

TOP
SECRET



THE GARY COLEMAN-EMMANUEL LEWIS PROJECT

WRITTEN BY

DAN FOGELMAN

Filed as Classified: Oct. 3rd, 2008

TOP
SECRET

A NOTE TO THE READER:

Two years ago, I received a phone call from a famous A-list movie star I'd developed a close relationship with (he's asked to remain anonymous here). I remember the call as if it was yesterday:

"I just heard the most fucking incredible story ever," he said. Then he swore me to secrecy and told me it.

It was a story that had been circulating around the upper echelon of Hollywood for months, spoken about only when drinks were flowing at high stakes poker games amongst movie stars and studio heads. Thirty minutes later, I'd been rendered silent on the other end of the line.

"And this really happened?" I asked.

Despite his assurances that it had, I dismissed it with a laugh. It was too far-fetched. Too... ridiculous. I promised (as he had) never to share the story with anyone and hung up.

That night, I didn't sleep. Without knowing it, I'd just found my next project.

I spent the better part of the next year tracking down paper thin leads and traveling to Washington D.C. and Europe. Eventually, I'd managed to validate the story (always off-the-record).

Exactly one year after that fateful phone call... I found myself at breakfast with the two key players in an unbelievable tale of espionage and heroism:

Gary Coleman and Emmanuel Lewis.

This is the story of how, in the late summer of 2006, Gary Coleman and Emmanuel Lewis saved the United States of America from a devastating attack by international terrorists.

Whether you believe it or not... it is a true story.

EXT. JINKY'S CAFE (STUDIO CITY, CA) - MORNING

A slick BMW pulls up, parks. A pair of small, well-heeled FEET drop from the car. We pull up and REVEAL:

EMMANUEL LEWIS. Yes, that Emmanuel Lewis. He of *Webster* fame. He's got a newspaper under his arm, a smile on his face, and life by the balls.

He really does. Dude looks good. Still has the sweet face we remember. Sure, he's put on a little weight, but haven't we all? He wears a purple dress shirt, fitted, tucked into pair of tailored dress pants. Impeccable haircut. With a skip in his step he ENTERS...

INT. JINKY'S CAFE - CONTINUOUS

A HOSTESS greets him.

HOSTESS
Morning, Manny.

EMMANUEL
What's cookin', good-lookin'? My table ready?

HOSTESS
Always.

Emmanuel WINKS at her, walks past a PATRON.

PATRON
How's it hangin', Manny?

EMMANUEL
Long and straight, Jimbo.

Emmanuel lets out a loud, infectious LAUGH. It's a laugh that says, "Yeah, I'm Emmanuel Lewis and I'm laughing my ass off, what are you gonna do about it?"

Emmanuel sits at his table. A COUPLE (30's) approach.

WOMAN
Mr. Lewis? Could we trouble you for a picture?

MAN
We both grew up watching your show.

EMMANUEL
Of course, of course.

The couple scoot in, hand a WAITRESS the camera.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
Everyone say Gorgonzola!

EVERYONE
Gorgonzola!

Emmanuel's infectious LAUGH rings out again. As the camera FLASHES, we...

MATCH CUT TO:

ANOTHER FLASH OF LIGHT.

This time a LIGHTBULB flickering on. We're in...

INT. HOTEL ROOM (LOS ANGELES) - SAME MORNING

We pull down from the light, as a pair of SLIPPERED FEET drop to the floor and trudge to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The feet enter. We hear running water. A toothbrush doing it's job. We pull back to REVEAL:

GARY COLEMAN. Yes, that Gary Coleman. He of *Different Strokes* fame. Though he became famous as a kid, you'd recognize him anywhere. But there's something sad in his eyes. There's no infectious laughter here.

He spits out his mouth-full of toothpaste and rinses. He looks in the mirror, staring straight ahead.

His expression never changes.

EXT. HOTEL - VALET STAND

Gary waits for his car, head down. PEOPLE walk by. Double-takes. GIGGLES. We hear smatterings of "That's Gary Coleman" and "What'chu talkin' 'bout Willis?"

Gary keeps his head down, obviously used to it. An AGING FRATBOY (late 20's) approaches.

AGI NG FRATBOY
Yo, you' re Gary Col eman!

Gary doesn' t look up, gi ves the slightest of nods.

AGI NG FRATBOY (CONT' D)
This i s crazy! My boys are gonna laugh
thei r asses off!

The guy hol ds out hi s cell , snappi ng a sel f-portrai t.

AGI NG FRATBOY (CONT' D)
Dude, you gotta do i t for me: give me a
"What'chu talkin' bout, Willis!?"

Gary looks up, speaks for the first time.

GARY
Go fuck yoursel f.

Gary wal ks away as hi s RENTAL CAR pul l s up.

EXT. THE BOBBY WHI TE AGENCY - DAY

A smal l offi ce just off Ventura and Van Nuys. A si mple
si gn reads: "The Bobby Whi te Agency."

INT. THE BOBBY WHI TE AGENCY - CONTINUOUS

We pan a wal l of framed photographs: A SWEET-FACED WHI TE
GUY (BOBBY WHI TE, 50' s) poses i n each wi th a famous
80' s/90' s chi lhood tel evi si on star: RICKY SCHROEDER,
PUNKY BREWSTER, ERKLE, THE ROBOT GI RL FROM *SMALL WONDER*.

Underneath the wal l, Bobby si ts at hi s computer,
fi dgeti ng nervously. Gary Col eman ENTERS.

BOBBY
Hey! Thanks for stoppi ng by.

Gary takes a seat, si lent. There' s no smal l -tal k i n hi m.

BOBBY WHI TE
How d the shoot go last night?

GARY
Fi ne.

BOBBY WHI TE
If that ad does wel l who knows, they
mi ght want more.

Gary SHRUGS. Bobby smiles.

BOBBY WHITE (CONT'D)
I got you somethin. Work.

GARY
How much?

BOBBY WHITE
Don't you want to know what it is?

GARY
No. How Much?

Bobby looks him over. He really doesn't care.

BOBBY WHITE
Fifty grand.

This gets Gary's attention. He straightens up.

GARY
Seriously?

BOBBY WHITE
Seriously.

Then it hits Gary...

GARY
What is it, some reality show where they make fun of me?

BOBBY WHITE
No--

GARY
Screw it, I'm in.

BOBBY
No, Gary. Jesus. Listen to me. I get a call, ten o'clock last night. Woman, heavy accent. She asks if you're available. Figure they want you for a high school reunion or some shit. I say, "Yeah, he's available, for the right price. Fact he's in Los Angeles right now, just finishing a car ad."

(then, re: ad)

It went well, the shoot? Cause if they like you, it could be steady work. The director was good?

GARY

The used car ad director? He's the next Scorsese.

(cui ng him)

Fifty grand...?

BOBBY

Get this. There's an area in Switzerland, but outside Zurich, you ever been to Zurich?

Beat.

GARY

No.

BOBBY

Anyway, *Different Strokes* just went syndicated there. You believe that? Show's been over for twenty years. Anyhow, it's the number one show in half of Switzerland right now. This bigshot Swiss mucky-muck, he's hosting a weekend for other Swiss mucky-mucks, wants you there. Guest of honor. Friday night at a nightclub, Saturday at his mansion. They fly you out first class, two nights of bullshit, fifty grand, in your pocket. Your flight leaves in two hours.

Gary takes this in.

GARY

This is for real?

Bobby pulls out an already opened Fed-Ex envelope.

BOBBY

Check for half came this morning. It cleared. Didn't want to tell you until I knew it was legit.

Gary looks at the check. He looks up. He's not smiling, but almost. There's something grateful in his eyes.

GARY

Wow. Thank you, Bobby.

Bobby nods, hesitating. Then...

BOBBY

One catch. There's another hot show there now. They don't only want you.

GARY
Who do they want?

As if on cue, we hear the infectious LAUGH of Emmanuel Lewis. Gary's face drops as the door BURSTS open.

EMMANUEL
Bobby Whi te! What's up, Brother-man! ?
You got somethi ng for me?

Gary turns around. Emmanuel sees him, stops short.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
Oh. Hey.

Gary stands, approaches Emmanuel. There's tension here.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
Gary. Long time.

Gary shakes his hand.

GARY
Emmanuel .

Emmanuel turns towards Bobby, confused.

BOBBY
Hear me out.

EXT. BOBBY WHI TE AGENCY - MINUTES LATER

Emmanuel walks briskly to his car. Bobby gives chase.

EMMANUEL
(ranting)
Wasting my time coming down here, are you
out of your freakin' mind?

BOBBY
It's fifty grand! For one weekend!

Emmanuel stops at the door of his car, turns back.

EMMANUEL
I 'm don't need i t. I was smart with my
money. My celebri ty is in tact.

BOBBY
(desperate)
But you do these engagements all the
time. You love these kind of thi ngs.
(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(then)

I t's him, i sn't i t? For God' s sake, i t
was 1984!

EMMANUEL

Li sten, what happened i n '84 i s hi s
thi ng. I got no beef wi th Gary Col eman.
(Lowering hi s voi ce)

But dude's crazy. I 'm boys wi th Todd
Bri dges. He says dude's crazy. Todd
Bri dges! He's the on ly one from that
show sti ll alive! That's how crazy he
i s. Ai n't no way I 'm travelli ng hal fway
' round the worl d wi th hi m. No way.

BOBBY

Manny--

EMMANUEL

I said no, Bobby.

Bobby puts hi s hand on hi s shoul der.

BOBBY

He's i n debt, Manny. Seri ous debt. He's
not a bad guy. He just got a few bad
breaks.

(seri ous)

He needs thi s, Manny. I 've never asked
you for anythi ng but I 'm aski ng now.

ON EMMANUEL: a good guy, put to the test.

INT. AI RPORT - LATER

Gary and Emmanuel pul l luggage on a MOVI NG WALKWAY.

Peopl e goi ng i n the OTHER DI RECTI ON practi call y break
thei r necks gawki ng at them. Some snap pi ctures.

Emmanuel smi les for the photos.

Gary doesn' t.

INT. AI RPLANE - LATER

The guys sit i n FI RST CLASS SEATS faci ng each other, as
you do on fi rst class internati onal seats.

As PASSENGERS head past them, Gary stares straight ahead,
weari ng large HEADPHONES. Emmanuel BANTERS wi th them. . .

EMMANUEL

Hey there/how ya' doi n' /yeah, happy to
sign i t/who I make that out to?

Final ly, everyone i s past. Emmanuel and Gary are al one.

EMANUEL

So, how you been, Gary? I 'm good, I 'm
good. Di d the *Surreal Life*, Pretty good
experience. Corey Feldman's a good dude.
Last time we tal ked was... what--

GARY

(col dy)

1984.

Li ke that, Gary adj uts hi s headphones, closes hi s eyes,
and leans back i n hi s seat. Conversation over.

EXT. ZURICH AI RPORT - NEXT MORNIN G

A 747 makes a perfect landi ng.

INT. AI RPORT - LATER

Gary and Emmanuel wal k down through the ai rport, not
speaki ng. Suddenly, they stop i n thei r tracks.

ON BAGGAGE CLAI M:

Pandemoni um. The pl ace i s packed to the gills, and when
they see Gary and Emmanuel, everyone starts SCREAMI NG.
Fl ashbul bs. Paparazzi . Reporters.

The Beetles have landed... i n the form of Gary Col eman
and Emmanuel Lewi s.

EMMANUEL

Hol y crap.

FEMALE VOICE (O. S.)

Vel com' to Sveetzerl and, Gentlemen.

Before them stands the most exceptional FEMALE SPECI MEN
you' ve ever seen... nearly si x feet of bl onde-hai red,
bl ue-eyed Goddess. She speaks Engl i sh wi th a heavily
tinged Swi ss accent.

*Note to reader: Eet can be heerd to understand thees
accent buut once youu leern iit, iit iss not huurd to
understoond it.*

WOMAN
My name is Vi l hel mi na Ol offson.

EMMANUEL
Gezundei t.

Emmanuel CRACKS HIMSELF UP. Gary shakes his head. She smiles, not getting it. Emmanuel tries again.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
Emmanuel Lewis.

VI LHELMI NA
Yes.

She turns to Gary. He doesn't speak.

EMMANUEL
This is Gary Col eman.

VI LHELMI NA
Yes.

Awkward.

EMMANUEL
My friends call me Manny.

She smiles weakly, not getting it.

VI LHELMI NA
My friends call me Vi l hel mi na Ol offson.

EMMANUEL
Yes.

Jesus.

VI LHELMI NA
On the television, you are not so old.

EMMANUEL
The shows were filmed a long time ago.

A confused beat.

VI LHELMI NA
You are quite fat now, too?

EMMANUEL
So it seems, yes.

VI LHELMINA

But still cute, as they say, as a
butteen.

EMMANUEL

(with a giggle)

Black don't crack. And you're not bad
yourself.

They smile at each other. Gary has had enough.

GARY

Should we get going?

Vi Lhel mi na NODS, leads them through the throng of
SPECTATORS.

People SCREAM, FAINT, HOLD SIGNS (ie "*I want to marry
Gary*") Ahead of them, Large BODYGUARDS clear a path.

VI LHELMINA

Mr. Johansson ees very exceeded to meet
you both. He ees, how you say, your
beegest fan.

EMMANUEL

Mr. Johansson is the one who flew us out?

VI LHELMINA

Yes. Ludvig Johansson ees the reechest
man een all of Sweetzerland. Tonight,
you will be guest of honor at his
neetclub for his beerthday. Every
important person in Sweetzerland will be
ateendi ng.

A SWISS WOMAN burst pasts the guards and throws herself
at Gary Coleman's feet. He just stares at her, confused.

SWEDISH WOMAN

I love you Gareeee! What' chu tal ki n'
bout' Wi lIeess!

Without missi ng a beat, Vi Lhemina tosses her away like a
rag doll. She turns back to the guys, smiles casually.

VI LHELMINA

Mr. Johansson aweets. Let us go to the
neetclub.

Gary and Emmanuel share a look.

EMMANUEL
To the neetclub.

EXT. SWEDISH ROAD - LATER

An enormous LIMO travels the windy roads. The landscape is iconically Swiss, snow-capped and mountainous.

INT. LIMOSINE - CONTINUOUS

Gary and Emmanuel sit side by side, Vi helmina faces them. She can't stop smiling, particularly at Emmanuel.

VI LHELMINA
May I ask you a question?

EMMANUEL
Sure.

VI LHELMINA
On your show on the television? The Webster?

EMMANUEL
(correcting)
Webster.

VI LHELMINA
Yes, Webster. The white mummy, she's veery neece woman, no?

EMMANUEL
Uh... yes.

VI LHELMINA
A wonderful theeng she does, take een small black chid to her home.

Emmanuel looks at Gary, confused. Gary SHRUGS.

EMMANUEL
Yes, she's a good lady.

Vi helmina shakes her head, awed.

VI LHELMINA
I could not do eet.

Silence.

VI LHELMINA (CONT' D)

We arrive!

INT. NEETCLUB - CONTINUOUS

A thundering bi-level NIGHTCLUB. Beautiful WOMEN dance in cages. Club music pumps. And then...

The MUSIC STOPS. All attention shifts upwards as a SPOTLIGHT shines on a red-velvet curtained BALCONY (there is also a large monitor playing for the crowd).

The curtain parts REVEALING:

A HEAVYSET MAN in an ostentatious navy blue pin-striped suit and matching fedora (*surely we should be able to land Phillip Seymour Hoffman for this*).

This is LUDVIG JOHANSSON (40). He grabs a mic and addresses the crowd. *His English is less-accented than Vilhelmina's, but his "Swiss-lish" often misuses phrases.*

JOHANSSON

I am the name of Ludvig Johansson!

Polite APPLAUSE. Johansson is unhappy with the response.

JOHANSSON (CONT' D)

I AM THE NAME OF LUDVIG JOHANSSON!

The crowd gets it, CHEERS thunderously. He motions to his side. A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN quickly approaches. He grabs her, plants a slovenly kiss, and pushes her away.

