, not give up because you lost your Dad.

SHAUN. Philip, you don’t have to explain…

PHILIP. I do. I’ve always loved you Shaun, always thought you had it in you to do well. You just need motivation. Somebody to prove yourself to. I thought that could be me.

SHAUN nods, eyes wide. With huge effort, PHILIP puts his hand on SHAUN’s shoulder.

PHILIP. Take care of your Mum, there’s a good boy.

PHILIP slips away. SHAUN closes his dead step-dad’s eyes (Wright 73-4).

It is a simple, short, but still passionate conversation between two men that have obviously had many years of grievances stored between them. Not only this, but it appears in a film that billed itself as “A Romance Comedy. With Zombies.” Such a scene gave what had been simply an, admittedly, well-written zombie movie and gave it an emotional weight that lent itself to being considered one of the best zombie films of all time. I remember being absolutely floored that I was near tears watching a zombie movie when I first saw it in theaters 16 years ago.

In a showing of Wright and Pegg’s true genius, however, they put a perfect button on the scene. After Philip turns and nearly bites into a crying Shaun, everyone abandons the car, and Ed accidentally turns the loud music back on. Barabara pleas with Shaun that they cannot just leave Philip there, all the while the music that Philip hated still blares:

BARBARA. Shaun, we can’t just leave your Dad.

SHAUN. He’s not my dad!

BARBARA. Oh Shaun–
SHAUN grabs a shaken BARBARA by the shoulders. BEHIND we see ZOMBIE PHILIP lunging forward into the front seat.

SHAUN. He’s not Mum. He was but he’s not anymore

BARABARA. I’m sure if we just–

SHAUN. That’s not even your husband. I know it looks like him but believe me, there is nothing of the man you loved in that car now. Nothing.

BEHIND we see ZOMBIE PHILIP reach forward and SWITCH THE HARD HOUSE OFF. He sits back and looks almost peaceful.

SHAUN. Let’s go shall we (Wright 76-7)?

The audience is still processing these emotionally charged moments between Shaun and his mom and stepdad, and the scene takes a sharp left turn with a subtle joke that lands like a haymaker. The scene could have ended with the emotional gut-punch, but Wright, in a masterstroke of giving his characters little moments that really set the film apart, has zombie Philip reach out and turn a radio off. It is small, zombie Philip has no dialogue, he does not deliver a punchline, he simply reaches out and turns a knob, but it is a scene that any fan of the movie will point to as a standout in a film of standout scenes. These little moments happen repeatedly throughout the film and help elevate the entire experience. Wright’s attention to these small details, along with his passion evident in the film’s entirety, even earned it a ringing endorsement from the “Godfather of the Dead” George A. Romero himself, who called it an “absolute blast,” (Desta). When your work is noticed and praised by even the understood creator of the genre that you are working in, you know you are doing something right.

It is because Wright and Pegg took the pains to craft the emotional characters in “Shaun of the Dead” that the film resonated so much with its audience and became the classic that it is
known to be today. What could have been another genre, “popcorn,” film instead injected itself with a lot of heart and emotion and so was not only entertaining but moving as well. It is a film that, to me, proves that I can write those fun and entertaining films and not relegate myself to mindless, vapid experiences. It has proven to me that my writing can be both entertaining, as well as support my mission to have an impact on culture.

III. Christopher Nolan: The Intelligent Blockbuster

One of the more common complaints levied against the blockbuster is that it is a thoughtless medium, focused solely on special effects and not at all on story or emotions. Christopher Nolan is one writer and director that has managed to change that narrative with his hugely popular blockbuster hits, such as “Inception,” “Interstellar,” and “Tenet.” These films have massive budgets while also earning critical accolades and overperforming at the box office. His movies also insist that the audience engage with the story on more than the surface level. He is able to do this because he does not see the budget of the film as the defining factor on its scale, “You know to me every film feels equally large,” said Nolan. “I see scale in storytelling and emotional terms, in budgetary terms I suppose I would say. So for me a story has to be massive in some way, even if it’s two guys sitting around talking about something. It has to have an enormity to it that draws me to it. It takes a long time to make a film,” (Perez). Nolan is able to achieve what he has because he treats his Inceptions much like he treats his Mementos, that is to say, with an eye toward the story and not the budget. Nolan uses “scale” here not only in the monetary sense but in the impact that he wants the story to have on the viewer. It is because of this that he can inject thoughtful ideas into his films, such as the multi-layered dream-scape in “Inception” and the time distortion in “Tenet.” Nolan is proof-positive that the blockbuster
audience is not afraid of depth in concept, but also does not need the filmmaker to hold their hand through the journey.

When it comes to the actual process of writing these mind-bending films, Nolan’s process combines the pragmatism of getting through a scene with the creativity of finding where scenes can go if allowed to flourish. He does not allow himself to be bogged down with either side of the process, “Writing, for me, is a combination of both. You take an objective approach at times to get you through things, and you take a subjective approach at other times, and that allows you to find an emotional experience for the audience,” (Fleming, Jr.). This allows his films to mix huge, action-centric set-pieces with deep themes and engage the audience on more than one level. His film, “Interstellar,” is a great example of how Nolan deftly manages these tasks. In a pivotal scene at the end of the film, Cooper, the film’s main character, has just sacrificed himself to a black hole to give Brand, a fellow astronaut, a chance at finding a world for humanity to survive on. As he travels through the black hole, a visually stunning sequence in-and-of-itself, Cooper regains contact with TARS, his AI counterpart before finding himself thrown into the “Tesseract”, an area out of space and time that allows Cooper to connect with Murph, his daughter, at a pivotal point in their lives. Nolan uses the scene to hammer the theme of the film home: that love is what connects us and how we will be able to save ourselves and humanity:

Cooper races FASTER and FASTER down the world lines.

COOPER. 'They’ have access to infinite time, infinite space ...

Cooper gestures at the INFINITIES in all directions ...

COOPER. But no way to find what they need - but I can find Murph and find a way to tell her - like I found this moment -

TARS. (over radio) How?
The connection that Cooper has to his daughter Murph, something that Nolan has deftly crafted throughout the film, is what allows Cooper to relay the data back to earth and save humanity. A scene that might have been simply a vessel for special effects under the guidance of a different filmmaker becomes something else entirely with Nolan - something teeming with feelings, emotion, and thought. It is a scene that still inspires discussion seven years later and has contributed to the film becoming the cultural juggernaut that it is, despite the film being labeled as a “blockbuster”.

IV. Neill Blomkamp: Messages Without the Badgering

In addition to the stigma of being “thoughtless,” it is also widely believed that the “popcorn” film also cannot, or at least refuses to, have a message or deeper meaning that the filmmaker wants to impart to their audience. Whether it is personal observations on living in Apartheid South Africa, the growing problem of inequality, or the nature of the soul, South African writer and director Neill Blomkamp has proven that flash and excitement does not have to come at the expense of an important message. It is difficult to strike that balance, but it can certainly be done, “It’s a constant balancing game. I want audiences to be on this rollercoaster that fits the Hollywood mould, but I also want them to absorb my observations,” (Huddleston). There is a certain advantage to injecting a thoughtful message into a film with wide audience appeal, as the message would reach more people than a smaller, more “mature” drama. As Tom Provost explained in his class, though, once the audience believes they are being talked down to, they are lost. Through his storytelling, Blomkamp has shown that he shares this philosophy, “I
don’t want them to feel like they’re being berated by all this political stuff. But the flipside is a movie about nothing, just explosions and car chases,” (Huddleston). Blomkamp has found interesting ways to inject his messages into his films, “District 9” even featured real interviews with citizens of Johannesburg that he asked about Nigerian immigrants, presented in the films as citizens complaining about the alien refugee crisis. With a dedication to craft and being meaningful with one’s words, Blomkamp has shown that even a film that features explosions and edge-of-your-seat action can still be meaningful.

Throughout his three feature films, Blomkamp uses theme and setting deftly to convey his messages, and his second feature, “Elysium,” displays this the most. The film features a humanity that has become so separated by class, the rich have left the dying earth behind, putting roughly a hundred miles of atmosphere and space between them and the poorer masses while they live in luxury aboard an advanced space station. The setting acts as a more pointed indictment of the growing income inequality in the world. Not only does it act as commentary on how things are today, but Blomkamp sees it as a warning sign as well, “I think that ‘Elysium’ the movie is unrealistic, with the space station and everything. I think ‘Elysium’ the metaphor is completely realistic, it’s exactly where we’re going,” (Huddleston). Noticing a growing and troubling trend in the society is heading, Blomkamp used his position as a writer and director to speak out against it.

The setting of Elysium is not the only message that Blomkamp fits into the movie, however, as a more nuanced theme presents itself throughout the film: the conflict between selfishness and selflessness. While this theme is always being played on between its characters, Max, the main character played by Matt Damon, being entirely focused on saving his own life for the majority, the leaders of Elysium trying their hardest to deny their technology from the
poor people on Earth, etc, it shines in Max’s final confrontation with Kruger, a hired hitman who has been tasked with extracting the data in Max’s head and who sees this as his opportunity to get a better life for himself.

Max stops, watches this cold-blooded killer.

MAX. No, no ... He'll never stop.

A calm passes over Max, as Kruger bear s down.

MAX. (CONT'D) You got nothing to fight for. I do.

Max and Kruger collide in a deadly sequence of moves.

KRUGER. I have everything to fight for. I have all this.

The scene plays out with plenty of action and spectacle, but it is because Max has learned that he has more to fight for, people that he cares about and whose welfare he is invested in, rather than the comfort of the luxury that surrounds him, that he is capable of defeating a trained killer. While many in the audience picked up on the social commentary of the setting, the subtle theme that Blomkamp wrote into his story made an impression as well.

V. Conclusion: Going Forth

It is only recently that I have decided to embrace this direction in my writing. When I first came to Pepperdine, “What is it that you want to write?” was a common question asked by everyone from my parents’ friends to my fellow classmates and professors. At first, I would waffle, “Oh, I’m not sure,” or fib a little, “I want to write dramas,” thinking that is what I was supposed to say - if the goal was not to win an Oscar, why were you here? My writing, however, told me otherwise. When coming up with loglines to pitch in class, none ever seemed to be “Oscar-bait,” and my scripts, while they certainly had their dramatic moments, also had their
comedic moments and their moments of thrilling action. My scripts were, if I am allowed to indulge, entertaining. Looking back and considering the films that resonated most with my family through the years, I am surprised by how much I am not surprised. My time at Pepperdine has shown me, however, that there is nothing wrong with that. You cannot look at the entertaining, “popcorn” films that make up the market and deny that they have a cultural impact. These blockbusters are often the most well-positioned to truly speak to the largest audience, discarding any pretense of hoity-toity, and speaking to the masses at a more approachable level. It is up to us, as the writer, to help ensure that the final product’s impact is positive.

This leads me to believe that my calling lies more in writing features. I, however, recognize that there are only so many “feature writer” openings available in a year and that there are thousands, possibly tens of thousands, of talented writers that want to fill them. We also happen to be in a so-called “golden age” of prestige television with mini-series and serial television snatching up highly sought-after talent with budgets to match. None of this to mention the enormous opportunity that streaming is offering creators both big and small. Television, and its streaming counterpart, also offers a more tried-and-true roadmap to advancement and success. With that in mind, I plan on focusing my efforts on becoming involved in the television and streaming space, aiming to become a personal assistant of a show before moving up to writers room assistant and eventually winning a shot at writing an episode myself. The method typically used in this instance is to “break-in” as a production assistant and make connections while working on set. Through these connections and hard work, of course, I would find a place as a writer’s room assistant. Throughout, I also plan on working on more and more features. It is a common anecdote that opportunities often present themselves at seemingly random times. It is up to the individual to be prepared to take advantage of them as they appear.
In the short-term, my goal is simply to find whatever work is available in the industry. Hopefully, that takes the shape of full-time employment somewhere, but I fully realize that it might not. Whether or not that entails the most menial labor on a set, it is very much a “take what you can get” atmosphere. Through this time, I plan on gaining an even more thorough understanding of the industry, while also building relationships with like-minded individuals that share my drive and passion. As Dr. Kreiner is wont to say, “the business is all about relationships.” One challenge that I foresee is possibly how the industry continues to evolve and adapt to the COVID-19 pandemic. In the beginning, most, if not all, sets around the world were shut down, putting thousands of people out of jobs and the future looks no more certain now than it did then. The pause that COVID-19 has placed on the industry props up an interesting predicament, as shooting schedules have all been delayed and premieres pushed off. This has caused quite a few working professionals to be put off work, flooding the job pool with people with much more experience than myself. With shooting schedules slowly, but surely, opening back up, these experienced hands will be first in line, offering not as many opportunities for those fresh on the scene, like myself. The program, however, has instilled resilience in me and I fully believe in my ability to find that “crack in the armor” that I can slip in through.

With these plans, both short- and long-term, I hope to go forth, take advantage and leverage my skills to achieve my artistic goals and create works that speak to the masses at an approachable level. It is not often that people are sure about their calling and when they are, as I am thanks to my time at Pepperdine, it is important to pursue it with a headstrong attitude.
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Geronimo

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INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - MORNING

CLOSE UP on a dark cell phone, an iPhone X, morning light drifting over it. It LIGHTS up, 6:05, the alarm is going off. A hand slaps around, finds the phone, hits the button.

ANNE (30) sits up in her bed, brunette hair shooting in all directions. She looks like she’s used to hitting the snooze button once or twice on more than just the morning alarm.

She looks over to the corner where her dog, Sophia, an older but still spry pup, patiently looks at her.

Anne jumps out of bed, ready to start the day.

ANNE

Ready, girl?

Sophia gives a cheerful bark and jumps up. We follow the pair as they leave the room, into...

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...The hallway, where we see Anne’s roommate, LUCY (31), best friend, Type A, go getter.

LUCY

Gooooood morning, Anne! Morning Sophia!

ANNE

Morning!

Lucy stops in her tracks, she’s not used to that reaction in the morning. We follow Anne and Sophia as they walk out onto...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

...The stoop, where Sophia BOUNDS down the steps. Anne jogs to keep up.

ANNE

You excited too, girl?

Sophia gives a quick bark and smiles, tail wagging vigorously. Anne breathes in deep, big smile on her face.

ANNE (CONT’D)

Same, girl. Same.

We continue to follow Anne as she...
**INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Gets showered. Hot water, bad singing, a person ready to tackle the day.

**INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Gets dressed. Poorly coordinated, nearly falls over.

**INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

And, finally, looking remarkably like an adult, Anne zips past Lucy, who sits at the kitchen bar, munches on a bagel.

Anne snags the other half on her way to the door.

**ANNE**

Hey, I might be late tonight.

**LUCY**

What?! What could be more important than Young Keanu? Patrick Swayze?

Lucy holds a copy of *Point Break* in her hand like it’s a bible.

Anne feigns nonchalance.

**ANNE**

You know. Got a date.

**LUCY**

Shut the fuck up.

Lucy is too excited and practically tomahawks the copy of *Point Break* at Anne.

**LUCY (CONT’D)**

With Dr. Six-Pack??

Anne looks particularly pleased with herself.

**ANNE**

The one and only.

**LUCY**

What is this? Date number four?

**ANNE**

Three.

**LUCY**

Still!
ANNE
And they're announcing the promotion at work today, too.

That’s enough to get Lucy off her seat, rushing over to Anne to hug her like an offensive lineman.

ANNE
Alright, alright, cool it.

Lucy finally puts her down.

LUCY
Today’s your day, Anne! BEST. DAY. EVER!

Anne tries to act like she doesn’t think the same thing as she walks out, a smile creeps across her face all the same.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Anne takes a moment, breathes everything in.

ANNE

A glop of bird poop falls, narrowly misses her.

ANNE
Oh shit.

But nearly getting shit on won’t spoil her mood. She steps off the stoop and towards the future.

INT. OFFICE MEETING ROOM - DAY

Anne stands against the wall, a crowd of employees surround her. BILL (53), a complete Lumberg type, stands at the head of a massive conference table.

BILL
I’d like you all to congratulate our new Senior Account Manager, Steven!

There are claps around the room. STEVEN (27), still a big Frat Daddy, is in the middle of demonstrating a golf swing to his buddies around him when he hears the news.

He walks up and shakes Bill’s hand, Steven leans in.
STEVEN
(Sotto)
Thanks, dad.

Big smiles all around. It would really be quite sweet if this were Steven’s movie, but it’s not. The women around Anne comfort her, should’ve been her.

INT. OFFICE BULLPEN - LATER

Anne plops down in her seat, defeated. Office friends walk by, whispering condolences. Her phone buzzes, “Brother Shithead” is calling her. She reluctantly answers the call.

ANNE
Randall, I’m not in the mood.

INT. CIA OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

RANDALL (34), a very serious looking man, glasses and all, sits at his desk.

RANDALL
Good. Neither am I. You remember what tomorrow is?

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE TWO

Now she does. She somehow deflates even more.

ANNE
Of course.

RANDALL
And you’ve got the flowers?

No.

ANNE
Yes.

RANDALL
I’ll see you tomorrow then.

One wouldn’t believe a 15 second phone call could do as much damage as that one clearly did.

CUT TO:
INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Anne, bent but not broken, walks up to the MAITRE D’ (40s), a snobbish looking man with a pencil thin mustache and an immaculate suit.

ANNE
Hey, sorry. I have reservations but he should already be here. Tall guy? Super handsome? Well coifed hair?

The Maitre D’ turns his nose up at her.

MAITRE D’
Name on the reservation?

ANNE
Clark.

The Maitre D’ makes a show of looking over his list of names.

MAITRE D’
Hmmm, no. He has not come in yet. We do not hold tables long, Miss. You can wait for Monsieur Clark, but you will lose your table.

ANNE
No, no, that’s fine, I’ll wait for him at the table.

MAITRE D’
But of course.

The Maitre D’ gives Anne a look like any answer she had given him would’ve been the wrong one before grabbing a pair of menus.

MAITRE D’
If you will follow me.

CUT TO:

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT TABLE - CONTINUOUS

The Maitre D’ places the menus at the table and pulls Anne’s chair for her, still managing to look inconvenienced. Anne takes her seat.

ANNE
Thanks.
The Maitre D’ leaves without a word. Anne takes up the menu and looks it over before a SERVER (20s) walks up.

SERVER
Would you like a drink while you wait for your second?

Anne lets out a sigh like she’s been waiting for someone to ask her that for hours, which she has.

ANNE
Please! A vodka tonic, twist of lime?

SERVER
You got it, I’ll have it right out.

Anne pulls out her phone – No texts. She opens it and goes to the messages, finds “BEEFCAKE CLARK” and opens it up.

She types “Hey! Just got here! We’re near the back :))” and puts the phone down as the server returns with her drink.

ANNE
Well that was quick.

The server smiles some sympathy.

SERVER
Looked like you needed it.

ANNE
You have no idea.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT TABLE – LATER

Some time has passed, the patrons behind Anne have changed. The server drops by and takes her empty glass, noticeably different from her first drink’s glass.

ANNE
I’ll take another martini, dirty this time.

The server’s smile is now more sympathetic than kind.

SERVER
Of course.

Anne looks agitated, TAPS on the table, her phone BEEPS. She reaches for it a little too quickly.
On the home screen is a text from BEEFCAKE CLARK. It reads “Hey, sorry, I just don’t see us being more than friends.”

Anne tosses the phone back on the table, mouthing “FUCK” before resting her head on the edge.

The server tentatively approaches and places her drink beside her before, almost apologetically, asking:

SERVER
So, did you want to go ahead and order any food?

Anne doesn’t bother lifting her head.

ANNE
No!

The server shakes his head, gently places a large bill that spills off the tray next to her head.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

An obviously drunk Anne closes the door behind her. She’s as quiet and stealthy as a drunk person typically is, meaning not at all.

Lucy quickly stands from her stool, a worried look on her face, her hands fidgeting.

LUCY
Hey! How’d the date go?

The question dies on her lips as she sees the look on Anne’s face.

LUCY
That bad?

Anne nods.

ANNE
Just wants to be -

LUCY
Friends?

ANNE (CONT’D)
Yeup.

LUCY
I’m so sorry... But at least you got the promotion?
The questions dies on her lips again as she sees Anne’s look only darken.

    LUCY
    Oh no.

    ANNE
    Yeup.

    LUCY
    Anne... I’m so sorry, but...

Lucy looks awful.

    LUCY (CONT’D)
    I got home and I was carrying a bunch of papers and I left the door open and before I even noticed, Sophia ran out. I’ve been looking ever since...

Lucy nearly vomits out all of the information, sobers Anne up just enough. She turns around.

    LUCY
    Wait! Where are you going?!

    ANNE
    To find my dog!

    LUCY
    I’m coming with you!

The pair head out into the night.

EXT. STREET – LATER

Lucy and Anne walk down the street, Anne looks appropriately miserable.

    ANNE
    SOPHIA!

    LUCY
    Anne...

    ANNE
    SOPHIA! Girl! Come here!

    LUCY
    Anne...

    ANNE
    What?!
LUCY
We’re not going to find her tonight...

ANNE
You don’t know that!

LUCY
It’s already two.

ANNE
I can’t just leave her out here!

Anne is barely keeping it together. The two stand by a bar, the words “SECOND CHANCE SALOON” blinking in bright neon, neither pay it any attention.

ANNE (CONT’D)
Today has been the worst day of my life. I can’t just leave my dog out in the cold...

LUCY
I know... Let’s go home, we’ll wake up early and check the shelters. I already told my boss I was taking the day off.

Lucy gives Anne a hug as she turns them around, heading back to the apartment.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anne collapses onto her bed, completely wrung out. Heaves out a sigh.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - MORNING

The morning light is sifting into the room. We’re CLOSE UP on Anne’s dark phone, which LIGHTS UP, 6:05, the alarm goes off. Anne’s hand slaps on screen and hits the big snooze button.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - LATER

We’re still CLOSE UP on Anne’s phone, which now reads 8:45 as the alarm rumbles on one more time. This time, Anne resignedly picks it up and turns it off.
She sits up in her bed, still in yesterday’s clothes, looking like a ghost that’s just been released from a Ghostbuster Proton Pack.

She sees the empty dog bed and manages to look even more miserable.

**ANNE**

Oh yeah.

We follow Anne as she sleep walks through yesterday’s routine and slowly returns to the land of the living.

**INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - LATER**

Lucy sits at her usual stool, she’s obviously been worried about her friend.

**LUCY**

Hey! Good morning! I made you some breakfast...

Anne looks down on the counter where a plate of bacon and eggs has been arranged to look like a smiley face. Anne doesn’t return the smile.

Lucy powers forward, undeterred.

**LUCY**

I stayed up last night making these.

She slides a stack of “LOST DOG” posters toward Anne. She picks the top one up and inspects it. A picture of a happy Anne and equally happy Sophia in the middle.

Despite herself, Anne smiles.

**ANNE**

Thanks.

**LUCY**

I felt bad...

**ANNE**

No no, this is great.

She means it, she just doesn’t look it.

**LUCY**

Well, hurry up, eat! We’ve got to put these posters up!
ANNE
And then check the shelters...

LUCY
Right! And then check the shelters!

The two grab their things and head out of the apartment.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The CIA Headquarters in Langley, VA. Things look remarkably like other office buildings, but the drones are talking about dictators and coups and not what happened on TV last night.

At a remarkably unremarkable desk sits Randall, looking like a drone that’s resigned himself to working another day. A hand slaps down, startling him from his screen.

OLIVIA
Hey Randy!

RANDALL
Randall.

OLIVIA
Sure thing. We need you to go grab coffees before the meeting. You know the orders, right?

RANDALL
Coffees? Why me?

OLIVIA
Why not?

RANDALL
I’ve been on this team for 10 years, Olivia.

OLIVIA
And, yet, you’re still fetching coffee.

Randall looks like he’s about to snap the pencil in his fist before TED (Late 50s), balding team leader, steps up.

TED
Alright, alright, that’s enough Olivia. Don’t pay her any mind, Randall. Great job on that Peshawar Report, by the way.

Randall sparks up a bit at the praise.
RANDALL
Thanks Ted, look, I was hoping I could talk to you about that transfer we talked about.

TED
Oh yeah, sure, maybe after the meeting, yeah? And we do need you to go grab those coffees. You know the orders, right?

Randall immediately deflates.

RANDALL
Oh. Yeah. Yeah, I do.

There’s an awkward silence as Ted and Olivia intently watch Randall, who finally catches the hint and gets up to go fetch the coffee.

Ted gives him a finger gun as he walks off before turning to Olivia and nodding his head toward his office.

They walk that way.

TED
Come on, we’ve got a lead on her.

OLIVIA
You’re shitting me.

TED
That’s more of a third date thing, Olivia -

OLIVIA
 Fucking gross, Ted.

TED (CONT’D)
- and no. We’ve got the bitch.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Lucy and Anne run about, putting the lost posters on various lamp and telephone poles as the grey clouds begin to open up and rain starts.

Anne looks back at the poles they’ve already put the signs on. We see a CLOSE UP as one of the posters gets wet and illegible. Lucy sees this.

LUCY
Don’t worry! I’ll go make up some more.
Anne gives Lucy a hug. Lucy is wearing a rain jacket but Anne is ill-prepared for the strengthening storm. Anne sees a bank’s clock: 11:51. Shit.

**ANNE**
(To herself)
Shit.
(To Lucy)
Thanks! I’ve got to go, though!

**LUCY**
Of course! I’ll see you later!

With that, Anne takes off.

**EXT. CEMETERY – LATER**

The rain has only gotten harder, Anne is completely soaked as she approaches a bench from behind, where Randall is waiting under his umbrella, looking like a stereotypical spook.

She plops down next to him and huffs a breath.

Randall notices she doesn’t have a raincoat or jacket and wordlessly shifts his umbrella to cover her. Still gives her a look, though.

**ANNE**
Don’t.

**RANDALL**
You’re late.

**ANNE**
I just said, “don’t”.

Randall looks around her.

**RANDALL**
You forgot the flowers.

Anne startles and looks at her hand.

**ANNE**
Son of a bitch. Look, it’s been a long couple of days.

Randall produces flowers from under his trench coat and Anne gives him a look as the two stand up and approach a gravestone.

**RANDALL**
More like 10 years of long days, right Anne?
ANNE
Can we cool it on the “Shit on little sis” portion of our meetings?

They step up to the gravestone, “MARTHA CAMPBELL - LOVING MOTHER, DAUGHTER, FRIEND”. Randall drops it and the two stand for a moment in silence.

The two mutter under their breaths:

RANDALL
Sorry.

ANNE
Sorry.

As if they were being chided by the tombstone, which, if it could talk, it would definitely be doing. Randall places the flowers at the marker and steps back.

ANNE
She wouldn’t like us arguing like this.

RANDALL
She wouldn’t like a lot of things.

They stand there for a second more of silence.

RANDALL
Love you, mom.

ANNE
Happy birthday...

They lovingly touch the headstone for a moment. With that the two walk away, Anne still walking under Randall’s umbrella.

RANDALL
So, what happened?

ANNE
What do you care?

Randall gives a heavy sigh.

RANDALL
Look, do you want my advice or not?

ANNE
HO. LEE. SHIT. Are you fucking kidding me, Randy?

RANDALL
Randall, Anne.
ANNE
Are you fucking kidding me, RANDY? We’re 15 feet from mom’s grave and you’re already starting with this Dr. Phil crap?

RANDALL
Well, you obviously need it! Look at you!

ANNE
I don’t need this shit, Randall! I don’t need the CIA’s C team to give me advice! You’re not MOM! I might not know what the fuck I’m doing with my life but at least I’m not the fucking coffee boy who thinks he’s still part of the team!

The CIA bit obviously landed, who knows which buttons to push better than siblings?

RANDALL
You’re right, I’m not MOM, Anne. But you still need to get your life together and she’d say the same thing if she were still around. If you had just taken my advice and let the doctor give her the treatments!

Oof. That crossed the line and Randall knows it the second it crosses his lips. But the Rubicon’s been passed, might as well finish the thought.

RANDALL
Why she let YOU be in charge of her health, fuck if I know!

Anne is speechless. Randall comes back to his senses.

RANDALL
Look, I’m sorry-

Before he can finish, Anne gives him a full windup SLAP and storms off. Randall shouts after her but doesn’t follow.

RANDALL
Look, I’m sorry, alright!

The rain pours on Anne as she stomps away.
EXT. SECOND CHANCE SALOON - LATER

The rain is still pouring as Anne plods toward the door of the Second Chance Saloon. A place that plenty of people stumble across, but none seek out.

INT. SECOND CHANCE SALOON - CONTINUOUS

The inside is poorly lit, a bar that would be enveloped in smoke if it weren’t for city ordinances.

Besides the almost stereotypical bartender, SAM (50s), standing behind the counter, the bar is empty.

SAM
What d’ya want?

Anne gives it a second before remembering the massive hangover she’s currently nursing. Why’d she walk into a bar again?

ANNE
A coffee? And an Advil?

SAM
It’s One.

Anne looks at him as if what he just said means anything.

SAM
Coffee’s out.

ANNE
Then a water and an Advil? Please?

Sam gives her a look before walking off to fill the glass and fetch the ibuprofen and Anne rests her head against the cool wood.

