

111069

SHOTGUN HARLEY

by

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EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - DAY

Two HOT GIRLS, in sexy short-shorts and tight tube-tops, walk briskly through a GORILLA PAVILION.

Note: The SCRIPT and PERFORMANCES are straight out of a LOUSY 80'S DETECTIVE SHOW.

TERRY

Slow down, Janice. You try walking in these stilettos. And don't you think it's a wee bit suspicious that this private dick wants to meet us in a zoo of all places?

JANICE

You want your fiance back or not?

A ZOO BUSKER, sporting a BIG HANDLEBAR MUSTACHE and TOP-HAT, pulls out a long, INFLATED BALLOON.

ZOO BUSKER

Balloon animal, misses? I can make a rhino or a giraffe. I know, how 'bout a ssssssssnake?

The Busker manipulates the balloon with frenetic efficiency, then hands them the same basic, long, inflated balloon.

TERRY

We're not here for balloon animals. We're looking for someone named Detective Harley.

ZOO BUSKER

Shotgun Harley? Isn't he the son of that dead rich oil tycoon who gave up his share of the inheritance for a life of pro bono crime solving?

JANICE

Plus, he's the town's most eligible bachelor.

ZOO BUSKER

Mmhm, that's true. Now, why do you want that monkey's help?

JANICE

Because when the police won't help, sometimes all you've got left is a shotgun.

TERRY

Oh, mister, we have to find this
Shotgun guy. He's our last hope.

The Busker grins then RIPS OFF HIS 'FAKE' MUSTACHE, revealing his own 'HULK HOGAN STYLE' MUSTACHE underneath. He whips out a SHOTGUN and cocks it.

ZOO BUSKER

Looks like you just found yourself
a Shotgun. An' I ain't lyin'.

He smirks at the CAMERA. It PANS to a bored LION IN A CAGE.

OPENING CREDITS of this 80's TV show called 'SHOTGUN HARLEY', a combination of 'MATT HOUSTON' and a one man 'A-TEAM'.

TITLE CARD: GARY BUSHELL is SHOTGUN HARLEY

DAVID 'SHOTGUN' HARLEY-- in a dark mustard LEATHER JACKET, 'ACID WASH' JEANS, tall-heeled COWBOY BOOTS and his trademark dangling CIGARETTE-- performs harrowing stunts like... *

Smashing his 1977 GOLD MONTE CARLO through a FRUIT STAND as the MERCHANTS SHAKE THEIR FISTS...LEAPING from one speedboat to another and then SPIN-KICKING A BAD GUY into the ocean...DRESSED IN VARIOUS DISGUISES-- a PIRATE, a silver-faced ROBOT, a BELLYDANCER and a HASIDIC JEW...SLYLY LOWERING HIS SHADES and mouthing "WOW!"-- as TWO HASIDIC WOMEN walk past...Being pummeled by a BIG GUY and shaking it off. He points off, distracting the Guy, and then SUCKERS HIM... *

We then, quickly scroll through the supporting cast-- *

A slick-locking black man, RAVEN, clad in black leather, lifts various heavy objects over his head-- car motor, tree trunk and finally a beach ball. He smiles at camera. *

TITLE CARD: WITH GEORGE SAMPSON AS RAVEN

A young, pre-Baywatch PAM ANDERSON sashays into a courthouse. *

TITLE CARD: AND INTRODUCING PAMELA ANDERSON AS SPECIAL PROSECUTOR, D.A. TABITHA S. WILKES-COVINGTON LLC

A HUGE BAY WINDOW SHATTERS-- revealing Harley. He is SHOT IN THE CHEST. Unfazed, he runs at the camera COCKING AND FIRING HIS SHOTGUN over and over and over. *

COLOR-BARS run up and down the screen as the VHS tape we're watching deteriorates. *

FULL CUT, REVEALING

INT. LANDMARK MOTEL/GARY'S ROOM - MANY YEARS LATER

GARY BUSHELL, the actor, in his tiny bachelor apartment, watches tapes of his old show. He's now an older, fatter and drunker shadow of his former self. He gets up and smacks the VCR repeatedly. He pulls the tape out-- its been eaten.

GARY

Ah, the only copy.

As he chugs on a RUM BOTTLE, Gary's eyes drift to a SHOTGUN MEMORABILIA SHRINE. A PICTURE OF HIM FISHING WITH ARSENIO HALL. His SHOTGUN COSTUME (jacket, boots, cigarette, etc.)

In the center of it all is a cool SHOTGUN HARLEY POSTER. Gary focuses on HANK BIGMAN'S NAME-- THE PRODUCER.

GARY (cont'd)

Why'd ya cancel it, Hank? Five episodes? You crazy.

He drunkenly puts the rum down, missing the table and spilling it onto the floor. He grabs a TOWEL and sops up the spill. It's a pathetic sight.

GARY (cont'd)

Best show ever made. Coulda made a Shotgun film. Shotgun dolls, Shotgun shotguns-

An idea hits Gary's polluted brain. He scrambles to his feet.

GARY (cont'd)

That's it! Of course. Where are you? Yer 'round someplace here.

He manically tosses junk, rotting food, and lamps aside until he discovers-- a pile of MISMATCHED PAPERS (loose leaf, envelopes, cocktail napkins). Written on the top page in pen is-- 'SHOTGUN HARLEY- THE MOVIE BY GARY B. BUSHELL'.

GARY (cont'd)

My ticket back.

INT. MOTEL/2ND FLOOR LANDING - DAY

Gary exits room 225 at THE LANDMARK-- a typical sun-bleached, split-level 1950's HOLLYWOOD MOTEL.

He struts through the complex wearing his BATHROBE, BROWN LOAFERS and SUNGLASSES. He passes the POOL and LUSH GARDENS while SUCKING ON HIS RUM SOAKED TOWEL.

He approaches a cleaning cart and STEALS A PEN just as a MEXICAN MAID exits a room.

GARY

Oh, hey, darlin'. You got paper on this thing? Hm? No?

Gary continues sucking on his boozy towel.

MEXICAN MAID

Fresh toallas?

GARY

No, I need this- my inspiration.
Thanks anyway, sweetie.

Gary leaves and writes an idea on his forearm.

A SEXY WOMAN passes him-- he conspicuously lowers his shades and mouths "WOW!" In the b.g. her HUSBAND stops and stares at Gary. Gary is oblivious.

HUSBAND

Hey, buddy. How about a little respect. I'm right here.

GARY

Sorry, man. Didn't even see ya. Too busy checking out those Jumbo Yummies.

The Husband and Wife are appalled.

INT. MOTEL/LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

At the front desk-- a Persian MANAGER, JOE, watches BREAKING NEWS on TV.

Gary slips in through the GLASS DOORS and beelines over to the breakfast table. He pours himself a small coffee and opens a DONUT BOX-- EMPTY.

GARY

Hey, where are all the donuts?

MANAGER JOE

Excuse me?

GARY

Excuse me. Where's the manager?
Whats-his-face...Lucy?

MANAGER JOE

Louise is gone. I'm the manager
now. I'm Joe.

GARY

Nice to meet ya, Joe- now where are
all the donuts? I live off these
things...literally.

MANAGER JOE

Yes, I know, you eat half the box
everyday! NO MORE FOR YOU!!!

GARY

Hey, settle down. You have any idea
who you're talking to?

Gary motions with his head to a signed HEADSHOT of a YOUNG
GARY-- shirt off, leaning against a marble pillar. Beside it
are other dated PHOTOS OF MAGICIANS AND SWIMSUIT MODELS.

MANAGER JOE

Oh, you're Gary Bushell?

GARY

(in his Zoo Busker voice)
Bingo-bango, give the good sir a
balloon animal.

MANAGER JOE

(taking the photo down)
Yes, I do remember you now. Gary
Bushell- permanent resident in 225.
YOUR RENT IS FIVE MONTHS OVERDUE!

He hurls the photo at Gary's chest.

GARY

Easy now, your money's comin'. I'm
selling a million dollar movie
script.

He shows Joe his forearm. It reads, 'FINISH SHOTGUN FLIM'

MANAGER JOE

Well, sell it by tomorrow morning
or I will be forced to evict you.
Do you understand?

GARY

Hundred percent. Just need paper.

MANAGER JOE

There's paper. Seventy-five cents.

Manager Joe points to a NEWSPAPER BOX in front of the motel.

Gary checks his robe pockets. Lint. A button. No change. He eyeballs a coin-filled UNITED WAY BOX on the desk.

MANAGER JOE (cont'd)

Don't even think about it. And the next time you visit my lobby, wear some pants.

Gary's robe has come undone-- he's not wearing UNDERWEAR.

GARY

OK, OK, fine.

(beat)

Can I have some pants then?

EXT. MOTEL/FRONT PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Gary stands conspicuously next to the newspaper box in a pair of BORROWED POLYESTER PANTS. They're far too short.

A BUSINESS MAN walks up and pays for a paper. Gary stops the closing lid and steals a STACK. On the cover is a PICTURE OF A MUSHROOM CLOUD with the headline, 'AMERICAN TERRORIST?'

GARY

(looking at the cover)

My God...it's May already?

A Betty White granny type, GLADDY, exits the lobby. She is elated to see him.

GLADDY

There you are! I thought I saw you sneaking around over there.

GARY

Hey, there she is. How's my number one fan?

GLADDY

Tickled pink- now! What a sighting. I haven't seen you in years. Oh, I'm sorry. Am I speaking too loud? Are you undercover?

GARY

(playing it up for her)
Yep, just doing a little stakeout
thing. Casing the joint.
(he dramatically checks
the area)
All clear, ma'am.

*

GLADDY

Delightful! I remember when you
solved the mystery of Aztec Island.
Those natives didn't see a shotgun
coming. 'You searchuckers just
found yourselves a shotgun', you
said. And then BOOM-POW-BOOM!
Indian brains everywhere.

GARY

Yep, then I gave 'em one of these.

Gary performs a LUMBERING SPINNING HEEL KICK-- hitting her
purse. Gladdy claps and squeals with excitement.

GLADDY

Oooo, so brave and heroic. And such
a handsome man, to boot.

*

*

The lady is clearly crazy, but Gary loves the attention. He
pulls out his signed headshot and pretends to autograph it.

GARY

For making my day, here's something
special.

GLADDY

Oh my, thank-you. This means the
world to me.

Gladdy hugs the picture and puts it in her purse.

GARY

Yeah, well fans like you mean the
world to me.

GLADDY

Oh, Mr. Harley, I don't mean to be
a bother- I know you're busy with
your other cases- but would you
mind keeping your private eyes on
my Granddaughter? She's in trouble
with the law, I suspect and-

*

GARY

Naw, I don't know, cops and me
don't really mix.

GLADDY

Oh, here she comes.

Gladdy waves to a SULTRY BLONDE WOMAN walking toward them in
a SCARF and SUNGLASSES. She pours out of her tight RED DRESS.
She checks behind her to see if she's being followed.

GLADDY (cont'd)

She'll be so excited to know that
we have a Shotgun staying in the
very next room- cocked, loaded and
ready to come.

*
*
*
*

Gary is salivating-- watching the Blonde sway her hips.

GARY

I'll come anytime she wants.

GLADDY

Oh, thank you, detective. And could
you do me one more little favor?

GARY

You name it.

GLADDY

Could you tuck your testicles back
in?

GARY

(turning his back)
Sorry 'bout that. New pants.

Gladdy embraces her granddaughter, MAUDE.

GLADDY

There's my angel. I want you to
meet someone very spec-

MAUDE

There's no time for that. Tell me
inside.

The serious tone of her voice scares Gladdy. She nods and
moves inside. Gary steps in front of Maude-- blocking her.

MAUDE (cont'd)

Excuse me.

GARY

Yes, darlin'? How can I help you?

MAUDE

Um...you can move. You're blocking
the doorway. Excuse me.

Gary moves-- leaving her a teeny space to squeeze past.

GARY

Nuff room, hun? Mmm, someone smells
like shampoo.

She barely squeezes past and quickly ascends the lobby steps.
Gary's leering eyes follow her to Room 226-- the room next to
Gary's. Gladdy and Maude slip inside.

Behind Gary, a thick-necked THUG, DOUG, jumps out of a YELLOW
HUMMER and strides up to Gary.

DOUG THE THUG

Hey, you see a blonde come in here?

GARY

Nuh-uh, pal. I saw her first. She's
mine.

DOUG THE THUG

(grabbing Gary)

She's got something of mine- now
where'd she go?

GARY

Ow! Uh, room 226, maybe. I think I
saw her go in there.

DOUG THE THUG

(raising his fist)

You think...or you know?

GARY

I KNOW! I KNOW! Definitely 226!
Just please, don't hurt me.

DOUG THE THUG

Thanks. You were very informative.

Doug hops into the Hummer and peels away. Gary flees inside
and up the stairs.

EXT. MOTEL/2ND FLOOR LANDING - MOMENTS LATER

Gary scurries to his room. He spots a PIZZA BOX poking out of a cleaning cart. He peeks into an open room-- The Maid folds towels. He opens the box-- just crusts and a little sauce. *

Gary tucks the box under his arm, steals a handful of MINI-BAR SPIRITS and hustles to his room. On his door is an EVICTION NOTICE-- that he doesn't notice. *

INT. MOTEL/GARY'S ROOM - LATER

Gary wolfs back the crusts and sauce while watching Shotgun on his TV, stealthily break into a room using only a PEN.

GARY

(clicking his own pen)
An amazing tool. Alright, time to
finish this script. Need something
fresh. A fresh idea.

Gary stops the Shotgun tape and turns on REGULAR TELEVISION. A NEWS REPORTER speaks in front of the Pentagon.

NEWS REPORTER ON TV

-American weapons manufacturer
Bronson Davis has severed talks
with the Pentagon. Sources say that
he is determined to sell his
ballistic missiles to the highest-

Bored, Gary changes the channel-- again, BREAKING NEWS.

US DEFENCE SECRETARY ON TV

-what makes these missiles so
dangerous is that they are
impervious to radar- virtually
undetectable. Guidance chips give
them laser precision-

He flips through several other channels-- ALL BREAKING NEWS.

GARY

No good stories here.

GARY HEARS HIGH HEELS-- outside his room. He turns to catch a glimpse of BLONDE HAIR PASSING HIS WINDOW. He leaps up to his patio door and peeks through the blinds.

GARY'S POV

Of the Blonde Woman walking down to the pool. She slips off her towel and APPLIES LOTION to her perfectly tanned bdy-- barely covered by a WHITE STRING BIKINI. Gary groans.

EXT. MOTEL/POOL - AFTERNOON

Gary struts down the stairs to the pool in cut-off BLUE JEAN SHORTS AND A TANK TOP. He carries a SMALL RADIO on his shoulder. An untuned rock station plays DISTORTED MUSIC.

MAUDE suntans by the pool-- barely noticing him.

Gary sets the radio down. STATIC. He fiddles with the antenna trying to revive his rock theme but can only find a spunky HILARY DUFF SONG. He flips it off.

SLOW-MO SEQUENCE

Of Gary pulling off his shirt and kicking off his loafers. He hops on THE DIVING BOARD and does some feeble back stretches.

GARY

Hey, darlin', didn't I see you on the cover of Jumbo Yummies?

(getting nothing from her)

Hm? No? Alright. Well...maybe you'd like to watch me get my dive on?

Gary jumps up on the board. IT IMMEDIATELY CRACKS IN HALF-- flopping him face first into the water. It's a messy tumble. He surfaces and doggy paddles to the side of the pool-- barely keeping his chin above water.

MAUDE

Are you OK?

GARY

I'm fine. No, I planned all that. All that- just part of the dive.

MAUDE

Really? You planned for the diving board to snap in half?

GARY

I did. It's called a double-dribble jack pike...with a snappy-doo.

BLOOD TRICKLES from Gary's nose.

MAUDE

Well, you're double-dribbling blood
from your nose there.

GARY

Ah, it's nothing I haven't seen-
(noticing the blood)
Oh my god, there's blood
everywhere! Eww!

He washes water on his face and rinses the blood in the pool.

MAUDE

Well, don't swish it around.

GARY

Guh! Guh! It's going down my
throat. I'm in bad here.

MAUDE

You're fine, it's just a little
nose bleed. Pinch your bridge.

