

ASSEMBLY REQUIRED

WRITTEN BY

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"I have lots of things to do. I don't have time for dying."

-Ingvar Kamprad, founder of IKEA

EXT. IKEA - DAY

Establishing. The big, beautiful, welcoming blue and yellow walls of the IKEA BURBANK. The largest Ikea in America.

EXT. IKEA - PARKING LOT - DAY

YOUNG BARRY (10) and his parents YOUNG CAMILA (36) and YOUNG PHIL (37) walk toward the entrance on their regular IKEA shopping trip. Barry holds his parents' hands and marvels.

A FEW ROWS DOWN, YOUNG LISA (11) and her mom YOUNG JANET (39) also embark on their journey. Lisa excitedly runs ahead.

INT. IKEA - SMÅLAND - DAY

Barry and Lisa each get dropped off by their parents at SMÅLAND, Ikea's daycare play area. A crushed Barry watches his parents head into the store. An incensed Lisa protests as a COWORKER (Ikea's term for employee) peels her off her mom.

The two of them, both defeated, sit at opposite ends of the room, pouting as OTHER LAMER KIDS play between them. Their perfect Ikea days thwarted until -

THEY MAKE EYE CONTACT ACROSS THE ROOM.

An instant connection. All else falls away. Lisa slowly stands. Barry mirrors her movement -

SMACK. An ANNOYING KID slaps Barry for no conceivable reason.

ANNOYING KID
You're gonna work in insurance and
your life is gonna be miserable,
BITCH. Tag, you're it!

Lisa springs into action. Sprints across the room and jumps on the Annoying Kid, ripping out his hair and punching him.

COWORKER
Hey, stop that!

Lisa lets go. Avoids the Coworker's grasp and runs toward the exit door...but pauses. She turns back to face a shocked Barry, reaching her hand out with a mischievous grin.

Time slows for Barry. As if in a trance, he nods, stumbling toward the door - and freedom. Lisa grabs his hand -

BEGIN EUPHORIC MONTAGE

-Barry and Lisa sprint through the upstairs SHOWROOM as COWORKERS chase them. Past fully furnished model kitchens, living rooms, bedrooms. Embodiments of domestic tranquility.

-Lisa leaps onto a MALM BED. A hesitant Barry joins. Lisa jumps up and down. Barry slowly joins, getting into it. Lisa slides under the covers and pretends to sleep, pulling Barry with her.

-The ground floor MARKETPLACE, where items are available for sale. Barry and Lisa hide behind a huge bin overflowing with SPRUTTIG HANGERS and watch as a CUSTOMER points the coworkers their way. They crawl, avoiding CUSTOMER LEGS and FRAKTA BAGS. Barry consults with a STORE MAP he's holding as he stops at a curtain. Pulls it aside, revealing a DOORWAY LABELED "SHORTCUT." Lisa smiles. Barry's heart flutters.

-Barry and Lisa prance around the cavernous halls of the ground floor SELF SERVE WAREHOUSE, past CUSTOMERS looking up items on CENTRAL KIOSKS and OTHER CUSTOMERS stacking large boxes onto FLAT PACK SHOPPING CARTS.

-By CHECKOUT, they gaze lovingly at the AS-IS SECTION (Ikea's discount section)...but freeze when coworkers materialize behind them. Lisa pulls Barry in the other direction...but their parents cut them off. Barry looks down in shame. Lisa props his chin up. They break into laughter as angry parents and coworkers converge, ending the momentary fantasy life -

END EUPHORIC MONTAGE

SMASH CUT TO:

SUPER: PRESENT DAY

BARRY (PRE-LAP)
Could we follow the booklet?

INT. SOL'S HOUSE - DAY

ON TIK TOK RECORDING

BARRY DIAZ (30), systematic but too rigid, and LISA CHU (29), lively but too turbulent, argue as they build a BESTÅ TV STORAGE COMBINATION UNIT in front of an empty wall taped off with dimensions. Lisa tries to attach a BACK PANEL onto a partially built section of the unit.

BARRY
You're jamming it in sideways?
There are grooves here, see.

Barry points out a page in the instruction manual.

LISA

I can't see anything in the photos.

BARRY

I think they're clear...

LISA

Obviously they aren't if we're having this conversation.

Lisa grabs the piece to prep for wall installation.

BARRY

Shouldn't we find the wall studs -

LISA

The suspension rail is the support.

BARRY

That suspension rail? I feel like we need toggle anchors at least, not plastic? And longer screws.

SOL (O.S.)

Friends, please -

LISA

We're doing a *Bestå hack*, Barry. If we don't *hack* the process, no one will give a crap.

BARRY

They'll give a crap if it falls on their kids! Kid deaths really suck.

Lisa stands. Puts her hands up.

LISA

Okay, Mr. Morality. Go ahead.

Barry obliges. Begins to inspect the booklet again. A pissed off Lisa sits back down just as quick as she stood up.

BARRY

Fine! You do it if you want to build a flimsy, several hundred pound wall of death that'll crash down with any slight disturbance!

LISA

I love how you always know exactly what's going to happen and I don't.

SOL (O.S.)
CEASE WITH THIS, PLEASE!

END TIK TOK RECORDING

SOL OKORO (30), a vibe-driven free spirit who buys bottled water at Erewhon, stops filming and moves aside a fancy tripod phone setup. He's propped on a couch resembling a bird's nest. Ikea furniture, some finished and some mid build, crowds the space.

SOL (CONT'D)
This has been going on too long.
We're making a *Tik Tok. Short.*

LISA
Sol, would your fans rather watch efficient shortcuts, or someone follow an instruction manual?

SOL
Lisa, my dear, I also don't want anything crushing potential future kids. Not that I'll have any.

BARRY
See?

SOL
No! Nothing to see! And I will NOT tolerate Ikea slander?! The place that was there for you when you got fired, *Barry*? And during your parents' divorce, *Lisa*? And when Tom Hanks's third son Truman Hanks *broke my fucking heart*?

Sol moves a large egg in his weird nest chair out of the way. Stands up. Moves the egg back. Pats it.

LISA
It *is* the one constant for us.

SOL
We don't get many oppos to film now and y'all are bickering first chance we get. I'm tired. I just got back from three months at a client site split between Tokyo and Rio. They're further than I realized! Come here, y'all.

Sol hugs Lisa. Beckons Barry forth, who joins the group hug.

LISA
You're working too much, Sol.

KEITH NGUYEN (29), socially awkward with a passionately encyclopedic mind, pokes his head in from the BEDROOM.

KEITH
Greetings, my repair work on the Eket is complete.

Everyone claps and cheers. Keith smiles widely, but the smile falls when he sees the state of the Bestå.

KEITH (CONT'D)
Oh. I unlogged this item from inventory for the purposes of this video. I must not return it to floor stock with damaged -

LISA
(cutting him off)
We appreciate you, Keith.

SOL
(getting up)
And I may have something else...

INT. SOL'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sol, Barry, and Lisa watch Keith jiggle a HAUGA CABINET door.

KEITH
The one and one eighth screws have been mistakenly replaced with the one and one fourth screws.

BARRY
We're having this same issue with one of our cabinets. You'll get us all the correct ones, right?

KEITH
Certainly. Also, perhaps for our next fun night in, I could bring -

SOL
Ugh, I forgot, one other thing.

EXT. SOL'S HOUSE - PATIO - MOMENTS LATER

Sol, Barry, and Lisa watch Keith inspect two dying plants.

KEITH
Bromeliad and dieffenbachia plants
thrive in low light environments.

SOL
Sol ya dumb bitch.

LISA
This is like when we met freshman
year and you'd already killed eight
succulents in two days.

INT. SOL'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Barry and Lisa exit. Keith lingers behind with Sol.

SOL
Fun afternoon.

Sol is much more reserved and awkward when alone with Keith.

KEITH
Yes. Many endorphins.

SOL
We do feel endorphins together...
(gesturing at nothing)
Ugh, the economy! Nasdaq!

KEITH
Do you have an idea for your next
Ikea DIY project?

SOL
I wiiish. I haven't felt inspired
lately. Not enough trauma. Or
competition. Or physical pain.

KEITH
I would not want you to experience
trauma or pain. You deserve joy.

SOL
Mmm. True, I suppose.

KEITH
I was fond of your Pax hallway
wardrobe hack that you posted on
the third of March last year at
9:16 am PT. It was a...very astute
and adaptable combination.

SOL
Aw really? Thanks. Well...

They awkwardly shake hands. Sol does a curtsy and rushes out.

INT. BARRY AND LISA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lisa brushes, on her phone. She opens a TEXT CHAIN with JANET CHU (MOM). The last message is from two months ago.

She swipes it away. Scrolls through GMAIL. Quickly deletes numerous 30TH BIRTHDAY PROMOTIONAL EMAILS from retailers, huffing indignantly on her way to a specific email -

Congrats! We'd love to have you on :0 Marketing's Copenhagen team. Please respond by end of week. :0 :0 :0

She sighs guiltily. Locks her phone, spits and rinses, and walks out into the -

BEDROOM

Where Barry is on his laptop in bed, researching ENGAGEMENT RINGS. He quickly closes the laptop when he sees Lisa enter with a GUBBRÖRA RUBBER SPATULA.

LISA
Turn over.

BARRY
Huh?

LISA
On your stomach.

Barry puts his laptop aside. Gingerly turns, confused when suddenly Lisa SMACKS his butt with the spatula. He yelps.

Lisa attempts another ass smack. Barry awkwardly evades. Lisa assertively points at a POÄNG ARMCHAIR next to the bed.

BARRY
What are you doing?!

LISA
Get in the Poäng. Now.

Barry stumbles off the bed into the armchair. Lisa tries to slink off the bed in a seductive manner.

LISA (CONT'D)
You've been a naughty boy.

BARRY
No naughtier than normal!

Lisa begins to strip.

LISA
Let's get that Poäng nice and wet.

She begins to take Barry's shirt off. Barry resists.

LISA (CONT'D)
It'll be so ruined, we won't even
be able to bring it back to As-Is.

BARRY
STOP!

Lisa pulls away, angry.

LISA
Jesus Christ. Forgive me for trying
to spice things up for once.

BARRY
What's going on...? What kind of
sex are people having?

LISA
What?

BARRY
You're clearly comparing us to some
like, arbitrary standard of sex
spiciness, so I was curious if you
could give me a list of examples of
things we don't do that others do?

LISA
Why do I always need to give
examples? It's not a thesis!

Lisa storms out. Barry sighs. Readjusts the Poäng. Reflects.

INT. LISA'S CAR - DAY

Lisa drives recklessly. Barry now tries to have a
conversation but jumps at every sudden car movement.

BARRY
Remember how hard it was to build
the Oxberg? We worked through that!
So we should figure whatever this
is out before weAAAAAAHHHHHH!

Barry clutches his armrests as Lisa brakes hard. He slowly catches his breath. Lisa continues to drive.

Barry gets a FACETIME from caller ID: MAMA. He picks up immediately. His jovially overbearing parents CAMILA (56) and PHIL (57) pop up on screen.

INTERCUT FACETIME CONVERSATION

CAMILA

You have number for Hula Hoop?

BARRY

Hulu? Like its customer service?

CAMILA

I want to cancel a show. I hate it.

BARRY

It doesn't work like that, Mom.

PHIL

Speaking of work, how's work?!

BARRY

We installed two new power lines today and they increased my 401k match to five percent, so retirement at sixty looks good.

Lisa rolls her eyes. Clearly a sore subject for her.

PHIL

Terrific. Who else is in the car?

Lisa gives Barry a "don't out me" look.

BARRY

Uhh...Lisa's here.

LISA

(reluctantly)

Hi, Mr. Diaz.

PHIL

We wanted to give you guys a ring a ling because we just found the most *perfecto* house in Toluca Lake.

CAMILA

Four bedrooms. I know not many, but you can put two kids per room. You'll look at the house, right?

BARRY

Sure, of course we will.

Lisa is clearly uncomfortable with this.

PHIL

Gotta tie the knot then pop out the first one though! Or vice versa!

CAMILA

We really want to be grandparents. We could easily die tomorrow of blunt force trauma or drone strike.

BARRY

Yes, thank you. I promise we're doing everything to...

(nervously eyeing Lisa)
We're figuring this out.

Barry yelps as Lisa makes an angry hard turn.

INT. IKEA - COWORKERS ONLY AREA - DAY

AKILA HASSAN (40s), asshole branch manager, leads an IKEA CORPORATE SUIT down a hallway on a tour of the facilities.

AKILA

We're now in Year Three of our Modernize Ikea project, and it could not be going better. In addition to reducing in store stock by ten percent to encourage online shopping and pre-ordering -

She stops at a CONTROL ROOM. Inside are rudimentary security monitors, a fire alarm panel, and a general control panel.

AKILA (CONT'D)

Our revolutionary No Wage Security System. In the olden days, we paid closing and overnight crews for inventory and restocking. Ha! Now we do everything during the day, and we have an automatic nighttime system that saves us thousands per night that would've been spent on labor. Where better to cut costs than at the lowest levels?

IKEA SUIT

Brilliant. How does it work?

AKILA

Thirty minutes after closing,
security automatically enables.
Motion sensors on, doors locked,
cameras rolling. No guards. Only me
and my store managers have badge
access to the control panel, in
case we need to turn off the system
for any reason.

(nudging the Ikea Suit)
Party it up in here after hours?

IKEA SUIT

I'll ask my orgy group. Ms. Hassan,
you are doing a wonderful job.
There's no way anyone would ever
take advantage of this.

They continue walking down the hallway as we PAN TO -

BREAK ROOM

Keith perches on the edge of his seat at a communal coworker table. STORE MANAGER pinned on his BADGE. He anxiously eyes the ticking hand of the wall clock.

His coworker RISHI (26) sits across from him, watching a wall TV. He glares as Akila and Ikea Suit loudly pass by the room.

RISHI

Man this shit sucks. All they're
doing is pissing people off. I'll
be on my way to Bed Bath soon.

KEITH

Variety and affordability has
allowed Ikea to create a better
everyday life for many. While it
may be true that those in their mid
thirties tend to move toward
establishments like Anthropologie
and West Elm, no other company
lives at the exact intersection of
the needs of so many young folks.
As difficult as these changes may
be, I remain optimistic they are
for the greater good. The customer.

A beat. Rishi stares in confusion.

KEITH (CONT'D)

I would be happy to discuss your
professional aspirations with you.
(MORE)

KEITH (CONT'D)

Perhaps at our next California wage
and hour law mandated ten minute
break? Speaking of -

He stands up abruptly.

KEITH (CONT'D)

The current break has now ended.
Please return to your post.

Keith leaves.