He returns with a tall glass of water an a pair of oddly shaped, purple “ibuprofen” pills. Anne doesn’t hesitate to throw them back and chug the whole glass of water in one go.

SAM
Anything you wanna talk ’bout?

ANNE
“Talk ’bout”? What?

SAM
You seem to be in a pretty rough way, s’all.

Anne looks the bartender over before deciding, who better to unload on than a stranger?
ANNE
Rough way is one way of putting it. You ever have just a really bad day -

SAM
Sam.

ANNE
You ever just have the shittiest day of your life, Sam? A day so bad it makes you question everything you've done for the past decade? Makes you think you've wasted your entire life and you're too far down this hole that there's no way out?

Sam contemplates this.

SAM
No. Can't say I have.

ANNE
Yeah, well, that's been my past -

Anne makes a show of checking her watch.

ANNE
Thirty... SIX hours? Shit...

SAM
I'm sorry to hear that.

ANNE
Yeah, me too.

Silently, a STRANGER (50s/60s) a sleek and alluring woman, takes the seat next to her. She breaks the silence suddenly.

STRANGER
We've all had bad days, Anne. Yours, however...

This startles Anne.

ANNE
JESUS, SHIT!

The Stranger looks taken aback for the briefest of seconds before regaining her composure.

ANNE (CONT'D)
What the hell, lady? What do you want?
STRANGER
What I want is to help you, Anne. What do you want?

ANNE (CONT’D)
I mean, I don’t know... Right now, I’d just like to find Sophia...

SAM
Would that get you out of the hole you’re in?

ANNE
No... It’d make it bearable, at least...

Sam starts cleaning glasses.

SAM
Pretty shitty way to look at your future, you ask me.

ANNE
Well, no one asked you, bartender man.

STRANGER
It makes life manageable, Anne, but you’ll still be miserable. What could make your life better?

ANNE
I... I don’t know... I’d need a new job, but this is all I know how to do... I’d have to start everything over.

SAM
There we are.

ANNE
And don’t even get me started on dating in this fucking city!

SAM
Anne.

Anne’s getting some momentum now.

ANNE (CONT’D)
Thousands of single men and not a single one that isn’t a total fuckboy!
SAM

ANNE!

Anne snaps back to reality. Sam nods his head at The Stranger.

STRANGER

It sounds like you need a bit of a do over, don’t you think?

The Stranger produces a large, ornamented coin from her pocket and places it on the bar between the two of them. Anne sits still for a moment before pointing at the coin with her head.

ANNE

And what’s that?

SAM

Consider it something like a token.

ANNE

A token?

The Stranger nods.

ANNE

For what? Do you guys have a big arcade game in the back or something? What am I supposed to do with this?

SAM

It’s more a... Wish based token.

ANNE

A “wish based...”? What? Throw it into a fountain and grant a wish?

The Stranger nods. There’s a beat, neither move or take their eyes off the other. Then, Anne reaches over and tries to grab it.

ANNE

What the hell, I loved When in Rome.

The Stranger slams her own hand over Anne’s holding it and the coin in place, a deadly serious look on her face.

STRANGER

This is not some whimsical flight of fancy, Miss Campbell.

(MORE)
STRANGER (CONT’D)
This is a serious offer and you must be prepared to live with your decision.

ANNE
Fuck! Geez, I get it!

The Stranger removes her hand and returns to her affable, if mysterious self.

SAM
Good.

Anne pockets the coin and checks the time on her phone.

ANNE
Right, well, I need to get going.
(To Sam)
Hey! How much do I owe for the Advil?

Sam merely waves her off.

SAM
Don’t worry ‘bout it.

ANNE
(To Sam)
Right, thank you!
(To Stranger)
And thanks for the cool coin! See you guys around.

Anne sells the enthusiasm just a hair too much as she makes her way outside.

EXT. SECOND CHANCE SALOON - CONTINUOUS

The rain is on its last breath as Anne steps onto the curb, the first rays of sunlight coming out. She gets a call and looks at her phone, “LUCE I.C.E.” She answers.

ANNE
Hey Lucy, any luck?

A huge smile spreads across her face.

ANNE
Luce! You’re a fucking ANGEL! I’m on my way!

She takes off down the street, the sun setting. Across the street, a black sedan idles.
INT. BLACK SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Inside that sedan sit Ted and Olivia, watching the Second Chance Saloon door as Anne walks out.

OLIVIA
Wait, isn’t that...

TED
Yes. Yes it is.

OLIVIA
Do you think?

Ted considers Anne as she runs down the street.

TED
I’m not sure.

He checks his watch, pulls out a radio.

TED
Are you chickenshits in position yet?

There’s a pause, Ted and Olivia look at the radio intently. After a beat, a VOICE comes through the radio.

VOICE (O.S.)
Sir... We talked about this.

TED
File another report with HR, then. See how much that helps you.

Another beat.

VOICE
In position.

Ted looks at his watch and Olivia gets out of the car.

TED
Breach in 30 and don’t fuck this up or I’ll let Olivia mount your balls on her office door as a knocker.

VOICE
Understood.

Ted gets out of the car...
EXT. SECOND CHANCE SALOON - CONTINUOUS

And quickly moves up to Olivia by the Second Chance Saloon’s doors. Both have their guns drawn. Ted looks at his watch again before nodding at Olivia, who pushes the door in slowly before-

-The two rush in.

INT. SECOND CHANCE SALOON - CONTINUOUS

And find Sam behind the bar, cleaning a glass. No sign of the Stranger anywhere. Sam looks up at the two as if two armed people busting in the front door were completely normal.

TED
You gonna tell me where she is?

Sam shrugs his shoulders. The CIA SWAT team rushes in through the back and kitchen doors. Ted looks at them and a SWAT OFFICER pulls down his mask.

SWAT OFFICER
Nothing, sir.

TED
Son of a BITCH!

OLIVIA
Sir -

TED
Five years chasing this ghost and we were THIS close!

OLIVIA
Freedom to speak, sir?

TED
Go for it.

OLIVIA
Five years, chasing after... What? Some woman?

TED
Some woman? Some woman? Do you have any idea what we could do with this woman?

OLIVIA
She has some sort of control of space and time...
TED
Exactly! And that’s just what we know about! Can you imagine what we could do with that kind of power? What the company could achieve? Screw up a Fidel assassination? Do over. The Fed’s fuck up and let the Soviets steal nuke designs? Do over! The president makes the wrong decision for director? DO OVER. We need to find this woman. Strap her to a chair. And make the world a better place.

Ted’s worked himself up. He kicks at a stool. He misses.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - LATER
Anne walks home through a bright public park, in the middle is a large, fairly plain fountain. She slows down as she walks next to it, pulling out the large coin from the bar.

ANNE
(Whispering)
A do over, huh? What the hell.

She tries to flip the coin into the fountain, but the second it leaves her hand it plummets into the water, producing just a single PLOP.

Anne stands there for a beat, looking where the coin landed in the fountain. Waiting for what, she doesn’t know.

ANNE
Weird-ass coin.

She heads out without giving it a second thought. Ted and Olivia run up to the fountain as Anne turns the corner.

TED
Did she just?

OLIVIA
Yep.

Inside the fountain water, the coin is now bubbling violently releasing a bright, neon green substance. Ted nods down at the fomenting fountain.

TED
Well... Go ahead...
OLIVIA
Go ahead and what?

TED
Grab it.

OLIVIA
Hell no.

TED
Do I have to give you an order?

OLIVIA
You’re going to have to do more than that!

As the two bicker, the fountain settles once again. They look down to see that it’s all gone, no coin, no green goo, no nothing. The fountain appears to be completely normal.

OLIVIA
Should I go grab her?

Ted shrugs.

TED
We need to clear the bag and tag, first. We’ll pick her up in the morning. Make sure Randall is getting coffee when we do.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT
Anne walks down the street, her phone buzzes, it’s Lucy.

ANNE
Yeah?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION
Lucy walks away from a shelter excited.

LUCY
I found her!

ANNE
WHAT?!

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - LATER
Anne storms into the apartment, excited to see her dog again. Looks around, no Sophia.
Lucy is ready, though, and runs up and hugs her.

    LUCY
    The shelter was closing when I
    found it and they needed your
    signature to let her go. It’s
    okay, though! We’ll get her in the
    morning!

Anne can’t help but smile and weakly return the hug.

    ANNE
    Oh, okay... Thanks for finding
    her!

    LUCY
    Are you kidding me? I’ve felt like
    crap all day! Anyway, are you
    hungry? I just ordered in some
    Chinese!

    ANNE
    Thanks, but I’ve been fighting a
    headache all day, I’m going to
    sleep.

    LUCY
    Alright, I’ll save some for you.
    Get ready, tomorrow is a fresh new
    start for Anne Campbell!

Anne smiles and laughs, rolls her eyes as she heads off.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM – LATER

Anne, ready for bed, puts her phone on its usual place on the
night stand and clicks off her lamp before crashing as if
completely out of gas.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM – MORNING

A familiar sight, CLOSE UP on a dark cell phone, but not an
iPhone X, it’s an iPhone 3GS. It LIGHTS up, 9:30, a different
ringtone starts to play.

As Anne’s hand grabs for the phone to turn off the alarm, a
sprightly Sophia, a young pup compared to the Sophia we’ve seen
so far, jumps on the bed and starts licking Anne’s face.

Anne is still fighting off morning grogginess.
ANNE
Geez Soph, someone’s happy to be home.

Anne starts scratching Sophia.

ANNE (CONT’D)
Did Lucy go grab you? She should’ve woken me up.

Sophia barks as if she’s talking to Anne.

Anne looks at her phone, still too groggy to tell that it’s several generations older than the phone she’s had.

ANNE
It’s already 9:30?! I wasn’t that tired, was I? Alright, girl, ready to go out?

Anne gets up and we get a good look of her room, what once screamed “young professional” now screams “college junior”.

Anne finally starts to notice the differences. She eyes the room, her phone, Sophia.

ANNE
Uhhhhh...

She looks into her mirror - her hair is much shorter.

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Anne tentatively STEPS into the kitchen still unsure what is going on. Lucy sits in her favorite spot, a big textbook in front of her.

What once looked like a cohesive kitchen, glassware and plates that all matched and a consistent color scheme, now looks like a hodgepodge of Ikea and hand-me-down cookware and cutlery.

It looks like what you would expect from full-time students trying to furnish a place of their own. Lucy notices Anne’s weirded out look.

ANNE
Uhh... Take care of Sophia for a second, could you Luce?

She starts heading for the door.

LUCY
Wait! I’ve got a test!
But Anne is out before she can finish the sentence.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING**

Anne stumbles onto her stoop, looks around. A bus drives by sporting a large “Old Dogs” ad on its side.

**ANNE**
Okay...

She darts down the road, sees a Wawa, pivots toward the door.

**INT. WAWA - CONTINUOUS**

Anne grabs a newspaper off the stand. Nothing important seems to be happening, but she squints. The CASHIER, late teens, a little too eager at his job, sees her grab the paper.

**CASHIER**
Wanna paper, ma’am?

CLOSE UP, “NOVEMBER 12, 2009” is emblazoned on the masthead of the Washington Post.

This smacks Anne right in the gut. She doesn’t drop the paper, but stumbles toward the door.

**CASHIER**
Ma’am...

She doesn’t stop.

**CASHIER (CONT’D)**
Ma’am? That’ll be...

She opens the door.

**CASHIER (CONT’D)**
$1.50! Ma’am!

She’s outside. The cashier visibly deflates.

**CASHIER**
I hate this job...

**INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Anne walks into the apartment, a worried Lucy holding onto Sophia. Anne closes the door and walks to the fridge, grabbing some water, not addressing Lucy at all.
LUCY
Okay... What’s up?

ANNE
Uhhhh, I... I don’t know...

LUCY
Alright, well, hurry up. We’ve gotta get to campus. I want to get to the library before the biology nerds take the good spots.

ANNE
Campus?

Anne still looks completely lost.

LUCY
Did you take that pill Ricky gave you last night? I told you, ‘Don’t ever take drugs from guys named Ricky,” didn’t I?

ANNE
Uhhh, no?

LUCY
Then what’s with the face? Why did you practically stumble out of the apartment just now?

ANNE
I’m... I’m not sure...

Lucy takes out a PALM PRE and slides it up to check the time.

LUCY
Okay, well, I guess I can study just as well at a coffee shop. You want to talk this through there?

Anne simply nods and Lucy gets up, putting away her things in her backpack.

INT. COLLEGE COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The two best friends sit across from each other, coffees in front of them, Lucy’s book is open to the side, but forgotten.

LUCY
And you think this big coin actually worked?

Anne, still looking a little surprised, merely nods.
LUCY
And you swear upon the picture of
Jeremy Renner we have back at the
apartment that you didn’t take any
of Roach Ricky’s highly suspect
acid?

Anne nods again with a little more vigor. Lucy, for her part,
Isn’t buying the story. She checks her phone clock.

LUCY (CONT’D)
Okay, well, I’m sure you’ll feel
better soon. I’ve got to go,
though. Got a hydraulic
engineering test that’s guaranteed
to mess me up.

ANNE
Wait a second...

Anne starts snapping her fingers and pointing at Lucy, the
wheels in her mind starting up.

ANNE (CONT’D)
Yeah, right, I remember this! That
kid in your class... Harrison!
Harrison had a meltdown during
this test! They had to bring the
dean in and you all got A’s on
your tests for some reason.

LUCY
Uhhuh. Yeah, okay, Harrison is a
robot. The teacher asked him some
crazy problem last week and I
swear I saw computer code flash
across his eyeballs.

ANNE
I’m telling you, it’s that kid! He
freaks! They put it in The Eagle!

Lucy just laughs as she heads out.

LUCY
We’ll see! You still good for wine
and Jeremy Renner tonight? Your
brother dropped off his copy of
Hurt Locker while you were asleep.

The mention of Randall sends a cloud over Anne’s face, which
Lucy picks up on.
LUCY
What? He knows we like our girl
Katty Bigs. What’s the problem?

ANNE
Nothing... Have fun at your test.

LUCY
Yeah, you bet. A real blast! Just,
get some rest, yeah?

Lucy laughs as she takes off. Anne is left to stew over her cup of coffee.

EXT. CAMPBELL FAMILY HOME - DAY

It’s a nice day out. A gentle breeze blows past Anne as she
stands at the end of the walk path from the street to the front
door.

A deep breath, one foot in front of the other. Her next breath
comes ragged. Her next step takes more effort.

INT. CAMPBELL FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS

An older woman, MARTHA CAMPBELL (54), graceful and maternal,
the same brunette hair as Anne but 30 some-odd years more
learning how to control it, walks past a window holding a mug.

She double takes out the window.

EXT. CAMPBELL FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS

The door opens and Martha sees Anne on her hands and knees,
sobbing. She runs to her daughter, kneels down beside her, puts
a warm hand on her shoulder.

MARTHA
Anne?

Anne’s sobs double in volume. It’s not a pretty scene.

MARTHA
Birdie, what’s wrong?

Anne wrangles herself in just enough to look up, grab her
mother’s hand.

Martha helps her daughter up, gives her a patented “Mother’s
Hug”™. Anne accepts it, slowly comes back.
MARtha
What happened?

ANNE
It’s... I...

MARtha
Birdie, come inside...

INT. CAMPBELL FAMILY HOME ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS
Anne sleepwalks into the family home as Martha takes her coat and hangs it up on the rack next to her own. Martha walks Anne toward the kitchen.

MARtha (CONT’D)
It’s only two but you look like you need something stronger than tea... It’s like you’ve seen a ghost.

INT. CAMPBELL FAMILY HOME KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER
Anne sits at the kitchen bar as Martha places a steaming cup of tea or maybe something stronger in front of her. She takes it and blows on it before taking a sip.
Anne has managed to wrestle herself together just enough from the front door that she doesn’t look like she’ll break apart.
Martha takes a drink from her own cup before putting it down.

MARtha
Okay, now are you going to tell me what’s up?

ANNE
I’m fine...

Martha isn’t fooled and the look she’s giving Anne says it.

ANNE (CONT’D)
It’s just...

Anne reaches for the words.

ANNE (CONT’D)
What would you do if you got a chance to change your mistakes?
MARTHA
That’s an awfully philosophical question for someone who’s doing fine.

Martha takes a beat to consider the question before smiling.

MARTHA
I’m not sure. I probably wouldn’t have wasted so much time with Johnny Rossi in high school.

ANNE
Mom, I’m serious.

MARTHA
I know, I know.
(Beat)
I’m not sure, Birdie, everything I’ve done has led me to this moment, drinking a zhuzhed up tea with my favorite daughter --

Anne laugh-cries at that.

ANNE
Only daughter...

MARTHA
Like I said, favorite daughter. Mistakes and all.

ANNE
It’s just, I saw ten years into my future and I was still living with Lucy, working some dead end job and I don’t know how to fix it.

MARTHA
That’s...
(Beat)
Oddly specific...

Anne shrugs her shoulders.

MARTHA
It’s not too late to change your major, you know. If you don’t think it’ll get you where you want to go.

ANNE
No... Well, maybe...
MARTHA
And you could do a lot worse than living with Lucy.

ANNE
I know, it’s just... I just don’t know what to do. There are so many doors and I just don’t know which one to go through.

MARTHA
To be young and burdened with too many choices.

Anne can’t help but smile into her cup.

MARTHA
There’s my little birdie. You should talk to Randy, he always has such good advice for you.

Just like that, the smile is gone.

MARTHA (CONT’D)
What? Did you two have a fight?

ANNE
No. Maybe. He’s just so busy, I don’t want to bother him.

MARTHA
Oh please, he always has time for you. And if he doesn’t, let me know and I’ll go up to his office and give him a talking to.

ANNE
Mom, he works at the CIA, you can’t -

MARTHA
I don’t care where he works! I am his mother and I’ll go up there and give him a talking to! I did not go through 15 hours of labor just so he could be “TOO BUSY” to talk to his sister!

ANNE
Okay, mom, I get it, I get it, I’ll go talk to him.

Martha smiles.
MARTHA
Good. Now did you want to watch
last week’s Castle? I TiVo’d it!

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - LATER

Anne sits on the couch, flipping through TV channels - LOST -
THE MENTALIST - TWO AND A HALF MEN - BONES.

ANNE
It’s like being stuck on Nick at
Nite...

She lands on a Thursday Night Football game - Dolphins vs.
Panthers - before Lucy SLAMS through the door.

LUCY
Holy shit, holy shit, holy shit --

She finds Anne sitting on the couch.

LUCY (CONT’D)
It happened! What the hell. How’d
you know?

ANNE
Wait, What happened?

LUCY
Harrison!

Anne smiles, remembering the details.

INT. CLASSROOM - EARLIER

We see Lucy working hard on what is obviously a complicated
looking test, quickly writing down numbers and calculations.

As Lucy is narrating this, the camera TRACKS on HARRISON (19),
if you were asked to pick someone who makes sure everyone sees
him go up for a second blue book, you’d immediately pick him.

LUCY (V.O.)
Harrison went nuts during the
test. Not even 10 minutes in. Just
stood up all normal, went to the
front of the class and started
screaming like a howler monkey.
INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANNE
Yeah... Then he started flipping -

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harrison is just going to town on these desks, nerd hulk strength, you wouldn’t think he had it in him.

LUCY (V.O.)
Desks?! YES. Before Dr. Engels could do anything, Harrison got up on the professor’s desk and --

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Anne is nodding her head now, she remembers all this. It’d be hard not to.

ANNE
Took a --

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP on Harrison’s contorted face. He’s putting in some effort here.

LUCY (V.O.)
ANNE (V.O.)
Shit!
Shit.

We now see the whole picture, Harrison full on squatting, veins popping out of his forehead, a small plaster bust of an old man taking the brunt of the storm.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lucy collapses on the couch next to Anne, the full implications of all this still catching up to her.

LUCY
Holy shit.

ANNE
I know.

LUCY
Holy shit.

ANNE
I know.
LUCY
Holy shit.

ANNE
Alright, Lucy, calm down.

LUCY
Do you know what this means?!

ANNE
I’m still trying to figure that out, actually.

Lucy eyes the football game on the TV and a big smile splay across her face.

LUCY
It means we’re going to be RICH.

ANNE
What?

LUCY
You’ve seen Back to the Future, right?

ANNE
Actually, I haven’t.

LUCY
What?! How have you never -?!
Actually, we’ll deal with that later. Anyway, in the movie, this guy, Biff, gets Michael J. Fox’s sports almanac and uses it to make bets.

Anne notices the football game now and connects the dots.

ANNE
And you want to do that with me?

LUCY
Yes! You remember who won the Super Bowl this year, right?

ANNE
I think so --

LUCY
You think so?!
ANNE
No, no, I do, I do, the Patriots won, like, ten Super Bowls in a row. Randall was pissed.

LUCY
So, the Patriots win this year?

ANNE
Yeah. Yes. For sure.

LUCY
Okay! We’ll just put all of our money on them, then! You know what we can do with all that money?

Anne thinks on it for a second, it dawns on her.

ANNE
I can put money into finding a cure for my mom!

Lucy smiles, happy for her best friend.

LUCY
And STILL have enough money to be set for life!

Anne matches Lucy’s smile now.

ANNE
Yeah, alright! Let’s go bet on sports!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JANUARY 10, 2010. There are a few lingering Christmas decorations in the apartment as Anne and Lucy sit on the couch, eyes glued to the TV.

We see ELITE QB JOE FLACCO take a final knee and begin celebrating as the Ravens have just squashed the Pats. As if that weren’t enough, the ANNOUNCERS chime in.

ANNOUNCER 1 (V.O.)
And that’ll do it, folks! The Ravens absolutely manhandle the Patriots to win the wild card.

Close up on Lucy’s and Anne’s shocked faces. Anne recovers first, looking a little cowed.
ANNE
Okay, so, obviously I didn’t quite remember football as much as I thought I did...

Lucy just buries her face in her hands and lets out a muffled scream.

INT. WAWA - DAY

Anne walks around the convenience store from before, same cashier behind the counter. She’s carrying a soda as she walks past an old man reading the paper.

Underneath the fold is a story about Osama Bin Laden. Cogs start to move in Anne’s head as she walks to the paper stand.

CASHIER
Oh no. Not again, lady.

She picks up a paper and flips it, a small article in the corner reads “OSAMA BIN LADEN RELEASES TAPE, CRITICIZES AMERICAN CLIMATE DISASTER.”

CASHIER
Don’t think I don’t see the soda, either!

She starts heading for the door.

CASHIER
$3.50, lady! DON’T RUN!

She’s out. The cashier once again deflates.

CASHIER
I hate this job...

INT. LUCY’S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lucy is on her laptop on her bed when Anne CRASHES through her door.

LUCY
What the hell?!

Anne holds up the paper triumphantly.

ANNE
I know how we’re going to get rich!
LUCY
Anne, we have no money. After the loans we took out to make that bet, we have less than no money. You can’t get rich quick if you’re less than broke.

ANNE
No! This isn’t a scheme! How much money is the Osama Bin Laden bounty at right now?!

Lucy gives Anne a look and taps on her keyboard. She doesn’t look particularly enthused about this line of thinking.

LUCY
$25 million. But how do you --

ANNE
I know where he is! It’s as good as ours!

LUCY
Anne, I love you, but why would I believe you know where Osama Bin Laden is after you so royally screwed us over with the Patriots?

Anne feverishly looks around the room before grabbing the copy of Hurt Locker and holding it up triumphantly.

ANNE
Because our girl Katty Biggs made a movie about it! Zero Dark Thirty! With Jessica Chastain and Coach Taylor and Chris Pratt!

LUCY
Chris Pratt?

ANNE
The fat guy from Parks & Rec?! Andy Dwyer?! Anyways, Kathryn Bigelow is making a movie about Osama Bin Laden right now, they get him, like, next year and then she works with the CIA and updates the movie to be how it actually went down! Randall knew the guy that helped her!

LUCY
And Andy Dwyer is the comic relief? Is this like a Point Break movie?
ANNE
No! He actually got really buff for the Marvel movies but that’s beside the point. It was super serious! And amazing and Jessica Chastain fucking killed in it and it got robbed at the Oscars and I’m getting off track. This is it! This is how we get 25 million dollars! I know where Osama Bin Laden is!

LUCY
Okay...

Lucy turns her computer around, Google maps already opened.

LUCY (CONT’D)
Where is he?

ANNE
Oh come on, you don’t believe me?

LUCY
Nope!

Anne gives an exaggerated huff and starts typing and clicking on the laptop. In a surprisingly short amount of time, she’s done. Turns it. Osama’s complex front and center.

Lucy can’t help but look impressed. She zooms out.

LUCY
Abbottabad?

Anne is triumphant.

ANNE
Pakistan.

Lucy mulls it over a bit. $25 mill is an awfully big number.

LUCY
Okay, yeah, it’s not the craziest idea... But I have one condition.

ANNE
Name it.

LUCY
Randall helps.

ANNE
Oh...
LUCY
What?

ANNE
I haven’t really told Randall about my whole... Situation...

LUCY
What? Why not?

ANNE
It’s kind of complicated.

LUCY
Well, just think of some way to convince him how you’re from the future like you did with me and get to it!

Lucy grabs Anne by the arms and shakes her vigorously.

LUCY (CONT’D)
25! Million! Dollars!

EXT. BROWNSTONE - DAY

CLOSE UP on the door as Anne’s hand RAPS against it. Again, we hear movement inside. Anne knocks again.

RANDALL (O.S.)
Hold on! Hold on! I’m coming!

ANNE
You didn’t have to come, I can handle Randall y’know.

Lucy chuckles and replaces a strand of hair behind her ear, rocks back and forth with just a tinge too much anticipation.

Anne side eyes her.

The door opens and we see a smiling Randall, slightly younger, slightly less beat down by the system.

RANDALL
Oh, hey! My favorite sister!

ANNE
Your only sister.

RANDALL
Like I said! And.... Lucy! Long time no see!
LUCY
I know, right?

Randall and Lucy both... laugh? Not a normal interaction. Anne tracks this.

ANNE
Yeah, anyway we need to talk.

RANDALL
Alright, yeah, come on in.

Randall moves aside to give them a path.

ANNE
I was actually thinking more “dive bar talk”.

RANDALL
Alright...

Randall grabs his jacket from a hook and the three take off.

INT. SECOND CHANCE SALOON - LATER

Randall sits across from Anne and Lucy, the three seated at a booth at a local watering hole, vinyl chairs, dim lighting, various shit plastered onto the wall next to neon signs.

For the briefest of moments, Randall eyes Sam behind the bar, as if he knows him. Or seen him in a report.

The three are several bottles of beer deep by now.

ANNE
So, yeah, that’s what we were thinking.

Randall sits there for a moment, peeling the label off of his bottle, looking between the two.

RANDALL
(To Lucy)
She’s serious?
(To Anne)
You’re serious?

Anne rolls her eyes.

ANNE
(To Lucy)
I told you this was dumb.
LUCY
(To Randall)
Look, she’s serious.
(To Anne)
Anne, we need his help.

RANDALL
Need my help for what?

ANNE
Forget it.

LUCY
(To Anne)
No--

RANDALL
Need my help for what, Anne?

LUCY
We... Have an idea.

ANNE
We?

RANDALL
And that is?

LUCY
Anne... Knows where Osama Bin Laden is...

RANDALL
Oh she does now??

ANNE
Don’t be an ass.

Randall gives Anne an exasperated look.

LUCY
We were thinking we could just...
I don’t know... Call the hotline or something?

RANDALL
No. Absolutely not.

ANNE
What? Why not?

RANDALL
Even if you weren’t related to me, two college students in DC calling in Osama’s location?

LUCY
Yeah?
RANDALL
You’d be lucky if they just laughed you off. If they followed through, they’d bag and tag the both of you to figure out how you knew.

ANNE
Okay...

RANDALL
But since you ARE related to me, they’d send all of us to GitMo just because they would think I kept the information to myself to collect on the bounty.

LUCY
Okay, so no calling the hotline.

RANDALL
No.

ANNE
So we go get him ourselves.

RANDALL
You’re kidding, right?

ANNE
Why would I be kidding?

RANDALL
Because what you’re saying is pants on head insane.

LUCY
Yeah, Anne...

ANNE
Look, there are only, like, three dudes with guns in the whole place...

RANDALL
Yeah, Anne, three dudes - with guns.

ANNE (CONT’D)
And they’d have no idea we were coming!

RANDALL
Look, Anne -
ANNE
No, Randall, you brag all the time about how you’re so good at this kind of thing -

RANDALL
I wouldn’t say “brag”...

ANNE
Well, if you’re so good, you can teach us.

Randall huffs, but he doesn’t say no. Anne slides out of the booth.

ANNE
I gotta go piss.

RANDALL
Don’t be gross.

She looks at Lucy and gestures vaguely at Randall.

ANNE (CONT’D)
Work on this.

Anne turns the corner to the restrooms.

RANDALL
And you believe this?

Lucy nods.

LUCY
I do.

RANDALL
Why?

LUCY
Well, for starters, she called this guy having a total meltdown in class.

RANDALL
People have meltdowns, that doesn’t mean you know the future.