JOHANSSON (CONT' D)

We have tonight here a most impressive flock of Svitizers!

The spotlight finds luminaries in other balconies:

JOHANSSON (CONT' D)

Henric Gustavsson is on the house!

SPOTLIGHT ON HENRIC GUSTAVSSON. Older, effeminate, and wearing a monocle.

JOHANSSON (CONT' D)

Henric, my wisest friend, when I need a friend to count on, I count your name on my fingers!

POLITE APPLAUSE, no one knows what the hell he's taking about. The tepid response infuriates Johansson again.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
I COUNT HIS NAME ON MY FINGERS!

Bigger applause. Johansson smiles, continues.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
Freja Karlsson is on the house!

SPOTLIGHT ON FREJA KARLSSON. Elegant. Uber ice queen.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
Freja, you calculating bitch, you are as beautiful today as you were when I first laid you.

APPLAUSE. She nods at Johansson. Johansson beckons for the beautiful girl again. She emerges, he squeezes her boobs like a squeeze toy, pushes her away.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
Nicholas Magnusson is on the house!

SPOTLIGHT ON NICHOLAS MAGNUSSON. Young, dangerous, and wired with muscle.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
Nicholas, my protegee, you are young, strong, and powerful. It is like sometimes looking in a scissor.

As APPLAUSE rains down again, he toasts his glass at Nicholas. Nicholas nods, chugs down his drink.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
Tonight we celebrate me on my 40th year since they cut me from Mummy! DRENKS ARE IN THE HOUSE!

More applause.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
And now, I introduce our guests of honor. You know them from the number one and number two shows on television. One is a diminutive negro who white people say to live with them. The other, a diminutive negro who white people say to live with them. Ladies and Gentlemen, our guests of honor, two diminutive negroes who I would like to live with...

He points over to the side, CUE NG someone.

JOHANSSON (CONT' D)
GARY COLEMAN AND EMMANUEL LEWIS!

CUE: a remi x rap versi on of the *Different Strokes* theme
("The world don't move to the beat of just one drum...")

Complete pandemonium as the SPOTLIGHT searches for Gary and Emmanuel. Finally it finds them as they ENTER.

Their IMAGE goes up on the moni tor. Everything stops. ONE SCREAM pi erces through, then si lence.

JOHANSSON (CONT' D)
(from above, shocked)
You are older than on the televi si on.

VI LHELMINA
The televi esion shows were feel med a long
teem ago.

Johansson processes thi s, for a long moment.

JOHANSSON
What a wonderful surprise! Bring to me
my di mi nuti ve guests! Dri nks are i n the
house!

Everyone goes nuts. Vi lhel mi na breathes a sigh of rel i ef.

INT. JOHANSSON' S BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

Johansson now has all the important lumi naries i n hi s booth. Vi lhel mi na leads Gary and Emmanuel to hi m.

VI LHELMINA
I present to you, Ludvig Johansson.

Johannson bows. Emmanuel bows. Gary just stands there.

JOHANSSON
(greeti ng Emmanuel)
Mr. Weebster. You honor the Swi ss wi th
your presence.

EMMANUEL
And the Swi ss honor me wi th their cheese.

He ERUPTS i n GI GGLES. Gary rolls his eyes. After a confused beat, Johansson (and then hi s fol lowers) join in the LAUGHTER. Finally, Johansson turns to Gary.

JOHANSSON
My heart leaps.

GARY
Hey.

JOHANSSON
I have long awaited to this moment.

Gary nods, uncomfortable. Off to the side, Henri (effeminate, monocle) waves at him flirtatiously.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
Can you do it for me?

GARY
What's that?

JOHANSSON
Your famous quotation. You know.

GARY
Yeah, I'd rather not.

A long beat. Johansson smiles.

JOHANSSON
(leading him)
What'chu talkin' about, Willis?

GARY
Sorry, no.

Johansson's face drops. This is a man not used to being denied. His dangerous protegee, Nicolas, steps forward. Johansson waves him to a stop.

JOHANSSON
(to Gary)
Perhaps your mind will change itself.

GARY
I don't think so.

JOHANSSON
Maybe tomorrow.

GARY
Probably not.

Awkward. Finally, Johansson LAUGHS big. Everyone joins in. Johansson CLAPS. Three gorgeous WOMEN arrive instantly.

JOHANSSON

The three most beautiful virgins in all of Switzerland. You may do whatever you wish in them.

He pinches Emmanuel's cheek.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

Look at him! Webster! Vilhelmina, I think you would fit him inside of you.

VI LHELMINA

Whatever you weesh, Mr. Johansson.

JOHANSSON

Let us party!

The music CRANKS, as we watch the party get into full swing. . .

- SWISS DANCE, as images of *Different Strokes* and *Webster* play in the background.
- IN THE BALCONY, Gary and Emmanuel sit with Johansson and his crew. Johansson and Emmanuel do all the talking.
- TO THE SIDE, Nicolas keeps a close eye on Gary, who refuses to humor Johansson despite the obvious attempts to get him to do his catch-phrase.
- ON THE DANCE-FLLOOR, where Emmanuel leads a group (including a euphoric Johansson) in the Electric Side. He and Vilhelmina dance flirtatiously, hitting it off.
- BACK IN THE BALCONY, where Gary sips on a water as the three beautiful virgins wait to be utilized.
- OUTSIDE THE CLUB, as PATRONS exit, most carrying autographed copies of Gary and Emmanuel headshots. In the foreground, Johansson bids goodnight to his stars.
- ON THE LIMO, which pulls up in front of a luxurious hotel where Gary and Emmanuel are dropped off.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - LATER

Gary and Emmanuel stand in front their adjacent rooms, readying their keys.

EMMANUEL

Good night.

GARY
It is what it is.

Gary puts the key in the door.

EMMANUEL
Listen, Gary, it was 1984, can't we just--

GARY
I don't want to talk about it.

EMMANUEL
Okay fine. Whatever.

Gary tries getting his door to unlock.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
Can I ask you something? Not about that.

Gary turns around, waits.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
Why don't you do it?

GARY
What?

EMMANUEL
The catchphrase. The song and dance.
Why don't you just go with it? The glass
can be half full you know?

Gary turns to him.

GARY
My glass broke a long time ago.

Gary talks quietly, almost to himself.

GARY (CONT'D)
I wish the damn show never happened.
Swear to God. Give me a do-over, I go to
high school. Become a god damn
accountant, I don't care. It was twenty
years ago and I've been screwed ever
since. People I trusted stealing all my
money, doing crap commercials just to pay
the bills, idiots on the street trying to
make me say that dumbass line every
single day of my life. I mean, if you
want to laugh like an idiot and pretend
it's all good--

EMMANUEL

It is all good! People loved our shows.
We did something most people never do, we
made people laugh--

GARY

And now they laugh at us. We're a joke.

EMMANUEL

I'm not a joke.

GARY

You are, Manny. You're just not in on
it.

Gary ENTERS his room, leaving Emmanuel alone.

EXT. JOHANSSON'S MANSION - NEXT AFTERNOON

An unreal estate, beset on all sides by mountains.

INT. JOHANSSON'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Ostentatiously decorated. All over the great hallway are
ridiculous FANTASY ART PORTRAITS of Johansson.

DOWN BELOW, Johansson leads Gary and Emmanuel on a tour.

JOHANSSON

And this is the ping pong room.

He opens a door to a room...

ON ROOM

Huge, over 4000 square feet. There's nothing in it
except a ping pong table, dead center.

EMMANUEL

Oh, wow. Are you a big ping pong player?

JOHANSSON

No.

Awkward. They move down the hall. Pass another door.

EMMANUEL

And what's this room?

Emmanuel opens the door.

INSIDE THE ROOM we find those we met earlier (Nicol as, the dangerous protege', Freja, the elegant ice-queen, and Henrik, the effeminate monocled man).

They are standing in front of a huge monitor.

ON MONITOR

It shows a map of THE WEST COAST OF THE U.S. There are blueprints all over the walls. Henrik holds a pointer.

The group hears the door open and turn quickly.

JOHANSSON

(strongly)

That is a room for talks of business.

He closes the door, quickly puts on a huge smile.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

Come, dinner will be served.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

A ridiculous long wood table. Gary and Emmanuel sit at the respective heads. Those we've met line the sides.

Everyone's attention is riveted on Emmanuel, mid-story...

EMMANUEL

So I'm leaving the audition - you can imagine where my head's at by now - and the casting director grabs me and says, "Congratulations, Emmanuel. You just became Webster."

Everyone claps. He smiles.

JOHANSSON

A riveting tale of triumph!

Johansson lifts his glass. Everyone follows.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

To our diminutive friends, who will share for us useful and informative tales. And to my fellow Zwi tsers, as we begin our new enterprise. Soon the world will know of Switzerland more than just neutrality. We will put Switzerland back in the map!

His Swiss comrades "here, here" and drink.

JOHANSSON (CONT' D)

And Mr. Gary Col eman, what tales of the
Hol lywood do you have to riv et us to?

Henri c moves his chair uncomfortabl y close to Gary.

HENRI C

Your sad l it tle eyes tell stories by
themsel ves.

NI COLAS

Keep it in your pants, Henri c.

Henri c gl ares at Ni col as - there' s tensi on here.

GARY

No stories, sorry.

Silence. Just then...

VOI CE (O. S.)

Father?

Everyone turns. There stands an adorabl e blonde boy (9).

JOHANSSON

Look who it is! My son! Please approach
our honored guests, my Son.

The boy approaches Gary, nervous.

JOHANSSON (CONT' D)

Mr. Gary, may I present my best son. He
was given the name Bj orn but we cal l him
by the name Will is.

Gary looks to Johansson. He seems to be seri ous.

GARY

(tentati ve)

Hey, Will is, how's it going?

Will is looks to his father. His father NODS at him. The
kid gl ances at a PIECE OF PAPER he has in his hand,
readi ng it, then...

WILLIS

Sometimes I make a poop and throw it in
the air and try to catch it.

Gary looks confused.

JOHANSSON

Why that's an odd thing to say, Willis!
 Gary, perhaps you would like to ask
 Willis to clarify what it is he's
 speaking of?

GARY

(confused)

Uh, it's okay.

Johansson NODS again at Willis, who once again reads...

WILLIS

I think airplanes should look like cars
 and be covered in poop.

JOHANSSON

Willis! What has come over you? Gary,
 you should really ask my son what it is
 he's talking about.

(beat)

My son, Willis.

GARY

(catching on)

Really, I'm good.

WILLIS

(off paper)

I eat poop.

JOHANSSON

What is this poop talk? Gary, please,
 ask him what he's talking about. My son,
 Willis.

GARY

I'm not saying it, Dude.

JOHANSSON

Just ask him.

GARY

No.

JOHANSSON

My son, Willis.

GARY

Please stop.

JOHANSSON

(frantic)

What' chu tal ki ng about, Will i s! ? Wi th
all this poop! Ask hi m! Just ask hi m,
God dammi t!

GARY

Okay, that's it. I'm outta here.

Gary gets up, storms away from the table.

EMMANUEL

Excuse me a moment.

Emmanuel chases after him.

EXT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Gary walks briskly away from the mansion, down the long gated driveway. Emmanuel chases after.

EMMANUEL

Gary, c'mon--

GARY

I'm leaving. You want to go back into
that loony-bin, be my guest.

He's out to the street.

EMMANUEL

Gary, what about the money. You need it.

GARY

I already got half, Bobby will get the re-

Just then, BAM! TWO MEN IN BLACK jump out of the bushes and put bags around both men's heads.

A BLACK VAN pulls up, they're thrown inside, and the van screeches away.

CUT TO:

PI TCH BLACK.

We see nothing. Just hear loud breathing.

VOICE (O. S.)

We clear?

SECOND VOICE (O. S.)

All clear.

Bags come off their heads as eyes adjust. We're in...

INT. BLACK VAN - CONTINUOUS

Emmanuel and Gary look up:

Facing them sits a tough looking AMERICAN, dressed all in black. He's instantly intimidating and intense (*surely we should be able to get Ed Harris for this*).

AMERICAN

Mr. Coleman, Mr. Lewis, my name is Clifford Armstrong.

GARY

I don't care who you are, let us out of--

ARMSTRONG

I'm the deputy director of The United States' Anti-Terror Division of the CIA.

This stops them. We move in slowly on Armstrong, dramatic.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

I'll cut to it: the man who's home you were just in is named Ludwig Johansson. He is, without a doubt, the most dangerous criminal mastermind in all of Europe. The CIA has been monitoring his movements and activities for the past seven years. Despite our best efforts, we have not been able to get inside his residence, let alone infiltrate his organization. Our intelligence tells us that he is planning a devastating attack on the United States sometime in the next seven days. Our time is running out, and our intelligence leads have run dry. Your arrival comes in the nick of time. We know he's fond of you. You are the only two with the ability to so quickly get close to him, infiltrate his organization, and figure out what he has planned so we can stop him.

(a beat)

Gentlemen, if I had time to put on a dog and pony show I would, but I don't.

(MORE)

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

The United States government is asking you to go undercover and serve your country. What do you say?

REVEAL GARY AND EMMANUEL. Blank-faced. Then. . .

GARY

What'chu talkin' about mother-fucker?

Armstrong starts to respond, Emmanuel cuts him off. . .

EMMANUEL

Wait a sec, wait a sec. The most notorious criminal mastermind in the world lives in Switzerland?

ARMSTRONG

Yes.

EMMANUEL

I thought Switzerland was neutral.

ARMSTRONG

That's what everyone thinks. Switzerland is Kabul with snow.

Emmanuel takes this in, then. . .

EMMANUEL

(Looking around)

Is this some kind of hidden camera show? I told Bobby I would not do more reality--

ARMSTRONG

I assure you Mr. Lewis, this is not a hidden camera show.

EMMANUEL

That's what you'd say if it was a hidden camera show.

ARMSTRONG

It's not a hidden camera show.

EMMANUEL

Says you.

ARMSTRONG

(frustrated)

When do you ever watch a hidden camera show where the target immediately guesses it's a hidden camera show?

EMMANUEL

They could cut it out in editing. I know how it works. I was in *The Surreal Life*, Dude.

ARMSTRONG

(trying patience)

Mr. Lewis. This is very, very real. All we're asking is for you to stay close to Johansson, keep your eyes and ears open.

Gary interjects.

GARY

How much?

ARMSTRONG

Excuse me?

GARY

How much would we get paid?

EMMANUEL

Gary--

GARY

Shut up.

Emmanuel shuts up. Armstrong leans back, surprised.

ARMSTRONG

How much do you want?

GARY

Hundred grand. Each.

Emmanuel looks at Gary, shocked by his moxy.

ARMSTRONG

I can't authorize that kind of payment.

GARY

Then good luck to you, Pal. Hope America doesn't explode.

EMMANUEL

Gary, stop it--

ARMSTRONG

Fine. One hundred thousand a man.

GARY

Cash.

ARMSTRONG
You have my word.

Armstrong holds out his hand, Gary takes it.

EMMANUEL
(dramatic)
I'm a weal thy man, Mr. Armstrong. My
country has gi ven me enough al ready.

GARY
(annoyed)
George Washi ngton Webster over here.

Armstrong picks up a wal ki e-tal ki e, speaks into it.

ARMSTRONG
The Gary Col eman-Emmanuel Lewis Project
is a go. I repeat, The Gary Col eman-
Emmanuel Lewis project is a go.

Emmanuel jumps, real i zi ng somethi ng.

EMMANUEL
Wai t! Before dinner... that room. They
were looking at a map of the U.S. The
West Coast. They got us out of there
real qui ck, like they were hi di ng it.

Armstrong turns to his men, exci ted.

ARMSTRONG
Get on this, I want a list of likely
possi ble targets on the West Coast and
contingency pl ans for each.
(to Emmanuel)
Good work.

Emmanuel smi les, pl eased wi th himsel f. Gary rolls his
eyes.

EMMANUEL
(re: Gary' s eye roll)
What?

ARMSTRONG
Gentlemen, let's get you to headquarters.

