

# **Comic Con**

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Traffic rushes by. We find one particular car. A red 1981 Renault Le Car. A rusted out shitbox with a cloth sunroof and 45 French horses working overtime beneath the hood to reach highway speed.

The Le Car cuts across three lanes to make the exit for Burbank Airport.

EXT. PARKING LOT, BURBANK AIRPORT - DAY

The Le Car pulls into a space.

INT. RENAULT LE CAR - DAY

The mess that is the back seat is dominated by

COMIC BOOKS

Batman, The Runaways, Kick-Ass, more Batman. All in protective covers.

A hand flips down the driver's side visor and staring back at us in the vanity mirror we find

PARKER EDMUNDS

He's a 19-year-old slacker with a peculiar amount of confidence despite being on the wrong side of the average national height and not quite good looking. A pair of Oakley Frogskins hang on a lanyard around his neck. He checks his tangled mop of brown hair in the mirror and tidies it as best he can.

He sprays some vanilla scented air freshener, sniffs. Sprays some under his arms, sniffs. Satisfied, he shuts the car off and gets out.

INT. TERMINAL, BURBANK AIRPORT - DAY

Parker sits waiting. Beside him is a CUTE GIRL. They both look anxiously over at the baggage claim exit. The Girl undoes one of her shirt buttons, checks her breath.

PARKER

Where does he go to school?

The Girl looks over at him, caught.

CUTE GIRL

Boston College. How about yours?

PARKER

Tufts.

(beat)

The long distance thing sucks, doesn't it?

CUTE GIRL

It's the worst. You send emails, video chat, but there are some things you just need them there for.

PARKER

Tell me about it. Thursday nights, "Lost" starts...there's an empty space on the couch and I feel like I'm the one on the island.

(beat)

Or when you get a new pair of jeans and there's no one to ask how your ass looks.

(beat)

That one was for you.

(beat)

Or when you find something on the internet, maybe it's kinda weird, maybe it's really weird, but it turns you on and you need a second opinion. 'Cause if it turns them on, too, then everything is okay.

The Cute Girl awkwardly nods. She looks back over at the baggage claim exit. ARRIVING PASSENGERS flood out. Parker and the Cute Girl stand.

PARKER

Good luck. If the bond is strong enough, you can overcome any distance.

CUTE GIRL

Yeah...thanks.

Parker tentatively scans the sea of faces, from which emerges an ATTRACTIVE BLONDE GIRL in a sorority sweater. He smiles. She smiles back. And steps out of the way, revealing

LARRY WOLLARSKY

He's a lanky 19-year-old that has begun to shed bits and pieces of high school nerdism. He sports a Tufts ball cap, preppy clothes and some carefully groomed facial scruff. He sees Parker, stops and gives a small wave.

Parker waves back. Larry continues toward him. The guys meet up and look each other over. After a beat -

PARKER  
Is that a goatee?

LARRY  
It's actually considered a  
"musketeer," since the mustache  
doesn't connect to the chin.

PARKER  
And get a load of those clothes,  
what are they, J. Crew?

LARRY  
The corduroys are. I think the shirt  
is Van Hueseen wrinkle free.

PARKER  
Fancy.  
(beat)  
We might as well get this out of way -  
I know I've gained some weight.

LARRY  
You look about the same.

PARKER  
I've gained weight. But it's 90  
percent muscle mass.

LARRY  
You look exactly the same as the  
last time I saw you. I think you  
were actually wearing that shirt.

Parker looks down at his vintage Batman t-shirt from the  
Michael Keaton era.

PARKER  
This is my favorite shirt. I wanted  
to make sure you'd recognize me.

LARRY  
On account of the muscle?

PARKER  
Yes. On account of the muscle.

Parker very formally extends his hand.

PARKER  
Welcome home.

Larry shakes Parker's hand. Parker doesn't let go. He slowly  
turns the shake into an awkward hug.

LARRY  
You smell like vanilla.

PARKER  
You smell like Calvin Klein Obsession.

LARRY  
Maybe we should hit the road.

PARKER  
Let's do it.

The guys carefully untangle themselves from the embrace.

INT. PARKING LOT, BURBANK AIRPORT - DAY

Parker and Larry cross the lot together. Larry wheels a neat little piece of luggage.

PARKER  
You should really carry a duffel bag instead of wheeling that thing. It builds upper body strength.

LARRY  
What's with you and all the muscle stuff?

PARKER  
I live at home, man. I jog like nine times a day just to get out of the house. My endurance and strength are through the roof. I honestly think once I find a girl to fuck her vagina might implode.

LARRY  
Like a star that goes supernova then turns into a black hole.

PARKER  
Exactly. I might be able to climb in there and go back in time for all I know. Invent the internet and name it after myself.

Parker pulls a small journal from his back pocket and scribbles in it.

PARKER  
That might actually be an idea for a comic book.

The guys reach Parker's car and load the luggage inside.

EXT. SIMI VALLEY - DAY

Sprawling tracts of condo development lie on the outskirts of town. The Le Car blows past a sign that proclaims, "Simi Valley: The Fastest Growing Community in Southern California!"

INT. RENAULT LE CAR - DAY - MOVING

Larry stares out the window as the guys pass their old high school.

LARRY

That's a sight I don't miss.

PARKER

(shrugs)

We had some fun. College can't be much better. Probably still a lot of assholes and girls who won't fuck you.

LARRY

I guess there are a few assholes.

After a beat -

PARKER

And girls who won't fuck you...right?

Larry says nothing.

PARKER

Holy shit! Did you get laid? Who was she?

LARRY

My lab partner, Yu Lee.

PARKER

You lost your virginity to an Asian? That's like getting a Porsche for your first car.

LARRY

Technically, it's like getting a Honda for your first car.

PARKER

I can't fucking believe you didn't tell me any of this.

LARRY

I didn't think it was that big of a deal. You never call me to talk about who you're sleeping with.

PARKER

"Sleeping with?" What is this,  
Melrose Place? I'm not sleeping  
with anyone, and I'm certainly not  
sticking my dick in anything wet.

(beat)

Any other secrets hiding behind that  
goatee of yours?

A beat passes. Larry looks out the window, guiltily.

LARRY

There is one thing. I applied for  
this summer internship at Raytheon  
and got it.

PARKER

How are you gonna work two jobs?

LARRY

I'm not.

PARKER

You told Raytheon to fuck off? Don't  
they make bombs?

LARRY

No, man. I can't work at the shop.

PARKER

Are you kidding me? We work at the  
shop every summer.

LARRY

Yeah, in high school. Now I need a  
job that I can put on an actual  
resume. I'm really sorry, okay.

Parker sucks it up. Puts on a brave face.

PARKER

Hey, you gotta do what you gotta do.  
We're still gonna have a great summer.  
And in a few weeks we got the biggest  
party of year.

LARRY

Oh, right, Comic-Con.

PARKER

Not "oh right." We're talking "fuck  
yeah." We're gonna rock the Con  
harder than ever.

Parker extends his fist. Larry delivers a lackluster bump.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PARKER'S ROOM - DAY

An explosion of dirty clothes and comic book paraphernalia. Parker rolls out of bed. He does three pushups, then gives up and throws on his Batman t-shirt.

He goes to a wall calendar and crosses out the previous day with a red marker. We can see that there are now only a few days left until Comic-Con.

He picks up his cell phone and dials. The line goes straight to Larry's voicemail. Parker leaves a message.

PARKER

Hey, buddy. Been trying to get you for a few days. And before that for like a week. Just want to see if you needed any help packing for the Con. Uh...this summer's gonna be awesome. Later.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Parker enters and goes straight for the cereal on top of the fridge. His sexy/trashy sister, CHRISTINA (21), sits at the table eating a bowl of cereal. She has very large very fake breasts that look amazing.

CHRISTINA

Are you really gonna wear that gross t-shirt again?

PARKER

I don't know, Christina. Are you really gonna wear those stripper tits again?

CHRISTINA

Yes. And again and again and again.

PARKER

Ok, but at the very least you should change out of that dirty vagina.

Parker pours himself a bowl of Lucky Charms.

PARKER

What the hell? There's no charms in here.

Christina looks up from her charm filled bowl and grins.

PARKER

Thanks a lot. It's bad luck to eat  
a bowl of Lucky Charms with no charms.  
Now I have to waste all of this  
magically delicious cereal.

Parker empties his bowl into the garbage.

CHRISTINA

I honestly can't believe we traveled  
down the same birth canal.

PARKER

That's incorrect. You were actually  
the product of an anal delivery.

CHRISTINA

Mom!

Parker's mom, RENEE, storms in.

RENEE

What's the problem in here?

CHRISTINA

Parker's being himself again.

PARKER

Well, she picked all the charms out  
of the box again. Now I can't have  
breakfast before I go to work.

RENEE

You don't work. You hang out at a  
comic shop all day.

PARKER

I get paid to liaise with the  
customers.

CHRISTINA

You make less than our gardener.

PARKER

He gets paid off the books!

RENEE

You should have went to college like  
your sister.

PARKER

She goes to community college. That's  
like tenth grade for regular people.  
Besides, she's got most of my college  
fund crammed into her pushup bra.

RENEE

I told you, if you didn't apply last year, your sister could use the money for her surgery.

Christina perks up her fake tits and mouths "loser."

PARKER

Listen, mom, bankers work on Wall Street, astronauts work in space, Christina works at Hooters. It's the natural order of things. Imagine you put an astronaut on Wall Street. What good would his space suit and zero gravity training do him? Now imagine Christina in space. Her tits would literally explode! That's like putting a comic book writer in college. So I'm gonna stay at the shop and soak up the inspiration until I sell one of my books. And Christina can use the rest of my college fund to get ass implants for all I care.

Renee shakes her head.

RENEE

I just wish you would grow up and stop listening to that idiot who owns the shop.

PARKER

I think you're seriously mistaken about Duke. He's a really smart guy who can speak intelligently on a wide range of topics.

CUT TO:

DUKE (30s) faces camera. He's a one-time nerd who fell into good looks later in life but kept it real. His sleeveless t-shirt shows off a tattoo of Wolverine clawing his way up his bicep. He speaks with a slight Southern drawl and he might be high.

DUKE

So I cut this guy off on my moped this morning and he calls me a "douchebag." You know, as far as I'm concerned, douchebag is a compliment. The act of douching, in itself, is a positive thing. It has a cleansing effect...on the vagina.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL we're in -

INT. DUKE'S COMICS - DAY

A rambling shop packed full of comic books, memorabilia and assorted cool shit. A life-size Predator statue dressed in a security guard uniform stands watch by the door.

Duke sits on a stool before Parker and a motley bunch of LOCAL COMIC NERDS who hang off his every word.

DUKE

So I said, "yeah, man, I'm your girlfriend's douchebag." Shut the motherfucker up. Half the time people call you shit without ever thinking what it really means. Just makes them look dumb.

COMIC NERD

At school they call me "the jizz?" I think it's pretty clear what that means.

DUKE

Jizz is the blood of life. That's like saying you're the creator. You know who else they used to call the jizz in high school? Clark Kent.

COMIC NERD

Really? What issue is that in?

DUKE

It's not in the comics. I heard it at a panel.

Duke stands up.

DUKE

Okay, me and my man Parker gotta get back to work, make sure this place keeps running. Go spend some dough.

The Comic Nerds disperse, high-fiving Duke on their way off.

Parker grabs a box and starts filing new comics onto the shelves. Duke joins him.

DUKE

How's the writing going?

Parker pulls out his journal and fans the pages. It's almost entirely filled with tiny handwriting.

PARKER

What I have here is a lot of shit  
thrown against the wall, and none of  
it's sticking.

Duke takes the journal, flips through it, reads one of the  
more recent entries.

DUKE

A comic about a guy who time travels  
by way of a vagina?  
(beat)  
You can call it "Time Gap."

PARKER

That's what I'm talking about. Shit  
against the wall.

DUKE

If you keep calling it shit, it's  
gonna be shit. Have some confidence  
in your own ideas. Maybe not this  
particular idea, but some of the  
others. I believe in you.

PARKER

You're about the only one who does.  
My mom thinks I'm a loser and my  
best friend won't hang out with me.  
I've seen him three times since he's  
been back.

DUKE

Just get him on the phone and tell  
him to get his ass here and take you  
to lunch.

PARKER

He barely takes my calls anymore.

Duke whips out his cell phone.

DUKE

I'll tell you whose call he will  
take.

INT. RAYTHEON OFFICE - DAY

Larry works at a computer terminal beside some other INTERNS.  
His SUPERVISOR approaches.

SUPERVISOR

Larry, there's a call for you on  
line three.

(MORE)

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)  
 (lowers voice)  
 It's the Tufts University provost.  
 He says it's an emergency.

The Interns trade looks.

Larry walks over to another desk and picks up the phone.

LARRY  
 Sir?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DUKE'S COMICS - DAY

Duke has his phone on speaker. He takes his voice down a few octaves.

DUKE  
 Mr. Wollarsky, this is the provost speaking. This morning, I received some very unsettling information about you and a Miss Yu Lee.

LARRY (O.S.)  
 I, uh...she's my chem lab partner.

DUKE  
 Is that the only experimentation you and Miss Lee have been engaged in?

LARRY (O.S.)  
 Sir, I don't see how this is -

DUKE  
 Are you aware that Miss Lee is a 14-year-old prodigy from Korea?

Larry freezes. He backs into a corner and lowers his voice.

LARRY  
 She told me she was 19.

DUKE (O.S.)  
 Not according to her testimony.  
 (beat)  
 I also have Mr. Shin from the Korean Embassy on the line. If you answer his questions honestly, perhaps he can help you avoid extradition to Korea to stand trial.

LARRY  
 Korea?

PARKER (O.S.)  
(awful Korean accent)  
Mr. Wollarsky, according to Miss  
Lee, you ask her to put two finger  
in your butt. Is this true?

Larry starts to sweat.

LARRY  
I really had no idea she was 14.

PARKER (O.S.)  
Just answer question! You facing  
serious charges!

LARRY  
I don't remember.

PARKER (O.S.)  
Miss Lee remember! She remember  
forever!

LARRY  
Okay. Yes.  
(gulps)  
It's true. But it was her idea.

Duke and Parker fight back laughter.

PARKER  
You are very honest man. You no  
have to come to Korea. But we need  
embassy official to come to your  
office and stick finger in your butt  
hole for DNA evidence. Would this  
be all right with you?

LARRY (O.S.)  
I mean...yeah, sure, if it gets me  
off the hook.

PARKER  
Yes, you get completely off hook.  
Also, we may need to film it for  
legal purposes.

LARRY (O.S.)  
Yeah, whatever.

PARKER  
Okay, so on Tuesday, good looking  
man will come to your work. He will  
stick finger in your butt while other  
man films.

LARRY (O.S.)

Okay, sounds great. I'm so sorry for this. I didn't know she was a prodigy.

PARKER

Oh, she a prodigy...  
(in regular voice)  
...at sucking dick!

Parker and Duke crack up.

LARRY (O.S.)

What the fuck? Parker? Duke?

DUKE

That's right, buddy. Surprised you even recognize my voice anymore.

LARRY

What were you guys thinking? I'm at work.

PARKER (O.S.)

What the fuck were you thinking? You let a girl stick two fingers in your ass, then agreed to let a guy do the same while another guy films it.

LARRY

I thought I was going to jail.

DUKE (O.S.)

No, 'cause luckily abandoning your best friend isn't punishable by law. But it should be.

LARRY

I'm working seventy hour weeks!

PARKER (O.S.)

Exactly. So take a break, come by the shop and let's get lunch.

LARRY

That's in twelve minutes. I work across town.

PARKER (O.S.)

Then let's hang out tonight.

LARRY

I have plans. Maybe I can get out for lunch tomorrow. You guys are assholes. Goodbye.

Larry hangs up.

EXT. DUKE'S COMICS - DAY

Parker locks up the shop. A Town Car pulls up and a well-dressed JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN gets out.

JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN  
Excuse me, do you know where I can  
find Mr. Bert "Duke" Dunlap.

PARKER  
He took off, man. Shop's closed for  
the day.

JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN  
It's 3:30.

PARKER  
(shrugs)  
Summer hours.

The Japanese Businessman hands Parker his card.

JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN  
My employer has something of urgency  
to discuss with him.

He turns and heads back to the car. Parker checks out his card.

PARKER  
"Watanabe Industries?"

He pockets the card, a slight look of concern on his face.

INT. PARKER'S ROOM - DAY

Parker sits in bed, writing in his journal. He suddenly rips out the page he was working on, crumples it and chucks it at the wall. It bounces off.

PARKER  
Shit off the wall.

He gets up to retrieve the page. He hears something outside and goes to the window. There is a house party going on across the street. Parker's invitation was obviously lost in the mail. He checks out the HOT GIRLS milling on the porch, drinking beers.

A car pulls up and a bunch of FRATTY GUYS get out, among them...Larry. He says something that makes the group crack up. They all head inside.