LUCY
Not like this, not this guy.

RANDALL
Alright, and...
LUCY
And... Well, you know Anne. Wakes up late, waits till the last second to get things done.

Randall nods his head, sounds familiar.

LUCY (CONT'ED)
I don’t know what it is... Well, I do, actually, but she’s more focused. Determined. I’ve never seen her like this and I’ve lived with her for three years now. She woke up the other day and she was still Anne, but she was mature. Like she’d experienced 10 years overnight.

They sit in silence for a moment as Randall absorbs this before reaching over and grabbing her hand.

RANDALL
Even if she is a time traveller now, even if she does know where Osama is, it’s still dangerous. Deadly. And I don’t want you, either of you, to get hurt.

Lucy grips his hand, smiles.

LUCY
Look, we can do this. Anne knows where he is, you’ve got the spy stuff, and I... Well, I have my own set of skills.

Randall looks at their hands and smirks, rolling his eyes.

RANDALL
Your “own set of skills” huh?

LUCY
You heard me.

A door slams shut in the background and the two pull their hands back quickly. Anne is there moments later.

She looks between the two, the faintest wisp of awkwardness hangs in the air, and slides back to her seat.

ANNE
(To Lucy)
So, did you talk some sense into him?
She looks at Randall.

    ANNE (CONT’D)
    Or did he talk some sense into you?

    RANDALL
    Look, I’m going to need something. My own proof you’re not just going through some sort of protracted mental breakdown.

Anne sighs.

    RANDALL
    What?

    ANNE
    I was hoping you wouldn’t ask.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM – DAY

A sterile white room, the only color coming from a “Hang In There” kitten poster that Randall examines while waiting for the doctor to come back.

Martha sits on an examination table in a patient’s gown looking remarkably unconcerned.

    MARTHA
    Why exactly are we here again?

    RANDALL
    I told you, just being careful.

    MARTHA
    Because you saw something on Good Morning America, yes.

Martha laughs at this.

    MARTHA
    You sound like your grandmother.

Randall rolls his eyes.

    RANDALL
    Grandma was smart.
MARTHA
Uh-huh.

A DOCTOR (50s) opens the door and peeks in.

DOCTOR
Mr. Campbell, would you mind a word?

RANDALL
Of course.

Martha shows just the hint of worry, but still manages a smile.

MARTHA
Oh, come on, Doc, you can tell my son he wasted your time in here.

The doctor merely gives her a halfhearted chuckle as he closes the door behind him and Randall. Martha’s smile falters just a smidge.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The doctor finishes closing the door and peers through the window at Martha before turning to Randall.

DOCTOR
So, we looked where you told us.

RANDALL
And?

Randall’s face is hopeful but resigned, he knows in his bones what the doctor is about to say.

DOCTOR
And she’s got Corputridum.

The news lands like a haymaker square on Randall’s jaw.

DOCTOR (CONT’D)
Look, I don’t know how you knew what to look for, I had to look this shit up on WebMD and I was top of my class at Johns Hopkins.

RANDALL
I... Saw an episode of House...

DOCTOR
Yeah, sure.

(MORE)
DOCTOR (CONT’D)
Well, good news, symptoms aren’t going to start showing up for years, four or five, and she’s going to have a completely normal life till then.

RANDALL
And the bad news?

The doctor sighs.

DOCTOR
The bad news is that there’s no cure and when those symptoms do start appearing, it’ll be like falling off a cliff, health-wise. She’ll have months.

RANDALL
Is there any sort of treatment that can help?

DOCTOR
Right now? No. When symptoms show up, we can put her on a few regimens, quality of life stuff, but that’ll just prolong the inevitable.

Randall just nods his head.

RANDALL
Okay...

DOCTOR
Look, due to the nature of the illness, we don’t exactly need to drop this bomb on her right now but, word of advice, the sooner the patient knows about these things, the better.

RANDALL
Yeah, yeah, of course. I think we might hold off for a little bit? I need to talk to my sister...

DOCTOR
Of course.

The doctor opens the door back into the examination room.
INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Martha now looks just a little worried.

MARTHA
Alright, what’s up?

RANDALL
It’s nothing, mom, you just had a weird spike in cholesterol is all.

The doctor gives Randall a look before addressing Martha.

DOCTOR
That’s right, Ms. Campbell. You should probably cut back on the bacon just a bit.

Martha breathes a sigh of relief.

MARTHA
See, I knew you were a worrywart. (To the Doctor)
And it’ll be a cold day in hell before I give up bacon.

Randall can’t help but laugh.

RANDALL
Alright, alright, let’s go home.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - LATER

Anne and Lucy sit on the couch flipping channels, Sophia laying down between them. The Apprentice pops on, DONALD TRUMP in the middle of his catch phrase.

DONALD TRUMP
You’re fired!

Anne reacts with visible revulsion.

ANNE
Oh no, oh no no no. Turn it. Turn it!

Lucy is startled by how insistent she is. Anne starts trying to grab the clicker from her hand but Lucy turns the channel over.

LUCY
What... What’s wrong?

ANNE
Nothing... It’s just... Ew.
There’s a KNOCK at the front door, Lucy gets up, looks through the peephole before unlocking it and letting Randall in. Randall walks in and silently sits on the couch.

Lucy and Anne share a look.

RANDALL
So... What are we going to do about it?

Anne knows exactly what he’s talking about.

ANNE
In about five years, after mom gets diagnosed, some people come by. They’re trying to find a cure but they weren’t getting the funding they needed.

RANDALL
And $25 million will help them make the cure.

ANNE
It certainly won’t hurt.

There’s a beat.

RANDALL
Okay. So you know where Osama Bin Laden is?

ANNE
Yeah.

RANDALL
How?

Anne tilts her head.

ANNE
You, actually. And Kathryn Bigelow, of course.

RANDALL
Point Break lady?

LUCY
And Hurt Locker, thank you very much!

ANNE
And the unreleased Zero Dark Thirty.
RANDALL
Zero Dark--

ANNE
Her movie about the Osama Bin Laden raid, it’s actually one of your favorites.

RANDALL
It is...

ANNE
Yeah, you knew the CIA guy who helped her fix the movie after we get him.

RANDALL
We get him? When?

ANNE
In about a year.

RANDALL
A year.

ANNE
Yeah.

RANDALL
And you want to go get him first.

ANNE
Yeah.

RANDALL
And you know where he is.

ANNE
Randall.

LUCY
She knows where it is, it’s just, well, Google Maps doesn’t really have great photos of Pakistan right now.

RANDALL
Of course it doesn’t.

ANNE
And we were thinking you could grab one of your spy maps for us.

RANDALL
One of my spy maps?
LUCY
For starters.

RANDALL
For starters.

There’s silence, Randall taps his knees.

RANDALL
I have to think about it.

ANNE
I know.

Randall stands up and makes for the door. Lucy and Anne exchange looks.

EXT. CIA TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY

Randall stands in a ready position, ballistics glasses and ear protection on, bulletproof vest over a t-shirt and jeans. Behind him stands an INSTRUCTOR, 45, former jarhead type.

The instructor blows a whistle and Randall is off. He approaches a particle board shoot house and quickly kicks in a door before entering.

INT. SHOOT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Randall clears the room, firing precise shots into the center mass of two targets.

RANDALL
Clear!

INSTRUCTOR
Clear!

Randall moves through an open doorway and see’s three more targets, one being a terrorist hiding behind a hostage.

BANG.

There’s a hole between the terrorist’s eyes, the hostage completely clean.

Randall moves through the house, firing shots, reloading, running the course as close to perfect as a desk jockey can. We get to the final room, a TARGET springs from behind a doorway.

It’s a target of Osama Bin Laden.
BANG.

Randall puts a hole in the target’s head. Randall looks at the target for a beat.

    RANDALL
    Clear!

    INSTRUCTOR
    Clear!

Randall holsters his pistol and he and the instructor pull off their ear protection.

    INSTRUCTOR (CONT’D)
    Not bad, Randall. I wouldn’t mind having you in the field with me.

Randall considers the target for a second more before smiling and turning to walk out.

    RANDALL
    Thanks!

EXT. CIA TRAINING GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Randall and the instructor walk out of the shoot house together, Randall spots Ted waiting for him a few yards off.

    INSTRUCTOR
    What does that prick want?

    RANDALL
    No idea. Hey, thanks again for running the course with me.

    INSTRUCTOR
    Anytime. Same time next week?

    TED
    Yeah.

The instructor pats Randall on the back before peeling off. Ted waits for Randall to walk to him, no meeting halfway.

    TED
    Hey Randy, how’s that report going?

Not exactly what Randall was expecting.

    RANDALL
    Uh... Sir?
TED
That report I gave you earlier?

RANDALL
Well, uh, it’s coming along.

TED
Ah, well I figured since you were out here, it’d be done.

RANDALL
Sorry, sir. It’s my lunch break and I don’t get the time to run the course any other time...

TED
Yeah, you’d figure you’d have better uses of your time...

Randall flinches, Ted doesn’t notice.

TED (CONT’D)
Anyway, get that report to my desk before the end of the day. I’ve got a meeting in the morning and I’ll need to present on it.

RANDALL
Of course, sir.

TED
And how’s your mother doing? You took the morning yesterday to take her to the hospital?

The question sounds more like ticking off a box on the “Good boss” checklist than actual concern.

RANDALL
Uh, she’s doing okay sir.

TED
Good to hear!

He’s already walking away.

TED (CONT’D)
Anyway, get that report done. I might have something else for you to work on after that.

RANDALL
Sure thing.
TED
Oh, and...

Ted turns, waves vaguely at the shoot house and training grounds.

TED (CONT’D)
Let’s try not to waste too much time out here anymore, yeah?

Randall’s shoulders sag a bit at that.

RANDALL
Yes, sir...

TED
Good.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Anne and Lucy sit on the couch watching TV. We see TJ MILLER in CLOVERFIELD.

TJ MILLER
Ocean is big, dude. All I’m saying is a couple of years ago, they found a fish in Madagascar that they thought been extinct for centuries.

Anne cringes and changes the channel, then we see JAMES FRANCO in PINEAPPLE EXPRESS.

JAMES FRANCO
I’m totally glad I dipped in your ink, bro!

Anne cringes and changes the channel, then we see LOUIE CK in LOUIE.

LOUIS CK
Shit... there’s not even enough time to jerk off.

Anne cringes once more and finally just turns off the TV.

LUCY
What! That show is good!

Anne just looks at her and shakes her head. Randall bursts through the door and SLAMS it shut behind him. He storms over to the couch and sets himself down between Lucy and Anne.
Tough day at work?

Randall pulls a folder out of his bag.

You could say that.

He opens the folder and spreads its contents on the coffee table. Aerial photos of Abbottabad. Lucy leans over, just a little too close to Randall as she gets a look.

Are those...

Randall startles, remembers something, and grabs her mouth. He stands up and snaps his fingers as he holds out his hand. Pulls out his phone with the other and shakes it.

Anne and Lucy pick up on the cue after a moment and hand their phones to him. He walks over to the kitchen, opens the freezer, and puts the phones inside before returning to the couch.

Was that really necessary?

You have no idea.

Okay, well, these are photos of--

Abbottabad, yeah.

Anne’s face lights up as she realizes Randall is in.

Alright! Okay, so, where is the military academy??

Randall tracks the detail. Old Anne wouldn’t know there was a military academy in Abbottabad. In fact, most people wouldn’t know that. He points to it in a few of the photos.

Okay, so that’s the academy, which means....

Anne scrutinizes the photos carefully before she has an “AHA!” moment and triumphantly points at Osama’s compound. She found her Waldo.

There he is!
Randall and Lucy both lean in to look. Again, just a little too close to each other. They both consciously part. Anne tracks all of this.

RANDALL
And you’re sure.

ANNE
As sure as God made little green apples!

LUCY
Alright! Wait... Little green apples?
(To Randall)
Is that some weird family saying?

RANDALL
No idea where she got that.

ANNE
(Sotto)
Pioneer Woman...

RANDALL
Well, anyway, that’s the easy part. It’s about to become very dangerous, very fast. First off, you two probably need let your professors know you’ll be missing a few classes--

Lucy winces, but Anne:

ANNE
Sweet.

LUCY
Wait, I get college but what are you going to do? It’s not like you can just disappear from the CIA for however long.

RANDALL
I think I’ve got an idea.
(To Anne)
But what do we tell mom?

ANNE
Oh, I’ve got an idea for that, don’t worry.
INT. CIA OFFICES - TED’S OFFICE - DAY

Randall sits down in front of Ted’s desk, placing a piece of paper in front of Ted. Ted turns from his computer and picks up the sheet. He puts on his reading glasses.

TED
What’s this?

RANDALL
I’m really sorry about this, Ted.

TED
From the shrink?

RANDALL
...The Office Psychologist...

Ted mouths the words as he reads them. One phrase gets his attentions, though.

TED
Indefinite leave of absence?

RANDALL
Like I said, really sorry about it but--

Ted waves the paper in tandem with his shaking head.

TED
Randy, Randy, I’m afraid I can’t allow that.

RANDALL
Sir, it’s not really --

Ted picks up his phone and starts dialing.

TED
Don’t worry about this, Randy. You’re too important to the team, we’ll get this cleared up.

RANDALL
Ted, like I said--

Ted holds up a finger to quiet Randall as he turns his chair away from him.
TED
(On phone)
Yeah, I’d like to get ahold of the quack.
(Beat)
This is Ted - Pakistan desk - Yeah, I’ll hold.

RANDALL
(To himself)
You know what--
(To Ted)
Actually Ted--

Randall leans over and presses down the receiver on Ted’s office phone, cutting the line.

RANDALL (CONT’D)
I think I quit.

Ted is taken aback for a moment.

TED
Wait, Randy, you can’t just quit-

Randall is already walking out.

RANDALL
I disagree. Olivia knows the coffee orders, too, just so you know!

And just like that, Randall is out of there.

INT. SECOND CHANCE SALOON - NIGHT

Randall, Anne, and Martha settle into a booth at the Second Chance Saloon. Anne eyes the bar, sees Sam but not the Stranger. Sam nods in her direction, maybe a little knowingly.

As they sit, a WAITRESS, 30s, looks like a dive-bar waitress, walks up and plops three wrinkly paper menus in front of them.

WAITRESS
Know whatcha want?

Martha hasn’t been in a bar like this in while, but she kinda digs it, reminds her of her younger days.

MARTHA
Can you make a gin rickey?

The waitress twists toward Sam.
WAITRESS
Sam! Gin rickey?!

Sam doesn’t answer, merely starts pulling bottles.

WAITRESS
He’s got it. You two?

RANDALL
Uh... Old Fashioned.

The waitress nods. She hasn’t had a notepad on her in at least a decade.

ANNE
A Yuengling?

The waitress nods and takes off to collect the drinks. Martha eyes her daughter.

MARTHA
A beer?
(To Randall)
Since when has she been drinking beer?

RANDALL
Don’t ask me.

ANNE
What? Since when can I not like beer?

MARTHA
You can like beer, Birdie. I just didn’t think you did.

Anne just shrugs.

MARTHA (CONT’D)
Alright, well, why have you two brought me out to this...

She takes in her surroundings.

MARTHA (CONT’D)
Charming establishment?

RANDALL
Well, other than it being Anne’s new favorite watering hole apparently-

ANNE
It’s a cool place!
The Waitress comes back and places the drinks in front of the Campbell family. Martha takes a sip and her eyes go just a little wide. Better than she expected.

MARTHA
Not bad.

ANNE
See?

MARTHA
Alright, alright. Now, what did you two have to tell me?

Randall and Anne exchange a look before they both reach out and grab both of Martha’s hands. Martha isn’t sure how serious her children are being or not.

RANDALL
You know the Amazing Race, right?

Martha swats at Randall’s hand.

MARTHA
Oh, you know I love that show! You shitheads! Had me worried!

The three share a good laugh.

RANDALL
Well-

ANNE
Well, Randall and I got selected!

MARTHA
Oh my gosh, that’s amazing! You two would be so great! But wait, what does that mean

(To Randall)
With your job?

(To Anne)
And your studies?

ANNE
Well, I emailed my professors. And we don’t know how long we’ll be gone, we could be the first sent home.
MARTHA
Oh hush. And the CIA is just okay with you taking off?

RANDALL
Well, I had a lot of sick time saved up...

Martha doesn’t really buy this.

RANDALL (CONT’D)
And... I think I might want to transition to the civilian sector.

Anne gives Randall a look, keep this focused.

RANDALL (CONT’D)
But I’ll figure that out later! Amazing Race!

ANNE
The only bad thing is that we’re technically not supposed to have phones with us --

MARTHA
Oh, well I don’t know about that!

ANNE (CONT’D)
But! Randall already has a way around that.

Randall and Anne produce nondescript flip phones and give them a little shake.

ANNE (CONT’D)
Burner phones!

RANDALL
Yeah, they’ll take our phones away but we’ll have these guys on us and will be able to contact you from them.

MARTHA
What happens if they catch you with them?

ANNE
Don’t worry, Randall has that spy stuff down pat. We’ll be fine.

MARTHA
That’s just really exciting.

(MORE)
MARTHA (CONT’D)
I just know you two are going to kill it.

Martha doesn’t know how prescient the words are but Anne likes the sentiment.

ANNE
I’ll drink to that.

The three clink their glasses.

EXT. APARTMENT – DAY

Randall and Anne load bags into a beat-up truck as Lucy exits the apartment building holding her own. Anne notices and steps toward her.

ANNE
Hey, Lucy, look, I was thinking maybe you shouldn’t come.

This takes Lucy by surprise.

LUCY
What?

ANNE
It’s our mother that’s sick. We can’t ask you to risk so much to help her.

LUCY
Anne. You know Martha is basically my second mother.

RANDALL
Okay Luce, but--

Anne gives Randall a look.

ANNE
Luce?

RANDALL (CONT’D)
Anne knows where we’re going and I’ve got pretty much all the other skills.

Lucy is a little peeved by this.
LUCY
All the other skills?

Randall gives her an “I mean, yeah” shrug. Lucy nods her head, a little steamed.

LUCY (CONT’D)
Alright, give me the keys. I’m going to show you something.

Lucy throws her bag into Randall’s gut and Anne hands Lucy the keys. Lucy goes over to the driver’s seat and gives the other two a “Well? Get in the car!” look. They comply.

INT./EXT. PICKUP TRUCK – DAY

Lucy expertly changes gears, weaves in and out of traffic, overtakes a “Bro” in a lifted 250, all-in-all, proves her skills.

They make it to an intersection and Lucy stops the car exactly on the line.

Anne and Randall both look like they’ve seen ghosts.

LUCY
Good enough, *Randall?

Randall nods his head.

LUCY (CONT’D)
What was that?

RANDALL
Better than me...

Lucy smiles, takes off again. Randall turns to Anne.

RANDALL
(Sotto)
Where’d she learn to do that?

Anne just shakes her head. “No idea.”

INT./EXT. PICKUP TRUCK – COUNTRY ROADS – DAY

The trio sit side-by-side-by-side in the old truck, bouncing along as THE HOLLER of West Virginia slides past. They’re in the sticks, now.

Anne holds her phone out the window, NO BARS.
ANNE
Well, Lucy, if you were planning on murdering us, this would be the place to do it.

LUCY
Funny! You know how I never asked you to come visit my family over breaks or anything?

ANNE
Yeah...

RANDALL
(Whispers to Anne)
Wait, you never met Lucy’s family?

Anne shrugs.

LUCY (CONT’D)
Well, I had a reason.

Lucy turns the truck off the road toward a large fence with an intimidating gate on which a sign that reads “SOVEREIGN TERRITORY - MY LAND WILL BE DEFENDED” is attached.

The Campbell siblings don’t exactly know how to take this.

ANNE
I was kidding about murdering us, you know...

Lucy rolls her eyes and honks the horn.

LUCY
Hah-hah.
(Shouting)
Uncle Pick!

The gate starts sliding open, revealing a LARGE, overalled UNCLE PICK, 60s, looks exactly like the kind of guy who would hang a “Sovereign Country” sign on his fence.

Lucy slows the truck down as she approaches Uncle Pick.

LUCY
Hey Uncle Pick, this is Anne and Randall.

Every word out of Uncle Pick’s mouth is indecipherable Hillbilly speak.

UNCLE PICK
Ah yeah!
(MORE)
UNCLE PICK (CONT’D)
Them’s the folks you told me about last Christmas yessum?

LUCY
Yep!

UNCLE PICK
Pleasure a make y’all’s acquaintance!

Uncle Pick reaches his hand into thee truck to shake Randall’s and Anne’s hand. Anne and Randall have no idea what he’s just said but are capable of interpreting context clues.

ANNE
Uh... Nice to meet you Uncle... Pick?

UNCLE PICK
Yessum!

RANDALL
Same here.

Uncle Pick is just tickled pink.

LUCY
I just wanted to show them around the place, is that alright?

UNCLE PICK
Course! Any friend of yours is more’n welcome!

LUCY
Thanks, Uncle Pick.

UNCLE PICK
Anything for you, darling.

Lucy kisses Uncle Pick’s cheek and drives on toward a house farther on down the dirt road as Uncle Pick locks the gate back up. Off of Randall and Anne’s look.

LUCY
Uncle Pick is a sweetheart but he’s... a bit of an eccentric.

RANDALL
You don’t say...
EXT. COMPOUND HOUSE - DAY

The truck pulls up to the house, something a Hatfield or McCoy would've lived in if they were around a hundred years later and the three pile out as Uncle Pick brings up the rear.

UNCLE PICK
So, whys ya come over? Bring ya friends?

LUCY
Well, we're on our way to go take out Osama Bin Laden--

Uncle Pick nods his head as if this weren't batshit.

UNCLE PICK
'Kay.

LUCY (CONT'D)
And Anne and Randall here don't want me to get hurt, so they think I should stay behind.

UNCLE PICK
They think you'd get hurt?

LUCY
Yeah.

UNCLE PICK
You??

LUCY
Yep.

UNCLE PICK
Well I'll be!

He wastes no time before turning around to the house and storming inside. Anne and Randall take their surroundings: a range a ways off, a barn, a path leading off into the holler.

RANDALL
So...

ANNE
Nice place your uncle has here...

Lucy smiles as she looks around.

LUCY
I think so.
Uncle Pick BURSTS out of his house, the screen door THWACKING against the wall. He marches purposefully up to the trio holding a PISTOL.

RANDALL
What the hell?!

Randall instinctively starts moving in front of Anne and Lucy but Lucy ducks around him. Uncle Pick levels the pistol at Lucy’s face...

And Lucy disarms him without missing a beat, unloads the magazine, pops the round in the chamber, and has Uncle Pick on his back with her knee on his throat.

Moves like water.

RANDALL
Whoa...

Uncle Pick starts howling with laughter. Lucy stands up and offers Uncle Pick her hand, hauling him up.

UNCLE PICK
That’s my girl! Worried you’d be a bit rusty!

Anne is holding her head, which is thoroughly blown.

ANNE
Lucy... That. Was. Incredible.

LUCY
Thanks--

ANNE
No! Seriously! You’re like... A Hick John Wick! Or a Hick Wick! Or something!

LUCY
Hick... Wick? What?

ANNE
How could you not tell me you’re a Bumpkin Bond?!

LUCY
I--

ANNE (CONT’D)
A provincial Plissken?

LUCY
Okay--
LUCY
Anne! You’re spiraling!

ANNE
Oh man, my bad, I got on a roll there...

LUCY
We saw.

RANDALL
I didn’t even know what... Half of those were...

ANNE
Whatever! Not important! How do you know how to do that?!

Lucy nods her head back at Uncle Pick, beaming with pride.

LUCY
Well, Uncle Pick was convinced for a while the feds were going to come after us--

UNCLE PICK
WERE?!

LUCY (CONT’D)
So we got a sort of... Boot camp in defending ourselves and the property?

ANNE
Bad ass.

RANDALL
Well, that’s certainly something...

UNCLE PICK
Wanna show ‘em the pit?

LUCY
(To Uncle Pick)
Oh yeah!
(To Anne and Randall)
Come on, you haven’t even seen the best part.

Lucy starts heading toward the path into the holler.
EXT. TOP OF THE PIT - LATER

The group pushes their way past some overgrowth and find themselves in front of the pit, which is exactly what it sounds like, a big pit with a shack off to its side.

RANDALL
So... It’s a pit...

LUCY
Oh. Just wait.

Lucy heads down the pit and into the shack.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE PIT - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy putting a package down on the far end of the pit, rummaging around it.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP OF THE PIT - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy climbs back up to the group, holding something in her hand. Randall grabs her other hand and helps her up over the last bit.

ANNE
Alright... What was that--

LUCY
You guys ready for this?

Lucy hits the button on the device she’s holding. The package at the bottom of the pit EXPLODES. Anne throws herself back while Randall ducks. Lucy and Uncle Pick are unmoved.

ANNE
Holy hell!

Lucy is rocking a big ass smile.

LUCY
I know explosives!

INT. COMPOUND HOUSE - NIGHT

The trio sits around the kitchen table as Uncle Pick starts piling dinner on their plates. Greens, biscuits, and meat.
Anne takes a big whiff, goes briefly cross-eyed.

ANNE
It smells amazing.

LUCY
I know, right? Uncle Pick would’ve been a chef he weren’t so intent on being a sovereign citizen.

Uncle Pick is leaning over Randall’s chair, loading his plate.

UNCLE PICK
Who says I can’t be both?!

RANDALL
I’m going to figure out what you’re saying sooner or later.

Uncle Pick laughs as he loads up his own plate and ducks back into the kitchen to drop off the pot. Anne takes a closer look at her plate.

CU on some questionable meat.

ANNE
(sotto)
What exactly is this?

LUCY
(sotto)
Let’s just not think about that.

Uncle Pick sits down on his chair, which creaks just a little too much.

UNCLE PICK
Alright everyone! Dig in!

RANDALL
What?

LUCY
Dig in!

INT. COMPOUND HOUSE - LATER

The group finishes their meal, clean plates around the table.

UNCLE PICK
Lucy, you know what’d make this night perfect?
LUCY
Yeah?

UNCLE PICK
A jugga hooch. Mind goin out back and grabbing one??

LUCY
No problem, Uncle Pick.

Lucy begins to get up from the table, Randall starts up too. Anne tracks this.

RANDALL
Where’re you going?

LUCY
Oh, Uncle Pick just wanted a bottle of his pride and joy from out back to polish off the night.

RANDALL
Oh, well, I’ll come along!

ANNE
I think Lucy can--

LUCY
Sounds good!

The two start out the back door, leaving Anne and Uncle Pick at the table. Uncle Pick is busy with a toothpick.

ANNE
(To Lucy and Randall)
Don’t worry! I’ll just hang out with Uncle Pick!
(Beat)
So... See any good movies lately?

UNCLE PICK
What?

ANNE
What?

EXT. COMPOUND HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lucy and Randall make their way through the dark, walking a distinct distance apart before Randall ducks in closer.

RANDALL
Okay, that was badass.
LUCY
What was badass?

RANDALL
All of it! That takedown, the explosion! All of it!

LUCY
Oh, well I’m glad I could impress the Randall Campbell!

RANDALL
I’m serious!

They get to the shack and Lucy ducks in for a moment, quickly reappearing with a stereotypical jug of hooch, complete with “XXX” stamped on the side.

RANDALL
Is your uncle a 40s cartoon character?

Lucy hands him the jug.

LUCY
Har har.

Randall dodges a swipe from Lucy and the two start walking back.

RANDALL
But seriously, why did you hide this part of you from Anne? From me?

LUCY
What? Why didn’t I tell you my family is full of fringe Appalachian hicks?

RANDALL
I mean... Yeah?

Lucy rolls her eyes at Randall and continues on, brushing off the question. Randall grabs her hand with his own.

RANDALL (CONT’D)
No, I’m serious. I don’t want you to think you have to hide who you are from me. And Anne would say the same thing. We care about you. I care about you.
Lucy smiles at Randall, holding a bottle of her Uncle’s finest hooch in the holler, an odd setting for a sweet moment. Randall smiles back.

A cougar GROWLS in the not-far-enough distance. Randall jumps—

    RANDALL
    What the fuck is that?!

--Into Lucy’s arms, dropping the bottle of hooch, which shatters on the ground.

The two stare into the darkness in the direction of the sound. RUSTLING tree limbs announce the creature approaches. The brush SEPARATES -- and an opossum waddles out.

This is the funniest shit Lucy has ever seen. Randall flushes.

    RANDALL
    Okay. It’s not that funny.

    LUCY
    Yes it is!

They’ve been holding onto each other this whole time and they both seem to recognize how close they are to each other at the same. Fuck it. Randall makes a move. Or is it Lucy that moves first?

Off screen, the screen door creaks open and slams shut.

    ANNE (O.S.)                 UNCLE PICK (O.S.)
    What the hell happened--    What’s wrong?!

Lucy and Randall repel off each other like they’re the same side of a magnet, but it’s too late. Anne storms toward them followed by Uncle Pick.

    ANNE
    Oh, hell no.

    UNCLE PICK
    Mah hooch!

His words are actually recognizable. The two look down at the broken jug.