EXT. GERHARDSEN SKI SHOP - LATER

A small ski shop, nestled off a small road.

The Black Van pulls up front, parks. Emmanuel, Gary, Armstrong, and the Men in Black get out and ENTER...

INT. GERHARDSEN SKI SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Just what you'd expect. Ski equipment everywhere. A small front desk. One SLAVIC MAN behind the desk.

The group ENTERS. The man nods at Armstrong, Armstrong nods back, and leads the group through a door.

As they pass the desk, Emmanuel and Gary look behind it. The underside of the desk is lined with MACHINE GUNS.

Gary and Emmanuel share a look ("holy shit.")

INT. GERHARDSEN SKI SHOP (WAY INT.) - CONTINUOUS

TWENTY YOUNG AGENTS line various desks, all on computers. ELECTRONIC MAPS on walls. WEAPONS everywhere.

ARMSTRONG

Gentlemen, you have at your disposal one of the finest task forces in the world.

Armstrong leads them through the room. As he does, he replaces GRENADES on shelves, re-latches MACHINE GUNS, and pats AGENTS on the shoulder encouragingly.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

We are here without any official protection from the United States. We've been given orders through back channels, left to our own devices. Should you be captured, you'll be on your own. The United States government will not get involved in a war with Switzerland. It's just too dangerous here.

EMMANUEL

(floured)

I really just always thought they were neutral.

ARMSTRONG

That's exactly what they want us to think. Switzerland is hell on Earth, Gentlemen. Up to me I'd nuke the whole place, send the entire lot of blonde hair red Nordic fucks straight to hell.

Gary and Emmanuel share a confused look.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. It's just... this place.
(with disdain)

Switzerland.

(then, controlling himself)

Now normally, we'd put civilians through three months of rigorous training. But we can only afford twenty-four hours. I don't suppose either of you have any previous combat training?

GARY

I did an episode of *strokes* where I had to fight the Gooch, but we used a double.

EMMANUEL

I remember that episode, it was one of your best.

GARY

Thanks.

They turn back to a blank-faced Armstrong. After a beat:

EMMANUEL

No. No combat training.

EXT. SNOWY FIELD - LATER

Combat training.

A completely empty, snowy field. PULL DOWN to REVEAL:

Emmanuel, as he crawls under one of those ROPE-LADDER-TRAINING-THINGS. As he crawls, agents SHOUT and FIRE SHOTS behind him to simulate battle.

We watch for a moment as Emmanuel throws himself into it (*Note to reader: in case you've lost perspective by now, please try and imagine Emmanuel Lewis crawling under a rope ladder in the snow as CIA agents fire at his feet*).

Gary watches blankly. He turns to Armstrong.

GARY

Do you think it's very likely we're going to have to crawl under a rope ladder in the next seven days? Cause I might sit this one out.

CUT TO:

HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT

Two AGENTS show off intensive hand-to-hand combat maneuvers. It's rapid-fire and amazing. They finish.

Emmanuel and Gary turn to Armstrong, unsure what to do.

ARMSTRONG

You're up, Gary.

An AGENT approaches, gets down on his knees in front of Gary (to get to eye-level). After a beat... Gary turns back to Armstrong.

GARY

When the bad guys decide to fight me, do you really think they're gonna get down on their knees?

ARMSTRONG

Mr. Colman, the point here is to train you! If you don't attempt anything, how can you--

GARY

Okay! Fine!

Like that, Gary wheels and throws a hard punch hitting the unsuspecting agent (who has since stood up) right in the nuts. The guy goes down.

Gary and Emmanuel turn back to Armstrong.

EMMANUEL

What's next?

CUT TO:

BOMB DEACTIVATION.

On a table, a large bomb.

ARMSTRONG

Good news, bad news. We believe
Johansson has obtained a chemical weapon.
It's a powerful weapon, capable of
killing everyone within a hundred mile
radius.

EMMANUEL

I hope that's the bad news.

Emmanuel belts his loud LAUGH. Armstrong looks to Gary.

GARY

("see what I'm dealing with")
Right?

Armstrong continues.

ARMSTRONG

The good news is that the device is not
very sophisticated. Most unsophisticated
devices have what we call a fail-safe:
one wire that, if disturbed, can
deactivate the bomb. The key is knowing
what to look for--

Before he can finish, Gary pulls out a YELLOW WIRE.
Green smoke fires out of the mock-bomb.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

(calmly)

If that was a real chemical device, every
piece of skin on your body would have
already melted off.

Gary looks at Emmanuel.

GARY

Don't pull the yellow wire.

EMMANUEL

(committting to memory)
Yellow wire, skin melts off. Got it.

WEAPONS TRAINING.

A LARGE SUV is parked in the center of the field.

ARMSTRONG

You'll tell Johansson you decided to stay
and rented a car to get around.

GARY
(impressed)
Honda Pilot.

EMMANUEL
S-weeeeet!

Armstrong studies them for a beat, then... REMOVES a PANEL from the TRUNK, revealing an assortment of WEAPONS.

ARMSTRONG
Obviously you can't carry a weapon,
You'll keep everything in here. Your job
is to gather intel, not exchange fire.
This is only for what we call a doomsday
scenario.

He demonstrates each weapon.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)
(showing grenade)
Grenade. Pull the pin, get rid of it.
(showing machine gun)
Assortment of machine guns. Safety here,
trigger here, you reload by--

Emmanuel is chomping at the bit, adorably excited...

EMMANUEL
Can we try it?

Armstrong looks at Gary, who SHRUGS (he could care less).

CUT TO:

FIRING RANGE

Targets are about one hundred feet away. Armstrong holds the MACHINE GUN. Emmanuel looks orgasmic.

ARMSTRONG
Pretty simple weapon, you basically just point and fire, like this...

He DEMONSTRATES, a perfect round decimates a target.

Emmanuel holds out his hands, eager.

EMMANUEL
Me. Me. Me.

Armstrong shakes his head, carefully places the weapon's strap on Emmanuel's shoulder.

As soon as Armstrong lets go, the weight of the gun drops little Emmanuel to the ground. GUNFIRE goes off everywhere, as AGENTS dive for cover. Finally it stops.

Everyone gets up slowly. Gary turns to Armstrong.

GARY
Do you have anything smaller?

CUT TO:

INT. HEADQUARTERS - LATER

Gary and Emmanuel wear only wife-beaters. WIRES are being taped to their chests.

ARMSTRONG
These wires will avoid all kinds of electronic detection. You NEVER take them off.

The guys follow Armstrong as he approaches a MONITOR.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)
We believe Johansson is working with a team, you've already met the key players.

A PHOTO OF FREJA comes on the screen.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)
Freja Karlsson. Most dangerous woman in Sweden. She's been married to five of the most important men in Europe. They all died. Prematurely. You follow?

GARY
Don't marry Freja, got it.

A PICTURE OF HENRIC comes on screen.

ARMSTRONG
Henric Gustavsson, the professor. Smart, probably the brains behind any operation of Johansson's. Reported weakness for men, especially young ones.

Emmanuel GIGGLES loudly. Armstrong stops, turns to Gary.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)
(re: the Loud Laugh)
Is that gonna be a problem?

GARY
I imagine it will be, yes.

Armstrong SIGHs, pulls up A PICTURE OF NICOLAS.

ARMSTRONG
Nicolás Magnusson. Col d-bl ooded killer.
This kid's taken out five of our best
operatives already. Should you have to
engage him in any sort of physical
combat, you'll want to use every bit of
training you've received here today.

GARY
Hopefully there'll be a rope ladder
hanging two feet off the ground.

Armstrong shuts off the monitor.

ARMSTRONG
Gentlemen: tomorrow, you'll tell
Johansson that you're staying the week to
take in the sights. Weasel your way in,
keep your ears to the ground. The United
States of America is depending on you.
Any questions?

They look at each other.

EMMANUEL
Can we call our agent?

INT. BOBBY WHITE AGENCY - LATER

Bobby sits behind his desk, looking exhausted. JALEEL WHITE (once known better as Erkile) sits in front of him.

In case you haven't seen him in a bit, Jaleel White is actually a big, athletic, good-looking dude.

JALEEL
Fuck this, Bobby! Stop coming at me with
this convention bullshit! I don't want
to be sitting at another motherfucking
convention signing motherfucking pictures
of motherfucking Erkile! Get me something
real!

(MORE)

JALEEL (CONT'D)
 I don't care if I gotta be a fucking
 corpse on *Law and Fucking Order!* Just no
 more fucking Erk! e!

CUE: PHONE.

BOBBY
 Val i d poi nts as al ways, Jal eel . If
 you'll excuse me for a mi nute.

Bobb answers the phone.

BOBBY WHI TE
 Bobby Whi te Agency.

WE GO SPLIT SCREEN

Emmanuel and Gary on one si de (on speakerphone), Bobby Whi te and Jal eel on the other (just Bobby on phone).

EMMANUEL
 Bobby, it's Manny.

BOBBY
 Manny! Good to hear your voi ce!
 (whispering, to Jal eel)
 Emmanuel Lewi s.

JALEEL
 Tel I him hey.

BOBBY
 I'm here wi th Jal eel Whi te. He says hey.

EMMANUEL
 Yo, tell Jal eel I say whassup! We gotta
 bal l when I get back.

BOBBY
 (transl ating to Jal eel)
 He says what's up. He wants to bal l.
 (back on phone)
 How's it goi ng? How's Gary doi ng?

EMMANUEL
 He's good, he's good. He's here wi th me
 ri ght now.

GARY
 Hey.

BOBBY

Gary! Wow, this is a great surprise!
 (explaining to Jal eel)
 Gary Col eman.

JALEEL

Tel I him hey.

BOBBY

Jal eel Whi te says hey.

GARY

Tel I him hey.

BOBBY

(whispering)
 He says hey.
 (then)
 How's Swi tzerl and? Back tomorrow, right?

EMMANUEL

Yeah, actual l y, we've decided to stay a week. You know... take in the sights.

BOBBY

That's great, that's great. You guys are getting along, huh? Well no rush, I'll hold down the fort here. Push back your audi ti ons and such.

GARY

What audi ti ons?

BOBBY

If you get any. I'll push them back if you get any.

EMMANUEL

Al right, Bobby. Later.

GARY

Later.

BOBBY

Later.

They hang up. Bobby turns back to Jal eel .

BOBBY (CONT' D)

Hey - and I'm just sp i t-bal l i ng here - any interest in doing something real i ty-based wi th those guys?

JALEEL

Look at my face! Do I look like I have any motherfucking interest in doing something real i ty-based with Emmanuel Lewis and Gary Coleman! ? Law and Fucki ng Order, that's what I want, Bi tch!

As Jal eel continues to rant, we...

CUT TO:

INT. JOHANSSON' S MANSI ON - NEXT MORNI NG

CUE: A LOUD BUZZER.

Johannson, Henric, Freja, Nicolas, and Vil hel mi na look at a SECURITY MONITOR on the wall.

ON SECURI TY MONI TOR

Emmanuel and Gary, thei r faces real ly close to camera.

BACK TO BAD GUYS

Who look at each other, confused. After a beat, Johannson pushes a button on the wall.

JOHANSSON

Let them i n.

INT. JOHANSSON' S MANSI ON - LATER

The front door opens, revealing Gary and Emmanuel.

JOHANSSON

This i s a surprise.

EMMANUEL

We wanted to apol ogi ze for leavi ng so suddenly last ni ght.

Johansson turns to Gary, expectant. Emmanuel nudges hi m.

GARY

(eating crow)

I was havi ng a bad day.

Henric steps forward, puts a hand on Gary' s shoul der.

HENRIC

We all have bad days my doe-eyed little friend.

Gary looks down at Henric's hand, linger ing an extra beat on his shoulder. Henric smiles and removes it.

EMMANUEL

We've actually decided to stay for a week, take in the sights of your beautiful country.

He catches Vilhelmina's eye, smiles. She smiles back.

FREJA

This is a very bad week for us--

JOHANSSON

Nonsense! If our diminished friends wish to stay, it is our job to pleasure them.

Henric smiles at Gary. Gary looks uncomfortable.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

Come inside! Of all the meals, breakfast is the one that holds the most impotence.

EMMANUEL

Great! Could I just use your restroom before we eat? Small guy, small bladder.

He LAUGHS his big laugh. Vilhelmina GIGGLES, stops herself off Freja's look.

JOHANSSON

Of course. Down the hall, to the right.

Emmanuel EXITS. Gary is left alone with the crew. He looks at Johansson.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

I will not try to make you say it anymore. I sense it upsets you.

GARY

I appreciate that.

JOHANSSON

But perhaps, in time, you will change your mind and come to think of me like your Mr. Drummond, a rich old white man who only wishes for a small black child to own.

GARY

You never know.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Emmanuel rushes down the long hallway of doors.

EMMANUEL

(to himself)
Which one was it?

He settles on a door, OPENS IT.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wrong one. It's a child's room (of Willis, the son). Walls are covered in OUTDATED POSTERS of Gary and Emmanuel. A BED is filled with STUFFED ANIMALS.

Emmanuel turns to go, but HEARS VOICES. He darts inside.

VOICE (O. S.)

Quickly, we must talk.

VOICE #2 (O. S.)

Let's go in the boy's room, he's at school. We can speak freely there.

Emmanuel panics, looks for a place to hide. With no options, he jumps onto the bed and covers himself in the OVERSIZED STUFFED ANIMALS.

ON EMANUEL

Completely covered and still. Only his face sticks out from between the stuffed toys. He blends right in.

AT DOOR

Freja, Henric, and Nicolas ENTER, close the door.

FREJA

Ludvig's adoration of these munchkins overrides his common sense. It is a mistake to allow them into our circle days before we launch our enterprise.

NICOLAS

Let us be safe. I can eliminate them.

Emmanuel's eyes open wide.

HENRI C

No, they are the biggest stars in the world. It would be too public if they go missing. Besides, I enjoy their company, particularly the cute little angry one.

NI COLAS

Stop thinking with your vi ener, Henri c.

On "vi ener" Emmanuel GIGGLES. They all turn.

NI COLAS (CONT' D)

What was that?

They look around. Nothing. Just a stuffed animals.

FREJA

Let us remain focused. Our development moves steadily. In five days we strike a crippling blow at the heart of the people of California and begin the long awaited creation of a new Switzerland.

Ni col as NODS eagerly.

FREJA (CONT' D)

We must monitor them closely. If we sense anything, we take them out.

The men NOD in agreement and they EXIT. Once clear, Emmanuel extricates himself from the stuffed animals.

EMMANUEL

(speaking into chest)

Did you get that? Target is somewhere in California in five days.

Emmanuel heads for the door.

EMMANUEL (CONT' D)

(to himself)

This is so cool.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Gary sits at the table with his hosts.

GARY

So, Mr. Johansson... what's this big business project you keep talking about?

JOHANSSON

Oh, Gary, it will be magnificent. In just days we will announce to the world--

Freja grabs his hand, shutting him up.

FREJA

Mr. Coleman, do you ski? Perhaps we might show you some of Switzerland's finest slopes.

GARY

Nope, don't ski.
(back to topic)
You were saying?

Just then, EMMANUEL ENTERS from the "bathroom."

EMMANUEL

Golly, I just peed forever, huh?! I mean, I bet you were wondering how someone could take that long to pee but I swear I was peeing that whole time!

Awkward beat.

FREJA

Mr. Webster, I was just asking Gary if he enjoyed the skiing.

GARY

(to Emmanuel, pointedly)
I told her no.

FREJA

You cannot come to Switzerland without skiing.

EMMANUEL

I've never ski'd before but I'd love to learn.

Gary ROLLS his eyes.

GARY

(imitating, pitchng voice)
I've never ski'd before but I'd love to learn.

EMMANUEL

Stop it.

GARY

You stop i t.

EMMANUEL

You.

GARY

You.

EMMANUEL

Stop bei ng mean.

GARY

(i mi tati ng)

Stop bei ng mean.

JOHANSSON

Gentl emen!

(then)

I begin to understand why Mr. Drummond is
so ti red usual ly.

