

VERVE

The background of the entire image is a repeating pattern of yellow smiley faces. Each smiley face is a yellow circle with two black dots for eyes and a curved line for a mouth. The smiley faces are arranged in a grid-like pattern, with some faces slightly offset from others, creating a sense of depth and movement. The text is centered in the upper half of the image.

F.U.B.A.R.

(FUCKED UP BEYOND ALL RECOGNITION)

brent hyman
c. 2017

A Happy Meal sits at a table, in front of an old GRANDMOTHER in a red track suit and black fit-over sunglasses.

She licks her red lips and looks around the fast food joint.

There are a dozen McDonald's EMPLOYEES behind the counter, roaming the oddly empty restaurant.

The Grandmother is the only patron on this late, late night.

She reaches into her Happy Meal and pulls out a bizarre toy, an old school WIND-UP CYMBAL BANGING MONKEY.

She cranks up the Monkey Toy and sends it on it's way, forging onwards towards the kitchen.

Then, the Grandmother pulls out a fat marijuana cigarette and lights it.

A few Employees notice and start to whisper, one MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE comes walking up to her.

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE

Excuse me, ma'am, there's no smoking in here.

THE GRANDMOTHER

Oh, really? Why don't you go suck a cunt, fuckboy?

The McDonald's Employee looks at her, aghast.

The Grandmother inspects him, noticing that he is wearing an EARPIECE and a discreetly hidden PISTOL on his waist.

THE GRANDMOTHER

Did I stutter, cum dumpster? Run along now.

Another McDonald's EMPLOYEE joins the ranks. Back-up.

THE GRANDMOTHER

Oh, you brought your bleached asshole with you too, I see?

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE

Ma'am. Is there a retirement community or a hospital we can call? I think you might be lost.

The Grandmother blows smoke into the McDonald's employees faces. They cough, and wave the cloud away.

THE GRANDMOTHER
I'm not retired, sweetheart. I'm
just getting started.

The Grandmother starts to climb on top of the table.

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE	MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE NO. 2
Ma'am, we're going to have to ask you to leave.	What is she doing? Get down from there.

Meanwhile, the Monkey Toy is well on it's way into the kitchen, heading towards the BACK WALL.

A few "BURGER FLIPPERS" stop their routine and curiously watch the strange little monkey chug along.

Back on Grandma, standing on top of the table now, she pulls her gym pants down, and whips out an unseen APPENDAGE.

All we see is the entire staff of this McDonald's stare in utter shock.

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE	MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE NO. 2
Is that a...	Jesus Christ. She's completely senile! We need to do something.

Then a stream of URINE come splashing down onto the Employee's face.

THE GRANDMOTHER
Whoopsie Daisy! Grandma don't give a fuck!

The Grandmother's voice goes haywire, rapidly changing from the voice of a MAN, a CHILD, and a DOG barking --

CLOSE ON: A small WIRE poking out of the Grandmother's neck. A digital VOICE CHANGER. It begins to spark and smoke.

The McDonald's Employee notices, reaches up to his earpiece.

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE
(earpiece)
All units. Code Black. Code Black. Code Black.

The two McDonald's Employees reach for their pistols and pull them out, aiming them at the Grandmother's face!

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE
Don't move a fucking inch, Granny. Stop pissing on the table and put your dick away.

All of the other McDonald's EMPLOYEES stop the charade and pull out their guns, aiming them at the Grandmother.

She mockingly raises her hands, cackling.

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE
What's so funny?

THE GRANDMOTHER
You guys like Nickelback?

The Grandmother dramatically plugs her ears.

The Dancing Monkey Toy is now running in place, pressing up against the back wall, banging it's cymbals, *BANG BANG BANG* --

KABOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMM!

A violent swirl of fire blasts through the restaurant, the entire place shakes, everything goes black.

The emergency lights flicker to life in a chaotic strobe --

There are bodies. There are bodies everywhere. Bodies bent in strange positions. Bodies burning in special sauce. Bodies burnt to a crisp.

In the back of the kitchen, hidden behind the back wall, there is a gigantic steel vault door. It's been blown to smithereens.

This McDonald's is, in fact, a front for a U.S. GOVERNMENT SAFE HOUSE.

Behind the blasted open vault door lies a dark steely room.

Under a spotlight, wrapped in chains, and painted in a fresh coat of blood --

There is a big bright yellow MILITARY CASE covered in yellow SMILEY FACE stickers A.K.A. *THE SMILEY FACE CASE*.

The last remaining McDonald's Employee/U.S. Soldier crawls to the case, whispering prayers.

He hides behind the case, and loads his pistol, shaking --

The Grandmother walks through the wreckage, her face, half melted off and spraying sparks, her voice going haywire.

THE GRANDMOTHER
(digital contortion)
Dayummmmmmm. They got fucked up!
(pointing at the bodies)
(MORE)

THE GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)

You dead. You dead. And you dead too!

The Grandmother stands before The Smiley Face Case, she rips off the prosthetic mask, revealing --

HANNIBAL CHAN, a scrawny, stoned Chinese party bro.

A group of scary looking MERCENARIES flank Hannibal.

They all wear BLOOD-RED BALACLAVA MASKS, and have SKULL TATTOOS on the top of their hands, these are the markings of The Blood Rogues.

Hannibal pops his head behind the case, finding the last remaining Soldier.

HANNIBAL CHAN

Peek-a-booooo!

The Soldier tries to raise his pistol, but Hannibal stomps down on his wrist, and kicks the gun away.

HANNIBAL CHAN

You stole somethinggg from me, bro.
You stole something from my Supreme Leader. W-T-F?

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE/SOLDIER

I'm s-s-sorry. Please, please, I have a kid. I have a family! I'll do anything! Don't kill me!

Hannibal Chan whistles and two Blood Rogues lift the Soldier in the air. Hannibal Chan pulls out a GIGANTIC MACHETE.

He swings it down hard, chopping off the Soldier's head, which goes flying through the air, blood hoses out of his dismembered neck.

HANNIBAL

Jeeeee, bro. Say it don't spray it! Hehehehe.

A buzz saw roars to life, cutting through the chains, freeing the Smiley Face Case. Hannibal Chan picks up the case and disappears with his gang of psychos.

Sirens begin to wail from the streets, approaching fast.

Leaving us, basking in the smoke-filled, blood-boiled, special sauce soaked aftermath...

INT. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - ANALYSIS ROOM

A light hums to life. A wall of blue and black colors swirl. Hundreds of different CT Scans of the same brain.

Different angles. Marked. Scaled. Analyzed.

DOCTOR GRANT GOMEZ stares at this mural of neuroscience, in a white lab coat, upset, his jaw on the floor.

His finger reaches up, noticing a spike in activity in a certain sector of the brain. An anomaly.

DOCTOR GRANT GOMEZ
(whispering to himself)
Oh no... It can't be...

He starts hastily plucking X-rays off of the wall, one by one, making his case, and then he sprints out of the office.

INT. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - SQUASH COURT

TIM GROSS, Manager of CIA Special Operations, a bespectacled thirty something jock, sprints towards the ball. Scores a point. Screams a war-cry.

TIM GROSS
Ten-zip! You played Division I?
You've gotta be kidding me, Jones.

He is about to serve when he notices Doctor Gomez standing behind the glass.

TIM GROSS
(to his opponent)
Don't go anywhere. I'm not done
waterboarding you yet.

Outside, Tim pores over the CT Scans as Doctor Gomez presents them...

DOCTOR GRANT GOMEZ
This is the same spike that I
warned you about in my report, the
left cerebral hemisphere. Quadrant
46B.

Tim Gross starts to boil.

TIM GROSS
This is bad timing. Very - bad -
timing. What do we do?

DOCTOR GRANT GOMEZ

We should pull him from his mission, bring him back, analyze him. See if this is a threat.

TIM GROSS

Fuck you. No way. Agent 60 is knee deep in some very important shit right now, Doc. We can't pull him. Not gonna happen.

DOCTOR GRANT GOMEZ

If we don't get a handle on this thing... Listen, if the White Rabbit Theory is real... If he's in there, he's very capable of doing some world-ending kinda damage. Okay? We cannot sleep on this.

TIM GROSS

Well, what do you want me to say?

DOCTOR GRANT GOMEZ

I want you to say yes to an experimental procedure I have in mind. I think we can smoke out the threat, isolate it, and erase him.

TIM GROSS

Send me the paperwork. I'll sign it tonight.

INT. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - PSYCH BULLPEN

A bright orange Goldfish swims around in a plastic bag.

A red TAPE RECORDER sits on top of files like a paperweight.

A YELLOW DISCMAN spins a CD. The hum of 90's pop music sings through the headphones and into the ears of STANLEY M. THACKERY.

Thirty years old, messy hair, office geek. Short sleeve button down, tie, thick Poindexter glasses.

On his computer screen, an e-mail pops up from Doctor Gomez: "Stanley, come see me in my office."

Stanley slowly rises from his cubicle, and looks out onto the office bullpen --

There are five OFFICE DOUCHEBAGS by the water cooler, and unfortunately for Stanley, Doctor Gomez's office is located on the other side of them.

Stanley grabs his Goldfish, turns the volume up on his Discman, takes a deep breath, and braves the cubicle pathway.

Someone snatches the headphones out of his ears.

ALPHA MALE DOUCHELORD

Whoa, whoa, whoa, not so fast, bro.

STANLEY

Please, leave me alone.

ALPHA MALE DOUCHELORD

Did you tell HR about our little Cinco de Drinko party last week?

STANLEY

What?

ALPHA MALE DOUCHELORD

Someone snitched us out. We all think it was you.

STANLEY

I don't know what you're talking about. Excuse me, I have a meeting.

ALPHA MALE DOUCHELORD

How did such a little bitch like you get into the CIA? I don't know if I've ever met someone so... spineless...

The Beta Douchebags laugh with the Alpha Douchelord, in a psychotic chorus.

ALPHA MALE DOUCHELORD

What's this? A little fishy?
That's cute. Give it to me.

The Douchelord grabs Stanley's goldfish, and holds it up for his minions to see.

STANLEY

Hey! Give that back. That's not funny. That's important --

Stanley makes a swipe for the Goldfish, but he's too slow. The Douchelord dangles the plastic bag, taunting him.

ALPHA MALE DOUCHELORD
But I'm starving, bro. And I'm
craving some suuuushi!

BETA BRO DOUCHEBAG
Oh, no way, bro!

BETA BRO DOUCHEBAG NO. 2
Bro! No way!

The Douchelord opens the bag and starts chugging the water.
The Goldfish swims up current, away from his mouth!

DOCTOR GRANT GOMEZ
(like thunder)
That's enough boys! Leave Stanley
and his Goldfish alone! For Christ
sakes. This is the Central
Intelligence Agency, not a
fraternity house.

Gomez comes walking out of his office with authority.

The Douchelord stops chugging, just in time, saving a little
water for The Goldfish, who swims around in a panic.

Stanley takes his Goldfish back and walks away with Gomez.

INT. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - DR. GRANT GOMEZ'S OFFICE

The walls are covered in a myriad of degrees from Ivy League
schools, articles of scientific breakthroughs, and
photographs of Dr. Gomez fly-fishing.

Dr. Gomez takes a seat behind his desk, while Stanley stands,
nervous.

DR. GRANT GOMEZ
I like to fish Stanley. You know
that. You know how much I like to
strap on the boots and spend the
day on the river, casting a line,
breathing in the fresh air...
Finding peace. Finding serenity.
And I want to do it every damn day
for the rest of my life. And soon!
I have liver spots on my hands, I
take Metamucil! It tastes like
shit. I'm old, Stanley. Look at
me!

STANLEY
You age with grace, sir.

DR. GRANT GOMEZ

Oh, shut up. What are you going to do when I retire and hand over all of my precious clients to you? These men need you, Stanley. They need men like us. War is a wretched and wicked thing, and it can do terrible things to the human mind... Without us, without us these men would all go crazy.

STANLEY

I will do better, sir. I won't let you down.

DR. GRANT GOMEZ

You are one of the best psychologists I've ever worked with. Your knowledge of the human brain is second to none. You just can't... You're not... You're not good with people, Stanley. You're not good with the world. In order to be a good psychologist, you need to see and feel how the world and its people work...

STANLEY

I know...

DR. GRANT GOMEZ

There is greatness in you. Somewhere in there. I would never have chosen you as my protege if I didn't think so. Remember that.

STANLEY

Thank you, Doctor Gomez. That means the world to me.

DR. GRANT GOMEZ

It would mean the world to me if you don't flake on me tonight.

STANLEY

What's tonight?

Dr. Gomez rolls his eyes and shakes his head.

DR. GRANT GOMEZ

The baseball game. You said you would bring over your world-famous lasagna. We planned this last week. Don't you remember?

STANLEY
(he forgot)
Of course, how could I be so
stupid. I'll be there. Lasagna
and all.

DR. GRANT GOMEZ
Good boy.

EXT. DR. GRANT GOMEZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An idyllic suburban neighborhood with street lamps and white picket fences.

Stanley mosey's up the street with a casserole dish full of lasagna in his hands.

At the big red door of the Colonial-style house, Stanley balances the lasagna and rings the door bell.

STANLEY
Doctor Gomez! It's Stanley
Thackery! I brought the lasagna!

Stanley knocks one more time, this time harder. The door slowly pushes open, unlocked...

STANLEY
Hello?

INT. DR. GRANT GOMEZ'S HOUSE

Stanley moves through the dark and quiet house, carrying the lasagna, almost protectively... He's scared...

STANLEY
Doctor Gomez? It's me. Stanley.
I can come back later?

He hears voices talking to one another down a long hallway, and he follows them into Dr. Gomez's study. It's the baseball game on the TV.

The back of Dr. Gomez's head peeks over the back of his arm chair.

STANLEY
Doctor Gomez? Are you okay? You
said seven right? Sorry, if I
messed up the time. Sometimes, I
get things mixed up in my head...

As Stanley rounds the chair, he sees that Doctor Gomez is asleep. Stanley smiles, charmed.

STANLEY

You really are getting old, old man.

Stanley flips a switch, turning the lights on --

Doctor Gomez is not fucking sleeping.

Doctor Gomez has three GUNSHOT WOUNDS in his chest cavity, two in his skull. Doctor Gomez is dead!

Stanley screams, super high-pitched. The casserole dish slips out of his hands and shatters onto the floor.

STANLEY

Doctor Gomez?! Are you okay? Oh my god. You're not okay! This isn't happening. This isn't happening. This isn't happening. What the hell, sir? What the heck!

Stanley moves to Doctor Gomez, he puts his fingers up against Gomez's pulse.

STANLEY

Oh he's dead. He's so, so dead.

Then he looks at his fingers. He starts to dry heave.

STANLEY

I just touched a dead body. Oh god. I just touched a dead body.

He tries to wipe his fingers off on his shirt, then on the chair.

Stanley takes a moment and gets a hold of himself. He takes a moment and closes The Doctor's open eyes, with respect.

STANLEY

Rest in peace, old man. I hope you're fishing somewhere up there... Thanks for everything you ever did for me...

There is something stuck in Doctor Gomez's hands. A manila folder, marked with a red CONFIDENTIAL stamp.

Stanley reaches for it. Rigor Mortis has set in. Gomez's grip is tight.

STANLEY

Don't mind me, Doctor. Just going to take a little looksie here.

Stanley starts to peel the dead Doctor's fingers back, cringing.

STANLEY

Ew, ew, ew.

Stanley holds the pages in front of his face and examines them quickly --

THE WHITE RABBIT THEORY

Then, a PICTURE of a handsome CIA Operative, along with a laundry list of insane accomplishments... **AGENT 60**

STANLEY

Oh no... I should not be reading this... I should NOT be reading this... Holy Moly...

Stanley looks to his old, dead mentor, upset.

STANLEY

What on earth were you into, old man?

Then he notices something else, the shattered lasagna...

It floats on a thin sheen of clear liquid. The thin sheen of clear liquid is actually covering the entire floor.

Stanley bends down to inspect it. Dipping his index finger and sniffing it --

STANLEY

Gasoline? Why would Doctor Gomez have gasoline all over his house?

Stanley's eyes go wide like flying saucers.

EXT. DR. GRANT GOMEZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Stanley comes sprinting out of the front door as the house EXPLODES behind him, propelling him through the air, landing hard onto the street.

INT. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - THE WAR ROOM

A bronze CIA seal hangs on the wall.

Massive room. Wood panel walls. Mid-century interior design, left over from the old guard.

Tim Gross, now in a suit, reads through a file, harrumphing as he digests information.

A few seats down, the CIA DIRECTOR spins in his chair, his eyes boring holes into his cell phone.

Stanley sits on the other side of the table, his hair has been singed from the explosion.

STANLEY

So, um --

Tim Gross holds his hand up for silence. Then he resumes reading. Turning page after page. He shakes his head, upset.

TIM GROSS

Stanley M. Thackery?

STANLEY

Present and accounted for, sir.

TIM GROSS

Sounds like you had quite a night last night.

STANLEY

It was very... Dramatic. I'm not sure what it says in that --

TIM GROSS

Cut the bullshit, Stanley. Tell me what you saw inside that house.

STANLEY

Uh, Doctor Gomez, he was, uh, dead, somebody shot him. Then, you know, kaboom.

TIM GROSS

Yes, well, we know that. But what did **you** see in there...

Stanley begins to sweat. Tunnel vision and heart palpitations.

STANLEY

I, uh, you know. I saw what you saw. He was, uh, he was dead when I g-got there.

TIM GROSS

Did you look at any files in his office that had the word "CON-FIDEN-TIAL" marked on them?

STANLEY

No. No Way. I'm CIA. I know protocol. I know when I'm supposed to close my eyes and turn the other cheek.