    RANDALL
    Oh... That’s my bad, Uncle Pick...

This sight is devastating to Uncle Pick, who tentatively picks up a piece.

    UNCLE PICK
    No worries... I’ve... Got some more...
He starts walking toward the shack. The two turn toward a steaming Anne.

    LUCY
Anne, it’s not--

    ANNE
No. Neither of you talk.

She gesticulates wildly between the two.

    ANNE (CONT’D)
THIS -- isn’t happening. I’m not dealing with this. I’m not dealing with you two. No. No.

    RANDALL
Look, Anne--

    ANNE
I said no, Randall!

Uncle Pick walks back holding a different jug. Anne grabs it.

    ANNE (CONT’D)
Give me that.

She takes a rather large swig before handing it back to Uncle Pick. She points back and forth between the two offending parties before doubling over in fit of coughing.

    ANNE
What the hell is that?!

Uncle Pick beams with pride.

    UNCLE PICK
Grade A hooch, missum!

    LUCY
Anne, look, Randall and I--

Anne rights herself, still coughing wildly.

    ANNE
No!

She storms off, still coughing, before turning back around and shouting at the group.

    ANNE
Fuck no!

She storms back into the house. Randall and Lucy exchange worried looks.
RANDALL
I’ll go talk to her.

LUCY
No, it should probably be me.

She takes off after Anne, leaving Randall with Uncle Pick, who looks just a tad confused by the commotion before taking big swig from the jug and offering it to Randall.

RANDALL
Yeah, sure.

INT. COMPOUND HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy walks into the house, looks around, no Anne. She hears some rummaging off in a room and investigates. She finally finds Anne rifling through bags.

LUCY
Anne... What are you doing?

ANNE
Looking for... the damn... Keys!

LUCY
Why?

ANNE
Because I’m leaving. Going to do this by myself! Leave you two here to have babies or whatever the hell you want to do without me.

LUCY
Anne, don’t be ridiculous.

Anne whips around.

ANNE
Don’t be ridiculous?! Lucy?! Are you kidding me? Do you have any idea--

There’s a beat.

LUCY
Any idea about what?

ANNE
Nothing! It’s just - I don’t need this.
LUCY
No, Anne, any idea about what?
What are you talking about?

ANNE
Lucy, it’s just... After mom
died... Randall and I, we _hated_
each other. Spoke to each other
once a year, and only because we
felt guilty about it.
(Beat)
You were my family after my mom
died...

Anne sits on the side of the bed. She thinks for a moment,
shakes her head.

ANNE (CONT’D)
Why couldn’t you at least tell me?
I mean, I could learn to share
you. Even if it was with
Randall...

Lucy sits next to her, grabs her hand, gives it a squeeze.

LUCY
Anne...

ANNE
What happens if Randall fucks it
up?! I mean, it's Randall! I don't
want to lose you because my
brother is a stupid boy...

Anne fights back tears, but looks at Lucy.

LUCY (CONT’D)
That is the _dumbest_ thing you’ve
ever said.

Anne is shocked.

LUCY (CONT’D)
You’re not going to lose me. Ever.

ANNE
I know--

LUCY
And in case you’ve forgotten, your
mom’s still here, you and Randall
don’t hate each other... Or, at
least, Randall doesn’t hate you.
ANNE
Yeah...

LUCY
You should probably go talk to him.

ANNE
I know...

A beat.

LUCY
Like, right now Anne. Or I’m going to go down there and finish what I started and you’ll just have to deal.

Anne laughs despite herself, Lucy smiles, tension broken.

ANNE
Gross, Lucy. You might have a point, but spare me, please.

LUCY
Whatever. Now go!

Anne gets up and walks...

EXT. COMPOUND HOUSE - NIGHT

...Back outside, where Randall and a now clearly drunk Uncle Pick are sitting on the porch steps. The two look back when they hear the screen door, Randall just a little concerned.

ANNE
Hey Uncle Pick--

UNCLE PICK
Yessum?

ANNE
Would you mind giving my brother and me a little space?

UNCLE PICK
Ah yes, family matters. I make my pardon!

Uncle Pick gives a flourishing bow before scooping up his hooch and walking off into the night.

RANDALL
Did you understand any of that?
ANNE
Absolutely not.

RANDALL
Yeah, me neither.

Anne sits next to Randall and the two sit quietly for a moment. Classic family awkwardness.

RANDALL
Listen --

ANNE
Okay --

ANNE
No, Randall, I go first. I’m sorry
I freaked out when I saw...
That...

RANDALL
It was a mistake, I’m sorry --

Anne holds up her hands, just stop.

ANNE (CONT’D)
Randall. Let me finish. I freaked out because, in six years... when mom died...

Randall grabs Anne’s hand.

ANNE (CONT’D)
We hated each other... Hate each other... Will hate each other...
And not like that time I “accidentally” spilt nail polish on your gameboy --

RANDALL
On purpose --

ANNE
Randall.

RANDALL
Sorry.

ANNE (CONT’D)
But really hated each other. Like, “only saw each other to put a wreath on mom’s grave once a year” hated each other.

RANDALL
Anne, I think I get it.
ANNE
It’s just, I saw you and Lucy and,
I thought you and I were good --

RANDALL
I thought so too.

ANNE (CONT’D)
But, apparently, I still had some
stuff I needed to deal with.

RANDALL
And you’ve dealt with them?

ANNE
Hell no.

RANDALL
So what does that mean?

Anne squeezes Randall’s hand, thinks for a beat.

ANNE
It means, I’m going to try not to
be an ass.

RANDALL
Well, thank you. I guess.

ANNE
You’re welcome.

RANDALL
And, Anne, I don’t know everything
that we went through when mom
died. But I know where we are now.
I’m here for you. We’re here for
mom. We’ll be better.

ANNE
I know.

Randall smiles at Anne, Anne smiles at Randall.

RANDALL
What do you say we go bag
ourselves the world’s most wanted
fugitive?

ANNE
Sounds like a plan.

Uncle Pick stumbles out of the woods, no longer carrying the
bottle of hooch. Anne and Randall look at him.
UNCLE PICK
Ah yes! Redemption! Familial love!

He falls over.

RANDALL
Oh wow.

ANNE
He is drunk.

RANDALL
What should we do?

ANNE
I don’t know... LUCY!

The two get up and start walking to the prostrate Uncle Pick, already snoring.

INT. WASHINGTON DULLES SECURITY LINE – MORNING

The trio stand in the security line, bags strapped to their backs. Randall whips his bag around and digs through it before producing three passports and handing two to Anne and Lucy.

Anne opens hers up.

ANNE
“Yolinda Blankenthorpe”? Yolinda?

Lucy follows suit.

LUCY
“Vivica Poppyseed”?

ANNE
Did you pick these names out of an issue of Archie and Jughead?

RANDALL
Look, they just need to get us through the security line. And customs in Pakistan. You don’t need to like your name.

ANNE
I’m just saying, you could’ve put in a little more effort, is all. What’s your name?

Anne grabs at Randall’s passport, who responds just a little too slowly.
ANNE (CONT’D)
Oh, come on.

She opens it and immediately starts laughing. Randall blushing.

RANDALL
It’s a cool name!

ANNE
For a pizza place!

LUCY
What? What’s his name?

Lucy cranes her head over to look and starts laughing too.

ANNE
Georgio Peppigrino?

LUCY
Oh, Randall, oh no.

Randall snatches his passport back.

ANNE
Do you have a fake italian mustache you’re going to put on in the bathroom or something?

RANDALL
Okay, okay, maybe picking names isn’t my forte...

LUCY
Did you Keyser Söze this at a shitty Italian food restaurant?

RANDALL
Very funny, guys.

LATER

Randall hands his passport to the TSA agent checking tickets. The TSA agent looks at the name and gives a deadpan look at Randall. Randall shrugs his shoulders back.

RANDALL
I’m a quarter Italian.

The TSA agent hands Randall his passport back without saying a word and motions for the next person in line.
EXT. WASHINGTON DULLES - MORNING

A big airplane lifts off from the tarmac and takes off into the sun, the start of a grueling 19+ hour flight...

EXT. ISLAMABAD GANDHARA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - MORNING

...And lands in Pakistan. Some hills in the background, remarkably flat otherwise. It almost looks like it could be an airport in Idaho.

INT. ISLAMABAD GANDHARA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

The three roll through the airport, not exactly blending in but not raising any eyebrows either.

ANNE
Where’s your guy?

RANDALL
My contact will be there. Don’t worry.

LUCY
Oh wow, look at you Mr. Spy Guy.

Lucy bumps her shoulder into Randall who gets just a Grade A stupid goofy smile on his face.

ANNE
Gross. Look, I said I’m going to be okay with this, but no flirting around me. Who is this guy, anyway? Like, a Pakistani James Bond? Jason Bourne?

Among the group of people waiting is IMAD (25), the Pakistani Gary Wallace, holding a sign with large letters that read “MR. PEPPIGRINO”. He spots Randall and starts waving excitedly.

ANNE
(Sotto)
You’ve got to be kidding me.

Randall waves back and trots over to his friend, gives him a big hug.

RANDALL
As-Salamu-Alaykum, my friend!
IMAD
It’s good to finally meet you in person, Randy!

Anne and Lucy catch up. Randall turns toward Anne.

RANDALL
Imad! This is my sister, Anne --

Imad nods at her, waggles his eyebrows a bit. Obviously smitten with his friend’s sister.

IMAD
As-Salamu-Alaykum, Anne.

Anne has no idea what’s going on but she gives it a solid college try.

ANNE
Aslan-Slay-comb.

IMAD
Not bad! We’ll work on it!

Randall turns toward Lucy.

RANDALL
And this is Lucy! My --

Randall’s eyes go wide but Lucy steps in.

LUCY
I’m a friend of the family.

IMAD
As-Salamu-Alaykum, Lucy! You’re a good friend to be here with Randall now.

ANNE
Actually, she’s here with me. So is Randall.

IMAD
Sure!

ANNE
How do you know my brother anyway, Imad?

IMAD
Randall and I have been in the same WoW clan for, what? (To Randall) 10 years, now?
Randall is trying to telepathically tell Imad to shut up.

ANNE
Wow? What is--

But Imad doesn’t see Randall and doesn’t have a guileful bone in his body.

IMAD
World of Warcraft, of course!
Randall is the guild’s best
Paladin! Always on top of heals!

ANNE
World of ---
(To Randall/Sotto)
Warcraft, Randall?! Why is your
Pakistani contact one of your nerd friends?!

RANDALL
(Sotto)
He’s a good guy! And he can help
us! We don’t need him to be a
super spy!

ANNE
(Sotto)
I swear, Randall --

IMAD
Come on, now, I’ve got a van
outside!

The group starts heading out of the airport.

LUCY
Can we get something to eat? I’m
starving.

IMAD
What would you like to eat? I know
all the best places in Islamabad.

LUCY
Where’s the nearest McDonald’s?

Anne stops in her tracks.

ANNE
Are you kidding me, Lucy?

LUCY
What?
RANDALL
McDonald’s?

LUCY
What?! They have a special menu!

Randall and Anne might look disgusted but Imad has a huge smile plastered on his face.

IMAD
The McArabia is delightful!
There’s a McDonald’s 30 minutes away!

Imad and Lucy take off towards the van with a pep in their step while Anne and Randall follow behind like pouting children.

INT./EXT. VAN - LATER

The four sit in the van, Imad driving, Randall in the co-pilot’s seat, Anne and Lucy in the back. They all quietly eat McArabias. Anne looks disgusted at herself for liking it.

Between bites.

IMAD
So, my uncle has a place where you can stay and my other uncle has a truck like the one you asked for that you can use.

RANDALL
That’s great, Imad.

IMAD
And my other Uncle has--

Imad stops for a moment, leans in.

IMAD (CONT’D)
(Sotto)
-- a contact who can get the other items you inquired about.

The van continues through Islamabad.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

The gang walks into a dark room carrying their bags. Imad flips the switch, illuminating a living room/kitchen area. It looks remarkably “normal” and less like a dingy safe house on TV.
IMAD
There are rooms over there...

Imad points at a group of doors with his chin. He continues
pointing with his chin as the trio stow their bags away.

IMAD
Kitchen, living room with
satellite, bathrooms over there
and over there, and, Randall, a
computer with high-speed internet
is in the office over there.

RANDALL
Imad, I told you, we’re going to
be busy. There’s no time for WoW.

IMAD
Yes, yes, of course. But maybe
after?

RANDALL
I mean, maybe?

Imad doesn’t say anything, but his smile says enough.

RANDALL (CONT’D)
Alright, you ready to go?

IMAD
Of course!

ANNE
Where are we going?

RANDALL
We?

ANNE
Uh, yeah.

RANDALL
Uh, no, no we. Just Imad and me.

ANNE
What? LUCY
Oh, that’s bullshit.

RANDALL
Sorry, you two. Not gonna happen.

Imad places a hand gently on Anne’s upper arm. In an endearing
way, not a creepy way, I don’t know how to make that more
clear.
Anne. My desert flower. It is too dangerous for someone as sweet as yourself.

Anne’s eyes harden as she steps away from the touch.

**ANNE**
Uhhhhh, what?

**LUCY**
Come on, Randall. We need to do this together.

**RANDALL**
Look, Imad and I will go get the supplies, but we’re going to need other stuff --
(To Imad)
We need more local clothes, a few flashlights, stuff like that, right Imad?

Imad nods.

**RANDALL**
And --

Randall goes to the fridge and opens it, nothing.

**RANDALL**
You could probably pick us up some food, too.

Lucy and Anne roll their eyes practically in unison.

**LUCY**
Oh yeah, sure Randall, we’ll just go pick up the groceries and clothes --

**ANNE**
While the manly men --

Imad perks up at this, pleased to be included in this category.

**ANNE (CONT’D)**
Go get the real supplies. Good one.

**RANDALL**
Look, that’s not [what I meant] --
LUCY
Really doing yourself some favors there, Randy.

Randall throws up his hands.

RANDALL
Guys, that’s not what I meant! That stuff is really important! We can’t just traipse around Abbottabad in jeans and t-shirts!

LUCY
Uh-huh.

ANNE
Sure.

RANDALL
I’m just saying, we can knock out two birds with one stone here.

IMAD
There is a bazar where you can find everything that you need. Twenty minute walk, tops.

RANDALL
Twenty minute walk!
(Off their looks)
Tops!

INT. CIA OFFICES - NIGHT

Ted sits in his office, feet on the desk, playing Bejeweled on his phone as Olivia walks in.

OLIVIA
You’ll never guess who we just picked up a tip on.

Ted looks up from his phone but doesn’t say anything.

OLIVIA
You’re not going to guess?

TED
Just tell me.

OLIVIA
Oh, come on.

Ted is impatient.
TED
I can make you the new Randall, do you want that?

Olivia rolls her eyes and hands over the report.

OLIVIA
And you’ll never guess where.

Ted starts reading and his eyes go wide.

EXT. BAZAR - DAY

Anne and Lucy walk through the Bazar in shalwar kameez outfits, picking through random stalls. They each carry a bag filled with various supplies.

LUCY
This sucks.

ANNE
This blows.

LUCY
This bites.

ANNE
Okay Bart Simpson.

LUCY
Shut up.

They walk past a stall where a few Petzl headlamps can be seen.

ANNE
Oh, didn’t Randall say we needed some of these?

She places one on her head and flips it on, directly into Lucy's eyes. She squints and points it away.

LUCY
Yeah, but it doesn’t seem super spy-y, you know?

She takes it off and looks at it.

ANNE
Yeah, but he’s on his way to get that stuff now.
INT./EXT. VAN - AFTERNOON

Imad and Randall drive through the streets of Islamabad.

IMAD
So, I was thinking --

Imad looks serious.

RANDALL
Yeah?

IMAD
You do a great job with your Shield of the Righteous management BUT, if you can keep an emergency charge going AND stay below three stacks, we might be able to take on Tomb of Sargeras next month!

Not exactly what Randall was expecting.

RANDALL
Imad, we’re about to -- Tomb of Sargeras? Are you crazy? There’s no way!

IMAD
We can do it! Jacques said he found an amazing DPS spec and that he can solo it!

This gets Randall’s goat.

RANDALL
Jacques is French, Imad, and a lying bastard! We don’t trust Jacques! But we have more important things to worry about, Imad!

IMAD
I saw him take on Molten Core by himself.

RANDALL
Are you serious? Molten core? -- What, no! Jacques is a liar, and we’re about to do something really shady! We need to focus!

They turn into a more industrial part of town and pull in front of a warehouse straight out of a 80s heist flick. There’s no one there.
RANDALL
There’s no one here.

IMAD
Trust me.

Imad flicks his high beams - once, twice, a pause, and a third time, honks his horn quickly twice - and one of the large warehouse doors open, revealing a GOON sliding the door open.

RANDALL
Well, that’s certainly something.

Imad smiles as he pulls into the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DUSK

Imad parks the van and the two exit, walking to a stack of crates. Randall clocks several other GOONS and one well dressed and mustachioed ARMS DEALER.

The Arms Dealer holds his hands out in a welcoming gesture. Anything in [] is spoken in Urdu.

ARMS DEALER
Imad! As-Salamu-Alaykum.

IMAD
As-Salamu-Alaykum.

ARMS DEALER
[I trust your uncle is doing well?]

IMAD
[He is in good health, of course.]

Randall clocks the goons who look a touch on the twitchy side, taps Imad’s shoulder.

RANDALL
(Sotto)
How do you know this guy again?

IMAD
(Sotto)
He is a friend of my uncle’s.

RANDALL
(Sotto)
Which uncle again?
IMAD
(Sotto)
Bashar! or was it Farhad? But
Uncle Farhad is in prison...

RANDALL
(Sotto)
You’re joking, right?

The Arms Dealer claps his hands.

ARMS DEALER
[Who is this, Imad?]

IMAD
[Oh! This is my business partner,]
Georgio Peppigrino.

ARMS DEALER
Pleasure to meet you, Georgio.

Randall reaches his hand over for a shake, the goons hands
collectively twitch towards their belts. Randall quickly stops.

ARMS DEALER
I’m not one for physical contact
with customers, Mr. Peppigrino, I
hope you understand.

Randall holds his hands up placatingly.

RANDALL
My apologies.

ARMS DEALER
No need! Now, shall we get down to
business?

The Arms Dealer taps the wooden crate in front of him
seductively. Randall nods, tracks more goons walking into the
room. The Arms Dealer smiles, grips the lid, and yanks it open.

Randall flinches but nothing happens, he looks inside and sees
what he expected to see in the crate: rifles and rows of a
strange ammunition, one of which the Arms Dealer picks up.

ARMS DEALER
An interesting piece we have here.
Experimental EC rounds, top of the
line in non-lethal measures,
highly classified, enough volts to
put down a bear delivered with the
accuracy and range of a carbine.
And very expensive.
RANDALL
Uh... Yep.

Another pause.

ARMS DEALER
Alright! We’re done!

RANDALL
What?

The Arms Dealer snaps and several goons begin to load the crates into the van.

RANDALL
But... Aren’t you going to ask about payment?

ARMS DEALER
No need.

RANDALL
But you just said it was “very expensive”.

The Arms Dealer waves this off.

ARMS DEALER
As Imad knows, Bashar is a good friend --

Imad breathes out a sigh of relief.

ARMS DEALER (CONT’D)
If he says I will be paid, I will be paid.

The goons finish loading everything up.

ARMS DEALER (CONT’D)
Go with God, Georgio.

RANDALL
Uh, you as well?

The Arms Dealer smiles, snaps his fingers and he and his goons make for a door at the far end of the room.
INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Randall and Imad climb into their seats. Randall not exactly knowing how to process this interaction.

RANDALL
Huh.

IMAD
What is it?

RANDALL
I just... Figured it’d be harder than that?

IMAD
Why would you think that?

RANDALL
I guess I don’t know? I was expecting a shoot out or something.

Imad laughs.

IMAD
Not everything is like the movies, my friend!

EXT. BAZAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Several vans screech to a halt at one end of the bazar, the doors slide open and several AGENTS hop out, pistols and submachine guns visible as jackets and loose shirts move about.

The agents are nondescript but menacing, one nods and they begin to make their way through the crowd.

EXT. BAZAR - CONTINUOUS

Anne and Lucy, now carrying several bags, stand in front of a food cart peering at the menu.

ANNE
Do you think I’d like... gulab jamun?

LUCY
Gulab jamun? Yes. You’d love it?

ANNE
What even is it?
LUCY
It’s kind of like a fried donut ball covered in a syrup.

ANNE
A *what?! Covered in a what?!

LUCY
Yeah.

ANNE
Wait, weren’t you, like, just begging for McDonald’s? How do you know about gulab jamun?

LUCY
I don’t just eat fast food, Anne. Come on.

Lucy hears a crash and notices a commotion happening down the on one end of the bazar. The Agents have gotten into an altercation.

ANNE
It’s a fair question, Lu[cy] --

Lucy grabs Anne and starts leading her in the opposite direction by the shoulder.

LUCY
Come on.

ANNE
Holy shit, okay, okay! What’s wrong?

LUCY
I think I just spotted some of Randall’s old colleagues?

ANNE
Oh shit, okay, what are we going to do?

LUCY
We’re going to get out of this bazar first --

Lucy directs Anne around a corner and walk along before noticing more Agents ahead of them. They turn another corner, picking up their pace before seeing another group, even closer.

LUCY
Shit!
Anne pulls Lucy into a stall, wrapping fabric around their heads.

The two do their best "nonchalant shopper" impressions. They track the agents as they approach and stop in front of the stall.

Anne and Lucy nonchalant even harder, but the agents don’t seem in a hurry to move on. They begin spreading out with two heading directly toward Anne and Lucy.

ANNE
(Sotto)
I think we should...

Anne and Lucy begin to back up deeper into the merchant’s stall. They haven’t been spotted yet, but it’s only a matter of time before the Agents corner them.

LUCY
What should we do?

ANNE
I don’t know.

LUCY
We have to do something, Anne. Scarves or not, two Americans kind of stick out in a bazar.

ANNE
I know!

The agents are at the front of the stall, craning their necks and searching. A door behind Anne and Lucy slowly opens, but they’re too busy tracking the agents to notice.

ANNE (CONT’D)
Maybe we could fight them?

LUCY
I could take MAYBE one, how do you think you could do?

ANNE
Maybe a half of one?

LUCY
Right, so maybe --

A pair of hands reach from the doorway and grab Anne and Lucy firmly by the mouths, dragging both back through the door.
INT. MERCHANT STALL STOREROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lucy and Anne wheel around to find themselves face-to-face with the Stranger.

    LUCY
    What the hell?!

Anne can’t seem to find any words. The Stranger, however, appears entirely composed, a comforting hand still on Anne’s shoulder.

    STRANGER
    Fancy meeting you here, Anne.

    ANNE
    Uh... Same?

    LUCY
    Anne, who is this?!

Anne double takes, remembers that Lucy is there.

    ANNE
    Lucy! Ummm, this is...

She hesitates, doesn’t have a name. The Stranger smiles and offers Lucy a handshake.

    STRANGER
    A benefactor.

    ANNE
    Uh, you remember how I told you how I got sent back in time, right? Well...

Lucy looks back and forth between the other two women.

    LUCY
    Wait, this is her?

Anne nods, the Stranger smiles.

    LUCY (CONT’D)
    But that doesn’t even make sense.

    STRANGER
    Neither does time travel, Lucy. Now Anne, why are you here?

Anne looks around at the various bobbles and doodads populating this shop’s backroom.
ANNE
Well, right now? Hiding from
spies... I think they’re spies-

STRANGER
No, Anne-

ANNE (CONT’D)
In this bazaar? Lucy and I were
put in charge of getting supplies-

STRANGER
Anne-

ANNE (CONT’D)
Which, if we’re talking about it,
is pretty shitty of my brother. We
could’ve gotten the spy stuff,
too, you know? Putting the women
in charge of getting food is
pretty outdated thinking-

STRANGER
In Pakistan, Anne.

ANNE
Oh, well, I mean, you probably
know, right? We’re here to get
Osama Bin Laden.

Off of the Stranger’s significant look.

ANNE (CONT’D)
What? We’re going to get Osama so
we can get the bounty-

The Stranger continues to stare.

ANNE (CONT’D)
So that we can pay for research to
cure my mom-

Another beat.

STRANGER
I gave you a gift, Anne. This is
how you plan on using it?

Confusion followed quickly by anger. Anne rips the Stranger’s
hand off her shoulder.

ANNE
What are you talking about?! “How
I plan on using it?”

(MORE)
ANNE (CONT’D)
You mean to help my mom?! Yes, that’s how I plan to use your fucking gift!

Anne’s voice has gotten just a little too loud, Lucy looks uncomfortably out the window.

LUCY
Anne-

The Stranger smiles sadly at Anne, grips her shoulder.

LUCY (CONT’D)
Anne, we need to go. Before they come back.

Anne looks back at Lucy.

ANNE
Give me a sec! I’ve got to yell at this -

Anne turns back to find the Stranger has disappeared.

ANNE (CONT’D)
- Son of a bitch!

Lucy looks out the door again, in the distance she sees agents SHOUTING and moving back in their direction.

LUCY
FORGET YOUR WEIRD FRIEND! We’ve got to go!

She grabs Anne’s arm and drags her out the door.

INT./EXT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Randall and Imad drive the van by the Bazaar.

IMAD
So, when you hit third phase -

RANDALL
Yeah.

IMAD
You blow all your cool downs -

RANDALL
Yeah.
IMAD
And just melt him as quickly as possible.

RANDALL
Right.

IMAD
Because he gets Unbound Plague
which does mad D.o.T. to a third of the raid team -

RANDALL
What?!

IMAD
Right? So we burn our cool downs and just melt the dude.

RANDALL
That makes sense.

As they drive, Anne and Lucy run out onto the road waving down the van. Randall slams on the breaks.

Anne and Lucy jump back for a second, exchange looks with Randall and Imad. Lucy runs toward the driver’s door and throws it open, Anne dashes for the back.

Imad steps to the back to open the sliding door for Anne as Lucy shoves Randall aside.

LUCY
Move! Get over!

RANDALL
What the hell?!

LUCY
We don’t have time!

Anne and Imad roll the door closed with a SLAM and Randall gets into the passenger seat.

ANNE
Go!!

Lucy throws the van into gear and PEELS out.

EXT. BAZAR ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The van takes off down the street as several agents run up and track it.
One pulls out a radio and starts shouting while they take off.

**INT./EXT. VAN - CONTINUOUS**

The van swerves around traffic deftly. Inside the van, Imad rolls to the back against the crates, Anne hurriedly clips in her seatbelt.

**RANDALL**
Where’d you learn how to drive like this?!

**LUCY**
You’ve met my uncle -

**RANDALL**
Yeah?

**LUCY**
First thing you learn in his “Fight Against the Feds” course is getaway driving.

Lucy looks into her side mirror and spots “nondescript” black SUVs racing behind them to catch up.

**LUCY (CONT’D)**
Hold on.

Lucy jerks the wheel to the left at an intersection, cutting off oncoming traffic. Several of the pursuing agency SUVs collide head-on with the cars. Lots of HONKING.

**LUCY (CONT’D)**
It’s safe to say your former co-workers know we’re here.

**ANNE**
We’re going to have to do it tonight.

**RANDALL**
I don’t like it, but I think you’re right.

Lucy checks her mirrors. Clear, for the moment.

**LUCY**
Either way, we need to change rides.

**IMAD**
We could borrow my father’s car!
RANDALL
Does it have enough room to bring our gear?

Randall hitches his thumb at the crates in the back.

IMAD
Oh, oh yes. We should be fine.

INT./EXT. IMAD’S DAD’S CAR – LATER

The group sits in the car, Imad at the wheel.

IMAD
I’m sorry, Lucy, but my father would kill me if he knew I let someone else drive his car. It is his “baby”.

LUCY
Oh no, don’t worry, you’re all good. Really.

Reveal the car to be a mid-90s, pristine, Toyota Previa.

ANNE
I have to say, tons of space back here.

IMAD
Right? My father will be so pleased to hear you like it.

Lucy rolls her eyes at Anne.

ANNE
(Sotto)
What? No way they find us in this thing.

Lucy shakes her head.

RANDALL
Get it together, guys. We’re almost there.

The two nod, the atmosphere in the mini-van gets serious.

LATER

The mini-van pulls to a halt on a dusty street. No one inside talks. Across the street: a building, unmistakable to anyone that paid attention to the news in 2011 – Osama’s Compound.
LUCY
So... When do we go?

Randall looks at his watch.

RANDALL
I’m betting the CIA will be here in a couple hours or so.

ANNE
What time is it?

RANDALL
12.

ANNE
Exactly?

Randall rolls his eyes, Imad checks his own watch quickly.

IMAD
12:04.

ANNE
Thank you, Imad.

Randall shoots a look at Imad, whose smile quickly fades.

ANNE
We’ll go at 12:30.

LUCY
Why 12:30?

Anne smiles a little at herself.

ANNE
Just a little nod at our girl Katty Biggs.

LATER

Randall checks his watch one last time.

RANDALL
Alright, folks. Let’s rock n’ roll.

IMAD
I think I will stay with the van.