Gary does. He takes a few calming breaths.

MAUDE (cont'd)

I thought a tough guy detective
like you could handle the sight of
a little blood.

GARY

Your Gramma told you that? Well,
she's a little- I'm actually-

MAUDE

It's OK. I won't blow your cover.

GARY

Yeah, don't blow it. I mean, you
can blow it if you want. It's been
a while since it's been blown.

(awkward beat)

Did you...get the double intenuendo
thing I was doing there?

MAUDE

Little off your game, huh?

GARY

I usually don't get past the Jumbo
Yummies line. This part's all new.

Maude smiles at his shameless honesty. A little spark.

GARY (cont'd)
So... can you give me a hand?

Maude claps. Gary laughs a little too hard at her lame joke.

GARY (cont'd)
That's cute. A funny girl.

MAUDE
Sort of a double 'intenuendo'.

GARY
Seriously, you gunna help me up?

She offers her hand. Gary grabs it and YANKS HER INTO THE
POOL HEAD FIRST. He laughs at his childish prank.

MAUDE
What the hell? Why'd you do that?
It's freezing in here.

GARY
Well, you were looking pretty hot
out there. Wink-wink, nudge-nudge.

MAUDE
You got my hair all wet. Jerk.

GARY
Whoa, whoa! No, no. I thought we
were doin' a whole 'back and forth
romantic dynamic' thing here.

MAUDE
Asshole.

Maude climbs out of the pool-- annoyed.

EXT. MOTEL/POOL - LATER

Maude dries off on a LOUNGE CHAIR. Gary sits at a table,
smoking and staring. Things are still a little awkward.

GARY
So, what's your name again?

MAUDE
OK, this is the last time. Maude.

GARY
Right. Maude. It's a very...
forgettable name. Doesn't stick.
(MORE)

GARY (cont'd)

(digging himself deeper)
Kind of old timey, too, no? You
never see a young and sexy woman
with a terrible name like that.
That and Gert. You'll never meet a
young and sexy Gert either.

MAUDE

You know, for a detective, you seem
pretty daft. I can't imagine you
solving anything.

GARY

When the cops won't help, sometimes
all you got left is a shotgun.

MAUDE

(beat)
What does that mean?

GARY

Um, I'm not...really sure.

Maude laughs at Gary's idiocy. Gary laughs too-- not
realizing it's at his own expense.

GARY (cont'd)

Say, you wanna go grab a donut
somewhere or something- sometime?

MAUDE

You seem like a nice enough guy-

GARY

I am. I'm nice. A kind spirit.

MAUDE

-And you make me laugh.

GARY

(in dopey voice)
Hey everybody, it's me, ALF! Ha!

MAUDE

(laughing)
That's terrible.

GARY

(in dopey voice)
Hey, Willie! Hey, Will-
(dropping out)
You're right. It needs some work.

MAUDE

Look, things are a little crazy
right now and I just don't want you
to get hurt.

GARY

Pfft, hurt. By who? Your big
meathead boyfriend?

MAUDE

What meathead boyfriend?

GARY

The meathead looking for you
earlier. With the big...meathead.

Maude nervously looks through the lobby to the street. She
sees the Yellow Hummer parked-- watching her.

MAUDE

Oh my god, they found me.

Maude gathers her things and runs up the stairs.

GARY

No, no, please don't go. We were
doing so great. Hey, I can share.

Gary gets up, sad and dejected. He looks over to the Hummer.
Doug the Thug snaps a photo of Gary and speeds away.

GARY (cont'd)

(flexing his chest)
Yeah, keep driving, meat.

INT. GARY'S ROOM - NIGHT

ON TV

Shotgun Harley sits on a sofa with TWO TWIN GIRLS.

SHOTGUN

I'm gunna call you Jumbo...and I'll
call you Yummies.

GARY

chugs back a MINI-BAR BOTTLE. He's had a few. He's got his
pen and script out-- struggling to focus.

GARY

That's right, Shotgun don't get
shot down. Shotgun gets alli-

*

Gary drops his pen and passes out.

*

BANG! A GUNSHOT startles him awake. He groggily looks around
then over to his TV-- where Shotgun LEAPS FROM A WINDOW SILL
to THE NEXT BUILDING OVER (20 FT. AWAY)-- avoiding capture.

*

*

Gary mutes the TV and shuts his eyes. ANOTHER GUNSHOT! He
bolts up. The TV is still on mute. Drunk and befuddled-- he
stumbles to the bathroom.

*

*

INT. GARY'S ROOM/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gary FLIPS ON THE BRIGHT LIGHT and shuts his eyes. He
appears to be sleeping standing up. Then-- heavy sounding
urine strikes the toilet bowl.

*

*

MUFFLED VOICES ARE HEARD next door. Gary cuts off his stream
to listen. His face contorts in pain. No more voices. He
releases his urine again.

*

*

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

You have the chips! We know you do!

*

MAUDE (O.C.)

I don't. No, you're hurting me!

*

Gary attempts to cut off the stream again. Pee dribbles out
as he leans closer to the wall to hear. Silence. He tries to
resume peeing but he lost it.

GARY

Damn, piss went back up.

MAUDE SCREAMS. Gary rushes to the front door to save her but-- *
he locks the bolt instead. He follows the SOUND OF MAUDE'S *
SCREAMS to the back bathroom window.

*

*

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND MOTEL - NIGHT

GARY POKES HIS FACE OUT THE WINDOW and witnesses Maude being
dragged into the Yellow Hummer by Doug the Thug.

GARY

HEY!

Doug looks up. Gary ducks. Then, very cautiously, sneaks a peek. As the Hummer speeds away, Gary tries to focus his blurry eyes on the license plate. It reads, 'M R C O O L'.

INT. MOTEL/GARY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He searches his room for the pen.

GARY

M R C Zero Zero L. M R C Zero Zero-

Desperate, he opens the pizza box and dips his fingers in sauce residue. He writes on the wall with the sauce.

GARY (cont'd)

M R C Zero Zero...zero. ZERO, ZERO
WHAT? Ah, that's just...great.

Frustrated, Gary slumps down the wall to the floor-- smearing the sauce. He shakes his head and shuts his eyes.

INT. MOTEL/GARY'S ROOM - LATER

Gary wakes up to the sound of POLICE CHATTER and Gladly crying next door. He rises slowly and unlocks his door.

EXT. MOTEL/2ND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

Gary saunters out of his room and LITES A CIGARETTE. He stretches his back-- casually glancing into Gladly's room.

SGT. TISNEWSKI, 46, an intense, red-faced cop who has seen it all, listens to Gladly rant. He chomps on a donut. Another Cop, OFFICER BRENT, looks around in the b.g.

GLADDY

-But they kidnapped her and I'm afraid they're going to kill her.

OFFICER BRENT

Why would they do that?

GLADDY

The terrorist on the TV...she has something he wants.

OFFICER BRENT

Right. The guy on the "TV".

TISNEWSKI

Relax, Gladdy. Have a donut.

*

Tisnewski offers her DONUTS FROM A BOX. Gary perks up at the
sight of donuts.

*

*

GLADDY

I can't eat those- I'm diabetic.

OFFICER BRENT

You shouldn't either, Sarge.
Remember what the doc said?

*

TISNEWSKI

Shut up, Brent. A little heart
disease never killed anyone. Why
don't you head back to the station.
I'll handle the rest of this.

*

Brent nods at Tisnewski and exits the room-- passing Gary.

*

GLADDY

Shotgun Harley! Thank heavens!
He'll help me.

*

Tisnewski approaches Gary, cautiously eyeing him up and down.

TISNEWSKI

You heard what happened in here?

GLADDY

Of course he did. He's a detective.
Tell'em, Shotgun.

GARY

Ahh...no, she's ahh- I heard a
struggle. Voices, some screams-

*

*

*

TISNEWSKI

Her TV was up too loud- watching
crime shows. Case closed.

GARY

Well, no. I also saw her
Granddaughter, Gert-

GLADDY

Maude!

*

GARY

-Maude, get dragged into a car.

TISNEWSKI

What kind of car?

GARY

Uh, a yellow one.

TISNEWSKI

Did you get a make or plate?

GARY

Yes...uh-

(looks at smeared wall)

-No. But it was a big car. One of
the bigger ones you see these days.

TISNEWSKI

Mm. Well, that's not a lot to go
on, pal.

Gladdy pleads to Gary with her rheumy, blue eyes. He caves.
Gary grabs Tisnewski's arm as he's leaving.

GARY

Sir, look at her room. Something
must've happened in there. Somebody
came in here and took the girl.

TISNEWSKI

Yeah, who? Terrorists? You don't
believe that too do ya?

GARY

Well, no but-

TISNEWSKI

(whispering)

Look, it's nice that you want to
help this old bat but this isn't
the first time we've been out here.
She's old and sick- living in a
fantasy world. My advice is to stay
out of it and keep your nose clean.

Gary nods-- embarrassed that he was taken in by this kooky
lady. Tisnewski leaves Gladdy and Gary in an awkward moment.

GARY

Yep, gunna hit the sack.

Gary gives his back a stretch, then slinks back to his room.

INT. MOTEL/GARY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Gary is about to close his door-- but Gladdy steps in. *

GLADDY

Detective Harley, my Granddaughter feared for her life. She told me if anything were to happen to her I should give these to the highest authority, so naturally, I'm giving them to you.

She hands him a bag of SMOKY BACON POTATO CHIPS.

GARY

Lady, please I'm still pretty trashed, why don't you just leave it to the police.

GLADDY

The police are in on it. And when the police won't help all you got left is a shotgun.

GARY

That doesn't mean anything. *

GLADDY

When your back's up against the wall, there's always a shotgun. If you can't find the money for hire-

GARY

It was a TV show, lady! Seventeen years ago! I'm not a detective. I'm an actor. My name is Gary Bushell.

GLADDY

If a shotgun's empty sometimes you need the keen eyes of a Raven. When you two put your heads together you always book the crook!

GARY

OK, cummere, cummere.

Gary drags her into his living room and PLAYS A VIDEOTAPE.

ON TV

Shotgun Harley drives in his Monte Carlo with Raven. *

SHOTGUN

The Captain has turned on the seat belt sign so let's LOCK 'N' ROLL!

RAVEN

THIS IS A BAD IDEA! BAD IDEA!

GLADDY (O.C.)

There's Raven!

They're in a high-speed chase at a MARINE PARK. They smash over a VENDER'S CART, onto a ramp and then 'JUMP A SHARK' in a water tank. Shotgun FIRES AT THE SHARK-- mid jump.

GARY (O.C.)

See? It's all fake. I didn't even drive my own car.

BACK ON GLADDY'S CONFUSED FACE

GLADDY

But...that's you, isn't it?

GARY

Well, that shot's me, it's a close-up- Look, how can I explain this? See this box thing here? It's called a TV and uh...satellites up in the sky beam down uh, energy and uh, wires take those colors and things- Look, I don't really know how it works but it's all make-believe, OK? I'm not like that, I've never helped anyone in my life.

GLADDY

Don't say that. You're a hero.

GARY

I'm a coward. I was the one who gave them your room number in the first place, so I wouldn't get hurt. You want Shotgun, lady and that ain't me. I'm sorry. Thanks for the chips though. I'm starving.

Gary shuffles her out the door and bolts the lock. Gladdy appears at his sliding door window-- weeping. Gary relents and then-- pulls the blinds shut.

GLADDY CRIES. It's painful to listen to. He TURNS UP THE VOLUME ON HIS TV.

ON TV

Shotgun is carrying an OLD WOMAN away from WILD SEA LIONS. *

OLD WOMAN

You really are a hero, young man.

Gary rolls his eyes and swigs on a bottle. He gets an idea. *
He grabs the pen and starts writing madly on his newspaper. *

EXT. MOTEL/2ND FLOOR LANDING - MORNING *

Gary exits his room-- 'movie script' tucked under his arm. He *
spots Gladdy in her window. It's obvious that she has been *
crying all night. She holds Gary's headshot over the trash *
and drops it in. Gary shrugs it off. *

INT. MOTEL/LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER *

Gary stares at the empty donut box. Joe exits the office. *

MANAGER JOE

Bushell! Where's my money?

Gary flees the scene-- through the lobby doors. He runs to *
the BUS STOP right in front of the Landmark and waits. He *
impatiently glances back at Joe-- who stares back. *

A BUS ARRIVES and slowly lowers a HANDICAPPED PERSON off its *
hydraulic lift. Gary waits impatiently. *

EXT. HANK BIGMAN PRODUCTIONS - DAY *

Gary slips inside the office building-- not holding the door *
open for a DELIVERY WOMAN with her arms full of packages. *

INT. HANK BIGMAN PRODUCTIONS/RECEPTION AREA - DAY *

Gary grabs a handful of DESK MINTS and eats them like food *
while a cute RECEPTIONIST, 22, talks on the phone. *

He sniffs a whiff of himself-- not good. He wanders over to *
an AQUARIUM filled with exotic fish. He scoops some water and *
splashes his armpits-- giving them a quick wash. *

RECEPTIONIST

Don't do that.

GARY

Oh no? OK. Look, I need to see to
Hank. Tell him 'Shotgun' Gary
Bushell's here.

RECEPTIONIST

Hank died eight years ago.

Gary is stunned. No one told him.

GARY

Really? Oh, I didn't...Wow. Huh.
Anyone else here that uh, I could
talk to? Anyone?

RECEPTIONIST

Well Serge is in charge of most of-

GARY

Serge! Yeah, love to see Serge.
This him here?

Gary strides over to a door labeled 'SERGE MARQUIS EP'.

INT. SERGE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Gary pokes his craggy face through the door crack.

GARY

You Serge?

SERGE, 27, a hotshot producer, has his feet up on a desk,
gazing out at his panoramic view of Beverly Hills.

SERGE

Hey, talk to me, pal. How've ya
been? Been good?

GARY

Yeah, been good. Been busy. I, uh-

Serge turns. He's wearing a MICRO-EARPIECE CELL PHONE.

SERGE

What? Hold on, Carl. Someone just
walked into my office. SHARON, WHO
IS THIS?!

GARY

Name's Gary Bushell. Ring a bell?

SERGE

Oh, right, yeah! Hey, gimme a few,
would ya, Gar? On the phone here.

Gary shuffles uncomfortably in the middle of the office.

SERGE (cont'd)

Hm? No, it's Gary Bushell. Remember
this guy? From the- yeah, yeah,
that guy!

(he laughs hard)

Dude, don't, he's right here...Hey,
easy now, HBP would be nothing
today without that "ol' hack".

Serge playfully winks at Gary. Gary attempts to smile back.

SERGE (cont'd)

Sorry, bro. Gotta talk to this guy.

Serge TAPS HIS EAR/PHONE and stares across at Gary.

SERGE (cont'd)

My apologies, bud. Didn't mean to
cut ya off. What were ya saying?

GARY

Yeah, just been writing. Wrote a-

SERGE

Still not talking to you, Gar.

As Serge continues his call he looks out to the Receptionist
and mouths, "CALL SECURITY".

Gary wanders over to the LIQUOR CABINET. He pours a stiff one
and chugs it. He grabs a HUGE BOURBON BOTTLE and shoves it
down the front of his jeans-- creating an obvious bulge.

SERGE (cont'd)

No, you rock. Sorry for your loss.

Serge spins back around, takes off his earpiece phone and
assesses Gary-- swaying in the middle of his office.

SERGE (cont'd)

Gary Bushell...what do you want?

Gary tosses his SHOTGUN MOVIE SCRIPT on the desk.

SERGE (cont'd)

What's this? 'Shotgun Harley The Movie'. And you wrote it...in pen
...on mismatched papers.

GARY

I know it's not the proper format,
but the story kicks ass. Coupla
meatheads nab an old bat's hot
granddaughter and then I see it and
then ah...solve it.

SERGE

I'm a busy man, I've got a queue of
thirty calls lined up and you're
wasting my time with this turd?

Serge chuck's it in the trash and stares at Gary for a LONG
UNCOMFORTABLE BEAT.

GARY

Uh...well, sorry to bother you.

Gary makes for the door. Decorating the wall, Gary notices
MOVIE POSTERS of updated TV shows from the 80's. 'Hardcastle
and McCormick' and 'Scarecrow and Mrs. King'.