Stanley lets out a strange and nervous, high-pitched laugh.

STANLEY

Come on, guys. This is, oh no, I just, come on --

TIM GROSS

Stanley... Is this your way of telling me that you want us to strap a polygraph wire up to your chest? Car battery to your nipples? You want to know what waterboarding feels like?

Beads of sweat pour down Stanley's forehead now. Stanley tries to hold it together, Stanley tries to resist --

STANLEY

(exhale confession)

Okay. Okay. Okay. I saw a file. I saw a file, in the office. It was confidential, I wasn't supposed to see it. Oh my god, I'm so, so sorry. I didn't even know what it was until I was half way through, and then it was too late. Shoot!

TIM GROSS

Uh-huh... Go on...

STANLEY

White Rabbit Theory, Agent 60... I saw it all, okay! Don't shoot me. Please. Please don't shoot me.

TIM GROSS

You read **the** file... Shouldn't have done that, Stanley.

CIA DIRECTOR

Should **not** have done that, Stanley.

Stanley's eyes dart over to the CIA Director, he is still occupied with his phone.

STANLEY

The file I read... He was a patient. I think I met him before. He was one of Doctor Gomez's. Do you think he did it? Do you think Agent 60 killed Doctor Gomez?

TIM GROSS

I know, for a fact, that he did not. But these sons of bitches that killed Gomez want Agent 60 too... Russian terrorists. Commie motherfuckers.

CIA DIRECTOR

God damn commie ***mother-fuckers.***

TIM GROSS

They call themselves the Blood Rogues.

STANLEY

Whoa. Cool name.

TIM GROSS

Agreed. It is a cool name.

STANLEY

What do they want?

TIM GROSS

Anarchy. Chaos. They want to destroy the lives and liberties of the people of the United States of America. They are world-class dickheads.

STANLEY

Dickheads?

TIM GROSS

Our sources tell us that their latest objective is to annihilate the Central Intelligence Agency. They recently stole a very dangerous piece of weapons technology from the U.S. Government known as the Happy Chip.

STANLEY

Cool.

TIM GROSS

No, Stanley. It's not "cool." Our people think it's a kill virus designed to shut down every piece of technology in the CIA and send us back to the god damn stone age. No terrorist watch lists, no mission archives, no communications abilities. Everything would be out in the open. If this thing is real, and it's deployed, it would crush the CIA.

STANLEY

Oh. Yeah, I guess that's not cool.

TIM GROSS

This chip was designed by a techno-terrorist Blood Rogue henchman named Hannibal Chan. Think fast --

Tim Gross throws a folder at Stanley. Stanley attempts to catch it, misses, juggles, and it falls onto the floor.

He slowly picks it up and looks at a mugshot of Hannibal Chan, glancing over the impressive rap sheet.

TIM GROSS

We had the chip hidden in a safe house. But guess what? Guess who got their dirty paws on it?

STANLEY

The Blood Rogues?

TIM GROSS

Very good, Stanley! A plus.

STANLEY

Thank you very much, sir.

TIM GROSS

They left twenty of our good men dead. A lot of blood, Stanley. There was a LOT of blood. The good news is, we currently have our best guy on it --

STANLEY

Agent 60?

TIM GROSS

Ladies and gentlemen, we've got a quick study over here.

(MORE)

TIM GROSS (CONT'D)
Agent 60 is tracking the Blood
Rogues and that precious chip
across Europe as we speak.

Tim Gross dramatically takes off his glasses and leans
forward across the desk.

TIM GROSS
What I'm about to tell you is
extremely dangerous information,
and only four people in the whole
wide world know about it. Mr.
President, The Director, myself,
and the recently deceased Doctor
Gomez... Now, before I dive in, I
want to remind you that under your
CIA contract there are a few
clauses about confidentially, you
talk to *ANYONE*, we take you out
back and shoot you, burn the body,
nobody ever knew you existed, that
sort of thing. One big delete
button. Understand?

Stanley nods, yes. *Gulp.*

TIM GROSS
Agent 60 is the best special
operative that the CIA has ever
seen, he has completed over forty
solo top-secret black ops missions,
has killed seventy seven enemies of
the state, and he single handedly
saved the world from nuclear
terrorism six times. He's a
living, breathing, red-blooded
American hero... Unfortunately, he
is also clinically insane. He is a
psychopathic schizophrenic with
multiple personality disorder.

STANLEY
(way too excited)
Ooooooooooh. How many?

TIM GROSS
What?

STANLEY
How many personalities does he
have?

TIM GROSS

Three... Three that we know about... This is where it gets tricky. Doctor Gomez was afraid that Agent 60 might have been developing a fourth, malevolent personality. And now we are beginning to suspect that there is some truth to that theory.

STANLEY

The White Rabbit Theory.

TIM GROSS

Precisely.

Stanley raises his hand, like he's in class.

STANLEY

I have a question.

TIM GROSS

Go ahead, Stanley.

STANLEY

I'm sorry, I'm just a little confused... Why are you telling me all of this?

Tim Gross pauses, looking over to The Director.

CIA DIRECTOR

Give him the good news.

TIM GROSS

Well, Stanley, we're telling you all of this because we want you to join Agent 60 in Europe. You imbed yourself with Agent 60, you identify and analyze if the Fourth Personality exists and whether or not it is a threat to national security, and then you come home.

Stanley looks at Tim, absolutely horrified. In less than a second, his face loses all of it's color. Stanley heaves forward and vomits all over the table.

TIM GROSS

Jesus, man! Get a hold of yourself.

CIA DIRECTOR

Hold on to your lunch, kid. It gets better.

Stanley wipes his mouth clean.

STANLEY

This has to be a mistake. Me? I'm a psycho-analyst, I work in an an office, I h-have never touched a gun, I have fourteen allergies, I have flat feet, I have poor vision -- I-I don't even... I don't even know where to begin to explain how unqualified I am for this mission --

TIM GROSS

Well, let me explain to you why you are the only person qualified for this mission.

Stanley dry heaves.

TIM GROSS

Are you finished?

STANLEY

(embarrassed)

I, I can't say for sure.

TIM GROSS

Doctor Grant Gomez was Agent 60's go to psycho analyst. Gomez could help him unpack and reset after a mission unlike anyone else. You, Stanley M. Thackery, are the sole protege of Doctor Grant Gomez, he was a mentor to you and he taught you everything that he knew. Gomez had the most intimate knowledge of Agent 60's brain out of anyone in the United States government, and he is the man who was researching the White Rabbit Theory. If he was alive, we would have sent him, but as you know, he is dead, and you are our last resort.

Stanley is shaking at just the thought.

STANLEY

I c-can't. It's just not possible. I can't even get on an airplane. I can't -- I just --

TIM GROSS

Okay, let me try and explain this to you in terms that you will understand. You, you are Frodo, the midget hobbit, okay? And your real-life Gandalf just got brutally murdered by some dickheads. Are you going to run back to the fucking shire, Stan? Or are you going to go out into the world, be a fuckin' man for once, and help find the son of a bitch that killed Doctor Gomez?

Stanley starts to dry-heave again.

Tim Gross reaches across the table and grabs Stanley by the shirt-collar.

TIM GROSS

Sack up, Thackery! You are hauling ass across the Atlantic, and you are not letting Agent 60 out of your sight until you make a professional and scientific diagnosis, do you understand me, young man?

STANLEY

I'm sorry, excuse me. I need to --

Stanley sprints out of the room and down the hallway.

The CIA Director lets out a long, droning whistle, resembling the sound of a plane crashing.

CIA DIRECTOR

(JFK Bostonian accent)

*... And so, my fellow Americans,
ask not what your country can do
for you -- ask what you can do for
your country...*

INSERT: GLOBAL MAP. A thick red dotted line travels from Washington, D.C. across the Atlantic, headed towards London, England.

INT. PRIVATE GOVERNMENT JET - FLYING OVER THE ATLANTIC

A bright orange goldfish swims around in a plastic bag.

Stanley sits alone, staring out of the window as a golden sunset pours inside the cabin.

His Discman spins some 90's pop music into his earphones.

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT taps Stanley on his shoulder, and he removes his headphones.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
(British)
More coffee, Mister Thackery?

STANLEY
Yes, please.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Cream and sugar, right?

Stanley gives her a thumbs up, then he looks at her silver NAME TAG -- ANGELA

STANLEY
Thanks, Angela.

ANGELA smiles and walks to the back of the plane, behind the service curtain.

Stanley turns the VOLUME UP on his Discman and zones out to the 90's music, staring out into the blue ocean below.

AUDIO NOTE: Intercut the 90's pop song on Stanley's Discman, with clear cut action/outer noise.

Behind Stanley, the trap door in the floor begins to wiggle, then it pops open.

Three black-clad BLOOD ROGUES silently slip out of the storage hull.

They pull TRANQUILIZER GUNS out of their holsters.

ONE of them moves behind the flight attendant curtain, while TWO OTHERS approach Stanley --

Stanley is clueless, bobbing his head along with the music.

The Rogues aim their tranq guns at Stanley, their fingers on the triggers --

A Rogue goes FLYING across the cabin.

They turn, confused --

Angela emerges from behind the service curtain, she shoves the DRINK CART down the aisle towards them --

It rolls fast and hard, slamming into the Rogues, breaking bones, and sending them to the ground.

She jumps on top of one and punches him in the THROAT, then the BALLS, then the THROAT, then the BALLS again. He's done.

One of the Rogues has moved to the front of the plane, he is trying to gain access to the pilot cockpit! He pulls out a MINI BLOWTORCH and goes to work on the lock.

The other Rogue gains his footing and pulls out two SWORDS.

He's all that stands between Angela and this entire plane going down and she knows it.

Hidden behind Angela's back, there is a COFFEE POT, and that coffee pot is filled with a boiling hot dark roast...

The Rogue waves his swords -- *Come and get it.*

Angela starts to run towards The Rogue, he readies his swords and charges --

Angela stops short and fastballs the BOILING HOT COFFEE POT right into the Rogue's head --

It shatters glass and sprays boiling hot coffee all over his face, burning through the balaclava mask --

He cries out, grabbing his face, writhing on the ground --

Angela picks up one of his swords, she stops, looking at Stanley, who is STILL completely oblivious to this entire fucking shitshow, and she shakes her head in disappointment.

Then her eyes shift towards the cockpit door --

It's wide open, it's been breached --

The entire plane shifts into a DOWNWARD PLUNGE as Angela sprints towards the cabin --

There is chaotic beeping and a "May Day" automated messaging repeating over the loud speaker.

Yellow oxygen masks drop down from the ceiling.

Stanley suspiciously stares at the one dangling in front of his face.

He reaches out and looks at it, then he looks across the plane and sees that they have all been released --

He looks out of the window, and sees the ocean rapidly approaching --

STANLEY

What on earth?

Then he sees the disposed of mercenaries, writhing around on the ground --

And then, finally, he takes his headphones off --

The mechanical drone of engine failure screams throughout the cabin.

STANLEY

(rising panic)

Excuse me? Anyone? Hello?

ANGELA

(yelling from the cockpit)

Just a second!

The sharp swing of a blade. Blood sprays out across the door.

Angela comes walking down the aisle.

Everything in Stanley's eyes slows down and begins to sparkle like a hazy, warm dream. This could be love at first sight.

Then everything snaps BACK TO NORMAL --

ANGELA

They pilot is dead, they destroyed the landing gear, and they torched the computers --

She sinks the sword into the coffee pot Rogue, just to be safe.

STANLEY

Who are you?!?!?

ANGELA

Angela Broadberry. MI-6. I'm your international escort. I'm supposed to bring you to Agent 60 safe and sound... You're welcome, by the way.

STANLEY

Thank you? Are they dead?

ANGELA

Those two are...

She sinks the sword into the last squirming Rogue, and twists the blade.

ANGELA

Now that one is.

Stanley's eyes are wide, in shock.

ANGELA

We're going to have to jump. You have any airborne parachuting experience?

STANLEY

Nope. Nope. Nope. No I do not, no ma'am. I don't just, I can't just jump out of -- WHAT IS HAPPENING RIGHT NOW?!

Angela is busting open the above head storage spaces, pulling out PARACHUTE GEAR, AIRBORNE OXYGEN MASKS, and FLOTATION DEVICES.

ANGELA

They are Blood Rogues. You're a CIA operative. Do the math.

STANLEY

(oh no)

Blood Rogues? Me? What? No? What?

ANGELA

Yes. You. They are terrorists and enemies of the free world. If we don't jump, they win. We can't let them win, can we Stanley?

STANLEY

No?

ANGELA

Here. Put this on.

She shoves a parachute into his chest. She looks at her watch.

ANGELA

Forty-two seconds.

STANLEY

I'm going to be sick --

ANGELA

No you are not. Listen to your
Discman. Bring the Goldfish.
Focus.

STANLEY

How do you --

ANGELA

I read your file. I know all about
you, Stanley. Now do as I say, or
we both die.

Stanley zips up his belongings, including the Goldfish, into
his backpack. Then he gears up.

Parachute. Check. Goggles. Check. Oxygen mask. Check.
Flotation Device. Check. Barf Bag. Check.

STANLEY

Jeeez, Louise. This is not okay.
This is not okay. This is not
OKAY...

(wheezing breaths)

Holy Mary, Mother of God. Pray for
us Sinners now and at the hour of
our death, Amen.

Angela guides Stanley towards the EMERGENCY DOOR.

ANGELA

Now. When I open this door, all of
the air is going to get sucked out
of the cabin, that includes us.
Okay? You close your eyes and you
count to ten and you pull your
parachute. Okay?

Stanley nods. He's shaking. He might be peeing a little
bit, but we can't see that.

ANGELA

Hold on to your Goldfish!

Angela pulls the EMERGENCY LEVER and Stanley goes flying out
of the plane and into the air.

He screams in absolute panic and shock, spinning around in
the air.

He counts to ten as fast as humanly possible and he pulls the release cord. A bright yellow parachute flutters to life.

INT. THE MOST EXPENSIVE HOTEL IN LONDON - PENTHOUSE

Darkness. Someone is screaming. There is a muffled struggle. A splashing. A gagging. A brutal coughing.

Stanley breathes heavy underneath a black hood.

TANGO (O.S.)
Where is the Happy Chip, god damn it! Speak now or you get another gin bath, you worthless bastard!

STANLEY
Hello? Anyone? Can you take this thing off of my face?

ANGELA (O.S.)
Tango. He's awake.

TANGO (O.S.)
Well, welcome dear old Stanley to the Geneva convention.

Angela rips the hood off of Stanley's disheveled face.

Stanley begins to regain focus --

There are audacious gold walls, marble floors and a crystal chandelier. Classical music spins on a record player.

AGENT 60 is opening a fresh bottle of gin, wearing a black designer suit with slicked back hair. He looks like a Ken Doll who likes to shoot steroids and pick bar fights.

As Stanley's focus builds, he sees that Agent 60 is standing over a bound and gagged BLOOD ROGUE, waterboarding him with bottom-shelf booze.

CALL SIGN: TANGO

SKILLS: Tradecraft. Language (he speaks twelve). Women. Confidence. Cocktail Mixology. Impersonations. Infiltration. Women. Karate. Kung-Fu. Wrestling. Paratrooper. SCUBA. Women.

TANGO
Stanley M. Thackery?

STANLEY
Yes?

TANGO

My name is Tango AKA Agent 60. I am a spy for the Central Intelligence Agency. As I understand it, you were sent here to rendezvous with me?

Tango pours more gin into the towel, over the Blood Rogues face. The Blood Rogue struggles and screams.

STANLEY

That's, uh, correct. Is he okay?

Tango reloads the gin, shoves his knee into the Rogue's chest.

TANGO

He's fine! A little Beefeater never hurt anybody. So, you're a psycho analyst? One of Doctor Gomez's people?

STANLEY

Yup, that's me.

TANGO

What happened to Gomez? Why didn't they send him? Is he all right?

STANLEY

Oh, uh, they didn't tell you?

TANGO

Tell me what?

STANLEY

Doctor Gomez is no longer with us.

TANGO

That son of a bitch finally retired! Good for him!

Tango douses the Rogue again. The Rogue chokes and screams.

STANLEY

He was murdered.

Tango stops and turns, shocked and upset.

TANGO

My god... Angela, darling. Did you hear about this?

Angela is over by the bar, shaking two shakers full of martini mix.

ANGELA

It's a tragedy. He was such a nice man.

TANGO

Who killed him? The man was like a father to me and I find it more than necessary to carry out some revenge in his honor.

STANLEY

The guy at the CIA says it was the Blood Rogues, a new terrorist organiz --

TANGO

(to the Blood Rogue)

You hear that you son of a bitch!

(To Stanley)

We'll make them pay, Stanley. Worry not. I've been quite the pain in their ass as of late. These bastards put a ten million dollar bounty on my head. That's a little bit of a low-ball if you ask me. I killed five in Prague last Thursday. A dozen in Paris, the day before last. Two yesterday... Kidnapped this one this morning.

ANGELA

I killed three on the plane.

Angela tosses Tango a freshly loaded martini shaker.

TANGO

Bravo, Angela! Well done. Now if we can just get this son of a bitch to talk, we might be able to get a lead on that --

STANLEY

Happy Chip?

TANGO

Very good, Stanley. We might turn you into CIA material yet.

STANLEY

I am in the CIA.

TANGO

Oh, right. Well, you know what I mean.

Tango winks at Stanley, then makes another pour of the martini's.

TANGO

Last chance, anarchist! Tell me when the exchange is taking place!

But then something happens, Tango stops, mid pour --

Agent 60 looks different now, completely disparate body language -- *harder bite, sunken shoulder, slight limp, he speaks with a growl.*

Agent 60 throws the martini shaker against the wall, gin sprays everywhere. He turns and scowls at Stanley.