LUCY
Mini-van.
RANDALL
That’s a good idea, Imad. Keep it running. If anything looks wrong out here, lay on the horn and pull up to the gate.

IMAD
I can do that.

ANNE
Clock’s ticking.

The three hop out of the truck.

IMAD
Be careful, Anne.

Anne gives him a look.

ANNE
Will do... Thanks Imad.

She walks toward the back, Randall peeks back through his window and gives Imad a look.

The three convene at the back and gear up. Kevlar vests are strapped on, Lucy gives the ammunition a look.

RANDALL
Experimental non-lethal ammunition. Basically a bullet taser. Should be enough to knock out anyone inside.

LUCY
How do the Pakistani’s have this?

RANDALL
We share a lot with them.

They load the ammo. Anne, Lucy, and Randall all give each other one final look before Anne nods.

ANNE
Let’s go.

EXT. OSAMA COMPOUND – CONTINUOUS

The team moves tactically through the street, almost like a real SpecOps team. They get to the locked gate door.

LUCY
Just a sec -
INT. IMAD’S DAD’S CAR – CONTINUOUS

Imad sits at the wheel, whistling a beat and drumming on the steering wheel. Lucy opens the driver’s side door, Imad shrieks.

    LUCY
    Sorry -

She snatches a WoW button from his jacket.

    LUCY (CONT’D)
    I need this.

Imad watches her leave.

EXT. OSAMA COMPOUND – CONTINUOUS

Lucy comes back with the pin and starts digging into the lock.

She pops it quickly and quietly. They move to the front door and the process repeats, Anne and Randall on either side of the door. Once Lucy pops the lock, she moves behind Anne.

It’s completely silent now, the only sound Anne’s breathing, slow and steady. Randall holds up his fingers, a countdown.

The last finger goes down and his hand slowly TURNS the nob and OPENS the door.

INT. OSAMA COMPOUND, FIRST FLOOR – CONTINUOUS

Nothing. The three slowly walk in, rifles trained down the hall. No one’s there. They carefully make their way toward the stairs. They fan out to cover each room as they pass.

We still can’t hear anything but Anne’s breathing.

It’s almost like the place is abandoned until...

BUSHRA, wife of one of the men in the compound, groggily walks into the hallway, almost sleep walking. The trio stops dead in their tracks and watch her.

She’s almost back to her room when she stops and looks at the three Americans. Anne slowly brings a finger to her lips.

    ANNE
    Shhhhh.

For a moment, we think Bushra might listen before...
Lucy leaps forward and tackles Bushra to the ground, putting a knee between her shoulder blades and lifting her rifle to shoot a sleepy ABRAR, walking out into the hallway to investigate, right between the eyes.

Abrar jolts from the shot and falls down, spasming. Anne runs over, pulls off a glove and feels for a pulse. She nods at Randall - He’s alive.

Lucy begins to flex cuff Bushra before turning back to Randall and Anne.

LUCY
I’ve got this! Go!

The siblings dash up the stairs.

INT. OSAMA COMPOUND, SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The second floor is set up much like the first, they see someone rushing to the far room and SLAMMING the door.

Randall gives Anne a signal and the two pace towards it. Another countdown and Randall KICKS in the door and Anne TOSSES in a flash bang.

The two duck to the sides of the door as, BANG, it goes off and Randall and Anne storm the room. A MAN lifts a rifle and Anne puts him down. The man spasms on the ground.

RANDALL
Is that all?

Anne cuffs the man, breathing heavily, running through “Zero Dark Thirty” in her head.

ANNE
I... I think so?

They start walking back out to the hallway when Randall hears a noise behind them. The bathroom door opens up, an AK’s muzzle appears.

RANDALL
Anne!

He shoves her aside as the gun GOES OFF, winging Randall in his side. He falls to the ground and gets his own shot off, taking down the assailant.
ANNE
Randall!!

Lucy runs up the steps, her rifle at her shoulder. Anne is at Randall’s side, he’s bleeding but not too badly.

LUCY
What happened?

ANNE
Someone in the bathroom!

Lucy checks, cuffs the man quickly.

RANDALL
I thought you said we were clear!

ANNE
We were supposed to be!
Something’s wrong!

Lucy checks the wound and pulls out a first aid kit.

LUCY
I’ve got this! Go get him!

Anne hesitates for a moment, Randall grabs her wrist, looks seriously at her.

RANDALL
You got this.

Anne nods and heads to the staircase, rifle up and ready.

INT. OSAMA COMPOUND, THIRD FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Anne takes caution steps up to the top floor.

ANNE
Osama...!

She mimics the call from the SEAL in “Zero Dark Thirty”. There’s a beat.

ANNE
OSAMA?!

A SHADOWY FIGURE steps into the door of the bedroom that Anne has her rifle trained on. Anne takes a split second, moves her rifle down and to the right. FIRES a shot.

The man goes down SCREAMING, a brand new hole in his shoulder. The bullet landing behind him, dispensing its charge into the wall.
SHADOWY FIGURE
You shot me!

ANNE
You’re fucking right I did!

SHADOWY FIGURE
Why’d you shoot me?! This wasn’t the deal!

ANNE
You’re damn right it wasn’t the deal! I’m not Howie Mandel and this isn’t “Deal or No Deal”!

Beat. Did Osama just speak English?

Anne slowly walks toward the figure and shines a light in his face. This man might look like Osama, but closer inspection reveals that it definitely isn’t.

This is YASAR (60s), former low-level Taliban thug, current CIA patsy.

ANNE
What the fuck...

Footsteps sound down the stairs, Anne turns and aims before Lucy and a bandaged up Randall appear. They finish climbing up and look at the wounded man.

LUCY
Who the fuck is that?

ANNE
I’m...

RANDALL
What the fuck is this?

ANNE
I... I don’t know...

The three are huddled together as Yasar continues to writhe in pain on the floor.

RANDALL
Anne, that’s not Osama Bin Laden.

ANNE
I know!

LUCY
Did we hit the wrong house?
ANNE
No! This is the place! I freaking KNOW this is the place!

LUCY
Like you KNEW the Pats were going to win it all?!

ANNE
No, I know I’m right here! There’s something wrong!

RANDALL
I’ll fucking say!

YASAR
We had a deal, CIA!

The three stop talking and turn toward Yasar.

ANNE
What was that?

YASAR
We had a deal! Don’t pretend you’ve forgotten!

RANDALL
What deal?

YASAR
(To Himself)
Never trust Americans, says Noya. They are lying dogs, she says.
(To Randall)
I have it all recorded! Bet you didn’t think I was smart enough to do that!

ANNE
What are you talking about?

Yasar realizes that he’s not talking to the CIA.

YASAR
Wait, you are not CIA?

ANNE
...No...

YASAR
Then why are you here? Why have you shot me?
ANNE
This is Osama’s house. We came for him.

Realization dawns on Yasar, or, at least he thinks it does. He is dealing with a recent gunshot wound, after all.

YASAR
How did... No matter. The CIA lied to you, Osama has been dead for years. I am the new “Osama”.

LUCY
What the hell does that mean?

ANNE
I don’t know...

Randall is putting the pieces together, though.

RANDALL
Wait. Someone at the CIA is paying you to “be” Osama Bin Laden?

Yasar nods.

RANDALL (CONT’D)
And we’re, what? Going to arrest you and pass you off as Osama Bin Laden when it worked for them?

Yasar nods again.

RANDALL
What is your name, then?

YASAR
I am Yasar Marwat.

ANNE
Wait. The CIA didn’t just kidnap you, did they? I didn’t just shoot some poor cloth merchant who got abducted and forced into this, right?

YASAR
Myself and my companions were loyal fighters of the Taliban.

ANNE
Oh thank God.

RANDALL
You said something about tapes?
YASAR
Yes. I figured the CIA would betray me someday-

ANNE
Oh yeah, dude, they were going to kill the shit out of you.

YASAR (CONT’D)
I recorded our conversations as insurance.

LUCY
Where are they? These tapes?

Yasar nods backwards toward his bedroom.

YASAR
In a safe.

Randall looks at his watch.

RANDALL
We gotta boogie. Ted’ll be here in no time.

Anne lifts Yasar off the floor and passes him off to Lucy.

ANNE
(To Yasar)
Yeah, we’re going to need those tapes.
(To Randall and Lucy)
You two take Yasar here, grab those tapes and leave with Imad.

LUCY
Alright, “Osama”, let’s go get them.

Lucy and Yasar go to the bedroom, leaving the siblings in the hall.

RANDALL
What are you talking about?

ANNE
I’ll stick around and have a talk with your boss.

RANDALL
Anne-
ANNE
Randall, you’re literally bleeding out of your side. You, Lucy, Imad, and fake-Osama go, hide. I’ll talk to Ted about where we go from here. This is me. This is my deal.

Randall looks at her and nods before Lucy and Yasar come out of the room, Lucy lugging a large duffel bag.

LUCY
Alright, ready to go.

EXT. IMAD’S DAD’S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The four walk outside toward the mini-van. Imad rolls down the passenger window on seeing Yasar.

IMAD
Who is this?

RANDALL
It’s a long story.

IMAD
That is not Osama.

LUCY
Nope.

Lucy puts the now flex cuffed Yasar into the backseat and, before climbing in herself, goes to hug Anne.

LUCY
Don’t let that Ted asshole pull anything on you, okay?

ANNE
Oh, don’t worry. Momma's going to get paid.

Lucy looks a bit flabbergasted as she climbs back into the car next to Yasar. Randall goes to hug Anne now.

RANDALL
We’ll be down the street, have my number dialed up. If Ted tries anything, just hit “call” and we’ll come in guns blazing.

ANNE
He’s not going to pull anything.
RANDALL
No, I don’t think he will, but do it anyway. I don’t want anything to happen to you.

LUCY
Come on, I need to get you someplace I can take a closer look at you.

RANDALL
I like the sound of that...

ANNE
Gross.

She smacks her brother’s arm and he winces.

RANDALL
Bullet wound!

ANNE
Oh God! SORRY!!

Lucy just laughs.

ANNE
Okay, go. Go! Don’t worry about me. I can take care of myself.

Beat. Randall smiles at his sister.

RANDALL
I know.

He hugs her and moves to the passenger’s seat.

RANDALL (CONT’D)
Get my number ready to go anyway!

IMAD
Be safe, Anne!

ANNE
Thanks, Imad, I’ll try.

He gets the car going as Anne watches.

ANNE
Man, I could use a drink...

The idea dawns on her and she runs over to the car. Lucy rolls down the window.
ANNE
(To Yassar)
You got anything to drink in there?

Yasar looks offended.

YASAR
I am a devout Muslim, how dare you think I would commit such a sin...

There’s a beat as the three stare at him before Yasar relents.

YASAR
In the cabinet by the fridge.

Anne beams a smile.

ANNE
Thanks!
(To Imad)
Okay, now you can go.

And the car takes off. Anne watches it go before turning back to the compound.

EXT. OSAMA COMPOUND - LATER

Anne sits by the front door, a bottle of Johnny Walker Black next to her and a glass in hand. She grimaces at it after taking a sip as Ted, Olivia, and two gunmen approach.

Ted surveys the house and Anne.

TED
Well, did ya get him?

ANNE
Who? Osama?

Ted nods.

ANNE
No, wasn’t here. We did, however, bag an interesting fellow named Yasar.

Ted’s lip snarls a bit.

OLIVIA
Where is he?
ANNE
Oh, I suppose he’s far away by now. He had some interesting things to say about the whole “Osama being dead for years now” thing. There’ll be quite a few people that want to hear that one, I think.

OLIVIA
No one will believe it.

ANNE
Maybe not, until they hear his...
(nods at Ted)
...voice on those tapes that we picked up, too. Yasar apparently didn’t trust you not to be a lying rat, Ted.

Ted looks like he’s a step away from having an aneurism.

TED
Okay! Okay. What’ll it take to get them back?

ANNE
Yasar and the tapes? Oh, Yasar’ll be... I don’t know... $25 million?

OLIVIA
You’re crazy if--

Ted holds up a hand and silences her.

TED
And the tapes?

ANNE
Oh, those aren’t for sale. Those’ll be insurance. Just in case you get some of those “CIA-y” ideas of yours to disappear us.

Beat.

TED
How about this? In exchange for Yasar, we don’t black bag you and your brother and your friend and disappear you to Gitmo where you’ll never be heard from again?

Another beat, Anne clenches and unclenches her jaw.
TED (CONT’D)
We’re the Central Intelligence Agency, Anne. Of the United States of America. You don’t get to blackmail us.

Anne stares at Ted.

ANNE
And the tapes?

Ted shrugs his shoulders.

TED
You can keep them. Consider it a consolation prize for pulling off a decent op.

Olivia leans into Ted, whispers.

TED
Right. We could maybe work out a deal on another front. What do you say ten million if you give us information on a certain... friend of yours.

ANNE
That woman?

TED
That woman. When did you last see her? We tracked her near you back in D.C. It’s not a coincidence.

ANNE
That was the last time I saw her.

TED
Pity. Well. Good luck with your life, Anne.

Ted, Olivia, and the Agency gunmen walk off, leaving Anne sitting by the front door looking shell shocked.

INT. OSAMA COMPOUND, FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS
A figure walks through the house toward the open door -

EXT. OSAMA COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS
And the Stranger sits down next to Anne, who barely tracks her.
ANNE
I... I don’t know what to do...
This was supposed to work...

STRANGER
Maybe it did?

ANNE
How? I needed that money... How am I going to help my mom now...
She’s going to die and I can’t do anything...

STRANGER
Anne, everyone dies. It’s what we do while they’re here that matters.

ANNE
We didn’t even tell her. What are we supposed to do?

STRANGER
Perhaps start with talking to her?

ANNE
It’ll crush her.

STRANGER
This might come as a surprise, Anne, but your mother is an adult.

ANNE
We only have six years...

STRANGER
Then there’s no time to waste, is there?

Anne looks at the Stranger.

ANNE
No. I guess there’s not.

The Stranger stands up and offers Anne her hand. Anne looks at it for a beat before taking it.

INT. SECOND CHANCE SALOON - DAY

Anne and Randall sit next to each other, Martha across from them. They’re all quiet, the bomb has been dropped.

ANNE
Mom...
RANDALL
We know this is a lot...

A beat, Martha is staring at her drink but not seeing anything.

ANNE
Mom, we’re sorry...

Martha comes out of her world, looks up at Anne, Randall, smiles a bit.

MARTHA
No... No... Thank you. It’s not often that someone knows when they’re going to die. Gives me a chance to do everything I want to before then.

ANNE
Gives US the chance to do everything you want to before then.

Martha smiles at that, reaches out with both hands, grabs her children’s hands.

MARTHA
That’s right.

They smile at each other, melancholy but warm.

THE END.
Monster Moscow

written by

William DeWitt

April 20, 2021
INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Newly elected President DUNCAN (48), still has life in her eyes, walks down a hallway with her chief of staff, KELLY (65), trusted advisor. Kelly checks his watch.

   KELLY
   It’s getting late.

   DUNCAN
   Yeah...

   KELLY
   You better get some sleep, tomorrow the real work starts...
   Madame President.

   DUNCAN
   Yeah, yeah, I just want to check out the office again real quick.

   KELLY
   Alright, but then sleep! I’ll see you in the morning.

Kelly walks off and Duncan smiles as she turns the corner, then opens a door and walks into...

INT. OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Oval Office, Duncan looks around with a smile on her face before noticing the sharply dressed AGENT (70s), silver fox Helen Mirren type, sitting across the desk, drinking coffee.

   AGENT
   Good evening, Mr. President.

   DUNCAN
   Who are you? How did you get in here?

Duncan immediately tries to go back through the door but finds it unmoving. She turns around to find Agent motioning for her to sit at her desk, pouring the president a cup of coffee.

   AGENT
   Take a seat, tonight is going to be long for you.

Duncan reluctantly listens, sits without taking her eyes off her. Agent slides a cup of coffee her way.

   DUNCAN
   What is this about? Who are you?
AGENT
I work for the Bureau.

DUNCAN
The FBI?

AGENT
A Bureau. It’s time for your final rite of passage. I have... Stories that you need to hear.

Duncan side eyes the Agent.

DUNCAN
What kind of stories?

AGENT
Stories for the most privileged of ears. The stories that others whisper of but never know the full truth to.

DUNCAN
You’re going to tell me about Roswell, right? Stuff like that?

AGENT
Roswell comes later, we like to begin with this story, which starts at a radar station outside Moscow...

EXT. SOVIET JEEP - NIGHT

SUPER: 1972

We hug on the tail light of a Soviet UAV-469, but we can’t exactly tell that just yet, as we hear “Fortunate Son”.

The jeep passes through a gate and various military buildings before parking in front of a trailer with dishes popping from its roof.

The camera moves to the shoulder of a COLONEL who gets out of the jeep and walks toward the trailer. The guards in front snap to attention, the Colonel lazily salutes back.

INT. RADAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As the Colonel enters the trailer, Fortunate Son transitions to playing on a radio sitting next to a RADAR OPERATOR, who’s jamming out while watching the screen.
The Colonel walks up behind the radar operator and turns off the radio, leaving a singular BEEP from the radar, tracking one plane, as the only noise.

The radar operator, without looking, reacts immediately and angrily.

[All dialogue in italics is spoken in Russian.]

RADAR OPERATOR
Hey, fuck you you motherfucker.

COLONEL
Does your commanding officer know you’re listening to banned music during your shift?

The radar operator turns to see the Colonel smiling at him. The radar operator shoots up to attention, saluting.

RADAR OPERATOR
Apologies, Colonel! I thought you were someone else.

The Colonel laughs and motions for him to sit down.

COLONEL
Sit, sit, I hear our visitor popped up?

The radar operator sits down and turns to the screen.

RADAR OPERATOR
Uhh, yes sir, about an hour ago. He’s following course, should be in Moscow in... Three hours.

The Colonel leans over the radar operator’s shoulder and lightly taps on the blip flaring on the neon green display.

COLONEL
That’s him?

RADAR OPERATOR
Yes, sir.

The Colonel leans back, contemplatively.

COLONEL
To think, we could blow him out of the sky from here. Put a stop to all this madness.
The radar operator looks up, is he joking? How does a radar operator react to jokes from a colonel? Before he can say anything, the Colonel laughs.

COLONEL (CONT’D)
Well, keep an eye on him. We know we can’t trust them as far as we can throw them.

RADAR OPERATOR
Yes, sir. Of course.

The Colonel turns to leave just as a second BEEP joins the first on the screen. The Colonel turns back and looks as a new blip flares up heading towards them.

COLONEL
What’s that?

The Radar Operator looks at it for a moment.

RADAR OPERATOR
I’m... Not sure.

COLONEL
What do you mean?

RADAR OPERATOR
There aren’t any other flights in the area tonight.

The Colonel looks worried before a loud, unearthly SQUAWK is heard in the distance.

COLONEL
Where’s your radio?

RADAR OPERATOR
Next door...

The colonel takes off toward the door...

EXT. RADAR ROOM – CONTINUOUS

And runs outside, the guards looking in the direction of the loud squawk. Several soldiers can be seen looking out in the black of night.

A MUCH LOUDER squawk, almost a roar, is heard. Gunfire is heard in the distance.

COLONEL
Go! Raise the alarm!
The Colonel turns to the building with the radio and runs before looking behind him and screaming.

**INT. AIR FORCE ONE – MORNING**

HENRY KISSINGER (48) lays down on a couch napping before an AIDE (20s) wakes him up.

AIDE
We’re 30 minutes out, sir.

The aide offers Kissinger a cup of coffee, black. He takes it as he sits up.

AIDE (CONT’D)
Careful, sir, it’s hot.

Kissinger waves the aide off and takes a big swig.

KISSINGER
Thank you.
(Beat)
Is he up?

AIDE
Yes, sir.

KISSINGER
In his office?

AIDE
Yes, sir.

Kissinger stands and walks over to a set of double doors.

**INT. AIR FORCE ONE OFFICE – CONTINUOUS**

RICHARD NIXON (59) sits at his desk, eyes closed, in complete silence and meditation as Kissinger quietly slips into the room. There’s a beat.

KISSINGER
Which is it this time?

Nixon breathes in deeply through his nose, eyes still closed.

NIXON
I’ve conquered the Reds. Everyone loves me. They erect a statue of me in Washington. Bigger than Lincoln’s.
KISSINGER
That's a good one.

Another deep breath.

NIXON
I know. What is it?

KISSINGER
We're 30 minutes out.

Nixon's eyes open.

NIXON
It's showtime.

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE - LATER

Nixon and Kissinger walk onto the stairs with a gaggle of staff. At the bottom of the stairs is LEONID BREZHNEV (65), General Secretary of the USSR and his retinue.

The two talk through an AMERICAN TRANSLATOR (30s) and a RUSSIAN TRANSLATOR (30s).

NIXON
It's a pleasure to meet you, General Secretary.

BREZHNEV
Likewise, Mr. President.

NIXON
As a gesture of goodwill, I'm going to leave the Nuclear Football...

Nixon gestures at a nondescript man with a steel suitcase handcuffed to his wrist.

NIXON (CONT’D)
...With Air Force One for the duration of these talks.

Brezhnev nods his head and the two shake hands, a flurry of camera shutters snapping around them.

NIXON
I look forward to our dinner tonight. Someone told me borscht was on the menu?

The smiles become a little more hardened, the handshake a little tighter.
BREZHNEV
We had planned on something a little fancier, but if you are looking forward to borscht, we can have it arranged.

The two part and Nixon heads for his motorcade.

NIXON BREZHNEV
Bastard. Bastard.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Nixon settles down in his seat, fixes his tie. Kissinger and US Ambassador JACOB BEAM (64) flank him.

NIXON
You like that?

Jacob Beam looks uncertain while Kissinger is too busy with whatever papers are in his hands to care.

KISSINGER
Excellent, sir. Already taking control of the talks.

Nixon breathes deep and returns to his meditation. An aide leans forward.

AIDE
(To Nixon)
Sir, phone.

Nixon doesn’t open his eyes.

NIXON
Does it look like I want to talk on the phone right now?

AIDE
It’s Pat...

Nixon’s eyes shoot open, he reaches for the phone.

NIXON
Patty! What’s wrong? It’s got to be early -

INT. WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

PAT NIXON (60), plastic patty to some, simply Pat to Dick, huffs on her end, holds a lit cigarette, face unmoving.
PAT
Do you have any idea what your
damn daughter did?

Intercut Between Dick and Pat.
Nixon massages the bridge of his nose.

NIXON
Which one?

PAT
Tricia!

NIXON
What did Tricia do?

PAT
She tried to slip the bill for
those damned chairs to George.

NIXON
The accountant?

PAT
Yes!

NIXON
You’ve got to be shitting me -

PAT
I am not shitting you, Dick!

NIXON
We TOLD her -

PAT
That we weren’t paying for those
damned chairs! I know!

This has hit a nerve with Dick, he realizes that he’s slipping
into the wrong headspace for this trip.

NIXON
Patty, darling, I’ll have a talk
with her when I get back but I’ve
got to focus out here. It’s game
time, Patty.

Pat looks off, supposedly at Tricia, displeased.

NIXON (CONT’D)
I’ll talk to you later my little
snuggle bunny foo foo.
This melts the icy demeanor a bit and Pat’s face reacts as much as it can.

PAT
Love you my big Honey Bear.

Nixon turns away from those in the car, kisses into the receiver as stealthily as he can and hands the phone back.

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE - CONTINUOUS

Brezhnev watches Nixon’s motorcade drive off before walking towards his own state car, flanked by ANDREI KIRILENKO (65), his second in command.

ANDREI
Is he always such an ass?

BREZHNEV
I can only imagine.
(Beat)
We don’t have borscht on the menu, do we?

An AIDE (30s) rummages through papers, pulls out a small menu.

AIDE
Uhhh... Yes sir.

BREZHNEV
Take it off.

EXT. GALA - NIGHT

Various diplomats and statesmen walk up large steps toward a party already commenced.

INT. GALA DINING - CONTINUOUS

Nixon, Brezhnev, et al. sit at a long, stately table as waiters work quickly to remove untarnished soup bowls, replacing them with small salad plates.

NIXON
What? No Soup?

The Russians pretend not to notice.

BREZHNEV
I’m looking forward to our talks beginning tomorrow.
BREZHNEV (CONT’D)
Maybe we can curtail a little
American imperialism while we’re
at it?

NIXON
Well, General Secretary –

BREZHNEV
Please, call me Leonid.

Nixon nods his head.

NIXON
Dick. Anyway, maybe we can tell
the same to the Czechs. And don’t
get me started on Africa. Don’t
think we don’t see what your lot
are doing down there.

BREZHNEV
Nothing on the level of your
-conflict- in Vietnam, I assure
you.

The two translators start looking worried.

NIXON
Listen here you pinko bastard, we
would already be OUT of Vietnam if
your people weren’t supplying –

Kissinger looks up from his spot down the table.

KISSINGER
Gentlemen, these talks are meant
to DE-escalate, aren’t they?

The two world leaders murmur agreement.

KISSINGER (CONT’D)
Then could we agree to achieve at
least a little civility...
decorum... through them?

Nixon and Brezhnev almost look like school children scolded by
their teacher for fighting.

NIXON
Agreed.

BREZHNEV
Agreed.
KISSINGER
Good!

The two look a little uncomfortable, looking around as if willing a conversation to start from thin air.

NIXON
So, I hear you have a daughter, Leo, is that right?

BREZHNEV
I am not interested in discussing Galina with you, Dick.

And just like that, it’s icy again.

From Kissinger’s spot down the table, he begins to tuck into his salad next to YAKOV POPOV (40s), Russian general, mean-ass looking mug.

YAKOV
These talks are a waste of time.

KISSINGER
Agreed. To a certain extent.

Kissinger speaking Russian takes Yakov by surprise, but he rolls with it.

YAKOV
You Americans will not stop, no matter what you might agree to on a piece of paper. Stronger leaders...
(Side-eyes Brezhnev)
Would know this.

KISSINGER
Maybe so, but we do what we can.

YAKOV
We do what we must.

Kissinger raises an eyebrow at this.

Back with Nixon and Brezhnev, the salads are being replaced with the main course as Elena (50s), a bookish, bespectacled Russian scientist, rushes toward Brezhnev.

ELENA
General Secretary, I need a moment with you. I have a reading here that you need to see.
Elena closes in on the two, holding a ream of continuous stationary when a guard grabs her by the crook of the arm.

BREZHNEV
What is this?

ELENA
It’s important, sir. You’ll want to see this, it could be disastrous for the Soviet Union if you do not. A radar site in Arzamas went down last night and I believe that –

Brezhnev’s eyes flare at this alarmist talk in front of the Americans. He doesn’t want to appear weak.

BREZHNEV
Take her away! Vot tye na!

Yakov stands up and walks over to escort Elena away from the dinner as Kissinger contemplates what he’s just heard. Nixon chews, completely unaware, his translator too shocked.

NIXON
What was that about?

BREZHNEV
Nothing, a scientist with a story is all.

NIXON
Eggheads, huh?

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Yakov closes the door behind himself and Elena.

ELENA
Please, Brezhnev has to listen to me, the safety of the Union is at stake!

YAKOV
What is this about?

ELENA
Something attacked us in Arzamas last night. I’ve been tracking it for ages now, I think I know what’s –

YAKOV
This is important...
ELENA
Elena.

YAKOV
This is obviously important, Elena, find me tomorrow and we can discuss this then.

ELENA
But -

YAKOV
Tomorrow, Elena.

With that, Yakov returns to the dinner.

INT. SPASO HOUSE - MORNING

Brezhnev pulls on his suit jacket as he walks in the kitchen, where VIKTORIA (63), Leo’s loving wife of many years, hands him a coffee.

BREZHNEV
My Viktoria, what would I do?

VIKTORIA
What you do now, just poorly.

BREZHNEV
You are right, as always.

Brezhnev looks distracted.

VIKTORIA
You are worried. About the talks.

Brezhnev looks up and nods.

BREZHNEV
We can not trust them, Viktoria. We have never been able to.

VIKTORIA
If anyone can, I know it will be you.

She hugs him from behind.

VIKTORIA (CONT’D)
And maybe President Nixon is sane? Imagine. The first sane American President.

This makes Leonid laugh.
EXT. RED SQUARE - MORNING

The Kremlin sits in the morning glow of Moscow, politicians and soldiers go about their business. Elena looks nervous as he walks toward the gate.

INT. KREMLIN MEETING ROOM - MORNING

Aides and aides to aides run about as more senior level diplomats sit face-to-face at a meeting table. Carafes of coffee and pastries line the table.

Everyone at the table has huge stacks of paper in front of them, many wear reading glasses.

NIXON
Listen here, Leonid! We’re good with putting a freeze on launchers, but as far as decreasing that number, I can’t agree to that!

Brezhnev leans into his translator, listens.

BREZHNEV
Maybe after we’ve decommissioned the older models.

Yakov sits down the table, looking surly, when he sees Elena weasel her way into the room through a side door. He goes up to meet her. Kissinger tracks Yakov moving and gets up.

ELENA
Is the General Secretary free? I must speak to him!

YAKOV
Now is not the time to speak to Brezhnev, you can speak to me.