GARY (cont'd)

You know what's wrong with movies
these days?

SERGE

Tell me quick. I got a call.

Dramatic beat-- INSPIRATIONAL MUSIC SWELLS. Gary turns to
Serge purposefully.

GARY

They stink. See ya.

INSPIRATIONAL MUSIC FIZZLES. Gary turns to leave.

SERGE

Wait, Gar. Wow! That's- Come back.
That's very insightful. They do
stink. But you know what? When I
really think about it. Yours stinks
much worse. Now, get the fuck out
of my office.

TWO SECURITY GUARDS flank Gary and escort him out.

EXT. MOTEL/DRIVEWAY - LATER

A CITY BUS pulls over. Gary sulks off. He notices the Yellow Hummer driving away from the motel. He focuses on the plate as it speeds past-- M R C O O L. This time, he's got it.

EXT. MOTEL/2ND FLOOR LANDING - LATER

Gary arrives at his room. Another EVICTION NOTICE is nailed to his door and his stuff is PILED IN BOXES outside. He turns pale. The realization of his barren life is nauseating.

Looking for a smile he turns to Gladdy's room. TWO PARAMEDICS wheel GLADDY'S CORPSE out. Her lifeless eyes are wide open. Face blue. Bruises on her neck. It's a terrifying sight.

GARY

What the- What happened here?

PARAMEDIC #1

Who wants to know?

GARY

I do. I'm a...detective.

PARAMEDIC #2

They say she chocked on a donut.

PARAMEDIC #1

Apparently the old broad was nuts for 'em.

GARY

A donut? That's impossible.

They wheel her down the landing. A HAND SLAPS DOWN onto Gary's shoulder-- IT'S SGT. TISNEWSKI.

TISNEWSKI

Come with me, please.

Tisnewski leads Gary into Gladdy's room.

INT. MOTEL/GLADDY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TISNEWSKI

Did you see what happened?

GARY

No, but something doesn't add up here. That old lady- she doesn't eat donuts, remember? She's allergic. And what about those welts on her neck? Choked by hands maybe not donuts. Oh, and that yellow car? Well, I just saw it again. Only this time I got their plate. M R C Zero Zero L! Now, I'm sure they still got the girl, so let's put out an ATV on the plates, get a sting thing going and book this crook-

Tisnewski jabs Gary in the throat with his NIGHTSTICK.

TISNEWSKI

I thought I told you to stay out of this. I don't need some 'dick' screwing up my case.

*

Gary gurgles in pain.

TISNEWSKI (cont'd)

Personally, I'd love nothing more than to smack that smart-ass smirk off your face.

GARY

What smirk? I'm not smirking.

TISNEWSKI

That's the one.

He pops Gary in the ear with his nightstick-- knocking him to the floor. Tisnewski's worked up. He rubs his chest.

*

TISNEWSKI (cont'd)

Last warning. Stay out of this.

He gives Gary a final 'warning point' and leaves. Gary notices that his signed HEADSHOT that Gladdy threw in the trash has been taped to her fridge. Gary is overwhelmed by the gesture. He picks it up and flips it over. On the back it reads, 'Help me, you're my last hope.'

GARY

Looks like someone needs a shotgun.

*

INT. MOTEL/PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS *

A cool, new Timberland remix of the SHOTGUN THEME SONG PLAYS. *

Gary struts IN SLO-MO-- DRESSED IN FULL SHOTGUN GARB. He *
SPARKS A SMOKE. In the back corner is a CAR UNDER A DUSTY *
SHEET. Gary rips it off revealing the SAME '77 MONTE CARLO *
FROM HIS TV SHOW-- only now, like Gary, it looks like crap. *
Rusted. Duct taped together. Old. *

Gary heaves his big leg though his WELDED SHUT DOOR. It's a *
struggle. He finally plops onto the seat and fires up the *
engine. BLACK SMOKE FILLS THE GARAGE. The car coughs and *
dies. THEME MUSIC ABRUPTLY STOPS. *

Gary continues to flood the engine for a while. *

MOMENTS LATER *

THEME MUSIC CRANKS UP AGAIN-- as Gary SIPHONS GAS from *
someone's car. He stops to take a puff on his cigarette. *

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY - MONTAGE *

Gary drives his Monte Carlo through the STREETS OF LA. He's *
on a mission. He investigates BAD NEIGHBORHOODS, interviews *
UNSAVORY CHARACTERS and spies on various REGULAR PEOPLE *
leaving STARBUCKS with BINOCULARS-- hard core detective work. *

INT. MONTE CARLO, TRAVELLING - DAY

GARY
What the fuck am I looking for?

EXT. THE DONUT DINER - MOMENTS LATER

THE THEME SONG ABRUPTLY ENDS-- as Gary waits at a drive- *
through window. TINA, a pretty, young CASHIER serves him. *

TINA THE CASHIER
That'll be forty-two fifty.

Gary pulls out the United Way Box from the motel and tries to *
shake some change out. A dime falls. He tosses her the box. *

GARY
Here.

TINA THE CASHIER

Um, I'm gunna have to count this
before I give you the donuts.

A burly DONUT COOK peeks out the window.

DONUT COOK

No way, I knew it was you! First I
seen the car and I was like- no
way! Then I seen you and I was like-
NO WAY! Shotgun Harley! F'in A!

GARY

You a fan of the show?

DONUT COOK

Oh yeah...you know, in an ironic
way. They releasing it on DVD soon?

GARY

I don't know...what that is.

DONUT COOK

Man, I got my blog for the day.
Tina, you got any idea who this is?

TINA THE CASHIER

No.

JIMMY, a dopey teen employee, pops up behind the Cook.

JIMMY

Hey, that's the guy! He's on TV!

TINA THE CASHIER

(suddenly interested)
So...you're like, a celebrity?

GARY

Well-

DONUT COOK

Listen dude, you gotta come inside
we're having a party for Jimmy.

Jimmy holds up a beer in the b.g.

JIMMY

Yeah, it's my party!

Gary's eyes drift over to a busy intersection where The
YELLOW HUMMER IS STOPPED AT THE LIGHTS. He perks up-- not
sure what to do.

GARY

Uh- Can I take a rain check? I
think I'll just get the donuts.

*
*
*

TINA THE CASHIER

I'm counting your stolen pennies as
fast as I can, sir.

Gary glances at the Hummer again-- teasing him at the lights.

DONUT COOK

(holding up a cruller)
I can make it worth your while.

*
*
*

GARY

Uh...I'd love to but...

Gary watches the Hummer disappear around a corner.

GARY (cont'd)

Ah, damn it!

Gary slams on the gas-- leaving his donuts behind. He DRIVES
OVER A MEDIAN-- LOSING A HUBCAP.

*

DONUT COOK

Hey, fuck you, man! You washed up
piece of shit! I HOPE YOU DIE!

*
*
*

EXT/INT. MONTE CARLO - DAY (TRAVELLING)

GARY

(looking back)
Jeez, that was harsh.

*
*
*

Gary's hot on the Hummer's tail. The Hummer roars through an
intersection. A CROSSING GUARD steps out into the street--
Gary slams on his breaks. An entire SCHOOL YARD OF CHILDREN,
attached by rope, meander across the street.

GARY (cont'd)

Come on, y'asses. Move it!

The Hummer is long gone. Gary punches his steering wheel.

*

EXT/INT. MONTE CARLO - LATER (TRAVELLING)

*

Gary is defeated and sad. He takes a bite from a cruller and
swig of beer. Suddenly, he brightens up. Parked in an ALLEY
BEHIND A STRIP MALL is the Yellow Hummer. He rips off his
PARTY HAT, pulls over and watches from a distance. STAKEOUT.

*
*

Maude is pulled from an unmarked door and into the Hummer. She attempts to escape-- but her arms and legs are bound. *

MAUDE
HELP! HELP ME! HELP!

Doug and his partner, DALE THE THUG, chase her down and drag her back to the car. Gary stays put, watching the scene. He grips his steering wheel tight. *

GARY
HEY...LEAVE HER ALONE!

MAUDE
(seeing Gary)
DETECTIVE, DO SOMETHING!

GARY
DO WHAT?!

MAUDE
(being thrown back in)
ANYTHING!

Gary grips his steering wheel tight-- not sure what to do. Then-- HE HONKS HIS HORN. The Hummer's REVERSE LIGHTS COME ON. It backs up into Gary's car-- SMASHING THE HEADLIGHTS and RIPPING THE BUMPER OFF.

GARY
Oh, you're gunna pay for that.

The Hummer lurches forward and drives away. Gary, mad as hell, jams the gas pedal and motors after it.

EXT. FREEWAY ON-RAMP - CONTINUOUS

A CONSTRUCTION SITE blocks the ramp. WORKERS shovel a DIRT MOUND. THE HUMMER CRASHES THROUGH A BARRICADE and launches over the mound. It lands safely and turns onto the FREEWAY. *

EXT/INT. MONTE CARLO, TRAVELLING - CONTINUOUS

Gary's mouth is dropped in disbelief. Undeterred, he aims for the mound and shuts his eyes. The car slams into half of the mound-- lodging dirt clumps into the front grill. *

THE HOOD POPS UP-- blocking his view. He leans out and tries to slam it back down. It breaks off, flying over the roof. *

GARY

My hood! Damn it.

EXT. LA FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Hummer weaves through the busy highway traffic with the Monte Carlo on its tail. In a split second, The Hummer veers across three lanes of traffic and **EXITS THE FREEWAY**.

EXT/INT. MONTE CARLO, TRAVELLING - CONTINUOUS

Gary cruises past the exit-- missing the turn. Refusing to lose, HE SLAMS ON HIS BRAKES in the middle of the freeway. He takes a deep breath, throws it into reverse and backs up.

*
*
*

Behind him-- vehicles swerve, skid, and slam into one another. CARS CATAPOULT INTO THE AIR. GAS TANKS EXPLODE. DRIVERS run for their lives. IT'S A MASSIVE WRECK.

Gary reaches the off-ramp-- completely intact. He takes a quick look back at the FIERY CARNAGE he just caused.

GARY

Sorry- Sorry 'bout that.

He continues along the exit-- still in hot pursuit.

EXT. LITTLE KOREA/FARMER'S MARKET - MOMENTS LATER

KOREANS ARE EVERYWHERE. The Hummer slowly moves its way through a crowded market. The Monte Carlo is in hot, and very slow pursuit.

Gary lays on his damaged horn-- It SQUAWKS like a sick bird.

*

GARY

What is this? One of your fire drills? Let's go!

Gary speeds up closer to the Hummer but he's cut off by a RICKSHAW. He veers away and SLAMS HIS CAR INTO A FRUIT STAND-- completely destroying it.

*
*

Gary SPINS HIS TIRES ON A CRUSHED MELON-- slinging bits of rind at nearby Koreans. He's stuck but he keeps on spinning.

An irate KOREAN MERCHANT tries to open Gary's door.

GARY (cont'd)

They don't open. They're welded.

The Merchant reaches inside and tries to pull Gary out.

GARY (cont'd)
Wait, wait. I'm still buckled.

Gary unbuckles himself and the Merchant yanks him through the window. Gary is surrounded by ANGRY KOREANS.

KOREAN MERCHANT
(in Korean)
My livelihood! My shop! You
destroyed everything I worked for.

GARY
What?! Slow down. Everything's
fine. I'm a detective.

They rock the Monte Carlo back and forth-- tipping it over.

Through the crowd, a pumped up KOREAN TOUGH appears, doing
some quick fight moves. Gary rolls his eyes and saunters
over. He's got an old TV trick up his sleeve.

GARY (cont'd)
(pointing behind him)
Hey buddy, what's that?

The Korean Tough doesn't look.

GARY (cont'd)
Really, check it out. Look!

He still doesn't look.

GARY (cont'd)
Uh- don't cha wanna look?

The Korean Tough unloads a SPINNING HEEL KICK to Gary's chin--
sending him back onto a TABLE OF FISH. The FISH TABLE
MERCHANTS surround him. Gary runs. They all chase after him.

EXT. LA STREETS - LATER

Gary sneaks around-- hiding from the Koreans. A billboard
catches his eye. It's George Sampson (the guy who played
Raven) in an ad for Potted Meats. It reads, "EAT MY SWEET
MEAT!"

A BLACK BIRD SWOOPS in and perches on the billboard.

GARY
Raven.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

GARY'S HAND knocks on a door. GEORGE SAMPSON, 50, opens up. He still looks the same but now, instead of black leather, he wears a COSBY SWEATER and PLEATED SLACKS. *

GARY

'Tis some visitor rapping at your chamber door.

GEORGE

Gary? That you?

GARY

Whenever a shotgun is empty you need the keen eyes of a Raven. *

GEORGE

Yeah, hold that thought- Dylan, please. You're getting my slacks all wet.

George's young white kids, BRITNEY and DYLAN, run around shooting George with WATER GUNS and a HOSE.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Britney, that's an outside hose.

GARY

There's trouble afoot and I need your talons.

GEORGE

What?

George's big-boned white wife, DEBBIE, spoons POTTED MEAT from a JAR on the sofa.

DEBBIE

George! This batch needs more Sodium Erythorbate!

GEORGE

Sugar, I already put 820 milligrams in. Anymore and we're not gonna meet FDA approval.

DEBBIE

DO NOT MAKE ME GET UP AND DO IT MYSELF!

She takes a sip off her Lemon-lime Slurpee.

GEORGE

No, no, I'll do it, I'll do it.

(back to Gary)

Sorry. Home business. Got a
shipment going out tomorrow-

GARY

We need to talk...real business.

DEBBIE

George, pick me up more cupcakes
from Costco- and a forty pack of
tube socks.

*
*

GEORGE

Today's not good, Gar. I got a heap
of chores to do.

(back at his kids)

Dyl, put my mother's ashes down- oh
damn! Guys, we got-to-go.

GARY

This is a matter of life and quite
possibly- death...maybe. Hm?

*
*
*

GEORGE

Are you drunk?

DEBBIE

GEORGE! Before you go, gimme some
sugar.

GEORGE

(sweetly)

Alright baby, pucker up.

DEBBIE

NO!!! SUGAR. This slurpee's too
sour.

*

EXT/INT. GEORGE'S MINIVAN, TRAVELLING - LATER

George's kids, dressed in baseball uniforms, fight in the
back seat while Gary finishes telling George the whole story.

GEORGE

(shaking his head)

That's the stupidest thing I've
ever heard. You don't know a thing
about detective work.

(MORE)

*

GEORGE (cont'd)

You're an actor. Why don't you check into rehab and leave this to the police.

*

GARY

That's just it, they're in on it too. I'm her last hope.

Dylan lights a FIRECRACKER and tosses it at George.

GEORGE

Whoa, hey, Dyl, sweetie, please. Not while I'm drivin'. Don't make daddy raise his voice.

DYLAN

You're not my dad- George.

George gazes out the window, sucking back the tears.

GEORGE

(holding back tears)
You hurt me so much when you say things like that.

BRITNEY

Don't be such a pussy, George

Britney throws another firecracker at George.

GEORGE

Gary, grab those would ya?

Gary reaches into the back and wrestles the firecrackers from the kids.

DYLAN

Let go of me you fuckin' pervert.

GEORGE

What's goin' on back there?

GARY

I'm geting the stupid-

The firecrackers explode in Gary's hands.

GARY (cont'd)

Oh shit! OW! Oh, shit!

GEORGE

Hey, watch the language around my babies.

*

George stops at a BASEBALL FIELD and checks his chore list.

GEORGE (cont'd)
OK little sluggers, we're here.
Now, I'm gunna run some errands and
you're Aunt Roshanda will pick you
up at-

Before he can finish, Dylan and Britney are out the door
charging across the street and into a SHOPPING MALL.

GEORGE (cont'd)
(checking his list)
Hit some homers for daddy.
(to Gary)
Wife's kids. Previous marriage. But
I love'em like my own. Now, I gotta
drop off some dry cleaning, where
am I droppin' you off? *

GARY
I'm not entirely sure.

EXT/INT. GEORGE'S MINIVAN - MUCH LATER

George drives as Gary cranes his neck out the window,
straining to remember where the hideout was.

GARY
There! No, that's not it. That one?
Nope. Hold on. Hold...hold...hold-

GEORGE
Damn, Gary, I got forty-five
minutes and an hour long list. I'm
letting you out.