He stands, CLAPS hi s hands.

JOHANSSON (CONT' D)

It is settl ed! Vi l hel mi na wi ll take you
to shoppi ng, and then, we wi ll ski !Emmanuel and Vi l hel mi na share a smi le. Henric taps
Gary's shoul der.

HENRIC

I do not ski ei ther. We can si t by the
fi re at the l odge and become... better
acquai nted.

GARY

Fantasti c.

INT. SKI RENTAL SHOP - LATER

Emmanuel tries on SKI EQUIPMENT as Vi l hel mi na oversees.
Emmanuel jumps si de to si de in hi s skis.OFF TO THE SI DE Gary stands wi th hi s arms crossed,
watchi ng the bi zarre fl irtation from afar.

VI LHELMI NA

Yees! The ski 's feet perfectl y. I must
buy for you!

EMMANUEL

No, no. You're very generous but I can't let a beautiful woman buy me ski's.

VI LHELMI NA

(blushing)

Oh, no. I think I seem not beautiful. I seem tall and awkward.

EMMANUEL

(joking)

Imagine what our babies would look like.

VI LHELMI NA

(serious)

Yees. I can.

She smiles. Emmanuel is completely smitten. Gary approaches, grabs him.

GARY

Can I talk to you?

EMMANUEL

(to Vi Lhelmi na)

Excuse me a moment.

Gary pulls Emmanuel aside, speaks quietly.

GARY

Listen to me. I'm not gonna risk blowing one hundred grand cause you're getting your little head stuck up your little ass.

EMMANUEL

What are you talking about? We're supposed to get close to them, I'm getting close.

GARY

Please. Do you really think you have a shot with the six foot supermodel?

EMMANUEL

You know what, Gary? I'm getting sick of taking your crap. You want to hate me for something that happened twenty years ago, fine. You want to feel like the world's out to get you, like you don't deserve anything you want, that's your problem. She likes me. She thinks I'm cute. So deal with it.

(MORE)

EMMANUEL (CONT' D)

Now if you'll excuse me, I'll be in the
little boys department finding ski-pants.

Emmanuel storms off.

INT. SKI RENTAL SHOP - LATER

Emmanuel tries on ski jackets as Vilhelmina watches.

VI LHELMINA

You and Mr. Colemeen, you do not leek
each other much?

EMMANUEL

We have a history.

VI LHELMINA

What ees this... heestory?

Emmanuel takes a deep breath, tells her the STORY. *Note:*
The story is told over REAL CLIPS and IMAGES from the 80's.

We start with EARLY CLIPS from *Different Strokes*.

EMMANUEL (V. O.)

Gary's show started in 1978, five years
before mine. *Different Strokes* was huge
back then, I mean... Gary was the biggest
thing around.

IMAGES OF MAGAZINE COVERS, CLIPS of Gary doing CARSON.

EMMANUEL (V. O.) (CONT' D)

He was everywhere. God knows how much
money he was making, I don't think he
knew, winning every award.

IMAGES OF GARY WINNING AWARDS.

EMMANUEL (V. O.) (CONT' D)

He won the People's Choice Award for
Favorite Young TV Performer in 1980, '81,
'82, '83. You've gotta understand...
this was unprecedented.

CLIPS FROM *WEBSTER*.

EMMANUEL (CONT' D)

My show started six years later, 1983.
People compared the shows of course -
small black kids, adopted by white folks -
frankly, I never saw it.

(MORE)

EMMANUEL (CONT' D)

I mean, my white family was middle class
his was rich, he had a brother I was an
only child... whatever, don't get me
started.

I MAGES OF EMMANUEL on MAGAZINE COVERS. Doing CARSON.

EMMANUEL (CONT' D)

Point is, suddenly I became the guy. And
then came '84. People's Choice Awards,
my first time. I was happy just to be
there, got to meet Kenny Rogers--

VI LHELMI NA (O. S.)

Oh my God! Keenny Rogers.

EMMANUEL (O. S.)

Kenny's amazing. We text constantly.

(then)

Anyhow, I certainly didn't expect
anything, I mean Gary had won four years
in a row. But then...

I MAGES OF EMMANUEL WINNING.

EMMANUEL (CONT' D)

I won. I beat him.

BACK TO SCENE

Vi lhel mi na li stens, enraptured.

EMMANUEL (CONT' D)

I made a joke during my acceptance
speech. It was pretty harmless. I said
something like, "Well, I guess Gary
Coleman just became the second most
popular little black kid in Hollywood."
Got a huge laugh but it embarrassed him
horribly. And he never forgave me.

He pauses, reflective.

EMMANUEL (CONT' D)

It wasn't a nice thing to say. I was
just a kid and it was just a joke but . . .
I don't know. I've always felt bad.

Sheepishly, he looks up at Vi lhel mi na. She leans in and
gives him a PECK on the cheek.

VI LHELMI NA

You are a good person, I theenk.

EMMANUEL

I try to be.

VI LHELMINA

That must be neece.

EMMANUEL

What? You're not a good person?

She doesn't respond, looks upset.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)

What is it, Vi Lhel mi na?

Gary walks over, cuts him off.

GARY

We shoul d get goi ng.

Vi Lhel mi na gathers hersel f, the moment I lost.

VI LHELMINA

Yes, I let us go.

She EXITS. Emmanuel glares at Gary, follows her.

GARY

(re: the glare)

What?

As Gary walks after him, TWO MEN IN BLACK emerge from behind mannequins. One of them speaks into his sleeve:

MAN IN BLACK

The operati ves are in play. I repeat...

He hesi tates, turns to the other guy. The other guy SHRUGS.

MAN IN BLACK (CONT'D)

(into sleeve)

The guys from *Different strokes* and *Webster* are in play.

(to other guy)

This is so fucking wei rd.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKI SLOPE - LATER

Emmanuel rides on a SKI LI FT next to Vi Lhel mi na.

EMMANUEL

You' re sure I shoul dn' t get a lesson?

VI LHELMINA

I vi ll look out for you.

The lift reaches the bottom. Vi l hel mi na SCOOPS up Emmanuel like a doll and places him on the ground.

VI LHELMINA (CONT' D)

We vi ll start on the easiest mounteen.

She starts off. Emmanuel wal ks/hops after her in his skis, awkwardl y.

EMMANUEL

So Vi l hel mi na, before... i t fel t like you wanted to tell me somethi ng?

Vi l hel mi na hesi tates. Just then FREJA whips over, executi ng a HOCKEY-ST0P and sprayi ng snow everywhere.

FREJA

Vi l hel mi na? You have entertain ed our guest long enough. I wi ll take Mr. Webster down the mountai n.

VI LHELMINA

Oh, eet' s real ly not a probl eem--

FREJA

(col dl y)

You are di smi ssed, Vi l hel mi na.

Vi l hel mi na nods, smi les weakl y at Emmanuel, and skis off.

FREJA (CONT' D)

A man of your stature shoul d not spend his entire trip with a mere assi stant. Come. I wi ll take you to a more chal lenging hill. It wi ll gi ve us a chance to talk about why you have deci ded to stay in Swi tzerl and longer.

Emmanuel SWALL0WS. Freja grabs his arm, pul ls him off.

CUT TO:

INT. SKI LODGE - MEANWHI LE

Gary si ts in a cozy l oge, sippi ng a warm beverage. In front of him si ts Johansson, Henric, and Nicol as.

JOHANSSON

So, Gary. Tell me of your fictional best friend, Dudley. Why in the show do we never see his parents? And where comes from the name Dudley? Is it an African name? Are you close in the real life?

GARY

Sorry, I haven't heard from him in years.

This stops Johansson. He turns to Nicolas.

JOHANSSON

(softly)

He gives me nothing! Do I ask for so much!?

(then, announcing)

I need a drink.

He stalks off, Nicolas glares at Gary and EXITS after Johansson. Once they're gone, Henry nudges closer.

HENRY

Nicolas follows him like a lapdog.

GARY

Yeah, they seem pretty tight.

HENRY

Johansson has always favored him. Too much, I think sometimes.

Gary picks up on the jealousy, treads carefully.

GARY

That must bother you a little. How does he favor him?

HENRY

Oh, I could tell you stories.

GARY

Please do.

HENRY

(whispering)

We have a... project in California. It was my... conception. Yet despite the fact that Nicolas is idiot homophobe, Johansson chooses him to--

He stops, hesitant.

GARY

To what?

HENRI C

Come. Let us sit on the rug by the fire.
It will make me more comfortable to speak
freely.

Gary SWALLOWS, looks at the BEARSKIN RUG near the fire.

BACK TO:

EXT. SKI SLOPE - MEANWHILE

Freja leads Emmanuel through the snow. She skis on the flat ground with ease. He labors after her.

EMMANUEL

So, what is it you hoped to do with your extra time in Switzerland, Mr. Webster?

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)

Oh, you know, see the sights--

FREJA

Such as what? Opera houses? Castles?
Major cities?

EMMANUEL

Yep. Want to bang out all that stuff.

FREJA

Such a sudden decision. To leave dinner
so quickly and then decide to stay
another week.

EMMANUEL

I'm a fly by the seat of my pants kinda
guy, Freja. Is it much further?

FREJA

You obtained a rental car so quickly.

EMMANUEL

Yep.

FREJA

From where?

EMMANUEL

Oh, we got it at the airport.

FREJA

Why do you lie, Mr. Webster?

EMMANUEL

Lie?

FREJA

I know when men lie, Mr. Webster. My first husband told me he did not cheat. My second, that he did not gamble. I knew both times, immediately, that they lied. Just as I know that you lie now.

They have arrived at the EDGE OF A CLIFF.

FREJA (CONT'D)

I think it may be time for you to tell me what you really do here, no?

Freja pulls a GUN from behind her ski jacket. Emmanuel looks at the gun, speaks toward his chest/wire area.

EMMANUEL

Golly gee! Freja has pointed a loaded gun at me! I repeat: Golly gee! Freja has pointed a loaded gun at me!"

Freja looks confused.

BACK TO:

INT. SKI LODGE - MEANWHILE

Gary Coleman lies on the bear skin rug with Henric. *I repeat, Gary Coleman lies on the bear skin rug with Henric.*

HENRIC

You look so young in the light of the fire, Gary Coleman.

GARY

(uncomfortable)

Thanks. So... you were saying? About Nicolas?

Henric SIGHS dramatically.

HENRIC

We are delivering our presentation to the world in five days. And because Johansson favors him, Nicolas will be...

(MORE)

HENRI C (CONT' D)

I let's just say, delivering the actual presentation. It is a big honor.

GARY

You don't say?

Henric GI GGLES. He places a hand on Gary's leg.

HENRI C

I love your show, Gary. I know many different strokes of my own if you get my meaning.

Gary cringes.

GARY

Where?

HENRI C

The arm, or the leg, or somewhere more private--

GARY

No, where is Nicolas delivering the presentation?

HENRI C

Oh, I shouldn't.

Johansson and Nicolas RE-ENTER the room, carrying drinks.

HENRI C (CONT' D)

Ludvig! Nicolas! You are back so soon!

JOHANSSON

Are we interrupting something?

GARY

Kind of.

HENRI C

Yes.

Johansson looks confused, shares a look with Nicolas.

JOHANSSON (CONT' D)

(re: homosexuality)

Gary Coleman! I had no idea.

Gary starts to protest, then stops himself. He shakes his head and bites the bullet.

GARY

You know what they say, Mr. Johansson: the world don't move to the beat of just one drum.

Johansson looks completely shocked by the revelation.

BACK TO:

EXT. SKI SLOPE - MEANWHILE

Emmanuel is still at the precipice of the cliff, being held at gunpoint by Freja.

EMMANUEL

(talking to his chest)

Freja, it's not very nice that you have a gun pointed at my face. On a cliff. I'm not sure where...

FREJA

Why do you speak into your chest?

EMMANUEL

What do you mean? That I'm talking into my chest as if I'm trying to get someone to come rescue me? On the cliff? Where Freja has a gun pointed at me?

Realizing, Freja rips open Emmanuel's ski jacket and reaches down his shirt. She rips out his WIRE.

FREJA

I knew it!

She levels her gun. Emmanuel closes his eyes. Just as she goes to fire he JUMPS off the precipice.

EMMANUEL

HOLY... CRAPPPPPPPPPP!

Freja takes off after him.

ACTION SEQUENCE

Emmanuel races down the mountain, SCREAMING the entire time, going a hundred miles an hour.

Behind him, Freja gives chase, side to side across the mountain... an expert skier.

Emmanuel hits a MOGUL, flies, his legs go spread eagle.

Behind him, Freja FIRES her weapon. The bullet whizzes through Emmanuel's spread eagle legs.

His eyes open WIDE.

Freja catches up, grabs him. Entwined (standing face to crotch) they careen down the mountain.

She angles her gun towards Emmanuel. He grabs it. They fight for control of the weapon as they continue down.

A TREE comes up quickly, dead center on the slope. At the last minute, they SPLIT UP, avoiding it.

Still moving down hill, Emmanuel realizes: somehow's he retained possession of the GUN.

Freja comes back after him. He points the weapon at her.

She leaps at him. He FIRES.

The BACKFIRE from the GUN sends him TUMBLING backwards. Simultaneously, the shot causes her to duck for cover and start TUMBLING in the other direction.

They ROLL down the hill, SOMMERSAULTING parallel to one another. Eventually, they come together.

They both grab each other, roll down the hill as one.

Freja is able to regain her footing, pulls Emmanuel up.

Emmanuel looks forward. They're hurtling toward another TREE. He braces for impact. At the last possible second...

Someone SWOOPS in from the side and grabs him... leaving Freja to SMASH into the tree by herself.

Emmanuel looks up, dazed. Before him stands ARMSTRONG (head of the CIA), dressed in all black.

Armstrong steadies Emmanuel on his feet, says nothing, and skis fluidly over toward Freja.

Meanwhile, a BLACK CHOPPER ARRIVES and LOWERS A ROPE LADDER from above.

Freja lies on the ground, groaning.

FREJA

(half conscious)

I knew it! I knew he was working for someone--

Without a word, Armstrong reaches down and SNAPS her neck. She falls back, dead.

EMMANUEL

Holy crap!

ARMSTRONG

Emmanuel, come here, quickly.

Emmanuel WADDLES over in his skis. Armstrong grabs him, re-adjusts his "wires," and zips up his jacket.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

Get to Johansson. Say there's been an accident. You have to move quickly.

Armstrong grabs the rope ladder, gets lifted away.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Meet at headquarters tonight for a debriefing.

EMMANUEL

You killed her! Holy crap! She's like totally dead!

ARMSTRONG

We had no choice! Go, Emmanuel! Now!

Flustered, Emmanuel runs off in his oversized skis.

He looks ridiculous.

INT. SKI LODGE - CONTINUOUS

Johansson sits in front of Gary, still stunned by news of his sexual orientation.

JOHANSSON

Did Mr. Drummond know?

EMMANUEL BURSTS IN, out of breath.

EMMANUEL

There's been... accident... Freja... go... quickly...

Everyone RUSHES OUT. Gary goes to follow, Emmanuel grabs him. They speak quickly, heated WHISPERS.

EMMANUEL (CONT' D)
Freja's dead.

GARY
They think I'm gay.

EMMANUEL (CONT' D)
What!?

GARY
What!?

EMMANUEL (CONT' D)
Armstrong snapped her neck.

GARY
I'm leading亨利 on.

EMMANUEL
What!?

GARY
What!?

They pause.

GARY
You go first.

EMMANUEL
Freja found out I was wearing a wire.
She chased me down the mountain with a
gun. Armstrong saved me and snapped her
neck to make it look like an accident.

GARY
Wow.

EMMANUEL
It was bananas. Now you go.

GARY
I let亨利 feel up my leg in front of
the fire and got him to tell me that
Nicolais is the one delivering the bomb.
(then)
He just snapped it? Her neck?

EMMANUEL
Like in the movies. We're supposed to
get debriefed later.

GARY
I almost got debriefed five minutes ago.

EMMANUEL
(surprised)
That's funny, Gary. You made a very
funny joke.