KISSINGER
And to me. I’m interested in hearing what you have to say, Elena. I’ve heard good things about your work.

Yakov looks frustrated at the interference, Elena is just shocked that someone has heard of her. At the table, the shouting has reached a crescendo when a loud SQUAWK shuts everyone in the room up.

Everyone looks ill at ease. Everyone except Kissinger, whose head has perked up, as if hearing the first notes to an old, favorite song. He starts drifting toward the window.
Nixon, Brezhnev and the other diplomats all quietly stand up and follow him to look out the window as well.

The group sees a pterodactyl-like MONSTER, absolutely leviathan, fly overhead, turning everything dark.

NIXON BREZHEV
What the fuck is that? What the fuck is that?

Everyone stays immobile as the Monster flies in a large arch till it’s aimed directly at the Kremlin and unleashes another loud blast from his mouth.

The room’s wall begins to crumble as everyone flies backward.

SFX: Ringing ears

Nixon slowly gets up as Secret Service and Soviet Devyatki agents surround him, Brezhnev, and Kissinger. The head Secret Service agent, ROBERT TAYLOR (45), grabs Nixon by his elbow.

TAYLOR
I HAVE SEARCHLIGHT AND WOODCUTTER. WE NEED EXTRACTION!

Taylor listens for a moment to his earpiece.

TAYLOR
TOO LONG!

Taylor points at a Devyatki Agent, ALEXEI (30s).

TAYLOR (CONT’D)
BUNKER?!

Alexei has a hold of Brezhnev as he nods, getting the meaning.

ALEXEI
Of course.

He points at a door and the group of agents and statesmen start heading toward it as chaos takes over around them.

Elena watches Yakov bolt to the door she just came in from and watches Nixon, Brezhnev, and Kissinger head toward a different door. After a moment, she runs after Nixon and Brezhnev.

INT. KREMLIN HALL WAY - CONTINUOUS

The agents from both countries have swarmed around their principals, moving like a blob bristling with weapons. Elena has attached herself at the back of the blob.
Gunfire erupts elsewhere in the Kremlin. Followed by screams. The group makes it to a large, steel door and begin to enter.

**INT. KREMLIN BUNKER – CONTINUOUS**

Taylor secures Nixon and Kissinger while Alexei does the same.

**ALEXEI**

PYOTYR, BORIS, GUARD THE DOOR!

PYOTYR (20s) and BORIS (20s), both very serious looking Russians, move off dutifully hoisting their AKs. Taylor tracks this and whistles.

**TAYLOR**

JOHNSON, WILLIAMS.

And nods at the Russians moving toward the door. JOHNSON (20s) and WILLIAMS (20s), both very serious looking Americans, join the Russians with their M16s.

Agents on the inside close the door and lock it behind the four and the chaos outside becomes a dull background noise. There are 16 agents, split equally between American and Russian.

The three statesmen sit on a bench against the wall looking a bit shellshocked, breathing heavy.

Brezhnev waves over Alexei, leans in and whispers.

**BREZHNEV**

Is there a radio? Do we know if Viktoria is okay? Galina?

**ALEXEI**

Not here, sir, but in the radio room -

**NIXON**

Henry...

**KISSINGER**

Yes?

**NIXON**

What in FDR’s broken legs was that?

**KISSINGER**

I’m... Not sure.
NIXON
Seriously. What was that? Did they lose control of one of their freak experiments or -

KISSINGER
Mr. President...

NIXON (CONT’D)
- Something?! Did we know they had something like this?!

Nixon is spiraling now.

KISSINGER
Mr. President...

NIXON (CONT’D)
We don’t have much time, I need to get to Air Force One. I need to get the Football -

KISSINGER
DICK!

NIXON
WHAT?!

Kissinger simply nods his head toward Brezhnev, who has been staring at Nixon throughout.

NIXON
Oh, what does he know, Henry? He can’t speak English!

BREZHNEV
I can assure you, Dick, that whatever that was, it certainly isn’t ours.

Nixon stops cold, wide eyed at the old Russian speaking fluent English, before furiously turning back to Kissinger.

NIXON
Oh, what the fuck, he speaks English now?

BREZHNEV
I learned when I was 12.
Nixon

(To Brezhnev)
Then why the hell have we been
talking through translators this
whole time, you mother fucker?

Kissinger chuckles to himself at all of this.

Brezhnev
I find your enemies speak more
freely when they think they can’t
be understood.

Nixon storms up out of seat and rushes at Brezhnev, who stands
up to meet him.

The Secret Service and Devyatki agents both rush in, some
grabbing their principals, some pointing guns at each other.
Everyone shouting.

A loud SQUAWK pierces through the shouting, shaking the room
and silencing everyone. Kissinger gets the same wispy look to
his face.

Everything is tense as people wait to see if anything happens.
C.U. on Kissinger’s face, a slow smile spreading.

SFX ELDRITCH NOISES AND WHISPERS

Amidst the noises and whispers, Kissinger picks up on a few
clear words from the detached VOICE.

VOICE (V.O.)
Destroy... Conquer... Rule...

Nixon and Brezhnev, after a hands up and turn from each other.
The rifles and pistols on both sides slowly lower.

Kissinger shakes his head, returns to his normal self.

Nixon
Alright, Brezhnev. No bullshit. Is
that... THING... something of
yours?

Brezhnev
What do you mean?

Nixon
A freak experiment you had hidden
in the Urals or Siberia or
whatever that broke out.

Brezhnev
Of course not.
NIXON
No bullshit?

BREZHNEV
Dick, it is attacking my country, not yours. I should be asking you this question!

NIXON
Look here, Leonid, I want to wipe this city off the map, but I don’t want to be here when it happens!

KISSINGER
Well... This is not good.

NIXON
What, being attacked by some flying freak monster? No shit, Henry.

KISSINGER
No, it is not that. Obviously, whatever this is, it is not from either of our countries.

NIXON
How can you be so sure it isn’t one of the Reds’?

Elena, who has been sitting close to the conversation listening, nearly jumps out of her seat.

ELENA
Because it was not created in a lab!

INT. KREMLIN HALL WAY – CONTINUOUS

The four guards stand on either side of the door, eyeing each other warily. Gunfire and screams can be heard far away, but the bursts are dulled by distance and concrete.

JOHNSON
Odds some crazy Red made whatever the fuck that was?

WILLIAMS
Two to five.

JOHNSON
That low?
PYOTR
They brought this.

BORIS
Maybe.

Down the hallway and around the corner, CLICKING and TAPPING sounds start up and slowly grow LOUDER. The guards take a couple steps toward it and ready their rifles.

As the noises get closer, the four guards stand shoulder to shoulder. From around the corner a single, angular, impossibly sharp leg comes out.

INT. KREMLIN BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Muffled shouting can be heard outside before four rifles open fire. Everyone in the bunker intently watches the door before Nixon, Brezhnev, and Kissinger return their focus to Elena.

NIXON
Who the hell is this?

Brezhnev recognizes the face but can’t place a name.

KISSINGER
This is Elena Novikov, Russia’s foremost authority on cryptozoology.

NIXON
Cryta-WHAT the hell are you saying Henry? Speak English.

ELENA
I study -

KISSINGER
She studies the unknown, Dick.

ELENA
I study the unstudied, or I attempt to... Mr. President. The world is filled to the brim with the unexplained and the unexplainable, I merely try to explain it.

BREZHNEV
You were saying about the flying monster that just attacked us...
ELENA
Oh! Yes! It wasn’t created in any lab. It is an ancient creature drawn by conflict -

NIXON
How ancient?

Brezhnev’s cogs are starting to turn. As the four talk, the rifles outside become a little quieter, one of the rifles has stopped firing.

BREZHEV
Since Russians have lived West of the Urals...

KISSINGER
If it is drawn by conflict, certainly it would’ve appeared during the second world war.

ELENA
It did...

BREZHEV
We have... Reports... Classified reports of German prisoners testifying that their units were destroyed by some strange flying monster... Our commissars attributed it to terror.

ELENA
And before that, during the Revolution, out in the country, workers reported being attacked by beasts... Chort... The Party dismissed it as the mindless ramblings of the uneducated...

NIXON
So we’re getting attacked by a huge fucking flying monster, great, just fantastic.

KISSINGER
Unfortunately for us, leadership in Washington does not have this information and -

Nixon slaps his face.

NIXON
Oh Christ! Agnew!
KISSINGER (CONT’D)
- And will likely consider this an assassination and retaliate.

Brezhnev stares down Kissinger.

BREZHNEV
How so?

KISSINGER
Mobilization of forces in West Germany within the hour.

The three rifles firing have become two.

BREZHNEV
I have... Unfortunate news for you, gentleman. My generals are likely to see this as an attack as well. Our forces will begin moving quickly.

NIXON
Son of a bitch, so you two are saying we have World War III in an hour unless we do something?

KISSINGER
Indeed.

NIXON
So... What? We need to find a radio, get ahold of Washington and that ass of a Vice President of mine, tell them it’s not the Reds.

BREZHNEV
And I must contact Yakov. Tell him to stand down our forces.

KISSINGER
How do you know he survived?

The two rifles outside have become just one rifle firing.

BREZHNEV
Yakov is like cockroach, yes? He can not be killed so easily.

NIXON
Alright then, gentlemen, we know what we have to do. This place has a radio, right, Leo?
BREZHNEV
Of course, on the second floor.

Kissinger looks at Elena.

KISSINGER
Elena, do you believe you could help us convey this information?

ELENA
Of course...

NIXON
Then you’re coming with us. Taylor, we need to move!

As the four stand up, the last rifle outside goes quiet. Everyone in the bunker holds their breath.

Taylor walks to the door, trying to hear what’s past.

TAYLOR
(To Nixon)
Sir, I don’t think I can recommend that right now.

ALEXEI
(To Brezhnev)
It is not advisable, Secretary.

Nixon and Brezhnev exchange a grim look.

NIXON
Unfortunately, we don’t have the luxury of waiting here, Taylor.

TAYLOR
Whatever is out there just tore through four heavily armed men, Mr. President.

BREZHNEV
We must move, if we hope to avoid catastrophe for the world.

Taylor looks at Brezhnev, he doesn’t take orders from a damn Red, though.

NIXON
He’s right, Taylor. We can’t stay here.

Taylor sighs hard.
TAYLOR
Alright guys, stack up. Be ready for whatever’s out there.

ALEXEI
Line up, men.

The Russian and American guards gather around the door, training their rifles on the entrance as Taylor, slinging his rifle, goes and, laboriously, unlocks it.

Nixon, Brezhnev, Kissinger, and Elena stand safely behind the armed phalanx, but all are morbidly curious what’s waiting on the other side.

TAYLOR
Be ready.

ALEXEI
Rifles ready.

Taylor shifts the latch and slowly begins opening as fifteen rifles click, ready to fire. As it widens it reveals...

INT. KREMLIN HALL WAY - CONTINUOUS

...A gory spectacle. No bodies, just significant chunks of human, four peoples’ worth of blood and viscera and hundreds of spent shell casings.

There is nothing waiting for them, however, and the guards cautiously begin moving out into the hall.

As the three statesmen and the scientist make it into the hall, Elena, Nixon, and Brezhnev all nearly vomit, Kissinger studies.

NIXON
(Doubled over)
Oh Jesus!

BREZHNEV
What could have...

Taylor and Alexei look at the scene and grab the rifles of the slain guards, intact if a bit gore slicked, and hand them to Brezhnev, Nixon, and Kissinger.

TAYLOR
Sirs, please don’t use these if you don’t have to, but... Just in case...

Nixon grabs the M16 and immediately lets go, looking at his now red-stained hand. He reluctantly grabs it again.
Taylor leans into Nixon, whispering.

    TAYLOR
    And sir, I don’t trust these
    Russians as far as I could throw
    them. I’ve told the men to be
    ready, just in case.

    NIXON
    (To Taylor)
    Good thinking.
    (To Brezhnev)
    Where is this radio room again?

    BREZHNEV
    On the second floor.

    NIXON
    Then let’s get moving.

Alexei whistles and the group begins to move.

EXT. MAIN FLOOR KREMLIN - LATER

The group moves as a unit, the four civilians in the middle as
the 16 body guards put their bodies around them. The floor is
littered with bodies, body parts, and the slick of gore.

    KISSINGER
    Miss Elena, you believe the
    creature that attacked us earlier
    did all this?

    BREZHNEV
    Certainly not, unless it can
    shrink in size.

    ELENA
    No. The stories will sometimes
    allude to smaller creatures, the
    people call them chort, that
    detach from it and seek out those
    that hide.

    NIXON
    Hopefully they’ve moved on since
    they seem to have killed everyone
    here.

    KISSINGER
    It would be fortuitous for us,
    yes.
Alexei and Taylor walk at the front of the pack. Alexei points out the staircase to the second floor on the other side of a big hallway.

ALEXEI
There.

Taylor nods, motions for the group to head in that direction. As they approach the hallway, the clicking and tapping noises from before can be heard along with something wet.

Taylor and Alexei immediately shuffle to the wall, 17 others following their lead. Nixon is a little slow on the uptake.

NIXON
What the fuck - ?!

Kissinger grabs Nixon’s mouth violently and drags him to the wall, holding a finger to his own lips.

KISSINGER
Quiet, Dick.

Nixon doesn’t look happy but complies.

Alexei and Taylor quietly move to the hallway, peer around the corner and spot something digging into the chest of a large, very dead diplomat.

What they see can only be described as the worst parts of a spider, ant, and grasshopper mixed together. Other than the red around its jaw, its body is a black-like ichor. A chort.

Alexei and Taylor withdraw to the group, who do what they can to huddle around the two while keeping their weapons pointed at the hallway. They stay as quiet as possible.

ALEXEI
There is something there, Secretary.

ELENA
I need to see it.

NIXON
What is it, Taylor?

TAYLOR
Whatever killed the fuck out of Williams and Johnson is around the corner eating some other poor bastard.

KISSINGER
Is there a way around this hall?
BREZHNEV
The nearest way to the second
floor is an elevator, but it is
along the East wall.

Brezhnev points to the wall on the other side of the room, past
the hallway and staircase.

BREZHNEV (CONT’D)
Any other way up is deeper in the
Kremlin...

TAYLOR
Past who knows how many more of
those things.

ALEXEI
It appears to be distracted by its
meal, we could quietly cross the
hall to the staircase.

ELENA
It could work.

TAYLOR
What are they saying?

BREZHNEV
If we are quiet, it won’t notice
us. Perhaps.

Taylor nods for a bit, thinking. After a beat, he nods.

TAYLOR
Alright, let’s give it a shot.

Alexei sees the nod and starts directing everyone. He points at
one of his men and points to the corner.

Without words, the guard moves to the corner and, after his
eyes go wide for a moment, aims his rifle at the chort. The
group moves closer.

ALEXEI
We will send a guard to the other
side, and then move the principles
across afterward.

Taylor and the others watch as Alexei points at another Russian
guard and points to the other side of the hallway.

Again, without a word, the guard quietly moves to the other
side and sets up. Taylor points at two of his own men and
points at the Russians flanking the hallway and they move to
stand behind their Russian counterparts.
ALEXEI
After I cross, you follow me, Secretary.

BREZHNEV
Of course.

Alexei then moves across the hall and Brezhnev follows. Taylor turns to Nixon who peeks around the corner at the chort for the first time and wheels back around, face draining of color.

NIXON
Let’s... Uhh... Let’s let some of the others cross first, right Taylor?

TAYLOR
Alright sir, Mr. Kissinger?

Kissinger nods and crosses uneventfully. Followed by Elena and several guards.

TAYLOR
Sir, you should cross now.

Nixon, now sweating, closes his eyes and nods, grips his bloody rifle and walks to the precipice of the hallway. Three quick breaths and he starts scuttling across...

...And promptly trips on a detached limb, send him sprawling loudly on the floor. Nixon freezes on the floor, wide-eyed, and the guards grip their rifles.

The chort’s head snaps up from the chest cavity, strings of flesh falling from its jaws, and turns and looks directly at Nixon. There’s a beat before the chort roars.

TAYLOR ALEXEI
Open fire! Shoot! Protect the Secretary!!

The guards on the corners immediately open fire, shots peppering around the hallway and the chort itself as it starts racing toward them.

Nixon struggles to his feet and fires his rifle ineffectually at the beast as he darts to the other side.

The chort scuttles quickly, moving from the floor to the wall to the ceiling and back to the floor as if gravity meant nothing to it.

But as more and more guards bring their guns to bear, the chort slows and eventually falls to the ground, dead. As the gun smoke clears a bit, three guards carefully walk to the body.
Prodding from muzzles seem to confirm the status of the chort, which quickly dissolves, leaving nothing behind. A Russian guard turns back.

    RED GUARD #1
    It disappeared, sir!

As he says this, though, another chort launches from an open hallway next to him, slamming him into the opposite wall and turning him into a geyser of bone and blood.

    NIXON
    HOLY FUCK!!

Another chort moves quickly and kills off the other two guards before two more chort appear farther down the hall way.

    ALEXEI
    RUN!!

Nixon doesn't need to hear any more and darts toward the staircase, followed quickly by Brezhnev, Kissinger, Elena, and the surviving guards.

Another chort appears at the top of staircase.

    BREZHNEV
    Oh shit!

Brezhnev pushes Nixon along in the direction that he had pointed to when talking about the elevator.

    BREZHNEV
    To the elevator!!

A couple American guards step up to fire at the approaching chort on the staircase. Alexei grabs three of his men.

    ALEXEI
    Try to draw them back to the bunker! Hide in there if you can!

The three nod and start to run off, Taylor tracks this. The two American guards on the staircase take down the one chort but one from the hallway gets them from behind.

    TAYLOR
    Matthews! Go with them!!

Matthews follows dutifully and the four guards start firing at the chort as they take off back toward the bunker. The diversion succeeds in drawing the attention of all but one.

Taylor, Alexei, Nixon, Brezhnev, Kissinger, Elena, and four remaining guards run down the hallway toward the elevator.
As they run, the one chort that followed gains but Alexei and Taylor both turn and fire, the guards joining in, and they take it down. It dissolves moments later.

Taylor and Alexei, both breathing hard, momentarily exchange eye contact and nod at each other.

NIXON
What in the absolute fuck is this shit?!

ELENA
This must be why none of the stories could be corroborated. Any of the chort that the people killed would disappear and no one would believe them...

KISSINGER
It is an interesting defense mechanism for the species.

The clicking and tapping of the chort is heard in the distance.

BREZHNEV
We must move.

INT. KREMLIN HALL WAY - MOMENTS LATER

The group makes it to the elevator, Taylor hits the button to a loud DING, causing everyone to wince.

A light above the elevator indicates that it is on the top floor. Slowly, agonizingly, the light switches from the top floor to the next level, another loud DING.

KISSINGER
This is unfortunate.

NIXON
What is this, the slowest elevator in the world?!

BREZHNEV
It is... An old elevator.

Each ding sounds louder and louder and the group looks outwards waiting for a monster to appear. Finally, the light indicates the first floor and the elevator DINGS the loudest it has yet.

Nixon and Brezhnev both stand waiting a long beat.
NIXON
You have got to be shitting me here, Leo.

Finally, the door slowly, excruciatingly slowly, begins to open and Nixon squeezes through the moment he can. Just as a chort appears at the far end of the hall moving toward them.

INT. KREMLIN ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The door has finally opened and everyone has squeezed in, Elena hurriedly presses the “two” and the “close door” buttons. The door slowly, excruciatingly slowly begins to close.

BREZHNEV
Shit.

The guards in the elevator begin firing but the chort has been joined by two others and it becomes obvious that the door will not close in time.

Kissinger, in the back of the elevator, begins to hear the whispers and words again. Right before the chort reach the elevator, he holds his hand up in a “halt” motion.

And the chort stop suddenly. The guards fire point blank of the chort and put all three down. The doors close and the elevator begins going up.

TAYLOR
What the fuck?

Everyone in the elevator turns toward Elena.

ELENA
Don’t look at me, you all have as much an idea of whatever that was as I do...

BREZHNEV
You are an expert, are you not?

ELENA
To be an expert in the unknown is to be certain that you know nothing.

NIXON
Welcome to the club!

As the others talk, Kissinger stands quietly, looking at the palms of his hands, a smile creeping across his face. The whispers and voices grow louder.
INT. KREMLIN SECOND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator door opens, slowly, and the guards fan out, guarding all angles as the principles come out behind them.

Everyone waits a moment, listening intently. Nothing. Brezhnev points off down a hallway.

BREZHNEV
The radio is this way.

Everyone starts moving, a blob like before but much smaller.

The group makes it to the radio room. The hallway looks almost eerily normal, no debris has shaken from the walls, the ornate paintings aren’t even tilted out of place.

Alexei puts his ear up to the door, again nothing, and slowly turns the door handle. The guards aim their rifles and Nixon and Brezhnev clumsily follow suit.

As Alexei opens the door, reveal...

INT. KREMLIN RADIO ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A room missing its outward facing wall. The side of the building has fallen off revealing the devastation that Moscow has faced in the monster’s wake.

The group, all slack jawed except Kissinger, slowly walks to the precipice. Far off in the distance, the monster is seen swooping down on some unseen threat.

The WHOOSH of jet engines roars by as MiGs rush overhead, lower to the ground than one would expect.

The MiGs loose missiles which fly off toward the monster, who turns and SQUAWKS at them, exploding the missiles and the MiGs behind them.

BREZHNEV
Bozhe moi...

Nixon and Brezhnev stand next to each other, both staring out.

NIXON
What’s that mean...

BREZHNEV
My God...
NIXON
I didn’t think you believed in
God, Leo...

BREZHNEV
I don’t...

Elena is the first to recover and begins looking around the room, at first carefully and then more and more frantic.

ELENA
Where is it?

KISSLINGER
Where is what?

ELENA
The radio! There’s supposed to be a radio, no?!

Everyone snaps to their senses and start looking around, no radio. Before too long, COUGHING and MUMBLING is heard.

A guard walks over and finds a RADIO OPERATOR, minus legs halfway down the thigh, and props him up. He looks on the doorstep of death.

Elena translates for the Americans.

BREZHNEV
What was that?

RADIO OPERATOR
The radio was against the wall.

BREZHNEV
What happened to you?

RADIO OPERATOR
The beast. It attacked. Its screech ripped off the wall and took the equipment with it.

BREZHNEV
Is there no other radio?

RADIO OPERATOR
Maybe a handheld, nothing else...

The radio operator coughs up blood and his eyes roll back into his head.

NIXON
Well that’s just great.
(MORE)
NIXON (CONT’D)
How are we getting ahold of Agnew now?

TAYLOR
The Embassy will have a radio, sir.

NIXON
Right.

Alexei asks Elena to translate what Taylor just said and she does.

ALEXEI
We will not take Brezhnev to the American embassy!

BREZHNEV
Alexei, calm down.

ALEXEI
Sir, I do not trust these Yankees! They say this beast is not theirs but we do not know for sure.

ELENA
It isn’t theirs! That...
(Points at monster)
Has been around for much longer than America.

Alexei doesn’t look convinced. Brezhnev moves to him and puts a hand on his shoulder.

BREZHNEV
For Mother Russia, sometimes we must do things we are not comfortable doing.

After a beat, Alexei nods.

BREZHNEV
We will go to the embassy.

As Brezhnev is talking, an American guard notices an open door and walks over peeking inside.

AMERICAN GUARD #1
Uh, guys, what’s in this room?

Brezhnev looks confused for a second.

BREZHNEV
What IS in that room?
INT. KREMLIN ARMORY - CONTINUOUS

ALEXEI
The armory, sir.

The group walks into the room, racks and racks of weapons and ammo line the walls.

NIXON
Why on earth do you need an armory here, Leo?

BREZHNEV
We are Russians, Dick.

Brezhnev walks over to an RPK and hefts it in his hands. He grabs belts of ammunition.

Nixon walks over to a wall of grenade launchers and picks one up, testing its weight before throwing a belt of grenades around his shoulder.

NIXON
Oh yeah, come here sexy.

The others fan out and grab various heavier weapons than what they’re currently carrying. All except Kissinger.

NIXON
What’re you waiting for, Henry? Grab something.

Nixon also grabs a KS-23 combat shotgun, slinging it over his shoulder. Kissinger does not look too enthused about picking up another weapon and grabs what’s closed to him: An RPG.

Nixon claps him on the shoulder.

NIXON
Hell yeah.

Kissinger slings the RPG over his shoulder.

INT. KREMLIN RADIO ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The group, now significantly heavier armed than before, walk back into the radio room and look out again.

TAYLOR
Now how are we going to get to the embassy?

The group looks out again and Kissinger spots several state vehicles parked on the street close to them.
KISSINGER
We could use those.

The group spots the cars.

BREZHNEV
Excellent idea.

ALEXEI
Let us head out, then, yes?

BREZHNEV
This sounds like a plan.
(To everyone)
We should leave now.

NIXON
Took the words right out of my mouth, Leo!

Taylor walks to the door, opens it, looks out, closes it.

TAYLOR
We can’t go out that way.

ELENA
Why not?

Elena walks to the door and looks out herself, spotting SIX SHORT skittering around the hallway, closes the door.

ELENA
Yes, we should find another way out.

NIXON
Well how else are we going to get out of this hell hole?

Kissinger nods at the big hole where the wall used to be.

EXT. KREMLIN - DAY

Electronic cables fall into place and armed men begin to descend and fan out on the ground outside the Kremlin.

They are followed by Brezhnev, Kissinger, and Elena, not moving quite as gracefully but managing anyway.

NIXON
Aroooooo!
Nixon plummets from offscreen into a bush. Taylor and Alexei come down right after. Taylor helps the president out of the bush.

NIXON
It’s not like I’ve had to climb a rope since basic, Taylor!

TAYLOR
I understand, Mr. President.

NIXON
And this isn’t even a rope! It’s cables ripped out of the wall!

TAYLOR
Yes they are, Mr. President.

NIXON
Can’t blame a man for losing his grip!

TAYLOR
No, Mr. President.

The others exchange looks but no one says anything.

INT./EXT. STATE VEHICLES – DAY

The group swarms two state cars. Taylor, Alexei, and the four principles in one, the surviving guards in the other.

Squeezed in the back seat is Brezhnev, Elena, Kissinger, and Nixon, in that order, still brimming with weapons.

TAYLOR
Follow our asses till we get to the Embassy!

The guards nod and the two groups start their cars. Immediately, a screech and chittering of chort is heard in the distance.

TAYLOR
Let’s go!

The two cars peel off and gun it through the now empty streets of Moscow. Taylor expertly avoids abandoned and destroyed vehicles.

He only gets distracted momentarily by someone coming through his earpiece.
TAYLOR
They’re behind us.

But he keeps his foot on the gas. Alexei looks back.

ALEXEI
SHIT!

Behind the tail vehicle are at least nine chort rapidly closing distance. Alexei watches as Russian and American guards both hang out of the windows and begin opening fire.

They take out some but it’s not enough and their vehicle is overwhelmed by the demonic insects.

INT. TAIL CAR - DAY

From inside the car, the guards watch as the chort begin crawling over their speeding vehicle. An American and Russian guard make eye contact before each pull out a grenade.

They nod.

INT. STATE VEHICLE - DAY

Nixon turns around the see the tail vehicle, now completely swarmed, explode in a ball of fire.

NIXON
Holy shit!

The chort around the tail vehicle are engulfed in flames and disappear, but more chort aren’t far behind them.

NIXON
HOLY SHIT!

TAYLOR
We’re almost there!

Alexei spots the chort still gaining on them and turns to Brezhnev.

ALEXEI
Mr. Secretary -

And nods at the RPD in his hands. Brezhnev grips his machine gun and nods to himself, opens the window.

NIXON
What is this?
BREZHNEV

We are now responsible for our own safety, Dick.

Nixon looks oddly solemn as he opens up his own window.

The chort are nearly on them, one leaps at the passenger window, nearly there before - BLAM - Nixon blasts it away with his shotgun.

Brezhnev and Nixon are now hanging out the window, fully unloading on the chort behind them.

Taylor spots the gates of the embassy and starts blasting the car horn.

INT. US EMBASSY - DAY

Two guards, MARINE #1 and MARINE #2, stand by the doors, gripping their rifles and looking out, they spot a Russian State Vehicle careening toward them, blasting its horn.

MARINE #1
What the fuck is that?!

MARINE #2
Did you see the Kremlin? Reds are probably trying to hide wherever they can?

MARINE #1
Should we open the door?!

MARINE #2
FUCK NO.

Becoming just a little more clear is Nixon hanging out of the car unleashing his shotgun at the pursuing chort.

MARINE #1
Wait... Is that?!

INT. STATE VEHICLE - DAY

Taylor peels up next to the embassy.

TAYLOR
Why they FUCK aren’t they getting ready for us?!

He throws his door open and immediately starts firing, Alexei follows his lead.
TAYLOR
Get out! We have GOT to move!

EXT. US EMBASSY - DAY

The principles pile out of the car and the group starts running for the doors right as the Marines throw the doors open and begin covering fire.

KISSINGER
Get inside the building.

NIXON
You’ve got the rocket launcher, Henry! Use it!