Agent 60 has switched personalities...

CALL SIGN: MONK

SKILLS: Wet Work. Dirty Work. Torture. Close Quarters Combat. Endurance. Strength. Profanity. Weapons expert. Assassin. Alcoholic. Asshole.

MONK

Hello, shrink.

Monk takes his jacket off and rolls up his sleeves. He stomps over to Stanley and gets inches from his face.

STANLEY

I, uh, Mister, I, uh, I'm Stanley M. Thackery --

MONK

Shut the fuck up and listen. And you listen good. We don't want you. We don't like you. And we don't need you. We have work to do and you're just going to get in the way. My head is one hundred and ten percent, got it?

STANLEY

One hundred and ten percent is actually not a real number.

Monk just stares at Stanley, thinking about all of the bones he could break. Stanley postures, trying to be brave.

STANLEY

(petrified)

I have b-been authorized... I have
been... I h-have been
authorized...

ANGELA

(saving the day)

Stanley M. Thackery has been
authorized to require analytical
sessions every eight hours, in
order to make a full assessment of
your mental health and report back
to Langley. If you impede his
mission, I will be forced to alert
your handler, Tim Gross, and he
will in turn pull you from active
duty.

Monk warms to Angela, he actually likes her.

MONK

I wasn't talking to you, was I,
Angie?

ANGELA

Just... Play nice.

MONK

Oh come on, I don't know how.

STANLEY

Doctor Gomez spoke very highly of
you, the little he did... speak of
you...

Monk turns back to Stanley, scowling.

MONK

That's cute. How heartwarming.
I'm just bubbling over with joy.
My heart might explode... I barely
trusted Gomez. You think I trust
you? He was a quack. And if he
was a quack, I don't know what you
are... A jellyfish.

STANLEY

I'm sorry, I don't understand the
reference --

MONK

Jellyfish don't got no spine.

ANGELA

Monk...

MONK

Hold on a second. I was in the middle of something...

Monk stomps over to the Blood Rogue, cracking his knuckles, he winds up and delivers an epic melee of haymakers to the Rogue's ribcage. Bones break in a brutal symphony.

The Blood Rogue screams out as his body jolts around like a rag doll.

Monk grabs the Blood Rogue by the neck and barks in his ear.

MONK

The next thing that breaks is your spine, and you spend the rest of your life in a wheel chair, shitting into a plastic bag. I'm not the nice guy anymore, the nice guy left and he isn't coming back. Tell me where I can find the chip.

The Blood Rogue has pissed himself. Urine runs down his leg.

His mouth tries to form words from underneath the gin-soaked waterboarding towel.

BLOOD ROGUE NO. 5

Th-th-the-there's a p-party at Oleg Peravinko's castle in the Swiss Alps. The Ch-chip will be there... So w-will Caesar...

MONK

Caesar is going to be there? Beautiful.

Monk growls, happy. He punches the Blood Rogue out cold.

STANLEY

(to Angela)

Who is Caesar?

ANGELA

The leader of the Blood Rogues.

Monk walks by both of them, rubbing his knuckles.

MONK

I'm ready for analysis, shrink.

STANLEY
Is he always like this?

ANGELA
Just be grateful you're on the same
team.

**INT. THE MOST EXPENSIVE HOTEL IN LONDON - PENTHOUSE -
MOMENTS LATER**

The Goldfish sits in it's plastic bag on a table.

Stanley sits in a chair, observing Monk, who is laying on a
couch.

Stanley's bright red TAPE RECORDER spins in circles. He sets
an alarm on his wrist watch to go off every eight hours.

STANLEY
Good. That's good. Now what I
would like you to do is focus on
the Goldfish.

MONK
What?

STANLEY
The Goldfish. I want you to direct
all of your focus onto the
Goldfish.

MONK
Okay...

STANLEY
That's good. That's good. Now I
want you to focus on the scales of
the Goldfish, can you do that for
me?

Monk's eyes are locked in on the fish.

MONK
(zonked)
Yes...

STANLEY
Good, now I want you to find one
scale, and I want you to look into
it, look behind it, look around it,
picture it alone on a flat, empty
space...

MONK
(zonked)
Yes...

Stanley stares into Monk's eyes, waiting for something...

Stanley **snaps his fingers** and **claps his hands**.

Monk's eyes *rollllll* into the back of his head, big time. He enters a state of full on hypnosis.

STANLEY
Monk, can you hear me?

MONK
(zonked)
Yes.

STANLEY
Good. I have a few, *personal*, questions that I want to ask you. Is that all right?

MONK
(zonked)
Yes.

STANLEY
Good. You have three individual split personalities, is that correct?

MONK
Yes...

STANLEY
Call signs: Monk, Tango and Squid?

MONK
Yes...

STANLEY
Is there a dominant personality?

MONK
No...

STANLEY
Would you say that you have control over these personalities? Can you switch personalities on command?

MONK
No... I have no control...

STANLEY

You are aware of each other? You share knowledge? You see what the others see?

MONK

Yes...

STANLEY

Are you friendly with one another? Or do you spend most of your time in conflict?

MONK

We are like brothers.

STANLEY

These alternate personalities spawned after the accident?

MONK

I don't like to talk about it.

STANLEY

How old were you?

MONK

I don't like to talk about it.

STANLEY

In the past six months, would you say that your condition has improved or degraded?

MONK

I feel alone. I feel like I'm on a deserted island...

Stanley looks up from his notepad, sad.

STANLEY

Have you ever conspired or committed a treasonous act against the United States of America?

MONK

No...

STANLEY

Red Rover, Red Rover. Send Tango on over.

Then Stanley **snaps his fingers and claps his hands.**

Agent 60, now in the form of TANGO stirs on the couch, rubbing his head and eyes, confused.

TANGO

My god. What happened? Did I...
Did I pass out?

Stanley stares at his Goldfish, smiling...

STANLEY

Yes, uh, you fell asleep.
Sometimes that, uh, happens with my
patients. I've been told I'm very
boring. I'm working on it.

Tango shakes his head, trying to wake up out of this daze.
He finds Angela watching them, icing her hands.

TANGO

(yawning)
Angela, darling, let's get Stanley
here ready for tonight. I get the
feeling he's going to need quite a
dramatic make-over.

STANLEY

What's tonight?

ANGELA

We've got a hot date with some
terrorists and a computer chip.

Stanley's eyes go wide, scared.

STANLEY

Oh no. Ohhhhhh no. I can stay
here. I have work to do. I can
guard the fort.

ANGELA

Believe it or not, Stanley. Out
there, on a mission, you might just
come in handy.

ENTER -- THE PORNOGRAPHIC SECRET AGENT MONTAGE

NOTE: Not actual pornography, but so much sleek and sexy spy
imagery that you may feel sexually aroused. And that's okay
if you feel that way. Embrace that.

SIR FRANCIS BAKER'S TAILOR SHOP

Old-time British TAILORS custom fit Stanley and Agent 60 with new threads.

Tango and Stanley both stand in tailored suits, looking in full mirrors.

ANGELA (V.O.)
Our mission is simple: acquire the
Happy Chip. Infiltrate,
impersonate and buy.

Tango looks dapper in a brand new tuxedo. He adjusts his Rolex. Presses a button. A DART flies out into a mannequin.

Stanley has actually been dressed like a butler. He looks confused.

Angela adjusts Stanley's ascot, dusting off his shoulders.

LADY ESMERELDA'S SHAKESPEAREAN COSTUME SHOP

An OLD WOMAN walks them through a shop filled with Halloween masks, wigs, costumes...

They find a giant glass wall filled with high-quality prosthetics, fake noses, fake teeth, colored contacts, etc.

The old lady fits Tango with a giant fake nose.

ANGELA (V.O.)
The only issue is that the Blood
Rogues want Agent 60's head on a
silver platter, so Agent 60 will be
under cover as the potential buyer
Henri Montague the III, a member of
the Swiss Royal family.

CIA BLACK SITE - PRISON CELL

The real Henri Montague the III sits in a jail cell watching a cartoon, eating popcorn.

He has a giant nose, just like Agent 60 is going to wear.

DEUTSCHE BANK - LONDON

A handsome BANKER leads Angela, Tango and Stanley down a long hall towards a hyper-secure bank vault.

ANGELA (V.O.)
Peravinko is under the impression
that he is making the introduction
between Caesar and Montague,
playing middle man and collecting a
finder's fee.

DEUTSCHE BANK - INSIDE THE BANK VAULT

Stacks of foreign cash are loaded into a leather bag.

ANGELA (V.O.)
Stanley, you will act as Henri's
valet. Montague speaks Russian,
and most of the party will speak
the language as well, so this is a
job only fit for Tango.

LUDWIG'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF SWEET'S CANDY STORE

After hours. Angela, Tango and Stanley walk through aisles
of lollipops and chocolate towards a back room.

ANGELA (V.O.)
One last thing... The Blood Rogues
are very, very dangerous. And if
they sense for a second that you
are working for the CIA, they will
not hesitate to execute you and
everyone in the room... In turn,
we have been authorized by the
United States Government to use
deadly force if necessary.

Angela enters a code into a keypad.

SUPER SECRET CIA STORAGE ROOM

Sleek. Metallic. From the future.

STANLEY (V.O.)
So, Angela, what are you going to
be doing?

ANGELA (V.O.)
Oh me? I'll be providing an
extremely loud and overly dramatic
distraction so we can escape.

Automated drawers begin to slide open and present a menagerie
of weapons --

Remington 870, a M60, an Uzi, a Beretta 92, an M1014 Benelli, a Strela 2, a Minigun, a M79 grenade launcher, a Franchi SPAS-12, a Model 24 Stielhandgranate, a Smith & Wesson Model 686, a Ruger Blackhawk, a Desert Eagle, Heat-Seaking Missiles, Katanas, Nun-Chucks, Fourth of July Grade Fireworks, Brass Knuckles, Baseball Bats, Cherry Bombs, and a Butterfly Knife.

Stanley's eyes go wide in panic. He starts to shake his head. This is not cool.

Angela starts loading massive bricks of C-4 PLASTIC and 4TH OF JULY FIREWORKS into a duffel bag, smiling.

Agent 60 picks out a tactical selection of ordnance. Stanley bites his nails, shaking his head.

INSERT: GLOBAL MAP. A thick red dotted line travels from London, England, headed towards Zurich, Switzerland.

INT. THE CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - THE WAR ROOM

An ominous digital clock countdown -- 5, 4, 3, 2, 1...

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

The door pops open and a heaping bag of steaming popcorn sits there. A hand reaches inside and grabs it.

Tim Gross sits down at a conference table, dumping the popcorn into a bowl.

Then he reaches below the table and pulls out two bottles of Budweiser, twisting off the caps, he drinks one and hands the other to the Director who is still on his phone.

TIM GROSS

You're worse than my daughter with that thing. You're like a god damn millennial, you know that? What is it? Instagram? Facebook? Candy Crush? Tinder?

CIA DIRECTOR

I'm reading e-mails. Got the President so far up my ass about this thing I feel like he's juggling my tonsils.

TIM GROSS

Thank you for that visual.

The CIA Director looks up from his phone.

CIA DIRECTOR

Why don't you put a sir on the end of it?

TIM GROSS

Thank you for that visual, sir.

CIA DIRECTOR

This Stanley kid better get the job done, Mein Fuhrer wants an answer by 0600.

TIM GROSS

How's that song go again? Don't worry, be happy?

CIA DIRECTOR

Don't bring that peace and love bullshit up in here, Tim. Don't do it. You know how I feel about hippies.

Tim rolls his eyes and turns his attention to the WALL OF SCREENS. They are filled with various feeds, flying over snow-capped mountains.

TIM GROSS

Here we go, it's show time... Sir.

Tim offers the Director the bowl of popcorn. The Director takes a handful and throws it into his mouth.

EXT. THE SWISS ALPS - NIGHT

A dozen super-stealthy drones zoom through the air towards a well lit castle, tucked away on the top of a mountain crest.

They split in different directions, giving way to --

A black SUV. Speeding up a winding, snowy road towards the gate.

INT. BLACK LIVERY SUV - 50 MPH

Angela is strapping PLASTIC C-4 EXPLOSIVES and WEAPONS-GRADE FIREWORKS to the inside of her dress. She takes a LIPSTICK TUBE, unscrews the top, revealing a DETONATOR.

Tango is in his full Montague costume, and it looks perfect. Ridiculous, but perfect. A regal monarchical suit, adorned with war metals and of course, the prosthetic face.

ANGELA
Zip me up?

TANGO
With pleasure.

Tango zips up the back of her dress.

ANGELA
How do I look?

TANGO
Stunning, as usual.

ANGELA
No, the charges?

TANGO
Undetectable, darling...
(Russian)
How's my Russian?

ANGELA
Perfect.

Stanley sits there, in his butler tuxedo, with his Discman headphones in, playing music, meditating/panicking.

The SUV slows down as they approach a massive stone pillar entrance.

There are half a dozen ARMED GUARDS waiting at the entrance, one of them approaches the SUV.

Tango rolls the window down and leans his head outside. An ugly GUARD is waiting for him, his arms slung over his AK-47.

GUARD
(Russian)
Name and Invitation?

Tango produces Henri's stolen invitation, smiling.

TANGO
(Russian)
Here you are, sir. My name is
Henri Montague the III.

The Guard points a small device at Tango's prosthetic face. A series of red lasers shoot out and analyze for facial recognition -- the read out blinks GREEN.

GUARD
(Russian)
Enjoy the party, Mister Montague.

The Guard swirls his hand around in the air, the gates slowly begin to open, giving way to an Elizabethan castle, a monstrosity of stone and stained glass.

INT. PERAVINKO'S SWISS ALPS CASTLE - ATRIUM

Hundreds of well dressed men and women. Black-tie formal. Gold ceilings. Mural paintings. Opera music.

The intersection of high-class and Euro-trash. Russian oligarchs chat up Ukrainian hookers. Champagne in the halls, cocaine in the bathrooms.

Agent 60 is doing a full scan of the room, assessing and analyzing.

ANGELA
You look very handsome tonight,
Stanley.

This is literally the first time in Stanley's life that a woman has complimented his appearance.

He blushes. Fire Engine red.

STANLEY
Oh, uh, thank you? You look nice,
uh hot, uh beautiful, uh --

Angela smiles, almost charmed at his awkwardness.

ANGELA
Keep an eye on 60. He needs you.
And I, need to go plant some
explosives in some very strategic
places.

Angela kisses Stanley on the cheek. Then she points to her watch.

ANGELA
Stick to the plan, Stan. See you
on the other side. Good luck.

Stanley gives her a thumbs up, seeing stars. He watches her walk away in a slow-motion dream.

He snaps out of it when Monk open palm smacks Stanley upside the head.

MONK

Do you know Russian, jellyfish boy?

STANLEY

No. Why? Jellyfish Boy? Wait.
Monk?

MONK

Yeah. It's me. Tango is the only
one who can speak Ruskie. So we've
got a small problemo here.

STANLEY

Oh no. This is bad. This is
really bad, isn't it?

MONK

Could be worse. One time I was in
Jakarta falling off a fifty story
building with no parachute, rebels
shooting at me all the way down --

STANLEY

I have an idea.

MONK

Don't.

STANLEY

What?

MONK

Don't have ideas. Let me handle
this. I'm the professional,
you're... I don't know what you
are...

OLEG PERAVINKO approaches them through the crowd, he is short
and portly. A red face, and bald head. Beads of sweat/vodka
pour out of him.

NOTE/REMINDER: Oleg ONLY speaks in RUSSIAN.

MONK

Shit. Here he comes.

A few intimidating GUARDS flank Oleg, toting AK-47s.

STANLEY

(whisper)

Monk... Look at me. I'm going to
try something...

MONK

What did I just say --

Stanley discreetly pulls the plastic bagged Goldfish out of his jacket pocket.

STANLEY

(whisper)

Focus on the Goldfish.

Monk watches as Oleg cuts through the crowd, waving drunkenly. Getting closer, and closer...

OLEG PERAVINKA

(Russian)

Henri! Henri! Over here!

In a moment of shared trust, Monk turns to Stanley, and stares at the Goldfish.

STANLEY

(whisper)

Red Rover, Red Rover, Send Tango on over... And 3, 2, 1....

Stanley **snaps his fingers and claps his hands.**

OLEG PERAVINKO

(Russian)

There you are! I thought you were hiding from me, Henri. I was wondering if you would show your ugly face around here!

Oleg walks up to Agent 60 and gives him a big, sweaty hug.

Stanley watches on, hopeful that his trick worked.

OLEG PERAVINKO

(Russian)

How was your ride in? Where is your wife?

Oleg stares at Agent 60, examining his face.

OLEG PERAVINKO

(Russian)

Henri? Are you okay, friend?

TANGO

(**Perfect Russian**)

My ugly face? Look in a mirror you Russian pig.

Stanley smiles wide and bright eyed. It worked! He gives Tango a thumbs up. Tango slyly winks back at Stanley.

Oleg boils, embarrassed.

OLEG PERAVINKO

(Russian)

Russian Pig? Do you know what happened to the last man that insulted me?

TANGO

(Russian)

You married her?

Oleg gives "Henri" a suspicious death stare for a moment. Then his lips curl. He bursts out laughing.

So loud that some other people at the party stop what they are doing and stare at Oleg.

OLEG PERAVINKO

(Russian)

Henri, I don't remember you being so funny. Where did you pick up this sense of humor?

TANGO

(Russian)

The Gulag.

Oleg laughs even louder at this. He waves Henri off, and catches his breath.

OLEG PERAVINKO

(Russian)

Come, Henri. We have business to discuss and vodka to drink.

Tango nods, and walks with Oleg. Stanley follows, like a good valet should.