Parker is gut punched. He throws his whole journal against the wall.

EXT. TACO STAND - DAY

Larry and Parker eat at a table. There's a tense silence. Larry chews his taco.

LARRY

I remember these tasting better.

PARKER

What, they're not as good as college tacos? Do they serve college tacos with pussy and beer?

LARRY

What's your problem?

PARKER

No problem. I'm feeling great. Had a big night last night. Went to this house party...tons of jerkoffs. Wore my v-neck sweater. It was awesome.

LARRY

Cool.

PARKER

I didn't actually go to a party, and I don't own a v-neck! But you did, and you do.

LARRY

So what? I went to a party.

PARKER

You told me you had "plans."

LARRY

Those were the plans.

PARKER

And you didn't invite me? It was across the street from my house.

LARRY

You hate parties.

PARKER

I'm a fucking party machine. Turn me on and I'll party all night long.

LARRY  
Steven Wexler was there.

Parker goes red.

PARKER  
You partied with the guy who sat on  
our faces in the shower junior year?

LARRY  
He sat on your face.

PARKER  
It was your face by association. We  
were a team!  
(beat)  
And now we're nothing.

LARRY  
You're taking this way too seriously.

PARKER  
Whatever. This is gonna make the  
drive down to Comic-Con this week  
pretty awkward.

Larry takes a long sip of water.

LARRY  
There might be an issue with Comic-  
Con.

Parker stops mid-bite. Lowers his taco.

PARKER  
Choose your words carefully, Larry.

LARRY  
I can't get the days off. One of  
the other interns has a family  
emergency and I need to cover for  
him.

PARKER  
Fuck his family and their emergency.  
Fake sick. Tell them you got Edelman-  
Horberger.

LARRY  
I don't even know what that is.

PARKER  
It's a rare blood disease. I saw it  
on "House."  
(MORE)

PARKER (CONT'D)

He cured it in like four days. That gives you enough time to get to the Con and back.

LARRY

Parker, I can't do it.

PARKER

I had the perfect summer planned, but you had to fuck it in the throat.

LARRY

I did not fuck your summer in the throat.

PARKER

Yes, you did! It was a beautiful, innocent summer. My summer looked like Taylor Swift.

(stands up, gesturing)

And you grabbed the back of it's head, and you -

(thrusting)

Fucked. It. In. The. Throat!

Other DINERS look over.

LARRY

Dude...chill out.

PARKER

Oh, I'm chill. But I'll tell you what, this is gonna break Duke's heart. And I'm not gonna tell him. You are.

LARRY

I haven't even seen Duke since I've been back.

PARKER

That's right, the guy who was there when my dad passed away, when your parents got divorced. The guy who told you it was okay when you were jerking off twice a day to She-Hulk comics. The only guy who gave a fuck about you, besides me, before you grew that shitty goatee. And you haven't even stopped by to see him.

LARRY

It's a musketeer.

PARKER

Let's go.

LARRY

I'm not done eating.

PARKER

I think you are.

Parker dumps Larry's tray in the trash.

EXT. DUKE'S COMICS - DAY

Parker marches Larry toward the shop.

LARRY

Come on, man. This is stupid.

PARKER

You brought it on yourself.

Parker slows as he notices a black corvette parked across the street from the shop. He looks closer and realizes it is actually a corvette limo. Sitting in the back is

A YOUNG JAPANESE-AMERICAN MAN

He has long emo bangs and wears aviator shades. We catch Parker's worried look reflected in his shades before the tinted back window rolls up.

LARRY

Is that -

PARKER

I think it is.

Parker hurries inside the shop.

INT. DUKE'S COMICS - DAY

The guys enter and look around. It's empty.

PARKER

Duke?

There's a loud commotion in the back office.

DUKE (O.S.)

Up yours, kimosabe!

Two Japanese Businessmen hurry out of the back office, followed by Duke, wearing a pair of steel replica Wolverine claws and screaming -

DUKE

I'll slice your shit up all over  
this place! I'm not scared! These  
comics are all in protective covers!

The Japanese Businessmen knock over a rack of comics as Duke  
chases them out of the shop. He slams the door behind them  
and flips the sign to "closed."

In a rage, Duke whirls around and punches the life-size  
Predator statue in the nuts with one of his clawed hands.  
The claws are razor sharp and slide up to the hilt.  
Predator's head rolls off.

Duke turns to the guys, standing there, wide-eyed. He slowly  
retracts the claws from Predator's nuts.

DUKE

Oh, hey Parker. Larry.  
(looks at claws, embarrassed)  
I only got these sharpened for  
security purposes.

Duke removes the claws and sets them down, takes a calming  
breath.

DUKE

Sorry you had to see me go berserker.

PARKER

What the hell is going on?

DUKE

I don't know if you've been reading  
the Journal lately. I sure as shit  
haven't. But the economy's fucked.  
The bank that had the mortgage on my  
shop went down like Parker's sister  
at a Nickelback concert.

(beat)

No offense, buddy.

PARKER

Why can't you just get a new mortgage?

DUKE

Doesn't work that way. These Watanabe  
Corporation assholes went and bought  
my mortgage out. I got like a week  
to pay it off or they get the shop.  
But where the hell am I supposed to  
get 200 grand? Ain't like anyone is  
gonna give me loan.

LARRY

Why the hell does a successful  
Japanese comic shop chain want to  
buy out this place?

DUKE

Maybe on your way back into town you  
missed those condos sprouting up  
like weeds. It's called market share,  
college boy. Condos bring people.  
People get jobs. Jobs pay money.  
Money buys comic books. So Watanabe  
shuts down my shop so they can put  
up their sanitized corporate version  
and cash in. Ka-ching.

Duke tosses them a brochure the Businessmen left behind.  
The cover reads, "The future is looking Watanabe." Inside  
are digital images of a polished, soulless comic shop.  
Computer generated teenagers that look like they were designed  
on a Nintendo Wii browse the aisles.

DUKE

It's creepy, man. They got dead  
eyes.

PARKER

This is bullshit.

DUKE

It's what Watanabe does. Happened  
to my buddy in Orange County. Now  
he's cleaning pools...of semen, at  
the local peep booth.

Duke shows the guys to the door.

DUKE

You can take the rest of the day  
off, Parker. Hell, take them all  
off.

Duke stops at the door, takes a look around his shop.

DUKE

The only thing I ever wanted growing  
up was to build my own little  
sanctuary, where like minded dudes  
could congregate and explore groovy  
worlds that didn't suck as much as  
the real one.

Duke breaks down and begins to cry.

DUKE  
I guess the world can be pretty hard  
on dreamers.

Duke ushers the stunned guys out and shuts the door behind them.

EXT. DUKE'S COMICS - DAY

The guys look at each other. They hear a primal scream from inside the shop. Even Larry looks affected.

PARKER  
I gotta do something.

Parker storms off. Larry is torn.

LARRY  
Hey, come on, man. Where are you  
going?

Larry takes off after him.

INT. PARKER'S ROOM - DAY

Larry sits on a Spider-Man beanbag in the corner. Parker paces.

PARKER  
Okay, this is where my head's at: we  
sell unnecessary body parts and use  
the money to invest in a high risk,  
quick return pyramid scheme.

LARRY  
That's another viable idea.

PARKER  
You're the one who ruled out murder  
for hire. It's not like we can set  
up a lemonade stand. It's gonna  
take criminal mastermind shit to get  
the kind of money Duke needs. I'm  
not afraid to get my hands dirty.

Larry looks at his watch.

LARRY  
If you want to get your hands dirty,  
why don't you start jerking guys off  
for money. I'll go back to work and  
you give me a status report tonight.

PARKER

How many handjobs would we be talking,  
all in?

LARRY

Assuming you can command 50 bucks a  
squeeze...like four thousand.

PARKER

Four thousand?! Okay, now who's  
being unrealistic?

LARRY

Still you.

Frustrated, Parker flops down onto his bed.

LARRY

Face it, man. You don't know shit  
about shit. Pretty much the only  
thing you know anything about is  
comic books.

Something grabs Parker's attention...a flier for this year's  
Comic-Con tacked to his wall.

LARRY

Maybe I can help Duke put together a  
resume or something.

Parker ignores him. He gets up and pulls the Comic-Con flier  
off his wall. Advertised on the bottom of the flier is a

SPECIAL VIEWING OF TERRENCE WATANABE'S PRIVATE COLLECTION

PARKER

You're right, Larry. The only thing  
I know is comic books.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Parker and Larry sit at a patio table. A tiki torch provides  
the only light.

LARRY

You wanna rob Terrence Watanabe!?

PARKER

That's right. T-Wat. Who better  
than the motherfucker who's trying  
to put my shop out of business?

(beat)

You saw him outside the shop today...  
sitting there in his corvette limo,  
gloating like a jackass.

LARRY

That guy's seriously unhinged. I've seen him at the Con before. He's got Yakuza bodyguards. You mess with him, they'll floss your teeth with your own ass hair.

PARKER

I don't care if they floss my teeth with some other guy's ass hair that just took a steamy dump. I'm doing it.

LARRY

Parker, you're not doing anything. You couldn't steal office supplies.

PARKER

Oh, yeah? I stole these pants.

LARRY

You stole those pants?

PARKER

Yes. They were overpriced and I liked them. So I stole them. Because I'm a short guy and it's difficult to find pants that fit.

LARRY

Ok. So you're a shoplifter. That doesn't qualify you to steal valuable shit.

PARKER

I know the Con. I know the players. I'll come up with a plan. Heroes rise to the challenge, Larry. And Gotham is burning.

LARRY

Don't quote "The Dark Knight" to me. I don't live in Gotham anymore.

PARKER

Is this you telling me you're out?

LARRY

I was never in.

PARKER

'Cause if you're not in, you're out.

LARRY

I'm out!

PARKER

I thought you'd say that. So I dug up this.

Parker takes out his wallet. He removes a worn piece of paper and slams it down on the table. Larry looks down at it. It's an "IOU," crayon on construction paper, dated 2/03/98, signed: Larry Wollarsky.

LARRY

Are you kidding me?

PARKER

Third grade. You shit your gym pants. You asked me to switch pants with you because Blair Fitzgerald was in our gym period and you had a crush on her. Because I was your friend, I did it. In return, you granted me this all purpose IOU.

LARRY

You're really gonna hold me to that?

PARKER

To this day, some people still call me skid mark. Yes, I'm gonna hold you to it.

(beat)

I get it man, you don't want anything to do with me.

LARRY

Dude, I've been -

PARKER

Working, I know. But you've been spending just as much time avoiding me. So when this is all done, you can go your own way and I won't bug you anymore. You go be whoever you want to be. I'm cool with it. But this...right now...you owe me this.

After a beat, Larry reluctantly nods.

LARRY

Ok. I will accompany you to Comic-Con. If there happens to be an easy and relatively low risk way to rip the guy off...I'll consider helping you.

PARKER

You're in!

Parker hugs Larry.

LARRY  
What'd you say that rare blood disease  
was called again?

EXT. LARRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Two duffel bags are tossed in the trunk of the Le Car,  
followed by a length of rope.

LARRY  
What's that for?

PARKER  
I don't know. Repelling. Hoisting.  
Maybe tying up security guards.

Parker loads a step ladder into the trunk.

LARRY  
And you need that for...?

PARKER  
For reaching shit I can't reach.

Larry grabs another bag.

PARKER  
Be careful with that. There's a  
machete inside.

Larry shakes his head, carefully adds it to the trunk.

Parker tosses Larry the keys.

PARKER  
You're driving.

INT. RENAULT LE CAR - DAY - MOVING

The car makes a horrible whirring sound as Larry presses his  
foot to the floor to keep up with traffic.

Parker unzips his backpack and pulls out a laptop with a wi-  
fi card.

LARRY  
What the hell? Did you steal my  
dad's wi-fi card?

PARKER  
No, I left a note.

LARRY

What'd it say?

PARKER

"Dad, I took your wi-fi card. And your rope. Best wishes, Larry."

(off Larry's pissed off look)

Take it easy. I needed a way to reach out to the rest of the crew.

LARRY

What crew?

PARKER

You thought we were gonna do this alone?

LARRY

No. I thought we were gonna get down there and you'd realize how dumb this was.

PARKER

I'll tell you what's dumb...trying to pull a heist alone. You always hear about two guys getting caught, but you never hear about a highly trained team of experts getting caught.

Parker hits a few keys on the laptop.

PARKER

That's why we're gonna need to fill all the crucial positions.

C.U. of the laptop screen, which displays a Facebook page. Location: Detroit, MI; Activities: Weight Lifting, Kendo, Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu, Cage Fighting.

PARKER (V.O.)

Starting with Marcus Washington.  
"The Muscle"

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS' ROOM - DAY

The walls are plastered with posters of The Incredible Hulk. Propped on the bed is a Hulk stuffed doll with a karate belt tied around the waist. Fitness magazines are strewn everywhere, with covers proclaiming, "Bigger Delts, Smaller Belts!" and "Ten Days and Counting to Pec Blastoff!"

MARCUS (19), a chubby African-American stands shirtless before a mirror. He pokes his flabby pecs and silver dollar nipples.

MARCUS  
Ten days my ass.

He reaches out and scoops some green body paint out of a jar on his dresser. He smears it across his face and grits his teeth, psyching himself up.

MARCUS  
Hulk it out, baby...come on...HULK  
THAT SHIT OUT!

He grabs an old school spring chest-expander, like Josh Brolin used in "The Goonies," and rips a few out.

MARCUS  
That's right! GREEN MACHINE! AHH!

Winded, he goes for a final rep -

MARCUS  
Slow burn!

He loses his grip and the chest-expander snaps shut, catching him in the balls.

MARCUS  
Ahh! Hulk smash!

CUT TO:

C.U. of a Facebook page. Location: Portland, OR; Favorite Quotation: "My brain is the key that sets my mind free." - Harry Houdini.

PARKER (V.O.)  
Next we got Eugene Kowalski. "The  
Safe Man."

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Close on a locker. After a beat, a hooked metal wire slides out through the vent. The wire finds its way to the combination lock, hooks around the handle and turns the lock, slowly cracking the combination. The hooked wire pulls the lock open.

The door opens, revealing EUGENE (15), a tiny freshman with severely parted hair, crammed inside. He slips out of the locker, landing ninja quiet in his moccasins.

He wears an oversized Green Lantern t-shirt that fits like a dress and slim fit black jeans that could be confused for leggings.

He takes a hit off an asthma inhaler and coolly exhales.

EUGENE  
60 seconds flat. They haven't  
invented a locker that can hold me.

As he rounds a corner, he finds THREE JOCKS hanging out.  
They spot him. He freezes.

EUGENE  
I probably should have waited another  
minute.

JOCKS  
You probably should have never been  
born, Kowalski.

The Jocks grab him and drag him toward the lockers. Eugene screams. One of the Jocks twists his nipples. More screams. They open a locker and shove him inside.

One of the Jocks drops his pants. We see Eugene's eyes staring out through the locker's vent.

EUGENE (O.S.)  
Not the gas chamber!

The Jock presses his ass against the locker's vent and rips ass. We hear Eugene's desperate gags from inside.

CUT TO:

C.U. of a Facebook page. Location: Lockhart, AL; Networks: Fuck Your Networks; Favorite Movies: Commando, Hellboy, Emmanuelle in Space.

PARKER (V.O.)  
Walter Ray Bosley. "The Explosives  
Expert."

The mouse pointer clicks on a posted link that takes us to

YOUTUBE VIDEO

A 25-year-old with a curly mohawk stares into camera. This is WALTER RAY BOSLEY. His eyes are intense. He wears no shirt and cut-off jean shorts.

BOSLEY  
You think you know someone.  
(MORE)

BOSLEY (CONT'D)

You think you love her. So much,  
that you go and sell your vintage  
Captain America helmet to get her a  
barbed wire tattoo for her birthday.  
Then you pass out at the lake, and  
she gives a handjob to the pitcher  
for the Lockhart Mud Hens. They're  
a single-A team. It ain't like she's  
stroking off Roger Clemens.

(beat)

Revenge is a dish best served with  
explosives.

Camera follows Bosley as he scales a low fence and sneaks  
into a backyard. There's an above ground pool. Several  
ROWDY SOUTHERN GUYS splash in it. An OVERWEIGHT GIRL with a  
barbed wire tattoo suns herself, topless, on a raft.

Bosley pulls out what looks like a RC car controller. He  
presses a button and we hear a dull thud as

THE SIDE OF THE POOL EXPLODES

Everyone come sliding out, on top of each other.

Bosley and the O.S. CAMERAMAN crack up. The Overweight Girl  
notices him.

OVERWEIGHT GIRL

Walter Ray, you son of a bitch! I  
don't love you no more!

BOSLEY

You don't mean that! I was good to  
you!

OVERWEIGHT GIRL

You're a 25-year-old man child. All  
you do is hang out at the arcade and  
read them Captain America cartoons.  
And you got a small dick!