Kissinger turns around and fires his RPG DIRECTLY into the second floor of a neighboring building. Almost as if he were trying to miss. They continue running for the door.

NIXON
Really, Henry?!

They make it to the door, Kissinger turns to Nixon and shrugs his shoulders.

MARINE #1
GET IN, SIR!

The group piles into the Embassy and the marines close the door behind them.

INT. US EMBASSY LOBBY - DAY

The group nearly falls over themselves as they make it into the lobby. They hardly have a chance to catch their breath, though, as the marines begin pointing rifles at the Russians.

MARINE #2
DROP YOUR WEAPONS!

Alexei places himself in between the marine and Brezhnev. He looks around, there are too many marines with their weapons pointed at them.

TAYLOR
Whoa! Hold it!

ALEXEI
Sir, put down your weapon. Slowly.

Alexei starts putting his down as well.
TAYLOR
Hold it, hold it, what the fuck is the meaning of this?!

MARINE #1
Sir! This whole city is fucked because they couldn’t control whatever the fuck that is outside!

NIXON
Ease it son. We can hate these commie bastards for a lot of things, but this isn’t one of them.

Nixon walks over to Brezhnev and claps him on the shoulder.

NIXON (CONT’D)
Leo here is a guest of the United States at the moment.

KISSINGER
Gentlemen, we do not have much time. Take us to the radio room.

ELENA
We must contact Washington!

The marines stand for a moment, hesitating.

NIXON
You heard them, let’s move it!

The marines snap to attention and lead them off.

INT. US EMBASSY HALLWAY - DAY

The group marches down the hallway, Ambassador Beam rushes to meet them along the way to the radio.

NIXON
Beam! Have you heard from Washington?

BEAM
What? Uh, no sir, the secure lines were cut when this started, KGB did it thinking the monster was an American attack.

NIXON
Balls. And your radio?
BEAM
Long distance isn’t encrypted, sir.

NIXON
We’ve got bigger problems.

The group turns into a room, “RADIO” reading over the doorframe.

INT. US EMBASSY RADIO ROOM - DAY

As Nixon walks in, the embassy staff inside quickly stand to attention. Nixon salutes but is entirely focused on the radio. The radio looks cold and dark.

NIXON
What’s wrong with it?

BEAM
Sir, we don’t really rely on the radio to communicate with DC.

NIXON
Well boot it up, then!

BEAM
Yes sir.

Beam motions at one of the staff, who flips switches on the big machine. Lights start flickering on. Noises begin to whirl.

EXT. US EMBASSY ROOF - DAY

The radio sits atop the embassy, wiggling as it boots up.

SFX: BEEP, BEEP, BEEP

EXT. MOSCOW SKIES - DAY

The creature soars around the outskirts of Moscow, blasting random buildings, vehicles, planes, anything and everything.

SFX: BEEP BEEP BEEP

The monster turns back to the center of Moscow.

INT. US EMBASSY RADIO ROOM - DAY

Nixon stands impatiently with the receiver to his ear.
NIXON
Yes, this is Nixon. Connect me to Agnew at once.

Kissinger moves closer to Nixon, motions with his eyes for him to step to the side. He whispers.

KISSINGER
You must ask Agnew what the situation is like elsewhere.

NIXON
Why should I do that?

KISSINGER
If this is indeed some ancient monster, it will be an isolated incident.

NIXON
Yeah..?

KISSINGER
We must make sure, absolutely sure. If there is another attack elsewhere, it is manufactured, and our forces should move unimpeded.

Nixon narrows his eyes and nods.

NIXON
Right.

As he preps the radio, Brezhnev moves over to another OPERATOR.

BREZHNEV
Can you reach the Secretary’s Residence from here as well?

OPERATOR
Uh... Yes, but I don’t think you’re allow...

He looks over and Nixon, noticing the conversation gives a nod.

OPERATOR
Alright, then, I guess.

He pulls some switches, speaks into the receiver, hands it to Brezhnev.

OPERATOR
Some woman.

Brezhnev is immediately relieved, he grabs the receiver.
BREZHNEV
Yes? Viktoria?

VIKTORIA (O.S.)
Leo?

BREZHNEV
Slava Bogu! You’re safe?

VIKTORIA (O.S.)
Yes, They’ve moved me to a safe room but nothing seems to be happening.

Again, relief. Brezhnev looks to Nixon and bows his head in thanks.

With Nixon, the radio receiver bursts to life, VICE PRESIDENT AGNEW’s (53) voice comes through.

AGNEW
Sir! Mr. President!

NIXON
Yes, Agnew, it’s me, shut up.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Agnew stands at the Resolute Desk, aids and cabinet members and military officers buzz around.

AGNEW
Dick, they’re telling me I’m president now?

INTERCUT

Nixon’s face immediately turns to one of revulsion.

NIXON
What? No Agnew, shut up and listen to me.

AGNEW
Okay.

In the distance, a loud SQUAWK is heard, Nixon focuses.

NIXON
Are there any other attacks happening right now?

AGNEW
What? Other attacks?
NIXON
Other than the one on Moscow you fucking idiot!

AGNEW
Oh, yeah, we haven’t seen anything anywhere else.

NIXON
What? Are you sure?

AGNEW
Yeah, but this general is telling me we’re about to march out of West Germany? What’s that about?

NIXON
No! I’ve got someone you need to listen to!

Nixon motions to Elena, who tentatively grabs the radio.

ELENA
Hello?

AGNEW
Yes, this is Spiro.

ELENA
Hello, yes, I am Elena Novikov and I am Russia’s foremost authority on Cryptozoology.

AGNEW
Cryta-what?

ELENA
The study of the unknown, Spiro.

AGNEW
Okay.

ELENA
What is attacking Moscow now is a natural phenomena. A creature that has existed for untold millennia -

AGNEW
Okay.

ELENA
And while it has lived in Russia since its birth, it has nothing to do with the Soviet government...
There's another SQUAWK, this time much closer. Nixon manhandles the receiver away from her.

    NIXON
    You get that, Agnew?

    AGNEW
    Yes.

    NIXON
    Now listen to me -

    AGNEW
    Okay.

    NIXON (CONT'D)
    Do not, under any circumstances -

The wall disintegrates and the monster's claws dig into the side of the embassy, throwing every one inside to the ground.

The first to recover is Taylor, who helps Alexei to his feet as chort begin to drop into the hole left by the monster.

    TAYLOR
    Get them out of here!

Alexei can only watch as Taylor brings his rifle to bears and fires it as he rushes the chort, killing one and tackling another out of the hole.

Alexei grabs Nixon and pulls him to his feet

    ALEXEI
    Sir! We must leave!

Alexei manages to get the other's to their feet as more chort fall into the room. They begin running for the door as Beam is EVISCERATED from behind.

INT. US EMBASSY HALLWAY - DAY

Alexei slams the door shut behind them. Behind the door, chort can be heard tearing into equipment.

    ALEXEI
    We go now.

The principles look harried, but nod, pulling each other up quickly. Alexei points in the direction they came from, they all start to race down the hall.

    BREZHNEV
    We must get back to the car!
NIXON
Took the words right out of my mouth, Leo!

KISSINGER
There is no time to waste.

INT. US EMBASSY LOBBY - DAY

The scene out in the lobby is utter chaos. Marines scattered about, some being devoured, others still fighting the losing battle. The group dodges and fights their way to the door.

EXT. US EMBASSY - DAY

And make their way out just in time to see their car STOMPED ON by the monster.

ELENA
I believe it’s time to find another mode of transportation, gentlemen.

NIXON
BACK INSIDE!

They turn around...

INT. US EMBASSY LOBBY - DAY

Back into the fray. The group blasts their way through the lobby. Short jump and dash, ripping marines apart. They huddle behind a desk.

ALEXEI
Where is the garage?!

BREZHNEV
Dick! Where is the garage?!

NIXON
Fuck if I know, Leo! You think I pay attention to that shit?!

BREZHNEV
What DO you pay attention to?!

KISSINGER
Gentlemen. Follow me.
Kissinger stands and begins walking calmly down a hallway, chort paying him no mind. The rest of the group is stunned for a moment before hurrying after him.

BREZHNEV
Is he always this weird?

NIXON
Don’t even ask me, I’ve got no fucking clue.

Elena gives Kissinger a closer look, suspicious.

INT. US EMBASSY GARAGE – DAY

Kissinger opens the door and shepherds everyone into the garage. Multiple US state vehicles sit, ready to go.

KISSINGER
As the French say, et voila, lady and gentlemen. The keys will be on hooks by the desk over there.

Andrei races over and grabs a key, hits a button on the fob to unlock the car and see which it is, accidentally hits the alarm.

A car’s alarm at the far end of the garage goes off.

NIXON
Turn off that infernal racket!

BREZHNEV
Blyat!!

Elena is next to Andrei in an instant, trying to turn off the car alarm.

ELENA
No! It’s this one!

The car beeps, the alarm goes off, everyone stops, holds their breath, looks around.

A ROAR is heard from the other side of the embassy, then more from outside. The chort are converging on them.

ELENA
We should go!

KISSINGER
Agreed.

The group races for the car.
ANDREI
(To Elena)
Can you drive?

ELENA
A little!

Andrei shakes his head before throwing her the keys. She catches them, wide-eyed.

ANDREI
Try your best!

Elena nods, climbs in the driver’s seat as Andrei climbs in the passenger seat, his rifle at the ready. The principles file into the back.

NIXON
You get bitch-seat, Kissinger.

KISSINGER
Of course.

I./E. US STATE VEHICLE - DAY

Elena turns the car on, everyone else except Kissinger grip their weapons a little tighter.

ANDREI
Get ready.

A beat. They stare at the unmoving garage door for a second.

BREZHNEV
How do we open the garage?

NIXON
Uhh...

Nixon looks at Kissinger, who shrugs.

BREZHNEV
Dick. How do you open the garage door?

NIXON
I don’t know!

BREZHNEV
How do you not know?

Andrei looks to Elena.
ANDREI
What is he saying?

ELENA
Nixon doesn’t know how to open the door.

ANDREI
We’re going to die.

NIXON
I don’t know, Leo! I’ve never had to worry about opening the goddamn garage door, before! I get in the car, the door opens! That’s how it’s always worked!

BREZHNEV
Well there must be something!

Kissinger, peering out the windshield, points at a lever by the garage door.

KISSINGER
It is probably that.

Everyone looks at the lever, no one moves for a beat. The roars are getting closer.

ANDREI
I will go.
(To Elena)
Be ready.

Andrei slings his rifle over his shoulder and gets out of the car. He races over to the lever, grabs it and...

A chort claw RIPS through the sheet metal of the garage door and PINs him through the head to the wall like a butterfly.

Everyone left in the car (Besides Kissinger) SCREAMS.

NIXON
SWEET SATChMO’S FUCK TRUMPET!

BREZHNEV
CHYORT!

KISSINGER
Dr. Novikov, if you wouldn’t mind.

Kissinger waves his hand at the garage door, motioning for her to go as if it were a crosswalk and a driver wanted a pedestrian to go first.
The chort, with one claw still attached to Andrei’s body, starts clawing at the door with its other claws.

Elena screams, hits the gas as hard as she can. The car jumps and races to the garage door, smashing into it just as the chort breaks enough off to come through.

The car smashes into the chort and the door, breaks through, and drags the chort along with it.

The chort recovers and starts trying to break into the car.

NIXON
Oh, FUCK no!

Nixon rolls his window down, sticks his shotgun into the chorus mouth...

NIXON
GET OFF MY CAR!

...And blasts it. Nixon and Brezhnev look behind them at the chort’s lifeless body, Andrei still connected to the one claw, tumble to a stop behind them.

ELENA
Where are we going?!

BREZHENVEV
We need a strong radio.

NIXON
Air Force One.

KISSINGER
Do you know how to get to the airport?

Elena thinks for a moment before whipping the car around the next corner.

EXT. SOVIET ARMY ENCAMPMENT - DAY

A Soviet jeep races through an encampment’s dirt road, all around the army mobilizes. Yakov Popov rides shotgun, saluting the men as he drives past, quintessential general.

The jeep parks in front of a large command tent and Yakov, with his AIDE DE CAMP (40s) following closely.
INT. COMMAND TENT - DAY

Yakov enters to a command tent in panic, several soldiers yell into headsets, officers stand around a table where a large map of Moscow and the surrounding area lays, and plenty of reports.

Yakov’s presence, though, immediately calms those in the tent. Everyone stops and salutes. Yakov takes everything in, salutes...

YAKOV
Gentlemen.

...and those that have duties return to them. The officers at the table stand at attention as Yakov approaches.

YAKOV
Update?

Colonel BOTYAN (50s), lives and breathes for the Soviet Union, salutes again.

BOTYAN
There appears to be no rhyme or reason to the beast’s attacks. It has repelled everything we have sent at it -

YAKOV
MiGs?

BOTYAN
Ineffective so far, sir. It knocks most of the missiles out of the air, and those that do get through don’t appear to do anything.

YAKOV
Continue sending sorties until we find something that CAN work. Have we heard of attacks elsewhere?

Lt. General GIRICH (50s), lives and breathes for the Soviet Union, salutes again.

GIRICH
KGB branches around the world report nothing out of the ordinary. This appears to be an isolated incident -

YAKOV
Isolated!

Yakov spits on the ground.
YAKOV
Targeted! It is no coincidence this monster has attacked in the middle of these talks!

GIRICH
Sir...

Yakov takes a deep breath.

YAKOV
Do we know where Brezhnev is?

GIRICH
The last report we received indicated that he was traveling with Nixon towards the US Embassy.

YAKOV
WITH Nixon?

GIRICH
Yes, sir.

A radio operator, SOKOLOV (20s), listens intently into his receiver, eyes go wide.

SOKOLOV
Sirs! The monster has attacked the American Embassy!

Yakov and the other officers walk over.

YAKOV
Brezhnev is inside?

GIRICH
Our observers believe so, yes.

Sokolov relays what he’s hearing.

SOKOLOV
The monster has caused massive damage to the building, and the chort have gotten in.

GIRICH
It’s still too dangerous to move-

Yakov wheels on Girich.

YAKOV
The Americans have already made the first move, Girich! And we’ve wasted too much time!
SOKOLOV
Sir! A car made it out of the garage! Brezhnev and Nixon inside!

Yakov turns back to Sokolov.

YAKOV
Where are they headed?

SOKOLOV
Best guess is to the airport -

YAKOV
They are going for the Football! What forces do we have?! Send them to intercept!

I./E. US STATE VEHICLE - DAY

The car weaves between abandoned vehicles and pursuing chort, Elena is apparently a natural at this.

Even so, the little devils are gaining on them. Brezhnev and Nixon both lean out of their respective windows laying waste to any that come too close.

NIXON
I’m running out of ammo!

BREZHNEV
Me as well!

Nixon switches over to his grenade launcher, sticks it into a chort’s mouth, and pulls the trigger sending it tumbling off the car.

The resulting explosion catches several of the pursuing chort, but still more follow.

BREZHNEV
We will not make it. You must go faster, Elena!

Elena hits the gas but it’s not enough.

ELENA
I’m trying!

NIXON
They’re still gaining on us!

Kissinger, sitting in the middle, remarkably calm for all the chaos around him, begins to hear the whispers again.
VOICE
Obliterate... Supplant...
Control...

Kissinger’s eyes begin rolling into the back of his head as the whispers grow louder. His nose starts bleeding and veins in his eyes begin to rupture.

Behind the car, the pursuing chort begin to spasm before launching into each other, giving Elena a chance to get away.

NIXON
Alright, what in J. Edgar Hoover’s BRASTRAP is that shit all about?!

BREZHNEV
I do not understand.

Through the rearview mirror, she sees Kissinger patting at his nose with a kerchief, adjusting his glasses.

ELENA
Henry, are you okay?

KISSINGER
I... Yes...

Nixon looks him over.

NIXON
Wait a second, Henry, are you fucking CONTROLLING those things?!

KISSINGER
I... Do not know...

BREZHNEV
Elena! Stop the car!

Elena slams on the brakes.

NIXON
Leo! What the hell?! Elena! Keep driving, we have to get to Air Force One!

Brezhnev awkwardly repositions his machine gun, too large to done gracefully, and points it at Nixon. Seeing this, Nixon awkwardly repositions his grenade launcher at Brezhnev.

They stare each other down for a beat.
BREZHNEV
If you move, Elena, your next stop will be a gulag.

NIXON
Stow it, Leo! You shut those down a decade ago.

BREZHNEV
I will make a new one and make sure Elena is its only occupant.

Elena hesitates, looks back and forth between the world’s two most powerful men.

BREZHNEV (CONT’D)
I have been operating this entire time believing that we were surviving through this together, Dick. And now your national security advisor is bleeding out the nose like he’s done a pound of cocaine and alien monsters are listening to him.

NIXON
Wait just a fucking second, we don’t know that he’s controlling them -

KISSINGER
I am, indeed.

NIXON
Shut the fuck up, Henry - Wait, what?

KISSINGER
Since the initial attack, I have heard... something...

Kissinger fades away, staring into the distance. Brezhnev tracks this, looks at Nixon through narrowed eyes.

NIXON
I don’t know what the hell he’s saying. Do you?

BREZHNEV
Elena?

ELENA
It... Is possible...
(MORE)
ELENA (CONT’D)
My department has a theory that some of these phenomena might connect... Telepathically with people.

BREZHNEV
Telepathically?

ELENA
Yes...

Elena leans back and starts gently nudging Kissinger, whose eyes slowly gain focus.

ELENA
Henry... Henry...

KISSINGER
Yes?

ELENA
You said you’ve heard whispers... What are they saying?

KISSINGER
I... I do not...

The skittering of chort that had been quiet just before begins to pick up. Nixon looks out of his window, begins awkwardly repositioning his launcher again.

NIXON
Forget it! We don’t have time.

He fires off his grenade launcher with a loud THUMP, exploding a chunk of the encroaching demons.

BREZHNEV
We will continue this discussion when we can. Drive, Elena!

ELENA
You’ve got it!

Elena peels away...

...And immediately slams on the brakes as their getaway path fills up with chort.

NIXON
You have GOT to be shitting me.

The chort begin approaching from all sides.
BREZHNEV
Mr. Kissinger, it would be a good
time to do your telepathy again.

Kissinger, however, appears near faint. Nixon growls.

NIXON
You’re a worthless bag-a-shit,
Henry!
(To Brezhnev)
I’m nearly out of grenades.

Brezhnev hefts his machine gun.

BREZHNEV
I am also running low.

NIXON
If I had to die with a Red, Leo, I
suppose you weren’t the worst
option.

BREZHNEV
I will try to view that as a
compliment.

The chort are nearly there, the two world leaders heft their
weapons into place before -

Deafening machine gun fire comes from down the street. Several
Soviet jeeps roll in, beating back the chort with unstoppable
fire power.

NIXON
Well I’ll be Eleanor Roosevelt’s
Lesbian Lover! Fuck if I ever
thought I’d be happy to see so
many commie bastards!

Nixon and Brezhnev get out of the car. As various Soviet
soldiers get out of their vehicles to secure a perimeter.

NIXON
Ho! Am I glad to see you boys!

A Russian SERGEANT (24), squints at Nixon.

SERGEANT
What?

Brezhnev walks up and the soldiers snap to attention.

BREZHNEV
We are glad that you have come.
SERGEANT
We came as quickly as we could, Secretary General!

BREZHNEV
You have done a great service to the Motherland. Who has sent you?

SERGEANT
General Popov, sir! We’ve been ordered to escort you wherever you are head!

Brezhnev is just a little surprised to hear this.

NIXON
What’s he saying, Leo?

BREZHNEV
They’re going to escort us to where we need to go.

NIXON
Hot damn!

Nixon almost skips back to the car.

NIXON (CONT’D)
Time is an issue, here!

Brezhnev nods, turns back to the Sergeant.

BREZHNEV
We are headed to Air Force One, gentlemen. Time is of the essence, we must move swiftly.

SERGEANT
Of course, General Secretary.

The Sergeant whistles and the soldiers manning the perimeter begin moving back to their vehicles.

Now in a convoy, the cars move out.

Inside the state car, Nixon grabs Brezhnev’s shoulder.

NIXON
We might actually avoid World War III, here, Leo!

Brezhnev tracks the Soviet military vehicles, almost suspiciously.
BREZHNEV
Let us hope so.

INT. SOVIET JEEP - DAY

The Sergeant, sitting shotgun, pulls at a radio receiver. He eyes Brezhnev as the Secretary General gets into the front passenger seat, Nixon and Kissinger getting into the back.

SERGEANT
Sir. They’re heading for the airport like you said.

Yakov comes through the receiver.

YAKOV
Make sure they get there, Sergeant.

SERGEANT
Of course, sir.

YAKOV
Do not let them enter Air Force One till I get there.

SERGEANT
Of course, sir.

INT. COMMAND TENT - DAY

Yakov hangs up the receiver and starts marching toward the entrance, pointing a several guards and a hand full of officers.

YAKOV
We’re going. All of you, come with me.

The soldiers all nod and begin to follow Yakov out of the tent.

EXT. COMMAND TENT - DAY

And into three waiting military vehicles. Yakov places his peaked cap smartly on his head and nods at his aide de camp. The convoy rolls out.
INT. US STATE VEHICLE - DAY

The four drive in the middle of the convoy, Nixon looking around at the armed vehicles in front and behind them with the biggest shit eating grin on his face.

He leans forward and grabs Brezhnev’s shoulder.

NIXON
Gotta hand it to you Leo, your boys came through!

Brezhnev isn’t nearly as happy as Nixon. He keeps his eyes forward.

BREZHNEV
I suppose so.

ELENA
How far to the airport?

KISSINGER
We should be there soon.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

The convoy rolls past an abandoned gate. There are a few fires, a few ruined buildings and wrecked cars, but it seems to be mostly untouched.

More importantly, Air Force One sits pristine near a hanger at the far end.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - DAY

Several secret service agents and guards stand around inside Air Force One, gripping weapons. Nervous with no outlet.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1
Why haven’t we left again?

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2
Last we heard, Searchlight and Woodcutter were still out there.

The first secret service agent looks out a window at the pillars of smoke rising from Moscow’s skyline. The monster isn’t visible.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1
You think they’re still alive in THAT?
SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2
It doesn’t matter what I think,
until we know one way or the
other, we stay.

A third agent peers out another window, TRACKS THE SOVIET
CONVOY racing towards them.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #3
We’ve got company!

More agents and guards run to windows, spot the convoy.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2
Get outside! Form a perimeter!

As they start running for the door, the second agent grabs the
first and pulls him aside.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2
Stay here. If they get past us,
destroy the Football.

The first secret service agent hesitates, nods, and the second
goes out the door.

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE - DAY

Fourteen secret service agents and guards rush down the stairs
and form a perimeter. Their weapons are drawn and beaded on the
approaching vehicles.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2
Nobody shoot but nobody put your
weapon down either!

The Soviet convoy rolls up and parks in front of the waiting
Americans. The jeep-mounted machine guns swivel to face the
agents and they, in turn, rack their rifles.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2
(At the Russians)
Ostanovka! Stop! Or we will open
fire!

SERGEANT
LOWER YOUR WEAPONS! WE HAVE YOUR
PRESIDENT WITH US!

The shouting continues as the US State Vehicle comes to a stop
and Nixon hops out, hands in the air. The agents look confused.
NIXON
Whoa now! Hold it everybody! Just cool it!

Kissinger, Brezhnev, and Elena all climb out of the car but don’t move.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2
Sir! What’s going on!

NIXON
Honestly? No fucking clue! But these Ivans here gave me an escort so we should probably not shoot them!

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2
Yes sir!

Nixon starts jogging toward Air Force One.

NIXON
Now, if you don’t mind, I need to stop World War III.

Before he makes the line of agents, one of the Soviet machine gunners racks his weapon.

The agents immediately re-aim down their rifles as other Soviet soldiers storm out of their vehicles. Brezhnev waving his arms as he steps between the armed parties.

BREZHNEV
Lower your weapons! What is this?!

SERGEANT
Halt! We are under strict orders! No one is to enter Air Force One!

BREZHNEV
Who’s orders?!

NIXON
You’ve GOT to be FUCKING kidding me! Leo! What the hell?!

BREZHNEV
I do not know, Dick!
(To Soviets)
I order you to stand down! This is no time to get trigger happy!
SERGEANT
We do not take orders from you
anymore, you spineless worm!

BREZHNEV
What is the meaning of this?!

Three more Soviet vehicles approach Air Force One, including
Yakov’s open-air jeep. Yakov steps out, dripping pomposity.

BREZHNEV
What is the meaning of this,
general?! I order you to stand
down!

The American agents don’t understand anything, but hear the
aggression. Their grips on their rifles tighten.

YAKOV
You do not order anything anymore,
Secretary General. You have been
relieved of your duties for
failure to stand up for the people
of the Soviet Union.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2
(To Nixon)
Sir... You might want to step
behind me.

NIXON
Leo! What the hell is going on?!

BREZHNEV
You are insane, Yakov! Our city is
under attack and you want a coup?!

Yakov throws out his hands, gesturing to the burning city
behind him.

YAKOV
Something like this was bound to
happen, Leonid! If not this
monster, your spineless governing
would’ve left the city wide open
to NATO sooner or later!

BREZHNEV
You’re insane!

Both sides are tense, too many fingers on too many triggers. A
can drops off a crate, and both sides open up on each other.
Brezhnev falls to the ground as Yakov scuttles to his side.
Kissinger and Elena both dive into the car to avoid the crossfire. Nixon drops behind the cover of the agents and starts crawling.

NIXON
White Anglo-Saxon Jesus, save me!

Nixon army crawls his way to Air Force One’s staircase, agents dying all around him. He points at an agent.

NIXON
I need to get on board!

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2
Yes sir!
(To the others)
Covering fire!

The surviving agents stand up and unleash a fusillade, buying time for Nixon to run up the stairs. He trips and falls on the final step.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE – DAY

And is dragged inside the plane by an agent, who promptly moves him from the door.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1
Get down, Mr. President!

NIXON
Where’s the radio?!

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1
Any handset on the walls is connected to the radio, sir!

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1 (CONT’D)
Just tell the operator who to connect you to!

Nixon nods and grabs a the nearest handset.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE RADIO ROOM – DAY

An AF1 RADIO OPERATOR looks outside at the gunfight happening around him when his radio squawks, sending him jumping out of his seat.

AF1 RADIO OPERATOR
Who is this! Stay off the line!

INTERCUT BETWEEN NIXON AND AF1 RADIO OPERATOR
NIXON
This is the goddamn president of the united states! Get me in contact with D.C.!

AF1 RADIO OPERATOR
Yes sir!

The operator flips some switches, turns some knobs, listens for a beat.

AF1 RADIO OPERATOR
You’re on, sir!

NIXON
Great!

INT. OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

Agnew sits at the Resolute Desk, still surrounded by aides and officers, everyone talking to each other. Agnew's face brightens as a plate of breakfast is set before him.

It quickly sours as someone walks up, holding a receiver to him. He frowns as he takes it.

AGNEW
Yes?

INTERCUT

NIXON
Agnew! You haven’t done anything stupid yet, have you?!

Agnew looks down, thinks hard.

AGNEW
What kind of stupid?

NIXON
Christ! You haven’t marched on the Reds yet, have you?

AGNEW
Oh! Well not yet sir.

NIXON
Not yet?!

AGNEW
The generals tell me that it’s going to be a little bit. Like, an hour or something.
EXT. WEST GERMAN ARMY BASE - DAY

Somewhere in West Germany, near the border, American crews jump into tanks, engines roaring to life. Trucks and jeeps zoom about.

It’s chaos as soldiers run around looking for their units. War is coming, and soon.

EXT. WEST BERLIN, CHECKPOINT CHARLIE - DAY

American guards stand at the ready as a jeep filled with Detachment A soldiers rolls up. One, CHAREST, hops out.

CHAREST
You boys can head out, it’s about to get a bit dicy.

The American guards look at each other, shrug, and head to their jeep. Detachment A soldiers start grabbing crates from the back of their jeep.

A lid jars open a sliver, revealing C4.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - DAY

Nixon’s eyes go wide before he pinches them shut.

NIXON
No! Agnew, I said DON’T do that!

AGNEW
I know, but then a different general told me that I don’t have to listen to you anymore.

Nixon looks like he’s about to blow a gasket.

NIXON
SHUT UP AND LISTEN AGNEW!

AGNEW
Okay.

NIXON
You tell that general that if any military operation starts in an hour or a day or a year without my say so, I’ll personally bronze his balls and use them as my door knocker!
AGNEW
I don’t think he’ll like that...

NIXON
That’s the point, Agnew!

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE - CONTINUOUS

The firefight continues with dead bodies on both sides. Inside the US State Vehicle, which has been boxed in, Elena and Kissinger try to lay low as they observe the chaos.

Kissinger tracks the machine gunner in the Soviet jeep in front of them get shot, as the other soldiers in the jeep jump out to join the fray.

Elena looks at Air Force One, then looks at all the death and destruction between it and her.

KISSINGER
I do not know about you, Ms. Elena, but I think we might be safer if we were to drive off.

As if to punctuate his words, several stray rounds shatter the car’s windshield.

ELENA
I think you might be right, Mr. Kissinger, but we’re boxed in currently...