GARY
Thanks. Your approval means the world to
me, Manny. Really.

EMMANUEL

(as his face drops)

Why do you have to do that? The sarcasm?

GARY

Because you irritate me. And stop being so sensitive.

EMMANUEL

Whatever. I'm not the one holding onto a grudge from twenty years ago.

GARY

Enough with that shit already!

He takes a deep breath. Emmanuel does the same.

EMMANUEL

I'm sorry. It's just... this is harder than anything I've ever done.

GARY

Really? Saving America from a terrorist attack? It's tougher than *The Surreal Life*?

They start walking out.

EMMANUEL

You're such a dick.

GARY

You are.

EMMANUEL

You are...

Their bickering FADES OUT as they EXIT the Lodge...

EXT. SKI SLOPE - LATER

A GURNEY lifts Freja's dead body into an ambulance.

Nicolas pulls back the SHEET over Freja's body. Her neck has RED MARKS on it... like someone had their hands on it before she died.

He looks off toward the side where...

Emmanuel talks to MEDICAL WORKERS. He points at the tree, clearly explaining what happened.

Nicolás pulls the sheet back over Freja's face. His gaze never leaves Emmanuel.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - LATER

Emmanuel and Gary stand in front of Armstrong.

ARMSTRONG

Here's what we now know: Nicolás will be delivering the bomb somewhere in California in four days time. We need to know where and we need to know how.

He turns to Gary.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

Gary, continue to focus on Henri C. He seems to have a loose tongue.

Emmanuel GLIGLES.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

(reprimanding)
Emmanuel.

EMMANUEL

Sorry.

He turns to Emmanuel.

ARMSTRONG

Emmanuel, the assistant, what's her name?

EMMANUEL

Vi I hel mi na.

ARMSTRONG

Vi I ami na also seems--

EMMANUEL

(correcting him)
Vi I hel mi na.

Armstrong stops, takes a breath.

ARMSTRONG

(trying calm)

Thank you.

(then)

She also seems to know something.

(MORE)

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

I want both of you to take twenty-four hours to gain their trust. We need to see how far you can get with them.

Emmanuel GI GGLES again. Gary turns to Armstrong.

GARY

If you shoot him, I won't tell anyone.

ARMSTRONG

Just get close, Gentleman. We just need them to believe they can trust you.

WE CUE: the 80's theme song from Webster (*look it up online, it's perfect*): "Then Came You" as we launch:

GARY-HENRI C/MANNY-VI LHELMINA "FALLING-IN-LOVE MONTAGE"

A FUNERAL for Freja. Everyone in black. Johansson speaks.

ON GARY. As Henric, sobbing, rests his head on his shoulder. Gary pats his head, uncomfortable.

ON EMMANUEL. As Vilhelmina, tears in her eyes, takes his hand.

PULL BACK. In the distance, Nicolas watches both of them. He looks suspicious.

IN A CASTLE: As Henric and Vilhelmina lead Gary and Emmanuel on a tour. Vilhelmina holds out her hand, Emmanuel takes it.

Henric holds out his. Gary hesitates, then takes it.

ON A SNOWY FIELD, Vilhelmina tosses snow playfully at Emmanuel. He throws a snowball at her. She tackles him and they frolic in the snow.

OFF TO THE SIDE, Gary watches, shakes his head. After a beat, he's tackled from behind by Henric.

IN THEIR CAR, as they drive and sing along to the radio.

IN A MUSEUM, as Vilhelmina and Emmanuel look at a painting of a young couple, very much in love.

IN A BAR, where the couples slow dance.

AND FINALLY, back at the hotel, where the couples bid one another awkward goodnights. As Henric and Vilhelmina clear frame, we PUSH IN ON...

NI COLAS, sitting in the lobby, monitoring it all. Once they're gone, he gets up and EXITS.

END MONTAGE.

INT. UNDSCLOSED LOCATION - LATER

Johansson sits in a seat, looking out at SOMETHING (we don't see what). He looks exasperated.

JOHANSSON

No, no, no! It is not good enough! We must be ready in FOUR DAYS!

Nicolas approaches, sits down next to him.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

What of our diminutive friends?

NI COLAS

They spend all day with Henrik and Vilhelmina. I have bad feelings.

JOHANSSON

I know, I know.

NI COLAS

They decide to stay long. The angry one infects Henrik with lust. Now Freja is dead. You must let me eliminate them.

Johansson takes a deep breath, aggravated.

JOHANSSON

I understand your concerns, Nicolás. This enterprise is too important to risk, even for the world's greatest stars.

(then)

I have a plan. We will take them to the Riviera. I can always see a man's soul at the Riviera.

NI COLAS

And if you don't like what you see?

JOHANSSON

(dramatically)

Then Gary Coleman and Emmanuel Lewis die in Switzerland.

A beat, then:

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

Oh Jesus, I really hope we don't have to kill them. They are so talented.

INT. SKI RENTAL SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Armstrong briefs Gary and Emmanuel.

ARMSTRONG

Tonight is a big night. Johansson only takes those in his inner circle to the Riviera. We need to figure out where he plans on hitting us in California. We're running out of time.

Emmanuel sits forward, excited.

EMMANUEL

(eager)

Do you want us to shoot anybody?

ARMSTRONG

Emmanuel: what do I keep saying?

EMMANUEL

(by rote)

Stop giggling like a idiot and interrupting you.

ARMSTRONG

No, about the guns.

EMMANUEL

Oh.

(then, the "right" answer)

The guns in the trunk are only for a Doomsday Scenario.

(quietly)

L-aaaaame.

Over ARMSTRONG'S NARRATION we watch our heroes prepare.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Emmanuel stands in front of the mirror, puts on a TUXEDO over his HIDDEN WIRES.

ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

You'll need to be at your best tonight.

INT. SECOND HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gary similalry adjusts his bow tie.

ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

The closer you get, the more suspicious
Johansson will become.

EXT. HOTEL - LATER

Gary and Emmanuel wait outside the hotel. A LIMOSINE ARRIVES. The door opens and VILHELMINA steps out in an evening gown. Stunninng. Emmanuel melts.

ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

Johansson said he'd be picking you at
seven.

INT. LIMOSINE - CONTINUOUS

Gary and Emmanuel sit opposite Vilhelmina, Johansson, Henric, and Nicolas. It's a ridiculous tableau.

ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

I imagine you'll head straight to the
Casino.

The limo stops. They step out...

EXT. RIVIERA - CONTINUOUS

An OPULENT CASINO -the Bellagio times fifty. Gary and Emmanuel take it in.

ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

The Riviera puts Monte Carlo to shame.
The Swiss are notorious for their love of
gaming and extravagance.

GARY (V.O.)

Really? The Swiss?

ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

They're fucking animals.

INT. RI VI ERA CASI NO - CONTINUOUS

Johansson leads his "entourage" through the Casi no. SPECTATORS stop to pay homage.

Nicol as, like a wrecking ball, clears a path for all.

ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

Johansson's a notorious gambler, he'll head straight for the tables.

A HOT WAI TRESS stops the procession, holding out a tray of MARTINI'S. Johansson passes one each back to Gary and Emmanuel.

ARMSTRONG (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He'll try and get you drunk. Be careful, you'll need your wits tonight.

Johansson turns, continues marching forward. As soon as he does, Gary and Emmanuel TOSS the contents of their drinks over their shoulders...

Into the faces of NEARBY SPECTATORS.

INT. HIGH ROLLER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

VELVET ROPE parts, allowing them to enter a room with...

ONE POKER TABLE.

At the table sit VARIOUS BUSINESMEN. Each has a PERSONAL BEAUTIFUL WAI TRESS who waits behind him.

Manny, Gary, Johansson, Henrik, and Nicol as take their places at the table. Vilhelmina steps behind Manny..

JOHANSSON

Tonight we will gamble a game of real men in honor of dear Freja who was like a real man but with a vagina.

He stops, gathers himself, and continues.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

We will look into each other's souls and see what we find. Hopefully, we find a depth as I once found in Freja's vagina.

Gary and Manny SHUDDER as Johansson CLAPS TWICE.

Instantly each wai tress steps forward and places a TIARA-ESQUE CROWN around the forehead of each man at the table.

Gary and Manny look confused.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

First we drink. We drink because we are merry, and because I am a drunk who cannot find the pleasure in life without the alcohol. Ha ha ha ha.

Prompted, everyone joins him in a LAUGH.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

(stopping short)

It's not funny. I am not a happy person.

They stop. He CLAPS TWICE MORE. Instantly, MARTINI S are passed out by wai tresses.

Johansson points at Gary and Emmanuel, waiting for them to drink. They hesitate, not sure what to do.

GARY

Oh my god! Is that Todd Bridges?

Everyone WHIPS around, excited. Gary and Emmanuel, synchronized, once again TOSS their drink contents over their shoulders onto the WAI TRESSES behind them.

EMMANUEL

Nope. Just looks like Todd Bridges.

JOHANSSON

DAMMIT!

GROANS of disappointment. Everyone turns back and Johansson calls himself, continues.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

The game is called One Card Stud. I have staked our celebrity friends with one million American dollars. Consider it a gift.

EMMANUEL

Oh, no, we can't acce--

Gary SMACKS MANNY in the face with the back of his hand without so much as changing his expression.

GARY

Please continue.

JOHANSSON

Twelve men sit at this table, twelve cards will be dealt. One card per man.

CARDS are dealt. Each man, without looking, TUCKS IT INTO the front of his tiara so that the card faces out.

Goes without saying: it's an odd sight.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

You bet when you think you have high card. You fold when you think you do not. It is about reading your opponent.

Johansson smiles, crosses his legs.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

You see, my famous little purplish friends, I do not read books. I read people. Sometimes I even go to libraries to read people. Because it is often most interesting to read people while they are reading books. If you know what I mean.

No one does.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN THAT I READ PEOPLE!?

QUICK MURMURS OF AGREEMENT ("sure, sure," "you're great at that" "Yes, especially in libraries").

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

Henric starts the betting.

Henric (with a KING in his Tiara), throws down his card.

HENRIC

I folded.

NI COLAS

You had King!
(under his breath)
Faggot.

HENRIC

What was that?

NI COLAS

You hear me.

Henric shakes his head at Gary and MOUTHS, "Do you see what it is I'm dealing with?"

Gary smiles gently, MOUTHS BACK, "Don't let it get to you."

Henric SIGHs and SLURPS down his entire drink, calls for ANOTHER.

HENRIC

(to Ni col as)

You'll be sorry for talking this way to me, you overgrown moron.

NI COLAS

What did you say?

HENRIC

(imitating Ni col as)

You hear me.

Ni col as JUMPS at Henric. Johansson SLAMS the table with his hand and Ni col as instantly sits... a dog restrained.

JOHANSSON

Enough. If I want more children why did I tie up my baby juice inside of me!? So stop acting like children or I... will release my baby juice...

He peters out, losing even himself.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

CONTINUE THE BETTING!

The game continues to go AROUND THE TABLE, some men FOLD, some men BET. The bet comes to Gary. He holds a "TEN."

He looks at Johansson who holds a JACK.

GARY

So, Mr. Johansson. You say you like to read people's souls. What do you see when you look at me?

JOHANSSON

I see that despite your vast riches, Gary Coleman, you cannot take your eyes off the money in front of you. I see a man who values money above all else.

EMMANUEL

Wow! That's so true!

GARY

Shut up.

EMMANUEL

But he's spot on!
 (to Johansson)
 Do me! Do me! Am I ever gonna get
 married?

GARY

Shut up, Manny!

Emmanuel goes quiet. After a beat, Gary regains his composure and his James Bond demeanor.

GARY (CONT'D)

Would you like to know what I see when I look at you, Mr. Johansson?

MR. JOHANSSON

Please.

GARY

I see a powerful man looking to feed a gigantic ego. A man who plans on doing something big that will hurt many.

(then)

And I see a man with a better hand than me. This time.

Gary FOLDS. Henric sits up, already drunk and SLURRING.

HENRIC

Good work, Gary! Adorable AND intuitive!
 Let me ask you... can you tell just by
 looking at him that he always sides with
 Niccolas over me?

JOHANSSON

(tense)

That's enough, Henric.

HENRIC

And what can I do? He is Ludvig
 Johansson! And on Saturday when we gain
 access to your Hollywood - with my plan I
 might add - even your famous Leader Bush
 won't be able to stop him--

NICOLAS

Henric!

Gary and Emmanuel share a quick look.

HENRI C

Oh, I'm sorry, should I not say this?
 I'm just such a FAGGOT--

Johansson leans over to Nicolas.

JOHANSSON

I think Henric needs to use the restroom.

HENRI C

I'm fine actually.

JOHANSSON

Nicolas, help him to the restroom please.

Nicolas pulls Henric away. Everyone sits there in awkward silence. Finally, Johansson turns to Emmanuel.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

In answer to your question: you will marry many times, Emmanuel Lewis.

EMMANUEL

Yay!

JOHANSSON

Now, let us gamble.

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nicolas pushes Henric inside.

NI COLAS

You idiot! You practically give plan away.

HENRI C

I am the one who found the bomb! I will not be bullied by you anymore, Nicolas. My love of Gary Coleman has changed me.

Nicolas smiles, a dangerous smile.

NI COLAS

Yes, well, now your love of Gary Coleman will kill you.

Henric's face drops as Nicolas LOCKS THE DOOR.

BACK TO:

INT. HIGH ROLLER ROOM - NEXT FEW HOURS

As TIME PASSES we watch the men at the table gamble.

- JOHANSSON wins a hand, LAUGHS and DRAWS.
- GARY wins a hand, smiles at Johansson.
- EMMANUEL helps Garry scoop up his winnings. Gary slaps his hand away from his chips.
- ONE BY ONE, players exit the tournament.
- Eventually, EMMANUEL loses to Johansson.
- Soon, only Gary and Johansson remain... each with LARGE PILE OF CHIPS.

We break from the GAMBLING MONTAGE as...

NICOLAS returns to the table. His shirt is splattered with BLOOD. Everyone looks up at him.

Beat.

NICOLAS
Henri c has a stomachache.

EMMANUEL
Ouch. Is it bad?

Nicolas looks at Johansson, nods.

NICOLAS
As bad a stomachache as one can have.

Johansson smiles, then... catches Gary's eye. Gary looks at him, knowingly.

JOHANSSON
And so we are down to final two: Gary Colman and myself. I have dreamt of this test ever since seeing the episode of *Different Strokes* where the evil bike shop owner tries to molest Gary Colman's handsome friend Dudley and Gary Colman saves the day by alerting authorities.

Two CARDS are DEALT. Both men go to put their cards in their TIARA'S... but Johansson stops.

JOHANSSON (CONT' D)

Woul d you care to play this one bl i nd,
Mr. Col eman?

GARY

It's your game, Mr. Johansson.

Both men lie thei r CARDS FACE DOWN, nei ther looking at them. The crowd GASPS.

Emmanuel looks confused, turns to Vi lhel mi na.

EMMANUEL

Is i t just me or i s thi s the most idi otic thi ng I've ever seen?

VI LHELMINA

Yes. Ees very eedi otic.

Meanwhi le, Gary and Johansson are locked on each other. They hold conversation, never breaki ng thei r gaze.

GARY

Tel l me about thi s big project of yours in Hol lywood.

JOHANSSON

Happi ly. Fi rst, you say "What' chu tal ki ng about Wi lli s?"

GARY

I thi nk you know I won' t do that.

JOHANSSON

As do you, Mr. Col eman.

Gary smi les, maski ng hi s i rri tati on.

GARY

What di d you do to Henri c?

JOHANSSON

Nothi ng he di dn' t do to hi msel f.

GARY

What's i n Hol lywood?

JOHANSSON

"What' chu tal ki ng about Wi lli s?"

GARY

Hol lywood? Saturday?

JOHANSSON
Wi l l i s? What's he tal ki ng about?

GARY
Tel l me.

JOHANSSON
Say i t.

Emmanuel jumps up from hi s seat, i nterrupti ng:

EMMANUEL
WHAT' CHU TALKI N' BOUT WI LLI S! ? THERE! I
SAI D IT! ENOUGH! JESUS!