BOSLEY

It's average!

OVERWEIGHT GIRL

I seen more dicks than you! I seen  
all these guys dicks in this pool!  
I seen every dick on the Mud Hens'  
pitching staff! Yours is small!

(to Guys)

Go on, fuck him up.

The Guys take off after Bosley. He trips and the Guys are all over him. He takes a fierce ass kicking.

BOSLEY  
(to Cameraman)  
Stop filming and help me out!

The camera is put on the ground. We see the Cameraman's feet as he runs over to help Bosley. He gets laid out a second later.

CUT TO:

C.U. of a Facebook page. Location: Unknown; Political Views: Pro-Mutant.

PARKER (V.O.)  
The Professor. Our "Technical  
Expert." And he might be telepathic.

CUT TO:

THE PROFESSOR (18), scrawny with a shaved head and a neat blue suit, stares straight into camera, his eyes intense.  
WIDEN TO REVEAL -

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The Professor is in a wheelchair, his eyes locked on those of his German Shepherd. The dog cocks his head. The Professor touches his own temple.

THE PROFESSOR  
That's right, Logan.

The dog lifts his leg and pees on The Professor's wheelchair. The Professor shakes his head.

THE PROFESSOR  
I said to do it by the tree.

The dog turns around and innocently trots off. The Professor wheels after him.

CUT TO:

C.U. of a Facebook page. Location: Baltimore, MD; Networks: Maryland Institute College of the Arts; Favorite Book: It by Stephen King.

PARKER  
And of course there's Lauren. "The  
Tits."

CUT TO:

EXT. FEDERAL HILL, BALTIMORE - DAY

A BUSTY CHICK suns herself on the grass at this quaint park. A bunch of JOCKS approach and flirt with her.

PAN OVER to reveal LAUREN (19), a cute girl hidden beneath a baggie black hoodie and goth makeup. She glances over at the Busty Chick as she sketches in a notebook on a park bench.

The Busty Chick abandons her spot on the grass to toss a football with the Jocks. Lauren walks by where she has left her beach towel and drops the sketch. It floats down onto the ground. It depicts the Jocks as zombies, eating the Busty Chick's brain.

LAUREN

Enjoy.

As Lauren walks off -

LARRY (V.O.)

Does Lauren even have tits?

PARKER (V.O.)

She's a girl, Larry. She's got tits.  
And she's loyal. She actually returns  
my emails.

RETURN TO:

INT. RENAULT LE CAR - DAY - MOVING

On his laptop, Parker drafts a Facebook message to the group. The subject line reads, "The Con." The body reads, "Meet at the Best Western Bayside Inn. Room 235. 9:00 PM. I'll explain everything." He hits send.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Le Car passes beneath an exit sign for downtown San Diego.

INT. PARKING LOT, BEST WESTERN - DAY

The Le Car pulls into a spot. Larry hops out.

INT. LE CAR - DAY

Parker flips down the visor mirror. He slides on his Oakley Frogskins. Black with reflective orange lenses. The shit.

PARKER

You can do this.

MATCH CUT TO:

Parker, in Frogskins, faces camera.

PARKER

So, what do you think?

We're in -

INT. HOTEL ROOM, BEST WESTERN - NIGHT

The crew are spread across the room. Parker has just finished laying it all out. They stare back at him, not quite sure what to make of this. After a long beat -

LAUREN

I think those sunglasses look ridiculous.

PARKER

So does your black lipstick, Hot Topic. I meant about the heist.

LAUREN

Oh, the "heist." I think you've read too many comics, played too many video games, and might have flipped your shit.

Bosley rises from his seat. He has two black eyes and a bandaged nose.

BOSLEY

I hate T-Wat just as much as the next guy. Probably never even read an issue his whole life, just in it for the money. But I don't see how we can just walk off with an entire collection of comics.

PARKER

We can't. It's impossible.

BOSLEY

That's what I'm saying.

PARKER

So we're only going after one of them. His Action Comics #1. Certified 9.2. What do you think that's worth, Eugene?

EUGENE

A million bucks.

PARKER

I figure we can get rid of it quickly for like half that. I take 200 for the shop, the rest of you guys get 50 grand a piece. For a few days work.

(beat)

Does that change anybody's mind?

The crew exchange looks.

PARKER

It's not like we're breaking into a bank. There's no vault, there's no guns, no tunneling involved. It's a convention center, with mall cops. The comic will probably just be sitting there. We'll sneak in at night and grab it. I could probably do it myself. I just figured since I know you guys I'd cut you in on the action. Make you part of the "team."

EUGENE

I've never been a part of a team before. Do we get jerseys?

PARKER

No. But I will buy you one when it's all over.

EUGENE

(coolly hits inhaler)

I'm in.

BOSLEY

Fuck it. I got nothing to live for. Sign me up.

MARCUS

(cracks knuckles)

Shit could get stormy. You guys might need some black thunder.

Parker looks to The Professor.

PARKER

How about it? 50 grand is more than enough to buy you that Professor X replica wheelchair you've had your eye on. Plus, there's the issue of justice being served. Today, they're taking over my comic shop.

(MORE)

PARKER (CONT'D)  
Tomorrow, it could be yours. A guy  
like you wouldn't stand by and let  
that happen, would he?

The Professor stares hard at Parker.

PARKER  
Did you just telepathically say "I'm  
in?"

THE PROFESSOR  
I did.

LAUREN  
You guys are idiots. Larry, are you  
seriously gonna be a part of this?

LARRY  
Long story.

PARKER  
Larry's the wheelman.

LAUREN  
Awesome. I'm gonna go back to the  
real world. See you later.

Lauren grabs her stuff and walks out.

PARKER  
I'll be back. Larry, finish up here.

Parker hurries after Lauren.

Marcus looks to Larry.

MARCUS  
Can I get the key to the mini fridge?

Larry shrugs, hands it over.

INT. HALLWAY, BEST WESTERN - NIGHT

Parker gets to the elevator just in time to stop it. Lauren  
stares out at him. He takes off his sunglasses.

LAUREN  
You're gonna get yourself and the  
rest of those guys in a lot of  
trouble.

PARKER  
This is why I need you on the team.  
You're the voice of reason.

LAUREN

The voice of reason says you're  
wasting your time.

Lauren moves Parker's hand away from the door. It closes.

Parker shakes his head, looks over at the stairwell.

INT. LOBBY, BEST WESTERN - NIGHT

The elevator opens and Lauren steps out. Parker is already  
waiting there, panting.

LAUREN

That was actually pretty quick.

PARKER

I've been jogging a lot.

Parker tries to speak, struggles to catch his breath.

PARKER

Just give me a second.

Parker takes a deep breath.

PARKER

Okay. Listen. I get it. It's very  
possible that this is a horrible  
idea. But I'm doing it. So maybe  
just hanging around and make sure we  
don't do anything too retarded.

LAUREN

That's all I have to do?

PARKER

Yes. Basically. I'm also gonna  
need you to be "the tits."

LAUREN

Excuse me?

PARKER

Sorry, professional slang. You're  
the distraction. The eye candy that  
has Terrence looking one way, while  
we sneak in the other.

LAUREN

(caught off guard)  
So you think I'm eye candy?

PARKER

More so than the rest of us.

LAUREN  
That's really charming. Thanks.

PARKER  
Besides Larry, you're the only person  
I really trust.

LAUREN  
We only hang out four days a year.

PARKER  
Yeah, but we've been doing that for  
like eight years. We met at our  
first Con. That's gotta mean  
something to you, too.

Lauren considers this.

PARKER  
It's a simple yes or no.

LAUREN  
The yes or no part is simple, the  
rest isn't.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, BEST WESTERN - NIGHT

Parker enters to find the guys hanging out.

PARKER  
She's in.

Bosley looks over from the chair he's pulled directly in  
front of the television, playing hardcore porn.

BOSLEY  
Yeah, so is this guy...I'd say about  
eight inches in. What do you guys  
think?

Eugene just stares at the television, mouth wide open.

Marcus polishes off the last of the snacks in the mini fridge.

The Professor sips from a small hotel bottle of whiskey.

PARKER  
This is all coming out of your shares.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, BEST WESTERN - LATER

The guys have cleared out. Larry lies in the queen-size  
bed, with the covers pulled up. After a beat, Parker slides  
in next to him and shuts the lights.

LARRY

I can't believe you didn't get us  
twin beds.

PARKER

Duke was gonna borrow his uncle's  
van. We were supposed to sleep there.  
I booked the room last minute.

LARRY

I can't believe you wanted to sleep  
in a van.

PARKER

It had a water bed.  
(beat)  
Which reminds me, try not to have  
another one of your wet dreams.

LARRY

That was four years ago. And it was  
your idea to watch the "Dark Angel"  
marathon that night. What'd you  
think was gonna happen?

PARKER

I didn't think you were gonna have a  
nocturnal emission all over my down  
comforter. I mean, I didn't.

LARRY

That's cause you jerked off when you  
said you were brushing your teeth.

PARKER

What are you talking about?

LARRY

No one brushes their teeth for twenty  
minutes.

PARKER

Whatever. Just don't have another  
one.

LARRY

Don't worry, I haven't had a wet  
dream in over a year. I don't need  
to.

PARKER

You're just rubbing it in, aren't  
you? Goodnight, Larry.

Larry shakes his head and rolls to the other side. They both drift off to sleep.

FADE OUT:

**TITLE OVER BLACK: Thursday**

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

From high above, we see the sprawling glass structure, bordering the harbor in downtown San Diego. People swarm toward it.

INT. MAIN ENTRANCEWAY, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Comic-Con, day one. FANBOYS and FANGIRLS of every age, from comic shops and arcades and sexless basements across the world, have converged on their Mecca. Many have come in costumes that range from makeshift to incredibly intricate. Some of these costumes have little to do with comic books, like the two guys dressed as BEETLE JUICE, or the girl dressed as RICHARD NIXON IN A BIKINI.

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN in an ill-fitting Thor costume holds onto a foam hammer of Mjolnir with one hand and his 5-YEAR-OLD SON with the other.

Eight TEENS in robes and leather, clutching plastic weapons, exchange hugs...a World of Warcraft (WoW) guild meeting in person for the first time.

INT. CONVENTION FLOOR, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Packed to capacity. A sensory overload as loud, bright and frenetic as a Vegas casino.

Booths of varied sizes are arranged into aisles. Each booth represents a different comic brand, artist, upcoming superhero movie, vendor selling merchandise, etc.

We find our crew as they make their way through the madness, laminated Comic-Con 4-day passes hanging around their necks.

Bosley and Eugene are distracted as MODELS in skimpy vampire outfits lure them to a booth where JENNA JAMESON promotes her new direct-to-video Vampirella movie. Parker motions to Marcus, who corals them back into the group.

INT. CONVENTION FLOOR, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

At the center of the floor, three 10-foot walls form an open-ceilinged viewing room, with a velvet rope blocking off the exposed side.

SECURITY GUARDS in black suits, looking more like Secret Service than the standard convention center rent-a-cops, stand by the rope. One of the Guards tallies the people who exit on a hand counter, controlling capacity. The other lifts the rope so our crew can enter -

INT. VIEWING ROOM, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Their ratty sneakers trod upon the plush red carpet. They come to a stop as the gang finds themselves surrounded by

TERRENCE WATANABE'S PRIVATE COLLECTION

Operatic music swells as we push in on various rare and valuable issues: Incredible Hulk #181 (first appearance of Wolverine); All-American Comics #16 (first appearance of Green Lantern); All-Star Batman and Robin #10 (recalled issue that shows Batgirl dropping the F-bomb).

Each of the comics is kept behind a plexiglass window set into wall.

Parker makes his way over to the back wall, where he finds Action Comics #1, dated June 1938. On the cover, a man in blue tights and a red cape lifts a car above his head. He would become the most popular superhero in the world.

The rest of the crew amass behind Parker.

LAUREN

A million bucks just for that? The old stuff has no style. A ten-year-old could draw that cover.

PARKER

It's the most sought after comic in the world. Of the original 200,000 printed there are less than a hundred left. This is one of three that are in very good to mint condition. Number one is part of the Mile High/Edgar Church collection, sitting in a vault somewhere in Sarasota. They lost track of number two when the owner fled for Cuba, and it may or may not even exist. Number three is staring back at you.

LARRY

Yeah, staring back from behind a big fucking case. Remember when you said that it would probably just be sitting there? And that we could just take it?

PARKER

It looks like there might be a change of plans.

LARRY

You can't change plans you never had.

PARKER

That's enough negativity, Larry.

The Professor is focused on the case.

THE PROFESSOR

That plexiglass looks pretty thick.

MARCUS

How do you know it's plexiglass?

THE PROFESSOR

I don't. It just makes sense that it's plexiglass. Like at a bank.

PARKER

This is good. I like this. It's a challenge. The creative juices are flowing.

Parker looks to Eugene.

PARKER

Think you pick the lock?

EUGENE

What lock?

PARKER

I don't know, I'm assuming there's some sort of lock.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Two Kawasaki Ninja crotch rockets screech to a halt in a loading zone right out front. The riders wear leather racing jackets with dragons emblazoned on the back. Attached to one of the bikes is

A TRICKED OUT SIDECAR

A third rider steps out of it. He wears a leather sports jacket over a slim fit Magneto t-shirt. He pulls off his helmet. We recognize him as the guy we saw in the limo. This is **TERRENCE WATANABE (24)**.

The other riders are Terrence's Yakuza bodyguards, KENJI and KIYOSHI. They dismount and head for the door.

The crowd parts for the trio, murmurs of respect and fear passing through it.

An oblivious PARKING ATTENDANT intercepts Terrence.

PARKING ATTENDANT  
Hey, you can't park there.

Terrence glares at the Attendant.

TERRENCE  
Kenji, show him my parking pass.

Kenji strikes the attendant in the throat with a swift chop. He gags to catch his breath.

TERRENCE  
What's that? I can keep my bikes  
here?

The Attendant continues to gag. Terrence gets in his face.

TERRENCE  
Because if anything happens to them,  
I'm coming after you.

The Attendant drops to the floor. Terrence and the Yakuza walk over him.

INT. VIEWING ROOM, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

The crew is still debating -

PARKER  
What are you talking about, Bosley?  
It's either a lock or not a lock.

BOSLEY  
I just think it could be something  
else.

Parker shakes his head.

MARCUS  
I could probably punch through the  
lock. Or if there isn't a lock, I  
could punch through the not-lock.

PARKER  
Okay, that's insane. No one can  
punch through a lock.

MARCUS  
Are you calling me a pussy?

PARKER  
No, man. Chill out.

Parker looks back at the case.

PARKER  
We'll find out what it is, and  
assuming it's a lock, Eugene, you  
can pick it, right?

EUGENE  
(hits his inhaler)  
You know it.

PARKER  
Perfect.

Larry spots a commotion outside the room.

LARRY  
Looks like Terrence is on his way  
over.

PARKER  
All right, let's get out of here.  
(to crew)  
Take the rest of the day to scope  
out the Con. Get a feel for the  
layout and whatnot. We'll meet back  
at the hotel tonight.

They walk off in different directions. Parker slips out  
through the velvet ropes just as Terrence enters with his  
Yakuza.

Terrence looks over his collection and the crowd waiting to  
get in. He walks over to one of the Security Guards and  
leans in to him.

TERRENCE  
Can you tell me something?  
(nods over shoulder)  
You see that retard that's breathing  
all over the display glass, did you  
let him in?

The Security Guard looks over Terrence's shoulder.

SECURITY GUARD  
Sir, I believe that young man is  
actually retarded.

TERRENCE

Yeah and he's actually breathing all over the glass. Do your job, kick his retarded ass out before he shits on the floor or something. And while you're at it, can we round up some pussy. It's embarrassing.

The Security Guard goes to say something, but sees the Yakuza and thinks better of it.

SECURITY GUARD

I'll, uh, see what I can do, Mr. Watanabe.

TERRENCE

Don't see. Do.

EXT. CONVENTION FLOOR, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Parker sips from a large fountain soda as he heads to the back corner of the convention floor, where SHADY VENDORS hawk comics from makeshift tables. If the rest of the convention floor is the Vegas strip, this is Fremont street, a glimpse of what Comic-Con was before it went corporate.

Parker approaches a table manned by a SEEDY DUDE (50s), with a greased comb over, a Members Only jacket and a gold watch.

PARKER

Excuse me, are you Pawnshop Jack?

PAWNSHOP JACK

Guilty as charged. What are you in the market for, kid? Got it all for a price. Non-licensed action figures. Russian reprints of your favorite stuff.

(lowers voice)

Got nude illustrations. I'm talking Poison Ivy and Catwoman double teaming Captain America. Very patriotic. I also got a lot of Archie, that's all legit though.

PARKER

Actually, I just came to ask you a question.

PAWNSHOP JACK

You got a question, go to a panel.