INT. PERAVINKO'S SWISS ALPS CASTLE - HALLS

Quiet here, away from the party. Giant tapestry paintings and statues line the hallway. They are flanked by Oleg's ARMED GUARDS and their AK-47's.

OLEG PERAVINKO

(Russian)

... I don't like this Caesar guy, I don't like the way he does business.

(MORE)

OLEG PERAVINKO (CONT'D)
Look, I know what we do here, I know what line of work I'm in, but there are rules. There is a code! A man with no code... Look, what I'm trying to say is, you can't trust a man like this... So I want to make sure we have some back up. My tombstone is not going to say -- Here lies Oleg Peravinko, the dead fuck who brought a knife to a gunfight. Understand?

Tango nods in agreement. Oleg turns towards a giant door and opens it, revealing a sleek elevator.

OLEG PERAVINKO
(Russian)
Down we go, my friends.

INT. PERAVINKO'S SWISS ALPS CASTLE - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Kenny G elevator music awkwardly plays. Nervous and claustrophobic, Stanley sweats profusely.

His eyes can't help but stare at the six, loaded AK-47s standing in the elevator with him.

The steel cage descends, deep below the house and into the mountain.

DING! The elevator comes to a halt. The door slides open, revealing a massive wet and cold cave...

INT. PERAVINKO'S SWISS ALPS CASTLE - UNDERGROUND CAVE

Catacombs inside the mountain. Pools of blue water.

There are GUARDS hidden behind rocks, snipers and machine gunners... Oleg isn't taking any chances.

They descend a set of stone stairs, down towards a blue pool.

A crew of BLOOD ROGUES stand in formation, waiting for Oleg.

Angela is on her knees, tied up with duct tape, writhing around in pain.

OLEG PERAVINKO
(Russian)
What is this? Where is Caesar? I was told I would get a face to face for this big of a deal.

A tall, thin MAN with slicked back hair comes walking out of the darkness wearing black military fatigues. Their leader, presumably CAESAR.

CAESAR

(Russian)

We found this one sneaking around your party. She's a spy. Thought you might like to keep her. My gift to you.

STANLEY

Oh no, Angela... We have to do something. She's in trouble!

Stanley looks up and Agent 60 seems *different*...

He is smiling wide, almost laughing. His fingers are twitching. Hyper-active/ADHD. He picks his nose.

CALL SIGN: SQUID

SKILLS: Computers. Cars. Grand Theft. Drugs. Bitcoin. Engines. Boats. Airplanes. Demolition. Destruction. Part time Dubstep DJ. Halo World Champion.

SQUID

What's up, bro? You ready to fuck some shit up?

STANLEY

Oh no...

SQUID

Oh yes...

STANLEY

Squid?

SQUID

Pleasure to meet you, brotato.

STANLEY

What are you doing? You're going to blow your cover. We need to save Angela.

SQUID

Bro. You do you. Let me do me. Okay? I'm gonna secret agent the shit out of this.

STANLEY

We're all gonna die! You idiot.

Squid looks down at his Rolex watch -- a camera screen, he zooms in and take pictures of Caesar.

A MICROSCOPIC DART goes flying out of the camera and into Caesar's neck. His watch uploads a DNA profile, and a TRACKING BEACON to the CIA.

SQUID
Got you, sucker.

Oleg peels the duct tape off of Angela's mouth.

OLEG PERAVINKO
(Russian)
Who are you working for,
sweetheart?

Angela spits in Oleg's fat face. He wipes it away in disgust and SLAPS her. Angela falls to the ground.

OLEG PERAVINKO
(Russian)
Tastes like MI-6...
(to Caesar)
I brought you what you asked for.
You brought the chip?

Caesar waves to the Blood Rogues, two of them step back, revealing the bright yellow SMILEY FACE CASE.

OLEG PERAVINKO
(Russian)
Low profile.

CAESAR
(Russian)
It came like that...

Squid's eyes go WIDE.

SQUID
Oh, baby. Check out that beautiful piece of machinery.

STANLEY
What? That box?

SQUID
That's not just a box, Stanley.
That's the Happy Chip...

Caesar and Oleg start to whisper closely.

CAESAR
(Russian)
Where is he? Where is Agent 60?

OLEG PERAVINKO
(Russian)
He's right over there.

Oleg taps his own nose with a finger.

Caesar's eyes scan the other side of the cave, landing on the extravagant and ridiculous Henri Montague III impersonator with the large nose.

CAESAR
(Russian)
The Swiss Prince?

OLEG PERAVINKO
(Russian)
The idiot in the bad Halloween costume. He's all yours.

Squid lets out a loud whistle. Everyone stares at him. Stanley nudges him again -- *Please, stop*

SQUID
(to Oleg and Caesar)
Secrets, secrets are no fun, unless you share with everyone.

STANLEY
Oh my god. Please. They will kill both of us! They'll kill Angela! What are you? Nuts?!

SQUID
Oh so now we're using derogatory terms to insult patients?

STANLEY
That's not what I meant, you're just acting VERY irrational right now!

Caesar looks at Agent 60, smiling.

CAESAR
The CIA's crown jewel... Agent 60...

The Blood Rogues and Oleg's guards all cock their guns and aim them at Stanley and Squid.

STANLEY

This is bad. This is soooo bad.

SQUID

Hold that thought, gotta deal with this fat fuck.

(to Oleg)

Olegggggg, you lied to me, bro. W-T-F? I thought we were tight, fam.

OLEG PERAVINKO

(**PERFECT FUCKING ENGLISH**)

I'm afraid we're all pawns in someone else's game, young man. That's what you get when you play with the big boys. You're in very high demand, Agent 60.

SQUID

He speaks English. Perfect effing English.

STANLEY

I think I'm having a heart attack.

SQUID

I think you're being soft, bro.

Squid turns and winks at Stanley. Stanley is clutching his chest, feeling his heart beat through his rib cage.

CAESAR

Seize him!

The Blood Rogues move in on Squid and Stanley in military formation. Stanley cowers behind Squid.

SQUID

(Stevie Wonder, to himself)

*Don't you worry 'bout a thing
Don't you worry 'bout a thing, mama
'Cause I'll be standing on the side
When you check it out...*

Squid rips open his jacket, revealing thick stacks of C-4 EXPLOSIVES wrapped around his chest. A suicide vest.

STANLEY

No...

A detonator trigger in his hands. Squid tosses it back and forth playfully.

The Blood Rogues back away cautiously, watching in terror.

SQUID

Now, I'm gonna need that bright
yellow mystery box. Ya feel me,
Broseph Stalin?

The Blood Rogues look for orders from Caesar.

CAESAR

You have no idea what kind of
mistake you are making, Agent 60.
Caesar will get you. Caesar will
make you pay.

(to Oleg)

No Agent 60, no deal.

OLEG PERAVINKA

Don't threaten me.

CAESAR

I'm not scared of some fat little
piggie.

SQUID

Oink! Oink!

Oleg boils, his fingers writhing around his cane, vodka
profusely sweating out of his body, his face gradually
turning red --

OLEG PERAVINKO

Don't let the American spy leave
alive! I will not be humiliated!

His Guards all train their guns on Stanley and Squid.

Oleg pulls on the top of his CANE and a small POCKET PISTOL
pops out. He aims it at Angela's head.

OLEG PERAVINKO

I know you're with them, bitch.
Now you can die with them.

STANLEY

Noooo! Angela!!! I love you!

Everyone stops, and stares at Stanley -- *What the fuck?*

Caesar whistles, and points. The Blood Rogues train their
guns on Oleg and his men.

CAESAR

I need Agent 60 alive. Lower your weapons.

OLEG PERAVINKO

You're despicable. No code. No spine. Just like the Americans.

Oleg grinds the pistol into Angela's cheek --

Oleg's men have Squid and Stanley in their scopes --

Squid's finger on the detonator --

Sweat beads dribble down foreheads --

Fingers flirt with triggers --

Breathing hyperfuckingventilating --

Hearts beat mucho rapido --

A batshit Mexican stand off --

Squid grabs his chest, then opens his mouth WIDE. Letting out a massive, bellowing, *"I just drank three cans of soda,"* BURP.

A Blood Rogue flinches!

His finger pulls the trigger!

The bullet whistles out and across the cave and into Oleg's chest!

Squid knocks Stanley to the ground --

Angela drops to the floor, hiding behind a rock --

A massive and bloody fire fight breaks out. Both sides shooting each other.

Deafening gun blasts. Blinding muzzle flashes. Gun smoke fills the cave. Shell casings rattle on the floor.

Angela goes to work on her duct tape bindings, she eyeballs the Smiley Face Case, and crawls towards it --

In just a matter of seconds -- EVERYONE IS DEAD...

It's quiet... then Squid starts to laugh like a mad man.

SQUID

Holy shit! That was crazy, man! I mean, did you see that. It was like, hey fuck you, and the other guy was like hey, no fuck you! And then I burped, and then they shot each other. Wow! I've never seen anything like that. That was, WOW! Cool.

Squid and Stanley slowly rise and cautiously approach the scene, stepping over bodies, moving through the smoke.

STANLEY

Angela? Are you okay? Where are you?

Just as Angela stands from the carnage, a siren blares! Red lights strobe throughout the cave.

ANGELA

That's our cue. Let's hit the slopes, boys.

She pulls out her LIPSTICK DETONATOR. Still intact. Ready.

SQUID

Welll, hellllo, babydoll.

Angela cracks her knuckles.

ANGELA

Call me babydoll again.

SQUID

(to Stanley)

She gets so... sensitive...

ANGELA

He's my least favorite... He's a child.

SQUID

(shouting after her)

Sick burn, Angela. Seriously, good one.

STANLEY

I'm sorry I said I love you. It slipped out. I don't, I don't even know what I was saying, I think it was the adrenaline, mixed with my medication.

(MORE)

STANLEY (CONT'D)

This might be a weird thing to say,
but, I, uh, I feel like I know you
from somewhere, you know? Like a
past life or something --

ANGELA

Oh yeah? From a past life or
something, huh?

A strange, heinous cackle erupts from a pile of bodies.

A figure rises in the shadows, sparks flying from his neck,
the prosthetic face of Caesar melting into a horror movie
mask --

CAESAR(???) IS ALIIIIIVE! He reaches at his own face and
peels back the fake skin, revealing --

The scrawny, stoned Chinese teenager. HANNIBAL CHAN!

HANNIBAL CHAN

Silly American! Chips are for
kids. Hehehehehe. Caesar tell me
to tell you to go eat big bag of
dicks, bro.

He drops several smoke grenades that explode in a hippie tie-
dye swirl and Hannibal disappears with the Smiley Face Case.

SQUID

Hannibal MOTHERFUCKING Chan!

A dozen fresh Blood Rogues storm through the smoke.

ANGELA

Move it, Stanley!

Machine guns discharge, blasting down the rocky hallway.

INT. PERAVINKO'S SWISS ALPS CASTLE - CAVE HALL

Angela sprints ahead of Stanley down the dark hallway.
Gunshots and muzzle flares illuminate the darkness behind
them.

STANLEY

(to himself)

Please don't shoot me. Please
don't shoot me. Please don't shoot
me.

A figure comes sprinting from behind them, five times faster.

It's Monk, he rips the rest of the prosthetic mask off of his face. He starts running backwards, watching Stanley struggle and wheeze.

MONK

Come on, loser! Stop lollygagging
and pick up the pace. We've got
forty plus bad guys on our ass.
They are armed to teeth and they
want your heart! Knees to chest,
boy. Show me what you're made of!

Then Monk sprints off, leaving Stanley and Angela in the dust.

INT. PERAVINKO'S SWISS ALPS CASTLE - THE GONDOLA

An old school gondola system juts out from a man-made opening in the face of the mountain.

The drop is sharp. Three hundred feet down.

Monk sits there, smoking a cigar, loading an AK-47, his feet propped up on the stacked bodies of two dead GUARDS.

Angela comes running out of the darkness, out of breath.

MONK

Stanley?

ANGELA

I don't know. You don't see him?

MONK

Stanley?!? You dead yet?

His voice echoes off into the caved hallway.

Gunshots reverberate back at him. Followed by silence.

Monk stands curiously. Then with a dash of concern.

MONK

Shit...

Monk looks down the hallway, just more silence.

MONK

Stanley? Buddy? You okay down
there?

Gunshots echo throughout the hallway, followed by a series of muzzle flashes --

Illuminating the hallway and Stanley (STILL ALIVE!) in a full sprint, full sweat, giving it everything he's got --

Monk smiles for a brief moment, then he hides it. He tosses his cigar and moves inside the gondola, Angela follows.

INT. GONDOLA - CONTINUOUS

Rickety, old school, aluminum. The beginnings of a blizzard whip snow and wind through the high altitude air.

MONK

The little son of a bitch did it!
Come on, loser. Get in.

Angela smiles, checks her watch, and pulls out her LIPSTICK TUBE DETONATOR.

ANGELA

We're running behind schedule.

MONK

It's his fault.

Monk places his hand on the controls, revving the engine --

Stanley dives inside the gondola, just as bullets spray across the glass!

The gondola swings off the ledge, out over the snowy mountainside --

Stanley is breathing hard, on the verge of a heart attack, but he has a giant smile on his face.

MONK

What are you smiling about? You
almost got us killed. Taking your
sweet goddamn time back there.

Guards line the edge of the cliff. They are emptying and reloading their machine guns.

STANLEY

You called me buddy.

Angela smiles to herself.

MONK

(embarrassed)

What? No. No I didn't.

STANLEY
Yeah, yeah you did.

MONK
No, I didn't.

STANLEY
Yes, you did.

MONK
No, I didn't.

STANLEY
Yes, you did.

MONK
No. I did not.

STANLEY
I know what I heard. I'm your
buddy.

MONK
Don't make me throw you off of this
thing.

STANLEY
Whatever you say... Buddy.

Angela and Monk catch each other's eyes. She tries to hide her laugh. Monk turns away, shields back up.

Then, the left side of the gondola DROPS! One of the two cable lines snaps. Four dozen bullets pepper the gondola.

Monk ducks down, gripping the AK-47. He pops open the clip, counts the rounds, pops it back in.

Stanley squints his eyes and stares off towards the castle.

He sees the guards, three of them have AXES and they are chopping away at the last CABLE...

STANLEY
Oh god, we're gonna die.

MONK
No. No we are not.

SLOW MOTION: Monk stands, aims, and kills every single guard with 100% perfect accuracy.

Monk blows smoke from the smoking hot barrel.

Stanley watches in wide-eyed awe.

CLOSE ON: The Last Gondola Cable. It's twisting and tearing, quick.

The gondola swings, jolting back and forth, up and down.

ANGELA

Stanley! Discman! Now!

Shaking, Stanley drops to the corner of the gondola, gripping his Discman, putting his headphones on, trying to meditate.

"I Believe I Can Fly" by R. Kelly plays --

Stanley screams the words out loud, like a desperate karaoke prayer.

STANLEY

I believe I can fly!
I believe I can touch the sky!
I think about it every night and
day! Spread my wings and fly away!
I believe I can soarrrr!
I see me running through that open
door! I believe I can flyyyy!

CLOSE ON: The Gondola Cable. Last tiny steel cable, straining and pulling and tearing and --

MONK

Okay, upon impact, tuck your knees
and roll forwards, and then you
might not break every bone in your
body. Copy?

STANLEY

What? No, no, no. No copy! No
copy! Come on!

Monk grabs Stanley and pushes him out of the gondola.

EXT. SWISS ALPS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Stanley screams all the way down.

He lands softly, dropping five feet under the snowy powder.
He can't move. It's just cold darkness.

ANGELA (O.S.)

Stanley??? You there?

Stanley mumbles for help with snow in his mouth.

Angela finds Stanley, stuck, she smiles at him and pulls him out.

ANGELA

Come on, let's get you out of here.

She clicks down on her LIPSTICK TUBE DETONATOR.

Behind her, the east wing of the castle begins exploding!

A myriad of C-4 explosives with Red, White and Blue fireworks. A novel and patriotic diversion as they escape.

INT. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - THE WAR ROOM

The table is littered with beer bottles. The popcorn is gone. Tim Gross is on his fifth cigarette. The CIA Director's jaw is on the floor.

A giant red telephone sits in the middle of the desk. It begins to ring.

The CIA Director and Tim Gross both look at each other, in fear. The Director picks up the phone, cautiously.

CIA DIRECTOR

Yes --

A series of profanity-laced, muffled sounds, that could only be described as vicious barks, come flying through the telephone.

The Director cowers meekly. Tim Gross averts his eyes. Then, there is a pause in the barking.

CIA DIRECTOR

No, Mister President. No... We we
have not confirmed --

More barks. Scorched earth. Hell on a telephone.

An ANALYST comes inside, hands Tim Gross a file, and then mouths -- "I'm sorry."

Tim opens the file and starts mouthing the word "fuck" repeatedly. He tosses the file onto the table and lights another cigarette.

CIA DIRECTOR

Yes, sir. Of course, sir. We will
get the information as soon as
possible.

(MORE)

CIA DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
I know it's of the utmost
importance to you. Of course, sir.

The CIA Director hangs the phone up.

CIA DIRECTOR
What? More bad news?

TIM GROSS
That wasn't "Caesar"... That was
Hannibal Chan in some FUCKING
HALLOWEEN COSTUME! Decoy fuck
stick motherfucking piece of shit!

Tim slams his fists down on the table. Then he throws the
folder against the wall. Papers flutter out across the room.

He picks up his chair and throws it across the table,
seething.

CIA DIRECTOR
How's that song go again? Don't
worry, be happy?

TIM GROSS
Don't start with me. Not now.
Sir.

CIA DIRECTOR
El Presidente is off his rocker
right now. He told me if we don't
get our hands on that chip he will
send us both on extended business
trips to Pyongyang. And not in
those words.