INT. IKEA - COWORKERS ONLY WAREHOUSE AREA - LATER

Keith conducts inventory at a computer station. Quick,
precise, diligent. He hovers over an annoyed Rishi nearby.

Akila walks by eating a KAFFEREP CINNAMON ROLL.

AKILA

Good work, Keith. You keep this up,
you just might take my job one day.

KEITH

(heart warmed)

Thank you, ma'am.

A piece of cinnamon roll falls out of Akila's mouth. Rather
than pick it up, she stomps it into tiny crumbs, and departs.

RISHI

There's no way you approve of what
she's doing to this store.

Keith doesn't answer. His attention drawn to a SUSPICIOUS
COWORKER loitering at the DOCK AREA. Rishi notices.

RISHI (CONT'D)

New hire.

KEITH

New hire? I would certainly be
informed of additional coworkers in
warehouse rotation. Let me inquire -

ELSA (O.S.)

Excuse me, Mr. Keith?

ELSA (28), alluringly Swedish and mysterious (same thing),
interrupts, driving up on a PALLET JACK filled with boxes.

KEITH

Hello, Elsa. How may I help?

ELSA

Patrick was thinking he must bring these to the floor, but I knew it actually must be in storage.

KEITH

That is very insightful of you.

ELSA

Everything is on the labels, like you say. I listen.

KEITH

Yes. Proper inventory and sales space replenishment will secure -

ELSA

Excellent quality of delivery in a multichannel environment.

Keith with a goofy smile on his face. It's sexually charged but he doesn't know it. Elsa tiptoes up. Whispers in his ear.

ELSA (CONT'D)

Later, you show me where to store?

Keith struggles to respond. Rishi gapes.

INT. IKEA - SHOWROOM - DAY

Keith organizes items on a shelf when -

A TAP ON THE SHOULDER. It's Barry.

KEITH

Barry! Are you now unemployed?

BARRY

It's okay, my boss is taking the interns out to lunch, but only the hot ones. It's really weird. Listen, I need your help.

Barry pulls out a RING from his pocket. Keith's eyes widen. Barry conceals the ring and lowers his voice to talk.

KEITH

Is that for -

BARRY

Yes. I'm gonna propose, and I have the perfect plan, but you're the last missing piece.

KEITH

Me? Well, I must wish you congratulations, and I would be delighted to assist in any way.

BARRY

Will you help us sneak in and stay overnight at Ikea? A sleepover?

A beat.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Us four! The crew! But keep my proposal on the DL. Please.

(increasingly excited)

Lisa used to talk about sleeping over. Remember shopping for our first college apartment? You hadn't even been promoted yet, but now that you have...and, what better place to propose than the place that started it all? In the As-Is section too. Our favorite, most glorious part of the store.

KEITH

(stammering)

We are conducting, um, Full Serve Hand Out training so I am not sure -

BARRY

No, I - it's done. I did everything, this is it, I told my parents I'd propose this month so I need this. Lisa needs this.

I'm gonna show her I'm still the guy she fell in love with. I dunno what's wrong, but we're soulmates and I'm trying to make it right. I know you may not get that.

Keith tries to ignore that inadvertent emotional slap.

KEITH

Perhaps you should consult with Lisa? I recommend trying on both basket and flush settings.

Barry places his hand on Keith's shoulder.

BARRY

Think about it, okay?

Off Keith, uncomfortable but not wanting to turn Barry down -

EXT. NONDESCRIPT LA PORT - NIGHT

Establishing. A SHIP docks.

INT. EMPTY SHIPPING CONTAINER - SAME

HANS GUSTAFSON (50s), Swedish, eccentrically unhinged, waits with his CREW. Hans wears thick gloves and a black peacoat.

From afar, they observe PEOPLE UNLOADING CRATES via ramp off the ship. ONE UNLOADER leaves a pallet with a PORT AUTHORITY COP, who converses with WILLIAM YANG, an anxious businessman. William slips the Cop several stacks of cash.

Arrangement now sealed, William wheels the pallet toward Hans and his crew, stopping when he enters the shipping container.

WILLIAM
Mr. Gustafson.

HANS

William pries open the crates to reveal GUNS, BAGS OF COCAINE, EXPENSIVE ANTIQUES. Typical smuggled shit.

HANS (CONT'D)
The necklace. Where is it?

William nods. Hurriedly shoves weapons to the side. Pulls out a small box from a secret compartment in the crate.

HANS (CONT'D)
Your secret compartment is shit. I
make better secret compartments.

William quickly dusts off the box and opens it to reveal -

The BLUE JASMINE NECKLACE. SIX SMALL, SHIMMERING DIAMONDS arranged in a semicircle. Stunning, in an unassuming way.

Hans's breath catches. He cradles the box, in complete awe.

We see William shuffling furtively as dust from the crate and box billows. His face contorts, holding back a sneeze -

William's aggressive sneeze paints Hans and the necklace in snot. Everyone freezes. A long silence follows.

Hans slowly wipes the snot off the necklace. Then his face. His crew mutters behind him. William begins to apologize.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
I have allergies! Sorry! You know
I'm taking a risk selling this -

Hans snatches William's lips. William exclaims in pain. Hans, holding just the lips, forces him to his knees.

HANS
Do you realize what you just
expelled your *dribble* over?

William tries to nod. Pleads with his eyes. Hans closes his. Breathes in slowly, almost as if meditating. Then -

HANS (CONT'D)
YOU DO NOT FUCKING SNEEZE ON MY
FUCKING BLUE JASMINE!

Hans slices a gash in William's cheek with a pocketknife.

Hans procures a pouch from his jacket pocket, from which hops a HORNED GOLDEN POISON DART FROG onto his gloved hand.

HANS (CONT'D)
Maja holds enough venom to kill ten
grown men. Considering you are
barely a single grown man...

William scrambles away, trying to escape. A TATTOOED CREW GUY, American, and a SWEDISH CREW GUY, run after and hold him down. Hans strolls toward a struggling, panicked William.

HANS (CONT'D)
It will not kill you instantly if
it makes contact with your skin.
But if you have a cut...

WILLIAM
Why?! We had a goddamn deal!

Hans crouches. Lifts his hand up to William's face.

HANS
You understand, no paper trail. And
you disrespected my property.

Hans flicks the frog onto William's face. William SCREAMS -

EXT. NONDESCRIPT LA PORT - SECLUDED AREA - LATER

Hans and Tattooed Crew Guy watch their crew struggle to fit their haul into the trunk of a VOLVO.

TATTOOED CREW GUY
Yo boss, cops are cracking down on storage centers for this shit.

Hans chuckles. Lights two massive cigars. Smokes them both.

HANS
Always hide where they least expect it. And we do not just have any storage center. We have a fortress.

INT. IKEA - CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Barry, Lisa, Sol, and Keith eat dinner. HUVUDROLL MEATBALLS, mashed potatoes, lingonberry sauce. Barry, Lisa, and Sol take turns audibly moaning. Lisa and Sol feed each other.

LISA
This is the way to do meatballs.
The Italians wish.

SOL
Need another round, stat!

KEITH
(scooping a meatball)
You may have one of mine -

SOL
(curtly)
No, thank you.

Sol pulls away. Keith drops the meatball, hurt. Sol once again acting differently around Keith in the larger group.

BARRY
I brought us here tonight for an exciting announcement.

LISA
(on edge)
Oh. And what is that?

BARRY
Next weekend...we are finally going to fulfill a bucket list item and spend a night in this very Ikea.

LISA

What do you mean exactly?

BARRY

We're gonna sneak in! We can have a sleepover, on our own terms.

Haven't you wondered what it's like at night, in its purest form?

LISA

(interest piqued)

Yeah but...we might get caught.

Barry's egged on by Lisa's interest, proud of his plan.

BARRY

When has that mattered to you?

(pointing at Keith)

Plus that's why we have an in with an Ikea manager.

SOL

Ooh, a guided sleepover. This might be the creative spark I need.

BARRY

With Keith's help, we won't even need to sneak around.

LISA

Wait. We shouldn't just...

(a brief pang of guilt
seeing Barry's face)

Okay. I'm down. You've agreed to this right, Keith?

The group turns its collective expectant gaze on Keith, a deer in the headlights listening with increasing worry -

INT. IKEA - COWORKERS ONLY WAREHOUSE AREA - BUILD ROOM - DAY

Rishi and a RANDOM COWORKER chat as they fumble with EKET CABINET PARTS. HALF BUILT FURNITURE fills the room. TAPE on walls denote locations where furniture can be attached. Keith expertly builds an Eket nearby and listens.

RISHI

So yeah, we're gonna do the afterparty in the crosswalk between the Galleria and Americana.

RANDOM COWORKER

Sick. Hey Mr. Nguyen, can we be done building? I suck at it.

KEITH

You are aware that coworkers can be most helpful in downtime by assisting with sales display assembly and functionality testing.

(beat)

Also, will you need assistance with your Glendale-set event?

Rishi and Random Coworker share a look. Rishi bullshits.

RISHI

We only have a certain number of spots because of like, law. And you wouldn't know anyone. So.

Rishi's suddenly engrossed in his cabinet build.

INT. IKEA - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Keith heads toward the exit at end of day. As he walks -

SUDDEN MOVEMENT out of the corner of his eye. He catches a glimpse of the Suspicious Coworker from earlier, few hundred yards away. He talks animatedly to someone out of view, pointing at the screen of a SELF SERVE KIOSK.

Wait. Is that...Elsa?

Keith steps around a corner to get a better view...BUT THEY'RE GONE. He scratches his head. Walks forward.

KEITH

Hello?

No response. Suddenly, a hand on his shoulder -

Keith jumps, startled. Akila stands behind him.

AKILA

Whoa there, are you okay?

KEITH

Simply an elevated heart rate, though not sufficient to induce tachycardia. Did you spot Elsa and our new coworker over here now?

AKILA

New coworker...y'mean Anders? He
and Elsa clocked out early today.
You look like you've seen a ghost!
(steering Keith away)
Are you high? Can I have some?

Keith looks back one more time, confused but happy to take his boss at her word.

INT. BARRY AND LISA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Barry and Lisa sit on the couch and watch "Superstore" on TV. Lisa snuggles into Barry's shoulder.

Barry smiles. He thinks he's solved everything. Texts Keith -
Tysm. Will be perfect night + proposal. #bestmanmaterial?

CLOSE ON Lisa's face, thinking out loud.

INT. KEITH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Keith feeds FROGS, TURTLES, and INSECTS in a LARGE TERRARIUM. On the wall, a PRINTED LIST OF EIGHT IKEA CORE VALUES. He sits on his FINNALA SOFA, covered in blue and yellow blankets, as he listens to a PODCAST ABOUT HUMAN ANATOMY.

PODCAST HOST (V.O.)
Next on Organ Office Hour, we're
discussing the vas deferens.

Keith receives Barry's text. He smiles and sighs as he reads, looking around at his empty apartment, all alone.

INT. LISA'S CAR - NIGHT

Lisa drives. Barry shotgun, Sol in the backseat. The excitement palpable as they head to Ikea.

THROUGH THE WINDOW, an ASHLEY HOMESTORE appears. The gang starts booing.

LISA
Fuck off Ashley! Whoever you are.

SOL
She's probably so racist.

Booing picks up again as they subsequently pass by a WALMART -

BARRY

Maybe pick a lane, you don't have
to sell EVERYTHING!

SOL

Friends, lest we forget the biggest
evil of them all...

Sol opens the WAYFAIR APP on his phone. Shows Barry and Lisa.

LISA

Impersonal exploitative shitbags.

BARRY

Yeah, how are you a furniture store
without an actual store?

LISA

They're destroying the in store
experience.

(beat)

Wait. Why do you have the app?

***NOTE: THE SUBSEQUENT SCENES ALL TAKE PLACE IN IKEA, AT NIGHT. ALLEGEDLY. YOU CAN NEVER REALLY TELL IN IKEA.**

INT. PARKING GARAGE

CUSTOMERS exit as the store approaches closing. A COUPLE in a screaming match try to shove a box in their dumb car.

Keith approaches Lisa's parked car as she, Barry, and Sol wait next to it. They all clap as he approaches.

KEITH

Hello. So. You will wait henceforth
until thirty minutes after closing,
during which I shall disengage our
automatic security system.

BARRY

Cool! What an unorthodox system!

Keith puts his hand up. Points meekly at their phones.

KEITH

Though I am afraid I must ask you
to relinquish your...

BARRY

Why? What if we want to capture...
(weird bug-eyed head jerk
motions at Keith)
Some big life events?

LISA

(to Barry)

What the hell are you doing? Stop.

KEITH

If you are concerned about the
safety of your devices in your
vehicle, no coworker checks or
patrols the car park at night -

SOL

What if I want to live stream?
Or I get creative inspiration?
Where will I jot it down? I haven't
touched a pencil in eleven years.

KEITH

I apologize, but I
am...uncomfortable with the notion
of...the risk of...my job at stake.

LISA

I get it. Live in the moment.

Lisa grabs Barry and Sol's phones. Tosses them in the car
along with hers. Grabs a backpack. Then marches off.

INT. COWORKERS ONLY AREA - BREAK ROOM

Keith "inspects" the inside of the fridge. TWO LINGERING
COWORKERS say their goodbyes and file out for the night.

Keith waits a bit, then quietly closes the fridge door. Heads
toward the exit, turns off the light, and slips into the -

HALLWAY

Keith pads stealthily down the quiet, empty hall into the -

CONTROL ROOM

Keith surveys the CONTROL PANEL. A GREEN LIGHT and SYSTEM
ACTIVATED MESSAGE. He swipes his badge, which prompts an
EMERGENCY DEACTIVATE BUTTON on the panel.

Keith hesitates. Is he really about to do this? He steels
himself, swallows, and presses the red button. ON THE SCREEN -

Yo. You sure? Tap YES or NO.

Keith scratches his head. Taps YES. A new message -

Alrighty then, player. Hope you figure out this emergency.

The green light on the panel turns red, and the message now reads SYSTEM DEACTIVATED. It's done. Keith nods to himself.

INT. SHOWROOM

Lisa, Barry, and Sol crouch in a cramped nook behind a PAX CORNER WARDROBE display. Barry feels around in his back pocket for a RING BOX, double checking it's still there.

SOL

I am cramping in places I never knew I could. And this Wifi sucks.

Lisa realizes Sol is typing on a NEW PHONE.

LISA

Sol. What is that.

SOL

An iPhone 13, love.

LISA

I left your phone in the car.

SOL

Work phone. I shan't be unplugged during a creative odyssey.

Sol opens his Tik Tok profile, **@ChurchofSol**. Scrolls through COMMENT NOTIFICATIONS on his LATEST TIK TOK: a DAY IN THE LIFE OF A HOT CONSULTANT.

@ikeachica: where you been?? Need more Ikea ASMR stat!