They pull up into A STRIP MALL PARKING LOT and stop in front
of a DIVE BAR. Gary checks around-- becoming very excited.

GARY
Hey, this is it! This is where they
had her. But the alley side.

GEORGE
A bar. That makes sense. Well, good
seeing you. I'm going to get tube
socks. *

GARY

What? No, I need your help. You gotta back me up. Stand behind me actin' all tough and stuff.

GEORGE

You mean like on the TV show?

GARY

Yeah, yeah, like the show!

GEORGE

...How drunk are you? *

GARY

I'm buzzin' a little, sure-
Listen, Raven- *

GEORGE

George. My name's George.

GARY

-George. When was the last time you did anything good for humanity?

GEORGE

Monday. I donated ten thousand dollars to the United Way.

GARY

United Way? That's- wow- a lot.

GEORGE

That's right. I invested my money wisely. Got a nice potted meat business going.

GARY

See, that's great. And what do you think I've done with my life?

GEORGE

Nothing.

GARY

Exactly. I've never done nothing for nobody my whole life. I don't wanna live like that anymore. You see what I'm saying?

GEORGE

No, I don't.

GARY

This sweet old woman died because I didn't do anything, and now the same thing's gunna happen to her granddaughter- this beautiful... granddaughter needs my help and I need to help her. But I need your help to help me- help her.
Please...George.

*

George stares at a PICTURE OF HIS FAMILY taped to his visor.

GEORGE

Alright. If I do this for you, you gotta do me a favor too.

GARY

Anything. You name it.

GEORGE

I want you to make sure, promise me...you will never contact me again. EVER.

GARY

It's a deal, old friend.

He offers his hand for a shake. George exits the van.

*

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND STRIP MALL - DAY

Gary sneaks up to a DOOR. George straggles behind him.

GARY

They dragged her from this door here...I think.

He turns the handle. IT'S LOCKED. He PULLS OUT HIS PEN and jabs it at the lock.

GEORGE

What are you doing?

GARY

Wait for it-

The pen snaps in Gary's hand.

GEORGE

This is taking too long.

*

GARY

Hold on. Just act tough and keep
watch, will ya?

He steps back and KICKS THE DOOR-- it doesn't move. Gary
looks around and KICKS AGAIN-- HARDER. Still nothing. Gary
wipes his lips and KICKS AGAIN-- AND AGAIN. He keeps KICKING
AT THE DOOR, OVER AND OVER-- trying to bust it down. *

GEORGE

OK, that's enough. Just use the
front door.

INT. SEEDY BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Gary and George step into the unmarked bar. It's dark, grungy
and empty-- except for a few SHADY OLD MEN at the bar.

GEORGE

You sure this is the place?

GARY

Trust me. I'm pretty sure.

The Men look up at Gary and George fidgeting at the door. A
pock-faced BARTENDER puts his paper down and stares at them.

GARY (cont'd)

(in an Australian accent)
G'day, mate! Two lunch menus...
mate.

*

*

Gary and George shuffle over to a small booth and sit down.
Even though they whisper, their voices seem to carry.

GEORGE

Why are you talking like that?

GARY

Undercover- from down under.

GEORGE

This is a bad idea. Bad idea. Aw,
jeezus, now you got me quoting the
damn show.

GARY

OK... I'll cause a diversion and you
go check for clues.

GEORGE

What?!

Gary picks up a SALT SHAKER and throws it against a MIRROR--
SHATTERING IT TO THE FLOOR.

GARY

Li'l help over here. Salt slipped.
(under his breath)
Go, fly Raven!

*

GEORGE

Look what you did!

The Men at the bar just watch Gary and George's bad charade.

BARTENDER

What do you two want?

GARY

(dropping his dialect)
Menus, and uh, drinks. You want a
cold brewski, Raven?

BARTENDER

We're closed. Now get lost.

George takes the hint and instantly gets up.

GEORGE

Didn't know. We apologize for
troublin' ya. We'll just be-

GARY

Whatcha got in the back room there?

BARTENDER

Who's askin'?

GARY

Shotgun Harry's askin'.

GEORGE

You're name was Harley.

GARY

Listen, greaseball, I wanna know
where you took the girl.

BARTENDER

What the fuck did you just call me?

GEORGE

(under his breath)
You're gonna get us killed.

Gary second guesses his brashness.

GARY

Ah...just- where's the girl? She
around? *

BARTENDER

I think you two better leave.

GARY

Don't make me ask you twice.

GEORGE

You already asked him twice and he
doesn't want to tell you. Let's go. *

The Bartender steps out from behind the bar with a BAT.

BARTENDER

Don't make me break yer kneecaps.

GARY

Yeah? Don't make me...use THIS!

Gary leaps to his feet and awkwardly pulls out a RUBBER
SHOTGUN PROP from his jacket. *

GARY (cont'd)

Never saw off a loaded Shotgun!

GEORGE

What in the Lord's name do you
think you're doing?! Put that away!

GARY

Now, I'm gonna ask you one more
time. Where's the girl?

GEORGE

Is that a rubber gun?

GARY

No, George, shut up.

BARTENDER

I've had it with you two. Let's
teach these boys some manners. *

The Bartender and the Men grab BOTTLES and POOL CUES and
advance on Gary and George. Gary stares down the Men-- not
fazed in the least. He is starting to believe his own moxie. *

GARY

Looks like you just found
yourselves a-

Behind Gary, an OLD MAN points at the prop gun.

OLD MAN

It is a rubber gun!

Gary bolts for the door-- knocking George into a pinball machine on his way out. The angry Gang close in on George. *

GEORGE

Wait! I'm supposed to be at Costco. *

GEORGE FLIPS A TABLE at them. It misses completely. He runs out the door behind Gary. *

EXT. BACK ALLEY BEHIND STRIP MALL - CONTINUOUS

Gary and George run for their lives. The Rubber Gun bounces back and forth in Gary's grip.

THE YELLOW HUMMER PULLS OUT-- blocking their escape.

They run back in the other direction. George knocks over GARBAGE CANS and Gary tips a box of STYROFOAM NOODLES-- trying to congest the Hummer's path. The Hummer drives through it and proceeds to hunt them down. *

George peels off and heads down an adjacent DEAD END ALLEY. The Hummer continues after Gary. Gary is tiring. His run is now a laboured trot-- resting his hands on his hips, gasping for air. The Hummer slowly coasts beside him. Taunting him.

In one last ditch effort, Gary leaps onto a LINK FENCE and feebly struggles to pull his fat ass over it. He lets go but his shirt snags on a link-- tearing it clean off his chest.

GARY

Aw, my only shirt.

The Hummer boxes Gary in. The Thugs, Doug and Dale, step out.

DOUG THE THUG

Well, looky what we found here.

GARY

Yeah, looky what you just found!

Gary BOUNCES HIS SHOTGUN at Doug and races down the dead end alley where he sees George stacking BREAD CRATES-- high enough to reach a FIRE ESCAPE LADDER.

GARY (cont'd)

Nice work, partner.

Gary bounds up the teetering tower to the ladder-- destroying George's stacked pile in the process. George quickly restacks the pile and climbs it. The Hummer speeds toward him. He jumps up for the ladder just as the Hummer plows under him-- obliterating the crates. *

*
*

EXT. STRIP MALL ROOF - SECONDS LATER

Gary and George detach the ladder and chuck it down. They look around the roof. There's a ROOF TOP ACCESS DOOR-- with no handle. They're trapped. The only way to go is over a 20 FOOT GAP TO THE NEXT ROOF.

GARY

We can clear it. It's like six feet, max.

GEORGE

What?!? That's at least twenty feet- if not more. *

GARY

I can jump that. Did it on the show.

GEORGE

With cables attached to you!

GARY

Didn't need 'em.

GEORGE

OK, fine, show me. Prove to me that you can jump twenty feet.

George walks roughly 20 feet away and draws a line in the gravel with his foot.

GARY

That's way more than twenty feet.

GEORGE

Fine.

He moves in about 3 feet and draws another line.

GARY

I can do that.

Gary backs up and takes a running start. He runs hard and leaps about 4 feet-- well short of the mark.

GEORGE

We're dead.

GARY

It'll work. When you jump on an angle downward, you go further. It's simple math. Pythagorean theorem.

GEORGE

What the hell are you talking about?

The Thugs burst through the roof top access door.

*

GARY

Let's put it to the test!

They run toward the edge and leap-- hand in hand. IN SLO-MO-- they soar across the impossible gap and make it! They roll to a stop on the other side.

*

The Thugs look on from the other roof. Frustrated.

Amazed at their feat-- Gary and George jump up squealing and hugging each other. Unknowingly, they jump back onto a SKYLIGHT and CRASH THROUGH.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Gary and George fall from the ceiling and crash on top of the CEREAL AISLE. Gary squirms around in pain.

GARY

Ow, I think I broke my back.
George, are you OK?

*

GEORGE IS OUT COLD-- underneath Gary's elbow. Gary attempts to lift George on his back but he's too heavy. Gary tries dragging him-- it's impossible.

GARY (cont'd)

I'll find us a cart or something.
Stay here and keep low.

Gary hobbles through the store, searching every aisle. An uptight STORE MANAGER follows close behind.

STORE MANAGER
Sir? Excuse me. Sir? Sir?

GARY
I need a cart and uh, pain relievers. Medicine aisle?

STORE MANAGER
You can't shop here. Sir?!

Gary stops at the LIQUOR AISLE. He grabs a bottle of VODKA, bites off the cap and chugs it back-- like water. Gary finishes the entire bottle and drops it to the floor.

STORE MANAGER (cont'd)
Sir? You can't drink that. Sir?!

Gary stumbles into a WINE DISPLAY-- knocking bottles over.

GARY
Whatcha gunna do, arrest me?

EXT. GROCERY STORE - A LITTLE LATER

Sgt. Tisnewski slams Gary against a POLICE CRUISER. GARY'S PANTS ARE STAINED PURPLE with wine. He's drunker than we've ever seen him-- if you can imagine.

TISNEWSKI
Destruction of property, mischief, public intoxication- theft. You just love making trouble for me, don't cha, detective?

GARY
Nuh nah. Yella car chasin' us- an'en floop- right on ma back!

Tisnewski throws him into the back with George-- who sleeps. Tisnewski picks up the POLICE RADIO.

TISNEWSKI
Hey, it's me. I got them. No PID on the detective. But the other guy looks familiar.

He holds up George's BUSINESS CARD-- 'FINE POTTED MEATS'.

TISNEWSKI (cont'd)

Run a check on a George Sampson-Pasadena. Cross check him with any known special agents in the area. Says he's a potted meat salesman but that's gotta be a cover. Who the fuck sells potted meat?

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Gary's face is smeared against the back window.

*

GARY

-Meat!

*

*

TISNEWSKI

Hold on- what was that?

*

*

Tisnewski rolls down the window. Gary pokes his head out.

*

GARY

I'll have some meat. Pct it!

*

*

TISNEWSKI

Shut up!

*

*

Tisnewski scans the area then smashes his fist across Gary's face, knocking him out. He casually does the window back up.

*

*

EXT. TOPANGA CANYON - DUSK

*

The Police Cruiser drives along a remote dirt path and pulls to a stop beside the Yellow Hummer. Tisnewski steps out and over to Doug and Dale in the Hummer. They both look beat up.

*

*

*

TISNEWSKI

What happened to you two?

*

DOUG THE THUG

We got into it with meat man's wife. She's crazy.

*

*

*

DEBBIE is bound and gagged in the back of the Hummer. She slams her head into the side window repeatedly.

*

*

DALE THE THUG

She punch out my teef.

*

*

TISNEWSKI

(popping his pills)

This was supposed to be a silent operation. Just- take them to the ship, I'll take care of these two.

*

*

*

*

George and Gary stir awake just as the Hummer backs away.
George spots his wife slamming her head in the back. *

GEORGE
WAIT! DEBBIE! NO!

*
*
*

GARY
That's the car! The yellow car.
Get'em! He's gettin' away.

GEORGE
You son-of-a-bitch where are they
taking my Debbie?!

*
*
*

Tisnewski opens the backseat door and yanks Gary out by the
hair. He slams the door closed and then uncuffs Gary.

TISNEWSKI
I told you to keep your little
nosey nose out of this, didn't I?
Well, now you know too much.

GARY
What I nose? Nothin'.

TISNEWSKI
You know that old lady didn't choke
on donuts.

GARY
I told you that!

TISNEWSKI
And you know that the police are
trying to cover this up.

GARY
Someone said something 'bout that.

TISNEWSKI
So, I guess you know that I was the
one who killed that old lady.

GARY
-I didn't know that.

TISNEWSKI
Well, now you do. And now you know
too much.

GARY

'Cause you just told me everything.
Look, sir, I'm still pretty wasted
and I probably won't remember much
of this anyway so-

Tisnewski takes off his CCP HAT and unbuttons his CCP SHIRT.

GARY (cont'd)

What's going on? What're you doing?

TISNEWSKI

You're a detective. Figure it out.

TISNEWSKI RIPS OFF HIS SHIRT-- revealing a hulking physique
and a surgery scar across his chest. *

George watches on from the Cruiser-- eyes wide.

GARY

-You gonna rape me?

TISNEWSKI

No! I need you to hit me.

GARY

Wha?!

TISNEWSKI

I need you to hit me so I have a
reason to shoot you in the neck.

GARY

I don't wanna get shot in the neck.

TISNEWSKI

Do I need to hit myself then? *

GARY

Uh...guess so. I-

TISNEWSKI

-Alright, so, here's my report. I'm
on a routine stop. Picking up an
old jazz singer -that guy- when out
of nowhere, a dirty hobo -you- in
an alcohol induced rage trips me to
the ground -like so-

Tisnewski flips himself to the ground and rolls in the dirt.

TISNEWSKI (cont'd)

We wrestle around for a bit -like
this- getting my pants all dirty,
maybe a few nicks on my elbows.

Gary and George blankly watch Tisnewski act out this bizarre scenario.

TISNEWSKI (cont'd)

But then the tricky dicky grabs
himself a weapon. A rock? Oh, you
better believe it, honey.

*

Tisnewski picks up a JAGGED ROCK and jumps to his feet.

TISNEWSKI (cont'd)

Then the dirty bum suckers me -like
so-

Tisnewski SMASHES THE ROCK AGAINST HIS TEMPLE. He drops to the ground hard. He's not moving.

GARY

What the hell was that about?

GEORGE

Gary, get the keys! Let me out!

Gary grabs the keys from Tisnewski and opens the back door. George patiently waits while Gary fiddles with his cuffs.

GARY

Can you believe that guy? Nuts.

GEORGE

I'll say. Almost done there?

GARY

Yeah, wrong key. Maybe this one?

GEORGE

OK. OK. Take your time.

Gary finally unlocks the cuffs. Without hesitation, George spins around and STRANGLES GARY TO THE GROUND.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Damn you, Bushell! Why'd you have
to get me involved? Now they got my
Debbie!

*

George rolls off of Gary and sobs uncontrollably.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Oh, Debbie, Debbie, Debbie, Debbie,
Debbie, Debbie. My delicate little
june bug. Why?! I love that woman
so much.

*
*

GARY

-Really?

GEORGE

She's my muse. What am I gonna do
without her?

GARY

We're not gunna find out. We're
gunna cowboy up and go save her.
You with me, George? We can do
this!

George nods at Gary with his tear streaked face.

EXT. TOPANGA CANYON - MOMENTS LATER

The Police Cruiser peels away revealing Tisnewski laying in a
bush, stripped of his clothes-- completely nude.

EXT/INT. POLICE CRUISER, TRAVELLING - CONTINUOUS

Gary and George both wear parts of Tisnewski's cop uniform.

GEORGE

Did you have to steal the man's
underpants?

GARY

Trust me, me and new pants don't
mix.

THE POLICE RADIO crackles alive.

POLICE RADIO (O.C.)

Tisnewski. Come in. Over.

George picks up the RADIO MIC and hands it to Gary.

GEORGE

Here, pretend you're Tisnewski.

GARY

(in a gruff voice)
Ah...hey there. This is Tisnewski.
Go ahead...and talk...to me. Over.

POLICE RADIO (O.C.)