Everyone looks at Emmanuel for a beat, then turn thei r
attenti on back to the game.

JOHANSSON
All i n.

He PUSHES all hi s chi ps i n. The crowd GASPS, then
APPLAUDS. Gary hesi tates.

GARY
I 'd be wi se to fol d, or else I risk
bl owing all my money.

Johansson smi les, reaches for the pot.

GARY (CONT' D)
Then agai n... I 'm Gary Col eman. I 've
bl own all my money plenty of ti mes.
(a beat)
I cal l .

Gary shoves hi s CHI PS i nto the center of the tabl e. The
pl ace ERUPTS!

Johansson' s FACE DROPS. He TURNS hi s card. A JACK!
Gary TURNS hi s...

A KI NG! GARY WI NS! Johansson stands, furi ous.

JOHANSSON
You real i ze that requi red no ski ll of any
ki nd.

GARY
I do.

JOHANSSON
As long as you know.

Johansson STORMS away. Nicol as follows him.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

(to Nicol as)

I have looked in their souls. You are right: they are more than just the world's preeminent superstars. Tomorrow morning we get to the bottom of Gary Coleman and Emmanuel Lewis... even if I have to dig to the bottom of them myself.

Nicol as smiles sadly. He takes a look back at...

GARY AND EMMANUEL:

As they revel in the ADULATION of the SPECTATORS, completely unaware of what awaits them.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL - LATER THAT NIGHT

The LIMOUSINE pulls to a stop in front of the hotel. Gary EXITS, followed by Emmanuel and Vilhelmina.

GARY

Well, thanks for the ride home,
Vilhelmina. We'll see you tomorrow?

Emmanuel steps forward, puts a hand on Gary's shoulder.

EMMANUEL

(pointedly)
Goodnight, Gary.

GARY

Goodnight? Where the hell are you going?

EMMANUEL

(pointedly, again)
I'm not going anywhere, Gary.

Emmanuel NODS toward Vilhelmina. Gary looks at her, confused. She looks away, embarrassed.

Gary slowly smiles, getting it.

GARY

Ohhhh! I see! Hadn't realized Webster was laying his web!

Gary looks at Vi l hel mi na: beauti ful , bl ond, real ly fucki ng tall .

GARY (CONT' D)

Vi l hel mi na.

He looks at Manny: nervous, adorabl e, real ly fucki ng smal l .

GARY (CONT' D)

Don' t break him.

Gary EXITS. Manny CHUCKLES, sheepi sh.

EMMANUEL

That guy... he' s just so... the thi ng
i s... are you hungry?

Awkward si lence. Vi l hel mi na steps toward him.

VI LHELMI NA

Emmanuel ?

EMMANUEL

Yes?

VI LHELMI NA

I want you--

EMMANUEL

I want you too, Vi l hel mi na! I want you
so bad i t feels like I have a herni a!

She continues undeterred.

VI LHELMI NA

I want you... to listen to me, Emmanuel .

EMMANUEL

Oh. Shoul d have let you fi ni sh I guess.

VI LHELMI NA

My boss ees not neece Man, Emmanuel . You
are i n danger. You must leave
Sweeterl and.

Emmanuel takes this in for a long beat, then...

EMMANUEL

I feel real ly weird about saying that I
wanted you just now. I was just caught
up i n the moment, too much to dri nk
maybe.

(MORE)

EMMANUEL (CONT' D)

And you never know, I might actually have
a hernia. I mean, I've been lifting my
suitcase a lot and--

Suddenly, Vi hel mi na SCOOPS him up like a doll and KISSES
HIM, the most romantic and bizarre kiss of all time.

Finally, the kiss ends and they pull apart.

She puts him down.

VI LHELMINA

Just be careful, Manny. Sweetzerland is
a dangerous place for a nice person.

She gets into the limousine and pulls away. Emmanuel
can't take the shit-eating grin off of his face.

SMASH CUT:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Emmanuel bursts into Gary's hotel room.

EMMANUEL

I kissed her, Gary! Well, she kissed me.
And I know what you're going to say: that
she's too tall and too beautiful and that
I'm a joke and she'd never like me in a
million years but I DON'T CARE! She
picked me up like a Care Bear Doll and
kissed me and I LOVE HER so there!

He turns to go. Gary's voice stops him.

GARY

Manny?

Emmanuel turns around.

EMMANUEL

I don't know. I mean...
(struggling)

I guess I can see how someone like her
might be able to like someone like you.
I guess. If she was like, a little drunk
or kind of retarded or something.

It's as close to "tender" as Gary Coleman gets.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)

Gary! Thank you. And I've gotta say: if you just lightened up a little I think you'd be a pretty easy guy to like yours--

GARY

Get out.

EMMANUEL

Yep.

Emmanuel turns and EXITS.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NEXT MORNING

It's early. Emmanuel lies in bed, still grinning.

A KNOCK on the door jolts him from sleep. He gets up.

EMMANUEL

Okay, okay! Gary, gee whiz, I'm coming--

He opens the DOOR, revealing...

NI COLAS!

NI COLAS

Mr. Johansson wishes to see you for breakfast.

EMMANUEL

Oh, okay great. Lemme just put my face on and--

NI COLAS

Now.

Emmanuel's face drops.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Nicolas pushes Emmanuel and Gary through the lobby. Gary leans in toward Emmanuel, speaks in WHISPERS.

GARY

Were you able to get your wire on?

EMMANUEL

Yeah. You?

Gary NODS just as Nicolás pushes them through the DOOR.

EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Nicolás heads toward his LIMOUSINE, parked in front.

GARY

Hey, Nicolás? Why don't we take our car?
You ever drive a Honda Pilot before?

Gary TOSSES Nicolás HIS KEYS. Nicolás GRUNTS, tempted.

GARY (CONT'D)

(tempting him)

It's a really smooth ride.

Nicolás is torn. After a beat, he grunts and pushes them toward the Honda.

EMMANUEL

So... Nicolás. Is Henrik feeling better today?

NI COLAS

No. He is not.

Nicolás opens the CAR DOOR, pushes Gary and Emmanuel in.

INT. PING PONG ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nicolás leads Gary and Emmanuel into Johansson's empty PING PONG ROOM, REVEALING...

Johansson is PLAYING PING PONG with his SON, WILLIS. Willis wins a point with a wicked backhand.

WILLIS

Game point for me!

JOHANSSON

What are you talking about?

Willis hesitates, confused.

WILLIS

That was twenty. It's game point for me.

JOHANSSON

What'chu talking about, Willis?

WILLIS
Daddy, it's not funny.

JOHANSSON
What'chu talkin' about, Willis?

WILLIS
Daddy, stop!

JOHANSSON
What'chu talkin' about, Willis?

WILLIS
(near tears)
I hate when you do this!

JOHANSSON
What'chu talkin' about, Willis?

WILLIS
I HATE YOU!

Willis, crying, STORMS OUT. Johansson calls after him.

JOHANSSON
You are unworthy of the name bestowed upon you!

Johansson SMASHES a PING-PONG BALL against the wall.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
(without turning)
If you can't tell by now, Mr. Coleman and Mr. Lewis, I am not a man to be disappointed. It has begun to occur to me that perhaps you have disappointed me as well --

Gary steps forward.

GARY
Mr. Johansson? I'm sorry, I really need to use the bathroom if you don't mind.

JOHANSSON
Now?

GARY
Small guy, small bladder - remember? And I know Emmanuel has to go too.

EMMANUEL
No, I don't.

GARY
(pointedly)
But you always have to go.

EMMANUEL
Not now.

GARY
Now.

EMMANUEL
I really don't have to pee, I swear.

GARY
(under his breath)
Well, then don't pee.

EMMANUEL
(under his breath)
If you think I'm going number two in
someone else's house you're crazy.

Gary clamps a hand around Emmanuel's neck.

GARY
If you'll just excuse us one second.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

They ENTER. Once the door closes, Gary grabs Emmanuel.

GARY
I have a bad feeling.

EMMANUEL
Well, then I certainly don't want to be
in here to watch, Gary.

GARY
Listen to me you idiot: Johansson's
falling apart, acting strange. We have
to dump our wives.

EMMANUEL
Oh. Yeah, that's probably a good idea.

They start RIPPI NG WIRES off from underneath their
clothing, dumping them in the toilet.

INT. PING PONG ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Gary and Emmanuel RETURN. Nicolas and Johansson wait.

GARY

Sorry about that, you were saying?

JOHANSSON

I pay for you to come out here. I show respect by naming my son for your program. I make "*Gary Coleman and Emmanuel Lewis Day*" a national holiday. And how do you repay me--

EMMANUEL

Wait, I didn't know about the holiday thing?

GARY

Me neither, when did you do that?

JOHANSSON

(sheepish)

The other day. I was going to surprise you.

EMMANUEL

That's really cool. Thanks, Mr. Johansson.

JOHANSSON

(embarrassed)

It's just a national holiday.

EMMANUEL

Well it's very generous of you, really.
(then)

I'm sorry, you were saying?

JOHANSSON

Oh, yes.

(then; back to evil)

And how do you repay me? By working against me as agents of my enemies!

GARY

What are you trying to say?

Johansson NODS at Nicolas. Nicolas steps forward, RIPS open Gary's shirt. There's nothing but a WIFEBEATER.

Nicolas looks at Johansson, confused. Johansson NODS at Emmanuel. Same thing: ripped shirt, no wire.

EMMANUEL

Damn! That shirt was custom!

JOHANSSON

I'm sorry.

EMMANUEL

You think I can just walk into any store and find a silk shirt tailored to my size!?

JOHANSSON

No, I do not... But I thought...

Johansson gathers himself.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

If I am wrong about my instinct, I apologize with great sadness.

He looks at Nicolas, NODS.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

Your visit has become distraction. I have important business to attend to, something years in the making. See yourselves out of my house and my country. Quietly.

He turns on his heels and EXITS (with Nicolas).

Once he's gone, Gary and Emmanuel breath a SIGH OF RELIEF... but then, Johansson peeks back in.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

Before you go: you won't just say it one time?

GARY

No.

JOHANSSON

I will give you my son.

GARY

Not happening.

JOHANSSON

My ping pong table and my son?

GARY

Nope.

JOHANSSON

Both were made by the Chinese.

GARY

Uh-uh.

JOHANSSON

Damn you, Gary Col eman!

He STORMS OUT. Gary and Emmanuel share a look then...

They GO AFTER HIM!

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nicol as and Johansson walk briskly down the hall.

NI COLAS

Everyone is ready and waiting for you.

JOHANSSON

They better be.

They CLEAR FRAME. Once they do... GARY and EMMANUEL EMERGE. They give chase.

EXT. LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Nicol as and Johansson EXIT the back of the house. They cross a LONG LAWN and ENTER A SECOND BUILDING!

After a beat... Gary and Emmanuel EXIT the house, DART across the lawn, and arrive at that second building.

They OPEN THE DOOR, REVEALING...

INT. UNKNOWN BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

It's dark. Confusing. There are WIRES everywhere.

They stop in their tracks, hearing something in the distance. It sounds like... LAUGHTER. GROUP LAUGHTER. And is that... APPLAUSE?

Gary and Emmanuel head toward the NOISE and the LIGHT... revealing:

IT'S A SOUNDSTAGE! The kind of set you'd find on a multi-camera sitcom. A stage. Lights. A FULL AUDIENCE.

Gary and Emmanuel are completely confused. They look out to the stage where a "SHOW" is in full performance.

It's the most offensive sit-com you've ever seen.

ON STAGE

A SMALL ASIAN CHILD sits on a couch between TWO WHITE PARENTS.

WHITE MOM

Do you know why we're mad at you, Chinny?

ASIAN CHILD

(broken English)

Because you racists who adopt me for tax break?

The jam-packed AUDIENCE explodes into CANNED SIT-COM LAUGHTER. The actors wait for the hysteria to die down.

WHITE DAD

That's not why we're mad at you. We're mad because you got in a fight at school.

The child's face registers surprise. Then, with a huge smile...

CHINNY

(huge)

YOU A CRAZY WHITE DADDY!

The AUDIENCE HOWLS! Pure pandemonium. Then...

JOHANSSON (O. S.)

No! Not good enough!

In the center of the audience, Johansson STANDS.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

Chinny must be the breakout star! That is his catchphrase! You must deliver "You a crazy White Daddy" like a real adorable Asian!

(then, horribly racist)

Ru a crazy White Daddy! Say it!

ASIAN CHILD

You a crazy White Daddy!

JOHANSSON
Ru a razy Ri te Raddy!

ASIAN CHILD
(confused)
You a crazy Whi te Daddy?

JOHANSSON
Ru a razy Ri te Raddy!

Exasperated, Johansson THROWS down his notebook in frustration. He begins pacing the aisle.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
In just 48 hours we will gain our access to Hollywood! Even their leader Bush will not be able to stop us! WE WILL STRIKE AT THE HEART OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE BY EXPLODING THEIR PEOPLE'S CHOICE AWARDS! THE PEOPLE WILL HAVE NO CHOICE ABOUT THAT!

The crowd CHEERS! Gary and Emmanuel share a shocked look as Johansson continues his speech.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
The bomb will kill every major star in Hollywood who attends. And the chemical fallout will destroy the rest. No stars will survive. No soundstages will remain standing. And when Hollywood is no more, where will the world turn for their entertainment? WHERE WILL THEY TURN!?

CROWD
SWITZERLAND!

JOHANSSON
Switzerland! The one place prepared for this attack because we DID it! I have spent years putting into place all that we need here to fill void: studios, film equipment, back-lots! We will have shows ready to sell, movies in post-production, and most importantly: a little Asian named Chinky who will go on lunch-pails and cereal boxes all over the world!

More FRENZIED APPLAUSE!

JOHANSSON (CONT' D)

Soon... Swi tzerl and will not be known for just for neutral i ty, but as entertainment capital of the world! Now: Chinky, please! Be more Asian! I 'm later for my Cowboy movie run-through.

The rehearsal continues. We head BACK TO GARY AND EMMANUEL but...

They' re al ready gone!

EXT. LAWN - CONTINUOUS

They YELL breathl essl y as they RUN across the lawn:

EMMANUEL

WE DID IT! WE CAN TELL ARMSTRONG THE PLAN!

GARY

I CAN' T BELIEVE THIS ACTUALLY WORKED!

EMMANUEL

JOHANSSON' S OUT OF HIS MIND!

GARY

DOES HE REALLY THIN K THAT SITCOM COULD WORK! ?

EMMANUEL

AN ASIAN KID ADOPTED BY WHITE PARENTS?
PLEASE!

VI LHELMINA (O. S.)

Emmanuel ?

They stop. Vi lhel mi na stands near the house.

EMMANUEL

Vi lhel mi na?

VI LHELMINA

Emmanuel , what are you doing here?

EMMANUEL

Oh... well , it's a bit complicated--

She smiles, misinterpreting his awkwardness.

VI LHELMINA

You weeshed to speak wi th me about last
ni ght, no? There ees much to say. For
us both, I theenk.

EMMANUEL

Yes, there is. But... that's not why I'm
here.

VI LHELMINA

(confused)

It's not?

Gary COUGHS. They don't have time for this.

EMMANUEL

Vi lhel mi na, I do want to talk but it's a
really bad time right now. I have to go--

VI LHELMINA

(confused)

Go where?

Emmanuel looks at Vi lhel mi na. She's lost. He steps
forward, takes her hand. She bends down to eye level.

EMMANUEL

You were right about your boss,
Vi lhel mi na. He's not a nice man. And I
haven't been nice to you, ei ther. I
haven't been honest.

He takes a deep breath, mel odramati c.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)

I'm a spy, Vi lhel mi na. A covert
operative for the United States
government. It's a dangerous job, and
because it's dangerous, I sometimes have
to lie to those that matter most to me--

GARY

(under his breath)

Jesus Christ, seriously?

Emmanuel pauses, regains his composure.