@solfanclub: my home is CRUMBLING. wanna build a walk in closet but I'm NOTHING without you. NOTHING!!!!

@kallaxdocandsoldier: #doctorsandsoldiersforikea #iraq

Suddenly - the Pax wardrobe is pulled aside. It's Keith. Sol hides his phone as everyone looks up in anticipation.

Keith gives two thumbs up. The gang cheers.

BEGIN EUPHORIC SHOWROOM MONTAGE

-Barry, Lisa, and Sol race around a now empty SHOWROOM. Lisa almost knocks over a set of STORHET CHAMPAGNE GLASSES. Keith catches the glasses just in time. Big sigh of relief.

-Keith leads a demonstration at a LIVING ROOM DISPLAY. He unlocks a wall from its hinges. Pushes the now movable wall aside. He unlocks a different wall and pulls it into ANOTHER DISPLAY, creating a whole new room. Everyone's impressed.

-Barry and Lisa try to turn on a stove. No dice.

-The walls in the Showroom have been cleared to create an open runway. CLOSE ON Sol hanging on for dear life on a SHOPPING TROLLEY as Lisa sprints and pushes him around. Barry and Keith watch on the side. Barry points to a DIFFERENT TROLLEY, offering Keith a ride. Keith politely declines.

-Barry and Keith sit on a KIVIK SOFA and watch as Lisa and Sol lounge on a MALM BED. Barry fist bumps Keith. Any Keith trepidation assuaged in the moment by joy and friendship.

END EUPHORIC SHOWROOM MONTAGE

INT. SHOWROOM - MODEL APARTMENT

Lisa changes into workout clothes in front of a HOVET MIRROR. Barry, in workout gear as well, checks out the rest of the model apartment, which includes a KITCHEN and a KID'S ROOM.

LISA

I've always wanted to race on these pallet jacks. I'm so stoked.

Barry inspects a SUNDVIK CRIB with SOLAR SYSTEM CRIB MOBILE.

BARRY

Maybe later, we can stop by the As-
Is section? See the new deals
before everyone else?

LISA

You don't have to say that twice.

BARRY

Also, this mobile is cute.

LISA

(ignoring)

Can you help me stretch?

BARRY

Maybe we could paint it depending
on the room's color scheme...

LISA
Barry. Stretch!

Barry complies. Kneels in front of Lisa. Helps her stretch out her legs as she lies on her back.

BARRY
(gesturing at the crib)
Thoughts? Paint, or keep it white?

LISA
Either. I don't know.
(beat)
I don't like the lollipop looking things. Lucie's List is better.

BARRY
(shocked)
Than the *Sundvik*? Have you compared them? What's your reasoning?

LISA
Do we need to have this conversation now? While you're glutes deep in me? You've been acting weird.

Barry flips Lisa over and pulls on her right knee.

BARRY
Nah. It's just...

LISA
What.

BARRY
I dunno, it just doesn't seem like you're interested in talking about our future anymore. Things are okay at work, right? I want us both to feel stable career-wise -

LISA
(snapping)
Not everything's about work. It's not like we're going to have the same jobs forever anyway.

BARRY
We aren't?

Keith suddenly pops his head into the room. Covers his eyes.

KEITH

I apologize for the interruption,
but have you seen Sol around?

INT. WAREHOUSE

Sol strolls, on a "creative odyssey." He lunges. Inhales the scent of boxes. Swipes a streak of dust and licks his hand. Pulls out his phone and types on his NOTES APP -

Vid Idea: Menmes side table makeover...but horny?

EMAIL NOTIFICATION with subject title **SOOOOO URGENT WORK!!!** pops up. Sol rolls his eyes and starts responding when -

HANS (O.S.)

I do not like when things are not the same.

Sol panics. Dives behind two stacks of boxes as we hear FOOTSTEPS approach.

ELSA (O.S.)

I think there is not anything to worry about, Hans.

POV SOL as TWO PAIRS OF FEET come into view. They stop near his hiding place. Sol gets a glimpse of Hans and Elsa.

HANS

*Think? Thinking is for plebeians.
Your lack of commitment to our
operation is of concern.*

ELSA

I am committed, but -

HANS

*No. If anyone finds this key, we will be ruined. You disappoint me.
Please do a sweep with Anders.*

Hans turns and walks away. Elsa sighs and heads the other way. Sol looks back and forth, curiosity piquing...

He makes his choice. He slips out quietly from his hiding place, following Hans down a long aisle. Hans makes a left turn through a set of double doors into the -

COWORKERS ONLY WAREHOUSE AREA

Sol holds for a beat, then scurries up to the double doors and slides in as they swing closed behind him. He crouches behind a tall stack of pallets and peers over the top -

TATTOOED CREW GUY
We're unloading now, boss.

POV SOL as Hans converses with Tattooed Crew Guy and Swedish Crew Guy from the port, plus THREE ADDITIONAL CREW GUYS who wait near OPEN TRUCK UNLOADING STATIONS.

A TRUCK slowly backs into an unloading station. The Crew Guys wheel up empty pallets in preparation.

SOL
(under his breath)
This looks hella shady.

Sol pulls his phone back out and STARTS IG LIVE STREAMING. Or attempts to. The Wifi sucks, and so does the picture quality.

CONFUSED COMMENTS pop up on the stream -

@ikeachica: wait where are u and why am I not there with u

@solfanclub: it keeps freezing King

@kallaxdocandsoldier: it's giving hostage video

INT. MARKETPLACE

Barry, Lisa, and a slightly anxious Keith search for Sol.

BARRY
I dunno why he'd go off on his own?
I thought we told him the plan?

LISA
It's Sol. This is how he lives. We
could maybe learn from it.

KEITH
As long as he did not experience
sudden cardiac arrest.

The three of them round a corner into the -

DECORATIVE ACCESSORIES (MOSTLY) SECTION

Where they suddenly come FACE TO FACE with Elsa and ANDERS, the Suspicious Coworker Keith saw earlier. Elsa and Anders have just entered the section from the other side.

A long beat as everyone tries to register what's happening.

KEITH (CONT'D) ELSA
Elsa...? Mr. Keith...?

INT. COWORKERS ONLY WAREHOUSE AREA

Hans and his crew watch as the truck finishes docking, its engine idling. Swedish Crew Guy steps forward to the truck's rear doors. Bangs on the doors. No response.

SWEDISH CREW GUY
We need your lock key to open up!
Come around the usual entrance!

OVER BY SOL

His live stream is straight up not buffering now.

BACK TO HANS AND THE CREW GUYS

Swedish Crew Guy bangs several more times on the truck doors. Still no response. He looks at Hans. Hans gestures at him to continue. He jiggles the doors. He shrugs and starts to head out via a SIDE DOOR when -

The rear doors CLICK, unlocking from the inside. Swedish Crew Guy walks back to the truck and opens the doors. He pokes his head inside, his brow immediately furrowing in concern.

Hans realizes a split second too late that something's up....

Hey -

...when a SILENCED GUNSHOT from the truck's interior SLAMS into Swedish Crew Guy's shoulder. He flies backward.

A frenzy as the other Crew Guys reach for their weapons -

OVER BY SOL

Sol hears the commotion and looks up just in time to see -

The rest of the Crew Guys RIDDLED WITH BULLETS from inside the truck.

MASKED MEN, IN ALL BLACK, emerge from the rear of the truck, clutching guns with silencers. WALKIE TALKIES on their belts.

SOL
What in the name of Matilda Djerf -

MORE GUNSHOTS, some landing near Sol. One TEARS INTO HIS PHONE, launching it away. He yelps, falling.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Find him! I need him alive! Bring them all to me!

Sol witnesses HANS RUNNING PAST, as well as...a FROG HOPPING AROUND? Several Masked Men run by, in pursuit of Hans.

A brief gunfire pause. Sol seizes his opening, rolling and wedging himself under a BELT CONVEYOR. He holds his breath.

INT. MARKETPLACE - DECORATIVE ACCESSORIES SECTION

Keith sizes up Elsa and Anders as Barry and Lisa watch.

KEITH
Have you been approved for an overnight inventory assignment?

ELSA
Have you?

Keith is caught. He goes silent. Elsa seems disappointed to see him given what's about to come...

And then Anders PULLS OUT A KNIFE from his waist sheath.

BARRY
Ummmm Keith, please tell me these are your paid actors?

Keith shakes his head no as he slowly takes a step back.

Elsa tries to hold Anders at bay. Anders shakes her off and growls at Keith. Barry jumps a bit.

ELSA
What have you seen?

ANDERS
Does it matter? Hans says no witnesses. Just being here, they have compromised the operation.

BARRY
Many operations struggle to get off the ground, but what matters is a full diagnosis of what went wrong!

ELSA

Were you the people who messed with
the security?

KEITH

I...Elsa, perhaps we may discuss at
a more opportune time, potentially
at an offsite location?

ELSA

(pondering)

Like The Sheesecake Factory?

KEITH

Yes. Cheesecake Factory.

ELSA

I love how many calories they fit
in a simple salad or pasta.

(coming to her senses)

No, I must do takeaway without you.

Elsa reluctantly brandishes her own knife. Anders claps
happily. They begin to advance -

When Lisa impulsively grabs a SJÄLSLIGT CACTUS FIGURE off a
shelf and HURLS it at Anders -

She misses badly and the cactus SHATTERS against the wall
behind. Anders rolls his eyes and strides toward them. Keith
stares openmouthed at the broken cactus, devastated.

LISA

RUN!!!

Lisa turns to run. Barry and Keith hesitate. Lisa doubles
back and grabs their hands, dragging them with her.

Anders bounds after them as Elsa dips out the way she came.

BARRY

Where are we running to?!

LISA

Away from the knives!

They skid to a stop in the middle of the -

RUGS AND CARPETS SECTION

Elsa awaits, knife in hand. Anders boxes them in from behind.

ELSA

I promise. It will be painless.

ANDERS
Maybe some pain, yes?

BARRY
"It?" What is "it?!"

Anders charges and SWINGS his knife at Barry's head. Barry ducks and trips, knocking over a pile of rolled up STOENSE RUGS on the way down.

As Anders goes after a vulnerable Barry, Keith yanks on a support beam that sends a row of hanging ROMDRUP RUGS sliding off their hooks into Anders.

Anders swears, getting tangled in the rugs. He stabs away at them, pulling them off. Pissed off...

KEITH
(realizing his mistake)
No, no, those are high quality
synthetic fibers -

Only for Lisa to grab one of the fallen Stoense rugs and SLAM Anders across the face with it, sending him reeling.

LISA
Oh, shit!

Anders' knife SKITTERS across the ground, coming to a stop halfway between Lisa and Elsa.

They stare at the knife for a split second. Then -

Lisa drops her rug and they both dive for the loose knife. Elsa gets there first and grabs the knife, while Lisa has already gauged the lost cause at hand and is backtracking.

Elsa gets up. She closes the gap and grabs ahold of Lisa's ankle, sending her THUDDING to the ground and dragging her back as she kicks and flails.

From the side, Keith rushes at Elsa...

Who realizes too late and has to absorb Keith's running momentum as they tumble to the ground together. Keith lands on top of Elsa, his lips inches from hers.

Keith's breath catches momentarily as they look into each other's eyes. Elsa smirks, slightly impressed, then KICKS him hard in the balls. He crumples onto her. She pushes him off.

Elsa reaches over and caresses Keith's hair.

ELSA
I am sorry.

INT. COWORKERS ONLY WAREHOUSE AREA

Sol continues to hide as he overhears the conversation.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Lib, Canuck. Double check all exits
are covered off. No one leaves
until the product is in our hands.

LIB (O.S.)
What if he destroys it?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
The items he has stolen are the
only things keeping him in power.

Sol STUBS HIS TOE as he shifts body position. He CRIES OUT.

The conversations stop. Sol freezes. FOOTSTEPS toward his
hiding spot until they appear in Sol's line of view.

CANUCK, wearing a MAPLE LEAFS CAP, and LIB, just a really
liberal vibe (both masked, 30s), crouch down and spot Sol.

SOL
Hi...are y'all closed?

INT. MARKETPLACE

Elsa kneels on Lisa's and Keith's backs simultaneously as she
prepares a pair of ZIP TIES. Her knife back in her sheath.

A bloodied and incensed Anders spits on a cowering Barry on
the ground. He grabs Barry's arm and pulls him toward Elsa,
pointing with his knife at Lisa and swearing in Swedish.

ANDERS
I will slice her jugular, and
carotid, and femoral, and -

ELSA
Anders. Let us take them out in the
back. Blood is messy.

LISA
(squirming under Elsa)
My fucking lats!

ELSA

Shut up.

KEITH

(frustrated)

Elsa, you are aware we are experiencing a vendor delay for Romdrup rugs and it will be weeks before we can replace these damaged rugs for front of store sales.

ELSA

This is what you worry about?

Suddenly - a SILENCED GUNSHOT whizzes through the air.

A beat as everybody freezes, aware something is wrong.

Barry GASPS. Everyone looks at him. He points at Anders -

Now with a fresh BULLET HOLE IN HIS CHEST. He slowly crumples, knife released from his grasp.

REVEAL a MASKED MAN on the other side of the room, now aiming his gun at Elsa. He FIRES several times as Elsa dives off of Keith and Lisa. A bullet STRIKES her side.

Keith, Barry, and Lisa yell at varying volumes and scramble for shelter amidst the ambush of bullets when -

CLICK CLICK. Masked Man's chamber is empty.

Elsa takes advantage. She slides to a stop by Anders' body, grabs his fallen knife, and HURLS it with terrifying precision just as Masked Man speaks into a WALKIE TALKIE -

MASKED MAN

Need some backup, first floor -

The knife THUMPS, lodging itself in his chest and cutting him off. He gasps, stumbles, and keels over.

Elsa sits and leans against a shelf, pressing her hands to her side to stem the blood flow.

Lisa seizes the window of opportunity, running to Keith and Barry and pulling them both up. Barry clearly panicked.

LISA

We have to go! Now!

BARRY

This was not supposed to happen,
this was not supposed to happen...

LISA

No shit!

(hurried, to Keith)

There's that, that emergency exit!
By the pots and pans!

BARRY

The one we evacuated through
because someone pulled the fire
alarm to celebrate bipartisanship?
That's far...oh, what if we used
the shortcut by the kids' toys?

LISA

(eyes lighting up)

That could work actually!

KEITH

(shaking his head)

Per company wide policy, shortcut
location rotation provides unique
experiences for repeat customers.

LISA

What are you saying.

KEITH

That shortcut is no longer in use.

Elsa groans, starting to pale.

KEITH (CONT'D)

We must make our way back upstairs,
to the Coworkers Only area.

LISA

Wait. Holy fuck, Sol's still in
here! We need to find him.