PARKER

I'm a friend of Duke's. He told me you guys went back.

PAWNSHOP JACK

The Duker? No shit. He helped me get clean. You might have a hard time believing this, but I used to be a man with a questionable moral compass.

(beat)

So what's on your mind?

PARKER

Just a story Duke told me. Comic-Con '78. Warner Brothers premiered the Superman trailer. That night, an original Superman suit they had on display went missing. Never turned up.

PAWNSHOP JACK

Yeah, sure, everyone knows that story.

PARKER

Duke also mentioned that you had something to do with it.

Pawnshop gives a small smile, revealing a gold tooth.

PAWNSHOP JACK

That's just a vicious rumor.

PARKER

Let's say, hypothetically, you had that suit right now. Who would you unload it to?

Pawnshop looks around, warily.

PAWNSHOP JACK

You some kinda 21 Jump Street? You know, if I ask you if you're an undercover cop you gotta tell me, right?

PARKER

I'm not a cop. It's not like that. Duke's in trouble. I'm just trying to help him out.

Pawnshop considers this.

PAWNSHOP JACK

Okay, well, seeing as how you're helping out a mutual friend and all...

Pawnshop takes out a crappy Archie Comic and slides it across the table. The price tag reads, "\$100."

PARKER

This thing isn't worth a dollar.

PAWNSHOP JACK

The information you want is built into the price. I'm still running a business here.

Parker reluctantly hands over the cash.

PAWNSHOP JACK

So there's this guy I know...got deep pockets and a serious inclination for black market Superman merch. Name's Valeri Bupkin. Ukrainian mob guy. Hasn't missed a Con...not since '78.

PARKER

Where do I find him?

PAWNSHOP JACK

Same place you'll find anyone else worth finding tonight. The opening night party at the Hard Rock.

PARKER

Can you get me in?

PAWNSHOP JACK

I can't get myself in.

Parker nods.

PARKER

Thanks for the help.

PAWNSHOP JACK

Good luck. A man who helps his friends is all right in my book. Next time you come around I'll give you the family discount on those nudies.

Parker finishes his fountain soda, tosses it in the trash and walks off.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, BEST WESTERN - NIGHT

The crew have reconvened. Parker and The Professor look over Lauren's shoulder as she sketches out a very simplistic set of convention center blueprints.

PARKER

So if we go through the roof, can we just drop in down one of those vents?

THE PROFESSOR

Do you have climbing gear? Harnesses?

PARKER

I have some rope.

THE PROFESSOR

You'd need a lot of rope.

PARKER

I can get some more rope.

THE PROFESSOR

If you have enough rope, I don't see why not. I think I got a lead on how to figure out the security specs. So we'll know more tomorrow.

Bosley approaches Parker.

BOSLEY

Can I talk to you for a second?

PARKER

Sure.

Parker and Bosley step aside.

BOSLEY

You seem like a guy who knows about a lot of stuff. So here's what I'm wondering. You ever measure your dick?

PARKER

What does that have to do with anything?

BOSLEY

It has to do with how big your dick is.

PARKER

I don't know if I feel comfortable with the way this conversation is going.

BOSLEY

Listen, my old lady said that my dick was small.

(MORE)

BOSLEY (CONT'D)

But I'm pretty sure it's average.  
So please, I need this.

Parker shrugs

PARKER

I guess it's average.

BOSLEY

Okay, cool. So I'll put you down  
for four inches.

Parker does a double take as Bosley jots something down then goes over to talk to Marcus.

Parker checks his watch, turns to the rest of the group.

PARKER

The Hard Rock party starts in an  
hour. Where are we on how to get  
in?

LARRY

I came up with some ideas.

PARKER

Let's have it.

LARRY

You could blow the doorman, blow a  
guy who knows the doorman really  
well, or blow a guy who knows a guy  
who knows the doorman.

PARKER

Excellent contribution, Larry.

EUGENE

Just bribe them. Money talks.

BOSLEY

Yeah, you just got to introduce them  
to your friend George Washington.

PARKER

We don't know enough George  
Washingtons. Not for a party like  
this.

MARCUS

To get up in the club, you gotta be  
rich or famous. Since we clearly  
ain't rich -

Parker smiles.

PARKER  
We gotta be famous.

INT. HARD ROCK HOTEL - NIGHT

Mötley Crüe pumps from the hotel's sound system. Marcus ushers people out of the way as Parker and Larry, in their best clothes, enter the lobby.

MARCUS  
Move along, motherfuckers. Nothing to see here.

Marcus pushes a RANDOM GUY with his back to them.

MARCUS  
I said nothing to see.

The group continue toward the Moonstone Lounge, where a swank party is underway. A few PAPARAZZI and FANS hang around, waiting for celebrities.

Parker slides on his Frogskins as they step up to a Suge Knight looking BOUNCER at the door.

BOUNCER  
Sunglasses at night kinda guy?

MARCUS  
Yo, my clients are on the list.

BOUNCER  
I thought I saw "scrawny ass white boy plus one" on there.

PARKER  
What is this, open mic night?

Before the Bouncer can get tough with the guys -

LAUREN (O.S.)  
Oh my god, it's them!

The Bouncer turns to see Lauren waving a "Marry Me" sign at the guys like a crazed fan.

Marcus turns to the Bouncer.

MARCUS  
You might wanna call five-o. We got a restraining order on that one. Sent my man here a sandwich bag full of pubic hair.

Suddenly, Bosley and Eugene jump out from the pack of Paparazzi and circle Parker and Larry, snapping pictures with their cheap digital cameras.

MARCUS  
Goddamnit. Shit's turning into Rome  
all over again.

Marcus gets in Bosley and Eugene's faces.

MARCUS  
I will break those cameras!

EUGENE  
You don't threaten the National  
Scholastic Press!

MARCUS  
And you don't step to a brother with  
a short fuse!

Marcus raises his fist. Bosley and Eugene fall back, still snapping shots.

Marcus turns to the Bouncer.

MARCUS  
Can we hurry this up?

BOUNCER  
Who the hell are these guys?

MARCUS  
You fucking with me? They're internet celebrities.  
(gestures to Parker)  
This here is the Star Wars Kid. You know, with the golf ball retriever as a lightsaber. Don't tell me you ain't seen that shit on Youtube. Got a billion hits. People in thatch huts in Kenya were peeping it.

The Bouncer squints at Parker.

BOUNCER  
That kid was fat with glasses.

PARKER  
You never heard of puberty? Contact lenses?

BOUNCER  
Well, who's this other guy?

MARCUS

That's Nutshot Kid. Shot his ball off with a paintball gun. The Youtube video is gonna drop next week. It's gonna be viral like Ebola. Probably have his own reality TV show.

LAUREN (O.S.)

I want you inside me, Star Wars Kid!

The Bouncer looks the guys over.

MARCUS

Come on, man. Hercules is waiting to get in.

Behind the guys, KEVIN SORBO waits impatiently with a HOT DATE.

BOUNCER

All right, you're in.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

A CONVENTION COP sits on a bar stool, a couple sheets to the wind. He throws back a shot.

The bar door opens and The Professor rolls in. He glides up next to the Convention Cop and signals to the BARTENDER.

THE PROFESSOR

Cuervo. Make it a dos.  
(to Convention Cop)  
Work hard, party hard.

CONVENTION COP

Amen to that.

The Convention Cop takes another shot.

THE PROFESSOR

Nice uniform. I'm on the job myself.

CONVENTION COP

Where do you patrol?

THE PROFESSOR

I just started at the Nordstroms Rack, down at the mall.

CONVENTION COP

My old beat. Still a pretty "dark area."

THE PROFESSOR

Uh, how do you mean?

CONVENTION COP

You know, the "fast ones." Swipe a pair of Karl Kanis and make like the breeze.

THE PROFESSOR

Oh, yeah.

(taps his wheelchair)

I'm pretty fast, too, though.

CONVENTION COP

I bet you are, wheels. How 'bout I get you a beer?

THE PROFESSOR

Why not? You get this round. I'll get the next.

The Convention Cop orders a couple drinks. The Professor adopts a tougher demeanor.

THE PROFESSOR

So where you busting heads now?

CONVENTION COP

Down at the convention center.

THE PROFESSOR

Wow, the big show. Days or nights?

CONVENTION COP

Little bit of both.

THE PROFESSOR

I bet the nights are a cakewalk. Lots of hanging out. Playing cards. Putting cameras in the women's bathroom. Right?

INT. MOONSTONE LOUNGE, HARD ROCK HOTEL - NIGHT

Parker and Larry head into the sleek bar. It's packed with Comic-Con elite: artists, comic industry executives, movie stars (heavily skewed toward the B- and C-lists).

At a booth, Terrence and his Yakuza sit with the two Japanese Businessmen.

TERRENCE

Any word on the shop in Oxnard?

JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN  
They won't sell.

TERRENCE  
What's the deal with their mortgage?

JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN  
Fully paid off.

A WAITRESS brings over a tray of three flaming shots.  
Terrence grins.

TERRENCE  
Do they have fire insurance?

The Japanese Businessmen exchange a look. Terrence throws back one of the flaming shots.

EXT. PATIO, MOONSTONE LOUNGE - NIGHT

Parker and Larry wander outside, where plush couches are arranged around fire pits. Parker spots -

VALERI BUPKIN (50s), a bull of a man, sitting in a prime location. He is surrounded by UKRAINIAN MOB THUGS and a bevy of YOUNG GIRLS. Lots of leather jackets, slicked hair, tits and vodka.

PARKER  
There he is.

LARRY  
Are you sure?

PARKER  
Yeah, I Googled him.

LARRY  
You said he was a collector.

PARKER  
What kind of collector did you think was gonna buy a stolen comic? Just keep your mouth shut and try to look crazy.

Parker and Larry walk toward Valeri's table. One of the Thugs stops them.

UKRAINIAN THUG 1  
What do you want?

PARKER  
I want to talk to Mr. Bupkin.

UKRAINIAN THUG 1

Talk about what?

PARKER

Our mutual friend...

(loudly)

...Superman.

Valeri hears this and slowly stands. He waves Parker over. The Thug steps aside and Parker approaches.

Nestled beneath the thick tangle of hair on Valeri's chest is a gold Superman medallion embossed with diamonds. He notices Parker staring at it.

VALERI

(thick accent)

Do you like? I took this from the man they call the Shaq. He thinks he is "man of steel," but in my country that is what they call me, because when I was a boy my father's enemies filled me with steel. But I lived to put every last one of them in their grave.

PARKER

They call me Parker. I have several nicknames but none of them are flattering.

VALERI

Tell me, "Parker," what do we have to discuss?

PARKER

Just a comic book. A very rare Superman comic book that I may have my hands on in the next few days.

VALERI

How rare?

PARKER

The rarest.

Valeri's interest is piqued.

VALERI

How are you going to get it?

PARKER

The more pertinent question is, do you want to buy it?

Valeri looks over at Larry, who twitches nervously.

VALERI  
Tell your friend to calm down, he  
looks crazy.

PARKER  
He is crazy.

VALERI  
How much do you want for the comic?

PARKER  
500.

VALERI  
That's a good price. We have a deal.

Valeri holds out his hand. Before Parker can take it -

VALERI  
But you should know, when someone  
enters into an arrangement with me,  
they deliver...exactly what they  
promised. Or else.

PARKER  
(tentative)  
Or else?

VALERI  
Let's just leave it at "or else."  
Why would we want to spoil the party  
with threats of tearing off your  
arms and beating you to death with  
them?

PARKER  
Good point, it's a pretty nice party.

Parker looks to Larry, who is twitching wildly and clearly  
shaking his head "no." Parker turns back to Valeri and shakes  
his hand.

EXT. HARD ROCK HOTEL - NIGHT

Parker and Larry wait for their car by the valet stand.

LARRY  
I was signaling you "no!" Didn't  
you see my signal?

PARKER  
I must have missed it.

LARRY

Now if you mess up we're dead! Both of us!

PARKER

I work better under pressure.

LARRY

You've never worked under pressure.

PARKER

But every time I've worked without pressure, it hasn't been any good. So either I work good under pressure or I don't work good.

LARRY

Jesus Christ. I can't take this.

Larry hunches over, hyperventilating. Parker massages his shoulders.

PARKER

Deep breaths, Larry. Deep breaths. There's nothing to worry about. Saturday night we're gonna sneak in there and we're gonna waltz out with that comic.

Larry stands up. Parker continues with the massage.

LARRY

You can stop rubbing my shoulders.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, BEST WESTERN - NIGHT

Larry and Parker lie in bed with the lights off, both of them wide awake. After a beat -

PARKER

You gotta admit. It was kinda fun pulling one over on the bouncer at the Hard Rock.

LARRY

Yeah, we spent a lot of years not getting into that party.

(beat)

I saw Lucy Lawless. She looked pretty good.

PARKER

I saw Alyssa Milano.

LARRY

Nice.

PARKER

Man, I need to get laid.

Larry nods. A beat passes.

LARRY

You know, I was looking at Lauren when said she "wanted Star Wars Kid inside her." She was pretty convincing. It was almost like she wasn't even acting.

PARKER

Maybe she's got a thing for that Star Wars Kid.

LARRY

Or maybe she wants you to give her a bone job.

(off Parker's look)

I'm just saying.

PARKER

Lauren doesn't strike me as the type of girl who thinks about bone jobs.

LARRY

They all think about bone jobs.

Larry grabs his phone, flips through the pictures and hands it to Parker.

PARKER

Who's that?

LARRY

Yu Lee.

PARKER

(shocked)

Really? She looks like a totally normal looking Asian chick.

Larry takes his phone back.

LARRY

Yeah, she is a totally normal looking Asian chick.

PARKER

I was expecting Tera Patrick.

LARRY  
I don't know what made you think  
that.

PARKER  
Wishful thinking?

Larry laughs.

LARRY  
Well, she's really cool and I like  
her a lot.

PARKER  
And she's a freak in the sack, right?

LARRY  
Good night, Parker.

PARKER  
Good night, Larry.

FADE OUT:

**TITLE OVER BLACK: Friday**

INT. HOTEL ROOM, BEST WESTERN - DAY

Parker, in a Best Western embroidered bathrobe, sits in an  
armchair. He picks up his cell phone and dials.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DUKE'S COMICS - DAY

Duke sleeps on the floor of the shop, which is partially in  
boxes. His cell phone rings. He wakes up with a start. He  
looks awful.

Duke rummages around for the cordless phone, finally reaches  
into a bag of Funyuns and pulls it out.

DUKE  
Hello...?

PARKER (O.S.)  
Duke, man, it's me. I was just  
checking up on you.

DUKE  
Oh, hey, Parker. I'm cool. It's no  
big thing. I was never really gonna  
kill myself.

Parker jumps up from his chair.

PARKER

Wait, was suicide even on the table?

DUKE (O.S.)

No, I told you, I'm not gonna do it. I'm not gonna kill myself. Even though the only alternative is to ride on back to El Paso and tell my parents they were right. That I was just a loser all along.

PARKER

It's gonna be okay, Duke?

(beat)

Duke, are you there?

Duke stares blankly ahead, totally in his own depressed world.

PARKER (O.S.)

Duke?

DUKE

Sorry. I've just been eating a bunch of Funyuns lately and not getting much sleep.

PARKER (O.S.)

It'll all be over soon.

DUKE

I thought we already decided I'm not killing myself.

PARKER (O.S.)

Listen, I'm working on a solution to this whole thing. So just hang tight, buddy.

DUKE

Okay, "bro wonder." Over and out.

Duke hangs up the phone and places it back in the bag on Funyuns.

INT. DINING ROOM, BEST WESTERN - DAY

A premium continental breakfast spread. Coffee, muffins, cereal, the works. HOTEL GUESTS dig in.

Our crew are huddled at a back table, food and the blueprints Lauren drew spread out.

THE PROFESSOR

So, according to the guard I talked to last night, there are few more security precautions in place than we might have initially thought.

The Professor places various pieces of cereal on the blueprints.

THE PROFESSOR

The Cap'N Crunch are the guards. There are ten of them on the night crew, and they run overlapping rotations. The Coco Puffs are motion detectors, they're at every entrance, including the ventilation shafts.

As he places pieces of Golden Grahams on the blueprints -

THE PROFESSOR

There are also security cameras here, here...and here.

EUGENE

What are the Fruity Pebbles in that corner?

THE PROFESSOR

The Fruity Pebbles are just Fruity Pebbles.

Marcus looks up from a huge bowl of Fruity Pebbles.

MARCUS

My bad.

He scoops up the cereal and puts it back in his bowl.

Parker takes in the cereal covered blueprints, then looks up at The Professor.

PARKER

So you can, like, take out all these security systems, right?

THE PROFESSOR

How exactly do you mean "take out?"

PARKER

I mean hack in, take them off line. With like a computer virus. Or a worm.

The Professor looks at him blankly.

LARRY

He's not a fucking cyber criminal,  
Parker.