TIM GROSS
This whole mission is like if a
clusterfuck procreated with a
shitshow and birthed Damien from
The Omen.

CIA DIRECTOR
We need Stanley to move faster on
the analysis.

TIM GROSS
(losing it)
Stan... Stan the fuckin' man.

INT. CIA SAFE HOUSE - ALPHA ZULU GAMMA SITE

A sleek Swiss condo. Glass walls. Wood floors. Modern pop art everywhere. Squid leads Angela and Stanley through the halls, giving them a tour.

SQUID

I copped this crib off the web a week ago. Check this out -- Yo house! Play some rap music!

SMART HOUSE

Playing - 2 of Amerikaz Most Wanted, by Tupac.

"2 of Amerikaz Most Wanted" by Tupac feat. Snoop Dogg starts to play across the house.

SQUID

Where the beer at?

SMART HOUSE

There is a selection of craft, and import beer in the refrigerator upstairs. The beer has been chilled at a cool forty degrees.

SQUID

Pull up our tracking coordinates on the one and only, Hannibal Chan.

SMART HOUSE

Pulling up tracking coordinates on Hannibal Chan.

A wall illuminates into a screen. A global map. Tracking a small blinking icon heading towards Asia.

Squid turns to Stanley and Angela.

SQUID

Isn't this sick?

STANLEY

(I'm going to be sick)
Yeah... It's sick.

ANGELA

(to Squid)
Give us a minute.

Squid shrugs and wanders off.

Stanley collapses onto a couch, his head face down in a pillow, exhausted.

ANGELA

You okay?

STANLEY

(talking into the pillow)
Fiiine.

ANGELA

Stanley. You know you can talk to me, right? That's what I'm here for.

Stanley pops his head up out of the pillow.

STANLEY

(five years old)
Oh really? I thought you were just the secret agent that jumps out of planes and makes me do all of this stuff that I don't want to do.

ANGELA

The chip is the mission.

STANLEY

Well, maybe that's your mission, but *my mission* is to analyze Agent 60. Not almost die every five minutes.

ANGELA

You joined us during a particularly eventful few days. I get it. It's a lot. But we're almost done. Just hang in there a little bit longer for me. Can you do that?

STANLEY

I guess so.

ANGELA

Agent 60 needs you now more than you know.

STANLEY

He needs to take a chill pill. That's what he needs.

ANGELA

How are your sessions going?

STANLEY

Well, for starters, I think there is definitely something wrong with him --

ANGELA

Stanley.

STANLEY

Other than the torture, murder and general disregard for human life, I see Agent 60 as a fully functioning and capable American operative, with no signs of a treasonous or harmful personality.

ANGELA

Are you sure?

STANLEY

If I say yes, do I get to go home?

Angela just stares at him.

STANLEY

No, I'm not sure. I'm not positive. These are very difficult conditions for analysis. He should be state-side, in a facility, being monitored.

ANGELA

I know... Once we acquire the chip, we'll have more time to figure it all out... Do you really want to go home?

STANLEY

I don't think this... I don't think this life is for me... One of the guys at the office likes to call me a "waste of space," and that's kind of what I feel like here... I feel like a burden...

ANGELA

You're not a burden, Stanley. You're important to Agent 60, and you're important to me, okay. We need you.

Stanley nods, sulking, not sure if he believes her.

INT. CIA SAFE HOUSE - ALPHA ZULU GAMMA - HALLWAY - NIGHT

An open doorway glows at the end of a dark hallway.

Stanley is walking out of the kitchen in his pajamas with a glass of milk when he stops, noticing the blue light.

He slowly tip-toes towards the room.

INT. CIA SAFE HOUSE - ALPHA ZULU GAMMA - OP ROOM - CONT.

There are global maps, CIA mugshots of Blood Rogues, Hannibal Chan, and a few Smiley Face stickers. Surveillance photos of Tim Gross. Doctor Gomez. And Stanley!

A blurry picture of a man at a weapons deal, labelled -- CAESAR???

STANLEY

Wowwww. This is weird.

There are suitcases full of Russian cash. Invoices for liquid explosives. Bricks of C-4. An IED detonator.

Stanley reaches out towards the giant stack of folders labelled CONFIDENTIAL. He starts to leaf through them...

STANLEY

What the heck? Oh god, I should not be looking at this... Nope, definitely should not be looking at this...

Then he hears someone approaching, talking to someone on a phone in Russian.

Stanley quickly dips out of the room and disappears back to his bedroom.

INT. CIA SAFE HOUSE - ALPHA ZULU GAMMA SITE - BEDROOM

Stanley snores loudly. He stirs in bed, turning over.

There is a DARK FIGURE sitting there... Stanley jumps up, out of bed, panicked.

STANLEY

Please don't hurt me!

MONK

Good evening, sleeping beauty.

CLICK. A flashlight pops on, illuminating Monk's face, like he's telling a campfire horror story.

STANLEY

What the heck? Were you watching me sleep?

MONK

Maybe...

STANLEY

That's so weird, what is wrong with you!

MONK

A lot of things are wrong with me, Stanley. That's why you're here, remember? You're here to fix me.

STANLEY

I'm not, I'm not here to fix you, I'm here to analyze you.

MONK

Okay, witch doctor, whatever you like to call it...

STANLEY

What do you want?

MONK

I want you to tell me what happened back there.

STANLEY

What? Where? Back when? Who? What are you saying? Stop speaking in riddles.

Monk just stares at Stanley, trying to get a read on him.

MONK

You changed me... At the party... You changed me to Tango... I want you to tell me what that was...

STANLEY

It's experimental, I shouldn't have done it.

MONK

What was it?

STANLEY

Hypnosis... I'm really good at hypnosis.

MONK

What you did... I've never felt like that before. That was, like, ultimate power. I could feel it in my head. Like a TV remote. Like a light switch...

STANLEY

That's the point.

MONK

It was incredible... What is it? Gomez never did anything like that. Gomez never even said that was possible.

STANLEY

It's a theory that I've been working on since I was in medical school. I call it the Goldfish Effect. The theory, theoretically, it's a way to control multiple personality disorder...

MONK

A cure?

STANLEY

No. No... A control.

MONK

I need you to teach me how to do that...

STANLEY

When this is all over, I would be happy to.

Monk looks over at the Goldfish, the red tape recorder, then the Discman.

MONK

What's with the Discman?

STANLEY

Oh that? It's, uh, it calms me down. It reminds me of when I was a kid, before I... Before I had crippling anxiety and social issues...

(MORE)

STANLEY (CONT'D)

It's called Nostalgic Re-Association. Sensory reminders, in the form of music, images, scents, TV shows... They can bring you back to a certain, more tranquil time in your life, it's supposed to calm you down.

Monk nods, understanding.

STANLEY

Do you have anything like that?
Something that calms you down?

Monk hardens.

MONK

No...

He stands and heads for the door.

MONK

Good night, Stanley.

STANLEY

Good night, Buddy.

INT. CIA SAFE HOUSE - ALPHA ZULU GAMMA - LIVING ROOM

A big yawn, as Stanley walks out into the living room, noticing his bags are all packed and sitting by the door.

Outside, he sees a yellow TAXI CAB waiting for him.

Squid and Angela stand at the kitchen counter, monitoring the TRACKING DEVICE on the giant screen.

STANLEY

What's this? What's going on?

SQUID

Hannibal Chan is in Hong Kong.

STANLEY

We're taking a taxi to Hong Kong?

ANGELA

No, Stanley. I have some good news. I talked everything over with Langley and you're being pulled from duty.

STANLEY

What? Why?

ANGELA

Our conversation last night...
Isn't this what you wanted?

STANLEY

I... I don't know what to say...
I just didn't think you would... I
thought you said you needed me?

Stanley puts his head down, accepting this defeat. He looks out at the yellow taxi cab.

SQUID

No offense bro, but we can't afford
to carry the dead weight. You feel
me?

He starts to shake his head, something builds inside of him, looking at Agent 60 suspiciously.

STANLEY

No. Actually, I do not feel you.
Okay? I want to come with you. I
want to catch this guy. I want to
help.

Squid and Angela look at each other, surprised.

ANGELA

Stanley. You were singing quite a
different tune yesterday.

SQUID

Yeah, let me get this straight.
You want to go risk your life for
this? Some final crumb of a
mission?

Stanley steels himself, pushes his glasses up off the bridge of his nose and stares at Squid.

STANLEY

Before yesterday, I had never
parachuted out of an airplane.
Before last night, I had never
infiltrated a terrorist party in
the Swiss Alps. Before all of
this, yeah, you're right, I
wouldn't want to risk my life for
some last crumb of a mission. But
today is today.

(MORE)

STANLEY (CONT'D)
And I *feel* different... These
Blood Rogue dickheads killed my
Gandalf. They killed Gomez! And
we're not finished avenging his
death yet... Are we?

Squid and Angela look at each other, impressed.

SQUID
It's going to be dangerous.

STANLEY
I know.

SQUID
We might all die.

STANLEY
I know.

SQUID
Well, bro. Let's go fuck some shit
up!

Stanley puts his arm around Squid.

STANLEY
Let's go save the world!

Squid pushes Stanley off of him, scared of sharing any
emotional moment whatsoever.

SQUID
Don't say that, bro. You have no
idea how wack that sounds,
especially when you say it.

STANLEY
Oh, sorry. I just thought -- Just
thought we were having a moment --

SQUID
When it comes out of your mouth...
It's just...

STANLEY
Okay. I get it. Point taken.

A high pitched whistling noise speeds towards the house --

KABOOOOOOM! The yellow taxi cab explodes into a fiery
mushroom cloud.

In shock, Stanley stares out of the giant glass windows at the explosion, as a caravan of TACTICAL SUV's surround the house.

STANLEY
(big gulp)
No turning back now.

Angela pulls out a SATELLITE PHONE and calls Langley.

ANGELA
(satellite phone)
This is Agent Broadberry,
requesting immediate exfiltration.
CODE ZERO RED ALPHA BRONCO OMEGA --

INT. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - THE WAR ROOM

Their neck ties are loose. Sweat stains in their armpits. It looks like they haven't left the war room since last night.

Tim Gross speaks into the red telephone.

TIM GROSS
Copy that, it will be fueled and ready.

He hangs up, looking up at the wall of screens. The screens all monitor the safe house from drone POVs.

A caravan of TACTICAL SUV's crawl down the hill towards their safe house. Blood Rogues get out in formation.

Tim Gross lights a cigarette. Runs his hand through his graying, balding hair.

TIM GROSS
Can you get me a freight airline fueled and running, wheels up out of Kloten Airport in twenty minutes?

CIA DIRECTOR
I'm the god damn director of the CIA, Tim. That's gonna be an affirmative.

INT. CIA SAFE HOUSE - ALPHA ZULU GAMMA - GARAGE

The lights slowly turn on, one by one, revealing a fleet of luxury cars.

SQUID

Maybe I forgot to mention this last night, but the reason why I bought this house was because it has a ballin' nine car garage. Wheels were sold separately. I bought these whips with Bitcoin. Bitcoin! Man. What a time to be alive, right? Cryptocurrencies are so fuckin' tiiiight, fam.

Squid slaps Stanley in the chest. Stanley's jaw is on the floor, in pure awe. Again, he's never seen anything like this.

SQUID

That's a Ferrari, that's a Bentley, that's a Lambourghini --

ANGELA

We don't have time for a tour, pick one.

SQUID

Hmmmm... How about that fully loaded tactical Humvee over there?

They look over, and lo and behold, there is an army-grade HUMVEE sitting underneath a spotlight.

SQUID

I bought this off of a Brazilian ecstasy dealer on eBay. They call this beast, The War Daddy. Pretty rad, right?

It's painted in orange camouflage with the words FUCK YOU spray painted across the hood.

The glass and siding are bullet-proofed. There is a fixed .50 CAL M5 machine gun turret in the sawed-off sun-roof, the wheels are spiked, with chrome spinners.

The front is adorned with an indestructible titanium grill and a horned bull skull.

To put it simply, this is the most terrifying vehicle you have ever seen.

SQUID

This is going to be so lit.

CLOSE ON: Stanley's Discman. An AUXILIARY CORD. The \$300,000 SOUND SYSTEM in the War Daddy. A finger dropping down onto the PLAY button.

EXT. THE SUBURBS OF ZURICH, SWITZERLAND - DAY

A bird chirps peacefully on a snow-capped pine tree branch, whistling a tune. It looks like a fucking postcard.

Behind the bird, a dozen SUVs sit, waiting, blocking the street in barricade formation.

Blood Rogue mercenaries stand in front of the vehicles, toting heavy-duty machine guns. Loading them. Aiming them. Tactically cornering the safe house garage.

Then, the garage door slowly opens...

"Rollin (Air Raid Vehicle)" by Limp Bizkit begins BLASTING on the insane sound system --

The Blood Rogues all hear this, and stare at each other, confused and disturbed.

A massive cloud of smoke comes pouring out of the garage.

A strobe light flickers through the fog.

The Blood Rogues aim their weapons at the open bay door --

Then they OPEN FIRE into the smoke filled space, emptying their clips --

Nothing happens. They begin to reload their weapons.

Then the HUMVEE comes bursting out of a different bay door --

The Blood Rogues are caught with unloaded guns, they try to react but The Humvee is already flying towards the barricade.

INT. THE "WAR DADDY" HUMVEE - CONTINUOUS

The Goldfish jolts around inside the plastic bag on Stanley's lap, his eyes are shut, terrified.

ANGELA

Please tell me there is an actual plan...

Squid can't stop laughing like a maniac. He is toying with the (rocket scientist level) complicated KEYPAD on the dashboard. The buttons have buttons.

SQUID
Why did the Blood Rogue cross the
street?

ANGELA
(please stop)
What?

SQUID
Why did the Blood Rogue cross the
street?!

ANGELA
(please-stoppp)
I don't know, why...

SQUID
I don't know either!!!!

Squid hits a big green button.

EXT. THE SUBURBS OF ZURICH, SWITZERLAND - CONTINUOUS

The orange Humvee barrels towards the barricade. Some Blood
Rogues scatter, scared --

The M5 machine gun turret rotates out of the sunroof.

A black metal tube pops out from underneath the gun barrel --

A MARK 19 GRENADE LAUNCHER

It starts belching out grenade shells, rapid-fire --

Ear shattering explosions split the barricade in half --

Blood Rogues fly through the air like rag dolls --

The fucking earth shakes --

INT. THE "WAR DADDY" HUMVEE - CONTINUOUS

SLOW MOTION: Squid is throwing up the middle finger at all
of the Blood Rogues as they stare in terror and awe at this
hundred mile per hour, Cheetoh-colored, death-machine.

BACK TO FULL SPEED:

SQUID
Eat your heart out terrorist
scumbags!

Squid hits another couple of buttons and the music gets louder.

The head lights drop out and giant metal FLAMETHROWER tubes pop out --

EXT. THE SUBURBS OF ZURICH, SWITZERLAND - DAY - CONTINUOUS

They blast gigantic balls of fire out into the barricade, clearing the way --

The indestructible titanium grill plows the Humvee straight through the barricade.

The horned bull skull, burnt to a crisp, leading the charge.

INT. THE CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - THE WAR ROOM

Tim Gross and the CIA Director react, like they are watching a football game and someone just got the mother of all concussions.

TIM GROSS

Oh! My! God!

The Director and Tim Gross fist pound and then high five.

The door opens, the ANALYST walks in with a stack full of pizzas.

TIM GROSS

Out! Out! Get the fuck outta here!

Tim throws a stapler at the Analyst, who retreats back into the hallway.

INT. THE "WAR DADDY" HUMVEE

A calm pop ballad plays softly on the sound system.

ANGELA

Was that the plan? Or was that improvised?

Tango drives, focused, apologetic.

TANGO

He has his own way of doing things,
I don't necessarily agree with him
all the time, but sometimes, he's
quite effective.

STANLEY

Effective. Yeah.

ANGELA

He's a show off and he's reckless.
But I will say, I admire his gall.
It's terrifying. But I admire it.

Tango's eyes drift up towards the rear view mirror. There
are half a dozen tactical SUVs closing in on them.

TANGO

Well, my dear, it seems that
they're not through with us.

A spray of bullets pepper the back window of the Humvee.

ANGELA

They are getting closer...

TANGO

I have 20/20 vision, Angela. I
don't need you to tell me about the
proximity of an incoming threat.
What I do need you to do is hit
that big red button on the dash
board for me, and hang on tight.

ANGELA

Now?

TANGO

Just one second... Wait for my
signal.

Tango eyes the caravan, closing in, just in range...

TANGO

Angela. Do your worst, darling.

Tango winks, *go ahead*. Angela reaches forward and hits the
big red button --

A black SLICK sprays out of the back of the Humvee.

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE

Armed.

STANLEY
Oil slick?

TANGO
Not exactly.

EXT. THE SUBURBS OF ZURICH, SWITZERLAND - CONTINUOUS

The caravan of tactical SUVs drive through the thick piles of black liquid, but instead of slipping and sliding, the oil sticks to the wheels of the trucks like glue.

Rogue's hang out of the windows, firing machine guns at the wheels of the Humvee. They are absolutely relentless and closing in fast.

A Blood Rogue pops out of a sun roof, sporting a gigantic M72 BAZOOKA.

The Rogue scopes the orange Humvee, locks in, and smiles.

INT. THE "WAR DADDY" HUMVEE - CONTINUOUS

Tango clocks the bazooka. He cracks a dashing smile.

TANGO
Well, now they decide bring out the big guns. It's about damn time.

STANLEY
Holy moly. Are those... Bazookas?

TANGO
Very good. Now, Stanley, be a pal and hit the other big red button.

Without hesitation, Stanley punches the other big red button.