KEITH

Per the deceased gentleman, it
seems his backup may arrive soon.

(pained)

Our best chance of assisting Sol is
remaining alive.

LISA

Ugh. Fine. Upstairs then.

They all turn to leave, but Keith pauses. Looks once again at
Elsa. Bends down to pick her up.

KEITH

Will you assist me?

Barry and Lisa gape in disbelief. Elsa nods at Keith.

LISA
Let this bitch bleed out!

Keith digs in, not budging, his resolve growing. He raises his voice in a rare moment of defiance.

KEITH
Please. We must not leave her.

BARRY
But -

KEITH
PLEASE.

A PAIR OF MEN'S VOICES grow closer. Barry and Lisa, in a state of surprise at Keith, relent -

LISA
I can't believe we're doing this.

INT. CAFETERIA (SECOND FLOOR)

POV SOL. A haze. The ceiling. Blurry shapes, into focus. We hear a SERIES OF THWACKS and subsequent CRIES OF PAIN.

Sol slowly sits up. Tries to rub his eyes...but realizes his left arm is handcuffed to a table leg? He shakes his hand, RATTLING the handcuffs against...another pair of handcuffs?

He looks to his left. Tattooed Crew Guy zonked out on the ground next to him, right hand handcuffed to the same table.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
You're awake.

Sol looks to his right. The WOMAN from earlier lounges a few tables down, digging into a KAFFEREP CHOCOLATE CAKE.

This is MRS. HSU (55), experienced murderer but she's also kinda hip and badass?

Behind Mrs. Hsu near the registers, Hans's Swedish Crew Guy moans in distress in a bleeding mess on the ground. Canuck and Lib take turns whacking him with YELLOW FOOD TRAYS. A QUIET MASKED MAN stands guard with a gun.

Mrs. Hsu lifts her hand up. Canuck and Lib pause.

MRS. HSU
Your friend isn't saying much.

SOL

My friend?

MRS. HSU

To be fair, we did probably knock a few screws loose in his head.

SOL

IDK what you're talking about, lady. Hold up...did y'all drug me?!

MRS. HSU

How long have you been working for that imbecile Hans? You Swedish recruits are getting softer.

LIB

The Swedes have a lot of social programs, ma'am. They're soft because they're well taken care of.

MRS. HSU

For the last time, I am not providing you health care.

LIB

I'm fine with an HMO -

SOL

I have no clue what y'all are going on about! Gangs? Hans? And I'm not Swedish clearly! Do I sound happy?

Mrs. Hsu puts her utensils down. Her expression hardens.

MRS. HSU

This is all your generation does: quip and be mentally ill. I'm trying to connect with you! Teach you something! But there's a reason I'm good at my job and you aren't. I'm self aware and a cold-hearted bitch. Where's the necklace?

SOL

Necklace? - alriiight, I get it.

(nervously laughing,
projecting louder)

Bring out the cameras. Hella impressive stunts. Props. Great work, I support all y'all's unions.

MRS. HSU

Your, quite frankly *toxic*, leader
made a grave mistake taking from my
family what is rightfully ours.

Mrs. Hsu snaps her fingers. Canuck pulls out his gun and
SHOOTS Swedish Guy point blank in the head.

Sol leans back slowly in shock, reality hitting. And then -

TATTOOED CREW GUY

(now awake)

Yo, what?

INT. MARKETPLACE - IMPOSSIBLE TO EVEN CATEGORIZE SECTION

Barry, Lisa, and Keith move quickly while struggling to hoist a bleeding Elsa. Keith puts pressure on her wound. Lisa grabs Elsa's knife sheath and tucks it into her own waistband.

Elsa groans again. Lisa slaps her. Keith gives her a look.

LISA

What? Trying to keep her alive.

BARRY

We have to call the cops, they'll -
(realization dawning)
Oh god, our phones are in the car.

He shoots Keith a dirty look. Keith is ashamed.

Lisa starts patting Elsa down, coming up empty.

ELSA

No...phone. Hans does not allow.

LISA

Who's Hans? People are named that?

Elsa then clutches Keith's wrist. Hard.

ELSA

No police...
(staring threateningly)
You...understand?

Keith swallows. Grabs Barry's hand and places it hard on
Elsa's bullet hole. Barry's face contorts in disgust.

KEITH

Hold firmly.

Keith lets go of Elsa and beelines toward some shelves. Barry and Lisa buckle under the now added weight.

LISA
(hissing)
Keith. The fuck!

Keith waves at them to continue on. He hastily collects items from the shelves as they keep moving: A TON OF SALVIKEN HAND TOWELS, SY HEMMING TAPE AND SCISSORS, RINNIG CLEANING GLOVES.

Barry and Lisa reach STAIRS LEADING UP TO THE SHOWROOM as Keith follows with his new haul.

KEITH
This way.

Keith takes the lead, heading up the stairs to a COWORKERS ONLY MARKED DOOR on the side. He swipes his badge, unlocking the door and leaving his supplies on the ground on the other side. He runs down to assist an exhausted Barry and Lisa, cradling Elsa's head and upper back as they lug her up -

LISA
(pissed, strained)
Keith, once we get out of this...I am expecting...some great fucking deals...on the fall sale.

BARRY
Urrrgghhh she's so slimy man!

They finally reach the top, through the door into -

COWORKERS ONLY UPSTAIRS AREA

A hallway with LOCKERS, STORAGE, and BUILD ROOMS. Everybody's eyes light up seeing what awaits at the end of the hallway -

An EMERGENCY EXIT DOOR and a FIRE ALARM on the wall.

Keith bends. Barry and Lisa follow, setting Elsa next to Keith's supplies as he slips on his acquired cleaning gloves.

KEITH
This exit will lead you to the northwest second floor garage. Our vehicle is located on the southeast corner of the first floor.

BARRY
Um. You're not coming?

KEITH

(tearing Elsa's shirt)

We must not risk moving her too rapidly. A supine position will keep oxygen flowing to the brain. I must also ascertain what is happening and report these events to the proper chain of command.

LISA

This ain't *Titanic*. You don't have to go down with the ship.

KEITH

No, I must ensure that these...
(struggling to say it)
...*scoundrels* do not sully this oasis of happiness.

Keith begins to cut towels into smaller pieces. Lisa huffs.

LISA

He's gone insane! I give up.

Barry follows her as Keith prepares to stuff Elsa's wound. Lisa stalks toward the door, hands out to push it open -

But it doesn't budge. Confused, Lisa tries again. Nothing. She tries pulling the fire alarm. Nope.

Barry runs and RAMS his shoulder into the door, accomplishing nothing but bruising his shoulder.

BARRY

Why did I do that?!

They look at each other. Then at Keith...

BARRY (CONT'D)

Keith, I think we're locked in?

...just as Keith shoves a cut up hand towel into Elsa's wound and she YELLS, thrashing, blood spurting as Keith tries to hold her down. She SLAPS Keith, sending him falling back.

Barry and Lisa run to Keith's aid when -

Elsa SINKS HER HAND STRAIGHT INTO HER WOUND.

Barry and Lisa pause, confused, as Elsa digs around in her own body. She locks eyes with Keith as she does so, her upper lip curling. She snarls in pain. It's strangely sexual.

And then Elsa PULLS THE BULLET OUT OF HER BODY. Everyone stares, stunned. She slumps back, dropping the bullet.

ELSA
Now you continue.

INT. KITCHEN

Sol and Tattooed Crew Guy, now fully handcuffed behind their backs, get manhandled by Canuck and Lib through the kitchen.

SOL
Y'all just killed that man!

CANUCK
Shush it, you fuckin' hoser.

TATTOOED CREW GUY
(to Sol)
The fuck are you? You with Hans?

Sol ducks out of the way of a set of HANGING HEMLAGAD POTS.

SOL
I'm not *with* anybody.

Canuck's WALKIE TALKIE BUZZES -

MAN'S VOICE (ON WALKIE)
We've got men down, first floor.
One of ours, one of theirs.

CANUCK
(into the walkie talkie)
Copy that.

Lib and Canuck push Sol and Tattooed Crew Guy into -

A WALK IN FREEZER

- where they stumble into MASSIVE BAGS OF FROZEN MEATBALLS.

LIB
We'll see how you do when we turn
the temp colder than the polar ice
caps, which are rapidly melting due
to severe manmade activity.

Lib SLAMS the door shut. A beat.

SOL
(loudly)
Y'all know it's cold in here?!

TATTOOED CREW GUY
You don't get it? They wanna break
us, torture info out of us.

SOL
I don't have info! And I am most
certainly not down for torture.

TATTOOED CREW GUY
You see my tattoos? One for each
time I have been tortured.
Testicles clamped, asshole torched,
shaft skinned. I won't break. You?

SOL
I will ignore your strange
genitalia focused torture history,
but I'm telling you I don't know
what y'all are going on about.

A CLANKING NOISE as their attention is drawn to a THERMOSTAT on the wall. The red line on the thermostat rapidly descends past zero degrees until it stops at NEGATIVE TEN.

TATTOOED CREW GUY
Hypothermia method. Pussies.

Off a very concerned and now very cold Sol -

INT. COWORKERS ONLY UPSTAIRS AREA - BUILD ROOM

Keith paces. A bandaged and recovering Elsa, wound packed and taped, sits against a half finished SONGESAND DRESSER. Barry barricades a half finished GALANT FILING CABINET against the door as Lisa goes through a box of BLUE COWORKER SHIRTS and changes out of her bloodstained clothes.

BARRY
This'll keep them out.

LISA
What? No. We're not waiting here.
(looking around)
Although it is actually really
exciting to be in a build room.

BARRY
Just long enough for the cops to
come? We can't go back out there.

LISA
Tell me. Who is calling the cops?

KEITH

(muttering to himself)

Per California Code of Regulation
Title 8, Section 3228, every
building or usable portion thereof
shall have at least two exits to
permit prompt evacuation of
employees during an emergency -

BARRY

Hey man? What's up?

KEITH

I do not understand. With security
deactivation, doors are unlocked
and cameras turned off. The fire
alarm panel also clearly has been
sabotaged by nefarious individuals.

Elsa groans loudly. Lisa jumps.

LISA

Fuck! Be quiet. You trying to get
us all killed even faster?

ELSA

They are not here for you. They
want my boss Hans. He has an item
of theirs, a necklace. I warned
him. He would not listen. Sloppy.

BARRY

Well, can you give them the
necklace? Seems like a you problem?

ELSA

So naive. I do not have it. Only
Hans knows its location. You and I
are on the same side now. You are a
threat as you are a witness. Though
I am much more a threat than you.

LISA

Says the one who got shot.

ELSA

Watch. Same bullet hole on you, you
bleed out in eight seconds.

KEITH

Please!

Keith moves between the two of them. He kneels next to Elsa.

KEITH (CONT'D)

(sternly, with compassion)

Elsa, you have been misleading your fellow coworkers. It is not too late to remedy this and restore faith in our store community -

ELSA

For two years, this Ikea is a storage facility for millions of dollars of illegal smuggled goods by our Javlar Gang. After raids of other storage centers by your disgusting American police, Hans said he must try something new.

KEITH

I am afraid I do not comprehend. Why Ikea? It is the largest bastion of life-affirming joy in the world.

ELSA

That is exactly why we do. It is the perfect size, complexity, depth. One may get lost for days and no one will ever know.

Barry and Lisa share another look, this time tacit approval.

LISA

She's not wrong.

BARRY

Yeah, imagine if they tried to do it in...Home Depot? No way.

LISA

Or a Target. Or City Target. In like, Bakersfield or whatever.

KEITH

The Ikea Corporation attracts the most fundamentally good personnel -

ELSA

No, Ikea Corporate is corrupt. Very easy to infiltrate. We did.

Keith sucks in air quickly, making a weird whistling noise. He stands and, now distraught, begins pacing again.

LISA

We need to keep moving.

Lisa tosses a change of clothes to Barry, motioning at him to get a move on. Barry sighs. He begins to take off his pants, feeling around in the back pocket to transfer his ring box -

BUT IT'S NOT THERE.

Barry pulls the pocket sleeves out. Triple checks. Shakes the pants and turns them inside out. Panic skyrocketing.

BARRY

Oh, fuuuuuuuuck.

INT. KITCHEN - FREEZER

Sol lies curled up in a shivering ball as Tattooed Crew Guy puts on a bizarre display of machismo, letting out war cries even while he goes blue in the face.

SOL

I beg you, let me freeze in peace -

TATTOOED CREW GUY

You ready to be a martyr, homeboy?

SOL

I'm way too young and fit for that.

TATTOOED CREW GUY

You never found your purpose in life, that's your problem. I found mine with Hans.

SOL

How much does this man pay you?! I get good money as a consultant but -

TATTOOED CREW GUY

Doesn't matter. Consulting is a fake job. Your employer is who you spend your life with. So you better work for a real homie.

Sol is too cold to fully register that slightly disturbing comment, but he sure does register it.

The freezer doors swing open, where Canuck and Lib wait.

TATTOOED CREW GUY (CONT'D)

Let's fucking go.

Tattooed Crew Guy launches into a roundhouse kick -

- but Canuck immediately TASES him, foiling his plan. Tattooed Crew Guy lands hard, writhing in pain.

CANUCK

Nice try. Up you go again, eh?

Canuck drags him away as Lib approaches Sol.

SOL

No taser needed, no taser needed.

Sol avoids Lib's grasp and awkwardly and slowly log rolls himself out of the freezer on his own. Lib rolls his eyes.

INT. COWORKERS ONLY UPSTAIRS AREA - BUILD ROOM

Lisa pushes the filing cabinet in front of the door slightly to the side. She cracks the door open and peers out, surveying the seemingly empty hallway.

ELSA (O.S.)

Something is wrong.

Lisa looks back. Elsa points at Keith and Barry, now sitting across from each other and both quietly panicking for different reasons. Barry begins to hyperventilate.

LISA

Barry...

A concerned but urgent Lisa rushes over, kneeling and placing her hands on Barry's shoulders to steady him.

LISA (CONT'D)

I know this is a shitty situation,
but we'll get out of this.

BARRY

(tearing up)

All the medical bills if I get
shot...everyone's gonna kill me!

LISA

Yeah, you're making that much more
likely right now.

Barry starts sobbing. Lisa readjusts her approach.

LISA (CONT'D)

We're not dying in here tonight.

BARRY

You don't understand, everything
was going well so *of course*
something fucked it all up again.

LISA

What? Getting attacked in Ikea
wasn't on anyone's bingo card!

BARRY

No no no it's not about that. I
don't have it, it's all my fault...

LISA

You don't have what?

KEITH

(realizing what he means)
Oh no...

BARRY

It's all my fault...

ELSA

Soft Americans.

