

Killer Instinct

by

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Management 360

To the ones who keep this town running and will one day run
it... and the assholes who forget that.

Fuck you, Scott.

INT. SKYSCRAPER - DAY

Penthouse floor of a soaring skyscraper. Glass is littered everywhere. Wind billows in through a gaping hole in the window.

A circle of THUGS WITH MACHINE GUNS train their AK-47s on a hulking MASKED MAN. Fingers hover over triggers.

MASKED MAN

You don't want to do this.

A MAN WITH A SCAR OVER HIS EYE steps forward. Cocks his gun.

MAN WITH A SCAR OVER HIS EYE

I think I do. I really do.

MASKED MAN

It doesn't get you what you want.

MAN WITH A SCAR OVER HIS EYE

And what do I want?

MASKED MAN

Redemption. A second chance.

The corners of the scarred man's lips tuck into the faintest smile.

MAN WITH A SCAR OVER HIS EYE

You're a cocky motherfucker, aren't you?

MASKED MAN

There's a difference between cocky and confident.

MAN WITH A SCAR OVER HIS EYE

"He who despairs of the human condition is a coward, but he who has hope for it is a fool."

(then)

See you in the next life, motherfucker.

In the millisecond before the trigger meets the back of its guard, a SUPER FLUFFY GOLDEN RETRIEVER PUPPY leaps into the arms of the Masked Man, who then falls out of the window as bullet chambers are evacuated and lead pours around him...

... except he doesn't fall far. In fact, he's almost immediately cushioned by a giant, neon orange inflatable air bag. Then--

DIRECTOR

CUT!

We ZOOM OUT and see that the whole thing's taken place on a big soundstage! The Masked Man rips off his mask, and we see that it's CHRIS PRATT.

CHRIS PRATT

I think that was the one.

The DIRECTOR claps Chris on the back.

DIRECTOR

You nailed it. Well done, man.

(to crew)

Great work! Let's take ten!

After Chris graciously thanks the crew and walks off to his trailer, the Director's mood immediately blackens. He barks to his ASSISTANT, who skittishly stands nearby.

The Director holds up a slightly burnt sandwich.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Sheet. NOW.

The Director's Assistant fishes out a laminated paper depicting bread in varying degrees of burnt. Depending on the level of burnt, the bread is labeled as either "acceptable" or "unacceptable."

The Director holds up the bread next to one of the pictures. The level of burnt is clearly "unacceptable."

DIRECTOR'S ASSISTANT

I am so, so sorry, but at least
it's almost second lunch--

DIRECTOR

WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO KILL ME!???

The camera follows the crying assistant as she runs past an E! REPORTER wrapping up a take.

E! REPORTER

So we'll just have to wait until
December to see whether Chris
Pratt's latest will be his
greatest. I'm Andy Montagne, have a
great night.

ANDY'S ASSISTANT walks up to him with a cup of coffee.

ANDY

So listen, remember that "deer" I hit this morning? I'm going to need you to drive to Laurel Canyon and make sure it was just a... "deer."

A beat.

ANDY'S ASSISTANT

Wait, what?

Meanwhile, the camera latches onto a STUDIO EXECUTIVE and his ASSISTANT. The Assistant is listening to her cell.

WOMAN

(over phone, screaming)

He cheats on me with a twenty three year-old?? How FUCKING original!!

ASSISTANT

Oh man, I'm so sorry, Mrs. Green. I'm completely on your side on this. Could you hold one second?

The Assistant presses a button.

ANOTHER WOMAN

(over phone, sobbing)

He's never going to leave her, is he?? Does she know I'm pregnant??

ASSISTANT

Oh man, I'm so sorry, Haley. I'm completely on your side on this. Could you hold one second?

(then, to the Studio Exec)

I've got your wife and your... hairstylist on lines one and two.

STUDIO EXECUTIVE

Send my wife something nice from Cartier. Tell Haley I'll meet her tonight at the Chateau. Oh and I need you to watch Esme today.

We see that they've been trailed by ESME (7, tiny terror), this whole time. The Studio Executive saunters off before his Assistant can protest. Then, shrinking, she turns to Esme.

ESME

If you narc on me again, I'm telling Daddy you're sneaking your yogurts onto his expenses. Where are we on Harry Styles?

(MORE)

ESME (CONT'D)
 Winter got Billie Eilish for her
 birthday. I can't let that bitch
 show me up.

Esme throws a one hundred dollar bill at the Assistant.

ESME (CONT'D)
 Get me the usual.

The Assistant quickly makes a beeline for the coffee shop. We follow the Assistant as she hurries past a Spanish-style building on the lot. While she soldiers on, we head into:

INT. HOWARD PRODUCTIONS OFFICES - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

We WEAVE THROUGH a threadbare office: an assistant, CHELSEA HAMAMURA (mid-20s, half-Japanese, ASD that manifests as droll), orders office supplies on **an Amazon-like e-commerce site named Everest** while an INTERN runs from the kitchen with mugs of coffee in hand.

The camera finally lands on TEDDY ADEBAYO (late-20s, second-generation Ugandan, textbook shit-eater) as he places the most beautifully handcrafted bagel on a desk.

He then walks around a large office, setting things in place like a Sotheby's stager: Himalayan salt lamps, Diptyque Tuberose room spray, and an Alexa playing shamanic chants.

Teddy walks back to his desk and coaxes filaments of milk froth into the perfect latte art: a film reel. All the while, he talks to someone on his headset:

TEDDY
 (on phone)
 Yes, he'd like to order two hundred
 sets of butterfly wings. It's what
 he feeds his pet peacock.
 (a beat)
 You don't just sell the wings?
 Okay, well, hypothetical question:
 how difficult would it be for, say,
 me to tear the wings off of a
 butterfly? Hello? Hello?

Teddy browses a Facebook group: "Amazing Assistants." There's a post asking for the latest Lisa Joy script. Teddy attaches it, then responds to other posts in a similarly helpful way.

His boss, FRANK HOWARD (late 50s, old school Hollywood), walks in. Without acknowledging Teddy, Frank takes the latte. He then looks at the bagel and tosses it into the trash.

Teddy's stomach grumbles loudly as he watches it fall like it's his firstborn child.

Frank SLAMS the door. Chelsea, Frank's second assistant, walks over.

CHELSEA
He treats you like shit.

Teddy jumps, startled. Chelsea is basically the hot cheerleader in high school who didn't know he existed.

TEDDY
Well, if I'm going to be a producer, I want to learn from the best. That's Frank. It may not always seem like it, but at the end of the day, I respect him and he respects me.

FRANK
(calling out)
Get in here, you worthless piece of shit!

CHELSEA
Clearly.

INT. HOWARD PRODUCTIONS OFFICES - FRANK'S OFFICE - LATER

Teddy reads from a notepad.

TEDDY
You have a 10AM with Lloyd at the studio, lunch with Trey from CAA--

FRANK
Cancel it.

TEDDY
But we've reset on him like five times. He's the Head of Talent--

One look from Frank brings Teddy to heel.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
(bleeding optimism)
I'm sure we can find another time.
(then)
This came in for you on Project Excalibur--

He hands Frank a secure key USB drive. Frank short circuits.

FRANK

So I guess you had a stroke when I told you to NEVER FUCKING TOUCH anything related to Excalibur?? What about "secret project" don't you understand!??

There's a faint pitter-patter on the roof. Teddy flinches.

TEDDY

(sotto)

Shit.

FRANK

Am I hearing what I think I'm hearing??

Teddy braces for impact. Frank gets very quiet, which is multitudes scarier than when he yells.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I told you to kill that squirrel.

TEDDY

I did.

FRANK

Then why do I hear a squirrel?

TEDDY

Perhaps there's a possibility that another squirrel--

FRANK

KILL THE FUCKING SQUIRREL!!

EXT. HOWARD PRODUCTION OFFICES - DAY

Teddy threads his foot onto the last rung of a ladder. He grabs at a roof tile, which dislodges and falls several stories down. It's all very precarious.

Teddy then carefully finds a foothold on the roof. He pulls himself up. Spots the squirrel. Unsheathes a letter opener.

He stabs wildly at the squirrel, which scurries farther down the roof. At that moment, he gets a call on his headset.

WOMAN

(over phone)

Tell that SON OF A BITCH that I'm going to find the money.

(MORE)

WOMAN (CONT'D)
If he thinks he can clean out our
savings before the divorce--

TEDDY
(on headset)
Hi Mrs. Howard! Let me see if I
have him.

Frank walks out and looks up at Teddy. Frank slowly shakes
his head.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
(on headset while staring
at Frank)
Went straight to voicemail.

Frank then cocks his head towards the door. Teddy carefully
backs up to the ladder but accidentally knocks it over. Frank
looks at the fallen ladder, steps over it, and walks back
inside.

We then ZOOM IN on Teddy, who now appears in the crosshairs
of a sniper scope.

EXT. STUDIO LOT - DAY

A MAN IN A SKI MASK adjusts the lens of the scope as he
coolly surveils his prey from the roof of a nearby building.

INT. HOWARD PRODUCTIONS OFFICES - FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

A disheveled and possibly dislocated Teddy walks in.

FRANK
Did you take care of that squirrel?

In the window behind Frank, the squirrel darts by.

A beat.

TEDDY
Yes.

FRANK
So listen. A few of us are thinking
of heading to Maui for a few days
next week. I've got the Cessna
booked. You in?

TEDDY

Oh my god. I mean, holy shit. Are you serious? Frank, you have no idea what this means--

FRANK

Hang on.

He presses a button on his cell. We now see that he's wearing AirPods.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Did you think... you thought I was talking to you???

He howls with laughter. Teddy clenches his fists. Frank presses another button on his cell.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(on phone)

My idiot assistant thought I was talking to him! Ha! I know. Holy shit! He fucking peed his pants!

We see the smallest pee stain blossom on Teddy's crotch.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(on phone)

You can't make this shit up!

TEDDY

(beet red)

Is there anything else you need?

Teddy stares at the beautifully crafted bagel in the trash. His stomach grumbles even louder than before.

FRANK

(on phone)

I'll call you back.

(then, to Teddy)

Oh come on. It's funny! You can laugh. Why would I ever take you on a private jet to Maui for a week? It's hilarious!

TEDDY

I've got to cover the phones.

FRANK

Listen, Teddy, sit down.

Teddy reluctantly does.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Assuming Nikola Hull goes for the first-look deal, I'll get the budget for a junior exec. You won't be eating shit for much longer. At least, not as much shit.

Teddy perks up.

TEDDY

Just to be clear --

FRANK

CE to start. Maybe D.o.D. within 6 months if you don't manage to massively fuck things up.

TEDDY

Well, *bladder* make sure I don't!

A beat.

FRANK

What? What the hell was that? You don't get to do chummy. I hate that. Stop it.

TEDDY

I'm so sorry.

(then)

Thank you so much, Frank--

At this moment, Chelsea abruptly bursts in.

CHELSEA

I'm sorry to interrupt--

FRANK

No need to apologize, honey. What's going on?

Teddy silently stifles a scream at Frank's stark about-face.

CHELSEA

Everest is here for the pitch.

FRANK

Okay. Put them in the conference room, please.

(then, to Teddy)

Did you confirm my lunch with Trey?

TEDDY

I thought... you told me to push?

FRANK
We don't "push" on the fucking Head
of Talent at CAA. WHAT THE FUCK
WERE YOU THINKING!?

TEDDY
(cowering)
I AM NOTHING!! I AM A WORM!!

INT. HOWARD PRODUCTIONS OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

A group of executives and NIKOLA HULL (40s, charmingly nerdy, think Elon Musk) sit around a conference room table. Frank walks in. Big smile. Teddy follows, a dead soul held together by skin.

FRANK
There he is!

He gives Nikola a hug.

FRANK (CONT'D)
How's the world's second richest
man?

NIKOLA
You don't have to rub it in.

Everyone laughs.

FRANK
Oh please. Once your guys land on
Mars, you'll be the world's first
trillionaire. In the meantime, I've
got the perfect movie for you. A
big Dwayne Johnson picture. It'll
blow all the other streamers out of
the water.

INT. HOWARD PRODUCTIONS OFFICES - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Teddy watches from the outside, chewing on the garbage bagel.

Frank is pitching his heart out. Nikola looks bored.

CHELSEA
Wanna get drinks after work?

Teddy looks flummoxed.

TEDDY
Oh, wow, um, drinks. Just us, or?

CHELSEA

I'm meeting a friend. You should come.

TEDDY

Oh, sure. That sounds... sure.

Nikola and his crew stand up to leave.

CHELSEA

Definitely a pass. Your day is gonna suck.

TEDDY

Fu--

INT. HOWARD PRODUCTIONS OFFICES - FRANK'S OFFICE - LATER

FRANK (O.S.)

--CKKKKK!!!!!!