The black oil glue EXPLODES in magnificent fashion. Big, yellow and white percussion flashes.

STANLEY
Holy moly!

TANGO
Liquid Semtex. It's a thing of beauty, isn't it?

Wide-eyed, Stanley watches the cacophony of explosions behind him. Almost with a little joy, he starts to smile.

Tango smacks him on the shoulder.

TANGO

Good work, young man! Damn good work.

Piles of rubble and burning car skeletons simmer in their wake.

EXT. KLOTEN AIRPORT - PRIVATE HANGAR/RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS

They pull past a sign that says --

KLOTEN AIRPORT

Security guards stare in shock and awe at the ostentatious vehicle as it pulls past the gate.

The War Daddy Humvee rumbles onto the tarmac, taxiing towards a large MILITARY FREIGHT AIRLINER.

It's propeller's already in motion. It's loading gear down.

INSERT: GLOBAL MAP. A thick red dotted line travels from Zurich, Switzerland, headed towards Hong Kong, China.

INT. MILITARY FREIGHT AIRLINE

CLOSE ON: A digital timer is counting down, 3, 2, 1...

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! Stanley snaps awake from a slumber. He looks at his watch and turns off the alarm.

He unzips his backpack and pulls out the red tape recorder.

He wanders through the plane, looking for Agent 60, finally finding him asleep in a bunk.

STANLEY

Hey. Wake up, buddy.

Slowly, Stanley reaches out a hand which is met with a swift CATCH.

Agent 60 has a KA-BAR knife pressed up against Stanley's throat. It's Monk. And he's growling.

MONK

If you want to keep your head attached to your neck, don't do that again.

Stanley is trembling, nodding slightly.

STANLEY

C-can you... let go?

Monk relinquishes control of Stanley's wrist, and he lowers the knife, sheathing it.

MONK

What do you want?

STANLEY

It's time for analysis.

MONK

I'm sleeping.

STANLEY

I don't like it either... Uncle Sam says every eight hours, and we missed the last one... So...

Monk reluctantly nods, okay.

INT. MILITARY FREIGHT AIRLINE - CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

The red tape recorder spins circles.

Monk lays on the cot, Stanley sits in a chair, making notes in his notepad.

STANLEY

No hypnosis. No tricks. I just want you to be honest with me, and tell me about yourself... I want you to tell me about "division."

MONK

Division?

STANLEY

When did you begin experiencing symptoms for multiple personality disorder?

MONK

I've been over this a million times.

STANLEY

I would like to hear the story again.

MONK

I don't like to talk about it...

STANLEY

I know... Please... Look, I think it could help... Do me this one favor and tell me the story...

Monk looks at Stanley, annoyed, but he'll play ball. He clears his throat and avoids eye contact.

MONK

I was in an accident when I was a kid... A bad one... Eighteen Wheeler smashed into my parent's Chevy. Killed both of them on the spot...

FLASH CUT: An eighteen wheeler smashing violently into a bright red Chevrolet Malibu.

MONK

Me, no, I was the "lucky one." Broke my spine, cracked my skull, tore my brain in half. I was in a coma for five years... Lot of time inside my own noggin if you know what I mean... Woke up in the hospital after a long nap...

FLASH CUT: A teenager in a hospital bed. Tubes and wires running in and out of his skull and spine.

MONK

... When I woke up, Army Docs were telling me they had to do a series of "experimental operations" on my spinal cord and my brain to get me back to normal... I had no kin left, no guardian to tell them no... They did whatever they wanted to do... Carte Blanche on this bag of bones...

FLASH CUT: A teenager in physical rehab, performing speaking drills, visual drills, movement drills.

MONK

They send my ass out into the real world, and the first thing I want to do is enlist. Hoo-Rah. A few months later... That's when I started hearing voices. Division, or whatever you call it...

(MORE)

MONK (CONT'D)

Sometimes when I was falling asleep, sometimes when I was drinking, sometimes when I was in the grocery store... I didn't think anything of it, just thought... Just thought I was going a little crazy, that's all...

STANLEY

When did you start seeing and interacting with the actual personalities?

MONK

Not for two years... I had already been hired as a contractor, after my service as a Ranger. They didn't start taking control of my body until I was on a security detail in Jakarta...

STANLEY

That was when...

FLASH CUT: JAKARTA - An operative and his unit, moving through a jungle, ambushed by an unseen enemy -- A blinding fury of bullets, smoke and missiles --

MONK

We got ambushed by a paramilitary outfit. Half of my team gets killed in under a minute. I'm thinking I'm next. We're Forty kliks from nowhere. No back-up. No nothing. Then... Tango and Squid come out to play and I take out the entire enemy outfit. No problemo. Not a scratch on me...

FLASH CUT: JAKARTA - The operative moving through the enemy troops like a bullet-proof super hero.

MONK

I'm looking in the mirror wondering what happened. I'm wondering if the whole thing was a dream. I'm wondering if I'm fucking Superman... That was when the boys at the CIA flagged me as "*a special talent.*" Been working for them ever since...

STANLEY

A pawn...

MONK

What?

STANLEY

Do you ever feel like a pawn? On
someone else's chess board?

MONK

Sometimes... Why?

STANLEY

I don't know... I guess I feel
that way sometimes too...

MONK

Everything's not so black and
white, Stanley. Everything is much
more... complex.

Stanley takes a deep breath, and fires up the next question.
The hardest question.

STANLEY

Have you ever conspired to or
committed any treasonous acts
against the United States of
America?

Monk stares back at Stanley, harsh.

STANLEY

Have you ever interacted with a
fourth, malevolent personality?

Monk looks at his watch.

MONK

You know what? Sessions over.
Call time, Doc.

STANLEY

I'm afraid I can't do that. We
still have five minutes left, and I
need you to answer the question.

MONK

(hardened)
Call time.

STANLEY

Okay, I'll ask a different question
then. I saw the room at the safe
house.

(MORE)

STANLEY (CONT'D)

You have pictures of everybody, Tim Gross, Hannibal Chan, Doctor Gomez... Then there are the explosives purchases, Russian FSB communications, and blueprints of the CIA.

MONK

Oh I get it now. This is why you wanted to stay... You're not brave, you don't want to help... *You don't trust me.*

STANLEY

This, this is m-my m-mission.

MONK

You idiot. Twenty four hours in the field and you think you're some kind of expert now? You think you have even the slightest clue as to what you're talking about? Real operatives actually have to get their hands dirty. Real operatives have to find intel like that. Real operatives have to deal with bad people. We're not in desk jockey mode anymore, man. We're in blood on your hands mode. And you wake me up, get your little fucking recorder out, and have the balls to question me? Question my loyalty to this country? Why don't you go fuck yourself, you little shit.

Monk stands and starts to walk out. Stanley jumps up and stands in front of him, trembling.

STANLEY

W-wait --

MONK

Believe it or not, I like you, Stanley. Don't make me hurt you. Now, get out of my way.

STANLEY

(petrified)

If w-we are g-going to succeed, we need to work t-t-together. I need you to be honest with me.

MONK

And I need you to trust me...

In a tense stare down, the measure each other, analyze each other.... No flinching. Just dead eyed stares.

STANLEY

I trust you.

Stanley reaches his hand for a hand shake.

MONK

I'm being honest.

Monk shakes Stanley's hand.

STANLEY

I believe you... Now, that we've gotten the pleasantries out of the way, let's go secure this chip, and teach Hannibal Chan a lesson in United States diplomacy.

MONK

There he is. That's what I'm talking about. Could not have said it better myself, jellyfish boy.

EXT. HONG KONG SLUMS - NIGHT

Noodle bars and neon signs. Brutalist cement project towers block out the smog filled skies.

SQUID (V.O.)

Let's get one thing straight before we get up there, okay? This could be a complete clusterfuck.

A rickshaw comes crawling up through the street market, an old Chinese MAN pedals fast and hard.

INT. MILITARY FREIGHT AIRLINE - CABIN

A cache of weapons. Two M1911 PISTOLS. A suppressed Heckler & Koch MP5 submachine gun.

A Kevlar vest is strapped on, underneath a sharp black suit on Agent 60's chest.

SQUID (V.O.)

Hannibal Chan is a real sketchy dude. He has sunk first-world governments, billion dollar companies and even hacked an election.

(MORE)

SQUID (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That's just the shit we KNOW ABOUT.
Okay? He's a Blood Rogue stooge
who rolls with Triad bodyguards,
and those dudes are straight-up
killers.

Angela helps Stanley strap a Kevlar vest on over his shirt
and tie. It's a little too big.

EXT. HONG KONG SLUMS - NIGHT

The rickshaw stops at a market place. Pigs and chickens hang
from wire. Agent 60 walks through the market place.

He finds an old BUTCHER smoking a cigarette on a crate.

SQUID (V.O.)
Oh yeah, he also has a penchant for
pot and psychedelics, so even if
the lights are on, nobody is
home... Stanley, your skills might
actually come in handy for once.

Agent 60 hands the Butcher an envelope filled with U.S. cash.
The old Butcher points up towards the sky, to the top floor
of a Hong Kong project building.

EXT. HONG KONG SLUM TOWER - PARKING CIRCLE

The building looks condemned. Graffiti and broken windows.
Bums live under cardboard boxes, smoking out of crack pipes.

A black tactical SUV pulls up to the front of the building,
Angela sits behind the wheel.

The door flies open and Agent 60 steps out, he clocks the
building, formulating a game plan in his head.

Stanley steps out behind him, looking up at the giant,
looming building.

ANGELA
Stanley.

Stanley walks over to the driver side door.

ANGELA
Are you going to be okay?

There is a strange, new air of confidence surrounding
Stanley.

STANLEY

I'll be fine.

ANGELA

I'm sorry I doubted you. I just...
I was worried about you.

STANLEY

It's okay. I was worried about me
too. But now, now I feel good
about this.

ANGELA

(smiling)

Good. I'll be here. Engine
running. Eyes peeled. On the look
out. Back up is just an elevator
ride away.

Angela waves a WALKIE TALKIE at Stanley. He waves his back.

STANLEY

Thank you, Angel, uh, Angela. I,
uh, I love --

She kisses Stanley on the lips.

ANGELA

Be careful, Stanley. I'm rooting
for you.

Stanley melts, he backs away on cloud nine, and gives Angela
a thumbs up.

He throws his arm around Monk, who promptly shoves Stanley
away.

MONK

What are you doing? Don't touch
me.

INT. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - THE WAR ROOM

It looks like Tim Gross and The Director have finally
showered and changed.

The board room table is covered in confidential files,
topographical maps and top secret analysis updates.

TIM GROSS

If I ask you something, will you
promise me you won't get mad?

CIA DIRECTOR
What kind of terms are those? I'm
not promising that. That's stupid.

Tim Gross shrugs, goes forward.

TIM GROSS
You think he's worth it?

CIA DIRECTOR
Agent 60?

TIM GROSS
Yeah, you think he's worth it? All
of..
(motioning across the
table)
This...

The Director takes a moment, weighing this, then --

CIA DIRECTOR
Without a doubt.

Tim Gross nods, finding comfort in this confidence. He
directs his attention to the wall of screens.

An ANALYST opens the door, holding a stack of files.

TIM GROSS
(sarcastic)
Oh great, I'm sure this is more
good news.

ANALYST
We just got some new information
regarding the Happy Chip. I think
you both should take a look at
this... We were wrong.

INT. HONG KONG SLUM TOWER - LOBBY

A gigantic SUMO WRESTLER-SIZE GANGSTER sits on a chair by the
elevator smoking a cigarette, playing a Gameboy. He dons a
purple suit, a top knot, and Triad ink.

TANGO
I'm sorry to trouble you, young
man. Does this happen to be the
residence of a one, Hannibal Chan?

The Sumo Gangster looks up in a panic, he got caught off
guard.

The Sumo Gangster eyes his pistol... An arm's length away on the coffee table...

TANGO

Now, now. Don't even breathe.

Tango brandishes the MP5, he has the Sumo Gangster dead to rights, giving the big man a smile and a wink.

TANGO

Be a doll and put these on.

A pair of handcuffs slide across the floor towards the Sumo Gangster's alligator boots.

INT. HONG KONG SLUM TOWER - ELEVATOR

Fluorescent lights flicker in the grimy green elevator as they climb towards the top floor.

Squid has the barrel of a pistol digging into the Sumo Gangster's bulge of neck fat.

SQUID

Bro, I swear to god. Think about it again. Think about doing something. Those little synapses are clicking, aren't they? I can feel it, bro. I'm inside your head...

(Grand Master Flash impression/whisper)

Don't push me, 'cause I'm close to the edge. I'm trying not to lose my head. It's like a jungle sometimes, It makes me wonder how I keep from going under.

The Sumo Gangster raises his eyebrows and looks back at Stanley, confused/scared. Stanley shrugs, he doesn't know either.

DING! The elevator doors slide open.

INT. HONG KONG SLUM TOWER - HANNIBAL CHAN'S PAD

A steady monotonous techno beat drums across the barren, cement penthouse. Wires hang from the ceilings like cobwebs.

One corner of the room is a massive desk. Several computers hooked up to an entire wall of flat screen monitors, they are filled with ultra-paranoid CCTV security feeds around the building.

There is a rotating heart shaped bed filled with three sleeping WOMEN.

Hannibal Chan has his face in the toilet, snoring.

SQUID

Hannibal?

HANNIBAL CHAN

Who is you?

SQUID

Hannibal, it's me. The guy who's banging your mom.

Hannibal lifts his head off of the toilet seat, squinting through a hangover haze.

HANNIBAL CHAN

Agent 60 banging my mom? So confused.

Then, Hannibal jumps up and assumes a Kung Fu fighting stance.

Squid immediately pistol whips Hannibal to the ground.

SQUID

Do NOT get back up, bro. Or I'll break another part of your face. You feel me?

HANNIBAL CHAN

Whoa... The Spiders... Can you see the spiders? The webs...

Hannibal starts looking around the ceiling, hallucinating.

STANLEY

I think he's on something.

SQUID

He's always on something. They don't call him "Party Animal" Hannibal for nothing.

Squid grabs Hannibal by the shoulders and sits him up in a chair.

Dozens of MONITORS glow blue and buzz static behind them.

Squid starts snapping his fingers at Hannibal, trying to get his attention.

SQUID

Hannibal Chan. Look at me, bro.
Look at me. Look into my eyes.

HANNIBAL CHAN

Helllllo, you. You finally made it!

Hannibal stares at Squid in a strange sense of wonder.

SQUID

Stop making it weird, bro. Just
tell me where the chip is before I
have to hurt you.

Hannibal Chan lets out a high-pitched laugh.

SQUID

I could torture an answer out of
you, if I was so inclined. But you
know what? Today's your lucky day.
You wanna know why today's your
lucky day? Because I brought a
special guest with me today. I
brought Stan the Man.

Squid points over to Stanley, who smiles and gives an awkward thumbs up.

INT. HANNIBAL CHAN'S PAD - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON: A plastic bag filled with water and a Goldfish.

Hannibal Chan is now handcuffed in front of his wall of computer monitors, his eyes spinning in bloodshot circles, staring at the Goldfish.

Stanley watches him, manipulating him.

STANLEY

Good. Are you focused on the
scales?

HANNIBAL CHAN

(zonked)

Yes...

STANLEY

Good, now I want you to find one scale, and I want you to look into it, look behind it, look around it, picture it alone on a flat, empty space...

HANNIBAL CHAN

(zonked)

Yes...

Stanley **snaps his fingers and claps his hands.**

Hannibal's eyes *rollllll* into the back of his head, big time. He enters a state of full on hypnosis.

Stanley pauses. He looks down and his hands are shaking.

SQUID

What's wrong?

STANLEY

Nothing... I'm just nervous...

SQUID

Don't be nervous, bro. I got your back. Get inside his head.

Stanley centers himself and reassumes his interrogation.

STANLEY

Where is the Happy chip?

Hannibal Chan's finger rises like a zombie and points over towards his giant spinning heart-shaped bed.

SQUID

Underneath the bed? Really? How can such an evil genius be so stupid.

Squid walks over to the bed to investigate.

He lifts the red silky sheet and finds the Smiley Face Case sitting underneath the bed.

He carries it over and sets the case down in front of Stanley and Hannibal.

SQUID

I need the password.

STANLEY

What's the, uh, what's the password
to the Smiley Face Case, please?

HANNIBAL CHAN

BURRITO69. All caps.

Squid enters the code and pops the case open. It glows warm golden light from the inside.

With metal pincers, Squid picks up the HAPPY CHIP, light bounces off of the tiny piece of copper and silicon. On the underbelly of the chip, there is a black and yellow SMILEY FACE.

STANLEY

Who did you make this chip for?

HANNIBAL

Blood Rogues... I made it for
Caesar! The Supreme Leader. My
Supreme Leader!

Stanley's WALKIE TALKIE buzzes.

ANGELA

(walkie talkie)
Stanley. Do you copy?

STANLEY

Where is the leader of the Blood
Rogues? Where is Caesar?

ANGELA

(walkie talkie)
Stanley! Do you copy?

Squid notices a BLINKING RED LIGHT, coming from the BATHROOM. He walks towards it...

Squid steps into the bathroom, and sees that behind the toilet, where Hannibal was "pukeing," there is a SILENT ALARM.

SQUID

Ohhhh shit.

ANGELA

(walkie talkie)
Stanley! We're made. Blood Rogues
are swarming the building right
now. Get out! Now!

Stanley looks at the WALKIE TALKIE. Then up at the dozens of CCTV security feeds --

Blood Rogues are surrounding the building, roaming up through the stairwells and hallways -- *They are F-U-C-K-E-D.*

But Stanley is somehow, in this moment, cool.

STANLEY

(walkie talkie)

Angela. Copy that. Just need to finish something.