LISA

Look at me, Barry. Nothing's your
fault, okay? But none of this
matters if they find us. Trust me,
your parents, for all their *many*
flaws, love you and don't want to
see you at the fucking morgue.

Barry sniffles, but he's listening. So is Keith.

LISA (CONT'D)

Also, my best friend - our best
friend - is out there, in danger.

BARRY

I don't know what to do -

LISA

I do. We'll leave this room, follow
the path wherever it goes -

KEITH

It will lead us to the cafeteria.
If we regain access to the control
room downstairs, I may attempt to
override any door lockages.

LISA

- we'll go to the control room, get our phones, call the cops, and rescue Sol. Sound good?

Barry nods. Lisa turns to Keith, who also nods.

LISA (CONT'D)

(holding her knife up)

Let's roll.

INT. KITCHEN

Sol kneels next to Tattooed Crew Guy as Canuck and Lib point their guns at the backs of their heads. Mrs. Hsu wears a chef's apron. Waits at a DEEP FRYER, OIL BUBBLING.

MRS. HSU

Wow. So many ugly men.

Canuck and Lib exchange a sad glance.

MRS. HSU (CONT'D)

Anyway, the human body doesn't react well to rapid temperature changes. I love testing that out.

She snaps her fingers. Canuck and Lib lift Tattooed Crew Guy up, aiming his feet down at the deep fryer.

MRS. HSU (CONT'D)

You can cock block me here by just telling me where the necklace is.

TATTOOED CREW GUY

I will tell you. He took it...and shoved it up yo fucking ass!

He laughs hysterically. Canuck and Lib slide his legs -

Tattooed Crew Guy SCREAMS in pain as his feet and ankles enter the deep fryer. He thrashes but is held down as Sol reacts in horror.

MRS. HSU

Your boss doesn't care about you. Who are you even protecting?

TATTOOED CREW GUY

HE DOES! AND I DON'T KNOW!!!

He gets shoved in further, up to his shins. LOUDER SCREAMS.

TATTOOED CREW GUY (CONT'D)
I TOLD YOU BITCH IT'S THE ONE THING
HE DIDN'T TELL US I JUST FUCKING
HELPED HIM GET IT FUUUUUUCKKK!!!

He passes out from the pain.

MRS. HSU
Really, already?

She waves at Canuck and Lib to pull him out, who then toss him like a rag doll to the ground in a smoldering heap.

CANUCK
Maybe he actually doesn't know, eh?

MRS. HSU
Let's ask guy number two.

Realizing they mean him, Sol starts to freak the fuck out.

SOL
Please not the fryer, y'all.
Anything but that. Well not the
stove either. Or those knives.

Mrs. Hsu signals. Canuck and Lib pick Sol up, legs flailing, and position him over the deep fryer.

SOL (CONT'D)
(recalling from
overhearing Hans)
Waitwaitwaitwaitwaitthere'sakey!

Mrs. Hsu puts her hand up.

MRS. HSU
A key, you say?

SOL
(bullshitting quickly)
Yes there's a key and y'all will
need it if you want the, the
necklace thing. I can show you it!

Mrs. Hsu smiles. She motions for Canuck and Lib to place Sol back down, which they do. Sol sighs in relief.

MRS. HSU
Well then. Please do.

INT. COWORKERS ONLY UPSTAIRS AREA - HALLWAY

Knife-first Lisa leads the way as the group, all freshly changed, dash furtively down the hall. Lisa keeps her distance from Elsa in the front, who now walks slowly on her own but still drips blood. Barry and Keith bring up the rear.

BARRY

I haven't felt this stupid since the last time I tried to mail a package at the post office.

KEITH

(trying to be vague)
If there was a protection plan, you might be able to recoup -

BARRY

Hey man, I don't want your advice.

Keith averts his eyes in disappointment.

UP FRONT, Elsa shakes her head at Lisa.

ELSA

If I want to murder you, that knife would not help you. But I will not.

LISA

Wow, considerate. You've lost a lot of blood. You going to die on us?

Elsa reaches down to her shoe. Lisa raises her knife. Elsa holds up a FLASK.

ELSA

This will stop me dying. For now.

LISA

That some magical top secret serum?

Elsa downs the entire flask. Tosses it aside.

ELSA

Whiskey. Did you know I never enjoyed murdering? I was forced to.

LISA

Stop murdering then? Take up pottery. Be a person. Have fun.

ELSA

It is never that easy in the real world.

(MORE)

ELSA (CONT'D)

You can not always run from those
who are part of your life. You will
realize as you age.

This strikes a chord. Lisa brushes it away.

LISA

You need to have a life first. Also
shut up, we're like the same age.

As they approach a turn, Elsa suddenly halts in her tracks,
sensing something afoot. She darts ahead of Lisa...

...and GRABS THE BARREL OF A GUN as it appears around the
corner. Elsa twists the ARM it's connected to. A CRY OF PAIN
as we REVEAL MASKED MAN #2, tussling with Elsa.

GUNSHOT. Lisa ducks as a ceiling light fixture EXPLODES.

Elsa STUNS Masked Man #2 with a PALM to the Adam's Apple. She
wraps one arm around his neck. Clutching his gun-holding hand
with her free hand, she forces it slowly down until the
barrel is pointing at his crotch.

He shakes his head. Elsa nods. He shakes. Elsa nods.

Elsa, via Masked Man #2's own hand, FIRES. He collapses and
Elsa ENDS HIM with a vicious NECK SNAP.

Elsa slides off, wincing. She looks back at Barry, Lisa, and
Keith. They stare in impressed silence. Lisa nods gratefully.

LISA (CONT'D)

Alright. Showoff.

ELSA

Keith, what do you think?

KEITH

I disapprove of murder as it is
cruel...though that was certainly
an impressive display of strength.

Elsa winks at him. She grabs Masked Man #2's gun and goes
through his pockets, pulling out an IPHONE -

BARRY

Oh my gosh -

And SNAPS IT IN HALF.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Oh.

KEITH

How did he gain access? This is a
Coworkers Only area -

Keith gasps, spotting a BADGE hanging on Masked Man #2's
waistband. The name is all too familiar - AKILA HASSAN.

Elsa notices at the same time. She scoffs.

ELSA

I knew she was a mole.

KEITH

Oh my goodness, did they harm her?

ELSA

Once again you do not understand,
Mr. Keith. She was working for us.
Javlar. We paid her to look the
other way. Not anymore, it seems.

KEITH

No, that cannot be...

Keith's world - and sense of trust - continuing to erode.

The WALKIE TALKIE on the belt BUZZES -

MAN'S VOICE (ON WALKIE)

Blue, any update? Anyone up there?

A beat as everyone looks at each other. Lisa grabs the walkie
talkie and shoves it at Barry.

LISA

Say something!

BARRY

What?! Why me?!

LISA

Because Keith talks too weird and
his voice is too high! No offense.

KEITH

It is okay.

LISA

Tell them nothing's wrong and don't
send any men. Tell them to go to
the gardening area. It's on the
other side of the building.

BARRY

How? I mean, it's their men, they
can send them wherever they want!

LISA

God. Do you need a teleprompter?

BARRY

Actually, yes, a script would help -

MAN'S VOICE (ON WALKIE)

I'm sending some guys over.

Barry smashes the TALK BUTTON.

BARRY

No!

(adjusting voice)

I mean, we are all set here. We
have no violations. Over.

Lisa facepalms.

LISA

No violations? What are you, a
health inspector?

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

You're talking weirdly and your
voice is way too high.

Elsa SHOOTS the walkie talkie out of Barry's hand, sending it
FLYING and SPARKING down the hall.

ELSA

That will not work.

INT. CAFETERIA

Sol, still handcuffed, talks out of his ass as Mrs. Hsu,
Canuck, and Lib follow him to the CASH REGISTERS.

SOL

Keys these days, they contain
multitudes, y'know? What are they?

Sol points with his shoulder at the register.

SOL (CONT'D)

I need to get in there.

MRS. HSU

The cash register? Why?

SOL

The key's in there...the first one.

MRS. HSU

The *first* one?

SOL

Yeah there's a key for the key.
It's kind of like two factor
authentication, y'all familiar?

MRS. HSU

You better not be fucking with me.

She signals at Canuck, who begins to pry the register open.

IN THE KITCHEN

Barry, Lisa, Keith, and Elsa have exited the coworkers only area. Elsa and Lisa with weapons raised.

Keith frowns as they pass by the SLIGHTLY AJAR FREEZER DOOR. He closes the door. Then sniffs the air.

KEITH

My olfactory organs sense...char.

OVER BY THE REGISTERS

Sol spots SUDDEN MOVEMENT behind Mrs. Hsu in the kitchen. He tries discreetly to get a better look.

POV SOL seeing the group in the kitchen. His eyes widen. He COUGHS loudly, projecting toward the kitchen.

IN THE KITCHEN

Elsa COCKS her gun upon hearing the cough. Lisa peers around a STOVETOP, out into the cafeteria.

LISA

Holy fuck, I think Sol's here.

OVER BY THE REGISTERS

Sol COUGHS AGAIN. Comically loud. Lib moves away warily.

Canuck finally opens the register. Cash and coins spill out.

IN THE KITCHEN

The group crouches down behind the STOVES.

LISA (CONT'D)
They're gonna kill him!

ELSA
Yes. Easy access to brachial artery
with his arms like that. Painful
death in up to ninety seconds.

KEITH
Longer if it is a transverse cut.

ELSA
Mm. And more painful.

A "wtf" look from Lisa before she pops her head up again. She makes eye contact with Sol.

INTERCUT KITCHEN AND CAFETERIA

Sol nods approvingly as Canuck and Lib sift through the register's contents. He steals glances at Lisa, who gesticulates wildly and makes a circle motion with her hand.

Sol shakes his head in confusion. Lisa uses two fingers to mimic legs running, then clasps her hands to mimic a gun shooting. Sol squints.

Mrs. Hsu notices something afoot and looks over her shoulder. Lisa ducks. Mrs. Hsu draws her gun and points it at Sol.

MRS. HSU
You're giving me a migraine.

Elsa raises her own gun. Aims it over the stove at Mrs. Hsu.

Barry crawls around a corner to hide when he -

SINKS HIS HAND into an unconscious Tattooed Crew Guy's CHARRED LEGS...

And yelps, loudly knocking over a CONTAINER OF TONGS.

Quiet settles as Lisa, Elsa, and Keith survey Barry in alarm.

Mrs. Hsu whips her head around. Signals at Lib and Canuck, who head toward the kitchen as she wraps an arm around Sol's chest and places a GUN to his head.

Elsa, without hesitation, FIRES in rapid succession but is met with COUNTER FIRE.

MRS. HSU (CONT'D)
Shoot to severely mutilate only!

ELSA
(ducking back down)
Mr. Keith, we will hold them off.
You try to access the control room.

KEITH
Survival is unlikely for you if -

ELSA
I will find you, Mr. Keith.

Keith closes his eyes and nods. They look at Barry behind them, who has placed a LARGE POT as protection over his head.

END INTERCUT

IN THE KITCHEN, Canuck and Lib split up and SPRAY BULLETS.

Lisa and Elsa crawl behind a METAL COUNTER, pulling Barry after them. Elsa rises and FIRES RAPIDLY, providing cover. We see Keith in the background running in the other direction.

ELSA (CONT'D)
I am almost out!

Lisa opens a drawer and fumbles through. She pulls out a WHISK. Tosses it aside. A WOODEN SPOON. Toss. Finally something useful - an IDEALISK CORKSCREW.

Elsa closes one eye, zeroing in on LIB'S SHADOW on a metal door. She aims and BLASTS SEVERAL BULLETS into a STOVETOP.

WOOSH. THE STOVETOP CATCHES FIRE as Lib passes it, engulfing his arm in flames. He stumbles around, swatting the flames.

Elsa holds her palm out. Lisa hands over the corkscrew.

As Lib crosses into Elsa's field of view, she suddenly SPRINGS FORWARD AND RAMS THE CORKSCREW INTO LIB'S HAND, pinning it to the wall..

LIB
AHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

REVEAL Canuck, who sees the commotion and starts FIRING. Elsa dives to the side and FIRES back.

Lisa uses the commotion to search for Sol, finally spying Mrs. Hsu pulling him toward the windows in the cafeteria.

BARRY (O.S.)
Lisa! In here!

Barry beckons at her from an open walk in freezer doorway.

LISA
 I'm busy here! And get that
 ridiculous shit off your head!

OTHER SIDE OF THE KITCHEN

Keith runs, out of breath but determined. He can't help but tidy up messy counters around him as he goes, before bursting out another exit into the -

CAFETERIA

Where Mrs. Hsu continues to hold Sol hostage by the windows.

MRS. HSU
 (into walkie talkie)
 Where the fuck are you, we're
 getting fucking attacked up here!

MAN'S VOICE (ON WALKIE)
 To be honest with you ma'am, we're
 a little lost. Maybe ask Orange -

Keith, without missing a beat, hops on the legs of a MEAL TROLLEY and swipes a VERY STURDY YELLOW FOOD TRAY off the rack, barreling toward Mrs. Hsu.

Mrs. Hsu, caught off guard, barely raises her gun as Sol BITES into her ear and Keith CATAPULTS off the trolley and WHACKS her in the face with the tray.

She YELLS out in pain, letting go of Sol. Keith expertly twirls the tray and uses it to swipe Mrs. Hsu's legs out from under her, sending her tumbling back onto a table. CRACK!

Keith steadies a dazed Sol.

KEITH
 Are you injured?

SOL
 I am so happy to see you.

Sol, still handcuffed, abruptly KISSES a stunned Keith.

MOVEMENT on the ground as Mrs. Hsu scrambles for her gun.

Keith clocks it and grabs Sol's arm. They run out of the cafeteria and down a SET OF STAIRS.

IN THE KITCHEN

POV ELSA behind a stove post witnessing Sol and Keith's intimate moment. Her eyes narrow in jealousy when -

CANUCK APPEARS AND SLAMS HER AGAINST THE WALL. She doubles over in pain, dropping her gun and clutching her side wound.

Elsa spots a MAGASIN ROLLING PIN on a table and SWINGS it at Canuck, who parries and pins it against her chest -

CANUCK
I've got her!

DOINK. He's hit in the head by a SMALL FLYING OBJECT.

He rubs his head. DOINK. Another one. He whips around to see -

Barry and Lisa CHUCKING FROZEN MEATBALLS at him from a large open container in the freezer.

CANUCK (CONT'D)
Are you serio -

MEATBALL BULLSEYE from Barry, right in his face. Lisa high fives Barry.

Canuck looks behind him. ELSA IS GONE.

He dodges another meatball and runs after Barry and Lisa. They get up and haul ass, out toward the cash registers.

As Canuck runs, he TRIPS over the BLACKENED, CHARRED LEGS of Tattooed Crew Guy, sending him face-planting.