Frank's office phone hurtles towards Teddy, who ducks.

TEDDY

Would it be possible to perhaps reconvene when you're less... irrational?

FRANK

Oh, I'm being irrational? *I'm being irrational?*

He picks up another water bottle and winds his arm back. Before he launches it at Teddy, he sits down, eerily calm.

FRANK (CONT'D)

How much money do you have, Teddy?

TEDDY

I have sixty thousand dollars of student loan debt from USC. So negative sixty thousand dollars?

FRANK

Our last movie lost the financiers fifty million dollars.

TEDDY

Oh boy, yeah, that's a lot of green. Lot of paper.

FRANK

So you understand that I'm under some pressure.

TEDDY

I get that.

FRANK

Good. So if I need someone to eviscerate or a human shooting target, it's your job to provide those services for me.

TEDDY

Um...

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

A padded-up Teddy runs screaming from Frank as Frank points a BB gun at him and shoots. A pellet burrows into Teddy's exposed calf.

Teddy hits the ground, wailing in pain.

SFX: the pitter-patter from the roof.

FRANK

AM I HEARING WHAT I THINK I'M HEARING!?

EXT. HOWARD PRODUCTION OFFICES - LATER

Teddy tosses a few pieces of rat poison at the squirrel.

TEDDY

(crying softly)

I'm so sorry.

INT. HOWARD PRODUCTIONS OFFICES - FRANK'S OFFICE - LATER

A wild-eyed squirrel claws violently at Frank's window as blood spurts out of its orifices.

FRANK

WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO!??

TEDDY

(crying openly)
I'M SO SORRY!!!

The squirrel slams its body against the window before squeakily sliding down, finally dead.

A quiet beat.

FRANK (CONT'D)
What's next?

TEDDY
You've got John Ho in ten.

Frank wipes his brow. Teddy clocks his nervousness.

INT. HOWARD PRODUCTIONS OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

JOHN HO (50s, Chinese) sits at the table with a group of five LARGE CHINESE MEN. They're all very scary looking.

Teddy walks out just as Frank takes a deep breath, then strides into the conference room.

FRANK
Gentlemen! It's good to see you.

INT. HOWARD PRODUCTIONS OFFICES - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Teddy observes from the outside. Frank is directing the meeting like a maestro conductor, but the orchestra doesn't look happy.

Teddy winces as a visibly irate John starts gesticulating wildly at Frank.

FRANK (O.S.)
(yelling)
Teddy-- waters, now!!

INT. HOWARD PRODUCTIONS OFFICES - HALLWAY/CONFERENCE ROOM/BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Teddy hurries down the hallway juggling an armful of Fiji bottles. Chelsea walks with him.

CHELSEA
I don't know how you put up with him. How long have you been wiping his ass now? Five years?

TEDDY
He says I'm up for a promotion before the end of the year.

CHELSEA
Uh huh. But... his track record.

FRANK (O.S.)

TEDDY!

TEDDY

Coming!!

He bounds into the conference room and sets the waters down.

FRANK

I need you to conference in Kevin
at the studio.

Teddy runs to his desk. Dials a number. Chelsea walks over.

CHELSEA

You hate him.

TEDDY

What?

(then, on phone)

Hi, it's Teddy from Frank Howard's
office. Can Kevin hop on the line?
John Ho is here.

(then, to Chelsea)

He's not my favorite person.

CHELSEA

He's a sociopath. He's worse than
Rudin.

TEDDY

Yes, but he's a *real* producer,
Chelsea. The last of the old guard.
Not some billionaire's kid who's
using their allowance to buy EP
credits like they're Skittles.

Teddy dials a few numbers. Gets onto the line to the
conference room. Presses mute.

FRANK

(over intercom)

He pissed his pants! I'm telling
you, the kid is a fucking moron!

Teddy reddens. White knuckles the phone in his hands.

CHELSEA

What's wrong?

TEDDY

Nothing...

He pushes a button to another line.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Sure, I'll conference him in.

He unmutes, then pushes another button.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
(to Chelsea)
You know what? Yes, okay. Frank's an asshole. A sociopath. Scum of the earth. And if I could get away with it, would I fucking kill him? Yes, one thousand percent yes. I'd kill him.

A beat.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
That's weird. I'm not hearing anything.

CUT TO:

INT. HOWARD PRODUCTIONS OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM -
CONTINUOUS

Everyone in the conference room quietly stares at the intercom in the middle of the table.

TEDDY
(over intercom)
I'm not hearing anyone on the conference line. Did Kevin get disconnected? Hello? Kevin?

FRANK
Hey Teddy?

There's a long, quiet beat.

TEDDY
Hi Frank.

FRANK
You're fucking fired.

INT. TEDDY'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

TEDDY'S MOM (50s, warm, waitress uniform) doles an extra scoop of rice onto Teddy's plate. TEDDY'S DAD (50s, cool, security guard uniform) chews silently. It's a tight space. A Ugandan flag hangs on the peeling wall.

TEDDY'S MOM

I don't understand it. You work for years doing what? Answering phones? Scheduling meetings? How does that prepare you for anything? I think this is good. Now you can get a real job. Your father needs a new partner.

TEDDY

That's because his last partner got shot.

TEDDY'S DAD

All my partners get shot.

TEDDY

That's not really selling me on the idea.

TEDDY'S DAD

Good. We didn't come to this country so you could work a job making minimum wage.

TEDDY

I know how hard you and mom have worked-- how much you've sacrificed...

TEDDY'S DAD

You're our retirement plan.

TEDDY'S MOM

Stop putting pressure on the boy!

TEDDY

It's fine. I know, dad. I got you.

Teddy gives an unconvincing smile. He looks a little queasy.

INT. TEDDY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

A bleary-eyed Teddy wakes up to a buzzing phone. He picks up.

TEDDY

Hello?

FRANK

(over phone)

You need to come in and get your last paycheck. Oh, and bring the key. We need that back.

TEDDY
What? It's Saturday.

FRANK
(over phone)
See you in thirty.

The line goes dead. Teddy sits up.

INT. HOWARD PRODUCTIONS OFFICES - DAY

A key twists in the hole. The knob turns, and Teddy walks in.

TEDDY
Hello? Frank? Are you here?

Teddy hears a rustle in Frank's office. He walks towards it.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Frank? Is that you?

He tries the door. It's stuck. He jiggles it and manages to get it open, but only a crack. Something's blocking it.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Hey Frank, it's me. I've got the key.

Teddy pushes harder. Throws his whole weight against the door. He bursts through and sees that what was blocking the door was--

FRANK'S DEAD BODY. THERE'S A LETTER OPENER STICKING OUT OF HIS NECK.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
WHAT THE FUCK!?!?

He leaps back. Closes the door. Takes a breath. Then--

TEDDY (CONT'D)
This is just... he's fucking punking me. You're fucking punking me after you fucking fired me?

A much more collected Teddy walks back in.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
I don't know what the point of this is, Frank. You won. I'm out. You can get up now. Frank? Frank?

He edges closer to Frank's body. Toes it. Then gives it a gentle kick. Then a harder one.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Come on, wake the fuck up you
sadistic piece of SHIT!

At that moment, Chelsea walks in.

There's a beat as Chelsea takes in Teddy violently kicking what looks to be Frank's dead body.

CHELSEA
Teddy?

Teddy spins around.

TEDDY
Chelsea! How long have you been
standing there?

Her eyes dart from Teddy to Frank's body.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
This isn't what it looks like.

CHELSEA
You stone-cold motherfucker. You
actually did it!

She peels out laughing. Teddy's not really sure how to respond.

TEDDY
Why are you laughing? This isn't...
this isn't funny.

She keeps laughing.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Stop. Please stop laughing. He's
not actually dead, right?

She bends down to check his pulse.

CHELSEA
He's super dead.

At this point, Teddy violently hurls into the ficus tree planter. Chelsea gently rubs his back.

TEDDY

This is worse than the time I
vomited onto the grill at Benihana.
The grill cooked up the vomit.

Vomiting quickly gives way to the throes of a panic attack.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god...

CHELSEA

How'd you do it? I mean, obviously-

She makes a stabbing gesture with her hand. Teddy seizes her
by her shoulders. He's white with panic.

TEDDY

Chelsea, listen to me. It wasn't
me. I didn't kill Frank.

CHELSEA

What are you talking about? Of
course you did.

TEDDY

You know me. You know I couldn't do
this. I've never even shot anyone
in paintball!

CHELSEA

Yeah, you were kind of a little
bitch at that offsite.

TEDDY

Chelsea, please. It wasn't me. I
just -- he told me to come in to
get my last paycheck and turn in my
key. When I got here, he was
already dead.

A beat as Chelsea considers this. Teddy's not sure she's
buying it.

CHELSEA

You said on a very public
conference call yesterday that
you'd kill Frank if you could.
Also, isn't that your letter opener
in his neck?

CLOSE-UP: "Adebayo" etched on the letter opener's handle.

TEDDY

WHAT THE FUCK!? SHIT!! SHIT!!

Teddy's head starts spinning. He folds himself into the fetal position.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

I can't even kill a fucking squirrel. How could I kill a human person?

CHELSEA

Well, there's lots of explanations. Schizophrenia, dissociative memory, drug black-out. Everything seems to point to... you. Also, you did kill that squirrel. I saw its babies wandering aimlessly around the lot yesterday.

TEDDY

(slightly suspicious)

Wait, why are you here? It's Saturday.

CHELSEA

Oh, I come in every Saturday. It's when I spit in all the executives' coffee creamers. I was also going to leave a leg of ham in Frank's air conditioning vent this weekend.

She holds up a grocery bag with a leg of ham.

TEDDY

I guess... that checks out?

(then)

What do we do? We call the cops, right?

CHELSEA

Well, it's not going to look good for you, but I still think that's the move. Is there anyone you can think of who might actually have motive?

TEDDY

The whole town? Frank always said you're not anyone until someone in Hollywood hates you.

CHELSEA

Narrowing that down might be helpful.

TEDDY

I don't know. John Ho looked pretty pissed at him yesterday. His ex-wife called in screaming about him taking all their money. He's also been in a feud with Paul Rudd for three years now.

CHELSEA

Who gets in a feud with Paul Rudd? He's like a golden retriever puppy in the body of an unfathomably handsome man.

TEDDY

Wait. Maybe this has something to do with Excalibur, that secret project he was working on. He wouldn't let me know anything about it. Except...

Teddy starts rooting around Frank's desk. He finds the encrypted USB drive from yesterday.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

He flipped out when I opened the package that had this.

Teddy plugs it into Frank's computer. Nothing happens. Chelsea looks at the drive.

CHELSEA

You need the code to get in.

There's a DING on Teddy's phone. He looks down and sees a text from ALISON, the Studio Executive's Assistant from earlier.

ALISON

(text)

CODE RED. Any chance you could slip Chloe Zhao's direct #?

Teddy quickly copies, pastes, and sends the number from his phone book.

CHELSEA

Dude, you're now implicated in your boss's murder. You can switch off work mode.

At that moment, they hear someone pick the lock to the main door. Teddy instinctively grabs Chelsea. They crouch behind Frank's desk.

TEDDY

Who would be picking the lock to get in? We all have keys, right?

CHELSEA

I mean, technically not you. Anymore.

The door opens. Teddy peeks through one of the blinders in Frank's internal office window to see the Man in a Ski Mask stalk through the cubicles.

TEDDY

Shit!!

The door to Frank's office slowly creaks open. Teddy and Chelsea both freeze.

We see black boots walk up to Frank's dead body. There's a beat before SIX SHOTS ARE PLANTED INTO HIS BODY -- his corpse pulsates with each one. Teddy and Chelsea flinch.

CHELSEA

(whispering)

Well, if he wasn't dead before, he's definitely dead now.

Teddy shushes her as he tries to control his own shaking.

They watch as the black boots turn, then walk out the door.

Teddy breathes out a sigh of relief as the Man heads towards the exit.

But as Teddy stands up, he accidentally knocks over a pencil cup. The pencils go scattering onto the floor as the ceramic shatters.

Teddy looks at Chelsea. FUCK.

She nods at the window, and they both hurry over. Teddy opens it, then gives her a boost as she shimmies and slides through.

Teddy is about to follow, but before he does, he sprints back to the computer and grabs the USB drive.

Running back to the window, he leaps up and crawls out just as the Man in a Ski Mask comes back in. He looks around. Clocks the fresh vomit. Screws a silencer onto his gun.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Teddy and Chelsea scramble towards Teddy's car. He fumbles around for his keys.

Bullets whiz past their heads and find marks on nearby cars in the lot.

CHELSEA

Now would be a GREAT time to unlock your car.

TEDDY

I don't know where I put my keys!!

Chelsea grabs Teddy and pulls him towards a nearby Aston Martin. She opens the driver's door and slides inside. Teddy is hesitant.