What's wrong with your voice? You
got a cold?

GARY

Yep. Bad one. Need some...cough
syrup.

POLICE RADIO (O.C.)

Do it later. We need you over here.

GARY

OK, bye-bye.

GEORGE

Wait, where are we going?

GARY

(dropping the voice)
Oh yeah, hey, where am I going?

POLICE RADIO (O.C.)

You know. Long Beach, Pier 19. Is
this Tisnewski?

Gary throws the radio mic out the window-- still attached. It
springs back inside and smacks his cheek.

POLICE RADIO (cont'd)

Who is this? Answer me!

George fumbles for the off switch. He FLIPS ON THE SIREN, THE
WIPERS-- everything but the radio. Desperate, he SMASHES THE
RADIO WITH HIS FIST, over and over again-- finally silencing
the voice in the box.

GARY

-Well, I see you're good under
pressure.

GEORGE

Just drive.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Gary and George stake out the SHIPPING FACILITY AT PIER 19. *
ARMED GUARDS patrol the grounds of a MAMMOTH FREIGHTER. A
STEEL GATE encompasses the shipping yard.

GEORGE

Now what?

Gary notices an unguarded ANCHOR ROPE IN THE WATER-- leading
to the belly of the ship. He looks at George with a smile.

EXT. THE OCEAN - NIGHT

Gary DOGGY PADDLES to the side of the ship toward the Anchor
Rope. He's not a strong swimmer. George coaches him on. *

GEORGE

You're doing great. There ya go.

Gary manages to latch onto the giant rope but the SLICK MOSS
makes it almost impossible to get a good grip.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Wrap your legs around it. Alright,
now shimmy!

Gary slowly shimmies up.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Atta boy, now you're doing it.

Then-- A LARGE WAVE WASHES GARY AWAY. *

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE

I told ya! Didn't I tell ya?

Gary is soaking wet and shivering.

GARY

You come up with an idea then! *

GEORGE

(sarcastically)
I don't know- what would Shotgun
do?

EXT. PIER 19/FRONT GATE - NIGHT

The Cruiser comes scaring over the crest of the hill with the SIRENS BLAZING-- charging toward the front gate.

EXT/INT. POLICE CRUISER, TRAVELLING FAST - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE

Bad idea, bad idea!

GARY

The Captain has turned on the seat belt sign so- SHIT! MY SEAT BELT!

Gary fastens his seat belt just as the Cruiser CRASHES INTO THE GATE-- stopping it dead in its tracks. Gary's air bag goes off and George smacks his head on the dash board.

GEORGE

Why didn't my bag go off?!

Gary throws it in reverse and backs away-- he slams on the breaks and drops the gear into drive. He speeds the Cruiser toward the gate once again.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Wait, don't do it again! If it didn't work the first time-

*
*
*

This time the Cruiser SMASHES THROUGH THE GATE WITH EASE.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Hey, alright! We did it!

Gary high-fives George then-- DRIVES OVER A SET OF SPIKE STRIPS. Wheels explode. Hubcaps roll. Sparks fly.

The Armed Guards aim their weapons at the car. AN ALARM SOUNDS OFF in the complex.

Gary crawls out of the Cruiser and crouches behind the door with the LOUD SPEAKER MIC.

GARY

GIVE UP, GREASEBALLS! THIS IS THE NYPD POLICE!

GEORGE

We're in Los Angeles.

GARY

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU'RE UP TO IN
THERE- WE JUST WANT THE WOMAN!

GEORGE

What about my wife?

GARY

Oh yeah, right- PLUS HIS WIFE
...THE OTHER WOMAN, THE PREGNANT
ONE.

GEORGE

She's not pregnant.

GARY

-really?

Gary shrugs.

GARY (cont'd)

I'LL GIVE YOU TILL THE COUNT OF
THREE. ONE-

A legion of MACHINE GUN BULLETS PEPPER THE CRUISER. Gary and George dive behind the car-- barely missing getting shot.

GARY (cont'd)

We give! We give! Stop shooting!

THE SHOOTING CEASES but the Cruiser is swiss cheese. Gary stands up with his arms raised. George is balled up in the fetal position-- SCREAMING UNCONTROLLABLY.

INT. THE FREIGHTER - MOMENTS LATER

Gary and George are led along a bridge by two Armed Guards, DAVE and BRIAN.

GARY

That's right, take us to your
leader.

DAVE THE GUARD

Shut up!

Dave the Guard elbows Gary in the spine.

GEORGE

Don't stir the pot, Gary. Just do
as they say.

BRIAN THE GUARD

You too!

Brian the Guard punches George in the kidney.

GEORGE

Hey, I'm trying to cooperate.

INT. FREIGHTER/CONTAINMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Maude, dress torn, mascara running down her face, paces in an empty office-sized room in the belly of the boat. She looks to the door as-- the Guards push Gary and George inside.

GARY

Hey...I found you!

*

Maude rolls her eyes. If this is her calvary she's dead.

Gary moves in to hug her but just as he reaches out-- Brian whacks him in the back of the neck with a STEEL CHAIR.

BRIAN THE GUARD

Have a seat, dick.

DAVE THE GUARD

Nice pun.

BRIAN THE GUARD

Ya, I wasn't going to say it but I thought what the hell, it's funny.

The Guards howl at this and exit.

MAUDE

(to Gary)

Get up. He didn't hit you that hard.

GARY

What's with you? No 'thanks for coming to rescue me'?

MAUDE

Some rescue. You're in the same cell as me. And you bring along this slug as your back up? Thanks for nothing.

GEORGE

Hey, this guy risked his life for
you. I say you start showing him a
little respect.

GARY

Hey, hey, I can't have my partner
and girlfriend fighting like this.

GEORGE

I'm not your partner.

MAUDE

And I'm definitely not your
girlfriend.

GARY

Fine. We're just a little more than
friends. Now, where are we?

MAUDE

This is Bronson Davis' ship.

George can't believe it. Gary nods.

GARY

I don't know who that is.

MAUDE

America's largest weapons
manufacturer? He's threatened to
sell his missiles to terrorists?

GEORGE

It's been all over the news.

GARY

Let's pretend I've been pretty
wasted for the last few years and I
don't know a thing.

GEORGE

Yeah, let's 'pretend'.

MAUDE

Bronson Davis, created a new ICBM
to rid the-

GARY

Wait, what's that?

MAUDE
(condescendingly)
Intercontinental Ballistic Missile.

GARY
Well, don't talk to me like I'm an idiot. I know some things. Now, what does this IBS thing have to do with you?

MAUDE
I was the IC wetware responsible for disambiguating the microprocessor verbiage on the PRP-111B Serenity B2G operation. Standard 1K buffer garbage.

Gary stares blankly at Maude-- not understanding a word.

GARY
Al-right.

MAUDE
But I couldn't just sit there and operationalize a terrorsymp's WMD that has CL capabilities and an AN/APR-50 DMS. So I hijacked the microminiaturized inertial guidance-

GARY
Whoa, whoa, whoa! I have no idea what the fuck you're talking about?

GEORGE
Yeah, you kinda lost me too.

MAUDE
I stole microchips. Microchips that guide bombs. Bombs that can decimate the entire state of California if they fall into the wrong hands.

GEORGE
Well, who's hands are they in now?

MAUDE
They're safe. My Grandmother has them.

GARY
Who? Your dead Grandmother or another one?

MAUDE

Oh my god! My Grandmother's dead?!

GARY

Oh, they didn't tell you? Yeah, she was murdered. They worked her over pretty good too. Her face was a mess. Big, black bruises all over her neck. Veins bursted. Blood-

*
*

GEORGE

OK, that's enough.

MAUDE

Oh my God...

*
*

Maude turns into George's chest, crying.

*

GEORGE

It's alright. It's OK.

*
*

Gary snuggles up for some comfort too-- stroking her hair.

*

GARY

Yeah, it's OK. The old gal had a long, fruitful life.

MAUDE

(shoving them away)

That means Bronson doesn't need me if he already has the chips.

*

GARY

What chips?

GEORGE

The microchips! Get your head in the game, Gary.

*

*

MAUDE

There's a chance they're still secure. I told my Gramma to hide the chips in a bag of Smoky Bacon potato chips and take them to the highest authority, now if she-

*

*

GARY

Oh, those chips? She gave 'em to me.

*

*

MAUDE

And what did you do with them?

*

INSERT SHOT: ECU OF GARY'S HAND--

-- packed with potato chips and shiny little COMPUTER SILICON MICROCHIPS. He crams the handful in his mouth.

INT. CONTAINMENT ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Maude and George stare at Gary's stomach.

GARY
(panicked)
Oh Jeezus- Am I going to explode?!

MAUDE
Are you retarded?

GARY
(answering honestly)
No.

MAUDE
Well, at least they're safe there.
Just don't tell anyone where they
are.

GEORGE
And try not to take a shit.

GARY
I'm getting out here. I'm a tickin'
time bomb.

GEORGE
There's no way out.

Gary scans the room-- searching for an escape route. On the ceiling, beyond some standard water pipes, a METAL GRATE catches his eye.

GARY
The grate. George, help me up.

Gary takes off his belt and climbs up on George's shoulders.
HE WHIPS HIS BELT REPEATEDLY at a water pipe.

GEORGE
What are you doing?

GARY
Stupid thing won't wrap around. It
should just catch on something.

GEORGE

What the hell would it catch on?
It's smooth leather. Get off me!

Gary examines a SMALL PORT LIGHT WINDOW. It's black outside.
He shrouds his face against it-- trying to see out.

GARY

Don't know where this leads to.
Too dark to see. Only one way to
find out.

Gary grabs the steel chair.

GEORGE AND MAUDE

NO!!!

Gary SMASHES IT AGAINST THE WINDOW. WATER SHOOTS THROUGH-- *
knocking Gary clear across the room.

GEORGE

What have you done?!

Gary manages to fight the gushing water and rise to his feet.
He attempts to walk to the window-- WATER SLAMMING HIS FACE.

GARY

(water gurgling his voice)
Gotta...swim...through it.

MAUDE

We can't fit through there!

Gary turns his face away to nab a couple of breaths.

GARY

No, it's simple geometry. If you
can fit your head through you can
fit your whole body!

Gary washes back across the room again.

MAUDE

This an air-tight room. The water's
going to continue to rise.

GEORGE

This was a bad idea.

GARY

OK, back to the first idea. We wait
'till the room fills up with water
and swim up to that ceiling grate.

GEORGE

I can't swim, Gar.

GARY

Then I'll swim for the both of us.

George, clearly traumatized by the water, nods at Gary. Gary gives Maude a wink. His confidence relaxes her-- maybe this guy really does know what he's doing.

INT. CONTAINMENT ROOM - 3 MINUTES LATER

THE ROOM IS ALMOST FILLED WITH WATER. Maude hangs from a pipe. George clings to Gary's back. Gary yanks on the grate.

GARY

Damn thing won't budge. Hey, George? Grab the fucking pipe already- your meat hooks are digging into my neck.

GEORGE

I don't want to die like this. LORD HELP ME! OH LORD, HEEEEELLLLPP!!!

EXT. FREIGHTER/CONTAINMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dave the Guard hears FAINT SCREAMS coming from the room. He turns the lock and opens the door. ALL THE WATER RUSHES OUT OF THE ROOM-- slamming him against the railing.

INT. FREIGHTER/CONTAINMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

GARY

Something's happening! Hang on!

Maude and George grip the pipe. For some reason, Gary doesn't- - he rides the wave right out the door.

EXT. FREIGHTER/CONTAINMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gary slams right into Dave-- KNOCKING HIM OUT COLD. Gary picks him up and slams his limp body against the wall. *

GARY

Not so tough now, are you?

GARY PUNCHES DAVE across the face.

GARY (cont'd)

Now, I want some answers, greasy.
Tell me how we get out of here.

He takes a step back and KNEES HIM OVER AND OVER again.

MAUDE

Stop it! He's already unconscious!

GARY

The right cross works every time.

Gary drops Dave's body as George bursts out of the room.

GEORGE

DEBBIE!?!?

MAUDE

Hey, keep your voice down.

DEBBIE (O.C.)

(in the distance)

GEORGE?! YOU GET ME OUT OF HERE
RIGHT NOW!

George spots Debbie locked in a cell-- TWO STORIES UP. *

GEORGE

I'M COMING, GIRL!

GARY

I think we should stick together.

GEORGE

Forget it, you're bad luck,
Bushell. I'm getting my Debbie and
getting out of here. *

George takes off up the stairs.

Down the hallway-- a group of GUARDS round the corner.

MAUDE

(to Gary)

Step back.

Gary steps behind Maude as she CHOPS ONE GUARD IN THE THROAT
and snatches his gun from him with lightening speed. She
HEADBUTTS ANOTHER Guard-- SHATTERING HIS NOSE.

GARY

Eww. Hey, look out.

A GUARD CHARGES AT HER with a taser-- She LEG SWEEPS him to the floor and then FLIPS ANOTHER Guard on his back.

GARY (cont'd)
Nice one. Two on your left.

Maude runs and DROPS KICKS THE TWO GUARDS off the balcony.

GARY (cont'd)
Wow, that was...you know karate?

MAUDE
Duck!

Gary hits the floor-- behind him, a Guard holds a HARPOON GUN. Maude strikes a perfect SPINNING HEEL KICK to his head.

MAUDE (cont'd)
Northern Shaolin long fist, under Master Richard Tang...and a couple lessons at the Y.

She winks and runs ahead. Gary follows her.

EXT. FREIGHTER/HALLWAY - NIGHT

George turns the lock on the containment room, freeing his wife.

GEORGE
Oh Debbie, I love you so much.

*
*

She slaps him across the face.

DEBBIE
How dare you allow this to happen to me? A real man would stand up and defend his wife, not cower in the back seat all hand-cuffed.

GEORGE
Bitch, shut the fuck up! You got two choices, stay here locked up and lose some goddamn weight or come with me and let me save your fat ass. Which is it gonna be?

DEBBIE
(clearly moved)
George, you've never spoken to me like that before.

*
*

GEORGE

YEAH, well...you like it?

DEBBIE

NO!!! Now outa the way. I'm getting
out of here.

*

*

She pushes past George and charges up a staircase.

GEORGE

OK baby, I'm right behind you.
Whoops, watch your step now.

INT. FREIGHTER/LARGE OFFICE - NIGHT

A group of Arabs and a group of North Koreans-- we'll call
them TERRORISTS-- sit with their TRANSLATORS across from
BRONSON DAVIS-- at the moment UNSEEN. THUGS man the door.

BRONSON DAVIS (O.C.)

So, gentlemen, I trust you enjoyed
the gifts we sent over?

The Groups confer with their translators.

KOREAN TRANSLATOR

Much pleasure was enjoyed.

ARAB TRANSLATOR

His majesty found them too unclean
and unfit to be bestowed upon such
a regal man.

BRONSON DAVIS (O.C.)

Well, next time we'll have to find
some hookers more to his majesty's
liking. But I trust we're still in
business together?

*

*

They nod as Bronson's cell phone RINGS to the tune of-- 'THE
KING OF WISHFUL THINKING' by Go West. He flips it open.

*

*

BRONSON DAVIS (cont'd)

Yes? What?...Well, take care of it,
I'm in the middle of a sales
meeting here.

INT. FREIGHTER/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Maude and Gary run through the labyrinth of boat hallways.

GARY

Down here. Over here. This way!

MAUDE

Where are you taking us?

GARY

I don't know. I'm lost.

MAUDE

There, that's the exit. C'mon.

GARY

I can't. Not without my partner.

MAUDE

He's as good as dead by now.

GARY

Then I'll cart his heavy carcass
out of here and give him the
funeral he deserves. Let's go!

INT. FREIGHTER/LARGE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Gary and Maude burst through the door-- THEY FREEZE.

PULL OUT, TO REVEAL

It's Bronson's office. The Terrorists and Thugs all draw
their weapons.

EXT. FREIGHTER/UPPER DECK - NIGHT

*

George helps his wife into a LIFE BOAT.

*

DEBBIE

George, get on the boat, right now!

George looks back in the direction of the ship's hull.

GEORGE

I can't leave him. Sorry, baby.

*

DEBBIE

Then gimme some sugar!

*

GEORGE

I don't have any goddamn sugar.