As he recovers, he notices Tattooed Crew Guy's arm moving, weakly wielding a LARGE CHEF KNIFE -

Canuck flips over and FIRES two bullets into Tattooed Crew Guy's chest, killing him. Canuck sighs in relief.

IN THE CAFETERIA

Barry and Lisa stumble around chairs and tables just as FOUR MORE MASKED MEN, including their leader GLASSES and Quiet Masked Man from earlier, burst into the other end of the kitchen. They beeline for a winded, sitting Mrs. Hsu.

GLASSES
Ma'am, you okay? We thought we had
to turn at the bedding, but just
cause there are pillows doesn't
mean it's the bedding area per se -

MRS. HSU
(waving at Barry and Lisa)
Over there, you numbskulls!

Glasses and team oblige, pursuing Barry and Lisa into the -

SHOWROOM

Barry and Lisa run past a blur of item displays. A VILDKORN PILLOW EXPLODES from a GUNSHOT.

They move through the store like they did when they were kids, feeling a bit like a team. Even with all the murder.

Barry points out a SHORTCUT between WALL UNITS and HOME OFFICE. They slip through. LISA lets out a tiny laugh, high on adrenaline.

BARRY

What?

LISA

Nothing.

And then, as Barry's about to pull the shortcut door closed, he spots behind him -

An OPEN BOX on the ground by an IVAR SHELVING UNIT. Barry looks closer. It's his FUCKING RING BOX.

Lisa can't even react or protest as Barry impulsively darts back through the door. He grabs the box, eyes narrowing when he realizes IT IS EMPTY.

FOOTSTEPS rattle closer.

GLASSES (O.S.)

That way!

Barry snaps back to reality, stuffing the empty box in his pocket.

He looks up and briefly LOCKS EYES with Lisa, whose mood has changed. She stares daggers at him and his pocket as he dives forward through the shortcut again.

They scramble off together, running wildly.

WHO KNOWS WHAT SECTION THIS IS

They turn a corner. Skid to a DEAD END. Lisa pinpoints a LARGE AIR VENT by the ceiling and climbs on top of a MICKE DESK to reach it. She pulls on the grate. Screwed shut.

LISA

Get me one of those! Over there!

Lisa points at a STAND OF FIXA DRILLS. Convenient.

Barry darts over and snags one. Knocks over two others. He fumbles with opening the container as he rushes back to Lisa.

LISA (CONT'D)
The latch thing - god.

She snatches the container. Barry peers around the corner, on the lookout. He opens the ring box again. Closes it.

Lisa gets the container open. Grabs the drill and tosses the rest aside. She begins to DRILL out the screws.

POV BARRY on the Masked Men, slowly getting closer.

BARRY
(whispering)
I see them! Two o'clock, no two
thirty...more like three...

LISA
(concentrating)
That's not really helpful to me.

She drills out the final screw. Places the grate and drill next to her and pulls herself up, grunting. Her body halfway into the vent opening as her legs dangle below.

Barry steals another look around the corner before attempting to boost Lisa. He pushes up on the bottom of her feet.

LISA (CONT'D)
(banging her head)
Fuck!

BARRY
Sorry...

Barry pushes again. Lisa propels herself, shimmying into the vent. She disappears. Then her hand pops out, reaching down.

LISA
Grab my hand!

Barry complies, climbing onto the desk. He waits.

LISA (CONT'D)
I don't mean just grab my hand, you
gotta put in some work here!

With his other hand, Barry grabs the edge of the opening, forehead bulging as he forces his way up. Lisa pulls.

Head first...then torso...

GLASSES (O.S.)
We know you're there!

More urgent now. Barry strains...

And finally pulls his legs up and over. SUCCESS!

He catches his breath as he crouches behind Lisa in the surprisingly spacious vent. Lisa glares back at him.

LISA
You have a lot of explaining to do.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Keith and Sol hide between TWO STACKS OF FLAT PACK BOXES. On Keith's signal, they run (Sol awkwardly, due to the cuffs) to the next aisle over and hop behind another stack.

SOL
I don't mind handcuffs typically,
but this is *extremely* unpleasant.

Keith stares at the COWORKERS ONLY DOOR on the other side of the room, where TWO MASKED MEN mill about in front.

SOL (CONT'D)
These randos are on some murder fetish. We need an exit stat.

KEITH
The control room is there.

He points out the door. Glances at Sol, who averts his eyes.

KEITH (CONT'D)
Sol, in the cafeteria earlier -

SOL
Oh no.

They watch as Mrs. Hsu approaches the Coworkers Only Door. Mrs. Hsu converses heatedly with the men standing guard before pushing past them into the hallway.

Suddenly, HANDS materialize around Keith and Sol's mouths, stifling their surprised cries.

ELSA
Shhh. Quiet!

REVEAL ELSA as Keith and Sol struggle against her grip. She makes eye contact with Keith, who calms down. She uncovers their mouths and they whisper.

KEITH

Elsa! You are not deceased.

ELSA

(winking)

I cannot be deceased before I see you again, Mr. Keith.

Sol does not like that.

ELSA (CONT'D)

They have many men covering in that area. It will be a death sentence.

Keith looks on in concern at Elsa's wound, now more crimson.

ELSA (CONT'D)

I am fine.

SOL

Sorry to interrupt y'all, but Keith...I know her, I've seen her! I think she's working with them!

ELSA

If I was, you would be dead. Why does no one understand this?!

SOL

She's really giving crime.

ELSA

(pointing at Sol's cuffs)
You need help.

SOL

No! Well, unless you have a key.

ELSA

No key. Break thumbs!

She takes a bit too much satisfaction in the notion.

KEITH

(reassuring)

It would likely be a dislocation -

SOL

Nope, off limits.

ELSA
(side-eying Keith)
May I see the type of handcuffs?

Sol tentatively thrusts his hands in her direction...

And then pulls it back as soon as he realizes what's happening. Too late.

CRACK. Elsa quickly and efficiently pulls on Sol's thumbs, DISLOCATING both. Her other arm wraps around his windpipe, stifling his SQUEAL OF PAIN. Keith slides the cuffs off.

Elsa POPS Sol's thumbs back into place. Sol sinks to his knees in a mixture of pain and relief.

ELSA (CONT'D)
See? Not so bad.

HANS (O.S.)
Elsa!

Now what? They all look up and see Hans, perched many levels up on a PLATFORM on the WAREHOUSE SCAFFOLDING.

ELSA
Hans?

HANS
Have you seen Maja?

ELSA?
Your frog? No I have not.

HANS
Fuck. Well, kill these two and join me here to plot our revenge.

Keith raises his eyebrows in concern.

ELSA
They stay. You will not harm them.

HANS
Do not disobey me. You are my daughter. My Swedish seed.

ELSA
I will not go up if you do not promise their safety. I will die.

A long stalemate. Hans sees she's serious. He waves them up.

Elsa huffs in annoyance and begins to climb.

KEITH
Daughter?

INT. AIR VENT

Lisa maneuvers her way through, Barry in tow.

BARRY
Aren't these things usually much smaller? This is actually better than basic economy on an airplane.

No response.

BARRY (CONT'D)
I can explain.

LISA
Guess we're doing this. I was hoping I was wrong, but I know what a ring box looks like. And you were willing to risk your life like an idiot for it.

BARRY
Maybe I'm just following your lead on how you make every decision?

LISA
So typical, turning it on me. Sorry I don't want *Phil and Camila Diaz* controlling our lives. You'd eat your own shit if they told you to.

BARRY
Only if there was a study about shit's nutritious benefits!

PULL OUT from the air vent into the SHOWROOM below, where we hear Barry and Lisa's bickering through the ceiling. Their movements forward produce obvious LOUD, CLANGING SOUNDS.

Glasses and his crew stand below, heads cocked in amusement at the ruckus. Glasses climbs onto an IVAR CABINET.

BACK INTO THE AIR VENT.

LISA
If not for me, we wouldn't have weekend plans, wouldn't have stayed close with Sol and Keith after school. You would still be wearing *below the knee* cargo shorts -

BARRY

We also wouldn't have internet
because you would never have
figured out how to set up Spectrum!

LISA

Well, the ring isn't even that
shiny or nice!

A KNIFE SUDDENLY PROTRUDES IN THE SPACE BETWEEN HER HANDS.

LISA (CONT'D)

Oh fuck!

She jolts back. Barry's face rams into her butt.

The hole in the bottom of the air vent widens as the knife is forced through. REVEAL Glasses below, standing on the cabinet as he uses his knife to tear into the vent.

Lisa pulls out her own knife, fumbles with it, and accidentally DROPS IT through the new hole. She and Barry look at each other in alarm.

A HAND reaches through the hole pointing a gun. Lisa YELLS, awkwardly slapping the gun away -

A discharged bullet RIPS a hole in the air vent.

Barry impulsively STOMPS on the hand with his foot. A CRY OF PAIN as the hand exits the vent.

Barry crawls after Lisa, now making quite the racket.

ANOTHER KNIFE, this time between Barry's legs. He yelps.

BARRY

Can you go faster?!

LISA

I'LL TAKE THAT INTO CONSIDERATION!

They crawl for their lives...faster, wilder, panicked...

Lisa pushes through a METAL COVER and falls out onto the -

ROOFTOP

Barry lands awkwardly by Lisa. They gather their bearings slowly, disoriented by the sudden fresh air. The night sky.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SCAFFOLDING PLATFORM

Hans offers a hand to Elsa as she climbs onto his level. She rebuffs him and helps Sol and Keith behind her instead.

SOL

Oww, the thumbs, the thumbs!

(then)

Though, I feel inspired now...pain
is good. I need to write this down.

HANS

We have the high ground, Elsa.

ELSA

So? You are the one who says no
phone, no guns. Now your operation
is breached by men in funny masks!

HANS

Where is Anders?

ELSA

Dead.

HANS

Eh. He was an idiot.

(pointing at Elsa's wound)

You let them shoot you.

ELSA

I told you the Hsus would come if
you steal the Jasmine. Now you have
made enemies of the most vicious
organization in China.

HANS

I did not steal it. I took it. When
you are on top, everyone comes. And
it is those Asians who steal more!

SOL

Hey now.

ELSA

Where is the key?

HANS

The Jasmine is safe.

ELSA

I do not care about the Jasmine.

HANS

It is the most sought after item on
the black market, and it is mine.
Such naivety and cowardice.

KEITH

(quietly)

I cannot believe a parent would
talk in this way to his offspring.

HANS

What the fuck are these mini
persons yapping at me about?!

Hans moves threateningly toward Keith. Elsa intercepts.

ELSA

(hand on Keith's nape)

I will handle him.

Sol eyes the hand placement.

HANS

(finger in her face)

You are nothing without me.

Elsa holds strong, but clearly the words affect her. The two of them stand nearly forehead to forehead. A beat.

SOL

So there *is* a key! My memory!

EXT. ROOFTOP

Lisa peers over the edge of the roof. Barry behind her.

Below, a SET OF STAIRS protrudes midway down the wall. At the bottom of the stairs are THREE SILLY VOLVOS with DRIVERS.

LISA

The distance isn't that bad. Maybe
a broken bone or two.

BARRY

Okay, but how are we going to run
with *broken bones*?

Lisa starts walking along the perimeter of the roof. Barry follows, waving his hands in the direction of the 5 freeway.

LISA

Wow, I hope those drivers all
brought their binoculars.

Barry stops. His hands flop by his sides. Shoulders sink.

BARRY

Congrats, you got what you wanted.

LISA

What?

BARRY

The *ring* is gone, so it doesn't matter. You hated it anyway. It wasn't...*shiny*? Really?

LISA

The *ring* was fine. I just want a nice diamond! Sue me! And what was the plan exactly, Barry? Propose to me tonight? *Here*? And then what, we'd live happily ever after?

Barry stammers unintelligibly.

LISA (CONT'D)

Don't lie to me.

BARRY

Yes, that was the plan! In the As-Is section. It was perfect...

He trails off. Lisa sighs. Shakes her head.

LISA

You fell in love with an idea but you didn't really think it through, did you? Classic. And as someone who's known me all my life, who loves me, do you really think I'd have said yes now?

BARRY

I - where is this coming from?! We used to talk about getting married, buying a house, having kids. And morbidly, our wills that one time.

LISA

When we were like sixteen! Don't get stuck in the past. Everything was fine for my mom, then she hit thirty, and guess what, her marriage and life went to SHIT!

BARRY

Hm. Who's actually the one stuck in
the past here?

Lisa crosses her arms. Turns around.

BARRY (CONT'D)

It's like I'm never enough for you.

LISA

Well, sometimes maybe you aren't.

The insinuation hangs between them.

BARRY

Just because your dad walked out
and you don't talk to your mom
doesn't mean it'll happen with us.

Lisa scoffs, incredulous. That's a blow.

LISA

Sorry I don't have your luxurious
career and your doting loved ones.
But maybe I'm better off without.

BARRY

Okay so...do you...want to leave?

LISA

(quietly)

I could if I wanted to.

BARRY

Huh?

LISA

I got an offer from the agency's
Copenhagen division.

BARRY

I don't know what that means.

LISA

They want me to lead a new project.
It'd mean a relocation, probably
six months or more.

BARRY

A relocation...you're going to move
to Copenhagen? What about me? When
were you going to bring this up?

LISA
I'd get a raise. The campaign is -

BARRY
Stop! Just, stop!
(distressed, pacing)
What's so great about the Dutch?!

LISA
Danes.

BARRY
Whatever!

CLANG. Barry and Lisa look behind them, panicked, as Glasses' Crew climbs onto the roof from an open hatch.

Lisa yanks Barry and they run, traversing the length of the massive roof as they're chased.

Barry looks over his shoulder...

The Masked Men drawing closer...

Barry looks ahead and tries to skid to a stop as he realizes they're approaching the edge...

But it's too late. His momentum (and Lisa) carry them off the roof, SOARING through the air -

SMASH. They land on top of a parked car, caving in the top and blowing out a couple windows.

They lie winded amidst CRUSHED GLASS. The CAR ALARM BLARES.

HEADLIGHTS from one of the Volvos as it pulls up alongside. FOOTSTEPS and VOICES, and FIGURES reaching over them -

INT. WAREHOUSE - SCAFFOLDING PLATFORM

Keith and Elsa sit and observe as Hans scurries around stacks of flat packs, scoping out what he can on the ground.

Sol off to the side, staring at his thumbs. Deep in thought.

ELSA
Hans has no plan. He thinks he is invincible.

KEITH
Elsa. I sense you have been obfuscating the truth the entire time we have been acquainted.

SOL

Yeah so, how long *have* you known
each other?

ELSA

What do you want to know?

KEITH

They key you speak of, what does it
provide access to?