PARKER

Thanks, Larry. But The Professor is  
actually supposed to be our technical  
expert. I think he can speak for  
himself.

(to Professor)

So can you do it?

THE PROFESSOR

I really want to say yes.

(beat)

But that would be a gigantic lie.

Parker's face drops.

MARCUS

You're the one who said this was  
gonna be a cakewalk. This place is  
like Fort Knox.

LAUREN

No, it's like a regular Bank of  
America, but it's way more than we  
can handle.

Parker glares at Lauren. She shrugs.

LAUREN

I'm just being the voice of reason.

PARKER

Thanks everybody. My good friend  
Duke is probably gonna swallow a  
bullet sometime this afternoon, so I  
think I'm gonna just go back to Simi  
Valley and see if I can say goodbye  
in time.

Parker stands up.

BOSLEY

What if we just blow up the power?

Parker stops.

PARKER

I'm into blowing up the power.

THE PROFESSOR

You guys mean "cut" the power, right?

BOSLEY

I figured we'd just blow it up.  
But, yeah, can we cut it?

THE PROFESSOR

I can actually probably do that.  
But the backup generator comes on in  
90 seconds. The first thing it does  
is send a signal to emergency  
services. Cops and fire department  
show up two minutes later.

The crew all look to Parker. He shrugs.

PARKER

Okay. It's something. It's a start.  
I gotta go back to the Con and take  
another look. Try to figure this  
out.

INT. VIEWING ROOM, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

In sunglasses and a cap, Parker enters the viewing room.  
He pulls his cap low as he passes -

Terrence, who locks in on a SPOKESMODEL from erotic comic  
label Eros Comix. She's a tiny blonde with a rack, wearing  
a shirt she may fall out of at any second. He approaches  
with a smile.

TERRENCE

So what do they call you, baby?

SPOKESMODEL

Vageena Davis.

TERRENCE

Clever. Those titties are certainly  
in a "league of their own."

VAGEENA DAVIS

Hey, I'm not some skank. I'm in  
nursing school.

TERRENCE

You're wearing double stick titty  
tape. You're a skank. You just happen  
to be in nursing school.

Vageena Davis goes to slap Terrence. Kiyoshi appears, as if  
from nowhere, and grabs her hand before she connects.  
Terrence grins at her.

TERRENCE

You think I pay these guys a million  
Yen a week to let me get slapped by  
some dumb broad?

Terrence nods and Kiyoshi drags her away.

TERRENCE

(calling after)

Give her the room number in case she  
changes her mind.

Terrence's attention shifts back to the viewing room. He notices Parker, who, despite his efforts to appear "casual," looks incredibly suspicious. Terrence turns to Kenji.

TERRENCE

You see that nerd...everyone else is  
looking at the comics. He's looking  
at the room. I don't like that.

Parker takes in the details around him...the crowd, the Security Guard yawning, the JANITOR wheeling a garbage can. He looks back at Action Comics #1, his eyes tracing the outline of the plexiglass safe.

TERRENCE (O.S.)

It can all be yours...

Parker turns to find Terrence standing behind him.

TERRENCE

...for a million and a half bucks.  
(takes a step toward Parker)  
I paid 600. It's worth a million.  
I won't sell it for under a million  
and half. That's how you create  
your own price.

PARKER

I'm more of a Batman fan myself.

TERRENCE

So you'd rather get your hands on a  
Detective Comics 26?

PARKER

(correcting)

Detective 27.

TERRENCE

Whatever.

(MORE)

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

(beat)

You know my biggest beef with the  
Caped Crusader? It isn't that he's  
a rich, indulgent playboy. I think  
we share that in common.

PARKER

Don't even say it's because he doesn't  
have powers.

TERRENCE

(chuckles)

No.

(suddenly serious)

Take off your 'Skins. I like to  
look people in the eyes.

Parker reluctantly slides off his Frogskins.

TERRENCE

My biggest problem with Batman is  
that I had three perfect copies of  
Detective Comics 66, first appearance  
of -

PARKER

Two-Face.

TERRENCE

That's right. So I held onto them  
until after "The Dark Knight" came  
out, hoping for a spike...nothing.  
I flipped them for a few grand more  
than I paid. Barely covered the  
inflation.

PARKER

Comic collecting isn't all about the  
money.

TERRENCE

What's it about then? Reading them  
so you can escape your pathetic life?  
I don't need to. My life is awesome.  
I ride a Segway around my living  
room. I own three kimono dragons.  
Dane Cook did stand up at my birthday  
party...he gave me his home phone  
number and Blackberry pin. You see,  
everything is about money. You're  
either making it, or you're putting  
yours in someone else's pocket.

(beat)

I bet you still own a lot of pogs.

PARKER

A few.

TERRENCE

I don't own any. I sold all my pogs right before the market crashed. I had a mint gold slammer, never used, sold if for 200K. Today, you couldn't give it away. Comics aren't as volatile. Which is good. You can't put your whole load in risky investments. You have to hedge your bets. I know a guy in lightsabers, he's been getting killed since they released that shitty "Clone Wars" movie. It's a blood bath. That's why I keep my hands in many pots. It's how I built my empire.

PARKER

I have a lot of things cooking myself.

TERRENCE

Busy man. Well, I wouldn't want to keep you any longer.

Terrence indicates that Parker is dismissed. Parker throws on his sunglasses and heads off. He glances back at Action Comics #1...smiles.

Terrence's Yakuza appear by his side.

TERRENCE

Kick up some dirt, see what you can find out about the nerd.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, BEST WESTERN - DAY

The crew is anxiously assembled around Parker.

PARKER

I figured out a way to bypass all of the security and get us into position to grab the comic...

(beat)

We're gonna pull the heist during the day.

The crew exchange confused looks.

LARRY

Are you insane? What about the 40 thousand eye witnesses?

PARKER

Not eye witnesses...distractions.

As Parker lays out his plan, we -

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM, BEST WESTERN - LATER

The guys file out.

PARKER

See you tomorrow morning. Have your  
game faces on.

Parker shuts the door.

Larry drops an Alka Seltzer into a cup and watches it fizz.

PARKER

You okay, man?

LARRY

Yeah, I just get this way whenever  
I'm planning to cause a mass hysteria  
at a public event.

PARKER

You'll be okay. You're the driver.  
Worst case scenario you just drive  
away and I do a stint in juvie.

LARRY

Dude, you're not a minor. They'll  
throw you in a real jail. You'll  
end up holding onto some hardened  
con's pocket.

PARKER

What does that even mean?

LARRY

In prison if you hold someone's  
pocket, you're their bitch. It's  
not even sexual. It's more of a  
power thing. I read about it on  
Wikipedia.

Parker looks at Larry for a long beat.

PARKER

I guess I always thought of myself  
as a minor.

(MORE)

PARKER (CONT'D)

(thinking)

Huh? So I could wind up going inside  
without ever "knowing a woman?"

LARRY

It's looking more and more possible.

PARKER

Remember when you said that stuff  
about Lauren?

LARRY

What stuff?

PARKER

You know...bone jobs, and wanting me  
inside her and stuff.

LARRY

Yeah, what about it.

PARKER

Well, maybe I should ask her out.

LARRY

You probably should have asked her  
out a long time ago. She's a cool  
chick. She reads comics. You read  
comics.

PARKER

I see where you're going with this.  
Active imagination. She probably  
gets down like crazy.

LARRY

No, I'm saying you guys have a lot  
in common. And she only knows you  
at the Con. This is your home turf.  
You're not the guy who got his face  
sat on in the showers. It's like  
when I went away to college, I got  
to leave all that high school bullshit  
behind.

Parker nods.

PARKER

I like this little pep talk. Tell  
me I'm looking good tonight.

LARRY

You are looking better than 90 percent  
of the guys here.

PARKER  
That's all I needed to hear.

INT. HALLWAY, HOTEL - NIGHT

Parker knocks on a door at another hotel. His hair is neatly parted and he has a nice shirt on. Lauren answers. She looks him over.

LAUREN  
What's up? Is everything okay.

PARKER  
Everything is magical.

LAUREN  
Why are you dressed like a date rapist?

PARKER  
I actually dress like this quite often. You know, casual parties and that sort of thing. Drinks with friends.

LAUREN  
Oh, cool.

PARKER  
I mean, you're a friend. We could have a drink sometime. Like now.

LAUREN  
I was about to go to sleep.

PARKER  
Oh...okay.

Parker turns to leave.

LAUREN  
Fuck it, I hear the bar downstairs really sucks. We should check it out.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Parker and Lauren sit at a booth. The bar is empty and, in fact, really sucks. They are two or three Bud Lights deep.

Lauren sketches on a bar napkin with a small pencil. She hands it over to Parker. He looks over at the FRIENDLY OLD MAN tending bar, then at her sketch of the guy as a creepy, grinning villain, spiking drinks.

PARKER

This is pretty good. Do they have actual classes at art school where they teach you how to make normal shit look really creepy and depressing?

LAUREN

I go to an art school in Baltimore. We're predisposed to making shit depressing. Our biggest export is violent offenders.

PARKER

But you gotta have fun sometimes. Kick back. Hang with friends. Dudes. Attractive dudes.

Parker tries to give a confident smile.

LAUREN

Are you into attractive dudes?

PARKER

I, uh, just meant they're probably trying to hang with you a lot. You know, because you're such a cool chick.

Lauren is slightly taken back, fumbles awkwardly -

LAUREN

Thanks...I mean, yeah, that's pretty much how it is. All the time. Hot dudes.

(beat)

But I bet you deal with the same thing. All those cute girls at the shop. You being in a position of power. Controlling the new issues.

PARKER

No. Our female clientele is somewhere around five percent, and that's only because Duke started selling Hannah Montana trading cards. But I bet some of those girls are gonna grow up with a serious crush on me.

Lauren smiles.

LAUREN

I bet they will.

PARKER  
That would be a safe bet to take.

LAUREN  
Totally.

PARKER  
You know it.

They both look down at their empty drinks, then at each other...brimming with sexual tension but both clueless how to make the next move.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM, BEST WESTERN - NIGHT

Parker and Larry lay in bed together.

LARRY  
What do you mean you froze up?

PARKER  
I mean I fucking stared at her for like five minutes. At least five minutes. And I didn't say shit. Then this old bartender totally cockblocked me and closed up.

LARRY  
He closed up!? That's the ultimate in! You should have given him commission on your virginity.

PARKER  
I fucked up, man. I fucked up. She probably thinks I'm a gigantic pussy.

Parker rolls over.

PARKER  
It's just lame, because I've planned out this whole perfect heist, but my private life is in shambles. Private life, I got nothing. Heist, I got a full house.

FADE OUT:

**TITLE OVER BLACK: Saturday...1:00 AM**

A BARE LIGHT BULB

It swings on a wire, illuminating the bruised and bloody face of Pawnshop Jack.

We're in -

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Pawnshop is tied to a metal chair that is bolted to the floor. The blur of a roundhouse kick whips through the air and connects with his face, snapping his head back.

Kenji and Kiyoshi hover above him, yelling in Japanese. He spits out a thick wad of blood and cracks a smile.

PAWNSHOP JACK

My daddy was a Marine. He hit me  
harder than that when he was sober.

A door opens and Terrence enters, paces before him.

PAWNSHOP JACK

You the guy that's gonna tell me  
what this is about?

TERRENCE

Information. People tell me that if  
something suspicious goes down at  
Comic-Con, you're the man to talk  
to. And I believe something  
suspicious is going down. So tell  
me about the nerd in the Frogskins.

PAWNSHOP JACK

I don't know no nerds.

TERRENCE

The convention security cameras would  
beg to differ.

Terrence bends down and picks something up off the floor...a gold tooth. He puts it in Pawnshop's front pocket and pats it.

TERRENCE

(gestures to Yakuza)

These guys were Seagal's sparring  
partners on "Urban Justice." They  
can go all night and they have no  
conscience. Or you can walk out of  
here right now, go to KFC, get a  
bucket of thighs, watch some scrambled  
porn and cry yourself to sleep.  
Wouldn't that be swell?

PAWNSHOP JACK

But I'm having so much fun.

Kiyoshi says something to Terrence in Japanese.

TERRENCE

Sure, cut off his balls.

The Yakuza unbuckle Pawnshop's pants and pull them off. He screams.

PAWNSHOP JACK

Are you really gonna cut my balls  
off over a comic book!?

Terrence shakes his head at Pawnshop, sitting there in his underwear, terrified.

TERRENCE

It's hardly a fair trade, considering  
how worthless your balls are. But  
let me be clear, I'd kill you over a  
comic book. I'd rape you're mom  
over a comic book. I'd push "the  
button" over a comic book.

PAWNSHOP JACK

What button?

TERRENCE

The nuclear button. Because that's  
the only way you win. By doing fucked  
up shit that other people are afraid  
to do.

Terrence says something Japanese to Kenji. He pulls out a butterfly knife, whips it around in a flourish, then swipes at Pawnshop's crotch -

PAWNSHOP JACK

Wait!

The blade stops an inch from impact.

PAWNSHOP JACK

(grudgingly)

I'll tell you what I know.

(beat)

His name's Parker. He came around  
asking me how to unload some hot  
Superman merch. Something big. I  
gave him a name...Valeri Bupkin.  
That's it.

Terrence shakes his head.

TERRENCE

Superman? That little shit thinks  
he can steal my comic and unload it  
to that fat Ukrainian fuck.

PAWNSHOP JACK

Apparently.

Terrence goes to leave, he stops, looks back at the Yakuza.

TERRENCE

He can keep his balls. But kick the  
shit out him.

As the Yakuza close in on Pawnshop -

PAWNSHOP JACK

You dirty, double-talking Chinaman!

INT. HOTEL ROOM, BEST WESTERN - DAY

Parker stands before the crew.

PARKER

We have a day until the heist.  
Everyone has their checklist. You  
all know what you have to do. Don't  
fuck anything up, and if you get  
caught in the field disavow all  
knowledge of the heist.

(beat)

Any questions?

Eugene raises his hand.

EUGENE

I need three hundred bucks for the  
masks.

Parker rummages through his wallet.

PARKER

I've got a hundred. Negotiate.

INT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

Bosley navigates the aisles with a shopping cart. He stops  
and dumps some fertilizer into his cart.

MOMENTS LATER

Bosley puts the fertilizer on checkout counter. He smiles  
at the overweight REGISTER GIRL who bears a striking  
resemblance to his ex.

BOSLEY

You sorta look like someone I used  
to know. Actually, we dated for a  
while. It ended poorly.

The Register Girl looks at him for a beat, then at the suspicious items in the cart.

REGISTER GIRL  
What are you, making some explosives  
to blow up her house?

BOSLEY  
Can't a guy just be serious about  
lawn care?

The Register Girl starts ringing up the items.

BOSLEY  
You guys don't sell diesel fuel, do  
you?

EXT. SHADY HOUSE - DAY

Eugene knocks on the front door. A twitchy ANARCHIST, in  
camo pants and no shirt, answers.

EUGENE  
Are you The Goat?

ANARCHIST  
Are you ComicDude95?

Eugene nods, nervously.

ANARCHIST  
Follow me, ComicDude95.

The Anarchist turns around, revealing a huge satanic goat  
tattoo on his muscled back.

EUGENE  
Holy shit.

INT. SHADY HOUSE - DAY

Eugene follows the guy. The place is trashed. Eugene stops  
suddenly. Two naked GOTH GIRLS are passed out, intertwined  
on the ratty couch.

EUGENE  
Holy shit.

The Anarchist turns around, finds Eugene staring.

EUGENE  
Is that a dildo?

ANARCHIST  
Yes. That's a dildo.

EUGENE

Holy shit.

ANARCHIST

Let's go.

INT. KITCHEN, SHADY HOUSE - DAY

Eugene and the Anarchist enter. The Anarchist reaches into the fridge, takes out a nitrous cartridge and cracker.

ANARCHIST

Whippit?

EUGENE

I'm trying to quit.

The Anarchist cracks the nitrous cartridge into a balloon and takes a huge pull off of it. He exhales and stares at Eugene. His face is crazily red.

EUGENE

About those goggles...?

ANARCHIST

All business. I get it.

The Anarchist gets up and pulls two pairs of cheap night vision goggles from a cabinet. Eugene looks them over. One has what may be blood splattered on one of the lenses.

ANARCHIST

You got the cash?

Eugene reaches nervously into his pocket.

EUGENE

I was hoping there was some room  
to...negotiate. I only have a hundred  
bucks.

The Anarchist suddenly gets right in Eugene's face and stares at him for a long, terrifying beat.

ANARCHIST

I just looked into your soul. You're  
not lying. You only have a hundred  
bucks. The goggles are yours. Go.

Eugene hands over the cash and heads off with the goggles

ANARCHIST

Wait.

Eugene freezes.

ANARCHIST

Just so you know, I'm gonna have to give you less than positive feedback on your eBay account over this.

EUGENE

Uh...fair enough.