DEBBIE
(licking her teeth)
No. This sugar.

GEORGE
Oh, Debbie.

They embrace for a long, passionate, make-out session.

GEORGE (cont'd)
I love you baby.

He lowers her to the water and then turns around to see-- 10 GUARDS SURROUNDING HIM. George grins and takes off his coat-- finally caught up in the excitement of it all. *

GEORGE (cont'd)
Let's do this. Now you're messin'
with Raven. Ex-Green Beret!

George cocks his fist back-- but he's INSTANTLY TASED FROM BEHIND by a Brian the Guard. He goes down.

GUARD #1
Nice work.

BRIAN THE GUARD
Yeah, well, the guy had his back to
me, what was I going to do?

INT. FREIGHTER/LARGE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

EVERYONE IS YELLING. Trust has completely broken down--

GARY
Whoops, looks like we interrupted
something here so we'll let you
continue with your...gun party. *

The door shuts behind him. It's Tisnewski-- dressed in some TINY BORROWED CLOTHING. He sticks a gun to Gary's head.

TISNEWSKI
The party's just getting started.

BRONSON DAVIS, 67, rises from his desk. He's an amiable, old uncle type. Hardly the picture of a terrorist.

BRONSON DAVIS
Please lower your weapons. We're
all friends here. I apologize for
this... interruption.

MAUDE

You son-of-a-bitch, you killed my
Grandmother.

BRONSON DAVIS

I'm not a murderer. I'm a business
man.

MAUDE

Some business. Do your friends here
know that you're peddling broken
merchandise?

The Terrorists confer quietly with their Translators.

MAUDE (cont'd)

His ICBM's are useless. The
guidance chips have been removed
and are missing. Isn't that right?

BRONSON DAVIS

Temporarily. But we have our ways
of finding out what we need. I
assure you, gentlemen, the ICBM's
will be fully operational upon
delivery. Sgt. Tisnewski, take them
back to holding.

TISNEWSKI

This guy's safer dead.

BRONSON DAVIS

Fine. Kill him- but we need her.

MAUDE

For the last time, I don't know
where they are!

Tisnewski aims his pistol at Gary's face. Gary realizes the
gravity of the situation.

GARY

Wait, wait, you can't shoot me! I
know where the chips are.

MAUDE

Gary, shut up!

Bronson walks toward Gary-- salivating for the information.

BRONSON DAVIS

No, please, continue.

GARY

OK, but here's the deal. We leave without any fuss and then I'll telephone you with the info.

BRONSON DAVIS

You're in no position to make that demand.

GARY

Well then, how 'bout...THIS!

Gary shoves Bronson into Tisnewski and grabs Maude's hand. They make a break for it-- out the door and down the hall.

INT. FREIGHTER/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Gary and Maude charge for the exit. In the b.g. Tisnewski raises his gun from the office.

BRONSON DAVIS

Don't kill him! I need him alive!

Gary kicks open the door. THE SUNRISE LIGHT BEAMS IN. Freedom. Just as he pushes Maude out the door-- GARY IS SHOT IN THE BACK. He tries to leave but he slumps to the floor.

GARY'S FADING POV

Tisnewski walks over to him.

TISNEWSKI

You gotta be the worst detective I've ever seen.

WASH TO WHITE:

SEQUENCE OF DREAM-LIKE IMAGES

-- FLASHBACK of Gladdy calling Gary a hero mixed over footage of the Old Woman from the Shotgun show saying the same thing.

-- FLASHBACK of Gary driving his Monte Carlo intercut with footage of Shotgun Harley driving. They both slam into a fruit stand.

-- Gary and George jumping off the roof matched with a clip of Shotgun and Raven jumping off a bridge.

-- BLURRY FACES behind a BRIGHT MEDICAL LIGHT.

MAN'S VOICE

He knows something. He's not telling us. Shock him again.

-- Gary, strapped to a table with wires attached to his body-- is ELECTROCUTED.

-- Maude being dragged away down a dark tunnel. *

MAUDE

(distant echo)

Gary! Help meeeeeeee!

INT. GARY'S ROOM - DAY

GARY

MAGGIE!!!

Gary rocks forward in bed, swinging his fists wildly into the air-- still in fight mode. His eyes are wide. Sweat brews. *

He is back at the Landmark Motel-- in his old room. He checks his back. No wounds. He is beyond confusion. He rubs his pounding head-- the WORST HANGOVER EVER has set in. *

ON THE TV

A Shotgun Harley episode plays. Shotgun and Raven are investigating a ship docked on a pier. *

RAVEN

What do you make of this, Shotgun?

GARY TALKS BACK TO THE SCREEN

GARY

I don't know George. Wait- what?

Gary looks around-- jittery. Was this all a dream? *

THERE IS A KNOCK AT HIS DOOR. He rises out of bed in his old bathrobe. He grabs a regular DULL KITCHEN KNIFE and cautiously opens the door. *

EXT. MOTEL/2ND FLOOR LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Serge stands there in his suit, satchel and sunglasses.

SERGE

There's my boy! We had a 10AM, pal.
You forgot?

*
*
*

GARY

Serge?

Gary looks past Serge-- it's a beautiful sunny day at the
LANDMARK MOTEL. Gary strains his brain-- trying to remember.

*

GARY (cont'd)

This is wrong. I should be dead.

SERGE

After the amount of alcohol you
boozed back? Oh ya!

*

Gary walks past Serge and stumbles along the landing in a
daze. He passes the laundry room. Inside, a BROKEN PIPE SPEWS
WATER-- it collects in the pool below.

*
*

SERGE (cont'd)

Where are you going? Wait.

GARY

They shot me. They want me dead.

SERGE

Wrong. The cops shot you with a
tranq gun, Gar. You deserved it.
You were whacked out wasted. Now
get dressed- this is a big meeting
I swung you, bro.

*

EXT. MOTEL/COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS (TRAVELLING)

SERGE

Did that queef manager not give you
my messages?

*

He looks up to the roof-- TWO MEN watch him with BINOCULARS.
SOMEONE SNAPS A PHOTO of him from a room.

*

GARY

Look! They're watching me. There
are people taking my picture- I
know too much!

SERGE

It's the paparazzi, pal. You're
steaming right now. The trash rags
are obsessed-

*

He pulls out TRASH MAGS. Gary is all over them, boozing. The captions read-- 'SHOTGUN GETS BLASTED!' and 'LOADED SHOTGUN!'.

SERGE (cont'd)

You've been causing quite a scene.

Another magazine has a picture of Maude, in her red dress, and Gary on the cover. It reads, 'MODEL STALKED BY HACK-TOR'.

GARY

That's the girl! What is this?

SERGE

Stay away, Gar. Seriously, I'm not bailing you out of jail again.

(looking at the picture)

Although, I gotta say. I don't blame ya. She is a fine piece of meat. I'd pot her.

GARY

Wha'?

TWO KOREAN MEN pass Gary and enter room 106. Gary glances inside. The room is identical to Bronson's boat office. KOREAN and ARAB people watch Bronson on a TV. BREAKING NEWS.

The door closes on Gary. He shakes his head-- it's too much.

GARY (cont'd)

No, no. This- this is crazy.

SERGE

I'll tell you what's crazy, bro. I just got off the phone with the Dreamworks peeps and it's official! We're making Shotgun Harley- The Movie!

GARY

What? No way. You expect me to believe that?

SERGE

I got your co-star waiting in the lobby- desperate to meet you. Want to throw him a handshake and a how-ya-doin'?

Gary looks over to the lobby. Manager Joe is sweeping up around the doors.

MANAGER JOE

Ah, good morning, Mr. Bushell. I thank you again for your rent check. I hope we can put this unpleasantness behind us.

GARY

Uh, yeah. Sure.

SERGE

I covered you on that one, bro. Big stars need a home, right?

Gary laughs. He can't believe it.

GARY

Are you shitting me? Is this for real?

SERGE

Your dreams are coming true, Gar.

If this is a dream then Gary doesn't want to wake up.

GARY

How fucking drunk was I?

SERGE

You nearly raped a cop, you harassed Gegrge Sampson and his family. Going on and on about microchips and that you knew where they were.

GARY

Oh yeah- I thought I ate microchips. What was I thinking?

Serge smiles at Gary. He waves over toward the lobby.

SERGE

Hey, Owen! Over here!

OWEN WILSON enters the courtyard-- eating a jelly donut.

OWEN WILSON

This donut is great. I haven't had one in years. I used to be addicted to those little, tiny powered sugar ones. You remember those things? Tiny Toms I think they were called.

SERGE

Owen, this is-

OWEN WILSON

-Mr. Gary Bushell, no introduction necessary. Big fan, sir. Big fan.

Gary shakes his hand. Gary is immediately won over by Owen's natural charm and charisma. *

SERGE

Well, I'll let you guys shmocze. I gotta go try these donuts.

Serge leaves as Owen and Gary grab a seat by the pool. Gary is still stunned by everything. *

GARY

Wow. This is- wow.

OWEN WILSON

I love your place here. Nice and secluded- and a pool! I am big water baby.

Owen pulls out the SHOTGUN SCRIPT and lights a cigarette.

OWEN WILSON (cont'd)

Have you had a chance to flip through the script yet?

GARY

Well, ya. I wrote the thing so-

OWEN WILSON

No, it says here it was written by some guy named Serge.

GARY

Sono fa-

OWEN WILSON

That's a funny name. Serge. It's a funny script too. Lotsa scatological humor. You know that's the stuff that really makes the audience laugh.

Gary grabs the script and flips through his plagiarized work.

GARY

That's... wrong 'cause there's not supposed to be any laughing.

OWEN WILSON

A gay detective who doesn't know what he's doing? That's funny.

GARY

I wasn't- he wasn't gay!

OWEN WILSON

C'mon, he was so gay. With the tight jeans, the moustache? He was Lord of the gays.

GARY

Shotgun was a hero.

OWEN WILSON

(writing in his script)

Ha! Hero! That's funny. Can I use that in the movie? I'll use it in my dress-up montage with Raven. Hey, did you hear? Snoop's on board to play Raven?

GARY

No. Um, what part are you playing?

OWEN WILSON

Shotgun. I'm Shotgun.

GARY

I'm Shotgun.

Confused, Owen shakes his head and checks through the script.

OWEN WILSON

No...I think you're a fruit stand vender or something. Yeah, here- I drive my Monte Carlo into your fruit cart and you shake your fist at me. Then I'm like, 'I betcha that guy just pooped his bum!'

(he howls at the line)

See? That's funny.

*

Gary hangs his head. Owen puts his hand on Gary's shoulder.

OWEN WILSON (cont'd)

I know that disappoints you but I got something that'll cheer you up.

Owen leads Gary over to a view of the lobby. Through the window is-- OWEN'S YELLOW HUMMER parked in front. It's an eyesore. Owen's smiling face is painted all over it.

*

OWEN WILSON (cont'd)
What do you think? We got a bunch
of these driving around town
promoting You, Me and Dupree Two. A
little birdy told me you like to
chase 'em.

GARY
Yeah, I guess so.

OWEN WILSON
(tossing him the keys)
I'll do you one better. Why don't
you take her for a spin? A quick
one. I'm gunna do some laps. I like
to see how many lengths I can do
underwater. One time I did five.

Owen takes off his pants and DIVES INTO THE POOL.

Gary sighs. It finally dawns on him that he is, and always
will be, a wash up. Gary turns his head facing--

A SPECIAL OPS SOLDIER in a tinted helmet and combat gear,
aiming an AK-47 right at his face. The Soldier shoves Gary
into a nearby stairwell.

GARY
Hey, hey, easy there! You got the
wrong guy!

The Soldier takes off the combat helmet-- IT'S MAUDE. She
shakes the knots out of her perfect blonde hair.

GARY (cont'd)
What are you doing here?

MAUDE
(into pocket radio)
This is Cobra. I've secured the
package. I need an evac, asap.

Doug the Thug walks by with an ELECTRICAL TASER.

MAUDE (cont'd)
Package is on the move-

She grabs Gary's hand and bolts up the stairs. He stops her
on the landing.

GARY

Whoa, whoa, hold up there, Gert or
Cobra or whatever your goddamn name
is, this is not the way to get my
package-

*
*
*
*
*
*

Maude grabs Gary by the neck and pins him against the wall.

MAUDE

(whispering)

Listen to me. I'm a Black Ops
officer for the US government sent
here to retrieve you. I need you to
stick close and do exactly as I say
or we're both gonna die. Got it?

*
*
*
*
*
*

She charges up the stairs. Gary reluctantly follows.

EXT. MOTEL/2ND FLOOR LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Maude and Gary reach the top of the landing but are trapped
by Dale the Thug, walking toward them from the opposite end--
A SHOTGUN IN HIS HAND.

GARY

OK, alright, I get it. This is all
like TV's Blooper's and Practical
Jokes, right? Now that I'm famous
again, you-

*
*
*
*
*
*

She easily throws Gary right through the wall.

INT. MOTEL/CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

He lays on the floor in a LONG, EMPTY SHELL OF A MOTEL
COMPLEX-- Wood support beams, dust and plastic wrapping.

MAUDE

DOES THIS LOOK LIKE A FUCKING JOKE?

Maude checks her GPS locator and takes off down the long
empty corridor. Gary scrambles behind her.

GARY

What the hell is this?

MAUDE

This is a full scale replica of the
Landmark motel built on Bronson's
private proving grounds. He was
trying to brainwash you.

*
*
*
*
*
*

GARY

You expect me to believe that? *

MAUDE

See for yourself. *

She points to a GAPING HOLE in the wall of the replica. *
Outside is vast desert-- MILES OF SAND DUNES. ARMED GUARDS *
(BRONSON'S MEN) surround the complex. *

GARY

Jeezus. Why would they do this? *

MAUDE

It's Nazi psychology 101. Lull you *
back into everyday life- get you to *
divulge the location of the chips. *

Maude checks her GPS again and slams her shoulder through *
another faux wall. *

INT. GARY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS *

Gary peeks into his room. He is bewildered. *

MAUDE

Now, when we were on the boat did- *

GARY

Yes, I knew I was on a boat. *

Maude rolls her eyes. She is losing patience-- and time. *

MAUDE

Yes, we were on a boat. Pay *
attention! *

GARY

I'm sorry, I'm just a little messed *
up here. Two minutes ago, I thought *
I dreamt all that shit, now you're *
telling me it really happened. *

MAUDE

Everything. *

GARY

Wait, then where's George? *

MAUDE

Who's George? *

GARY

The guy I was with. Moustache
ahh...the black guy.

MAUDE

Who cares?

GARY

I care- he's my friend.

MAUDE

Knowing Bronson- he's probably
dead.

Gary is leveled by the thought. He hangs his head.

GARY

Oh, God. George. It's all my fault.

Maude blind sides Gary with a NEEDLE IN THE BELLY.

GARY (cont'd)

Ow, what the fuck?

MAUDE

It's a general anesthesia to
eliminate the pain.

GARY

For what?

Maude unsheathes a HUGE SURVIVAL KNIFE.

MAUDE

Some quick abdominal surgery. I
need those microchips. It's nothing
personal.

GARY

No, no, no, wait, wait! Just wait!

MAUDE

There's no time. The world depends
on it. Now open up your robe.

GARY

There's gotta be a another way.

INT. GARY'S ROOM/BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Gary sits on the toilet. He picks at a crack on the wall-- it
crumbles.

MAUDE (O.C.)
Anything yet?

GARY
Not yet.

Gary strains his face. He release a tiny toot.

MAUDE (O.C.)
Was that it?

GARY
No, it was just- hey, it's kind of
difficult with you standing right
outside the door. Do you mind?

Gary strains again-- nothing. He gets up and stamps his feet. *

GARY (cont'd)
Ah, my legs are all tingly.

MAUDE
It's the anesthesia. I gave you a
pretty high dosage. You won't be
feeling anything for hours.

Gary slaps himself in the cheek. She's right. He looks at
himself in the mirror-- it's made of tin foil. *

GARY
They really did just slap this
whole thing together, huh? There's
one thing I don't get. If this
motel is all fake- which worked by
the way, 'cause I'm really fucked
up right now- why is the manager
here? And Serge- why didn't he say
anything? Doesn't make any sense.