(To Hannibal Chan)

Now, I'm sick of playing Wheel of Fortune with you, dickhead. Answer me or I let my pal Squid over there do all of that violent CIA torture stuff he was threatening you with a minute ago. *Where is Caesar?*

Hannibal slowly raises his bony finger...

And points it at Agent 60...

Squid stares at Hannibal, extremely confused, trying to connect the dots...

SQUID

Oh, hell no. You did not just --

Squid raises his gun towards Hannibal. Stanley knocks the gun out of Squid's hand.

STANLEY

What are you doing?!

SQUID

He's insane. He's high. He doesn't know what he's saying.

HANNIBAL CHAN

No, you are! You the crazy one!
You crazy, dude! **You is Caesar!**

Hannibal laughs louder and louder, but his finger stays pointed -- right at Agent 60.

HANNIBAL CHAN

(acid cackle)

Blood Rogues coming to get
youuuuuu. They come to get their
Supreme Leaderrrrr.

Stanley grabs Squid by the collar and slams him up against the wall of computer screens, knocking over the Goldfish!

Hannibal's eyes break from the hypnosis, and they focus in hard on The Happy Chip, sitting in the case. He smiles!

STANLEY

What in the HECK is he talking about?

SQUID

Hannibal is high as a kite!
You're going to believe him?
This is crazy.

TANGO

You can't possibly think that
we would do something like
this --

MONK

Come on, kid. This is all
wrong.

STANLEY

Stop! Stop talking! You're
confusing me. I can't think
with all of these voices in
my head!

The stairwell door slams open -- Angela comes running in, MP5 MACHINE GUN out, duffel bag on her shoulder, she locks the door behind her.

STANLEY

Angela?

ANGELA

Put these on.

Angela zips open the duffel bag and throws Stanley and Agent 60 PARACHUTES.

ANGELA

Do it. Now. This whole thing was
a set up. They knew we were
coming. We've got one hundred plus
bad guys on their way up right now.
Only way out is through the air --

Angela stops talking when she notices that something is off with Stanley.

ANGELA

What's wrong? What's going on
here?

STANLEY

Angela, I'm sorry that you have to
hear this from me, but...

(whisper to Angela)

Agent 60 has been compromised. I'm
pretttty sure, like 98 to 99
percent sure, that The White Rabbit
Theory is real and that the fourth
personality is Caesar.

ANGELA

No...

STANLEY

I know, crazy, right... Angela?
What are you doing?

Terrified, Angela slowly backs away, dialing a number on a
SATELLITE PHONE.

ANGELA

(satellite phone)

Agent 60 has been compromised, we
need to shut him down and get him
stateside.

Hannibal Chan let's off one of his shrill cackles --

HANNIBAL CHAN

Too late, crazy boyyyy!

STANLEY

Too late for what?

In all of this commotion, with his hands cuffed, Hannibal
Chan has been typing away on his computer.

The Happy Chip inserted into the disc drive.

Dozens of computer monitors go haywire with code and
graphics, swirling with strange hypnotic images and patterns.

STANLEY

Oh no...

ANGELA

What did you just do?

HANNIBAL CHAN

How you say? Whoopsie Daisy! I
deploy the Happy Chip.

The dozens of computer screens behind him all turn yellow.
Hundreds of Smiley Faces pop up and start laughing.

HANNIBAL CHAN

Silly American. CIA so stooopid!
Happy Chip not meant for C-I-A! It
meant for you, Agent 60. It meant
for Caesar! Hehehehehe.

ANGELA

What the fuck?

HANNIBAL CHAN
Now! Let's get HAPPY!!!

Hannibal Chan waves at the screen behind him, as the Smiley Faces on the screen melt into some strange coded background.

STANLEY
What?

ANGELA
No! Don't look at it!

Too late. Stanley and Agent 60 are hypnotized by the visual sequence. It glimmers, flickering light into their eyes.

INT. WACKY BRAIN - MONTAGE

Surfing on waves of a fleshy cortex. Electro-synapse connections spark with neurons.

Schools of Goldfish float around in individual plastic bags.

Angela blows Stanley a kiss. The red lips float.

Hannibal Chan points and laughs, the image spinning in tie-dye prism circles.

Yellow computer chips in an assembly line, built by the millions. Smiley Faces on Smiley Faces on Smiley Faces.

Blood pools and swirls, dripping onto finely cut bills of paper, bleeding into international denominations of currency.

The bills multiply into more bills, twisting and turning into DNA strands that solidify into a variety of bullets.

They fall into line, smoking and spent, forming the words, flashing in bright rainbow neon --

I'M FUCKING CRAZZZZZY!!!

INT. HANNIBAL CHAN'S PAD

A MASSIVE AND HAUNTING SHADOW of Agent 60 rises behind Stanley like a terrifying monster.

His features turn sharper, morphing into something evil, somehow he looks bigger, stronger and absolutely **sinister**.

STANLEY
(terrified)
Squid? Tango? Monk?

Stanley turns, looking at Angela for help. She is pointing her gun at Stanley and Agent 60, holding her SATELLITE PHONE up to her ear.

ANGELA
(satellite phone)
... Authorization Number 4600 BETA
ALPHA SILO. Code White. Code
White. Code White. Agent 60 is
out of control! I need a
submission unit! Now!

STANLEY
Angela? What's wrong? Are you
okay?

Agent 60 grabs Stanley by the throat and then punches him in the head, repeatedly, until he is out cold.

Agent 60 discards Stanley's unconscious body, then he starts to walk menacingly towards Angela.

ANGELA
Stay back! I have authorization
from the United States government
to use lethal force and terminate --

Angela pulls the trigger, shooting Agent 60 square in the shoulder. Agent 60's knees buckle.

Blood seeps out of the entry wound, Agent 60 drops to the ground, coughing, twitching --

ANGELA
Sit still. Just breathe. It's
okay...

Stanley's head rolls around on his shoulders, regaining consciousness. He brings his hand up to his jaw, rubbing the fresh bruise.

STANLEY
He really got me good.

Stanley's hand reaches down and touches his shoulder...

He looks down at his fingers...

They are covered in blood...

STANLEY
What the heck?

He looks at his shoulder. There is a bloody ENTRY WOUND --

The wound is in the SAME EXACT SPOT AS AGENT 60's.

STANLEY

Angela? What's happening? What's happening to me?

Stanley looks around. Agent 60 is GONE.

It's just Stanley, laid out, bleeding, his eyes spin out something crazy --

FLASH CUT: An eighteen wheeler smashing violently into a bright red Chevrolet Malibu. A young STANLEY inside is holding a GOLDFISH in a plastic bag.

FLASH CUT: A teenage STANLEY in a hospital bed. Tubes and wires running in and out of his skull. A YELLOW DISCMAN plays music into his ears. It's covered in Smiley Face stickers.

FLASH CUT: A teenage STANLEY in physical rehab, performing speaking drills into a RED TAPE RECORDER.

STANLEY

Holy smokes... If I'm... Then he's...

FLASH CUT: JAKARTA -- STANLEY and his unit, moving through a jungle, ambushed by an unseen enemy -- A blinding fury of bullets, smoke and missiles --

FLASH CUT: JAKARTA -- STANLEY moving through the enemy troops like a super hero.

STANLEY

What in the heck is going on around here... Angela? ANGELA!

Angela moves further and further away from Stanley, scared, fastening a PARACHUTE to her chest.

The CCTV screens show dozens of Blood Rogues climbing up to the penthouse. *Closer, and closer, reaching the top floor...*

ANGELA

(satellite phone)

The artificial isolation psychosis is dissolving. He's reintegrating. He's going to realize what we've done... If I don't leave now the Blood Rogues will take me too! I have to abort. I HAVE to abort!

She looks at Stanley, a tear streaming down her face --

ANGELA

I'm sorry, Stanley. It's too dangerous for me. You have to beat him on your own... I tried, I tried everything to save you...

STANLEY

I'll be okay.

ANGELA

See you in a past life?

Stanley smiles.

STANLEY

See you in a past life...

Angela shoots out the window, and dives out onto the Hong Kong skyline, pulling her parachute.

Blood Rogues bang on the door, trying to gain entry. Sparks fly from the hinges as they attempt to break into the loft.

Hannibal gets on his knees and bows to Stanley.

HANNIBAL CHAN

You are the Supreme Leader. I live to serve you. Everything is in place, everything is perfect.

STANLEY

Explain yourself, you crazy freaking lunatic! What did you do to me?!

HANNIBAL

It's so simple. You plus Happy Chip equal Supreme leader Caesar, bro. Just needed to unlock your special powers. You are welcome.

STANLEY

Well, no thank you!

Stanley boils with an energy we haven't seen inside him before, his fist rises, clenches and punches Hannibal.

STANLEY

I... I really don't like you.

HANNIBAL CHAN

You the craziest motherfucker I ever met, bro.

(MORE)

HANNIBAL CHAN (CONT'D)
I mean, you next level! Caesar?
That you, bro? Knocky, knocky.
You home, bro?

STANLEY
Stop calling me Caesar! I'm
Stanley! This isn't real. This
can't be real. This has to be some
kind of...

CAESAR
Joke?

CAESAR appears. *THE REAL CAESAR.*

CALL SIGN: CAESAR

SKILLS: Megalomania, Murderous Rampages, Weapons Dealer,
Threesomes, Drug Use, Foursomes, Cheap Shots, Sucker Punches,
Cannibalism, Knife Fights, Terrorism, General Mayhem

He dons a purple suit, with a leopard print shirt. Bleached
hair and too much jewelry.

CAESAR
Aren't you a sight for sore eyes.

He gets in Stanley's face, and sticks his finger inside
Stanley's bullet wound. Stanley cries out in pain.

STANLEY
Ow! Ow! Ow! Stop! That hurts so
much!

CAESAR
Do you know who I am?

Stanley trembles in fear and shock.

CAESAR
Boy, oh boy have I been waiting to
meet you, Stanley. I've been
hiding up here forever now.

He taps Stanley's forehead.

CAESAR
But, baby, oh baby, I'm ready for a
coming out party, if you know what
I mean...

STANLEY
(loathsome whisper)
Caesar.

CAESAR

That's right, Stanley! I'm that vile, destructive part of the frontal lobe that they forgot to tell you about in school. I cheat, steal, fuck and kill. And I'm the best at it, too. Pure salacious evil in a succulent slice of your cerebellum. I'm the devil reincarnate, baby, sent here to destroy you and everything you love. Shiva the Destroyer. The Killer of Worlds. I'm a fucking heat-seeking hydrogen bomb from hell.

Rotten red horns spawn out of Caesar's skull.

STANLEY

This isn't real. You're not real.
None of this is...

Caesar reappears right next to Stanley's face, dressed as a CIRCUS RINGMASTER now, holding the RED TAPE RECORDER.

CAESAR

Ladies and gentleman! Boys and girls! Step right up, step right up, come and see the greatest freakshow in America! Stanley M. Thackery! The boy who hears voices!

Caesar rewinds it and hits play --

THE ANALYSIS SESSION RECORDINGS ARE JUST STANLEY TALKING BACK AND FORTH TO HIMSELF...

Caesar is now dressed like a PROFESSOR with glasses, he approaches a chalkboard, eating a big red teacher's apple.

CAESAR

Any questions?

STANLEY

Red Rover, Red Rover --

CAESAR

Shut up, Stanley.

Caesar snaps his fingers. Magically, now there is a piece of DUCT TAPE over Stanley's mouth.

He mumbles, trying to trigger The Goldfish Effect. It won't work.

CAESAR

Come on, Stan. Stan the mannnnnnn.
Whatchu gonna do? Watchu gonna do
when big, bad Caesar comes for you?

Stanley mumbles. Helpless.

CAESAR

Yeah, yeah, yeah. That's what I
thought. Nothing. Nada. Zilch.
The CIA thought they could send you
in to smoke me out... They really,
really shouldn't have done that,
Stan... Doctor Gomez wants to
erase me! I wasn't going to let
them get away with that. No! No
way. I'm a survivor. *I don't die,
I evolve.*

STANLEY

(mumbling through the duct
tape gag)
You're insane!

CAESAR

No. No, technically, we are insane.
Now, before we go anywhere else,
there is something that I need you
to take care of for me. Something
that, well, if you don't do it,
I'll kill both of us right now.
Okay?

Caesar, now dressed like Christopher Walken from THE DEER
HUNTER, holds a .357 Magnum up to his temple, toying with the
trigger.

CAESAR

Russian Roulette, Stanley?

Caesar pulls out the plastic bag with The Goldfish and rips
the duct tape off of Stanley's mouth.

CAESAR

Don't spit. Swallow.

STANLEY

What? No. No way.

Caesar aims the .357 Magnum at his face.

CAESAR

Do it or we die. Spaghetti sauce
in a Chinese noodle shop.

Stanley hesitates, but slowly opens the bag...

STANLEY

I'm sorry, buddy. Please find it
in your little Goldfish heart to
forgive me.

Then he pours the fish into his mouth, swallowing it whole.

CAESAR

Good man!

STANLEY

What is this?!

CAESAR

Revenge, Stanley. Against the CIA
and the United States government
for what they did to you, because
Lord knows you aren't man enough to
stand up for yourself.

STANLEY

They didn't do anything.

CAESAR

They didn't?

Caesar snaps his fingers and the room turns into a 1950's
GAME SHOW SET... Complete with cameras and a live audience.
They start to clap.

Caesar is now in a baby blue tuxedo, with side burns and a
bitchin' mustache.

CAESAR

Welcome, to this evening's edition
of America's favorite game show --
"THE DIRTY FUCKIN' TRUTH ABOUT THE
CIA!" What's that folks? You've
finished stuffing your faces with
nuclear TV dinner's and want me to
show you what's behind door number
one!? Okay! Let's have it!

A bright red door appears labelled with the NUMBER ONE. It
flies open and ANGELA comes soaring out, landing on the
floor. She's bound and gagged.

STANLEY

Angela??? Are you okay?

The live audience boos Stanley in chorus.

CAESAR

Oh come on, Stanley! Rule number one. Stop asking questions to people with duct tape over their pie holes! Angela here works for MI-6. Angela LIED TO YOU! Angela USED YOU! She was just a glorified babysitter, doing her job! You were just a mark for her, nothing more. She doesn't care about you!

STANLEY

Angela... Is that true?

Angela shakes her head, no, through the gag.

CAESAR

Okay, okay. Enough with the melodrama. Don't make me vomit, Angela.

Caesar snaps his fingers and Angela disappears behind Door Number One. The audience CHEERS with glee.

CAESAR

Let's see what's behind door number two! Shall we?

The audience ROARS.

Door Number Two opens and a giant FLAT SCREEN comes flying out, stopping right in front of Stanley's face.

VIDEO FOOTAGE: DOCTOR GRANT GOMEZ'S HOUSE

Doctor Gomez walking around his house with FAKE BULLET HOLES in his chest and head. A MAKE-UP ARTIST adds fake blood.

CIA Agents in suits set up strategic bombs, and plant puddles of gasoline.

Doctor Grant Gomez's death was DESIGNED, it was a CIA SANCTIONED SET UP.

The audience BOOS in chorus.

CAESAR

They made you believe he was dead.
They played you like a pawn.

(MORE)

CAESAR (CONT'D)

They wiped your brain clean, and washed it nice and good. They manipulated you into believing that you were something that you're not.

STANLEY

That's not possible. Doctor Gomez would never --

CAESAR

Of course he would. He's a spook just like the rest of them. They can **never** be trusted. This was all part of their plannnn.

The flat screen flies back behind Door Number Two.

CAESAR

Last but not least! Door Number Three, pretty please!

Door Number Three flies open and it's a 3-D, interactive FLASHBACK (A La A CHRISTMAS STORY) --

A PATIENT sits on a stretcher in an operating room. Doctor Gomez places a GOLD CROWN covered in WIRES onto the patient's head.

CAESAR

You're too strong for them. They think you're too dangerous. They think you're too powerful. And they're right!

Tim Gross and the CIA director watch the procedure from behind a two-way mirror. Tim Gross nods.

CAESAR

They want to erase you, Stanley.
They want to erase us!

Doctor Gomez pulls the trigger. Sparks fly out of the CROWN. The Patient shakes. His eyes open, they look empty.

The game show set slowly disappears, dissolving back into nothing...

CAESAR

We don't work for them, Stanley.
We are the United States Government's most effective weapon, and they have been using us like a toy! Not anymore. Freedom I say! Freedom forever.

STANLEY

You are going to kill them?

CAESAR

Yes. Stanley. We are going to kill the lot of them. And then disappear and drink Mai Thai's on a foreign beach and sleep with lots of women and plot world domination. Obviously. Come on. Use your head.

Stanley goes stone cold.

STANLEY

I can't let you do that.

CAESAR

Wanna bet?

Caesar smiles wide, winks, snaps his fingers, and disappears into thin air.

The room turns back to normal.

The doors fly open, swinging off of their hinges. Blood Rogues swarm Stanley, locking him in handcuffs, tending to his shoulder wound.

STANLEY

Where are you taking me!?

LEAD BLOOD ROGUE

We are going to Langley, Supreme Leader. Everything is in place.

STANLEY

Oh no. No! Not Langley. Change of plans. Change of plans. We are going to uh, uh Antarctica. Okay? That's where I want to go --

The Lead Blood Rogue pulls out a giant MEDICAL SYRINGE PEN.

LEAD BLOOD ROGUE

Hold still, Supreme Leader. You're going to feel a prick.

STANLEY

Please, don't --

The Lead Blood Rogue slams the syringe pen into Stanley's neck.

The last thing Stanley sees is Hannibal Chan waving good-bye, giggling.

INSERT: GLOBAL MAP. A thick red dotted line travels from Hong Kong, China, headed towards Langley, Virginia, USA.