Eugene turns and books out of the room.

INT. GOLD'S GYM - DAY

The Professor and Marcus enter, both decked out in tank tops, headbands and workout belts.

The Professor wheels over to the weight rack and does a few curls. Marcus jumps rope.

After a beat, they make sure that no one is watching them, then head into the locker room.

INT. LOCKER ROOM, GOLD'S GYM - DAY

The Professor and Marcus make small talk, while a few WEIGHTLIFTERS change nearby.

MARCUS

I think I tore my pec maxing out.

THE PROFESSOR

But you gotta lift through the pain, right?

MARCUS

Always.

The Weightlifters head out. Marcus and The Professor immediately start opening various lockers and rummaging through them.

THE PROFESSOR

I sort of feel bad doing this.

MARCUS

You know how many times motherfuckers stole shit from me at the gym? It's karma.

Marcus finds a black suit.

MARCUS

Jackpot.

THE PROFESSOR

I can't find anything.

MARCUS

The locker room is like a Marshall's.  
They got everything, but it's all  
irregular. And it may have some  
dude's sweat on it.

The Professor finally pulls out a workman's uniform.

THE PROFESSOR

Got it.

The guys dump the clothes into a gym bag and take off.

EXT. EMPTY PARKING LOT - DAY

Larry looks out the driver side window of a rented cargo  
van.

LARRY

Is this even necessary?

Parker stands nearby with a stopwatch. There's a cone course  
laid out before the van.

PARKER

Yes. You need to be prepared for  
all situations. Let's say they get  
a chopper on us. I'm not saying  
it's gonna happen, but what the fuck  
do I know.

(clicks stopwatch)

Go!

The cargo van peels out. Larry runs over every cone. He  
skids to a stop and looks back at Parker. He actually has a  
smile on his face.

LARRY

That was kinda fun.

PARKER

Of course it was fun. You've been  
sitting at a desk with a bunch of  
engineers all summer.

(beat)

But you also just put a slow moving  
12-year-old in the hospital. He was  
gonna be a doctor, Larry. Now he's  
roadkill.

Larry shakes his head.

PARKER

I gotta run. Try it in reverse,  
then meet me at the Con.

Larry proceeds to murder the course in reverse.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Parker knocks on the door to Lauren's hotel room. She answers. There's a charged beat between them. Parker hands over a shopping bag.

PARKER

So are you still cool with this?  
'Cause I don't want to throw you in  
there with that asshole if you're  
not cool with it.

LAUREN

Yeah, I mean, this thing is gonna be  
a whole lot harder if Terrence and  
those two psychopaths are hanging  
around.

(beat)

So I just go in there and, like,  
talk it up with him?

PARKER

Nah, he'll find you. He hits on  
everything that crosses his path.

(nods to bag)

Also, that should help.

Lauren opens the bag and peeks inside.

LAUREN

That is not the PG-13 version of  
Wonder Woman.

PARKER

No it is not.

Parker awkwardly checks his watch.

PARKER

I'll, uh, see you over there in a  
few.

INT. CONVENTION FLOOR, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Parker and Larry walk through the crowd. They stop at a comic vendor and each grab a comic, using them to conceal their faces as they scope out Terrence's viewing room.

LARRY

Where is she?

PARKER

Give her a minute.

Parker scans the crowd. After a beat, his eyes go wide -

PARKER  
I think I found her...

Lauren emerges from the crowd in the Wonder Woman costume. She fills out every inch of the outfit, to an almost pornographic degree. Our guys were not expecting this.

LARRY  
I guess she is "the tits."

The Fanboys around Lauren gawk and trip over each other as she crosses the convention floor.

We PUSH IN on Parker's stunned face as -

Warrant's strip club anthem "Cherry Pie" kicks in. Lauren strikes a sexy pose, unfurls her Lasso of Truth and cracks it. She executes a series of acrobatic dance moves involving the whip, culminating in her extending her tongue to lick it. Before her tongue can connect -

LARRY (O.S.)  
Parker.

Larry shakes Parker out of his daydream. Lauren passes a few feet from them and winks as she heads for the viewing room.

INT. VIEWING ROOM, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Lauren stands in front of one of the comics. After a beat, we see Terrence's reflection in the plexiglass case. He blatantly checks out her ass, most of which is on full display.

TERRENCE  
Wonder Woman, huh?

Lauren turns around.

LAUREN  
Can I help you?

TERRENCE  
You can. See, I was "wondering" what that costume would look like on the floor of my Axl Rose suite at the Hard Rock.

Lauren makes a slight move -

Kenji suddenly appears and shoots a hand up to block a slap...that never comes.

Lauren just tucks her hair behind her ear. Terrence slowly lowers Kenji's hand.

TERRENCE

She's cool. This kitten doesn't bite...unless you ask her to.

Lauren holds back a chuckle.

LAUREN

I don't know if I'm ready for the Axl Rose suite. Maybe you should just take me to dinner.

CUT TO:

BINOCULAR POV

Lauren and Terrence eat dinner at an outdoor restaurant. We see them chatting and laughing. The POV lingers on Lauren's cleavage.

INT. CARGO VAN - NIGHT

Bosley puts down the binoculars. He takes a deep breath, then goes in for another quick look. He drops the binoculars and turns back to the other guys.

BOSLEY

How come no one told me that Lauren was from Kansas City?

The guys all chuckle, except for Parker, who looks a bit uncomfortable.

EUGENE

I think I saw her last year at the Cannes film festival.

THE PROFESSOR

Come on, guys, let's be serious here.  
(beat, grins)  
It's not like she's curing cancer or anything.

Parker jumps up.

PARKER

All right, you guys are breaking every rule of surveillance right now. Can we just keep it down? Act like professionals?

LARRY

Yeah, sure, I'm a professional.  
I'll keep an eye on Lauren.

Larry goes for the binoculars. Parker snatches them.

PARKER

You guys have all lost binocular  
privileges.

The guys groan. Parker looks through the binoculars. Lauren is still laughing with Terrence. Parker looks slightly off put. They get up to leave.

INT. HALLWAY, HOTEL - NIGHT

The elevator doors open and Lauren steps out. Parker is camped out on the floor by the elevator bay, surrounded by soda cans and junk food wrappers.

PARKER

You put on a pretty convincing  
performance tonight with T-Wat. The  
laughter, the smiles...the hair  
touching.

LAUREN

He made me check out his Axl Rose  
suite. Showed me the crucifix jacuzzi  
and tried to "knock on heaven's door."

Parker swallows back his jealousy.

PARKER

I'll assume you didn't, since this  
is a serious operation we're running  
here.

LAUREN

Parker, don't be an idiot.

PARKER

Is everything cool for tomorrow?

LAUREN

He's taking me to lunch in Pacific  
Beach.

PARKER

(grudgingly)  
Good job.

Lauren turns to walk off, stops.

LAUREN  
Thanks for waiting up for me.

PARKER  
(flustered)  
Well, uh...you know, like I said,  
serious operation.

Lauren turns backs and heads to her room, a smile creeps across her face...Parker watches her go, a smile creeps across his.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, BEST WESTERN - NIGHT

Parker and Larry lie in bed together. They're both wide awake. Silent. Nervous.

FADE OUT:

**TITLE OVER BLACK: Sunday**

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN DIEGO - DAY

The cargo van cuts through early afternoon traffic as slick music plays.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

In SLO-MO the crew enter, exchange subtle nods, then each break off in their own direction.

INT. CONVENTION FLOOR, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

From high above we find Lauren, making her way through the crowd and into Terrence's viewing room.

INT. OPERATIONS CONTROL ROOM, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

A row of flat-screen monitors display live feed from the security cameras around the convention center. A lazy Guard keeps watch.

There's a knock at the heavy security door. The Guard opens it. No one's there. He hears someone loudly clear their throat and looks down to find The Professor in his wheelchair, dressed in the stolen workman's uniform and a "San Diego Gas & Electric" cap with a shaggy wig beneath it.

"In character," The Professor speaks with an unconvincing Southern accent.

THE PROFESSOR  
The boss man told me to swing by.  
(MORE)

THE PROFESSOR (CONT'D)  
We've been noticing some spikes on  
our end. I think y'all might have  
an overheated unit in Bay Two.

GUARD  
I didn't get a call about that.

The phone rings in the background. The Professor smiles.

THE PROFESSOR  
Told ya.

INT. VIEWING ROOM, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Terrence greets Lauren with an eager kiss on the cheek. He  
shows her off to some Comic-Con VIPs that mill about.

Waiting near the front of the line for the viewing room is  
Bosley in a baggie hoodie and a backpack. He speaks into a  
headset hidden beneath his hood.

BOSLEY  
"Tits" have been deployed. And they  
are looking perky.

INT. MEN'S ROOM, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

In a stall, Parker zips up a pair of coveralls. He talks  
into his headset.

PARKER  
That was very unprofessional. I'll  
be in position in ten.

INT. CONVENTION FLOOR, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Eugene looks up from a issue of Spider-Man, as Terrence and  
Lauren leave the viewing room and head toward the exit. The  
Yakuza forcibly part the crowd for them.

EUGENE  
(into headset)  
They're on the move.

Eugene twirls a lock pick in his fingers.

INT. VIEWING ROOM, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Marcus, in his stolen suit, casually approaches one of the  
Security Guards standing by the entrance.

MARCUS  
Chief said you could take a break.

SECURITY GUARD  
Who the fuck is the chief?

MARCUS  
The motherfucker in charge. Now get  
lost.

The Security Guard looks him over.

MARCUS  
You don't wanna take a break, I'll  
take you're break. I'll take your  
break all day long. 'Til the break  
of dawn. Motherfucker.

The Security Guard shakes his head.

SECURITY GUARD  
I don't need this shit.

INT. CARGO VAN - DAY

Larry is parked near the convention center. He nervously  
drums his fingers on the steering wheel. He turns on the  
radio. The Clash's cover of "I Fought the Law" plays.

THE CLASH  
*"Breakin' rocks in the hot sun.  
I fought the law and the law won."*

He absentmindedly starts singing along, then realizes what  
he's saying and quickly kills the radio.

LARRY  
Be cool, Larry. Be cool.

PARKER (O.S.)  
(from Larry's headset)  
What's the status?

Larry jumps. He takes a moment to compose himself, then  
looks out his window toward the convention center entrance.  
He sees Lauren and Terrence hop into a limo and pull away,  
flanked by the Yakuza on their bikes.

LARRY  
(into headset)  
We have clear skies. I repeat, we  
have clear skies. I'm heading to  
the loading bay.

Larry pulls the van into gear.

INT. OPERATIONS HALLWAY, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

The Guard leads The Professor along.

GUARD

I think Bay Two is right over here.

They turn a corner. The wheels of The Professor's chair butt up against a set of long narrow stairs, at the top of which is the door to Bay Two. He looks up at the Guard.

THE PROFESSOR

Is this some kinda joke, pal?

GUARD

I don't know. I never been back here.

THE PROFESSOR

Well, this sure as shit ain't up to code. You better get your boss, 'cause this stinks a' law suit to me.

(off the Guard's dumb silence)

Well, git! Ain't like I'm gonna crawl up there!

The Guard reluctantly heads off. Once he's gone, The Professor quickly wheels down the hall to a door marked "Electrical Room."

INT. VIEWING ROOM, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Marcus stands on one side of the entrance. He glances over at the Security Guard at the other end.

MARCUS

(into headset)

I'm in position.

Bosley stands by Action Comics #1. He looks up at it. The light glints off its plexiglass case.

BOSLEY

(into headset)

Me, too.

EUGENE (O.S.)

(from headset)

I'm here.

PARKER (O.S.)

(from headset)

Professor, are we a go?

INT. ELECTRICAL ROOM, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

The Professor hurriedly sort through a confusing tangle of wires.

THE PROFESSOR  
(into headset)  
I'm gonna need a minute.

INT. VIEWING ROOM, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Bosley looks around to make sure no one is listening.

BOSLEY  
(into headset)  
While we're just waiting around,  
shooting the breeze, I gotta ask you  
all a question.  
(beat)  
How big are your dicks?

PARKER (O.S.)  
(through headset)  
Jesus Christ, man. Everyone's  
average, okay.

BOSLEY  
Fine. I'm average myself. I was  
just checking.

EUGENE (O.S.)  
(through headset)  
I might be slightly below average  
because I'm short...so like, seven.

BOSLEY  
(into headset)  
What!? The average is four!

LARRY (O.S.)  
(through headset)  
The average is six.

BOSLEY (O.S.)  
(through headset)  
That's bullshit. I can't work with  
a bunch of guys rolling around with  
horse cocks.

INT. ELECTRICAL ROOM, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

The Professor sorts out the wires. He removes a pair of wire cutters.

THE PROFESSOR  
(into headset)  
I hate to interrupt the pillow talk,  
but we're ready in three...two...

INT. VIEWING ROOM, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Marcus cracks his knuckles.

THE PROFESSOR (O.S.)  
(from headset)  
One. Lights out.

Marcus charges across the room and tackles the other Security Guard. As they roll around on the ground, Marcus notices a crowd gathering around him.

MARCUS  
(into headset)  
What the hell!? Lights are not out!  
Lights are not out!

The Guard shoves Marcus off of him.

PARKER (O.S.)  
(from headset)  
What's going on!?

INT. ELECTRICAL ROOM, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

The Professor frantically cuts any wire he can get his hands on.

THE PROFESSOR  
(into headset)  
I don't know. Maybe I fucked up.  
Or maybe there's some sort of -

INT. VIEWING ROOM, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

The Guard throws a right cross at Marcus.

THE PROFESSOR (O.S.)  
(from headset)  
- delay.

As the Guard's fist connects with Marcus face -

THE LIGHTS GO OUT

The convention center is thrown into complete darkness.  
People cry out in confusion.

Bosley flicks on a flashlight and holds it in his teeth. He whips a collapsible stepladder out of his bag, opens it and

quickly mounts it. He takes out a drill and drills four holes in the wall. He fills each hole with a homemade explosive cartridge and wires them together.

He jumps down off the stepladder and starts herding people away from the wall.

BOSLEY

Get back!

Bosley presses a small remote.

BOSLEY

(into headset)

Mayhem in three...

...two...one...boom! A terrific flash in the darkness. The wall shudders.

Pandemonium breaks out from the explosion, people knocking into each other and screaming in the darkness.

Bosley shines the flash light at the wall. The plexiglass safe with the comic hangs loosely in the cracked wall. Bosley shakes his head, then rushes the wall and slams it with his shoulder.

The safe shakes loose falls out the back side of the wall...

INT. CONVENTION FLOOR, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

...and onto the floor. A trash barrel is wheeled up next to it. Parker, in janitorial coveralls and night vision goggles hoist the safe inside.

Eugene, also in goggles, hops inside the trash barrel and gets to work on the lock. Parker checks his stopwatch.

PARKER

You got 60 seconds until the lights  
come on.

Parker frenetically pilots the trash barrel through the panicked crowd. We see his POV through the shitty night vision goggles as he dodges obstacles.

Inside the barrel, Eugene struggles to keep his hands steady as he is rocked back and forth.

PARKER

How are you doing in there?

EUGENE

I think I'm gonna throw up.

PARKER

The safe! How's the safe!?

EUGENE

I've never even seen a lock like this!

PARKER

I thought you could pick any lock.

EUGENE

I've seen like five types of locks. I can pick all of those.

PARKER

Just figure it out! In the next 45 seconds!

EUGENE

This is a bad heist. This is a very bad heist. We should have dug a tunnel. We should have come in through the roof.

Parker gets to the end of an aisle and skids to a stop. A display has been knocked over, blocking the path. It's impossible to move as everyone pushes for the doors.

Parker whips the barrel in another direction.

PARKER

(into headset)

The west exit isn't an option. We can't make it to the loading bay. We're headed out the front door.

INT. CARGO VAN - DAY

Parked by the loading bay, Larry fumbles to put the van in gear.

LARRY

(into headset)

What? No! I'm in position.

PARKER (O.S.)

(from headset)

You gotta change your position!

Larry peels out.

INT. CONVENTION FLOOR, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Marcus and Bosley book down an aisle. They spot Parker and catch up beside him. They hurry toward the light of an exit.

PARKER

15 seconds.

Inside the barrel, Eugene just starts pounding on the lock.

As they close in on the exit -

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

The van skids to a stop out front.

INT. CONVENTION FLOOR, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

The generator kicks in and the lights come on. The panic subsides as people get their bearings.

By the exit, we find a trash barrel with a pair of coveralls and the open safe inside.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

The guys stroll to the cargo van. They slide open the door and hop inside.

INT. CARGO VAN - DAY

Larry pulls away from the convention center. Sirens whir as emergency vehicles head for the convention center.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - DAY

Lauren and Terrence dine at a private table. Her phone vibrates. She opens it to a text message, "We got it." She smiles, discreetly.

TERRENCE

More zinfandel?