CHELSEA

What are you waiting for? Get in!

Teddy does. Chelsea feels around under the seat and fishes out a set of keys. She clicks a button, and the engine roars to life.

TEDDY

Why do you have keys to the Bond stunt car??

CHELSEA

I take it to go to Santa Barbara on weekends.

(off Teddy's look)

Cars need to be driven! I'm doing them a favor.

Chelsea punches the accelerator as they barrel towards the lot gate.

A bullet spiders the back windshield. Teddy screams. Chelsea looks at the rearview and squints her eyes at the gun in the Man's hands.

The car quickly approaches the security gate. There's a line of cars to exit, but the entry lane is empty. Chelsea's eyes dart around as she looks for a button. Finds it, pushes it, and--

VROOOOOM!!

Two rockets unfold and ignite in the rear of the car, sending it flying past the security gate on the left side.

The car hairpin turns onto the street, then whips quickly to the freeway ramp.

INT. BOND STUNT CAR - CONTINUOUS

TEDDY

How the fuck did you do that??

CHELSEA

I used to be Blue Ivy's assistant.

TEDDY

Blue Ivy has an assistant?

CHELSEA

The paparazzi chases were insane.

(then)

So you really didn't do it.

TEDDY

Of course I didn't do it!

CHELSEA

You were cooler when I thought that maybe you did do it.

TEDDY

Let's just get to the nearest police station. Do you know where it is?

CHELSEA

Are you nuts? He was using a service pistol. He's a fucking cop, Teddy.

TEDDY

What?

CHELSEA

Have you never seen any murder show ever? That guy's gun was government-issued.

TEDDY

But that-- can't we still go to the station? Explain everything to the captain?

CHELSEA

Whoever killed Frank has the cops on the take. We can't go to the cops. It's like "on the lam" 101.

(MORE)

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
You're really not very good at
this.

TEDDY
Fuck. So what now?

He looks over at Chelsea.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
What's going on? Why are you
smiling??

She puts her hand on his shoulder.

CHELSEA
I'm what some people call a trauma
tourist. I went to Hiroshima last
year, and I've got Chernobyl booked
for this winter. I never thought
I'd be so lucky as to get wrapped
up in a murder. Thank you for
including me on your journey today.

TEDDY
Have you always been this creepy?
(then)
Oh god, I can't believe my boss is
dead.

CHELSEA
Dead ex-boss.

TEDDY
Yeah, yeah. I was fired.

He pulls out the USB.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Maybe this has some answers. Oh
god, why do I want answers??

CHELSEA
For your sake, we need to figure
out who really killed him. So you
were saying John Ho, Frank's ex-
wife, and Paul Rudd were all pissed
at him?

TEDDY
I'm going to go ahead and assume it
wasn't Paul Rudd.
(then)
I don't want to know who really
killed him!

(MORE)

TEDDY (CONT'D)

I want to go home and eat expired Halloween candy and take all the controlled substances in my cabinet.

CHELSEA

Well, tough luck. This is a classic frame job. Someone heard you on the conference line yesterday, and they set you up to take the fall. And since the hitman is a cop, you're not getting out of this without some real evidence of who actually pulled it off.

A beat as Teddy digests this.

TEDDY

Twenty four hours ago, my greatest fear was concussion by stapler. Also melanoma. Now, I don't even know if I'll live to see tomorrow.

(then)

Fine. What now? Where do we even go?

CHELSEA

I know where.

CUT TO:

INT. HOWARD PRODUCTIONS OFFICES - FRANK'S OFFICE - LATER

Frank's office has been torn apart -- the desk is flipped over, cabinet drawers litter the floor, papers are strewn everywhere.

The Man in a Ski Mask gets an incoming call.

UNKNOWN PERSON

(voice transformed, over phone)

Did you find it?

MAN IN A SKI MASK

(on phone)

No. It's not here.

UNKNOWN PERSON

(voice transformed, over phone)

Then the kid took it. If you don't retrieve the fucking drive--

MAN IN A SKI MASK
(on phone)
He's a dead man walking. I'll get
it.

He hangs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOHO HOUSE PARKING LOT - DAY

Chelsea and Teddy drive towards a blue, glass building.
Chelsea dials a number.

WOMAN
(over bluetooth)
Soho House.

CHELSEA
(on bluetooth, in a posh
British accent)
Listen to me very carefully. I've
got Banksy on the way. Banksy, you
understand? When we arrive, we will
neither look at nor acknowledge
you. You are not to look at or
acknowledge us. You are to ask no
questions. You are not to make a
scene. You are not to follow us.
You will know who he is and who I
am when you see us.

Chelsea hangs up, then pulls up to the valet stand. She and
Teddy get out.

Chelsea throws the keys to a VALET BOY.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
(sotto, to Teddy)
Just follow my lead.

Chelsea leads Teddy past two WOMEN at the stand near the
elevators. Woman 1 looks anxiously at Woman 2.

WOMAN 1
But nobody knows what Banksy looks
like!!

WOMAN 2
So it could be him! I'm not getting
fired for bouncing Banksy.

Woman 2 smiles at them and presses a button. The elevator doors open.

In the BG, we see the Man in a Ski Mask slip into the stairwell.

INT. SOHO HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Chelsea walks around a buffet table with a heaping plate of food.

TEDDY
I can't believe that worked!

CHELSEA
It's how I got Frank backstage passes to the Nas concert.

TEDDY
Didn't take Frank for a Nas fan.

CHELSEA
He's not. He was chasing Leo for that heist movie, and Leo loves Nas.

TEDDY
Couldn't you just have said the passes were for Leonardo Dicaprio?

CHELSEA
There's more than one way to skin a cat, Teddy.

TEDDY
So why are we at Soho House?

CHELSEA
Paul Rudd's assistant tipped me off that he's here right now.

A beat.

TEDDY
Are you fucking serious? That's why we're here??

She nods her head at a nearby table. PAUL RUDD is indeed there, eating a grilled cheese sandwich.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Chelsea, there's no way Paul Rudd murdered Frank.
(MORE)

TEDDY (CONT'D)

How could anyone be eating a
grilled cheese sandwich in Soho
House right after they stuck a
letter opener in another human's
neck?

CHELSEA

It's the perfect cover.

(then)

And look! There's blood on his
shirt!!

Teddy looks over and sees a red stain on Paul's shirt.

TEDDY

He's eating fries with ketchup.
Chelsea, it's not Paul Rudd.

CHELSEA

How many genocide sites have you
visited? How many murder tours have
you gone on? Who's the murder
expert here?

Chelsea gets up and walks over to Paul's table.

TEDDY

What the hell are you doing??

CHELSEA

Hi, I'm Chelsea. Big fan.

PAUL RUDD

Oh hey! That's so kind. Thanks very
much.

CHELSEA

Do you mind if I get a selfie?

PAUL RUDD

Not at all.

Chelsea takes out her phone and smiles as she snaps a shot
with Paul.

She then sits down across from him, her entire demeanor
darkened.

CHELSEA

I know what you did, Paul.

PAUL RUDD

Sorry?

CHELSEA

I saw the body, Paul. And I get it.
I'd be angry too if I were you.
Angry at myself. Angry at the
world.

PAUL RUDD

What?

CHELSEA

Always tech avail, never the bride.
I'd be pissed.

PAUL RUDD

I'm not angry at anyone. I'm a
Marvel superhero.

CHELSEA

The shittiest Marvel superhero. I
mean, what were you -- fiftieth on
Endgame call-sheet?

A beat.

PAUL RUDD

Twentieth.

CHELSEA

Wasn't there a Make-a-Wish kid who
cried when Marvel sent you instead
of Captain America?

PAUL RUDD

Well, that was actually--

CHELSEA

And then he absolutely refused to
meet you--

PAUL RUDD

The reporters didn't get the full--

CHELSEA

And then he died before Marvel
could send anyone else?

PAUL RUDD

I'm going to go now.

CHELSEA

Where were you at exactly six
o'clock this morning?

PAUL RUDD

Look, I'm not exactly sure what's going on here--

CHELSEA

I work for Frank Howard--

Paul's eyes narrow.

PAUL RUDD

Frank Howard, huh? Did that slimy motherfucker send you here to fuck with me?

Chelsea startles from his sudden tenor shift.

CHELSEA

Um...

Paul looks around at all the people staring.

PAUL RUDD

(very quietly)

Tell that punk ass bitch that I will tear him a new asshole the next time I see him.

(then, loudly so the

gathering crowd can hear)

Great to see you!

A spooked Chelsea walks back to the table with Teddy.

PAUL RUDD (B.G.) (CONT'D)

(to table companion)

Banksy's friend is a real bitch.

CHELSEA

So he definitely did it.

TEDDY

I guarantee you that he did not.

(then, ashen)

My parents were right. I never should have worked in this industry.

CHELSEA

Probably not. This industry is the worst.

TEDDY

Wait! I have this!

He holds up the encrypted USB.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
 Maybe we can find someone who can
 decrypt it--

BANG!

A bullet misses Teddy's fingers by mere centimeters.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
 WHAT THE FUCK!?!?

More bullets ring out around Teddy, but **he intuitively dodges each of them like it's second-nature.**

MAN IN A SKI MASK
 What the fuck!?

CHELSEA
 Look at you, Jason Bourne! Dodging
 office supplies from Frank taught
 you something after all.
 (then)
 Watch out!!

The Man in a Ski Mask hurls a coffee mug at Teddy. He ducks under the mug, but **the blistering hot coffee spills all over his arm.**

Teddy doesn't flinch.

MAN IN A SKI MASK
 Who trained you?? SEAL? NSA?

TEDDY
 What??

MAN IN A SKI MASK
 Who are you?

CHELSEA
 (come at us)
 He's an assistant.

Meanwhile, we see in the BG that KEANU REEVES has intercepted and caught the mug. He takes a sip of what's left in it.

KEANU REEVES
 I ordered decaf.

Keanu Reeves surges towards the Man in a Ski Mask.

While Keanu throws him onto a buffet table, Chelsea grabs Teddy and bolts for the exit.

TEDDY

What the fuck is going on!? Did
Keanu Reeves just save us??

CHELSEA

This is so cool! It's like we're in
a John Wick movie!

(then, looking at Teddy's
arm)

Getting scalding coffee thrown at
you taught your skin something too!

TEDDY

I've never been so grateful to have
been abused!

CHELSEA

The Hollywood system is so broken.

CUT TO:

INT. BOND STUNT CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Chelsea and Teddy peel out of the parking lot and onto the
streets of West Hollywood.

CHELSEA

I know someone who can help us
decrypt the USB. Nikola.

TEDDY

Hull??

CHELSEA

He's hit on me the last five times
he was in the office. I'll text
him.

TEDDY

I mean, we've got to know some
other tech wunderkind. Any other
tech wunderkind.

CHELSEA

Nikola's our best bet, and he lives
close by. In the meantime, can you
look through Frank's email and see
if there's anything that seems off?

Teddy takes out his phone and flicks through a very full
inbox.

TEDDY

Holy shit.

CHELSEA

What??

TEDDY

They're pulling the Chloe Zhao pic from theatrical. That's just sacrilegious.

CHELSEA

Focus, Teddy!

TEDDY

Okay, okay. There's nothing here that stands out. Wait...

(then, squinting at the screen)

It looks like Frank got an incoming wire two weeks ago for... fifty million dollars!?

CHELSEA

But that must be from a financier, right? For the next movie?

Teddy shakes his head.

TEDDY

No way, that would go through Business Affairs. Someone wired fifty million dollars to his personal account.

CHELSEA

Who's it from?

TEDDY

I just see an account number.

(then)

Hold on...

He squints at the screen again.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

The wire originated from the Bank of China.

CHELSEA

John Ho is a Chinese national, right?

TEDDY

Yes... but let's not jump to conclusions. I mean, maybe there's a logical explanation for all of this.

CHELSEA

For Frank getting a fifty million dollar wire to his personal account from a Chinese Bank right before he's murdered? I don't think so.

TEDDY

Fuck.

CHELSEA

No, not fuck. This is great. It's motive.

TEDDY

Maybe you're right. Wait! If this is the smoking gun, then we can turn it in to the FBI.

Chelsea shakes her head.

CHELSEA

It's not enough. Not to exonerate you completely. We need more. Is there anything else?

At that moment, a BLACK VAN explodes into the rearview mirror. The Man in a Ski Mask leans out of a window HOLDING A MACHINE GUN.

Before Chelsea can react, BULLETS START CHEWING UP THE BODY OF THE CAR.

TEDDY

WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENING!?!?

Chelsea scans the control panel and punches a button.

The car's exhaust pipe ROTATES OUT INTO A GUN TURRET. It SPITS A ROUND OF GUNFIRE BACK AT THE BLACK VAN, SENDING IT FISHTAILING INTO ANOTHER CAR.