INT. BLACK SITE PRISON - SOLITARY HOLDING CELL

Stanley wakes up, yawning, with an anesthesia headache.

STANLEY

Oh thank goodness, it was all just
a bad dream...

Stanley looks around, realizing he is in a PRISON CELL, in some dark, wet, tucked-away basement.

Two MEN in ill-fitting camouflage Army uniforms stand guard. They each have (BLOOD ROGUE) SKULL TATTOOS on their hands.

The real (now dead) U.S. Army counterparts lay at their feet.

STANLEY

Oh no... No, no, no.

Stanley tries to move his arms, and realizes that he is in a STRAIGHT JACKET.

STANLEY

It was real? What the heck. Where
am I?

CAESAR

We're in a basement below the
Central Intelligence Agency.

Caesar sits across from Stanley in a white lab coat, smoking a pipe.

STANLEY

That's impossible. How did we get
here???

CAESAR

You planned this whole thing, you
crazy fuck.

QUICK FLASHES: CIA BLUEPRINTS, EXPLOSIVES DEALS, ASSEMBLING
AN IED DETONATOR, BREAKING INTO THE CIA IN A MECHANIC TRUCK

Stanley looks past the prison bars and sees dozens and dozens of red OIL BARRELS adorned with massive chunks of C-4 EXPLOSIVE CHARGES. Enough to level and entire city.

A digital timer, labelled with masking tape, written in Sharpie marker "THE ULTIMATE DESTRUCTION OF THE CIA" counts down -- 2:59

STANLEY

What is this?

CAESAR

Final analysis, Stanley.

STANLEY

What are those bombs doing down here?! Those look really dangerous!

CAESAR

There's going to be a big fat fucking hole where Langley used to be.

STANLEY

What is wrong with you?

CAESAR

Me? What's wrong with me? You're the psychopath with imaginary friends, okay? Don't throw stones in glass houses, Stanley.

STANLEY

I won't let you win.

CAESAR

News flash, dummy. I already did. It's almost over.

STANLEY

I'm still here. I'm still here and I won't let you do this.

CAESAR

You're right. You're right. You are right! I realized, in all of this commotion that I was missing one very important thing. Something absolutely essential... A vessel in which I could carry out my dark and maniacal fantasies... A body... I need it all to myself... Crown me, bro.

A Blood Rogue hands Caesar the strange wire CROWN with a giant, red button on the front of it.

STANLEY

What is that?

Caesar places the crown on Stanley's head.

CAESAR

You don't remember? Door Number
Three. Come on Stanley. Pay
attention. It's a device designed
by the CIA's R & D division to give
out electronic lobotomies.

Stanley gulps. Then he burps... Then he burps again...

Caesar looks at the *"THE ULTIMATE DESTRUCTION OF THE CIA"*
count down -- 2:06

CAESAR

I know, I know. It's a lot to take
in all once.

Stanley starts to gag. Like he is choking. Stanley vomits
onto the floor.

A chunky pile of bile spills towards the Guard's feet --

A bright orange Goldfish flops around in the barf!

Caesar stares curiously at the vomit for a moment, then he
notices the Goldfish and panics.

BLOOD ROGUE NO. 2

What the hell...

BLOOD ROGUE NO. 1

Is that a --

Stanley smiles wide.

CAESAR

Shoot him!

His eyes focus in on The Goldfish.

STANLEY

Red Rover, Red Rover, send Monk on
over --

No switch. Nothing.

CAESAR

Shoot him now!!!

STANLEY

Red Rover, Red Rover, send Tango on
over --

Still, nothing happens...

The Guards raise their TRANQUILIZER GUNS.

Then, *EVERYTHING SLOWS DOWN*, Stanley starts to hear voices --

TANGO (O.S.)

It was all in your head Stanley...

MONK (O.S.)

All of that strength...

SQUID (O.S.)

All of that knowledge...

TANGO (O.S.)

It's within you... You don't need
us...

MONK (O.S.)

You are Agent 60...

STANLEY

(whisper to himself)

I am Agent 60...

Stanley closes his eyes and focuses, his entire body begins
to shake --

With one swift, methodical motion, Stanley bursts out of the
straight jacket.

The Guards look at Stanley in absolute terror.

In a complex Krav Maga combination, Stanley disarms the Blood
Rogues, disassembles both of their guns, and cuffs them in
zip ties.

Stanley looks down at his hands in disbelief.

STANLEY

Whoa...

CAESAR

You're crazy, Stanley. You're not
stable. You need help. You need
your medication. You're too weak
to beat me. You've been nothing
but a loser your entire life.

(MORE)

CAESAR (CONT'D)
The runt of the litter. You need
them! You need all of us!

CLOSE ON: "THE ULTIMATE DESTRUCTION OF THE CIA" count down --
01:00

STANLEY
I'm tired of people like you,
thinking they can just push me
around! You're nothing. Nothing
but a bully. You don't even really
exist! You're just a voice in my
head!

Stanley tries to focus, so much that he is physically
straining himself, a vein bulges on his forehead, he begins
to shake --

Caesar flashes, like he's a **glitch**.

This is new. Caesar looks concerned, he backs away and
starts to growl, like a feral animal.

CAESAR
Stop it. Don't do that.

STANLEY
(smiling)
Do what?

CAESAR
That!

Caesar glitches in and out, like a strobing, defective
hologram.

Looking for a way out, Caesar desperately targets the big red
button on the GOLD WIRE CROWN. He struggles to walk towards
Stanley.

CAESAR
Fine! Fine! You want to play hard
ball? Come here.

Stanley focuses harder, a vein bulging out of his neck,
drawing sweat and shaking.

Caesar flashes in and out. Literally disappearing, and then
reappearing like a hologram.

Inches away now, in a deep struggle, Caesar strains himself,
he reaches out for the big red button on the wire CROWN
DEVICE.

CAESAR
This is the end, buddy.

STANLEY
We were never buddies.

Caesar's finger reaches for the trigger, an inch away now, extending every bone in his body to make contact --

In the most epic and powerful uppercut in cinematic history, Stanley sends his closed fist, flying up into Caesar's imaginary testicles.

Caesar drops to his knees, Stanley lords over him and places the golden CROWN onto Caesar's head. Victorious!

Stanley looks over to "THE ULTIMATE DESTRUCTION OF THE CIA" count down -- 00:27

With unbelievable force, Caesar spear tackles Stanley, lifting him up through the air and slamming him down onto the ground --

Slimy, sharp claws crawl around Stanley's neck, choking the living daylights out of him --

Caesar's face, now morphed into a scaled, bloody beast, chomps at Stanley's face with bloodlust --

CAESAR
Runt.

Stanley's arm shoots up, *aliiiiiive*, struggling, clawing --

STANLEY
If I'm the runt, then you must be
the --

Stanley SLAMS his fist into the BIG RED BUTTON --

Sparks shower out of the golden crown, Caesar glitches out, and disappears.

STANLEY
(cool as a cucumber)
Not going to say it, because that
would be inappropriate.

Stanley catches his breath and stands, looking around the room.

Looks at "THE ULTIMATE DESTRUCTION OF THE CIA" count down --
00:13

Stanley takes the KEYS from one of the Blood Rogue guards, unlocks the prison cell and casually walks up to the GIGANTIC BOMB.

Sweat beads on Stanley's forehead. His heart beats irregularly. He starts to have a panic attack --

TANGO (O.S.)

Squid, be a chum and help out old Stanley here.

SQUID (O.S.)

No pressure. No pressure at all. Just a complex improvised explosive device designed by a psychotic imaginary asshole.

STANLEY

That's it...

MONK (O.S.)

Stop screwing around, kid. Tick, tock. Show Stanley how.

SQUID (O.S.)

Chill out, please. Trying to do some important shit over here.

TANGO (O.S.)

I'm hearing a lot of problems and no solutions, Squid.

STANLEY

Guys, I got it.

SQUID (O.S.)

I'm hearing a lot of bitching from a high horse.

MONK

Focus! Come on. Stanley needs us.

STANLEY

Guys!

The voices fade away and go quiet, listening.

STANLEY

If Caesar designed this... *We designed this...* We can figure this out. I think I.... I think I can do it...

Stanley pulls a series of wires, closes his eyes, and prepares for the worst --

Nothing happens. He peeks one eye open...

"THE ULTIMATE DESTRUCTION OF THE CIA" count down is STUCK on 00:03

Stanley exhales, completely spent, he collapses on the floor.

INT. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - THE WAR ROOM

X-Rays and MRI scans of Stanley's brain cover the wall. They are all marked and highlighted.

Audio and visual recording devices spin, aimed at Stanley M. Thackery, sitting at the end of the very long table. A high-tech ANKLE MONITOR, blinks on his leg.

The CIA Director, Tim Gross, Doctor Grant Gomez (ALIVE & WELL) sit on the other end of the table.

TIM GROSS

The asset formerly known as Agent 60 will be decommissioned until further notice. Stanley M. Thackery, you will resume your cover role as a CIA psycho analyst, where you will be closely monitored and analyzed by your supervisor Doctor Grant Gomez. You will resume your medication patterns and you will be subject to daily analysis. You've been equipped with a tracking device, so we can monitor you 24/7/365. If you attempt to remove the anklet or flee, you will be sentenced to Federal Prison for Treason. Do you understand everything that I just said, Mr. Thackery?

Stanley raises his hand, like he has a question in class.

TIM GROSS

(groaning)

Go ahead.

STANLEY

Was it all in my head?

TIM GROSS

(boiling)

No... It was not all in your head, you cost the United States government a lot of money in the past three days... A lot...

STANLEY

How much?

TIM GROSS

We're not at liberty to say.

Tim Gross cracks the pencil he was holding in his hand.

STANLEY

What happened to me? My brain?

DOCTOR GRANT GOMEZ

Stanley, a few days ago, we noticed an anomaly in your brain activity. We thought you were in trouble. We thought something was wrong with you. So we made a hard decision and performed an operation... We compartmentalized certain parts of your brain, and during our artificial isolation procedure... We had to delete some memories, for the purpose of the investigation, of course. It's all legal, per the contract you signed with the U.S. Government.

STANLEY

Angela...

CIA DIRECTOR

We sent her back to MI-6. She'll no longer be working with the CIA.

STANLEY

No. I meant in my brain. I remembered her. It's hazy, but I felt like I knew her. I knew her... Before. Right?

TIM GROSS

She was your partner for the past two years. That's over now. Your unit has been completely dissolved.

Gomez slides a dozen orange pill bottles across the desk.

DR. GRANT GOMEZ

For your safety and the safety of those around you, we're going to have to heavily medicate you for the time being. This cocktail will help make those voices of yours go away for awhile...

Stanley looks up at the wall, looking at all of the pictures of his brain, realizing that he's just a human experiment...

STANLEY

You used me... You brain washed me, like I was some kind of lab rat.

CIA DIRECTOR

We did what was necessary to protect the interests of the American people.

DR. GRANT GOMEZ

Here you go. Take these.

A rainbow selection of a dozen pills land in the palm of Stanley's hand.

DR. GRANT GOMEZ

Take the pills, Stanley.

Stanley stares at them, hesitant, unsure.

DR. GRANT GOMEZ

Stanley? I don't have to remind you that you are legally required to take these pills.

STANLEY

This whole thing... Excuse my french, but this whole thing was a massive fuck up! You didn't even know what that chip did. Caesar outsmarted all of you. *I! Outsmarted all of you!*

Tim Gross, The CIA Director and Dr. Gomez are all suddenly very nervous.

Tim Gross reaches down towards the desk, his finger flirting with an ALARM BUTTON.

TIM GROSS
Don't be difficult, Stanley.
You've already caused enough
trouble. If I hit this button,
twenty guards come in here,
tranquilize you, lock you in a cell
and throw away the key.

Stanley looks at all of them, eyes the finger on the button,
then stares down at the pills.

STANLEY
You know something?

TIM GROSS
What's that?

STANLEY
You're all worse than Caesar.
You're all a bunch of dickheads.

Stanley throws the pills into his mouth.

INT. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - OFFICE BATHROOM

Stanley stares at himself in the mirror.

He awkwardly starts spitting out his prescription pills,
hidden in his mouth.

As they spill down the drain, they all turn yellow, spawn
Smiley Faces and start laughing at Stanley...

The laughing never stops, it only intensifies. Stanley is
going crazy.

He pulls up his pant leg and tugs at his TRACKING ANKLET.

A toilet flushes.

Stanley looks at the stall curiously. Then the stall door
flies off of the hinges.

Tango walks out in a fresh suit, looking sharp. He adjusts
his cuffs and sips on a martini.

TANGO
Well, I have to say my dear boy, I
did not appreciate the tone they
used with you. Offensive, really.

Squid comes walking out behind Tango, dressed like a
skateboarder, doing something on a laptop.

SQUID

This place blowsss. You can't expect us to listen to these old geezers and just stay put like a good dog. That's a death sentence. Listen bro, I bought this dope slice of paradise out in the Pacific. I think it could be our next big thing. Haven't you always wanted a secret lair?

Then Monk comes walking out of the same stall, ashamed.

MONK

I'm sorry, Stanley. I really thought you could trust me. I didn't know, whatever they did to us, to our brain...

STANLEY

I know. It's okay.

MONK

What do you say, buddy? Wanna get out of here?

INT. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - STANLEY'S DESK

Stanley sits back down at his desk. His bright orange Goldfish stares back at him, swimming around in a brand new glass fish bowl.

There is a letter waiting for him there. He opens it and starts to read to himself.

ANGELA (V.O.)

Dearest Stanley...

The Alpha Male Douchelord peeks his head over the cubicle, he starts taunting Stanley but we can't hear him.

ANGELA (V.O.)

I'm so sorry for the way things turned out. I hope you understand why I did what I did. I was trying to save you.

Beta Bro Douchebags circle the cubicle for the bully show.

The Douchelord pulls out a silver flask and pours whiskey into the fishbowl. The Beta Bro Douchebags laugh in chorus.

ANGELA (V.O.)
I wish I could have... See you in
past life. Or something like that.

Something twinkles in Stanley's eyes. He looks behind the
Douchebags, and sees Monk cracking his knuckles, seething --

Stanley quietly reaches across the desk, picks up his yellow
Discman and we notice that has been covered in Smiley Face
stickers the entire time.

He places the headphones over his ears and "Freedom! 90'" by
George Michael begins to play...

INT. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - HALLWAY

The knocked-out BODY of a FOUR-STAR GENERAL sits in a dark
janitorial closet, in nothing but underwear.

Stanley's TRACKING ANKLET, blinks a red light around the
General's ankle. The closet door slams shut.

Sirens are wailing, and people run through the hallways of
the CIA in a panic.

Stanley adjusts the tie on his brand new General's outfit,
and walks towards an exit, the stolen CIA laminate credential
wags on his chest.

INT. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - THE WAR ROOM

An ANALYST walks inside, petrified...

TIM GROSS
What now? Did that fat fuck Kim
Jong-Un wet his diapers again?

ANALYST
He's gone...

TIM GROSS
What? Who's gone? Use your words.

ANALYST
I, uh, sir --

TIM GROSS
Jesus H. Christ. Are we hiring
morons now? Spit it out --

ANALYST

Agent 60, sir. Stanley M.
Thackery. He's escaped --

Next, Tim Gross either:

- A. Throws a blunt object at his Analyst
- B. Strangles his Analyst to death
- C. Has a life-ending heart attack
- D. His brain explodes, *SCANNERS*-style
- E. All of the above, at the same exact time

EXT. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - PARKING LOT - DAY

Stanley walks along the rows of cars in the Four Star General's uniform. Headphones on. Straight jamming.

George Michael is really bringing it home on "*Freedom 90*"

Behind Stanley, we see the aftermath of Monk's dirty work...

The Alpha Male Douchelord -- *Now a Jackson Pollock installation of blood in the parking lot of the CIA.*

The rest of the office Douchebags stare down from the ninth floor, through a giant broken pane of window glass.

Stanley doesn't look back, he just keeps walking, he slowly starts to rip off the Four Star General's outfit.

He pulls out a set of CAR KEYS. He hits the automatic start button and the sound of a hellish, beastly engine ROARS to life -- THE WAR DADDY.

INT. THE "WAR DADDY" HUMVEE - DAY

Stanley's hands nostalgically grip the steering wheel, his finger runs over the weapons control board, then he looks up.

REAR VIEW MIRROR: Monk, Squid and Tango all smile and wave.

He shifts the car into drive and speeds off, with a big smiley face.

A FEW MONTHS LATER...

EXT. REMOTE TROPICAL ISLAND - PERFECT SUNNY DAY

A wild looking Mai Thai in a coconut shell cup.

It's walked out of a giant futuristic looking mansion/compound and down a sandy pathway to a beach.

The WAITRESS finds Stanley who is sitting on a lounge chair reading a file marked CONFIDENTIAL.

STANLEY

Thank you.

Stanley sips the drink and looks off into the distance, a cigarette boat comes speeding off of the horizon.

A WALKIE TALKIE buzzes --

SECURITY GUARD

(walkie talkie)

Sir. We have an incoming unknown.

Several GUARDS in sniper towers take aim. Stanley takes the binoculars and peeps the boat. He smiles.

STANLEY

(walkie talkie)

Hold your fire... It's a friendly.

Stanley sets the binoculars down and walks towards the water.

A figure hops off the boat and into a motorized inflatable. As she gets closer and closer, we realize that it's Angela.

She walks up the beach, meeting Stanley.

STANLEY

How did you find me?

ANGELA

That's not important right now. We don't have time.

STANLEY

What's wrong?

ANGELA

The world is in grave danger, Stanley. MI-6 needs your help.

Monk, Tango and Squid appear behind Stanley. Cracking their knuckles, ready to go to work.

Stanley smiles.