SERGE (O.C.)
It makes perfect sense, Gar.

Gary opens the door, revealing-- *

INT. GARY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SERGE-- stands in the middle of the room, sweaty and on edge.
Beside him is DOUG THE THUG-- HOLDING THE SURVIVAL KNIFE TO
MAUDE'S THROAT. *

SERGE

They threatened my life. My life.
It was a pretty sweet life too
before you barged into my office
with that shit script of yours. I'm
too young and rich to die, bro.

*
*
*
*
*

GARY

Let her go!

*
*
*
*

SERGE

They will if you give them the
chips, Gar.

*
*
*

GARY

I can't do that.

*

SERGE

Fine- then kill her.

*

Doug touches the knife to Maude's throat. She winces.

*

GARY

(to Doug)

Hey, I'd be careful if I were you.
She's with the black army.

*
*
*

DOUG THE THUG

What, this little thing?

*

*

Doug kisses Maude on the neck then heaves her across the room
and through a wall.

*

*

SERGE

Now slice open his belly and get
those chips!

*

*

Doug charges at Gary-- KNIFE RAISED. Gary grabs Doug's arm as
they fall back onto the floor. The blade inches closer and
closer to Gary's stomach.

*

*

Maude pops up behind Doug-- with a PIECE OF BARBED WIRE. She
wraps it around his neck and yanks hard. Doug clutches his
throat as the blood drips all over Gary's face.

*

*

*

GARY

Oh my gawd! Oh gawd! That's
disgusting. Get'im off!

*

*

*

Dale the Thug-- BLASTS OPEN THE DOOR WITH A SHOTGUN. Maude
GRABS the knife and THROWS IT ACROSS THE ROOM-- it plunges
right into Dale's forehead. He drops the shotgun and falls
forward-- dead.

*

*

*

GARY (cont'd)
Jeezus. Eww. You just- Eww.

Gary watches Dale's death in horror as he slides out from
under Doug's heavy carcass. Doug rolls on his back--
struggling to stay alive.

Maude picks up her AK-47 and PEPPERS DOUG WITH BULLETS.

GARY (cont'd)
Enough! Enough! He's dead!

She points her gun at Serge-- who shivers in the corner.

SERGE
Gar, I'm sorry. But what was I
going to do. Please, don't. I'll do
anything. Anything.

GARY
(turns to Maude)
He's harmless. Let him live.

MAUDE
Fine. We got to get to the roof.
Let's move.

Maude kicks the Shotgun up into Gary's hands.

MAUDE (cont'd)
I assume you know how to use a
shotgun.

GARY
Only if it's a rubber one.

MAUDE
Just aim and fire. Kill them before
they kill you.

She runs out to the landing. Gary follows-- his bathrobe
flapping behind him.

EXT. MOTEL/2ND FLOOR LANDING - MOMENTS LATER

Maude maneuvers along with her rifle. Gary waves around the
Shotgun like a lunatic-- no idea what he's doing.

Brian the Guard blocks their path. He's got a TASER.

GARY
Watch out!

BRIAN THE GUARD
Guns?! Aw, fu-

Gary pushes Maude out of the way and FIRES AT BRIAN-- BLOWING HIS CHEST APART. He stares at the SMOKING BARREL OF HIS SHOTGUN-- completely freaked out.

MAUDE
(winking at Gary)
Wasn't so hard, was it?

GUARD #1 pops out of a door with a taser. Gary pulls the trigger. Misfire.

GARY
My gun's broken. It's defective.

Maude spins in front of Gary, wraps the Guard up in an armbar and USES THE TASER ON HIS FACE. He falls over the railing.

MAUDE
You've got to cock it.

MORE OF BRONSON'S GUARDS, armed WITH MACHINE GUNS, pop up from everywhere.

MAUDE (cont'd)
There! Over there! Three o'clock!
On your right!

Gary follows her instructions, cocking and blasting-- KILLING EVERYONE IN HIS PATH. He can't believe he's doing this.

GARY
I'M MURDERING PEOPLE!!!

MAUDE
Behind you!

Gary spins around and SHOOTS AT ANOTHER PERSON exiting a room. IT'S MANAGER JOE-- carrying a box of donuts. The blast sends him flying back into the room.

GARY
Oh my God! No, Joe!

MAUDE
He was probably one of them.

GARY
I don't think he was. Why did I do that?

MAUDE

C'mon, there's no time to wallow
over spilled milk.

GARY

Spilled milk?

Gary follows Maude up the stairs to the roof.

EXT. MOTEL/ROOF - DAY

Our heroes burst through the door. An AMERICAN BLACKHAWK
HELICOPTER APPROACHES across the desert horizon.

Gary throws the shotgun down on the gravel-- clearly
emotional.

GARY

I can't- kill people anymore. I'm
not a killer, I'm an actor. There's
blood on my hands. Innocent blood.

Maude looks into Gary's watery eyes.

MAUDE

Listen to me. Sometimes good people
die for the greater good.

GARY

I'm not cut out for this hero shit.

She tenderly holds Gary's face.

MAUDE

Look at me, it wasn't your fault.

Gary looks at Maude. She glows like an angel in the sun. He
moves in for a kiss-- Maude stops him.

MAUDE (cont'd)

What are you doing?

GARY

Sorry, I got caught up in the
moment.

MAUDE

People are dying. You have pieces
of skull on your bathrobe.

GARY

Right, well...when you put it that way, I guess it's not that sexy.

*

AMERICAN BLACK OP SOLDIERS drop to the rooftop from the Helicopter's zip lines. They move to tactical positions. A HELICOPTER LADDER is dropped.

*

*

MAUDE

Get up the ladder. Hurry up.

GARY

Yes, ma'am.

Gary sticks his foot onto the ladder. It's a lot more difficult to climb then it looks. He wobbles uncontrollably.

MAUDE

Quit fooling around and climb the damn ladder.

GARY

I'm trying to. This a trick ladder?

From the courtyard below, Bronson's Guards OPEN FIRE ON THE HELICOPTER. The Black Op Soldiers return the fire.

*

*

MAUDE

Abort! Abort!

GARY

No, I'm getting the hang of this.

Gary holds on to the ladder for dear life as the Helicopter raises him up into the sky-- then immediately crashes him back down onto the roof. His body is dragged across the gravel and over the ledge.

*

EXT. MOTEL/COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Gary is smacked on all sides of the courtyard walls as the Helicopter struggles for stability.

*

One of Bronson's Guards aims a ROCKET PROPELLED GRENADE (RPG) at it from the lobby.

*

*

GARY

Oh, come on!

THE GUARD FIRES THE MISSILE-- BULLSEYE-- THE HELICOPTER EXPLODES. Gary releases the ladder and plunges into the pool.

*

*

FIERY CHOPPER BITS FALL TO THE GROUND.

Gary gasps for breath in the water. He spots Owen Wilson swimming by. Gary pulls him to the surface.

GARY (cont'd)

Hey, man, we gotta get out of-

OWEN WILSON

What the hell, Bushell? I was just about to break my record. You ass-

OWEN IS GUNNED DOWN by a machine gun-- mid-sentence. It's a brutal death. Reminiscent of the Godfather toll booth scene. Gary screams in horror as Owen's blood sprays all over him.

BULLETS WHIZ EVERYWHERE-- Bronson's Guard's and the American Soldiers battle for control in the courtyard.

Gary rolls out of the pool and crawls under a nearby PING-PONG TABLE.

GARY

Oh man, my body's buzzin'.

Through the madness, Gary hears the HIGH PITCHED SQUEAL of a familiar voice. He follows the squeal down a hallway.

INT. AN EMPTY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

George is strapped to a chair and bleeding like hell. He is being worked over by Tisnewski.

TISNEWSKI

I've had it with your lies. Tell me where the goddamn chips are?

GEORGE

I don't...know.

George spots Gary-- sneaking into the room. Gary shushes him. George nods. Gary reaches down for a ALUMINUM BASEBALL BAT-- but it slips from his wet fingers and CLANGS TO THE FLOOR.

Tisnewski spins, catching Gary crouched over-- wincing.

TISNEWSKI

Well, if it isn't my favorite dick.

GARY

You alright, George?

GEORGE

Do I look alright?

TISNEWSKI

You know, I was hired to keep this whole thing hush hush but you kept sticking your nose in there- acting like an action hero and fucking things up. Well, now I'm gunna fuck you up.

Tisnewski kicks Gary in the chest-- sending him teetering backwards into the wall.

TISNEWSKI (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Ooo, and it feels good!

GARY

That was weird- didn't feel a thing.

TISNEWSKI

Bullshit. Try this.

Tisnewski rips off his shirt and charges at Gary.

He connects with a MASSIVE HAYMAKER across Gary's face. Gary spins around and shakes it off.

GARY

That's the best you got?

Tisnewski unleashes a FLURRY OF PUNCHES on Gary's body followed by a SHARP UPPERCUT. Gary staggers a little but he's not injured. THE ANESTHETIC IS DOING ITS WORK.

GEORGE

(awe struck)

Sweet baby Jesus, you are Shotgun!

Tisnewski is shocked too. He backs up while SCREAMING AT THE TOP OF HIS LUNGS. He runs at Gary and jumps-- with a FLYING SIDE KICK. Gary easily side-steps it and Tisnewski crashes through the wall.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Nice one, Shotgun!

Gary unties George's straps.

GARY

Let's get you out of here.

GEORGE

I can't walk, Gar. He broke my legs.

GARY

I'll walk for the both of us.

Tisnewski emerges from the hole in the wall-- RED FACED with VEINS BULGING from his neck.

TISNEWSKI

(panting hard)

This can't be happening. No one can survive that beating.

Tisnewski picks the baseball bat off the floor.

TISNEWSKI (cont'd)

Let's see you get up after I break your legs!

He raises the bat over his head and charges at Gary. HIS EYES BUG OUT. A sharp pain has clearly hit him. He stumbles backwards-- CLUTCHING AT HIS CHEST.

George and Gary watch in astonishment.

TISNEWSKI (cont'd)

My heart...I-

He drops the bat and collapses. He is frothing at the mouth. He reaches for his heart pills-- struggling with the cap.

GARY

I'll get you some water for those pills- then you'll be arrested.

Gary takes Tisnewski's cuffs and LOCKS HIM TO A PIPE. George grabs Tisnewski's pills and chuck's them across the floor.

GEORGE

He's not getting his goddamn pills.
Motherfucker broke both my legs.
Now, get me out of here.

INT. MOTEL/LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Gary pushes George, who rides on top of a LAUNDRY CART, down a hall leading into the lobby. They stop. The crossfire between Bronson's Guards and the American Soldiers outside makes it too dangerous for them to move any further.

Maude drops down from above and SHOOTS SEVERAL NEARBY GUARDS. *

GARY

Would you please stop killing
people?! *

MAUDE

We lost our ride and back up is
late. We need another way out. *

Gary digs into his robe pocket and PULLS OUT THE KEYS TO
OWEN'S HUMMER. *

GARY

How 'bout a Hummer? *

Maude and George look at Gary. What did he just say? *

GARY (cont'd)

The yellow car! *

Gary points through the front door and out at Owen's Hummer--
PARKED 100 FEET AWAY. *

GEORGE

I'm not going out there. *

Maude hands George the RPG that was strapped to her back. *

MAUDE

Here, take this as protection. *

Gary sees Serge outside, cowering behind a newspaper box. He
covers his head-- screaming. *

GARY

It's Serge. We have to help him. *

(shouting over to Serge) *

Hey, Serge, over here! It's me! *

SERGE

Gar!?! Oh, thank God! Help me, bro! *

GARY

It's OK. Come over here, we'll
break out of here together! *

Serge nods and runs in their direction. Two steps in-- he is
NAILED WITH BULLETS. He collapses to the pavement. *

Gary and George look on-- blankly. Maude reloads. *

MAUDE

We can't wait any longer. I'll
cover you. GO!!!

Maude opens fire on Bronson's Guards.

Gary takes off running into the chaos with George and the laundry cart. BULLETS EXPLODE THE WALLS around them. Gary ducks down, using George and the laundry cart as cover. TOWELS EXPLODE under George's ass. He squeals.

INT. OWEN WILSON'S RV - CONTINUOUS

Gary dumps George in the back seat. A bullet plunges into Gary's shoulder. He doesn't even notice it.

GEORGE

Gary, you've been shot!

GARY

Really? I'm sure it's fine.
(he pokes at the wound)
Yeah, I'm good.

Maude jumps in the driver's seat and floors it-- driving over Guards on her way out.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The Hummer SMASHES THROUGH THE WALL and motors away from the complex-- down the LONE ROAD.

MAUDE (O.C.)

We're twelve miles from the air base. We're going to make it.

INT/EXT. OWEN WILSON'S HUMMER - CONTINUOUS

Gary wraps his wound with a piece of his bathrobe. He looks at George, lying across the back seat-- in severe pain.

GARY

We're gonna be alright, partner.

GEORGE

I'm gunna be in a wheelchair for the rest of my life.

GARY

Yep, everything is going to be OK.

GEORGE

Let me die in peace.

*

*

*

Gary spots Owen Wilson's SHOTGUN COSTUME hanging on a hook. He grabs the JACKET and slips it on. A perfect fit.

*

*

*

GARY

How 'bout that. Hey hon, why don't you pull over, let Shotgun drive.

*

*

*

MAUDE

Shotgun's riding shotgun. Buckle up and shut up.

*

*

*

GARY

But that's so Raven. C'mon, I'm wearing the thing here.

*

*

*

Maude SLAMS ON THE BREAKS-- sending Gary soaring THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD and onto the road. He's unscathed. He springs up.

*

*

GARY (cont'd)

Holy shit, I'm invincible.

*

*

A HUGE TANK block the road. HUMVEES pull up and flank the Tank. SOLDIERS jump out and AIM THEIR MACHINE GUNS AT GARY.

*

*

GARY (cont'd)

BRING IT ON!!! YOU CAN'T HURT ME!!!

*

*

Maude steps out of the Hummer.

*

MAUDE

Relax, it's our back up.

*

*

GARY

Oh yeah? 'Bout time.

(to the Soldiers)

Hey guys, the chips are safe. I just need a bran muffin or something and we're good to go.

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

George leans out the windshield-- SHOULDERING THE RPG.

*

GEORGE

Take thy beak from out my heart,
and take thy form from off my door!

*

*

*

*

George flips the scope and aims at the Tank. The TANK PASSENGERS and SOLDIERS flee-- running for their lives.

*

*

*

GARY

GEORGE, NO! THEY'RE ON OUR SIDE!

*

*

*

GEORGE

Quoth the Raven- HEAR MY ROCKET
ROAR!!!

GEORGE FIRES. The Missile whizzes through the sky-- MISSING
THE TANK COMPLETELY.

GARY

OK, first- terrible shot. Second-
they were here to help. And third,
just a brutal catchphrase.

GEORGE

I don't think now's the time for a
glib discussion on the merits of my
catchphrase.

GARY

I'd never be able to repeat it,
therefore- bad catchphrase.

GEORGE

Who gives a damn what I'm sayin'
when I'm trying to shoot the-

George is shot in the chest with a TRANQ DART.

GARY

What the-?

Gary is shot in the back of the neck with a dart too. His
eyes roll back. Not again? He falls forward revealing--
MAUDE, HOLDING A TRANQUILIZER GUN.

MAUDE

(in Russian)

Worst detective ever.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. US BOMBER AIRCRAFT- DAY

A huge BOEING B-52H STRATOFORTRESS soars through the clouds.

INT. BOMBER/CARGO HOLD - DAY

Gary's eyes crack open. He is TIED UP AND GAGGED in the cargo
hold. Beside him is George-- curled up and sleeping.

BRONSON DAVIS STEPS IN FRONT OF Gary-- smiling devilishly. He
then unties Gary's ropes and rips off his gag.

BRONSON DAVIS

There. I bet that feels bett-

Gary lunges at Bronson and pins his wrists against the wall.

GARY

Not so tough now, are ya?

BRONSON DAVIS

Hey, I'm trying to help you here!

GARY

Why would you do that? Aren't you
that- that terrorist guy?

BRONSON DAVIS

I'm not a terrorist. The US
Military wouldn't buy my missiles I
threatened to sell them to
terrorists. North Korea, Hezbollah,
Tanzim Qa'idat fi Bilad al-Rafid
were-

GARY

Stop. I don't know what you're
saying when you talk like that.