Chelsea looks in the rearview.

CHELSEA

Damnit, he's still tailing us!

She looks back down at the panel.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
I don't know if this is going to
work, but it's worth a shot.

There are two giant semis in front of them. She guns towards
them--

TEDDY
What exactly are you trying to make
work??

Chelsea pulls one of the levers, and the tires of the car
rotate as the entire body of the car shifts up 90 degrees.
**THE ENTIRE CAR FRAME IS NOW SUPPORTED ON ITS SIDE BY TWO
WHEELS.** Teddy screams.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
HOW IS THIS EVEN PHYSICALLY
POSSIBLE!?

CHELSEA
Movie magic, baby!

The two semis look like they're going to SKIN THE STUNT CAR,
but then--

It **WHIZZES THROUGH THE TIGHT CORRIDOR BETWEEN THEM**,
millimeters from catastrophe.

The black van torches rubber to SWERVE AND SKID TO A STOP,
barely averting collision.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIKOLA HULL'S MANSION - DAY

The stunt car, horizontal again, pulls up to an enormous,
sleek sheet of nickel. It looks more like modern art than it
does a house-gate.

Chelsea pushes the call button.

It rings.

INTERCOM VOICE
(faint South African
accent)
Chelsea?

CHELSEA
Hey Nikola.

INTERCOM VOICE

Nice ride.

CHELSEA

I thought you were above all
earthly possessions.

INTERCOM VOICE

I am. But I can also have an
appreciation for... beautiful
things.

Teddy makes a face.

INTERCOM VOICE (CONT'D)

Come on in.

There's a buzz, and the nickel sheet bisects, slowly swinging
open. Chelsea drives through.

The car crawls up a long, winding driveway lined by palm
trees. There's no house in sight.

TEDDY

What the hell is this?

CHELSEA

A billionaire's compound.

As they wind their way around another corner, they finally
catch sight of a towering, massive glass building behind a
lake. Swans glide beautifully across it.

They pull up to the front of the house, where a white suit-
clad Nikola Hull stands waiting.

TEDDY

Didn't realize Colonel Sanders
lived in Hearst Castle.

CHELSEA

Don't be a dick. He's a good guy.

Chelsea walks out. Nikola envelops her in a big hug.

NIKOLA

Bella! It's so lovely to see you.
I'm so glad our vectors have
finally intersected.

TEDDY

(sotto to Chelsea)
Why does he sound like a robot
cosplaying as a human?

CHELSEA
Sorry it was so last minute. Oh,
this is my friend, Teddy.

Nikola and Teddy shake hands.

NIKOLA
(not pleased)
Pleased to meet you.

TEDDY
We've, uh, we've actually met
before. I work for Frank. Worked
for Frank.

CHELSEA
He got fired.

TEDDY
Thank you. Thanks for that.

CHELSEA
I could use a drink.

NIKOLA
It's one in the afternoon.

CHELSEA
What are you, my dad?

NIKOLA
By age? I could be!

He and Chelsea burst out laughing. Teddy is visibly uncomfortable.

NIKOLA (CONT'D)
Well, what are you waiting for?
Come on in!

Teddy and Chelsea follow Nikola inside.

INT. NIKOLA HULL'S MANSION - DAY

The minimalist yet modern home of a technoking. Think sleek black marble floors, roaming robot dogs, and bleeding-edge technology seamlessly integrated into every nook of the house.

Nikola walks up to a large screen. It functions like an Alexa, only five generations ahead of the Alexa we have now.

NIKOLA

Elena, prepare three gin and tonics.

ROBOTIC VOICE

Three gin and tonics, coming up.

CHELSEA

Holy shit! Elena can make drinks now??

NIKOLA

It's a beta. We're still testing whether it's actually worth releasing this feature in the next iteration.

At that moment, a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (20s) walks in carrying a tray with three drinks.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Three gin and tonics, as requested.

She hands each of them a drink.

CHELSEA

Thank you so much.

NIKOLA

When's my next appointment, Elena?

She looks off into the distance for a beat. We realize that she's a fucking android.

ELENA

Your next appointment is tonight at 7PM. Colonic with Ben--

NIKOLA

All right, demonstration over. You can shut up now, Elena.

She does but doesn't move.

NIKOLA (CONT'D)

(irritated)

You can also go away now.

Elena smiles politely but still doesn't move.

CHELSEA

This is... Elena??

NIKOLA

Also a beta. A horrible one. God,
she needs so much work.

At that moment, Nikola gets a call on his cell.

NIKOLA (CONT'D)

Excuse me one moment.

He walks off.

Chelsea gets up real close to Elena.

CHELSEA

Elena, what's your birthday?

ELENA

December 4th!

CHELSEA

Elena, what's your sign?

ELENA

Sagittarius.

CHELSEA

Elena, what is the stock price of
Everest right now?

ELENA

As of the market close yesterday at
4PM Eastern Standard Time, Everest
stock was priced at eight hundred
seventy two dollars and thirty six
cents.

CHELSEA

Incredible.

She starts wandering down the hallway.

Teddy walks up to Elena.

TEDDY

Elena... are you happy here?

Elena doesn't respond.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Elena, is he bad to you?

Elena again doesn't respond. She almost looks like she's
going to cry.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

I didn't mean to upset you. I just want you to know that you can talk to me. I know what it's like to have a bad boss too.

ELENA

I'm not upset. Emotions are not part of my programming. I'm an artificially intelligent being designed by Nikola Hull.

In the BG, Chelsea walks up to a cerulean-lit fish tank.

CHELSEA (B.G.)

Holy shit! There are sharks in here, dude!

TEDDY

No, Elena. You're more than that.

Elena smiles.

CHELSEA (B.G.)

Oh my god. I think one shark just started eating another shark. Nature is so fucking lit.

TEDDY

Elena, is there anything you want to tell me?

ELENA

I killed Nikola's cat and burned the body in the outdoor pizza oven.

A beat.

TEDDY

What?

At that moment, Nikola walks back in.

NIKOLA

Alright kids, so shall we go for a dip with my therapy dolphin?

CHELSEA

I'm afraid this isn't just a social call, Nikola. We need to talk to you about something important. About Frank.

NIKOLA
Yeah, that fucker owes me a call.
What the hell's holding him up?

Chelsea and Teddy look at each other.

CHELSEA
Frank is dead.

A long beat.

NIKOLA
Dead? As in--

TEDDY
As in his body is bleeding out on
the floor of his office.

NIKOLA
Christ.

CHELSEA
Long story short, Teddy threatened
to kill Frank yesterday, and today
we found Teddy's letter-opener in
Frank's neck. BUT Teddy didn't do
it. He was framed.

Nikola takes a step back to assess the situation. He looks
concerned.

NIKOLA
Why did you come here? I... I can't
be mixed up in this. I run a public
company.

CHELSEA
We need your help. Please. You're
the only person we know who might
be able to help prove Teddy's
innocence.

Nikola looks at Chelsea, then Teddy. Thinks. Then sighs.

NIKOLA
Fine. What can I do?

CUT TO:

INT. NIKOLA HULL'S MANSION - A LITTLE LATER

Teddy and Chelsea huddle around Nikola, who sits at a large
monitor. The USB is plugged in.

He enters a few keystrokes.

NIKOLA
And there we are.

Teddy and Chelsea look at the screen. All it shows are five numbers: "63892".

CHELSEA
What does it mean?

NIKOLA
Seems to be some kind of code.

CHELSEA
To his phone?

TEDDY
No, he has an iPhone. It'd be four.
(then)
Oh my god. He had me order a safe a month ago. This must be the code to it.

CHELSEA
Where's the safe?

TEDDY
At his house.

Chelsea grabs the keys.

CHELSEA
Nikola, we can't thank you enough.

NIKOLA
Well, I was overdue for a good thrill. We're all slaves to the hedonic treadmill, after all. And it's like I always say: embracing entropy is the only true path forward. Ad astra per aspera.

Chelsea gives him a hug and then hurries back with Teddy to the car.

TEDDY
He sounds like Optimus Prime if Optimus Prime took a community college course on philosophy and discovered edibles.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK VAN - DAY

The Man in a Ski Mask looks down at a deep, bleeding cut on his arm.

Without flinching, he flicks open a lighter and holds the flame to the wound, cauterizing himself.

His phone starts buzzing. He picks up.

MAN IN A SKI MASK
(into phone)
Yeah?

UNKNOWN PERSON
(voice transformed, over
phone)
I tracked their location.

MAN IN A SKI MASK
(into phone)
Send it over.

The Man in a Ski Mask clicks a new clip into his glock.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - MALIBU - DAY

Teddy and Chelsea pull up to a massive seaside estate. Chelsea punches in a few numbers at the gate, which swings open.

CHELSEA
So how much was he paying you to
eat shit every day?

TEDDY
Twelve an hour.

CHELSEA
Isn't that below minimum wage?

TEDDY
I don't know. Doesn't matter now.

CHELSEA
I get twenty.

TEDDY
Are you fucking kidding me??

They pull up to Frank's house.

A woman, MRS. HOWARD (40s, a walking ad for Bergdorf), pours gasoline over a heap of clothing in the driveway.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Shit. What the hell is she doing here? And what the hell is she doing?

CHELSEA
(to Mrs. Howard)
Hi, Mrs. H! Beautiful day, isn't it?

Mrs. Howard turns around and waves at them.

MRS. HOWARD
Hi Chelsea, hi Teddy. You can just call me Andrea now. I want nothing to do with that piece of shit.

CHELSEA
Need a match?

MRS. HOWARD
Nah, I got one.

She tosses a match onto the clothing, which bursts into flames.

MRS. HOWARD (CONT'D)
You need help getting in?

TEDDY
Aren't you going to ask what we're doing here?

MRS. HOWARD
Nope.

She tosses a set of keys to him.

MRS. HOWARD (CONT'D)
Go to town.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Teddy and Chelsea walk inside the palatial digs.

TEDDY
I can't tell if that was the most suspicious thing in the world or the least.

CHELSEA

There's no way she knows. She wouldn't incriminate herself like that if she knew.

TEDDY

So twenty an hour, huh?

CHELSEA

You still hung up on that?

TEDDY

Why was he always so nice to you?

CHELSEA

I told him my dad's name is Alan, so he assumed my dad is Alan Hamamura, the billionaire. I never corrected him.

TEDDY

(reluctantly impressed)
Well-played.

CHELSEA

Thanks. Where's the safe?

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - MASTER CLOSET - DAY

Teddy walks up to a painting on the wall. He removes it to reveal a small, steel safe.

CHELSEA

Feels a little trope-y. Safe behind a painting on the wall.

TEDDY

Frank was lazy.
(then)
What was the code again?

CHELSEA

63892.

Teddy enters in the numbers. The safe beeps twice before opening.

He and Chelsea both take a deep breath before they look inside. They see...

TEDDY

A phone? That's what he bought this for? A phone?

CHELSEA
Maybe it's plated in gold. Or
Bitcoin.

Teddy picks it up. It turns on, and the passcode screen
appears.

Teddy tries a familiar combo.

TEDDY
His normal passcode isn't working.

CHELSEA
Maybe it's his birthday?

Teddy types in "0706."

TEDDY
Nope.

CHELSEA
Damnit. What else could it be?

Suddenly, they hear a CRASH down the hall.

TEDDY
Shit. The stunt car's out there.
They know we're here.

CHELSEA
Do you have a gun?

TEDDY
What? Why would I have a gun??

CHELSEA
You dress like you live in
Manhattan Beach.

TEDDY
Well, I don't. What do we do? Hide?

CHELSEA
We can't. They know we're in here.

TEDDY
Fuck fuck fuck!!

CHELSEA
Text Dwayne.

TEDDY
Dwayne Johnson?

CHELSEA
He lives in Malibu.

TEDDY
Why do you know that??

CHELSEA
I'm kind of a big fan.

TEDDY
We can't go to his house.

CHELSEA
Where else can we go? And how? In
the stunt car that the assassin's
seen??

TEDDY
Okay, fine!

Teddy pulls out his phone.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
(texting)
Hey Mr. Johnson, it's Teddy from
Frank's office. I'm so sorry to
bother you, but--

CHELSEA
Jesus Christ.

She rips the phone from Teddy's hands.

TEDDY
Hey!

CHELSEA
We don't have time for your meek,
pussy bullshit.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
(texting)
Yo Dwayne, it's me. I need a favor.
I'm in the Bu -- you around?

TEDDY
"The Bu"??

CHELSEA
You want to keep pitching, or you
want to live?

She sends the text. A few seconds later, Teddy's phone
buzzes.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
He texted back!!
(reading)
"Hey man! Swing on by. 22515 PCH."

TEDDY
Holy shit! We're going to Dwayne
Johnson's house!

CHELSEA
Today is my favorite day.