LAUREN

Please.

Terrence tops off Lauren's glass.

A beat later, Terrence's phone vibrates. He opens it to a text message, "They got it." He grins.

Lauren sips her wine.

LAUREN

I have to use the bathroom.

Lauren gets up and crosses the restaurant. She checks to make sure that Terrence is not watching, then passes the bathroom and turns into -

INT. KITCHEN, FANCY RESTAURANT - DAY

Lauren slips past the KITCHEN STAFF and out a back entrance.

EXT. BACK OF FANCY RESTAURANT - DAY

The cargo van is parked in the alley. Lauren hops in.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, BEST WESTERN - DAY

The crew celebrate. Bosley shakes up a bottle of champagne and sprays Eugene, who shrieks like a girl.

Marcus finds 50 Cent's "In Da Club" on the stereo and jacks up the volume. He tries to dance with Lauren, who gamely goes along with it.

MARCUS  
(rapping along with song)  
*"Go, go, go shawty. It's your  
birthday. We gon' party like it's  
yo birthday."*

Parker leans back in his chair and smiles at the festivities. The Professor wheels up next to him. He holds the copy of Action Comics #1.

THE PROFESSOR  
It really is beautiful.

PARKER  
I know.

The Professor looks at the comic for a long moment, then, sadly -

THE PROFESSOR  
It's the best fake I've ever seen.

Parker blanches.

THE PROFESSOR  
The ink gave it away. It's indistinguishable to the naked eye, but I scanned in the cover and ran a check. It's definitely a fake.

PARKER  
I don't get it.

The phone rings. Parker looks over at it. He warily picks it up.

TERRENCE (O.S.)  
Hello, Parker.

PARKER

Who is this?

TERRENCE (O.S.)

I believe you know who this. You  
just don't want to know.

Parker signals for Larry to cut the music.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. AXL ROSE SUITE, HARD ROCK HOTEL - DAY

Terrence lounges in his crucifix jacuzzi, talking on a  
speakerphone.

TERRENCE

How's my comic book?

PARKER (O.S.)

You tell me.

TERRENCE

Oh, that's right. You didn't steal  
my comic book. You stole the forgery  
I switched out. Don't throw it away  
or anything. It's worth 100 bucks.

The crew are now gathered around the other phone, listening  
in on the conversation.

PARKER

What now?

TERRENCE (O.S.)

Now I sell my comic to your buyer,  
then collect the insurance on the  
one you "stole." I win twice. You  
just lose.

Terrence wildly air punches in victory.

TERRENCE

You go to the cops, you say a word  
to anyone, and I show them the tapes  
I made of you planning the heist. I  
was there the whole time, you idiot.  
I let you walk off with that comic.

Parker drops his head, defeated.

TERRENCE (O.S.)

And if that skank is with you, tell  
her I enjoyed making out with her  
and feeling her left tit.

PARKER  
Screw you, T-Wat!

Terrence climbs out of the jacuzzi. He walks over to the floor-to-ceiling windows surrounding him and looks out on the city. He has a tribal dragon tattoo on his ass.

TERRENCE  
Right now I'm standing butt naked,  
twelve stories above downtown San  
Diego. What are you doing?

Terrence presses a button and disconnects the call. He grabs a remote and turns on the stereo. 50 Cent's "In Da Club" picks up where the our crew's party left off.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, BEST WESTERN - DAY

Parker still clutches the phone, shell shocked. Larry takes it from his hand and hangs it up.

Eugene looks guiltily at Parker.

EUGENE  
I didn't pick the lock.

PARKER  
What do you mean?

EUGENE  
It couldn't pick it. And then I  
realized...it was unlocked.  
(beat)  
I thought we were just lucky.

PARKER  
We weren't lucky. We got conned.

BOSLEY  
We were supposed to be the ones doing  
the conning.

MARCUS  
Everything we did was bullshit. And  
now Comic-Con is over. We don't  
even got the money. I'm out of here.

Bosley, Eugene and Marcus head out. The Professor slowly follows behind them. At the door, he stops and looks back at Parker.

THE PROFESSOR  
I really thought we'd pulled it off.

PARKER  
We almost had.

The Professor turns around and wheels off.

A somber Lauren and Larry remain.

PARKER  
I don't know where I went wrong. I  
was just trying to save the shop

LAUREN  
You did the best you could. No one  
got hurt. No one got arrested.

PARKER  
And that's some kinda accomplishment?

Parker takes out his wallet, removes Larry's IOU. He looks  
at it, then hands it to Larry.

PARKER  
You're a free man.  
(beat)  
I gotta make a call.

Parker walks out.

INT. HALLWAY, BEST WESTERN - DAY

Parker takes out his cell phone and dials as he paces in the  
hallway.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DUKE'S COMICS - DAY

The shop is completely packed up. The phone rings and rings.  
The answering machine picks up.

DUKE (O.S.)  
(on answering machine)  
You've reached Duke's Comics. We  
are currently out of business. At  
the beep, please tell me what your  
hopes and dreams are. I will promptly  
write them on a slip of paper, then  
wipe my ass with them. Because this  
is a cruel and evil world. BEEP.

EXT. POOL, BEST WESTERN - NIGHT

Parker sits on a lounge chair and stares out at the empty  
pool. Lauren approaches.

LAUREN  
So what now?

PARKER  
Nothing. You were right, I guess.  
From the beginning. This was just a  
dumb idea.

LAUREN  
You know what I think now?

PARKER  
What?

LAUREN  
I think you've probably got at least  
a few hours before T-Wat sells that  
comic.

PARKER  
So what? How am I supposed to get  
it?

Lauren shrugs. She hands Parker his Frogskins.

LAUREN  
I'm just the voice of reason.

Parker looks down at the sunglasses.

PARKER  
What if I mess it up again?

LAUREN  
You won't.

PARKER  
But I -

Lauren leans in and kisses Parker. They break apart.

LAUREN  
You ever watch the old Batman TV  
series?

PARKER  
Yeah, sure.

LAUREN  
In every episode with the Joker,  
Batman would try to stop him, but  
wound up tied to a chair wired to  
some kinda bomb.

(MORE)

LAUREN (CONT'D)

He never got it right the first time,  
but he always managed to escape and  
get it right in the end.

PARKER

I guess the bomb is ticking, huh?

LAUREN

Looks that way.

INT. ARCADE, BEST WESTERN - NIGHT

A tiny arcade with a few games from the '90s. Eugene, Bosley, Marcus and The Professor are crowded around a claw machine, watching Larry reel in a stuffed gorilla. The claw hits the top and the gorilla shakes loose.

LARRY

Damn it.

MARCUS

You gotta finesse it. You're not  
finessing it.

Parker's Frogskin-wearing reflection appears in the claw machine's window. The guys turn around.

PARKER

I let you guys down before. That  
won't happen again this time.

EUGENE

Who says there's gonna be a "this  
time?"

PARKER

If you guys weren't already in, you  
wouldn't be hanging around the Best  
Western arcade watching Larry lose  
at the claw machine.

The guys all look at each other, smile.

LARRY

I'm not driving this time.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, BEST WESTERN - DAY

The crew is gathered around a printout of the Hard Rock Hotel's floor plans.

LAUREN

The safe in Terrence's suite is in  
the second floor bedroom.

Parker shoots her a look.

LAUREN

(shrugs)

He gave me a tour. We wanted to show off his manga collection.

(to Eugene)

It looked like a pretty normal lock.

EUGENE

That's my specialty.

Parker points to something on the plans.

PARKER

Can we get in through that ventilation shaft?

THE PROFESSOR

I think so.

The Professor spots something on the floor plans and looks concerned.

PARKER

What's wrong?

THE PROFESSOR

The only entrance to that ventilation shaft is through the adjacent Vince Neil suite. But the hotel says it's booked.

PARKER

Who's in it?

THE PROFESSOR

Someone important, I assume. It's two grand a night.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY, HARD ROCK HOTEL - DAY

The door to the Vince Neil suite opens. Jenna Jameson stands there, wearing a loosely knotted silk robe.

Staring back at her is Parker in the "San Diego Gas & Electric" uniform. He nervously scans a clipboard.

PARKER

Excuse me, are you Miss -

JENNA JAMESON  
I'm Jenna Jameson. Who the fuck are  
you?

PARKER  
We're with the gas company.

Jenna nods to Bosley, Eugene and Larry, gathered behind Parker  
in street clothes.

JENNA JAMESON  
Even those guys?

LAUREN  
Casual Sunday.

PARKER  
I didn't get the memo.

Parker sniffs the air.

PARKER  
Wow, you can almost smell that.

He looks to the other guys, who nod seriously.

EUGENE  
Tell me about it.

LARRY  
We got here right in time.

JENNA JAMESON  
What are you talking about? I don't  
smell anything.

PARKER  
You wouldn't. It's carbon monoxide.

LARRY  
The odorless killer.

PARKER  
It takes a very trained nose to detect  
it, and even then we still need one  
of these.

Parker holds out a device that is obviously not a carbon  
monoxide detector. It beeps crazily.

PARKER  
That's not good.  
(to Jenna)  
If you don't mind, Ms. Jameson, we're  
gonna need to inspect your room.

Parker moves for the door, but Jenna doesn't budge.

JENNA JAMESON  
Four young guys knock on my door,  
say they're from the "gas  
company"...sounds like the beginning  
of a really good movie.

Bosley glances at his watch.

BOSLEY  
We, uh, got a bit of time.

Bosley slides past Jenna and into the room. A moment later,  
he hurries out, looking like he's seen a ghost.

BOSLEY  
Tito Ortiz is naked in there. We  
better give them a second.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY, HARD ROCK HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Jenna and TITO ORTIZ head off down the hallway. The guys  
wave at them.

PARKER  
Shouldn't be more than an hour.

INT. VINCE NEIL SUITE, HARD ROCK HOTEL - DAY

The guys enter. The room is trashed. Bosley examines a  
pair of thong underwear hanging from a lampshade.

BOSLEY  
Sexy.

Parker loudly clears his throat.

PARKER  
All right, let's do this.

Parker heads into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM, VINCE NEIL SUITE - DAY

Parker takes the last of the screws off a ventilation cover  
and removes it. He and Larry hoist Eugene up into the  
ventilation shaft.

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - DAY

Eugene quietly crawls down the shaft.

INT. ROOM SERVICE KITCHEN, HARD ROCK HOTEL - DAY

HOTEL STAFF prepare meals. A WAITER walks over to a loaded room service cart. Marcus suddenly appears in an identical uniform and grabs the reigns.

MARCUS

I'll handle this one, Ramon.

The Waiter, obviously not named Ramon, looks confused as Marcus pushes the cart away. Marcus tosses the destination card in the garbage.

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - DAY

Eugene passes over an air vent. He looks down into the living room of Terrence's suite. The coast is clear. He continues on.

INT. CARGO VAN - DAY

Lauren sits behind the wheel of the van, wearing Parker's sunglasses, cool as can be. She watches the entrance to the Hard Rock from across the street.

INT. ELEVATOR, HARD ROCK HOTEL - DAY

Marcus rides up with the room service cart. He takes the cover off the tray, eats a handful of fries, then replaces it.

MARCUS

You okay in there?

From beneath the cart's white cloth, we see The Professor's hand emerge and give a thumbs up.

INT. BATHROOM, VINCE NEIL SUITE - DAY

The guys wait. Parker's cell phone vibrates. He checks it.

PARKER

We're clear to go.

Parker and Larry hoist Bosley into the ventilation shaft, then climb up after him.

INT. 2ND FLOOR BEDROOM, AXL ROSE SUITE - DAY

The air vent dangles open. Crouched on the floor, Eugene listens through a stethoscope pressed against the room's combination safe as he turns the knob. He stops and enters something into his cell phone, then gets back to the safe.

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - DAY

The guys reach the first air vent. They pop it open and drop into the living room, one by one.

INT. AXL ROSE SUITE, HARD ROCK HOTEL - DAY

Parker lands with a thud. He looks over to find Larry and Bosley frozen -

In the room are Terrence and his two Yakuza. Parker slowly gets to his feet.

PARKER

What's he doing here!? He's supposed to be at the convention.

Terrence shakes his head.

TERRENCE

You guys have to be the biggest bunch of losers I've ever -

The sound of breaking glass echoes from the upstairs bedroom. Terrence nods to Kenji, who sprints up the spiral staircase.

TERRENCE

I'm assuming that has something to do you with you?

Kenji returns with Eugene, his arm twisted behind his back. He throws him to the ground.

KENJI

(in Japanese, subtitled)  
He was trying to break into the safe.  
I checked him. He's clean.

TERRENCE

(to Parker)  
Is there anyone else in here?

There is a knock at the door.

MARCUS (O.S.)

(disguising voice)  
Room service.

Terrence shakes his head, incredulous. He opens the door. Marcus pushes the cart inside.

TERRENCE

Funny, I don't remember ordering any room service.

Kiyoshi suddenly stops the cart with his foot. Due to the continued momentum, The Professor rolls out on his chair from under the cart's tablecloth.

TERRENCE

Are you kidding me? I thought after one idiotic heist you'd quit. Apparently, I'm gonna have to make my guys beat some sense into you.

The crew look at each other, nervously.

PARKER

Screw it...abort!

Marcus uses everything he's got to ram the cart into Kiyoshi and Kenji, knocking them over. The crew bolt for the door.

The Professor tries to wheel away, but Terrence throws on his brakes. He grabs a bike lock from the counter and locks down the Professor's chair.

THE PROFESSOR

Hey!

TERRENCE

We'll be back for you.

Terrence and the Yakuza take off after our guys.

INT. HALLWAY, HARD ROCK HOTEL - DAY

Parker and the guys sprint down the hallway and into the open elevator. A winded Marcus dives in just as the doors close.

Terrence and the Yakuza get to the elevator bay a moment too late. Terrence slams the elevator call button, then looks to the Yakuza -

TERRENCE

What are you waiting for!? Take the goddamn stairs!

INT. ELEVATOR, HARD ROCK HOTEL - DAY

Parker talks into his cell phone -

PARKER

We'll be out front in 30.

INT. CARGO VAN - DAY

Lauren goes to pull out. In the side view mirror, she sees a traffic cop pull in behind her, siren flashing.

She realizes she is in a loading zone.

LAUREN  
(into cell)  
We might have a problem.

INT. ELEVATOR, HARD ROCK HOTEL - DAY

Parker shuts his phone.

PARKER  
Shit. We're gonna have to run, guys.

MARCUS  
Seriously? Running?

The other guys start stretching in preparation as the elevator descends.

MARCUS  
Seriously?

INT. STAIRWELL, HARD ROCK HOTEL - DAY

The Yakuza use parkour moves to navigate the stairwell.

INT. LOBBY, HARD ROCK HOTEL - DAY

The elevator dings and the guys rush out. Across the way, a stairwell door opens and the Yakuza emerge.

Our guys haul ass out of the hotel, past Jenna and Tito in the lobby bar.

JENNA JAMESON  
Does that mean our room is safe?

At the elevator bay, another set of doors open and Terrence hurries out.

EXT. HARD ROCK HOTEL - DAY

The guys spot Lauren getting written up for a parking violation. Parker quickly scans the options, points toward the nearby convention center.

PARKER  
We'll lose them back at the Con!

The guys avoid two-way oncoming traffic as they sprint across the busy street. Behind them, the Yakuza mount their crotch rockets and give chase, weaving around cars.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

The guys push through the crowd and into the convention center. The Yakuza ride their bikes right up onto the curb, causing a commotion. A HAPLESS GUARD blocks the entrance -

HAPLESS GUARD

Hey, you guys can't -

The Guard jumps out of the way just before he is run over.

A moment later, Terrence reaches the convention center and looks in at the chaos. He decides to avoid the heat, shakes his head and casually strolls off.

INT. CONVENTION FLOOR, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

The guys bolt inside and weave through the crowd.

EUGENE

I think we lost them.

Eugene stops and takes a hit off his asthma inhaler. As he exhales, we hear the sound of revving engines. The guys turn to see Yakuza peel out onto the convention floor.

LARRY

Fuck! We didn't lose them! We definitely did not lose them!

PARKER

We gotta split up.

Parker and Larry break one way. Bosley, Marcus and Eugene break the other. The Yakuza follow suit, each going after a group. They expertly pilot their bikes through the crowd, popping up onto tables and cutting through displays...basically fucking shit up. Fanboys scream and dive out of the way.

Parker and Larry pass the display for the new Bond movie. Parker stops suddenly and pulls Larry back toward 007 Aston Martin, which rotates on a pedestal. They hop the rope blocking it off and Larry jumps into the driver's seat.

INT. ASTON MARTIN - DAY

The guys slam their doors.

PARKER

Floor it!

LARRY

There aren't any keys! Or a gas pedal!

The car is just a model. As it spins on the rotating pedestal the guys find Kenji coming right at them on his bike. The front wheel crashes through the windshield, spraying glass at the guys. They scream and roll out of the car.