KISSINGER
It just so happens that I see a free vehicle right in front of us.

ELENA
Well then... Lead the way!

The two, getting as low as possible, open the door opposite of the fighting and get out. Kissinger nods at the jeep in front of them and the two start sneaking over.

As Elena opens the driver’s door, she turns to see Kissinger standing bolt upright, looking into the sky.

ELENA
Mr. Kissinger! Are you coming or not?!

With the secret service agents, one looks up, followed another and another. The same scene happens on the Soviet side.
SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2 YAKOV
Fuck... Cyka blyat....

A large shadow envelops everything.

SFX: A loud SCREECH

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - DAY

The secret service agent, holding his rifle, looks outside and pales. Nixon looks up from the radio as the agent runs and grabs Nixon, dragging him to the door.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1
Sir, it’s time for you to go!

And he TOSSES Nixon down the steps just as...

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE - DAY

The monster CRASHES on top of Air Force One. It rears up, its whole magnitude coming into frame. The soldiers and agents on the ground that’ve survived are frozen in place.

But only for a moment, before turning their rifles up and firing at the beast. The monster notices just long enough to step down, onto the remaining Secret Service agents.

Nixon narrowly misses being turned into puree and starts crawling away.

NIXON
I swear, Jesus, I’ll get us out of Vietnam! I’ll stop killing so many communists! Just save me!

On Brezhnev, who has been left behind by the traitorous Russians as they run away, looks around, spots Elena at a jeep.

BREZHNEV
WAIT!

On Yakov, who waves at his men to return to their vehicles and make an escape.

YAKOV
Retreat!! Leave him!!

On Kissinger, who is surrounded by retreating Russians, the voices have grown from whispers to shouts.
VOICE
VICTORY! CONFLICT! HUNGER!
SICKNESS!

Kissinger, almost trembling, starts stumbling towards the monster. Elena tracks this.

ELENA
Mr. Kissinger! HENRY! What are you doing?!

She hesitates for a moment before jumping into the jeep. She hears Brezhnev shouting not too far away, waits for him to jump in, and takes off herself.

BREZHNEV
Drive!

The monster looks up, seeing all but one of the Russian jeeps driving directly away, firing their machine guns at it, and prepares to take off.

Right before it does, it spots a lone figure walking towards it, arms outstretched - Kissinger.

KISSINGER
BEAST! I've heard your voice! We are the same, yes?!

The monster lowers its head to the tarmac, coming as close to eye level with Kissinger as it can. It tilts its head like a dog questioning a noise.

Kissinger continues to slowly walk toward it.

KISSINGER
We can work together! Cure the world of its disease!

Nixon, still in the middle of his army crawl, looks up to see the scene: Kissinger mere feet from the monster, his eyes wild.

NIXON
I haven’t been doing drugs, have I?

As he watches, the monster’s face - not its mouth - opens up, milky white tendrils flailing out. Kissinger walks forward, arms still outstretched as if to hug a long-lost friend.

Nixon’s eyes go buggy as the tendrils envelope Kissinger and rope him into the monster’s face.

NIXON
What in Christ’s -
The monster’s face closes up and the beast returns to its full height, lifting off to chase after the retreating Russians.

Nixon still appears shell shocked as Elena’s jeep screeches to a halt beside him. A door opens and a hand reaches out - Brezhnev’s. After coming to his senses, Nixon takes it.

NIXON
Did you see that?

BREZHNEV
Yes! We must go, while its attention lies elsewhere.

Nixon climbs into the car.

BREZHNEV (CONT’D)
Drive, Elena!

ELENA
Yes sir!

Elena peels out like a bat out of hell.

The monster watches them drive off before something affects it, a signal. It roars and Kissinger roars with it before taking off.

EXT. NEWS VAN - AFTERNOON

A Russian news crew, situated near a tower filled with antennas, is setting up their broadcast when a pretty REPORTER (20s) steps in front of the CAMERAMAN (Late 30s).

The monster flies in the distance.

REPORTER
Am I in frame?

The cameraman nods. She fixes her hair quickly.

REPORTER
This is my Otlichie right here.

The cameraman holds up three fingers, drops one, then points at the reporter.

REPORTER
People of Moscow, I am at the scene of this devastating attack.

Another roar, is the monster getting closer?
REPORTER
Is this some new American weapon?
We are still unsure.

MiGs fly by, unleashing missiles at the monster that are batted down, followed by the MiGs themselves.

REPORTER
Is there anything can stop this new Capitalist aggression? -

The monster lands on the radio tower and begins tearing it apart before directing its attention at the two by the van.

We see through the camera as the monster attacks.

INT./EXT. COMMANDEERED JEEP - AFTERNOON

The jeep is parked next to a quiet, ruined building. Fires litter the streets, windows, and sidewalks but, otherwise, nothing stirs - person or monster.

Brezhnev sits in the jeep’s door frame, legs hanging out the side. Nixon stands a few feet away, occupied by trying to toss loose debris into a trashcan several feet away - he misses.

Elena paces, smokes. Gone is the cool demeanor of a rational scientist, replaced by the near-craze of someone more akin to a conspiracy theorist.

ELENA
Did you SEE that?!

BREZHNEV
Yes, Elena...

ELENA
The monster... ABSORBED Mr. Kissinger!

Nixon stops tossing rocks for a moment.

NIXON
I thought it looked more like it ate him?

ELENA
No! The monster has a mouth, we’ve seen it use it! This was something different!
Either way, I need a new National Security Advisor.

Elena doesn’t hear this, she’s working herself up into a frenzy, pacing quicker and quicker, almost hysterical.

We have no literature on this, it follows none of the known patterns. We’ll have to change everything about how we study this phenomena!

Brezhnev climbs down from the Jeep and grabs hold of Elena.

Elena! You need to calm down! We need to figure out a way to get rid of this monster, not study it!

Elena comes down from her hysteria, takes deep breathes, nods.

You’re right, of course General Secretary.

I am not sure if I still hold that title. Who knows how far Yakov’s cabal goes?

Nixon, barely paying attention, hurls one more rock, finally sinks it. Pumps his fists - a small victory in a day of defeats.

Was that what that was about? If it’s any consolation, Leo, I’m not sure it really matters anymore.

Why not?

Oh, I forgot to tell you, NATO is invading in -

Nixon checks his watch.

About 45 minutes? I told Agnew no, but I apparently appointed some John Wayne types in the Pentagon.
BREZHNEV
You are joking, Dick.

NIXON
Oh no. So, in about -

Nixon tilts his head back and forth, weighing different factors in his head.

NIXON (CONT’D)
I’d say an hour, this -

Nixon points and waves a finger around at the sky, highlighting ICBMs, imaginary at the moment.

NIXON (CONT’D)
Will be filled with fire and brimstone.

ELENA
Gospodi

NIXON
But hey, at least you don’t need to worry too much about your monster problem anymore?

BREZHNEV
We need to go. Find a radio. You need to get into contact with your people.

NIXON
Leo, my friend, We’ve tried that twice now -

BREZHNEV
And we must try a third!

NIXON
Even if we could find a radio, what are the chances it belongs to a buddy of Yakov?

Brezhnev thinks hard on that.

BREZHNEV
I’m not sure, but we must try.

NIXON
It’d take a miracle -

Just then, the radio inside the jeep crackles, a LOYALIST voice comes through.
LOYALIST
Hello? Is anyone there? My unit is looking to meet up with anyone still loyal to the Secretary General.

Elena darts to the front of the jeep, taking the receiver.

ELENA
Hello! Yes! Where are you located?!

Nixon and Brezhnev huddle behind her.

NIXON
What’re they saying?

BREZHNEV
A loyalist faction.

NIXON
Loyal to who?

Brezhnev looks at Nixon incredulously.

BREZHNEV
Me, Dick. Loyal to me.

NIXON
Ah. Yes. Good.

They turn their attention back to Elena and the radio.

LOYALIST
We are due south of Moscow, most of our company threw in with Yakov but my platoon managed an escape.

Elena lights up at “South of Moscow”.

ELENA
(To Brezhnev)
Not far from here!

NIXON
Oh come on, now! I know you both can speak English!

ELENA
(To the radio)
I am a scientist but I am with both Brezhnev and U.S. President Nixon! We would like to rendezvous with you!
There is a pause.

LOYALIST
Did you say, “U.S. President Nixon”?

Brezhnev impatiently takes the receiver from Elena.

BREZHNEV
Yes! This is a matter of global survival, do you have a long-range radio?!

Another pause.

LOYALIST
Yes, sir. We stole a radio truck as we made our escape.

BREZHNEV
Excellent! Make sure it is ready to communicate with Washington! Now give me your exact coordinates!

The loyalist lists off some numbers as Elena fishes out a map and points to a location south of Moscow.

BREZHNEV
Thank you, soldier! We will be coming from the west, be prepared for us!

LOYALIST
Yes, sir!

ELENA
Not 30 minutes away!

BREZHNEV
We must hurry!

Elena races for the driver door as Brezhnev and Nixon jump into the back.

NIXON
What about Yakov? Could he have heard that?

BREZHNEV
There is no time to worry!

Nixon considers this, shrugs his shoulders.
NIXON
What are the chances he got away
from that monster, anyway?

The jeep peels out.

INT./EXT. SOVIET JEEP – AFTERNOON

Yakov’s jeep swerves off the E101, followed by far fewer
military vehicles than he had had at the airport. The last one
in the column is missing its back half, a small fire trailing.

Yakov jumps out of his jeep, the sergeant from before getting
out of his own and meeting him halfway. Yakov’s faces is marked
by a trail of blood.

The sergeant salutes, Yakov waves him off.

SERGEANT
Sir, NATO forces have been sighted
mobilizing along the border of
East Germany.

YAKOV
How many?

SERGEANT
Full on invasion, sir.

YAKOV
NATO dogs not wasting any time?
Hah!

YAKOV (CONT’D)
Our forces aren’t dallying are
they sergeant?

EXT. EAST GERMAN RUSSIAN BASE – AFTERNOON

A scene eerily similar to the American mobilization plays out
on the Russian side as T-64s start to rumble out of their
parking spaces.

EXT. EAST BERLIN, ACROSS FROM CHECKPOINT CHARLIE –
AFTERNOON

Russian guards spot the Detachment A jeep pull up at Checkpoint
Charlie. One turns back into the guard station, revealing many
Russian soldiers preparing for conflict.
INT./EXT. SOVIET JEEP - AFTERNOON

SERGEANT
Of course not, sir.

YAKOV
Good. When NATO moves, it will be into history’s largest ambush. And the monster?

SERGEANT
 Reported back near central Moscow.

YAKOV
How many MiG squadrons en route?

SERGEANT
Thirteen at last count, sir. More are on the way from Yasny but they will be a while yet.

YAKOV
Good. Do we have access to the nuclear arsenal yet?

The sergeant hesitates. Yakov reads this.

YAKOV (CONT’D)
If this monster continues, there will be nothing in Moscow to save anyway, comrade.

SERGEANT
Yes sir.

SERGEANT (CONT’D)
The codes are still under control by forces loyal to Brezhnev.

YAKOV
But he is dead! Do they know this?

SERGEANT
Sir, Brezhnev isn’t dead.

Yakov’s eyes narrow.

YAKOV
What was that, sergeant?

SERGEANT
Observers near the airport spotted him and Nixon climbing into one of our abandoned vehicles.
YAKOV
Are you trying to tell me that no one thought it prudent to put a bullet in the Secretary General’s skull?

The sergeant is reticent to answer.

SERGEANT
Sir, with the monster and the chaos, we figured nature would take its course...

Yakov lashes out, smacks the sergeant in the face. The sergeant recoils but keeps his cool.

YAKOV
That fat bureaucrat is like a cockroach! The monster probably spared him because he saw in him a kindred spirit!

Yakov spits on the ground.

YAKOV (CONT’D)
Where is he now?!

SERGEANT
Sir, we seemed to have lost track of -

The sergeant winces as Yakov rears up to strike him again before a PRIVATE climbs out of the sergeant’s jeep shouting.

PRIVATE
Sirs! Come! Listen to this!

At the jeep, Yakov and the sergeant hear the end of Brezhnev’s conversation with the loyalist forces, including where they are located and going.

YAKOV
How long will it take for us to get there?!

The sergeant looks at a map.

SERGEANT
Thirty-five... Forty minutes.

YAKOV
Do we have any units in the area?

The sergeant looks back down at the map.
SERGEANT
A mechanized company is within intercept range.

YAKOV
Get the word out to them! Make sure that Brezhnev does not reach those coordinates!

SERGEANT
Yes sir!

YAKOV
Let’s move!

Yakov and the survivors climb back into their vehicles and peel out, whipping a hard u-turn and getting back on the highway.

INT./EXT. COMMANDEERED JEEP - AFTERNOON

The jeep zooms through mostly empty roadways, avoiding burnt out and abandoned cars. Elena has a lead foot.

Elena and Brezhnev sit in the front of the Jeep while Nixon pokes his head up front from the back.

NIXON
How much further?!

BREZHENVEV
Minutes, at most.

Nixon looks at his watch.

NIXON
We’re cutting it close.

ELENA
We will make it!

A noise sounds behind them, Elena checks the mirrors, sees two Soviet jeeps rushing to catch up.

ELENA
We have company, as you say.

Nixon looks back.

NIXON
I don’t take it they’re friendly.

As if on cue, Soviet soldiers begin popping from the top, racking machine guns. A few shots begin to pepper the road around them, one shot takes off a side mirror.
BREZHNEV

No, I do not believe so. Dick -

Brezhnev begins to motion to their own machine gun, but Nixon is already on it.

NIXON

You don’t even need to ask, Leo.

Nixon mans the machine gun and unleashes hell. His first burst scythes through the driver’s side of one of the jeeps, sending it launching off the road.

NIXON

WANT SOME?! GET SOME, YOU COMMIE BASTARDS!

BREZHNEV

DICK!!

Nixon briefly looks down, just a bit sheepish.

NIXON

Sorry, Leo!

Nixon lets off a few more bursts, killing the gunner of the other jeep and destroying a wheel.

The high speed causes the jeep to wobble before flipping several times. Nixon surveys the damage he’s caused with a wide grin on his face.

He climbs back down and gets clapped on the shoulder by Brezhnev.

NIXON

I haven’t felt this alive since my time in the navy!

BREZHNEV

Dick, you were in logistics?

NIXON

Right! And what a thrill!

The radio begins to crackle, the Loyalist voice coming through.

LOYALIST

General... -tary... warned... rogue arm-... cont-....-ted!

The three look at the radio, perplexed.

NIXON

What the hell did he say?
BREZHNEV
I’m not sure?

Elena reaches over and grabs the radio.

ELENA
What was that?

As she finishes her sentence, the road in front of them explodes in a shower of asphalt and soil.

BREZHNEV
MOTHER FUCKER!

Elena yanks on the steering wheel, narrowly avoiding the brand new pot hole.

NIXON
It came from -

Nixon points, and a T-64 tanks rumbles past trees into view, moving with surprising speed. As the tank begins chasing them in earnest, the turret tracks their vehicle.

BREZHNEV
Drive faster, Elena!

Elena steps even harder on the accelerator, but there isn’t much more the jeep can do.

ELENA
I am putting the peddle to the floorboard!

The tank fires again, this time the explosion showering debris directly onto their jeep, nearly flipping it.

NIXON
He’ll have us with the next shot!

BREZHNEV
Is there nothing you can do, Elena?!

ELENA
This is as fast as it will go!

NIXON
Quick! Look around! There has to be something, a grenade maybe?

Brezhnev gives Nixon a look, a grenade won’t help them. But they all look anyway.
Nothing.

Elena is pressing her hand against the side of the door.

Aha!

She pulls out a pistol and looks at it for a moment before handing it to Nixon. Nixon, an exasperated look on his face, holds the pistol up as if to say, “Really?”

Well, I’m not going down without a fight!

Nixon pockets the pistol and climbs back up to man the machine gun. He takes aim at the tank.

(To himself)
Dear lord, help me kill one more communist and that’ll be it, I promise.

His fingers begin to squeeze the trigger as the tank explodes in the background. He looks up, confused.

What was...

Brezhnev points out in front of the jeep, an RPG stands up from another tree line and waves at them before saluting. Brezhnev gives them his best salute as they pass.

The radio crackles again.

General Secretary! Do you read me?!

Brezhnev grabs the radio.

Yes! Loud and clear! Thank you for the save, comrade!

It was our duty, General Secretary! Our scouts spotted the traitor’s movement and we immediately sent men to intercept them.
BREZHNEV
They performed admirably!

LOYALIST
That is good to hear, sir. We were worried that they would be too late.

BREZHNEV
They were right on time.

LOYALIST
If you continue down your current route, sir, we are encamped right off the road.

BREZHNEV
We will see you soon, then! Have the radios ready!

LOYALIST
Yes sir!

The three drive on for a few moments before –

ELENA
There!

She points out a military camp haphazardly thrown together. A jeep outfitted with long radio antennas prominently parked inside. Several soldiers wave them forward.

BREZHNEV
Pull in nice and slow, Elena.

As they get closer, the soldiers notice something off out of sight that puts them at edge. They begin to race around.

NIXON
What are they–?

Before he can finish, Yakov’s jeep t-bones their own at high speed and the two military vehicles flip several times before coming to a stop.

Nixon and Brezhnev slowly crawl out from the window, looking worse for the wear. Their formally immaculate suits torn, sooty, bloodied. The two world leaders moan and cough.

In the BG, the loyalists and the traitors are committed to a full-on fire fight.

As Brezhnev slowly gets to his knees, a pair of scuffed up military dress boots comes into view. He looks up to see Yakov, as worse for wear as he is.
YAKOV
It’s time to answer for your crimes, General Secretary.

Yakov pulls out a pistol, cocks it, points it between Brezhnev’s eyes. Brezhnev shakes his head.

BREZHNEV
Fuck YOU, Yakov.

Yakov considers the words.

YAKOV
I’ll allow that to be engraved on your tombstone. Goodbye, Leonid.

Before he can pull the trigger, Nixon flies in, tackling Yakov low and driving him to the ground. Yakov loses his pistol.

On top of Yakov, Nixon lays in several punches before Yakov grabs him by the neck and throws the older man off of him.

Nixon stumbles and falls in a heap before seeing a hand - Brezhnev’s - offering to help him up.

Nixon takes it and the two stand side-by-side, dukes up, old style, as Yakov addresses them. He rolls his eyes.

YAKOV
This is not one of your Hollywood movies, Nixon. Leave now and -

Nixon punches him square in the face.

NIXON
Keep your guard up, ya Red bastard!

Yakov probes his mouth with his tongue, spits out blood. Brezhnev and Nixon try to bum rush him but Yakov, now fully intent on kicking their asses, expertly out maneuvers them.

He quickly lands several hard hits.

YAKOV
You, at least, should know, Leonid. I was a champion boxer.

He lands a three piece combo on Brezhnev, sending him flying off to the side, out of the fight. Yakov turns to address Nixon and gets kicked square in the nuts.
And you should know I bullied kids in high school!

Yakov looks momentarily immobilized by the cheap shot - Nixon’s grin is a world champion shit-eating proportions - before he stands back and just attacks Nixon.

After one too many punches to the face, Nixon, too, flies back. Yakov stands between both, powerful, a victor.

On second thought, I might need Leonid alive for a trial...

He goes and retrieves his pistol from the dirt before slowly approaching Nixon, a lion playing with its food.

You however... They’ll give me a medal for shooting you.

Nixon starts scrabbling backwards before being stopped by a tire. He starts patting around, looking for anything that can help him.

His hands fall on the pocket where he stashed the pistol that Elena gave him. He tries to grab it but the pocket - or his hands - isn’t working. Yakov laughs.

Well, I suppose I’ll give myself a medal for shooting you.

He addresses Nixon as Nixon finally gets his hand into the pocket. Yakov smiles.

Either way, I’ll be getting a medal.

Nixon has the pistol halfway out but it’s obvious he’ll be too late. He’s a dead man.

Or, at least, he would be - the monster’s foot comes crashing down on top of Yakov, no warning, and Yakov is popped like a rather large zit.

In the BG, chort collide into the two warring factions. The loyalist and Yakov’s sergeant are quickly overrun.

The chort do not approach Nixon, Brezhnev, or Elena - who’s finally managed to get out of the wrecked car.
The monster slowly steps back before lowering itself, almost like a bow, till its head is level with Nixon. As before, the face peels back, revealing Kissinger.

But it’s not Kissinger, it’s ASSIMILATED KISSINGER. It’s not clear where his body ends and the monster’s begins. He is the same shade of milky white as everything around him.

When Assimilated Kissinger speaks, it is a thousand different voices speaking as one.

ASSIMILATED KISSINGER
I have done it, Dick.

Nixon is, quite understandably, reticent to talk to his former National Security Advisor.

ASSIMILATED KISSINGER
I have been searching for so long for a weapon to destroy our enemies, Dick.

NIXON
And... What enemies would that be... Henry?

ASSIMILATED KISSINGER
The communists, Dick! We can destroy them all!

NIXON
We...?

ASSIMILATED KISSINGER
Of course!

Nixon looks around, sees all the chort gathering around the three humans and the monster, their work with the soldier done.

NIXON
You mean, you’re not going to kill me? Kill... us?

ASSIMILATED KISSINGER
We have had our differences, Dick, but together, with this body! Our dream, Dick! OUR dream! We can accomplish it together!

Nixon takes a moment, looks over and sees Elena helping Brezhnev up. The two Russians look forlornly at Nixon. Nixon reaches into his pocket.
NIXON
You know what, Henry? I think I might actually want to give peace a chance.

Nixon, quick as a flash, pulls out his pistol and shoots Assimilated Kissinger right between the eyes. The man/monster goes cross-eyed and, for a second, nothing happens.

And then Assimilated Kissinger lets out an ear-splitting Eldritch wail. The monster flails backward, wailing the entire time.

Nixon looks at the chort, who begin to violently shake before POPPING, exploding viscera everywhere.

The monster, disoriented, thrashes and wails backwards, giving the three time.

NIXON
Are you two okay?

BREZHNEV
Yes... Thank you, Dick.

ELENA
We do not have time! You must get to the radio!

The three run over to the jeep with the radios. Before climbing inside, Nixon looks back at the monster - in pain but still on its feet.

NIXON
Do you think that killed it?

ELENA
I can’t imagine so, but you weakened it, clearly.

Nixon thinks for a moment.

NIXON
What’s the fallout radius for a 150 kiloton nuclear warhead?

BREZHNEV
What?

NIXON
Quickly!
ELENA
It would be five... maybe six kilometers. Why?

NIXON
I have an idea.

BREZHNEV
Wait -

NIXON
You two should go, Leo.

Nixon climbs inside the back of the car.

NIXON (CONT’D)
Probably get five to six kilometers away.

BREZHNEV
I will drive.

NIXON
Leo -

Brezhnev climbs in behind the steering wheel.

BREZHNEV
The blast will still affect Moscow, we will drive as far away as we can.

Nixon takes a moment, smiles, turns to Elena. Grabs a slip of paper near the radio, writes a name on it, hands it to her.

NIXON
Get out. Go to Washington, find this person. He’ll make sure you’re funded.

BREZHNEV
Trying to steal my scientists, Dick?

NIXON
No offense, Leo, but we can give her more money.

Brezhnev barks a laugh at this. Nixon turns back to Elena.

NIXON
Stay safe, Elena.

She nods. Brezhnev starts the jeep and the two drive off.
INT. RADIO JEEP - DUSK

Nixon watches as Elena grows smaller before he flips on the radio, listens to the headset.

NIXON
Hello?

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Agnew grabs the radio.

AGNEW
Yes? Who is this?

INTERCUT

NIXON
It’s fucking Santa Claus! Christ Spiro!

AGNEW
Oh, Dick.

The monster, still raging incoherently, perks up slightly as the radio waves hit it. Its head shoots in the direction of Brezhnev’s and Nixon’s escaping jeep.

NIXON
Hand the receiver to a general!

Agnew looks up, there are several.

AGNEW
Which one?

NIXON
Whichever one has the most stars!

Agnew considers each, hands the receiver over to the one with FIVE STARS, a John Wayne type.

FIVE STARS
Yes, Mr. President?

The monster takes off but looks uncoordinated, almost as if it were drunk.

NIXON
Listen here, you are to stand down all NATO forces in the European theater. Do NOT attack the Russians!
FIVE STARS
Uh... Yes sir...

NIXON
GOOD. Now, how many subs do we have in Okhotsk?

Five Stars looks around, mouths the question to one of the admirals who holds up two fingers.

FIVE STARS
We have two, sir.

Brezhnev looks in a mirror, sees the monster veering right and left behind them, but gaining. The monster’s wails intermittently pierce the sound of the car.

BREZHNEV
The plan is working!

Nixon nods at Brezhnev.

NIXON
(To Five Stars)
Good. How long would it take a nuke to be launched from there to Moscow?

Five Stars is dumbstruck.

FIVE STARS
Wh- What was that, sir?

NIXON
Oh come on now, soldier! You were gungho about WWIII a second ago! How long?

FIVE STARS
Uh...

An admiral signs with his hands.

FIVE STARS (CONT’D)
That would be ten to fifteen minutes. Sir, what is this about?

NIXON
We’ll get there in a sec. Can you track the coordinates of this radio signal?

Five Stars looks over at a radio operator who nods.
FIVE STARS
Yes, sir.

NIXON
Alright, now listen closely because this might be our only chance. This monster is weak and I want you to launch a nuke at this signal. One should do it.

FIVE STARS
But sir -

NIXON
Dammit, this is it! Launch the nuke, now!

Five Stars nods at the admiral who picks up a different phone and begins shouting into it.

INT. NUCLEAR SUB - DUSK

The CAPTAIN at the other end nods, puts the receiver down and calls over his XO. They go to a menacing looking panel, pull out matching keys, synchronize their turns.

EXT. SEA OF OKHOTSK - DUSK

A single missile emerges from the water, turning what’s around into steam as it shoots off in the sky, towards Moscow.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The admiral nods at Five Stars who turns back to his receiver.

FIVE STARS
It’s on its way, sir.

INT./EXT. RADIO JEEP - DUSK

Nixon holds the receiver to his ears, smiles.

NIXON
Good.

FIVE STARS (OVER)
Godspeed, sir.

NIXON
Is my wife there, general?
FIVE STARS (OVER)
Yes... Yes sir...

NIXON
Hand her the receiver.

PAT (OVER)
Honey Bear... Are you okay?

NIXON
I’m going to be fine, Little Bunny Foo Foo. It’s just good to hear your voice one last time.

PAT (OVER)
I love you, Dick.

NIXON
I love you, too, Trish. I’ve got to go now.

He hangs up the receiver and Brezhnev reaches his hand back.

BREZHNEV
Hand me that radio.

Nixon hands it to him.

BREZHNEV
Can you switch it to the general channel?

Nixon turns a nod.

NIXON
You’re good to go, Leo.

Brezhnev thinks for a moment, clicks on the receiver.

BREZHNEV
Comrades, this is Secretary General Leonid Brezhnev. As many of you have heard, our capital has been attacked by a monster of unknown origin and now, with the help of our American allies, we are going to destroy it -

Brezhnev continues speaking as the car drives off, the monster still haphazardly chasing them.
INT./EXT. RUSSIAN JEEP - NIGHT

Elena, now on her own, drives a surviving jeep towards Moscow. She checks her watch, presses down on the accelerator harder.

   ELENA
   Come on...

She checks her mirror - nothing happens.

   ELENA
   Please -

And a huge mushroom cloud lights off in the distance. It’s eerily quiet for a moment before the shockwave begins to rattle Elena, her car, and everything around her.

She pulls over and steps out of the car, surveys the fallout. Waits a moment as the mushroom cloud dissipates. Nothing.

No monster.

She climbs back into the car, calmly begins driving again.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Close up on Duncan’s empty coffee cup. She picks it back up, takes a sip of nothing before looking at it and placing back down. She sighs.

   DUNCAN
   You’re bullshitting me. This is bullshit.

   AGENT
   I am not.

   DUNCAN
   So you’re saying Nixon vaporized himself and Brezhnev AND 10 kilometers of Russian soil south of Moscow and then came back and stole tapes from the Watergate Hotel.

The Agent weighs the words.

   AGENT
   A

   DUNCAN
   You’re not making any sense.
INT. SECRET SCIENCE FACILITY - DAY

Spiro Agnew, Patricia, and a host of aides and soldiers walk past large metal doors that slide open for them. A room full of human sized tubes awaits them.

Two scientists talk amongst themselves as Agnew reaches them, they look up at the tube, revealing another Nixon floating in the green goo, attached to all manner of chords.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

The door to the Oval Office knocks, another agent, in her 40s, deadly looking and an EYEPATCH on her left eye, opens the door.

EYEPATCH
It’s time to go.

The agent nods and stands up. She takes a file out from her jacket and hands it to Duncan.

AGENT
This was just the first story. I have more for you... when you’re ready.

The agent stands up and begins walking out the door.

AGENT
Until tomorrow night, Madame President.

She nods and the two agents duck out, closing the door. Duncan reads the folder, slumps back in her seat, exhausted.

THE END.