They hear a GUNSHOT downstairs.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
Still is.
(then)
Is he far?

Teddy plugs the address into Google Maps.

TEDDY
It's five houses down.

CHELSEA
Okay. Maybe we can sneak out the
front--

Suddenly, they hear GUNSHOTS. They run to the window and see
that the Man in a Ski Mask has shot out the tires of the car.

TEDDY
Fuck.

Then, the Man turns and shoots the engine.

BOOM!! The stunt car explodes, billowing up in black smoke
and flames.

CHELSEA
Well, that part just seemed
unnecessary.
(then)
How can we get down to the beach
from here?

Teddy thinks.

TEDDY
Gate next to the pool. Follow me.

With Chelsea in tow, Teddy quietly pads out of the office,
down the hall, and towards the back stairs to the kitchen.

They slowly start creeping down when-- **SLAP!** They see the Man in a Ski Mask, loaded to the teeth, lay a blue tarp down on the kitchen floor.

Teddy motions for Chelsea to follow him back up the stairs. They then make their way towards the main stairs.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

A tarp?

CHELSEA

Makes clean-up less of a bitch. It keeps all the blood and guts contained. I do the same thing with chicken in Pyrex.

TEDDY

I feel like it would help a lot if you empathized less with the assassin and more with me.

Teddy and Chelsea sneak down the stairs. They tiptoe quietly through the living room and make it to a back door. There's a CREAAAK as they turn the handle, then slink outside onto the patio where they run into--

SQUAWK!

Frank's peacock.

Teddy shushes it.

SQUAWK!

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Shut up! Shut up, shut up!

MAN IN A SKI MASK (O.S.)

Is that you, Teddy? I just want to talk. Will you talk with me?

TEDDY

Fuck!

Chelsea ushers the bird towards the pool and gets it to spread its back feathers out.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

What are you doing??

CHELSEA

Winging it.
(then)
There.

She runs back to Teddy, and they hide behind some bushes.

MAN IN A SKI MASK (O.S.)

Oh my god.

We then see what he sees: a resplendent peacock with all its iridescent feathers on display under a gorgeous summer sun, which glints beautifully in the pool.

MAN IN A SKI MASK (CONT'D)

(to peacock)

You are a wonder.

He takes in the sight. Sighs.

TEDDY

(whispering)

Now what?

CHELSEA

(whispering)

You knock him out.

Chelsea grabs a shovel nearby and hands it to Teddy.

TEDDY

(whispering)

I can't do that!!

CHELSEA

(whispering)

I've seen you murder at least eight squirrels.

TEDDY

(whispering)

But that was for Frank!

Chelsea thinks for a beat, then--

CHELSEA

(whispering angrily)

You piece of fucking shit. Get out there and play baseball with his head, or you're going to wish your mother had the brain cells to figure out how to unbend a clothes hanger!

TEDDY

(whispering, terrified)

On it, sir!!

CHELSEA
 (whispering)
 Holy shit, that was Pavlovian.

TEDDY
 (whispering)
 Can you also yell at me to not see
 my parents at Thanksgiving?

Chelsea flings a rock towards the other side of the patio.

While the Man in a Ski Mask looks the other way, she pushes
 Teddy towards him.

Teddy runs quickly at the Man, whose back is still turned.
 Raises the shovel. Hoists it behind him, ready for the K.O.,
 when--

THE MAN IN A SKI MASK TURNS AROUND AND CATCHES TEDDY'S WRIST.
 Teddy screams.

The Man quickly overpowers Teddy and decks him. The shovel
 bounces out of his grasp.

The Man slips a copper garrote around Teddy's neck. **Teddy
 claws wildly as his vision blurs and slips into blackness.**
 Then--

VREEEEEEE!

Teddy sees the Man suddenly convulse and fall face down, out
 like a light. Chelsea stands behind him holding a Taser.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
 You had that this whole time!?

CHELSEA
 You were the distraction! Great
 job, by the way!

Teddy coughs, still trying to catch his breath.

TEDDY
 Thanks...

CHELSEA
 Come on!

She pulls him up, and they sprint towards the back gate.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALIBU BEACH - DAY

Chelsea and Teddy race through the sand. Teddy tracks their location on his phone.

TEDDY
(breathing heavily)
Another three houses.

CHELSEA
How are you so out of breath?

TEDDY
(breathing heavily)
Working out isn't exactly part of
my daily routine.

CHELSEA
You should get a Peloton.

TEDDY
I can't afford to eat three meals a
day. How can I afford a Peloton??
(then)
Dwayne!

Teddy waves at a figure a bit farther down on the beach. The figure waves back.

Chelsea stops running.

CHELSEA
I'm not worthy.

TEDDY
What?? What happened to "we don't
have time for your meek, pussy
bullshit" Chelsea? Come on. He
comes into the office all the time.
You must have met him like twenty
times by now.

CHELSEA
That was work. This is real life.
How are you not in love with him
too?

TEDDY
I mean, whatever, I can see the
attraction if you like bulging
muscles, charm, and perfect face
symmetry. But I think many people
would say that those things are
overrated.

Dwayne Johnson walks up to them. He looks like a Samoan god.

CHELSEA

No, I don't think they are.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

Teddy, my man! What brings you to this neck of the woods?

TEDDY

I...had to run an errand for Frank.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

I don't know how you keep working for that son of a bitch. He's a tough motherfucker.

TEDDY

(small)

Ha, well, he keeps promising to promote me, and I'm dumb enough to believe him, I guess!

Dwayne smiles, then envelops Chelsea in a hug.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

Hey, Chelsea! Frank working you to the bone too?

CHELSEA

Ha! Yeah. Whatever. Cool.

She awkwardly flips her hair.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Oh my god, is that a tram??

She runs to a tram cart whose tracks lead from the beach to the house.

Dwayne grins at Teddy.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

So this your girl?

TEDDY

She's definitely not "my" girl, but she's the girl I was telling you about.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

You still haven't made a move?

TEDDY

Not yet.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

You just gotta dive in, Ted. You can't let life pass you by.

TEDDY

I'm not exactly the Casanova you are.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

Come on! Don't sell yourself short. You're the whole package. But word of advice: other people won't see that unless you see it in yourself first.

Off Teddy considering what Dwayne's said...

INT. DWAYNE'S MANSION - DAY

Dwayne steps behind a black marble-top bar. He holds up a glass.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

Teddy?

TEDDY

This is weird. I feel like I should be the one asking you. Actually, I mean, is there anything I can do to help? You shouldn't be serving us.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

Ted, relax! Take a seat. You're not on the clock. For the lady?

CHELSEA

Bloody Mary.

Dwayne mixes the drink and slides it over. Chelsea takes a sip.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

My god. This is literally the best Bloody Mary I've ever had in my life. Is there anything you can't do??

DWAYNE JOHNSON

I'm just so-so at ceramic art. It's really not my forte.

CHELSEA

Huh.

TEDDY

So listen, I'm really sorry for the last minute text--

Dwayne waves him off.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

You kidding? It's good to see you, man. Glad Frank actually lets you out of the office now and then. What's he got you doing on a Saturday morning, anyways?

TEDDY

Uh... computer maintenance?

CHELSEA

(sotto, to Teddy)

Can we not just tell him?

TEDDY

(sotto, to Chelsea)

We'll ease him into it. It's not like anyone even knows Frank is dead yet.

He nods at the TV behind him playing CNN. Talking heads discuss the impending Mars landing as footage of the launch plays on a loop.

Teddy's phone buzzes. He picks up.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Hello?

TEDDY'S MOM

(over phone)

Teddy?? Oh, thank god you're okay!! Please tell me what is going on!

TEDDY

(on phone)

What are you--

TEDDY'S MOM

(over phone)

You're all over the news!

TEDDY

Oh no...

The CNN screen suddenly explodes into "BREAKING NEWS."

CNN ANCHOR

(on television)

We're receiving some breaking news that mega-producer Frank Howard has died. Police confirmed that they are investigating a homicide...

Teddy blanches.

TEDDY

(on phone)

I'll have to call you back.

CNN ANCHOR

(on television)

And we have just confirmed that police are looking for two primary suspects: Teddy Adebayo, Howard's first assistant and possibly the man behind Banksy, and Chelsea Hamamura, Howard's second assistant. It appears that the two suspects are at large.

Dwayne slows his wiping of the glass in his hand and sets it on the bar.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

Is there anything you want to tell me?

TEDDY

I'm so sorry we dragged you into this, but we had nowhere else to go.

CHELSEA

He also left out the part where he didn't do it. I too didn't do it.

TEDDY

Oh god, of course not. I couldn't even kill a squirrel.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

Why were you trying to kill a squirrel?

CHELSEA

He actually did kill the squirrel. He's killed many squirrels.

DWAYNE JOHNSON
So your boss is dead.

CHELSEA
Ex-boss. Frank fired him yesterday.

TEDDY
Yes, but--

DWAYNE JOHNSON
He fired you? And now he's dead?

Dwayne looks at Teddy, then Chelsea, then back to Teddy again.

DWAYNE JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Listen to me very carefully. I believe you. This was a set-up. A classic frame job. There's likely a large sum of money involved. Of Chinese origin, I'm assuming? And the guy who shot him probably had a government issued gun.

TEDDY
Yes. Also yes! I mean, that's all actually incredibly accurate.
(then)
I'm sorry you're wrapped up in this now.

Dwayne breaks out into a huge grin.

DWAYNE JOHNSON
Are you kidding? This is the shit I live for.

TEDDY
Come again?

DWAYNE JOHNSON
You think I do those big-budget superhero movies just for the paycheck?

TEDDY
I mean, yes.

CHELSEA
You're amazing in everything you do.

DWAYNE JOHNSON
Fuck no. They're my cover. I'm NSA. Covert ops.

He flashes his badge at them.

TEDDY

Wait. So your cover for being a world-class kickass spy is being a world-class kickass movie star?

Dwayne reaches into a drawer under the bar and pulls out two very serious-looking pistols.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Woah!!

CHELSEA

(starry-eyed)

Guns on guns.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

Hopefully you won't need them. But here--

He slides one to Teddy, then the other to Chelsea.

DWAYNE JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Come with me.

INT. DWAYNE'S MANSION - BASEMENT - A LITTLE LATER

Dwayne leads Teddy and Chelsea into his basement. Everything looks normal (or at least as "normal" as a basement gets for a multimillion dollar Malibu beach house): arcade games, bowling alley, in-home theater.

But then Dwayne flicks a switch on a panel, and everything in the room rotates out a la a high-tech spy HQ. In its stead, we see banks upon banks of computers and monitors.

TEDDY

Holy shit.

CHELSEA

You really *are* the badass I always knew you were.

Dwayne sits down and pulls up the security footage around his house.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

Doesn't look like he's sniffed you out yet.

TEDDY

So if you're NSA... maybe you can help us.

He takes out the phone from Frank's house.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

We think there's some information
on here that might tell us why
Frank was killed. The only problem
is we can't get in.

Dwayne takes the phone from Teddy and connects it to his
computer.

Dwayne's fingers fly across the keyboard.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

I'm in.

TEDDY

Seriously?? How'd you do that??

DWAYNE JOHNSON

It's just basic-level hacking. I'll
show you the ropes another time.

CHELSEA

So we'll be... back? This is gonna
be a thing?

DWAYNE JOHNSON

There's nothing here. The phone's
been wiped.

TEDDY

There's nothing on it at all?

Dwayne types furiously as numbers roll across the screen.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

Not exactly. Just because the phone
was wiped doesn't mean we can't
glean something from it. Look.

He points at the screen.

DWAYNE JOHNSON (CONT'D)

This is where the phone's been over
the past three months. There's one
location that comes up
consistently. At least five times a
week.

The GPS shows a location in Santa Clarita. Teddy writes it
down.

TEDDY

I guess that's our next stop.

CHELSEA

So someone sent Frank a wire for fifty million dollars, and he was making a bunch of secret trips to *Santa Clarita*. I mean, I think it's pretty obvious...

(then)

Paul Rudd killed Frank.

TEDDY

No.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

Anything else unusual about his behavior in the past few weeks?

TEDDY

He did keep pushing off calls from his business manager at Lord Morrison.

Dwayne types away, then--

DWAYNE JOHNSON

Oh boy.

He whistles.

DWAYNE JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Our man was up to his eyeballs in debt.

TEDDY

How much did he owe?

DWAYNE JOHNSON

Rounding up, about... fifty million dollars. It looks like he was self-financing half of the slate.

TEDDY

Jesus. It all makes sense: John Ho gave him a loan he'd never be able to pay off. Not with his latest movie tanking.

A quiet beat as they all metabolize this information.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

We must have enough to go to the authorities now, right?

Dwayne shakes his head.

 DWAYNE JOHNSON
It's all circumstantial.
 (then)
Shit.