INT. CONVENTION FLOOR, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Kiyoshi trails Marcus, Bosley and Eugene. Marcus starts to lag behind.

INT. AXL ROSE SUITE, HARD ROCK HOTEL - DAY

Terrence enters. He finds The Professor's wheelchair overturned on the floor. He quickly scans the room...nothing. He looks to the staircase, where The Professor is sprawled on his stomach, having crawled halfway to the second floor.

Terrence slowly walks up the stairs. He looks down at The Professor, covered in sweat from the exertion.

TERRENCE

You almost made it.

Terrence's black loafers grinds The Professor's hand against the step. The Professor lets go. He steps on The Professor's other hand. The Professor lets go and slides all the way down the steep stairs.

INT. CONVENTION FLOOR, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Kenji tries to pull his tire out of the windshield of the Aston Martin. It won't budge. He abandons the bike and leaps at Parker, who narrowly avoids him.

PARKER

Fine! Let's do this!

Parker takes a pathetic swing at Kenji, then finds himself on the receiving end of a brutal karate combo. As Kenji closes in for a finishing move, he gets slammed on the back of the neck with one of the brass posts used to rope off the car. Larry stands over him, holding the post and wearing a crazed smile.

PARKER

Nice moves, Larry.

Larry helps Parker up and they take off, leaving the unconscious Kenji behind.

Across the floor, they spot Kiyoshi pulling next to Marcus. He grabs him by the shirt and drags him along the floor. As they run toward him -

Parker spots a World of Warcraft guild with large plastic weapons. He charges them.

PARKER  
We need those axes!

Parker wrestles two of the battle axes from the scrawny GUILD MEMBERS and tosses one to Larry. The guys hurry off.

GUILD MEMBER  
That is un-fucking-cool!

A few aisles away, Kiyoshi lets go of Marcus, who slides head first into a display. Kiyoshi launches his bike off a table and lands in front of Eugene and Bosley, doing a 180 slide so he is facing them.

Kiyoshi revs his engine. He kicks the bike into gear and guns it toward the guys. They run for their lives.

Parker and Larry charge out of nowhere with the battle axes. They can't catch up with Kiyoshi. In a last ditch effort, they wildly launch the axes. Kiyoshi is hit in the helmet and skids out of control. He crashes into a wall.

Parker and Larry gather the other guys and they all flee. Parker whips out his phone.

INT. CARGO VAN - DAY - MOVING

Lauren answers her cell.

PARKER (O.S.)  
(from phone)  
Meet us at the loading dock in 45 seconds.

LAUREN  
I'll be there in 30.

EXT. LOADING DOCK, CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

The guys push through a door, all tripping over one another. They pile into the waiting cargo van and it peels out.

INT. AXL ROSE SUITE, HARD ROCK HOTEL - DAY

Terrence sits on the staircase, cracking his knuckles. He stares daggers at The Professor, who is back in his chair.

The Yakuza enter, their heads lowered in shame.

KENJI  
(in Japanese, subtitled)  
They got away.

TERRENCE

Dammit!

KIYOSHI

(in Japanese, subtitled)

What should we do with the cripple?

Terrence gets up. He walks menacingly over to The Professor. He bends down toward him...

TERRENCE

We let him go.

Terrence unlocks the bike lock on The Professor's tire.

TERRENCE

I need him to deliver a message.

Terrence gets right in The Professor's face.

TERRENCE

Tell your pathetic friends that with money, comes information. I intend to find out who all of them are, where they live...and when I'm done with them, you guys will have your own relay team for the Paralympics.

The Professor nods and wheels himself out of the room.

Terrence checks his watch, then looks to his Yakuza.

TERRENCE

You're pathetic. Seagal would be ashamed.

(shakes his head)

Grab the comic. We have business to attend to.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, BEST WESTERN - DAY

The crew sit around, quiet and somber. Bosley holds an ice pack to Marcus' bruised head.

A moment later, The Professor wheels in.

PARKER

So?

The Professor reaches under his shirt...and pulls out Action Comics #1. Off the crew's smiles -

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. 2ND FLOOR BEDROOM, AXL ROSE SUITE - DAY

**TITLE: How Shit Really Went Down...**

Using the stethoscope, Eugene quickly cracks the safe's combination. But he doesn't open it. He enters the combination into his cell phone and hits send. Then he walks over to the dresser and casually tips a vase onto the floor, shattering it.

CUT TO:

A CELL PHONE

It lights up from an incoming text message. REVEAL we're -

INT. UNDER SHEET OF ROOM SERVICE CART - DAY

The Professor is in his chair under the cart. He checks the message to find the safe's combination.

INT. AXL ROSE SUITE, HARD ROCK HOTEL - DAY

Terrence and the Yakuza take off after the guys, leaving the Professor in the immobilized wheelchair.

The Professor looks around, makes sure the coast clear...then stands up, stretches his legs and strolls up the stairs.

INT. 2ND FLOOR BEDROOM, AXL ROSE SUITE - DAY

The Professor opens the safe with the combination Eugene texted him. He takes the fake Action Comics #1 from under his shirt and swaps it out with the real one inside the safe.

INT. BATHROOM, AXL ROSE SUITE - DAY

The Professor splashes some water on his face for effect, then ruffles his hair and his clothes.

INT. AXL ROSE SUITE, HARD ROCK HOTEL - DAY

The Professor walks halfway down the stairs, then gets on his stomach and grabs the step above him. He waits for a beat, until he hears Terrence enter. He holds his breath to flush his face, then starts to pull himself up the steps.

As before, Terrence walks up the stairs and looks down at The Professor, covered in "sweat" from the exertion.

TERRENCE

You almost made it.

As Terrence grinds his loafer into The Professor's hand, we see a smile flash across The Professor's face.

RETURN TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM, BEST WESTERN - NIGHT

The crew is partying for real this time. Lauren sidles up next to Parker and The Professor.

LAUREN

You never said how you knew The Professor could walk?

Parker looks over at The Professor for permission. He nods.

PARKER

A couple of years ago, I walked into the restroom at the convention center and saw him using the urinal.

THE PROFESSOR

I'd drank two Mountain Dews and some asshole was using the handicap stall.

LAUREN

So, the whole wheelchair thing...?

THE PROFESSOR

A week before the convention I get into character. Don't break it until after the Con. I'm a true fan.

The Professor runs his hand over his bald head.

THE PROFESSOR

I actually have really nice hair, too.

He takes out his wallet and shows off his Driver's License photo, in which he has long, beautiful hair.

THE PROFESSOR

Like Pitt in "Legends of the Fall."

Lauren nods, impressed.

Parker checks his watch.

PARKER

All right, guys, we got a comic to sell.

INT. VIP ROOM, STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Valeri Bupkin and his Thugs sit on a red velvet couch. Valeri slurps oysters off a silver tray. Two STRIPPERS put on a private show.

Another Thug enters and whispers something in Valeri's ear. Valeri calls the Strippers over, gives each of them a tap on the ass and a few bills, then sends them on their way.

Valeri looks back at his Thug.

VALERI

Send him in.

Terrence enters, flanked by his Yakuza. He has a leather briefcase handcuffed to his wrist.

TERRENCE

Pyvit, Comrade Bupkin.

VALERI

Mr. Watanabe. How nice to see you.

Valeri pulls a duffel bag from under the table. He unzips it and shows off the bills neatly stacked inside.

VALERI

Your turn.

Terrence snaps. Kiyoshi takes out a key and unlocks the cuff around his wrist. Terrence holds the briefcase up to his face and a built in retina scanner sweeps across his eyes then unlocks the case.

VALERI

I like a man who takes security seriously.

Terrence grins. He removes Action Comics #1 from the case. He and Valeri simultaneously swap goods for cash.

Terrence throws the duffel at Kenji.

TERRENCE

Check it out.

Valeri pull a monocular from his suit jacket and examines the comic.

Terrence looks to Kenji. He nods, it's all there.

TERRENCE

(to Valeri)

Nice doing business with you.

Terrence starts to walk off. He hears Valeri loudly clear his throat and turns to find him standing.

VALERI

Mr. Watanabe, there is only one thing that angers me more than a man who promises a delivery that they do not deliver. And that is when they deliver me bullshit! Such as this fake comic!

Valeri draws a gun that was tucked in the back of his pants.

TERRENCE

(in Japanese, subtitled)  
Kill them all!

Nothing. Terrence turns to find that his Yakuza have been taken out by Valeri's Thugs. He panics.

TERRENCE

I didn't try to rip you off! I would never try to rip you off!

VALERI

(to Thugs)  
Make it look like an accident.

The Thugs drag Terrence and his Yakuza off. Terrence tries to kick free, screaming -

TERRENCE

They have it! I know who has it!  
The nerds!

One of the Thugs shuts him up with a quick jab to the face and they pull him out the door.

Valeri slumps back down on the couch and shakes his head. He crumples the fake comic book and tosses it. Another Thug enters.

UKRAINIAN THUG 1

Someone else is here to see you,  
boss.

Valeri slams his hand down on the table.

VALERI

What is it now!?

Parker enters. He holds up the real Action Comics #1.

PARKER

I thought we had an arrangement.

VALERI

I still have the cash.

Parker hands over the comic book. Valeri examines it with his monocular. He looks up and nods at one of his Thugs. The Thug hands Parker the duffel bag.

Parker starts to leave.

VALERI

You know...I am actually in the market for an Action Comics #23. First appearance of -

PARKER

Lex Luthor. Although, some people argue that Superman #4 was his first appearance because it hit the stands earlier.

Valeri grins.

VALERI

In that case, I'll take both. If you happen to know of anyone interested in "selling."

PARKER

If I were you, I'd check Ebay.

Parker turns around and continues out.

EXT. POOL, BEST WESTERN - NIGHT

Parker hands out manilla envelopes stuffed with cash to Bosley, Eugene and Marcus.

MARCUS

Show me the money!

EUGENE

With this I'm gonna buy...  
(hits asthma inhaler)  
...respect!

Bosley looks at his envelope. He starts to tear up.

BOSLEY

I don't know if you guys have noticed, but my nose ain't the only thing that's been broken. I've been walking around with a broken heart and all I want is a hug.

(MORE)

BOSLEY (CONT'D)

A hug and this 50 grand to buy a new  
truck that no one got jacked off by  
my girlfriend in the back off.

Marcus and Eugene hug it out with Bosley.

Parker smiles. He scans the pool for The Professor.

INT. BAR, BEST WESTERN - NIGHT

The Professor sits at a back table, nursing a cocktail.  
Parker enters and takes a seat across from him. He takes  
The Professor's envelope of cash out and slides it across  
the table. The Professor looks down at it, then slides it  
back.

THE PROFESSOR

I did it for justice.

Parker looks down at the envelope.

PARKER

You sure?

The Professor nods. Parker goes to put the money back in  
his bag. The Professor grabs his hand.

THE PROFESSOR

Of course I want the money. I thought  
you were gonna insist I keep it a  
few more times.

Parker hands it over. The Professor hefts it and smiles  
broadly.

PARKER

You earned it, Professor.

THE PROFESSOR

It's Donald.

PARKER

Really? Never took you for a Donnie.

THE PROFESSOR

(seriously)

That's 'cause it's Donald.

PARKER

Well, Donald, maybe we could hang  
out in the real world some time.

THE PROFESSOR

Right now, I think someone else is  
looking for you.

The Professor nods to the entrance of the bar, where Lauren  
and Larry wait. Parker gets up and crosses to them.

LAUREN

Shouldn't you be getting back to  
save Duke?

PARKER

The bank doesn't open until 9:00 AM  
tomorrow.

LAUREN

My flight doesn't leave for a few  
hours.

Larry looks at the two of them.

LARRY

Well, don't waste your time hanging  
around with me. Parker and I have  
the whole summer together.

Parker smiles.

LAUREN

I'm actually going to go upstairs.  
I think I may have left that Wonder  
Woman outfit somewhere in my room.

PARKER

Oh, well, yeah, you shouldn't leave  
that behind. I'll, uh, come help  
you look for it in a second.

Lauren smiles at him, then heads to the elevator.

Parker looks to Larry.

PARKER

Dude, what the fuck do I do?

LARRY

Animal instinct. It just takes over.  
Trust me.

Parker takes a deep breath.

LARRY

Hey, man, I meant what I said about  
this summer. I'm there. It's gonna  
be awesome.

Larry takes out the IOU and hands it back to Parker.

LARRY

And maybe hang on to this for now.  
Just because I left some of that  
bullshit from high school behind,  
doesn't mean I have to throw it all  
away.

Parker takes the IOU.

PARKER

Are you serious, man?

LARRY

Yeah, I also left half my share of  
the money in your bag. We're  
partners.

PARKER

That's what I always said.

LARRY

Also, I just remembered this. The  
ear is like the panty lever. You  
pull on it at the right moment, and  
the panties just drop.

PARKER

I'm gonna do that. And I'm gonna  
think about you when I do.  
(beat)  
Not in a creepy way.

Parker heads for the elevator.

FADE OUT:

**TITLE OVER BLACK: Monday**

EXT. DUKE'S COMICS - DAY

The Le Car screeches to a halt out front and the guys get  
out. They find the metal gate to the shop closed. They  
both bang on it.

PARKER

Duke! Open up, man!

LARRY

We got great news!

The guys continue to bang, causing a racket. A CLERK steps  
out of the Mailboxes, Etc that is two stores down.

CLERK  
Duke left a half hour ago.

LARRY  
Which way did he go?

PARKER  
Whichever way El Paso is. We gotta  
get to the highway.

The guys jump in the car and peel out.

INT. RENAULT LE CAR - DAY - MOVING

The car flies down two blocks, blowing a stop sign. Parker  
make a hard right turn. He slams on the brakes as the guys  
find themselves right behind

A VERY SLOWING MOVING U-HAUL TRAILER

The guys hop out of the car.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The guys run to the front of the U-Haul, where they find  
Duke's moped hitched up to it and straining to move it.

PARKER  
Duke, cut the engine.

DUKE  
No way. I'm making shitty enough  
time already.

The guys continue to walk beside Duke as he pulls the trailer  
at less than a mile per hour.

LARRY  
We got all the money you need to pay  
off the loan.

PARKER  
Yeah, you don't have to close the  
shop.

DUKE  
You're not ever really here, are  
you? Get outta my head!

PARKER  
You're not hallucinating! We got  
the money!

Parker unzips a backpack he is carrying and shows Duke the  
money. He suddenly cuts the engine.

DUKE  
That looks pretty real.

LARRY  
It is real.

DUKE  
What the hell did you do to get that?

PARKER  
I probably shouldn't tell you because  
it would make you an accessory. But  
the guy we did it to had it coming.

Duke shrugs.

DUKE  
Who gives a shit. You did it. You  
really did it!

He throws down the kickstand, hops off the moped and hugs  
the guys.

EXT. DUKE'S COMICS - DAY

Duke raises the metal gate on the front of the shop.

DUKE  
Duke's Comics is back open for  
business.

Duke opens the door and the guys enter.

INT. DUKE'S COMICS - DAY

The place is completely empty. Parker and Larry both wince  
from the smell.

PARKER  
What the hell is that?

DUKE  
Oh...right. I took a shit on the  
floor to give those guys from the  
bank what for. I guess we gotta  
clean that up.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TERMINAL, BURBANK AIRPORT - DAY

**TITLE: Two Months Later...**

Parker walks Larry, in his Tufts ball cap, toward the security  
check in.

They're both laughing and joking, an easiness between them we haven't seen before. Larry stops and sets down his bag.

LARRY  
Well...this is it.

PARKER  
Yeah. I guess I'll, uh, email you in a few days.

LARRY  
Or call.

PARKER  
Yeah, I'll call.

LARRY  
You gonna be okay by yourself?

PARKER  
I'm gonna have my hands full. I've been kicking around some new comic ideas. Like this one about a bunch of guys who steal some shit at Comic-Con.

LARRY  
You know, I don't think anybody would believe it.

The guys hug. Larry picks up his bag. Parker watches him walk off. Once he's gone, Parker turns to leave, stops.

Parker looks over at one of the airline counters. He crosses to it and walks up to the AIRLINE ATTENDANT.

PARKER  
Do you guys fly to Baltimore.

AIRLINE ATTENDANT  
Yes, we do, sir.

PARKER  
I'll take one ticket to Baltimore.  
For right now.

The Airline Attendant checks the computer.

AIRLINE ATTENDANT  
We have an 11:30. It'll be 750 dollars.

PARKER  
Really? You guys know it's going to Baltimore, right?

AIRLINE ATTENDANT  
Yes, we're aware of that. Do you  
want the ticket?

Parker looks at her for a long beat.

PARKER  
Fuck it. You gotta grow up some  
time.

The Airline Attendant just stares at him.

PARKER  
Yes, I'll take the ticket.

The Airline Attendant rings him up. Off Parker's expectant  
face, we -

FADE OUT.