

111069

# SHOTGUN HARLEY

by

Mike Beaver & Jason Jones

Draft: May 18th, 2007

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-looking 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. \*

PULL OUT, 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 spearchuckers 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 body-- 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 all-

\*

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 Gladdy 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 Gladdy's room. \*

SGT. TISNEWSKI, 46, an intense, red-faced cop who has seen it all, listens to Gladdy 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. Serry 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 chucks 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 choked 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 Gladly 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 through 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 CATAPULT 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 cver 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. Pot 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 COP HAT and unbuttons his COP SHIRT.

GARY (ccnt'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 micro-processor 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 terrortsymp'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, HEEEEELLLP!!!

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  
HEADEUTTS 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 meeeeeeeeeee! \*

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 forget?

\*  
\*  
\*

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  
trang 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 George 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 powdered 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 shmooze. 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  
Sonofa-

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?

MUADE

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 than 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 chucks 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 Checkens.

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 SHOTS 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  
SCOUND. 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 ROLLLLLL!!!

: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 second 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:

\*