EMMANUEL

Your boss is going to unleash a chemical
bomb on the People's Choice Awards in
Hollywood on Sunday ni ght, Vi lhel mi na--

(to Gary)

(MORE)

EMMANUEL (CONT' D)
 A really weird plan when you think about it, huh?

Gary NODS.

EMMANUEL (CONT' D)
 Anyway... we have to go warn the people who can stop him--

VI LHELMINA
 (head spinning)
 I don't understand. Where are you going?

EMMANUEL
 There's an American military base disguised as a ski chal et near the hotel. We'll go there, warn them, then I'll meet with you at the hotel and explain everything. Okay?

She NODS, I ost. Emmanuel, always the action star, turns to Gary.

EMMANUEL (CONT' D)
 Let's roll.

GARY
 Wow. You're just completely off the reservation aren't you?

They turn to go. But once they do...

VI LHELMINA (O. S.)
 Stop them both.

They turn back. Vi l hel mi na speaks into a WALKIE-TALKIE.

VI LHELMINA (CONT' D)
 Johansson was right. They're working for the Americans.

TWENTY HUGE SWEDISH GUARDS emerge out of nowhere, grab Gary and Emmanuel.

VI LHELMINA (CONT' D)
 (to guards)
 Find Nicolas. The American base is at the ski chal et near their hotel. He'll know it, we've tracked them there before.

GARY
 You Swiss bitch!

Vi l hel mi na approaches them.

EMMANUEL

(I lost)

I don't understand. You knew that I...
the whole time you were...

(softly)

How could you do this to me?

She kneels down, smiles sadly at Emmanuel.

VI LHELMINA

Johansson promised to make me the world's biggest movie star, Manny. Bigger even than Nicole Eggert of *Charles in Charge*.

EMMANUEL

But she's not even a star anymore!

Vi Lhel mi na CHUCKLES, sadly.

VI LHELMINA

Always trying to make me laugh, even at his lowest point.

(then)

I tried to warn you, Emmanuel. Sweetzerland is not a safe place for neece person.

Her face hardens as she turns to one of the GUARDS.

VI LHELMINA (CONT'D)

Hold them here until Nicolas and his team finish with the Americans.

(a beat)

Then kill them both.

One last sad smile at Emmanuel... and she's GONE.

As Emmanuel's heart drops, TWO GUNS are simultaneously raised at the heads of our heroes.

DI SSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAWN - LATER

Gary and Emmanuel are on their knees, GUNS still leveled at their heads by TWO GUARDS.

Off to the side, THE OTHER GUARDS smoke. They CALL to the TWO GUARDS holding the guns.

The two men take a cursory look at Gary and Emmanuel, then head over nearby to join in the smoking.

GARY
(whispering)
Manny?

Manny doesn't respond. He looks catatonic.

GARY (CONT'D)
Manny, look at me.

Emmanuel turns slowly, a lost man.

GARY (CONT'D)
We have to get to the guns from the car.
It's our only chance.

But Manny is in another world. Gary thinks, calls out:

GARY (CONT'D)
Excuse me? Bad guys?

Two of them approach.

GARY (CONT'D)
You don't happen to be fans of our shows?

The guards share a look, then admit:

GUARD #1
My son watches every Friday.

GUARD #2
I have daughter. She adores the Webster.

Emmanuel doesn't even look up.

EMMANUEL
(sullenly)
I bet she just pretends to adore the Webster when she really just wants to have him killed.

The guard SHRUGS. Gary tries to keep on point.

GARY
I bet you guys would be real heroes if you came home with autographed headshots. They'll be worth a fortune after we're dead. I've got some in the trunk. All you have to do is take us to get them.
(MORE)

GARY (CONT'D)
 We're happy to sign until our
 assassinations.

The guards look tempted. Gary seizes the moment.

GARY (CONT'D)
 All we ask is that you kill us quickly
 and painlessly.
 (then)
 Me more than him.

The Guards share a look, intrigued.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRI VEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Gary and Emmanuel walk toward the HONDA PILOT. Guards march ten feet behind them, guns aimed at their backs.

GARY
 (quietly, to Emmanuel)
 Soon as I open the trunk, we start
 shooting.

EMMANUEL
 What's the point? What's the point of
 anything anymore?

GARY
 Manny: I want you to channel all that
 heartbreak you've got inside you and turn
 it into rage. Your country needs you to
 be a forty-eight inch killing machine
 right now. Are you ready to do that?
 Are you ready to make these Swiss
 bastards pay?

Emmanuel turns to Gary. Finally: something lights in his eyes.

The fury within Emmanuel Lewis is about to be unleashed.

EMMANUEL
 Just get me a gun.

Gary NODS. He takes out his key, POPS the trunk to the Honda Pilot. Revealing...

HEADSHOTS! Lining the trunk of the car. Gary turns back to the wary guards (who see the headshots).

GARY
Anyone got a Sharpi e?

The guards huddle, begin checking pockets. Once they're distracted, Gary POPS the hidden PANEL, revealing...

A FULL ARSENAL. Gary and Emmanuel reach into the trunk, quickly gathering hardware. A GUARD approaches with PEN.

GUARD #2
You will make mine out to Andrea?

Emmanuel looks at Gary and NODS.

EMMANUEL
(ala action star)
You wanted a headshot? Here you go.

Synchronised: Gary and Emmanuel WHEEL AROUND, now TOTING HUGE MACHINE GUNS!

Emmanuel SLAMS the butt of the gun into the guard's crotch as he and Gary WILDLY OPEN FIRE! Two guards get hit, the rest dive for cover.

FROM ABOVE

Gary and Emmanuel let out simultaneous WAR CRIES as they release a FLURRY OF BULLETS.

Some of the guards FALL, the rest RUN FOR COVER.

Emmanuel grabs a load of WEAPONS and GRENADES from the trunk, turns toward Gary.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
No one survives.

Emmanuel RUNS after the guards. Gary stands there for a second, then runs after him.

GARY
(as he runs)
Really? Cause I was kind of thinking we'd just get out of here now.

But Manny's off to the races. Gary SIGHS, gives chase.

EXT. LAWN - CONTINUOUS

The guards run across the lawn toward the SOUNDSTAGE as Gary and Emmanuel SPRAY FIRE at them.

The GUARDS TURN, SPRAY FIRE BACK.

Gary and Emmanuel DIVE for cover behind a TREE. They're breathing hard.

GARY

Manny: I really think we should just go warn Armstrong--

Emmanuel BITES the pin out of a GRENADE.

EMMANUEL

Cover me.

GARY

Wait, what?

Emmanuel LOBS the GRENADE and takes off from behind the tree as it EXPLODES in the distance.

GARY (CONT'D)

Jesus!

Left with no choice, Gary PIVOTS and re-opens FIRE.

ON EMMANUEL

Man on fire. He weaves side to side in SLO-MO, arms crossed, a gun BLAZING in each hand.

ON GARY

Chasing after him.

GARY (CONT'D)

Manny, slow down! I'm gonna accidentally shoot you!

He stops, realizing.

GARY (CONT'D)

(to himself)

I can accidentally shoot him.

He shakes off the idea, follows him. They reach the door to the SOUNDSTAGE. Emmanuel turns toward Gary.

EMMANUEL

Don't stop firing until every last one of them is dead.

GARY

Jesus, Man! Listen, I know I told you to
be a killing machine but--

Too late. Emmanuel BURSTS through the door.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Where a full-flinged GUN BATTLE takes place on the sitcom set.

Emmanuel runs past an end table bearing PHOTOS OF CHINKY AND HIS WHITE PARENTS.

BAD GUY GUNFIRE SHATTERS the pictures, just missing him.

IN THE AUDIENCE

The still seated CROWD APPLAUDS, thinking they're watching the show.

BACK TO ACTION

As Emmanuel DIVES over the couch, firing in two directions as he dives. He takes out two guards, STANDS.

EMMANUEL

(screaming to Heavens)

JOHANSSON!

The audience LAUGHS their canned sitcom laughter. Emmanuel looks up, confused.

Just then...

A GUARD CHARGES AT EMMANUEL from behind. GARY HURLS himself at the guard and knocks him down.

The Guard GROANS, prone on the ground and weaponless. Emmanuel and Gary stand over him.

GUARD

Please. I have a family.

Emmanuel COCKS his shotgun. The crowd "WHOOS."

EMMANUEL

(melodramatic)

So did I.

He raises gun over the soldier! Gary is confused.

GARY
What family? What are you talking about--

Too late. Emmanuel SHOOTS THE GUARD DEAD!

GARY (CONT'D)
Holy shit!

The CROWDS "OOHS" at the curse word.

EMMANUEL
Let's roll.

Emmanuel runs through another door. Gary shakes his head and follows him into...

EXT. WILD WEST MOVIE SET - CONTINUOUS

Something out of an old Eastwood movie. HORSES abound. GUARDS spray GUNFIRE everywhere. Manny spots a NEARBY HORSE, runs to it. Gary follows him.

EMMANUEL
(to Gary)
Give me a boost.

GARY
You know that's a horse, right?

EMMANUEL
Now, Gary!

Gary BOOSTS Emmanuel up on the HORSE. Emmanuel holds down his hand as GUNFIRE rains around them.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
You coming?

Gary gives him his hand. Emmanuel pulls him up on the horse. It takes a while. Gary hangs from the horse awkwardly. Finally, he's up.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
(clicking horse)
Ya! Ya!

FROM ABOVE

Gary and Emmanuel ride, raining hell on the guards as they weave through them.

They ride between TWO GUARDS, one on each side of them.

Gary and Emmanuel LEAN over one another, FIRING back over the other's shoulder. Both GUARDS DROP.

IN THE DISTANCE

Johansson!

JOHANSSON
(to nearby Guards)
Get me out of here.

Four more Guards rush him away, into a SALOON SET.

BACK TO EMMANUEL AND GARY

Emmanuel hops off the horse. Gary awkwardly slides down from the horse (it takes a while) and runs to join him.

INT. SALOON SET - CONTINUOUS

Your prototypical Cowboy movie Saloon.

As soon as the guys enter, GUARDS OPEN FIRE!

Gary and Emmanuel DIVE behind the "bar" as bottles of fake alcohol shatter above them.

BEHIND THE BAR

They breathe heavily, backs to the bar. Emmanuel readies two more GRENADES.

EMMANUEL
On my count. One.

GARY
Manny, this is crazy--

EMMANUEL
Two--

GARY
I'm not Butch. You're not Sundance--

EMMANUEL
Three.

GARY
Oh shit.

Emmanuel THROW TWO GRENADES over the bar. As they EXPLODE, he and Gary pop up ON TOP OF THE BAR.

Avoiding incoming fire, they SLIDE the length of the bar in opposite directions, firing all the while, as two more Guards fall.

The two remaining guards hustle Johansson out the BACK.

Gary and Emmanuel give chase.

EXT. BACK EXIT - CONTINUOUS

Johansson hops into a LIMOSINE as it speeds away. Gary and Emmanuel FIRE AFTER him until their guns run out.

They watch the car escape off into the distance. A long beat of silence and heavy breathing. Finally:

GARY

You're a bad mother fucker, Webster.

Emmanuel TOSSES his empty weapon aside.

EMMANUEL

Let's get to Armstrong.

Like that, Emmanuel LEWIS, action star, walks away.

EXT. SKI RENTAL SHOP - LATER

The Honda races up, parks in front. All seems quiet. Gary and Emmanuel COCK their weapons, EXIT THE CAR.

INT. SKI RENTAL SHOP - CONTINUOUS

They ENTER, stop in their tracks:

THE AMERICAN SENTRY lies face down at the desk. Dead.

EMMANUEL

Oh my God.

They walk into the main room, REVEALING:

TOTAL CARNAGE. American soldiers litter the floor, gone.

They are too late.

Emmanuel turns over a body. IT'S ARMSTRONG. Dead. Emmanuel CHOKES. Like that he snaps out of action hero mode. All the fight leaves him instantly.

He stands, turns, and EXITS.

Gary stays behind a moment. He bends down, closes Armstrong's EYES, and follows Emmanuel outside.

EXT. HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Emmanuel sits on the stoop, eyes filled with tears.

Gary EXITS the building, sits next to him. They sit in silence for a long beat.

EMMANUEL

I did this. I killed them.

GARY

Manny--

EMMANUEL

Say whatever you want but you know it's true. I told her exactly where they were. She played me like a fiddle.

(beat)

You were right, Gary. I'm a joke. And everyone knew it except for me.

Silence. Gary hesitates, then:

GARY

Do you know why I've always hated you?

EMMANUEL

Yes, this is exactly what I need! How many times do I have to apologize for some dumb thing I said in 1984!?

Gary takes a deep breath.

GARY

You honestly think I care about some stupid awards show twenty-two years ago?

(then)

I hate you because as annoying as you may be - with your stupid giggle and your goofy smile - you've always refused to believe that you're a joke.

Emmanuel SIGHS.

EMMANUEL

Well, I was wrong.

GARY

No, I don't think you were.

EMMANUEL

(aggravated)

What's your point, Gary?

GARY

I'M THE POINT! Look at me! I'm the joke, Manny. And not because of some stupid show or some stupid catchphrase. I'm a joke because I spent my life believing I was one. Pretty girl? She'd never like me. Job offer? They just want to make fun of me. You don't want to turn into me, Manny. Trust me, it's not a lot of fun. You are only a joke if you allow yourself to be one. And I won't let you do that.

Gary looks at the shotgun next to him, picks it up.

GARY (CONT'D)

I haven't exactly done anything with my life that I'm very proud of. But I'd like to try. I'd like to prove that maybe I'm not a joke either. But I can't do it alone. I need you with me. Much as it pains me to admit it: you're my Sundance, Emmanuel Lewis.

Gary stands up, dramatic.

GARY (CONT'D)

I never thought I'd say this in a million years but...

He cocks his shotgun.

GARY (CONT'D)

Let's go save Hollywood.

Emmanuel takes this in. Then, slowly, he STANDS. Cocks his shotgun.

EMMANUEL

Let's go save Hollywood.

The music SWELLS. Then, suddenly... it stops.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)

How exactly are we gonna do that?

EXT. SKY - LATER

An AIRPLANE crosses the night sky.

EXT. THE BOBBY WHITE AGENCY - LATER

A TAXI CAB drops off Emmanuel and Gary in front.

INT. THE BOBBY WHITE AGENCY - CONTINUOUS

They BURST INTO Bobby's office. He sits behind his desk.

BOBBY

Manny! Gary!

GARY

Bobby, we don't have a lot of time. We need your help.

BOBBY

Oh shit. What happened? Does it involve a stripper? Is she dead?

EMMANUEL

Bobby, you better sit down.

Bobby plops down in his seat, upset.

BOBBY

Oh God. She's dead isn't she?

DISOLVE TO:

INT. BOBBY WHITE'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

As Emmanuel finishes their story...

EMMANUEL

... then we called in an anonymous tip so that the bodies wouldn't just be left behind, and we caught the first flight out of Zurich. We came directly here.

REVEAL BOBBY

Wide-mouthed in front of the guys, speechless.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)

What do you think?

Bobby rubs his face, taking it in.

BOBBY

I think we can sell it at Fox. For sure the CW.

GARY

Bobby, this is real.

BOBBY

Okay, okay. Let's assume for a minute that you two - Gary Coleman and Emmanuel Lewis - actually served as covert operatives in Switzerland, apparently home to the world's most nefarious international criminal masterminds, and uncovered a terrorist plot aimed at detonating a chemical bomb in Hollywood only to watch as the team of Navy SEALs you were working for were massacred after Manny was betrayed by a six foot Swiss amazon woman with whom he'd become romantically involved with. Let's assume that's all true. I just have one question.

They wait for it.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

What the hell do you want me to do?

EMMANUEL

We need you to get us into the People's Choice Awards.

BOBBY

Okay, well now you're just being ridiculous.

GARY

Bobby--

BOBBY

Can't you just call the police? Or the White House!

EMMANUEL

And tell them what? This is Emmanuel Lewis and Gary Coleman calling for the President? It was a top secret mission, Bobby! Everyone who knew is dead!