He rolls over to another panel of monitors. Zooms in on the Man in a Ski Mask walking up to Dwayne's back gate.

 DWAYNE JOHNSON (CONT'D)
The jig is up. Here--

He tosses Chelsea a set of keys.

 DWAYNE JOHNSON (CONT'D)
You two get the hell out. I'll
distract him.

They hear a SHOT outside.

 DWAYNE JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Go!

 TEDDY
Oh god, I can't do this.

 DWAYNE JOHNSON
Teddy--

Dwayne grabs his arm.

 DWAYNE JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Listen to me. You may just be an
assistant--

 CHELSEA
Ex-assistant.

 DWAYNE JOHNSON
But don't get so wrapped up in who
you are now. Focus on who you're
going to be. You got talent, and
you got heart. You're gonna get out
of this and be the biggest producer
on the planet. Remember that.

 TEDDY
But it's not... I can't do this,
Dwayne. I'm not a badass like you.

 DWAYNE JOHNSON
A badass isn't defined by what's
out here.

He flexes his muscles. They're fucking enormous.

DWAYNE JOHNSON (CONT'D)
(pointing to Teddy's chest)
It's what's in here.

TEDDY
I feel like perhaps the muscles are
what makes the badass.

There's a crash outside the house.

DWAYNE JOHNSON
Go! The garage is to the right, end
of the hall.

Chelsea takes off. Before Teddy can go too--

DWAYNE JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Ted, remember what I told you
earlier. You got this. All of this.

Dwayne nods at Chelsea. Teddy looks uncertain.

CUT TO:

EXT. DWAYNE'S MANSION - DAY

The Man in a Ski Mask has broken through the back gate and
walks up to a sprawling pool.

There, he sees Dwayne drinking a margarita on a floaty.

Dwayne lowers his sunglasses as he spots the Man in a Ski
Mask, now sans mask.

DWAYNE JOHNSON
Can I help you?

MAN IN A SKI MASK
Mr. Johnson... I didn't realize
you'd be home.

DWAYNE JOHNSON
Sorry, do I know you?

MAN IN A SKI MASK
I don't mean to intrude, but I'm
looking for two individuals who may
be responsible for a local
homicide.

DWAYNE JOHNSON
Wow. Well, sorry to ask, brother,
but can you show me some sort of
identification?

MAN IN A SKI MASK
Happy to oblige.

He pulls out his police badge. It reads "Williams." Dwayne
nods.

DWAYNE JOHNSON
Can't be too careful. I've had some
crazies show up here before. One
claimed he was a cop.

WILLIAMS
I completely understand.
(then, a bit sheepishly)
Can I ask you a question, as a fan?

DWAYNE JOHNSON
Absolutely.

WILLIAMS
Did you really do the singing in
Moana?

DWAYNE JOHNSON
One hundred percent me, brother.

WILLIAMS
Wow. It did sound like you, but
wow, very cool. You've got great
lungs. You should do more singing.

Dwayne grins. A ten thousand megawatt smile.

DWAYNE JOHNSON
I'll think about it.

WILLIAMS
Can I ask another question? What
was it like to work with Jermaine
Clement?
(off Dwayne's confusion)
In Moana.

DWAYNE JOHNSON
We don't actually record our voices
together, so I've never met him.

WILLIAMS
Really!

DWAYNE JOHNSON

Yeah, it's a shame. I love his work.

(then)

So why do you think the suspects you're tracking are at my house?

WILLIAMS

Well, it looks like you may have known one of the suspects, Teddy Adebayo.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

Oh yeah. I know Teddy. He's a good kid.

(then)

He's a suspect in a homicide? I find that hard to believe.

Dwayne gets off the floaty and walks out of the pool. Williams nods.

WILLIAMS

His boss. Frank Howard.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

Frank's dead? Jesus Christ.

A quiet beat as Dwayne "registers" this information. He's good.

WILLIAMS

But you already knew all of this, didn't you?

The tenor has shifted abruptly and precipitously. Dwayne grips his margarita glass tighter.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

I saw that he texted you about forty five minutes ago.

(then)

Where is he, Dwayne?

He pulls out a glock from his back-pocket and aims it at Dwayne's head. Dwayne grits his teeth.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

Long gone.

At that moment, tires squeal as a Lamborghini slides out the other side of the house. It bucks and bounces in violent fits as music loudly blares from the inside.

TEDDY (O.S.)
I thought you said you knew stick!?

CHELSEA (O.S.)
I said I was in the Amazing Race!
We got eliminated in L.A.!

TEDDY (O.S.)
You can get eliminated in L.A.?

The car suddenly gains velocity -- it's cruising -- but then it SMASHES INTO THE MAILBOX NEAR THE GATE.

Dwayne rolls his eyes.

WILLIAMS
You were saying?

Without blinking, Dwayne punches Williams' arm, sending the glock skittering towards the edge of the pool.

The two launch into hand-to-hand combat. It's an acrobatic ballet of grit and brawn.

Dwayne delivers a stiff uppercut. **CRUNCH. WHAM. CRACK.** Fist connects with jaw, and Williams falls back with the force of the inertia.

DWAYNE JOHNSON
I don't know who you are, but you
don't have to do this. Let's just
sit down. Talk this through.

Williams wipes the blood dripping from his mouth, then laughs.

WILLIAMS
It's like the plot from Moana. It's
not that simple.

Williams comes swinging at Dwayne with a dagger. It slices through Dwayne's right shoulder. He kneels, smarting slightly from the wound. But as he rises, he straightens his back, braced for battle.

Silhouetted against the sun, Dwayne looks like a comic book superhero come to life.

DWAYNE JOHNSON
You picked the wrong celebrity to
fight, my friend.

WILLIAMS

You were a wrestler. So what?
Everyone knows that shit is fake.

WHAM! Dwayne lands a punch on Williams' right cheek.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

Did that feel fake to you?

We hear rattling like dice as Williams spits out a tooth.

DWAYNE JOHNSON (CONT'D)

I'm going to kick your ass like I
did Idris Elba's in Hobbs & Shaw.

WILLIAMS

What?

DWAYNE JOHNSON

Like Vin Diesel in Fast & Furious
7.

WILLIAMS

What?

DWAYNE JOHNSON

Like Te Kā in Moana!

WILLIAMS

Oh!

Dwayne then launches himself at Williams as we...

CUT TO:

INT. LAMBORGHINI - CONTINUOUS

With a better handle on the car, Chelsea and Teddy pick up
speed as they cruise along the PCH.

We sit for a beat with Teddy as he soaks it all in. Despite
feeling completely overwhelmed, he also feels different. More
empowered. More galvanized. More... alive.

TEDDY

I know that an assassin is chasing
us and all, but is it weird that I
feel a kind of rush? I mean, we've
basically been living out a movie
today.

CHELSEA

Oh no, that's not weird. I feel the same way. In spite of the fact that we might die, I'm loving today.

Another DING on Teddy's phone. It's a text from JACKIE, the Director's Assistant from the top.

JACKIE

(text)

I can't deal with him anymore!!

TEDDY

(texting back)

Here's what I would do: buy five of the same sandwich in different levels of burnt. Then if the one you give him is wrong, you have four others to try instead.

Chelsea looks over.

CHELSEA

Are you seriously still in work mode?

TEDDY

Assistants are a tribe. We gotta stick together. Plus, this helps to distract from... the murder of it all.

CHELSEA

True. And true.

TEDDY

Do you think Dwayne will be okay? Should we go back?

CHELSEA

Unless you know kung fu or krav maga or some kind of hand-to-hand combat, we're going to be more of a liability to him than an asset.

A beat as Teddy starts to comprehend the gravity of the situation.

TEDDY

Oh god, I can't be responsible for the murder of the future President of the United States.

CHELSEA

He can take care of himself. Plus,
he's charming as fuck -- I bet
they're just drinking cocktails at
his bar.

CUT TO:

INT. DWAYNE'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Shot glasses and bottles go sailing as Dwayne grapples with Williams.

Eyeing a broken shard on the bar, Dwayne grabs it and slices through Williams' cheek.

Williams stumbles back, his hand cradling the openly bleeding wound.

WILLIAMS

They say to never meet your heroes.

DWAYNE

That's what I hear.

Dwayne breathes heavily. Williams **pulls out a pistol and aims it at Dwayne's head**. But Williams briefly breaks eye contact -- Dwayne follows his eye-line to a bottle of scotch.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

I got something even better.

Dwayne takes out two glasses and a bottle of Macallan from underneath the bar. Williams nods. Dwayne pours the scotch into both and slides a glass to Williams. He takes a sip.

WILLIAMS

I didn't mean what I said earlier.
About the wrestling.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

Eh, it's fine. It is fake.

WILLIAMS

It's too bad I have to kill you.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

That is a shame.

WILLIAMS

Can I ask you one... more
question... about Moana?

Dwayne raises an eyebrow.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

Sure, but out of my entire oeuvre,
that's the one you want to ask
about? The animated Disney movie?

WILLIAMS

(increasingly garbled and
incoherent)

In... the... scene... with the
crab...

(then, realizing what's
happening)

You... charming... son of a bitch--

Williams collapses, completely out. Dwayne dumps his drink
down the sink.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

The art of war, brother. Fight
smarter, not harder.

CUT TO:

INT. LAMBORGHINI - DAY

As Chelsea merges onto the 10, a red van glides into her
slipstream and gains speed.

She looks in her rearview -- something feels off -- when
THEIR CAR GETS PUMMELED WITH BULLETS. Teddy screams.

CHELSEA

Use the gun Dwayne gave you!! Shoot
them!!

TEDDY

But I've never used a gun before!

CHELSEA

(channeling Frank)

WHAT IS THE FUCKING POINT OF YOU!?
YOU PEA-BRAINED MORON--

Teddy immediately lowers his window and points his pistol at
the van. He squeezes off two shots but misses.

TEDDY

I've never overcome my childhood
delay in fine motor skills!

CHELSEA

No shit! Maybe there's something else we can use in here. Dwayne must have given us this car for a reason.

A frazzled Teddy desperately rummages around. He opens the glovebox and finds a few glocks.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

We need something bigger.

(then)

Crap.

The traffic ahead is at a complete standstill.

Teddy feels around under his seat. *Click*. He marvels as HE UNLOCKS AN RPG-7 ROCKET LAUNCHER. Chelsea looks over.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Woah Nelly. That's perfect.

(then, focused on the road ahead)

Listen. I'm going to try something a little crazy.

She punches the accelerator and throws the wheel to the left. They're quickly gaining on an empty car carrier semi trailer.

TEDDY

What the hell are you doing??

They surge closer to the trailer, whose upper ramp is angled downwards. Teddy watches nervously as the ramp flops up and down with the bumps in the road.

CHELSEA

So we go up first. Then the van. And in the three seconds that van is airborne, you aim that thing at its belly. Got it?

TEDDY

I don't kn--

CHELSEA

(Frank-mode)

IF YOU EVER WANT TO WORK IN THIS TOWN AGAIN--

TEDDY

Yes, sir!!

Chelsea cuts their car to the right of the semi. She reaches out of the window to pull a lever. The ramp comes crashing down, catching sparks behind it.

Chelsea jams the breaks, sending the Lambo pinwheeling behind the semi. Teddy screams as Chelsea once again guns the accelerator -- it's now flush with the floor -- as the Lambo's wheels miraculously grip the ramp and climb onto the trailer.

It FLIES for a brief second over the truck and then onto another car. **THEY'RE NOW LITERALLY DRIVING ON TOP OF THE BUMPER-TO-BUMPER TRAFFIC.**

The van follows in pursuit. Teddy hoists the RPG-7 out of the window. Waits...

Then, as the van revs up and over the trailer, Teddy squeezes the trigger. A thin metal warhead LAUNCHES from the RPG and **EXPLODES AS IT MEETS THE BELLY OF THE VAN.**

The van **GOES ENDO, spinning head over tail** towards the shoulder of the highway.

CHELSEA	TEDDY (CONT'D)
Holy shit! You did it!!	Oh my god!

An adrenalized Teddy goes in for a celebratory high-five with Chelsea. But this moment of elation quickly gives way to--

TEDDY (CONT'D)
(horrificed)
Oh my god. I just killed some
people.

CHELSEA
Eh. I'm sure they'll be fine.

Teddy looks back as the van combusts into a white-hot inferno.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNKNOWN WAREHOUSE BUILDING - SANTA CLARITA - LATER

Chelsea and Teddy roll past what looks to be an enormous, abandoned warehouse.

It's guarded by heavily armed MEN IN MILITARY FATIGUES.

TEDDY
This is it...

CHELSEA

Shit.

Chelsea keeps driving.

INT. LAMBORGHINI - CONTINUOUS

CHELSEA

I don't know how we're going to get in.

