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

William DeWitt

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A Thesis  
Presented to  
the Faculty of the Humanities and Teacher Education  
Division Pepperdine University

In Partial Fulfillment  
of the Requirements for the Degree  
Master of Fine Arts

by  
William DeWitt  
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This thesis, written by

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under the guidance of a faculty committee and approved by its members, has been submitted to  
and accepted by the graduate faculty in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

MASTER OF FINE ARTS

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

ESSAY: Going Forth .....1-17

SCRIPT 1: Geronimo .....1-120

SCRIPT 2: Monster Moscow .....1-95

## 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. Barbara pleads 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?

COOPER. Love, Tars. Love - just like Brand said - that's how we find things here (Nolan 145).

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 bears 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

Best. Day. Ever.

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

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 and 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 splays  
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

Abbotabad?

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'D)

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  
--

RANDALL  
-- Because I 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.

ANNE

Tough day at work?

Randall pulls a folder out of his bag.

RANDALL

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.

LUCY

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.

ANNE

Was that really necessary?

RANDALL

You have no idea.

LUCY

Okay, well, these are photos of--

RANDALL

Abbottabad, yeah.

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

ANNE

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.

ANNE

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.

ANNE (CONT'D)

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!

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
We have something to tell you.

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.



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

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 blushes.

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.

IMAD

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...

BUSHRA

ABRAR!!

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 to 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 BREZHNEV

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.

BREZHNEV

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...

BREZHNEV

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?

KISSINGER  
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  
CHORT 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  
Arooooo!

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 chattering 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 to 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. chort 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?!

BREZHNEV

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!

NIXON

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.

ELENA

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.

BREZHNEV

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.

ELENA

You're right, of course General Secretary.

BREZHNEV

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.

NIXON

Was that what that was about? If it's any consolation, Leo, I'm not sure it really matters anymore.

BREZHNEV

Why not?

NIXON

Oh, I forgot to tell you, NATO is invading in -

Nixon checks his watch.

NIXON (CONT'D)

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 face 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?!

BREZHNEV

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.

BREZHNEV

Nothing.

Elena is pressing her hand against the side of the door.

ELENA

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?"

NIXON

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.

NIXON

(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.

NIXON

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.

LOYALIST

General Secretary! Do you read me?!

Brezhnev grabs the radio.

BREZHNEV

Yes! Loud and clear! Thank you for the save, comrade!

LOYALIST

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, duking 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.

NIXON

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.

YAKOV

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.

YAKOV

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.

YAKOV

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.

YAKOV

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. It's 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.