BOBBY

Do you know how hard it is to get tickets to the People's Choice Awards? I spent the entire month getting tickets for two of my clients.

GARY

There's got to be a way.

Bobby SIGHs, thinks.

BOBBY

I got them each plus ones. I mean, I guess I could call and ask them to take you as their plus ones.

EMMANUEL

There you go, Bobby White! Who are they?

SMASH CUT:

INT. LIMOSINE - LATER

Gary and Emmanuel wear TUXEDOS, sit next to each other.

OPPOSITE THEM SITS...

MR. T and JALEEL WHITE. Both wearing tuxedos. Awkward.

EMMANUEL

So... Mr. T? How you been?

MR. T

Good, good. I've been good. Beat Cancer. That was cool.

EMMANUEL

That's amazing, Mr. T!

MR. T

My friends just call me T.

EMMANUEL

(serious)

It's an honor to be your plus one, T.

Gary shakes his head, turns to Jalael White.

GARY

And Jalael? What's the latest with you?

JALEEL

Oh, I don't know? I guess the latest thing is that I rented a three hundred dollar tuxedo and hired an eighty dollar an hour limo so I could bring a hot piece of ass with me to the People's Choice Awards and look like a bigshot and maybe, just maybe, get myself a fine piece of pussy for the first time since 1994. Instead, my dumb-fuck agent calls me and tells me two of his clients are having mental breakdowns and I have to go on a triple date with Gary Coleman, Emmanuel Lewis, and mother-fucking Mr. T.

Mr. T GROWLS.

JALEEL (CONT'D)

So I'm good, Man. Never been better.

EXT. SHRI NE AUDI TORI UM - LATER

The RED CARPET is in full swing. CELEBRITIES line the carpet, doing interviews. An ANNOUNCEMENT PLAYS:

PA ANNOUNCEMENT

The show will begin in five minutes.
Please proceed inside the Auditorium.

We CLOSE IN on the reporter NANCY O' DELL.

NANCY O' DELL

That'll do it for our pre-show coverage.
Don't forget: we'll be checking in all night backstage with Billy, who will be getting reactions from the stars just moments after they receive their awards.

Gary and Emmanuel's LIMO PULLS UP. The entourage EXITS.

ON THE TABLEAU

It's an odd sight: Gary, Emmanuel, Jal eel, and Mr. T all walking down the red carpet. The PAPARAZZI GOES NUTS.

Mr. T and Jal eel get CALLED OVER for sporadic interviews. Gary and Emmanuel ignore it all, look around feverishly.

GARY

Let's split up.

EMMANUEL
We have to find Nicolas.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Gary! Emmanuel! One picture!

Emmanuel puts his arm around Gary's shoulder as they turn and smile. BULBS FLASH everywhere.

EMMANUEL
I think I blinked.

GARY
Manny. Nicolas. Focus.

Emmanuel NODS. Instantly, they separate and run off.

ON GARY

Who heads down the red carpet, spinning people around.

ON EMMANUEL

Who does the same. Looking everywhere. Until . . .

NI COLAS!

Emmanuel spots him first. He's at the other end of the red carpet dressed as a CAMERAMAN!

EMMANUEL
(calling out)
Gary!

Gary turns. Emmanuel points at Nicolas. Gary sees him.

But so does Nicolas, who briskly heads inside. They try to follow but get trapped by the surging crowd.

INT. SHRI NE AUDITORIUM - LATER

Out of breath, Gary and Emmanuel finally get inside. They search the crowd. Under seats. Under celebrities.

VOICEOVER
Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to the
People's Choice Awards. And now,
introducing your host . . . Craig Ferguson!

ON STAGE

Craig Ferguson takes the stage TO APPLAUSE. Gary and Emmanuel look up at him, only to spot...

NICOLAS! He's looking out from behind the side curtain.

Gary and Emmanuel bolt down the aisle toward stage as Ferguson starts the show.

CRAIG FERGUSON

When I was asked to host the People's Choice Awards, I thought to myself: I can do this. I'm a person, I know people, I've made choices--

Gary and Emmanuel HOP up on the stage, interrupting. The CROWD CHEERS, thinking it's a comedy bit.

EMMANUEL LEWIS

(to crowd)

Everyone get out here now! There's a bomb in the building!

The CROWD bursts into hysterics. Gary grabs Emmanuel.

GARY

You're wasting time! C'mon!

They run off to Nicolás. Ferguson is left alone, thrown.

CRAIG FERGUSON

Ladies and Gentlemen: a round of applause for Gary Coleman and... the other one.

LAUGHTER.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Gary and Emmanuel part the side curtain, enter the CHAOS. Cameras everywhere. Stagehands. PA's. Makeup people.

OFF TO THE SIDE

ELLEN DEGENERES talks to a PRODUCER backstage.

ELLEN

You want me to say this? It's not very funny.

PRODUCER

We feel like you can make everyone laugh with it.

ELLEN

I could tickle everyone in the audience:
they still won't laugh at this.

Gary and Emmanuel run up toward them, frantic.

GARY

Has anyone seen a man dressed as a cameraman? Orange t-shirt? Swiss accent?

ELLEN

Gary Col eman! Huge fan! What' chutal kin' about, Willis!?

GARY

God dammit, not now Ellen!

He runs off. She turns to the producer.

ELLEN

Now that's funny.

BACK TO GARY AND EMMANUEL

Who search frantically. As they run through the chaos they pass...

BILLY BUSH

Who is doing a stand-alone report from backstage.

BILLY BUSH

I'm Billy Bush reporting to you from backstage at the People's Choice Awards, where I'm just moments away from our first backstage interview. Remember: only Access Hollywood can bring you this kind of, well, access...

Gary and Emmanuel keep moving. Suddenly, Gary stops.

GARY

Wait!

As he thinks, we hear FLASHBACK VOICES in his head.

HENRY (V.O.)

...when we gain access to your Hollywood even your famous leader Bush won't be able to stop him--

BILLY BUSH (V.O.)

I'm Billy **Bush**.

JOHANSSON (V. O.)

And when we gain access to your Hollywood
even your famous leader Bush won't be
able to stop us--

BILLY BUSH (V. O.)

Remember: only **Access** Hollywood can bring
you this kind of, well, access...

BACK TO GARY

Who turns, in SLOW-MO, back toward Billy Bush. And
there, holding a camera and "filming" Billy is...

NI COLAS!

He doesn't see them yet. Gary looks closer at...

HIS CAMERA! It has an extraordinarily large base. Is
that the BOMB?

Nicolás holds some kind of TRIGGER in his hand. He
squeezes it, about to blow Hollywood to pieces.

GARY

Manny!

Before Manny can even react...

Gary runs FULL SPEED at Nicolás. He barrels over Billy
Bush, sending him flying, and...

HE TACKLES NI COLAS! The trigger FLIES from his hand!

It ROLLS across the floor toward...

BILLY BUSH! Who gets up, confused. He picks it up.

BILLY BUSH

What the--

EMMANUEL

Don't!

Emmanuel flies in, TACKLES BILLY BUSH AGAIN! The trigger
again slides away across the floor to...

ELLEN DEGENERES! She picks it up.

ELLEN DEGENERES

What is this?

GARY

No!

Gary launches himself at Ellen Degeneres, TACKLES her. The trigger goes flying, sliding across the floor and...

OUT ONTO THE MAIN STAGE!

Gary, Emmanuel, and Nicolas all freeze. Then...

THEY RACE ONTO STAGE!

INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Where Craig Ferguson continues his monologue...

CRAIG FERGUSON

Now as many of you know, I'm not originally from the United States but... oh, you've gotta be kidding me--

Gary and Emmanuel and Nicolas have RACED ONTO STAGE!

Nicolas HAS A LEAD on them, heading toward the trigger!

Gary DIVES and GRABS ONTO one of his legs.

Emmanuel DIVES and GRABS ONTO the other.

Nicolas SWATS at them and presses forward, pulling them.

Gary PUNCHES at his knees!

Emmanuel throws RABBIT PUNCHES at his testicles.

The crowd is HYSTERICAL!

CRAIG FERGUSON (CONT'D)

Ladies and Gentlemen, I swear I have no idea what is going on here. Am I being Punked? Ashton, is this your doing?

IN THE CROWD

ASHTON KUTCHER, hysterical, shakes his head "no."

BACK TO SCENE

They hang onto Nicolas for dear life but can't stop him. He inches closer. Closer. He reaches for the trigger.

His fingertips graze it. Just as he's about to get it...

BAM!

A punch from the other side KNOCKS HIM OUT!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Mr. T! He stands over Nicolas like Ali over Liston.

MR. T
I pity the fool who messes with my plus
one!

The crowd goes CRAZY. Gary runs over to Ferguson.

GARY
I need your mic!

FERGUSON
Oh what the hell. I guess we're off book
at this point.

He hands Gary the mic. Gary addresses the audience.

GARY
Listen to me, everyone!

Everyone's LAUGHING.

GARY (CONT'D)
Shut the fuck up! This is not a joke!

That does it. Laughter stops. It's gone from funny to bizarre and uncomfortable in a heartbeat.

GARY (CONT'D)
This man is a terrorist! He has a
chemical bomb backstage. We need to
evacuate the building.

Confused MURMURS from the audience. A few people stand, uncomfortable. A few even hustle out.

EMMANUEL
Wait, wait. Everyone relax. We have the
bomb's trigger right here--

He looks down. The trigger is gone.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
Oh oh.

ON NICOLAS

Who has regai ned consci ousness and HOLDS THE TRIGGER.

NI COLAS
All glory goes to Swi tzerl and!

GARY/EMMANUEL
NOOOOOOOOO!

He SQUEEZES i t i t! They close thei r eyes, brace for impact and...

NOTHING. They look at each other, confused. After a beat, they run backstage.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

They arri ve at Nicol as' camera. A SHEET covers the base of i t. They pull i t back, revealing...

THE ACTUAL BOMB! A TIMER has been activated on i t, counting down from one mi nute.

EMMANUEL
We have to deactivate i t.

He opens the casi ng. WI RES are everywhere.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
The yel low one mel ts skin off.

GARY
You' re sure?

EMMANUEL
I still use a techni que I had for memorizing my Webster l i nes: If you had no skin, you'd be in pain. You woul dn't be mel low. Mel low rhymes wi th yel low--

GARY
Okay, I get i t! So if i t's not yel low than i t's between red and bl ue.

EMMANUEL
I don' t know that one.

GARY
I thi nk bl ue.

He reaches i n.

EMMANUEL

Wait! What if it's red?

GARY

I think it's blue.

EMMANUEL

But you don't know?

GARY

No, but I'm going with my gut and trying to be a glass half full kind of guy.

EMMANUEL

But--

GARY

Jesus, Man! You're constantly saying I need to be more glass half full and I'm trying to be positive and say that the blue wire is the one and you're gonna give me shit about my decision right now?

Emmanuel thinks about this.

EMMANUEL

I'm glad you're more glass half full.

GARY

Thanks. Sorry if this kills you.

Gary reaches down. The timer ticks. Four. Three. Two.

He closes his eyes, SCREAMS, and PULLS IT! It STOPS!

Long beat. They just sit there, EYES CLOSED! Finally...

EMMANUEL

Are we in Heaven?

GARY

If I go to Heaven and you're there, I'm leaving immediately.

EMMANUEL

That's nice.

GARY

All I'm saying is I'd get right on the elevator and head down to Hell.

EMMANUEL

That's great, Gary. We just saved Los Angeles from a terrorist attack and you're insulting me?

GARY

For God's sake: stop being so sensitive.

EMMANUEL

Oh, okay, I'm being sensitive. You just told me that you'd rather spend eternity in Hell than go to Heaven with me--

We PULL UPWARDS, closing in on a single STAGE LIGHT...

DISSOLVE TO:

A SIMILAR SINGLE LIGHT.

We PULL DOWN, revealing that we're in...

INT. WASHINGTON D. C. UNDSCLOSED LOCATION - WEEKS LATER

Gary and Emmanuel sit in front of a MILITARY PANEL.

TRIBUNAL SOLDIER

Your debriefing is now complete. Obviously the events of the past two weeks can never be publicly disclosed.

SITTING ALONE in the audience is Bobby White.

BOBBY

And just to confirm: that includes a made-for-tv situation mini-series?

TRIBUNAL SOLDIER

Yes.

Bobby shakes his head, disappointed.

TRIBUNAL SOLDIER (CONT'D)

All tapes of The People's Choice Awards have been seized, all attendees have been sworn to silence under some obscure law we made up for this type of thing.

GARY

You can do that?

TRI BUNAL SOLDI ER

We can do anything. It's pretty great.
(then)

Because your country owes you its highest
form of gratitude, we will now bestow on
you its highest honor.

He stands, approaches them.

TRI BUNAL SOLDI ER (CONT'D)

Gary Col eman and Emmanuel Lewis. The
President of the United States is
bestowing upon you the Medal of Honor in
honor of your heroic service. You should
be very proud of yourselves.

They share a smile as medals are placed on them.

TRI BUNAL SOLDI ER (CONT'D)

You really can't ever tell anyone about
this. I know it sucks, but you just
can't.

They NOD, understanding.

TRI BUNAL SOLDI ER (CONT'D)

Is there is there anything we can do that
can begin to repay you for your service?

They share a look. Emmanuel tries first.

EMMANUEL

We both really enjoyed that Honda Pilot.

TRI BUNAL SOLDI ER

You'll each have one.

GARY

I have some financial difficulties.

TRI BUNAL SOLDI ER

Not anymore. Is there anything else?

Gary and Emmanuel share a look, smile.

CUT TO:

INT. GUANTANAMO BAY - TWO DAYS LATER

A WAITING ROOM. Gary and Emmanuel sit at SEPARATE TABLES.

A DOOR OPENS. In wal k JOHANSSON AND VI LHELMI NA. Both are cuffed and wear pri son garb.

Vi I hel mi na i s brought before Emmanuel , she si ts opposi te hi m. Johansson approaches Gary, does the same.

ON EMMANUEL AND VI LHELMI NA

VI LHELMI NA

Hel I o, Manny.

EMMANUEL

Vi I hel mi na.

ON GARY AND JOHANSSON

JOHANSSON

You foi led my pl an for worl d domi nati on,
Gary Col eman.

GARY

Oops.

BACK TO EMMANUEL AND VI LHELMI NA

VI LHELMI NA

I ' ve meesed you.

EMMANUEL

I asked to come here for one reason and one reason al one, Vi I hel mi na.

BACK TO GARY AND JOHANSSON

GARY

Because of me, Mr. Johansson, you are goi ng to spend the rest of your li fe in pri son. I don't know that I woul d wish that on my worst enemy.

BACK TO EMMANUEL AND VI LHELMI NA

EMMANUEL

I came here to tell you that you may have fool ed me, you may have betrayed me, you may even have stuck your tongue so far down my throat that you al most choked me: but I am not a joke. You are the joke, Vi I hel mi na. YOU woul d have been overachi evi ng by landi ng ME. You're a Hei di Kl um wannabe who coul dn't scrape the gum off the shoes of Ni cole Eggert. When she was young and in her prime.

(MORE)

EMMANUEL (CONT' D)

Before the Cinemax movies and plastic surgery. That's what I came here to say. I wasn't planning on the Nicole Eggert thing, that just came out.

BACK TO GARY AND JOHANSSON

GARY

In a strange way, you gave me a reason to believe in myself again. I figure the least I can do is give you the one thing I know you've been dying to hear from me. My catchphrase.

Johansson leans forward, practically drooling.

JOHANSSON

Yes! Yes!

Gary leans in towards him, tantalizingly close.

GARY

But then I thought about what you did to Armstrong and I changed my mind.

JOHANSSON

Noooooooo!

GARY

Manny, you ready?

EMMANUEL

All done here.

GARY

Let's roll.

They stand and walk away. Emmanuel lets out his GIGGLE.

EMMANUEL

(calling back)

Have fun getting waterboarded.

Johansson SCREAMS!

JOHANSSON

DAMN YOU GARY COLE--!

The door slams before he can complete the sentence.

THE END