He shoves Bronson against the wall.

GARY (cont'd)

Talk English.

BRONSON DAVIS

(sighing)

Bad guys. I threatened to sell them
to bad guys so that they would pay
me more money. It didn't work. So I
was going to pull the plug but your
little friend double-crossed me.

GARY

What little friend? I don't have
any little friends.

BRONSON DAVIS

You know her as Maude but her real
name is Natasha Kushtov, leader of
a Chechen bio-terrorist group.

GARY

No, no, she's an American. FBI or
somethin'.

BRONSON DAVIS

She's a double agent. Undercover
for the US but her alliance was
always with the Chechens.

GARY

What the hell's a Chechen?

BRONSON DAVIS

(rolling his eyes)

When the iron curtain fell, the
Soviet Union was split up into...

TIME DISSOLVE -- MUCH LATER

Bronson has been explaining Russian history for a while.

BRONSON DAVIS (cont'd)

...and to this day the sectarian
turmoil rages on. Basayev himself
said-

GARY

OK, shut up. My head is spinning.
So, you're telling me the girl is
bad news.

BRONSON DAVIS

'The girl' has hijacked this plane
and is planning an attack on US
soil. Is that clear enough for you?

GARY

Wait a second there- back it up-
We're on a plane?!

BRONSON DAVIS

These missiles are catastrophic.
And now fully operational with the
recovered guidance chips.

Gary notices a massive ICBM in the hull of the plane.

GARY

Nu-uh, I got the chips.

BRONSON DAVIS

Do you?

Bronson indicates down to Gary's abdominal section. Gary
pulls up his shirt-- across his stomach is A MASSIVE JAGGED
SCAR. Gary's jaw drops.

GARY

Son of a- Ow, that really hurts.

BRONSON DAVIS

Please, you have to trust me.

GARY

Pfft, I don't know. George, think
we can trust him?

Gary looks down at George-- still unconscious.

BRONSON DAVIS

She's going to hold the world
ransom...we have to stop her.

GARY

Well then...I say...we go stop her.

BRONSON DAVIS

Agreed.

Bronson pulls out a BALL-POINT PEN and picks the lock on the
cargo hold door. He opens it. Gary watches-- dumbfounded.

GARY

How'd you do that?

George moans in the corner. Gary and Bronson drag him along
the floor-- out of the hold.

GARY (cont'd)

George, you keep watch here. I'm
gunna get to the bottom of this.

INT. BOMBER AIRCRAFT/HULL - CONTINUOUS

Gary sneaks through the belly of the plane with Bronson close
behind. They pass various ASSASSINATED US SOLDIERS.

They reach the COCKPIT DOOR. Gary gives a silent count to
three then shoulders open the door, revealing--

TWO US PILOTS sitting at the controls, flying the Bomber.
Their throats have been slashed.

GARY

(an authoritative voice)
Freeze, scumbags! On the floor!

BRONSON DAVIS

They're dead, Gary. And who do you
think's responsible?

Bronson leans in and grabs a Pilot's PISTOL.

BRONSON DAVIS (cont'd)

We have to kill her.

Bronson passes Gary with the Pistol. Gary expertly snatches
it from him-- a move from his old show.

GARY

I think the body count's high
enough for today, don't you think?

Maude bursts out of a recessed storage area-- with a 9mm
GLOCK pointed at Bronson and Gary. Gary aims the Pilot's
Pistol at her. A STRANGE AND AWKWARD STAND OFF.

BRONSON DAVIS

Zdravstvuite, Natasha.

MAUDE

Gary, I know you're confused. But
don't believe him. He's messing
with your head again. Trust me.

BRONSON DAVIS

Are you going to trust someone who
shot you in the neck and then
gutted you like a fish?

MAUDE

He locked you up and made you think
you were a raging alcoholic.

GARY

At least he's not a commie.

He pulls back the hammer on the Pistol.

MAUDE

Don't make me shoot you, Gary.

BRONSON DAVIS

She's bluffing. Shoot her.

MAUDE

He wasn't selling his missiles,
Gary, he was buying! Enriched
uranium. Vats of botulinum toxin,
ricin, saxitoxin-

GARY

STOP SAYING WORDS I DON'T KNOW!

This has become very tense. Sweat beads. Breath is heavy.

GARY (cont'd)

All I know is...the last thing the
Caucasus region needs now is a
separatist sect issuing a fatwa for
jihad.

Both Bronson and Maude are impressed.

MAUDE

You're absolutely right, Gary. What
do you want to do?

GARY

I wanna...not get shot. Let's put
our guns down and talk it out.

MAUDE

Fine. We'll get rid of them.

Gary and Maude lower their weapons. Maude tosses hers toward
the cargo hold. Gary throws his right under Bronson's foot.
Bronson picks it up and SHOOTS MAUDE IN THE CHEST.

BRONSON DAVIS

Nice work, Gary.

Bronson calmly grabs a parachute from the storage area. He
sets coordinates on a CONTROL PANEL near the ICBM's.

GARY

Why did you kill her?

BRONSON DAVIS

She stole my missile. It's my
missile. I have much bigger plans
for it.

GARY

Wait. She was telling the truth?

BRONSON DAVIS

Las Vegas will be ocean front
property in exactly...what do you
think, five minutes? Is that enough
time to jump out the hatch and get
some distance?

GARY

Why are you doing this?

BRONSON DAVIS

What are you stupid? Money. Lots
and lots of money. Now, get on your
knees, let's do this quick.

GARY

Never saw off a loaded shotgun.

BRONSON DAVIS

What does that mean?

SLO-MO

Gary, in true hero form, leaps into the air and performs a
PERFECT SPINNING HEEL KICK.

NORMAL SPEED

Gary lands on the floor-- three feet away from Bronson. He
missed him completely. Bronson points the Pistol at Gary.

BRONSON DAVIS (cont'd)

You finished? Cause, I'm going to
shoot you now.

BAM!!! BRONSON IS SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD! Gary peeks through
his shaky fingers to see-- GEORGE-- laying on the floor,
LOWERING MAUDE'S SMOKING GUN.

GEORGE

Nevermore.

Bronson staggers and falls forward-- dead. Gary and George
exchange the 'thanks' and 'you're welcome' look.

SUDDENLY, BRONSON'S DEAD HEAD KNOCKS THE SWITCH for the ICBM--
starting a countdown. 5:00- 4:59- 4:58- 4:57- THE HUGE
MISSILE shifts to 'launch position'-- GISMOS BUZZ.

GARY

Way to go, George!

GEORGE

Hey, I just saved your life.

GARY

How, by launching a nuclear
missile?

GEORGE

Well, turn it off.

GARY

What button? There's about a million here.

GEORGE

I don't know, try the red one.

Gary randomly FLIPS A RED BUTTON. LIGHTS FLASH, BUZZERS SCUND. The belly of the plane opens.

GEORGE (cont'd)

You gotta read what it says. I can't see from way back here.

Gary rushes to Maude's side. She coughs up some blood.

MAUDE

I'm sorry, Gary. I didn't mean for you to get involved in all of this.

GARY

That's nice but listen, he uh, started the, uh- how do you stop-

MAUDE

(dying)

You must understand, we weren't going to use it. My people have been oppressed for years by the Russians. We were simply using these missiles as bargaining tools to create peace and unity-

GARY

I really don't give a shit about all that. I wanna know how you stop this bomb!

MAUDE

To stop it you must flip the...

GARY

Yes?

MAUDE

Flip the...

GARY

Flip the...flip the what?

MAUDE
Flip...flip...

GARY
Flipping, yes...I got that.

MAUDE
...Flip...

GARY
Say something else!

Maude is about to say it-- but she dies in Gary's arms.

GEORGE
We're dead.

George closes his eyes-- accepting his fate.

A VOICE (O.C.)
Gary Bushell? Are you there? This
is Secretary of Defense Jonathan
Clemente.

On a COMPUTER SCREEN is THE UNITED STATES SECRETARY OF
DEFENSE-- JONATHAN CLEMENTE. Behind him, in the room, are the
JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF.

CLEMENTE
Mr. Bushell, you have to do exactly
as I say. You've activated the
Serenity. It will launch in
approximately four-

GARY
I didn't do it! Buddy here did!

CLEMENTE
It doesn't matter who did it. The
fact of the matter is the missile
is aimed at the San Andreas fault
line. If it hits, it will level the
entire west coast. Now, fighter
jets have been scrambled but it
looks like they won't be able to
shoot you down in time-

GARY
(rolling his eyes)
Oh, jeez, that's too bad.

CLEMENTE

Do you understand the severity of
the situation here?

GARY

Who the hell are you anyway?

CLEMENTE

I'm the Secretary of Defence.

GARY

And how do I know that?

CLEMENTE

Because...I'm him. I'm the
Secretary of Defense of the United
States. Haven't you seen me on the
news?

GARY

What if you're just some guy
pretending to be that guy.

CLEMENTE

(to the Joint Chiefs)
Are you serious? This is the guy
that's going to save us?

GARY

OK, maybe you are him. What do I
have to do?

CLEMENTE

You're going to have to take this
plane right into the ocean.

GARY

Seems unnecessary, no? Can't I just
point it down then jump out with a
chute.

CLEMENTE

Auto pilot will override with the
drop of elevation. You have to do
it manually.

GARY

Well, can't you just talk me
through clipping a few blue and red
wires- that always works.

CLEMENTE

Come on that's just stupid.

GARY

Hey, don't put this on me, you were
the ones who screwed it all up in
the first place!

Clemente slams his fist on the table, realizing that he did
let this happen.

CLEMENTE

Gary, you're our last hope.

Gary looks at the clock-- 2:59- 2:58- 2:57- 2:56-

GARY

Well, hold on. Let me think on this
for a second. This is a big
decision here.

Gary looks down at Maude, lying dead. He looks back at the
clock-- 2:49- 2:48- 2:47- then to the exit-- 2:41- 2:40- 2:39-
then to George, praying-- 2:34- 2:33- 2:32...

CLEMENTE

GARY!!!

GARY

OK- well if I do, do this, will I
at least have a hero's funeral?

CLEMENTE

No. This is a classified mission.
No one will ever know what really
happened.

GARY

How do you cover this up?

CLEMENTE

You were pathetically drunk, after
a night of boozing in a gay strip
club, you stowed away in a cargo
hold of a military plane, doused
yourself in gasoline and blew
everything up.

GARY

Jeezus. Does it have to be a gay
strip club?

CLEMENTE

Yes.

A highly decorated GENERAL, PETER JAMES, steps in.

GENERAL JAMES

Our research shows us that sixty-seven percent of Americans feel that homosexuals are more prone to exhibiting erratic behavior.

CLEMENTE

This isn't a hero mission, Gary.
This is your destiny.

Gary is stuck now. He doesn't know what to do. He grabs Bronson's chute and walks out of the cockpit.

CLEMENTE (cont'd)

Goddamnit, what do we do now?

INT. PLANE/HULL - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE

What are we gunna do?

GARY

Time to fly, my ebony feathered friend. You have to raise that beautiful family of yours.

Gary punches the REAR HYDRAULIC HATCH and slips the chute over George's shoulders.

GARY (cont'd)

I have to fly this pig into the ocean.

George looks around and finally realizes what is happening.

GEORGE

You're my hero.

GARY

Yeah. I think you pull this string to open it. Either this one or this one. Good luck!

Gary rolls George down the ramp and out the plane.

GEORGE

Wait- HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO LAND WITH MY BROKEN LEGS?!?

George is gone. The bomb is still counting. :38- :37- :36-

INT. COCKPIT - MOMENTS LATER

Gary storms back in, throws a dead pilot to the floor and takes over the controls.

GARY

Alright, how do I drive this stupid thing?

GENERAL JAMES

He's back. Way to go, Gary!

CLEMENTE

I knew we could count on you.

GARY

Fuck you. What do I do?

GENERAL JAMES

Just push forward on the yolk and God bless your soul.

GARY

The yolk?!

CLEMENTE

The handles, you idiot!

Gary pushes forward. The nose dips toward the water. THE PLANE SHAKES-- gaining speed from the nose dive plummet. Gary clenches his teeth and grips the controls.

The clock ticks down-- :15- :14- :13- :12- The ocean's surface is getting closer-- :07- :06- :05-

GARY

THE CAPTAIN HAS TURNED ON THE SEAT BELT SIGN SO LOCK AND ROLLLL!!!

:02- :01- 0:00-- Nothing happens.

CLEMENTE

What happened? What's happening?

GARY

Nothing. Nothing's happening. It's a dud.

CLEMENTE
(suddenly remembering)
Of course, that's why we didn't
want to buy them in the first
place.

The Joint Chiefs congratulate each other on a job well done.

GARY
Hey, what about me!?

Yet another General, HUGO GONZALEZ, steps forward.

GENERAL GONZALEZ
Gary, the aircraft you're in
command of is very valuable and it
is your civic responsibility to
bring her home in one piece. Now,
we're gonna get you on the blower
with ATC at Edwards and talk you-

Gary hasn't listened to a word. He is high tailing it out the
rear hatch with a PARACHUTE ON HIS BACK.

WASH TO WHITE:

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

George is lying on the shore of a deserted beach. He squints
his eyes at the water. Gary comes walking through the waves
dragging his parachute. He looks like a chubby, beaten-up Bo
Derek in 10. George starts laughing.

GEORGE
You son-of-a-bitch.

Gary runs faster-- exciting George.

GEORGE (cont'd)
Ha, ha, ha, here comes a shotgun!

GARY
We did it!

GEORGE
You did it!

GARY
We both did it!

Gary falls into George's arms screaming with delight. They roll around in the surf-- hugging each other. Realizing it's a little gay, they awkwardly shuffle off one another.

GARY (cont'd)

Now what are we going to do?

GEORGE

Looks like we're stuck here.

A stick digs into the ground behind them. They turn to see-- a young MEXICAN WAITER, setting up an umbrella for them.

WAITER

Did you enjoy the para-sailing,
compañeros?

PULL OUT TO REVEAL

That they are at an ALL-INCLUSIVE MEXICAN RESORT. Volleyball games. Sunbathers. Children playing in the sand.

WAITER (cont'd)

Cervezas?

GEORGE

Ha, ha, ha, yeah, a brewski sounds pretty good right about now.

GARY

I'll just take a water, thanks.

The Waiter hands them the drinks. Gary and George sit in silence enjoying the stillness of a Corona ad.

GARY (cont'd)

So potted meats, huh?

GEORGE

Yep.

GARY

What the hell is potted meat?

GEORGE

Well, we take the fatty tissue from a pig's face, ground chicken feet, cow brains. We got goat lung, moose heart-

GARY

I didn't know you could eat moose.

GEORGE

It's gamey, sure, but some folk
like a stronger, earthier taste.
Yep, we basically take all the
parts of the animal everyone gave
up on and give 'em a secnd chance.

GARY

Hm.

GEORGE

Oh, and I put ribbons on the jars.
People love them ribbons.

INT. HOLLYWOOD STUDIO - LATER

We are watching ACCESS HOLLYWOOD.

BILLY BUSH (V.O.)

One year after the shocking suicide
of beloved comedian Owen Wilson-
friends and family speak out.

LUKE WILSON

How could this have been a suicide?
He was shot eighty times.

The camera cranes down to BILLY in the studio.

BILLY BUSH

Ha, ha, that's coming up. But
first, buckle up for a ride on a
Harley. A Shotgun Harley, that is.
There's a new big screen version of
the forgotten detective drama- And
we've got an all access pass.

A Trailer for Shotgun plays. Lots of car chases and
explosions. Inside the Monte Carlo is VINCE VAUGHN as Shotgun
and SNOOP DOG as Raven.

VINCE VAUGHN

The Captain has turned on the seat
belt sign, so lock and roll!

SNOOP DOG

Bad idea. Bad idea.

The car crashes through a FRUIT STAND and continues on.

VINCE VAUGHN

I'll betcha those guys just pooped
their bums.

*
*
*
*

Gary and George, DRESSED AS MARKET VENDORS, shake their fists
at the Monte Carlo. We hold on them CONTINUING TO SHAKE THEIR
FISTS while we--

ROLL CREDITS: *