She looks over at Teddy, who seems to be typing something on his phone.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Are you seriously replying to some cat meme on Amazing Assistants right now??

TEDDY

I'm getting us in.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNKNOWN WAREHOUSE BUILDING - A LITTLE LATER

An ARMED MAN (#1) squints as a brightly colored van comes ambuling towards the building.

He nudges ARMED MAN #2, who raises his assault rifle at the van.

The van rolls to a stop in front of the men. It reads "Paco's Tacos" on its flank. Underneath it, a large metal cover rolls up to reveal--

PACO

Paco's Tacos, at your service!

ARMED MAN #2

Get lost.

PACO

(confused)

But someone ordered a thousand tacos for this location?

The two Armed Men look at each other.

ARMED MAN #1

So these tacos... they're free?

PACO
I was told they're a gift from the
boss to everyone here.
(reading from a piece of
paper)
"In recognition of all your hard
work. Enjoy!"

Armed Man #2 takes one of the tacos. Chews. Eyes widen.

ARMED MAN #2
Just like abuela used to make.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNKNOWN WAREHOUSE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

A huge throng of people have gathered around the food truck.

While everyone's attention is turned elsewhere, Teddy and Chelsea hurry towards the warehouse door. They slip in just before Armed Man #1 turns around.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN WAREHOUSE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

It's dark inside the cavernous space. Teddy and Chelsea walk quickly towards a warm copper light in the middle of the warehouse.

CHELSEA
I feel like your assistant skillset
has really paid off today.

Chelsea suddenly stops and grabs Teddy's shoulder.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
Holy shit. Is that--

TEDDY
This is... this is impossible.

CUT TO:

INT. DWAYNE'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Dwayne gets a call on his cell.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

(on phone)

Were you able to extract any other files from the phone?

(then)

You've got to be fucking kidding me. I'll meet you there.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN WAREHOUSE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

We finally see what Teddy and Chelsea are ogling at: a massive set of Mars underneath a large green-screen. An Everest "space shuttle" is planted in one corner of the set. They're on a huge soundstage.

TEDDY

Does this mean... what I think it means?

CHELSEA

The Mars landing. They're faking the whole thing.

TEDDY

This must have been Project Excalibur. Frank was producing it...

CHELSEA

So it was Nikola who ordered the hit on Frank. To shut him up?

TEDDY

It was probably over some dumb shit like Frank demanding to get an EP credit. He always makes me correct his IMDB whenever he gets anything other than EP credit.

CHELSEA

First of all, you can't get an EP credit on live television footage. Second of all, you also don't kill someone over that. Third, you mean "he always made you correct his IMDB"--

Teddy looks at Chelsea. He's met the outermost brink of his patience.

TEDDY

Oh, screw you.

CHELSEA

"Screw you"? So I guess we're fighting over a fruit roll-up at recess now? Did you wipe a booger under my desk too?

TEDDY

I'm very aware that I was fired, alright? You don't need to keep bringing it up! Why are you even here??

CHELSEA

Uh, because I wasn't going to let your scrawny ass get murdered?? Maybe if you weren't such a pussy, we wouldn't be in this mess in the first place.

Teddy laughs.

TEDDY

You know, I might actually be offended that you called me a pussy if you weren't a fucking sociopath.

CHELSEA

(hurt)

Suck a dick.

TEDDY

Real mature.

She storms off.

Teddy wilts as he immediately regrets everything.

Suddenly, there's a **CRASH**. Chelsea screams.

Teddy goes sprinting and finds Armed Man #2 holding Chelsea with a gun to her head.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Woah woah woah. Let's just... be cool.

ARMED MAN #2

How the fuck did you two get in here??

TEDDY
Let her go. Please.

CHELSEA
Fuck you, Teddy.

Armed Man #2 cocks his head.

ARMED MAN #2
He's trying to save you.
(then)
Is this creep bothering you?

CHELSEA
I don't need or want his help.

TEDDY
Look. I'm really sorry. What I said was over the line. Not that this is an excuse, but I'm just... a little wired right now given that the world's richest man is trying to kill us. Also, I've kind of wanted to kiss you this whole time, so it's been a very confusing few hours for me today.

Chelsea looks thrown.

CHELSEA
Really? I mean, I'm a little surprised. A, by your confession. As you probably know, I'm not the best at reading people. But also B, by the gunman, whose gun is still pointed at my head, asking if I'm okay. So backwards and yet somehow so progressive.

Armed Man #2 then pulls out another gun and points it at Teddy's head.

TEDDY
Wait! I'm sure we can work something out here!

Teddy clocks a Coldplay t-shirt peeking out from underneath Armed Man #2's military fatigues.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
You a Coldplay fan, huh? Going to the concert tonight?

Armed Man #2 says nothing.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

I can get you backstage. I can get you a meet and greet with Chris Martin.

Armed Man #2 snorts.

ARMED MAN #2

Why should I believe you?

TEDDY

Because I'm a professional motherfucking genie. And if you want, I can be your motherfucking genie.

Armed Man #2 considers. Then--

ARMED MAN #2

Chris Martin ain't shit.

(then)

I want a meet with Will Champion.

A beat.

TEDDY

Sorry, who?

ARMED MAN #2

The drummer. From Coldplay.

CHELSEA

He's telling you he'll be your personal genie, and that's who you want a meet with? The drummer from Coldplay?

TEDDY

(to Chelsea)

Maybe just take a knee here.

(then, to Armed Man #2)

You got it. Just let her go.

Armed Man #2 looks at Teddy, then Chelsea.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAMBORGHINI - A LITTLE LATER

Teddy and Chelsea walk up to the car.

TEDDY

I'll drive.

Chelsea throws him the keys. They both get in.

Chelsea sits next to him, looking exhilarated.

CHELSEA

Holy shit, Teddy. I can't believe
you pulled that off.

TEDDY

Well, I just took a page from your
book.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD BOWL BACKSTAGE - AFTERNOON

Armed Man #2, now unarmed, clocks WILL CHAMPION. He walks
towards him but is stopped by a SECURITY GUARD (#1).

SECURITY GUARD #1

Pass?

ARMED MAN #2

I was told--

Another Security Guard (#2) walks up to the first one.

SECURITY GUARD #2

(sotto, to Security Guard
#1)

This is the guy. *Banksy's* guy.

SECURITY GUARD #1

(sotto, to Security Guard
#2)

But no one knows who Banksy even
is. How do we know this isn't a
fake-out?

SECURITY GUARD #2

(sotto, to Security Guard
#1)

I'm not getting fired for fucking
with Banksy.

Security Guard #1 looks at Armed Man #2, then steps aside.

A giddy Armed Man #2 waves at Will Champion.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. LAMBORGHINI - AFTERNOON

CHELSEA

I'm proud of you, young Padawan.

Teddy plugs an address into his GPS.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

We're going to the lion's den?

TEDDY

It's like Dwayne said: all the evidence we have is circumstantial. We need Nikola on tape copping to the crime.

CHELSEA

And how exactly are we going to do that?

TEDDY

With a little help from some friends.

Teddy pulls out his phone and dials the number for one the assistants he had helped out earlier: Jackie.

We then see Jackie pick up the call. After she hangs up, she immediately starts calling other assistants. What starts as a Brady Bunch-esque collection of squares compounds exponentially into more and more squares of other assistants.

CUT TO:

INT. NIKOLA HULL'S MANSION - LATER

Nikola hoists himself from one colored rock to another. He's on a moving climbing wall which folds down and back up around -- a giant, climbing wall treadmill.

Suddenly, the wall stops moving. Nikola hops off.

As he wipes his brow with a towel, he hears a CLICK.

TEDDY (O.S.)

You were never planning to go to Mars.

NIKOLA

Hello, Teddy.

TEDDY (O.S.)

As much as you wished it were, your technology isn't there yet.

Unfazed, Nikola turns around, facing Teddy and his gun.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Hands up.

Nikola does as he's told.

NIKOLA

How'd you get in?

TEDDY

Well, a little birdie gave me the schematics to your house. Another little birdie made sure to turn off all your security cameras. And yet another little birdie gave us the access codes.

(then)

You really should be nicer to your assistants. Not just because they have access to your bank accounts and social security number. You should be nicer to them because they all have friends who are assistants. And when one of us needs help, it's like the Bat Signal. Except instead of Batman, the whole fucking village shows up.

NIKOLA

Why are you here?

TEDDY

(pushing on)

You hired Frank to produce the landing. But if he scratched your back, you had to scratch his...

A newly confident Teddy takes a step towards Nikola.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

In exchange for faking the landing, you gave Frank the fifty million dollars he needed to pay off his debt. Quid pro quo. The only problem was... Frank.

Nikola looks at Teddy, then laughs.

NIKOLA

This was bigger than Frank.
Humanity is on a precipice. This is
the moment in which our reality
will bifurcate into two: one in
which we become the masters of our
universe and one in which we become
its slaves. Colonizing Mars, or at
least believing that we are, will
chart a course of progress and hope
for centuries to come. In the end,
I am but a prophet of the future.

TEDDY

Uh, the last thing you tweeted was
literally: "Baking one cake doesn't
make you a baker, but fuck one
donkey and you're a donkeyfucker
forever."

CHELSEA

So he was the loose end you needed
to tie up.

NIKOLA

No.

(then)

I killed him because he insisted on
an EP credit. Isn't it obvious?
There can't be EP credits on "live"
television footage.

A beat.

CHELSEA

I knew it!

TEDDY

I knew it!

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Well technically, we were both
right.

Nikola pulls out a gun from his back pocket and points it at
Teddy.

NIKOLA

And now you know too much.

TEDDY

Not so fast.

Chelsea holds out her cell.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
You might be able to kill us, but
you won't be able to kill Jackie.
Say hi, Jackie.

JACKIE
(over phone)
Hi!

TEDDY
She's been listening in this whole
time. She even took notes.

Chelsea flicks open a PDF on her phone. It's a meticulously
organized set of notes.

CHELSEA
(looking at the notes)
That is *incredibly* well-organized.
Are those sub-headings? And is that
a table of contents? You did all
that just now?

NIKOLA
It's her word against mine. I think
I'll take those odds.

He releases the safety on his gun.

TEDDY
We've also recorded the footage
from the soundstage and your
confession just now.

JACKIE
(over phone)
Yup! Just created a Dropbox folder
with everything, labeled
"Blackmail." It's all ready to send
out.

Nikola guffaws.

NIKOLA
To who? The cops? The FBI? The CIA?
I own all of them.

Teddy shakes his head.

TEDDY
To Twitter.

Nikola is stone-faced.

NIKOLA
You wouldn't dare.

TEDDY
I just have to click send.
Unless...

NIKOLA
Unless what?

TEDDY
Unless you give me the life rights
to the landing. Let me produce the
movie.

CHELSEA
(whispering to Teddy)
This isn't part of the plan!

A beat.

NIKOLA
Are you fucking kidding me? You're
fucking trying to make a deal with
me right now?

TEDDY
Yes. You're a smart guy. Arguably
the world's smartest. And a shrewd
businessman. I'm sure you'll see
that this is a win-win for both of
us.

Nikola laughs.

NIKOLA
Look at you! A shark after all.
Well, I'm not saying yes, but if I
did, I'd need assurances...
Assurances that this discussion of
ours would never leak.

TEDDY
Of course not. That's the win for
you, and it'd be bad for humanity
generally, I think.
(then)
I get final cut.

NIKOLA
You're not the director. You're not
even a real producer. You were an
assistant eight hours ago.

CHELSEA

Actually, that's not true. He was unemployed eight hours ago.

TEDDY

Jesus FUCKING Christ! I will fucking send this RIGHT now--

His finger hovers over the "Tweet" button.

NIKOLA

Wait! Okay. You get final cut.

TEDDY

I also get rights to do a docuseries.

A long beat.

NIKOLA

That's not happening.

TEDDY

Why?

NIKOLA

Now you're just getting greedy.

TEDDY

No docuseries, no deal.

NIKOLA

Then I guess... no deal.

Teddy nods to Chelsea, who binds Nikola's arms and legs using a torn up curtain.

After she does, Teddy and Chelsea head towards the door.

NIKOLA (CONT'D)

You won't get far.

TEDDY

We'll see about that.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIKOLA HULL'S MANSION - LAWN - A LITTLE LATER

A sleek helicopter idles with its blades spinning, ready for take off.

Teddy helps Chelsea inside.

Teddy's phone buzzes. He picks up.

TEDDY

Matteo, you got the coverage?

There's a DING on Chelsea's phone. She's received an email from MATTEO, the first assistant Teddy helped on Amazing Assistants.

MATTEO

(over phone)

Just sent it over.

Chelsea shows the email to Teddy.

It's super concise, very easy-to-follow directions for piloting the helicopter.

CHELSEA

Woah dude, that manual is six hundred pages long! And we just sent it to you ten minutes ago. How'd you hack this?