ELSA

There is a room underneath this
store he built. The Blue Jasmine is
inside, but only he has access.

KEITH

Underneath...? I was never privy to
something like that -

(catching himself)

Accepted. Is that where the rest of
the smuggled goods reside?

ELSA

Not all. I will show the others.

She stands. Surveys a ROW OF LARGE BOXES. She finds the box
she's looking for and pulls it out of its spot. Rips the tape
off the top and lightly shoves the box toward Keith.

Keith cautiously peers inside. REVEAL BAGS FULL OF COCAINE.

He takes a step back. Sol stares in amazement.

KEITH

I would venture to assume this is
not powdered sugar?

ELSA

No, this is much, much cocaine.

KEITH

You know these top levels are meant
for additional inventory storage. I
oversee this system to ensure that
high quality asset information -

Elsa puts her finger to his lips, shushing him.

ELSA

I know this. But it does not
matter. We have a system too, to
avoid your system. If you were me,
where would you hide such items?

KEITH

I...I suppose in the top shelves of
the self serve warehouse.

Elsa nods. Keith shakes his head in resigned disappointment.

ELSA

I am sorry. I know how much work
you do. How much it means to you.

(moving closer)

But that is always why I liked you.
You put everything into your
passion. You have a big heart.

She places her hand on his chest. An alarmed Sol butts in.

SOL

That's why I like you too.
Personally speaking.

ELSA

But you also know what you want and
what you like. You should get what
you want and like.

She maneuvers her body to block Sol from getting closer.

ELSA (CONT'D)

Mr. Keith, why do you have these so-
called friends?

KEITH

How do you mean?

ELSA

Your little group. They are rude
and entitled.

SOL

'scuse me, I'm right here?

KEITH

They have always been...around.
They are nice people. They fed my
African Sideneck Turtle while I was
on my annual conservatory tour -

ELSA

What is it that you want now?

She caresses his cheek as he struggles to answer.

SOL

She's being so mischievous right now. Like sure, sexy girlboss whatever, but don't listen to her.

HANS (O.S.)

I found a few more from the last box in the Karlsson deal!

Hans returns, gleefully holding up TWO GRENADES as -

BZZZ. The store's LOUDSPEAKER BUZZES. Everyone looks up as Mrs. Hsu's voice permeates the space.

MRS. HSU (V.O.)

Hey folks. What's popping?

INT. COWORKERS ONLY WAREHOUSE AREA

POV LISA. Groggy, her eyes flicker open as she's carried by MOHAWK, has a mohawk. FOOTSTEPS, MUFFLED VOICES around her.

She looks to her left. Barry on the ground next to her.

MOHAWK

Barry Diaz and Lisa Chu, according to their IDs. Probably aliases.

GLASSES

Would boss want this?

Glasses holds up Barry's ring box.

MOHAWK

Nah, looks cheap.

Glasses shrugs and tosses it down an aisle.

Lisa moans softly, weakly reaching out an arm for Barry.

LISA

No...don't do that...Barry...!

Her vision blurs.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SCAFFOLDING PLATFORM

Hans, Keith, Elsa, and Sol listen to Mrs. Hsu.

MRS. HSU (V.O.)

Fellas, I'm done with the games. You know what we want.

HANS

Fuck her! Give me carnage!

ELSA

Carnage? There are too many of them. We will draw attention from police if we get into a firefight.

KEITH

We must not use explosive devices anywhere near the floor stock!

HANS

No one wants cops here. This is a turf war we will settle this night, life or death. She knows.

MRS. HSU (V.O.)

You should also know we just caught two of yours. A...Barry? And Lisa?

Sol's mouth drops open. Keith buries his face in his palms.

MRS. HSU (V.O.)

Aren't you really racist, Hans? I'm surprised you hired two POC.

HANS

I like Bobby Jindal.

MRS. HSU (V.O.)

I suggest you turn yourselves in peacefully, or you're not gonna like what happens next.

Keith notices MOVEMENT behind Hans. His face falls.

A SCISSOR LIFT in the aisle ascends until it's level with the group. On the lift is Canuck and TWO MASKED MEN, all armed.

KEITH

How...

Elsa has a realization. She looks at her wound. Then behind her. Then toward ground level. BLOOD DROPLETS adorn her path.

ELSA

(urgent)

Hans, the key.

Hans now sees the danger. He grips the grenades tighter.

ELSA (CONT'D)

We can use it to bargain, to delay -

HANS
It's in my ass.

What? ELSA SOL
Hmm?

ANOTHER SCISSOR LIFT ascends on the other side of them, this one with Lib (bloodied, post-corkscrewed hand wrapped in bandages and arm charred), and TWO MORE MASKED MEN.

HANS
The key is in my fucking ass! I put
it very deep. With good lube.

ELSA
What... Okay. We will get it out.
Do not do this -

Hans threateningly holds a grenade in the air. Guns aimed at him. Sol and Keith huddle closer together in fear.

LIB
PUT THE GRENADE DOWN!

ELSA
This will make it worse.

HANS
You think they will make any deal
with us? Of course not!
(then)
I only wanted you to succeed.

Hans pulls the pin. Winds his arm back to throw -

Elsa intercepts a half second too late, grabbing his arm. The grenade goes flying...

...and hits the platform above their heads, falling back onto the ground near them. Elsa's eyes widen.

DOWN!!!

PANIC FIRE from the Masked Men as Elsa dives forward, knocking Sol and Keith down and protecting them as -

BOOM. THE GRENADE EXPLODES in between them and Hans, CATAPULTING a mid-run Hans forward.

Lib's scissor lift begins to tip due to the impact. Lib and company YELL in alarm as the lift SLAMS into the scaffolding on the other side of the aisle, sending them tumbling out.

SMOKE. DEBRIS rains. Sol and Keith shield their heads.

MRS. HSU (V.O.)

Elsa tries to see through the smoke. She spots a severely injured Hans fumbling with his other grenade -

CANUCK ELSA
He's got another one! HAAAAAAAANNNNSSSSSS!!!

Hans locks eyes with Elsa -

As he gets BLASTED in the chest by several bullets, the second grenade harmlessly flying out of his hand.

Nearby, Sol wraps his arms around Keith. Keith clasps his hands to his ears, shaking.

KEITH
I CHECKED OUR SMOKE ALARMS LAST
WEEK, THEY SHOULD BE TRIGGERED!

SOL
It's okay, it's okay...!

Elsa crawls toward a mortally wounded Hans as Canuck's crew leaps onto the platform from their lift.

Elsa reaches Hans, immediately recognizing the dire outlook. Hans tries to speak, blood in his mouth. Closes his eyes.

Elsa, noticeably panicked for the first time, SLAPS Hans.

ELSA
Be awake, damn you! Be awake!

Hans's eyes flutter open just briefly. He clutches Elsa's wrist and manages to eke out a few words -

HANS
Bestå. It is in...Bestå.

ELSA

But Hans lets go of her wrist, eyes closing again.

Canuck's crew wrestles Elsa off of Hans, pulling her backward as she CRIES out in anguish. Too distraught to fight.

Nearby, Lib's crew has ascended onto the platform. They separate Sol and Keith.

All three in the clutches of the enemy as we linger on Hans, felled in this cavernous tomb of his own making -

INT. WAREHOUSE - COWORKERS ONLY AREA

Sol, Elsa, and Keith, all cuffed, are shoved to the ground by Glasses, Quiet Masked Man, and OTHER MASKED MEN. Next to them are Barry and Lisa, also cuffed. They sit far apart.

LISA

Holy shit, you're okay.

BARRY

Were those bombs?!

SOL

Second time I've been captured in one night. It's so embarrassing.

He looks at Elsa and Keith, both wordless. Keith's head down. Elsa's grime, tear, and bloodstained face quakes angrily.

MRS. HSU (O.S.)
What a fuckin' mess!

Mrs. Hsu strides up with Canuck and Lib, who dump Hans's body on the ground. Elsa flinches.

MRS. HSU (CONT'D)
I told you not to kill the guy. Why do we keep being dumbasses? Is it because I'm a girl?

All the Masked Men mutter unintelligibly. Mrs. Hsu rolls her eyes. Walks up to Elsa.

MRS. HSU (CONT'D)
You're the daughter, aren't you?
You made quick work of my men.

Elsa stares defiantly back at her.

MRS. HSU (CONT'D)
Like father, like daughter. Did he really think we wouldn't find out it was him? And to think I was looking forward to building our business relationship together.

Elsa spits blood at Mrs. Hsu's. Mrs. Hsu wags her finger.

MRS. HSU (CONT'D)

A word of advice. Don't get too attached to people. They'll fuck you over any chance they get. I learned that when my dad left the day before my fifth birthday to assassinate a Secretary of State, and then he got assassinated first.

SOL

That's really dark.

MRS. HSU

Oh, *you're* still alive? Someone kill him. I'll make a deal with the rest. Simple. First person to tell me where the Blue Jasmine is lives.

Canuck aims his gun at Sol. Sol gasps, frozen in place -

ELSA

NO! I will tell you!

Elsa springs up. Canuck whips his gun toward her. Mrs. Hsu waves at him to stand down.

MRS. HSU

Finally a reaction! I guess we've found one of your soft spots.

ELSA

No. If I was needing to choose, I would sacrifice him.

Sol furrows his brow.

ELSA (CONT'D)

But if you kill any of these people, you will get nothing.

Sol sighs in relief.

MRS. HSU

Hun, that's not for you to decide.

ELSA

You do not have the leverage.

MRS. HSU

I have the guns.

ELSA

Then use them.

MRS. HSU

You are being so...cunty!! Let's see the necklace and *then* I may or may not let one of you go.

ELSA

The key for the Blue Jasmine room is in Hans's ass.

MRS. HSU

Excuse me?

ELSA

Do you want me to show you to the Blue Jasmine or no? You need the key in his ass.

MRS. HSU

You think we're so gullible -

ELSA

You may need to go deep.

Mrs. Hsu reads her. Realizes she's serious. Motions at Lib.

LIB

Me?

MRS. HSU

Yes, you. I'm not doing it.

Canuck smirks.

MRS. HSU (CONT'D)

What are you laughing at? Did the Maple Leafs lose in the first round again? Get in there, both of you.

Lib and Canuck reluctantly kneel down. Pull off Hans's pants.

HOLD on Mrs. Hsu and our main group for an agonizing length of time as the henchmen struggle with the body.

LIB

I have thicker fingers.

More arguing until uncomfortable SQUELCHING NOISES cause everyone to look away in disgust. Except Elsa.

CANUCK

Make a "come here" motion.

LIB
It's not a prostate massage.
(then)
I think I got something!

Lib wipes a key off on Hans's body. Triumphantlly raises it -

MOHAWK (O.S.)
Ma'am!

Mohawk enters, yanking a SCARED WOMAN after him.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)
Found someone snoopin' outside.

Keith raises his head, eyes widening in recognition -
IT'S AKILA, the branch manager!

AKILA
Keith! I was worried this was going
to get out of control -
(spots Hans's body)
Oh my god, is he dead?!

ELSA
(to Mrs. Hsu)
Why do you rough up your mole??

MRS. HSU
Mole? Her? Who the fuck is she?

KEITH
(coolly)
What have you done, Ms. Hassan?
Witness the desecration to this
store. Every key Ikea core value
has been broken tonight.

ELSA
They turned her. That is how they
knew of our operation and
compromised our shipment tonight.

AKILA
(frantic, hands up)
I've never met these people before.

ELSA
Liar! I despise liars more than
rats. You are a mole.

AKILA

Yes, I am a mole, but not what you're thinking. I never wanted *this*, Elsa. I just came for my cut like usual, but it wasn't there -

MRS. HSU

You don't work for me, so who do you work for? Talk or you're dead.

AKILA

WAYFAIR! I work for Wayfair! Swear.

ELSA

The furniture designer?

KEITH

E-commerce company, more so.

AKILA

Several years ago, Wayfair began to infiltrate Ikea's corporate ladder.

KEITH

More infiltration?

AKILA

As branch manager here, my job was to make it seem like a natural decline, but pass along insider info and slowly transform and destroy Ikea from inside. Starting with the largest in the US.

ELSA

Disloyal bastard from the start. Owned by the highest bidder.

SOL

I'm deleting the app.

KEITH

The Modernize Ikea project, the No Wage Security System, the changes you assured us were in service of the greater consumer good... it was all at the direction of one of the most destructive forces to in store communal shopping?

LISA

I knew they were fucking shady.

AKILA

I just want my money and I'm gone.

KEITH

So you locked all the doors?

AKILA

Yeah - wait, no? The security system was never fully set up or functioning. It was all a front. The control room, everything. I just looked the other way.

KEITH

If it was a front, then who -

MRS. HSU

Get rid of her. I prefer Amazon anyway.

LIB

They're exploitative, ma'am!

Akila protests as Mohawk drags her away.

AKILA

Keith, please help me! Elsa! Tell them to stop, PLEASE!!!

Elsa averts her eyes. Keith stares at Akila, sadness in his eyes, but can't bring himself to say anything.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Elsa leads. Mrs. Hsu, Canuck, and Lib follow. Barry, Lisa, Keith, and Sol in the rear, surrounded by Masked Men.

LISA

Keith, did you know? You knew.

KEITH

No, I did not know about this.

LISA

I meant the proposal! The ring.

SOL

Excuse me, proposal??

BARRY

Did you know about the new job?

SOL
Hold up, she didn't tell you she
was applying?

LISA
It's not a *new* job. I *was* going to
tell you. I hadn't decided yet -

KEITH
I...was aware of the proposal.

LISA
(accusatory)
Thanks for not telling me.

UP AHEAD, Elsa halts at a self serve kiosk.

ELSA
We must type.

Mrs. Hsu motions at Canuck, who takes over at the kiosk.

BACK TO LISA AND BARRY as they press Keith.

LISA
If you'd told me he was going to
pull this shit, we wouldn't be here
about to die right now.

KEITH
It was a difficult situation. And
you did not ask me.

BARRY
Oh so you would've told her? God.

SOL
I'm kind of hurt that I'm so out of
the loop right now.

RANDOM MASKED MAN
Be quiet.

BARRY
You definitely would have blabbed
to her. You're always on her side!

SOL
Thinking she's always right doesn't
mean I'm on her side!

BARRY
Keith, isn't Sol always on her
side?

LISA
He doesn't have to answer. SOL
Keith is unbiased.

KEITH
ENOUGH!

Everyone shushes. Continuing to listen in stunned silence.

KEITH (CONT'D)
I am fatigued, I am ailing, and I
am *irritated* at the manner in which
you all speak of me as if I am not
present. As if I am an object to be
bought, sold, bent to your needs.