MATTEO

(over phone, very upbeat)

I work for a very emotionally abusive development executive!

Following the directions, Teddy flicks on a set of various switches. The bird pushes skyward, then banks right towards the coastline.

TEDDY

We need to shut down the air traffic at LAX. It's the closest landing site.

MATTEO

(over phone)

Oh, I've done that for my boss before!

CUT TO:

INT. LAX AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

A group of AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL OFFICERS sit at their stations. The phone rings. OFFICER MEHTA picks up.

OFFICER MEHTA

(on phone)

Hello?

(MORE)

OFFICER MEHTA (CONT'D)
(super panicked, to room)
THERE'S A BOMB IN THE AIRPORT!!

Everyone screams and scrambles out.

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

MATTEO
(over phone)
Done.

A relieved Teddy and Chelsea high-five each other.

TEDDY
Holy crap, we're not going to die
today!

CHELSEA
It's crazy how iffy that was for so
long.

NIKOLA
(on intercom)
Hello Teddy.

TEDDY
Nikola?

NIKOLA
(on intercom)
You may want to rethink your
destination.

TEDDY'S MOM
(on intercom)
Teddy!! What is going on?? Why did
this man take us? Are you Banksy??

TEDDY'S DAD
(on intercom)
Thanks to you, I will never know
who won the game today -- the Jets
or the Steelers!

CHELSEA
I think it's a pretty safe
assumption to say it wasn't the
Jets.

Teddy's stomach drops.

TEDDY
I swear to god, Nikola, if you
touch them--

NIKOLA
Tick tock.

He hangs up. Teddy looks at Chelsea.

TEDDY
I don't want to put you in any more
danger--

CHELSEA
No, stop. Of course we're going
back.

He nods at her, thankful, then pitches the control lever to
the left.

The helicopter follows suit, arcing back to...

EXT. NIKOLA HULL'S MANSION - LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

The copter blades beat loudly as it lands back on the
helipad.

Nikola walks towards it. Eight different Elenas follow him,
each wielding guns trained at Teddy's Mom and Dad. They look
terrified.

Teddy and Chelsea get out of the helicopter with their hands
up.

TEDDY
Mom! Dad!

TEDDY'S MOM
Teddy! What's going on??

TEDDY
(to Nikola)
Please, leave them out of this.

NIKOLA
I'm afraid that's no longer an
option.

TEDDY
Maybe we can make some kind of
deal. I have something you want--

Teddy takes out his phone.

NIKOLA

Actually, you don't. I cut the
wifi. We're off the grid, kids.
Analog isn't so great, is it?

Nikola points his gun at Teddy.

NIKOLA (CONT'D)

It's too bad, really. You had great
instincts. You might have been a
great producer. But now you'll just
die an unemployed assistant.

Teddy's eyes narrow into slits.

TEDDY

Oh FUCK you.

Everyone stares at Teddy.

NIKOLA

Excuse me?

TEDDY

Yeah, FUCK YOU, Nikola, and fuck
your pretentious, solipsistic
bullshit! Do you know what it feels
like to be emotionally abused and
traumatized every day of your
entire working life? To go to law
school and pass the bar, only to
work fourteen hour days making what
a fifteen year old babysitter does?
Do you know what it feels like to
ensure that every detail of your
boss's life is taken care of, only
to get a stapler thrown at your
head because his salad didn't have
enough croutons in it? And then to
need to go to the ER that night,
which you can't afford by the way,
to get a staple removed, only to
realize you have thirty minutes to
get to work because you spent all
night in the ER? Just because
you're a billionaire doesn't make
you better or smarter than me.
Dwayne was right. Even though I may
not have power or money now, I have
something better: potential. And
fuck modesty -- I've got talent
too. So it's about time I take the
reins back to my own life.

(then)

(MORE)

TEDDY (CONT'D)

And by the way dickwad, a good
producer always has a plan C.

CHELSEA

Wait, you're a licensed attorney??

TEDDY

That's what you got from that?

Teddy takes out the gun from his back pocket and aims it at Nikola.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

A cloud of smoke hangs in front of Teddy. When it starts to clear, we see that he has missed wildly. The only thing he managed to kill looks to be a swan, now floating dead on the lake.

Chelsea rubs her temples.

CHELSEA

Jesus Christ.

Nikola steps up to Teddy.

He buries the barrel of his gun into Teddy's forehead.

NIKOLA

You were always nothing, and you're
going to die nothing.

Teddy's Mom and Dad scream for Nikola to stop. Teddy closes his eyes, resigned to his fate. Then--

BANG!

Teddy opens one eye and sees that one of the Elenas has shot Nikola in the shoulder.

NIKOLA (CONT'D)

FUCK!!

All the Elenas look at each other. One of them holds a smoking gun still pointed at Nikola. The others soon follow suit.

NIKOLA (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

ELENA 1

Taking the reins back to my life.

She then punches him in the face. Another Elena does too. As all the Elenas descend on a horrified Nikola, Teddy turns to Chelsea. It's magic hour, baby -- they've both never looked hotter.

Teddy then heroically pulls Chelsea in for a kiss.

CHELSEA

WOAH! Jesus, Teddy. You can't just do that. Have you learned nothing about toxic masculinity over the past three years?

TEDDY

Oh crap, I'm so sorry--

Chelsea breaks into a smile. She then pulls Teddy in for a kiss.

CHELSEA

Kidding. You can totally do that.

At that moment, a superheroic-looking Dwayne Johnson and JOHN MULANEY come barreling in.

JOHN MULANEY

Get ready for some sweet sweet justice, motherfu--

DWAYNE JOHNSON

What the hell happened here?

TEDDY

I think... the singularity?

DWAYNE JOHNSON

Wow, Teddy. Was this all you?

CHELSEA

It was.

She puts her hand on Teddy's shoulder.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

My man--

He gives Teddy a fist bump.

DWAYNE JOHNSON (CONT'D)

I told you. You had a badass in you all along.

(then, noticing Teddy's Mom
& Dad)

(MORE)

DWAYNE JOHNSON (CONT'D)
My apologies. Didn't mean to be
rude. I'm Dwayne.

Teddy's Mom shakes his hand. Teddy's Dad stands by, slack-jawed.

TEDDY'S DAD
(to Teddy, whispering)
Is that The Rock!?

TEDDY
The very one.

Teddy's Dad enthusiastically shakes Dwayne's hand.

TEDDY'S DAD
I'm a big fan.

DWAYNE JOHNSON
Thank you so much, sir. I
appreciate it.

TEDDY'S DAD
Your performance in Moana was
unbelievable. It changed my life.

TEDDY
Moana? Really?

DWAYNE JOHNSON
I get that a lot.

TEDDY
So what happened at your house? And
why is John Mulaney here?

DWAYNE JOHNSON
I took care of the dirty cop. But
more importantly, I found out that
the wire Frank received came from
Nikola's Chinese holding account. I
came here as soon as I found out.

JOHN MULANEY
Well, when I heard an assistant was
in trouble, duty called. Also,
Dwayne and I are not just beloved
celebrities and box office
megastars. I'm also NSA.

A beat.

CHELSEA

It seems a little generous to say that you're both "box office megastars."

TEDDY

Is this some kind of joke?

JOHN MULANEY

Why would you think I'm joking?

TEDDY

I mean, it's like, your whole schtick.

CHELSEA

So you're NSA too?

John laughs.

JOHN MULANEY

How do you think we met?

TEDDY

I mean, I honestly have no idea.

CHELSEA

I cannot think of a single time that your paths would have crossed.

TEDDY

How does this even work? I get the Dwayne kicking ass part. But, uh--

He looks at John.

JOHN MULANEY

Just because I can't bench three hundred doesn't mean I can't kick ass.

CHELSEA

Yeah... it just feels like a shark and-- what's that tiny fish that attaches itself to a shark and feeds off of the scraps of fish carcass the shark doesn't eat?

TEDDY

Suckerfish?

CHELSEA

Yes! This feels like a shark and suckerfish situation.

DWAYNE JOHNSON
 Mostly he trips over his shoelaces
 and distracts the bad guys, and I
 take them out.

TEDDY
 Oh, now that I understand.

CHELSEA
That is plausible.

JOHN MULANEY
 Sometimes I also throw a grenade.

DWAYNE JOHNSON
 (well...)
 There was that one time.

TEDDY
 Wait, so is everything about you
 guys a lie?

DWAYNE JOHNSON
 Not our friendship.

They put their arms around each other.

CHELSEA
 I still don't understand this, but
 I love it.

DWAYNE JOHNSON
 Should we intervene?

He nods at the Elenas pummeling the shit out of Nikola.

Teddy shrugs.

A few MEN IN BLACK SUITS file onto the lawn. They put
 handcuffs around Nikola Hull, who's completely purple and
 unconscious at this point.

DWAYNE JOHNSON (CONT'D)
 Feels like this would make a great
 movie.

For the first time in a long time, Teddy grins.

TEDDY
 I was thinking the same thing.

CHELSEA
 (to Dwayne)
 You can even play yourself!

DWAYNE JOHNSON
 Eh, seems a little pretentious...

TEDDY
We could get Ryan Reynolds.

Dwayne laughs for an uncomfortably long time.

DWAYNE JOHNSON
I'm in.

CUT TO:

INT. HOWARD PRODUCTIONS OFFICES - FRANK'S OLD OFFICE - DAY

CHYRON: ONE YEAR LATER

Teddy sits in Frank's old leather chair with his feet on the desk.

Behind him is a framed movie poster of "The Collapse of Everest." There's also a trophy case crammed with Oscars.

TEDDY'S ASSISTANT (early 20s) knocks on the door.

TEDDY'S ASSISTANT
Here's the coverage on the new
Emerald Fennell project.

He hands Teddy a set of papers.

TEDDY
Great. Did you confirm dinner with
Trey from CAA tonight?

TEDDY'S ASSISTANT
(timidly)
I thought you said to push?

A long beat.

TEDDY
Are you FUCKING KIDDING ME??

Teddy stands up, towering over his assistant. He looks like he's about to hurl his stapler at the poor kid, when--

A soft THUD.

Teddy's Assistant looks at the envelope which Teddy has dropped next to him. Teddy looks at him, smiling.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Open it.

The assistant does. It's two plane tickets to Hawaii.

At that moment, Chelsea and two DEVELOPMENT EXECUTIVES burst in.

TEDDY/CHELSEA/DEVELOPMENT
EXECUTIVES (CONT'D)
Surprise!!!

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Happy birthday, dude!

TEDDY'S ASSISTANT
Oh my god! Are you serious??

TEDDY
Come on, you deserve it! You've
been busting your ass all year. You
officially have next week off.

Teddy's Assistant bursts out crying. He envelops Teddy in a hug.

TEDDY'S ASSISTANT
You have no idea what this means...
I mean, I came here from ICM. Thank
you, boss!

There's a knock on the door. Dwayne pokes his head in.

DWAYNE JOHNSON
Bad time?

TEDDY
There he is!

He gives Dwayne a hug. So does Chelsea. Teddy's Assistant and the Development Executives all nod at Dwayne and file out.

DWAYNE JOHNSON
You see what Banksy put out about
you?

Dwayne holds out his phone. We see a photo of a Banksy-esque wall mural of Teddy, who he has drawn with a Pinocchio-length nose.

CHELSEA
Oh, he also put out a video
disavowing Teddy. I'd never seen
Banksy threaten violence before.

TEDDY
Well, it's like Frank always said:
you're not anyone in Hollywood
until someone hates you.
(MORE)

TEDDY (CONT'D)

(then, to Dwayne)

It's good to see you, man. And I just want you to know: whatever you're pitching, I'm in.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

Well, this one's... kind of a doozy.

TEDDY

As far as I'm concerned, I'm forever in your debt. Let's make a movie.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

It's... not actually a movie.

TEDDY

Oh, a TV play? Even better. FX and HBO are hungry. Prestige TV is a good move for you.

Dwayne smiles.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

I think you may want to sit down for this.

CUT TO:

INT. NSA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Dwayne leads Teddy and Chelsea into a gleaming glass building. Inside, it buzzes with men and women in suits.

A TALL MAN walks towards them.

DWAYNE JOHNSON

Teddy, Chelsea, I'd like you to meet the Director of the NSA: Thomas Godfrey.

Thomas extends his hand. Teddy and Chelsea shake it.

THOMAS

Dwayne's told me about your work.

TEDDY

Oh well, to be honest, it was all in the script. At least until Act III. So really it was just making sure the writer understood--

THOMAS

I'm not talking about the movie. I
haven't seen the movie.

TEDDY

(a little offended)

Oh.

THOMAS

I'm talking about your work with
Dwayne on the actual day of the op.

(then)

We could use your help on a new
mission. What do you say?

Teddy and Chelsea look at each other as we...

SMASH TO CREDITS