RANDOM MASKED MAN
Hey, you need to sh-

KEITH
NO! I must communicate these
thoughts, even if it may be the
final action of my frontal lobe!
To...to *hell* with you all!

Random Masked Man backs off, shrugging. Legit kind of scared.

KEITH (CONT'D)
We are not here because of me. We
are here due to a clear pattern of
immaturity and a blatant inability
to communicate, to listen. Barry,
you have never faced true adversity
in your life and it has resulted in
a coddled existence wherein you
believe everything holds an easy
solution on a preordained path -
when in reality, you never want to
think for yourself, make your own
decisions, or adapt. Lisa, you are
embroiled in an incessant chase for
a utopian ideal of your life that
you cannot even define and will
never attain, and perhaps may not
even want to attain for fear of
having nothing else to achieve.
Your kindness is a softly insidious
kind that is deployed in service of
control, driven by a deep fear of
your own past. I am glad for the
times we shared in college, but you
have lost yourselves in the ensuing
years to your selfishness.

(MORE)

KEITH (CONT'D)

You have neglected everyone and everything around you, and now you do not even have each other.

SOL

That's legit so accurate.

Keith turns on him.

KEITH

You, Solomon, may be the most frustrating of them all! At least they have an excuse, as patches of relationship strife are common. You refuse to let anything progress to a point at which any strife could enter the picture. You are miserable in your personal and professional life, yet you sabotage yourself. You know what - or whom - you desire, yet you act callous in public and stutter over words in private. We have harbored feelings for each other for nearly a decade, and you are well aware.

Barry and Lisa glance at each other, eyes wide. Keith sees.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Your surprise is indicative of your self obsession. I should not be entertaining even a teaspoon, much less an ounce, of any of this behavior, and yet...and yet!

His friends brace for another searing attack.

KEITH (CONT'D)

And yet, inexplicably, I continue to love you all, even as you destroy the store I love. Because all we can do is move forward.

Everyone contemplates, shellshocked -

OVER BY THE KIOSK, Mrs. Hsu SHOUTS ecstatically. As Canuck types, the kiosk suddenly SLIDES TO THE RIGHT, revealing a set of HIDDEN FLOOR PANELS below.

MRS. HSU

Well lookie what we have here!

EXT. DOCK AREA

Mohawk shoves Akila forward, aiming his gun at her.

AKILA
Please! Don't!

Mohawk cocks the gun. Akila squeezes her eyes shut when -

THWACK. A HARD OBJECT comes swinging through the air, denting Mohawk's skull with a sickening CRUNCH. He crumples.

Akila opens one eye. BACK PROFILES of a GROUP OF SHADOWY FIGURES enter the frame.

AKILA (CONT'D)
Who are you?

INT. WAREHOUSE

Masked Men bring Barry, Lisa, Sol, and Keith to Mrs. Hsu. She kneels, feeling the panels. Her fingers pinpoint a KEY HOLE.

MRS. HSU
You guys talk too much.

She stands. Brushes her hands off as Lib kneels down with Hans's key. He slots it in and turns it -

CLICK. He pulls, and a HUGE FLOOR PANEL swings open. STEPS lead down into DARKNESS.

MRS. HSU (CONT'D)
(pointing her gun at Elsa)
Swedish ladies first.

Elsa complies, descending the steps. Canuck and Lib wait a beat, then follow, flicking on a light switch as they enter -

UNDERGROUND BUILD ROOM

Similar in design as upstairs, except the furniture is finished and carefully arranged. KIVIK SECTIONAL, KLIPPAN LOVESEAT, KALLAX SHELVING, TOFTERYD COFFEE TABLE, VINDUM RUG.

This is a (mostly) fully furnished, IKEA LIVING ROOM.

Canuck opens a SHELF in the Kallax unit. He chuckles.

CANUCK
Ma'am, you have to see this!

REVEAL a ROW OF GEMSTONES populating the shelf as Canuck continues to open doors and uncover items.

Lib does the same across the room. He flips open a MORABO OTTOMAN. BOXES of EXPENSIVE WATCHES stare back at him.

Mrs. Hsu laughs hysterically as she, Glasses, and Quiet Masked Man descend the stairs behind Barry, Lisa, and Sol.

Keith slowly takes in the sight, teeth gritted. Pissed off.

CANUCK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ma'am.

Canuck points out the wall at the end of the room, bare except for a series of TAPED OFF CUBIC SECTIONS. RED DOTS emanate from the wall at all corners of each cube. A tall DETOLF GLASS CABINET to the side.

MRS. HSU
What is this?

She points her gun at Elsa. Keith steps forward.

KEITH
From the configuration and surface area, it looks to be a wall plan for the eventual attachment of a Bestå TV Storage Combination Unit.

Elsa furrows her brow. Why does that sound so familiar?

SOL
They look pretty dope when you have the TV in the center.

ELSA
Bestå...in the Bestå...
(lightbulb)
It is in the wall.

MRS. HSU
The wall. What's in the wall?!

ELSA
The necklace. Hans hid it there.

MRS. HSU
(to the Masked Men)
Break this shit down!

ELSA
You will take a big risk to do that. This is clearly Hans's work.
(MORE)

ELSA (CONT'D)

These red dots, they are pressure sensors. They will respond only to the correct size and weight. If you attempt brute force, you risk destroying the necklace.

MRS. HSU

How do I know you're telling the truth?

ELSA

You do not.

KEITH

Correct size and weight...that of a Bestå unit?

ELSA

Yes. The Bestå unit must be completed and attached, and then the wall will open. Hans likes secret compartments.

LISA

There's no Bestå there.

ELSA

Yes.

KEITH

Thus we must...

(gears turning)

...it must be assembled.

LATER

Masked Men descend the stairs with BOXES and a TOOLKIT, setting them by the taped wall. Canuck and Lib kneel. They have a difficult time with the Bestå instructions.

CANUCK

These all look the same length.

Lib holds up two screws.

LIB

Are you blind?

MRS. HSU

You guys are so fucking useless.

ELSA

You need us to build it. You do not have much time left before the morning shift at five thirty.

MRS. HSU

You've made enough demands today.

SOL

Just FYI, we're actually known for building Ikea furniture.

MRS. HSU

You especially have made enough.

ELSA

It will be quicker.

She eyes the group, silently urging them to chime in.

BARRY

They're telling the truth! His channels are really popular -

SOL

One might even say famous.

BARRY

We help him with like, hacks and DIY decor ideas primarily.

LISA

Yeah! We built the Pax Wardrobe in two hours. *Two hours.* Notoriously the most difficult to build item!

SOL

@HouseofSol on TikTok, Insta, Facebook, Twitter, even Letterboxd.

LIB

I think I've seen you! You did the "Run Boy Run" challenge with all the Ikea furniture!

SOL

Omg! Thank you for being a fan.

LIB

(pulling out his phone)
Look, I think I have it saved...

MRS. HSU

Shut up. How long will it take?

LISA

This size would probably require
one and a half hours.

BARRY

The wall attachments can get
tricky, so possibly two.

MRS. HSU

You get one.

BARRY

Hour? But this is one of the most
complicated -

MRS. HSU

You get one.

She nods at Glasses, who begin to uncuff everyone.

MRS. HSU (CONT'D)

Every minute over, someone dies.
You try something, someone dies.

Glasses gets to Elsa.

MRS. HSU (CONT'D)

Not her.

Glasses holds Elsa back, gun aimed at her. Elsa nods
encouragingly at Keith. He nods back.

Keith turns to face Barry, Lisa, and Sol, all of them rubbing
their wrists.

KEITH

Let us begin.

BEGIN NERVE-RACKING BESTÅ BUILDING MONTAGE

-Barry lays out the instructions, sweaty palms slipping on
the pages. Sol and Lisa tear open the packaging for the
various parts. Keith methodically arranges the parts by size.

-Sol hands a TOP PANEL to Lisa. Barry awaits with a DRILL.
Lisa grabs the drill out of his hands and drills in the
SCREWS herself. Keith notices.

-Sol accidentally sits on a rogue PLASTIC LOCK. EXCLAIMS in
pain, then chuckles and gets back to work with renewed vigor.
He notices Quiet Masked Man watching. Gives him a side-eye.

-Individual wall cubes begin to form. Barry tries to slide a
SIDE PANEL in to complete a cube. The dimensions are off.

He tries to shove it, frustrated and under pressure. Keith points out the grooves in the wood.

-Mrs. Hsu paces in anticipation, hawking over every move. She smirks upon seeing Elsa's wound bleeding more heavily.

-Keith and Sol work between Barry and Lisa. Keith nudges Sol. Points and makes a "switch" hand motion. Sol, realizing his intent, gets Lisa to swap places with him. Lisa shakes her head no. Sol gives her a look. She relents.

-Barry and Lisa work together, somewhat reluctantly but also somewhat efficiently, on a DOOR ATTACHMENT.

-Lib nudges a stoic Canuck, pointing out Keith's skill.

-Sol drills into a bracket to connect two cubes. Keith envelops Sol's hands with his own, modifying his technique.

-Barry and Lisa finish off a cube. They share a brief giddy moment looking at it, but then remember they're fighting.

END NERVE-RACKING BESTÅ BUILDING MONTAGE

MRS. HSU
Twenty minutes!

Sol screws faster. Keith works diligently across from him.

SOL
Keith?

KEITH
Yes.

SOL
In case we all die tonight and we
don't meet in Hell, where the real
party is...I want to say I'm sorry.

Keith pauses. Closes his eyes.

SOL (CONT'D)
I think I struggle with being
genuine, admitting when I feel
something real. I'm always putting
on a performance, especially for my
therapist.

Keith opens his eyes again. Looks at Sol.

KEITH
I appreciate the contrition.

SOL

If she only lets one of us go like
she said, it should be you.

KEITH

That line of thinking is very
unpleasant to me in this moment.

LISA

The cubes are all set. Wall
attachments up next.

The building team gathers the cubes as Keith pushes forward a collection of SUSPENSION RAILS, PLASTIC ANCHORS, and SCREWS. Sol, Barry, and Lisa share a moment of recognition.

A CRASH from upstairs. Everyone looks up.

Mrs. Hsu FIRES a shot off to the side. It nearly hits Lib.

LIB

Ma'am!! You almost hit me!

MRS. HSU

Eh. You'd be cheaper dead.

She then FIRES a shot at Lisa's feet. Lisa CRIES OUT and stumbles back, face white.

BARRY

(standing)

Hey!

MRS. HSU

Next one's in your head. Sit the
fuck down and do what you're told.

Barry's eyes flicker with anger. Lisa pulls him back down.

BARRY

Are you okay? Are you hurt?

LISA

I'm fine! I'm fine. We need to find
the wall studs, right?

KEITH

Yes, an excellent observation.

LISA

Barry's always going on about it.

Keith moves to inspect the wall, but Barry grabs his arm in a moment of clarity. Keith stops, confused.

BARRY
(scheming, determined)
Maybe not this time.

KEITH
This is drywall. In cases dealing
with weights such as these, the -

BARRY
Yes I know, it would just be so
much faster right, if we didn't?

LISA
You love studs.

BARRY
Right?

CANUCK
What's going on over there?

Barry grips both Lisa and Keith's wrists.

BARRY
Guys, I may not have earned it,
but...will you trust me?

Lisa and Keith share a concerned glance. They look at Sol,
who shrugs. They all murmur their assent at Barry.

MOMENTS LATER

Barry attaches suspension rails to the wall within each taped
off cube. Sol, Keith and Lisa try to figure out his angle.

LISA
Plastic anchors, not toggle ones?

BARRY
I thought you were trusting me.

ANOTHER SUDDEN CRASH upstairs. MUFFLED EXCLAMATIONS.

Glasses rushes up the stairs to check it out.

Sol and Keith look up in hope as they grab cubes. Lisa
snatches the instruction manual, peering at the photos. Still
concerned about Barry going rogue.

LISA
It shows to flip the suspension
rails and mark on the wall so that
there is a gap between the rail...
(MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)
(looking up)
Barry! You're not doing that!

YELLING from upstairs. Lib's WALKIE BUZZES.

GLASSES (ON WALKIE)
(staticky)
We've got...combatants...HEY!

LIB
Hello?! Hello?!

OTHER WALKIES BUZZ. UNINTELLIGIBLE GARBLING clashes with STOMPING FOOTSTEPS and GUNSHOTS from above.

Mrs. Hsu rushes toward the wall, waving her gun.

MRS. HSU
FINISH THIS! NOW!

MAD SCRAMBLE by Sol and Keith to help Barry attach the finished cubes. Sol nearly drops one. Keith catches it. Helps him lift it up.

Barry stands on a box, fastening a cube to a high up rail. Sweating, feeling the pressure but still determined.

LISA
(urgent, quietly)
Barry, this isn't secure on the wall. We're skipping so many steps.

BARRY
It's a hack.

LISA
You said this was a flimsy, several hundred pound wall of death...

It hits her.

LISA (CONT'D)
...that'll crash down with any slight disturbance. Oh.

She realizes he has something up his sleeve for once, even if ill defined or idiotic. A flash of soft admiration from Lisa as Barry INTENTIONALLY POCKETS A FEW SCREWS.

MRS. HSU
Who the fuck did you call?!

She SOCKS Elsa across the face, sending her to the ground.

ELSA
I called no one.
(spitting blood, smirking)
But it seems like you are fucked.

Mrs. Hsu grits her teeth in anger. Yells at her Masked Men.

MRS. HSU
Block that entrance!

Lib rushes to slide the panel door shut.

At the wall, the Bestå unit is nearly done. Barry and Lisa one team, Sol and Keith another team right alongside. One last stand as a group, doing what they do best.

BANG. STOMPS around the panel from above. Lib YELPS as he jams his already wounded hand. He FIRES up through the panel.

Mrs. Hsu starts kicking the shit out of Elsa.

MRS. HSU (CONT'D)
YOU! MOTHER! FUCKER!

Barry and Lisa meet Sol and Keith in the top middle section, everyone gripping the final cube together...

Elsa just keeps laughing. And bleeding. And laughing...

The build team slides the final piece into place...

Mrs. Hsu points her gun at Elsa's forehead, finger coiled...

BEEP.

All the red dots on the wall turn GREEN. In the middle of the configuration where the TV would be, a SECRET COMPARTMENT unhitches from the wall.

Everyone freezes, in shock that something actually happened.

MRS. HSU (CONT'D)
Out of my way!

Mrs. Hsu pushes forward. She opens the compartment, sucking in her breath as she pulls out the BLUE JASMINE NECKLACE, shimmering in all its glory. TIME SEEMS TO FREEZE...

MRS. HSU (CONT'D)
(to Canuck and Quiet
Masked Man)
Kill them all.

ELSA

We had a deal!

MRS. HSU

We never had a deal, silly goose.

Quiet Masked Man walks forward with a SMALL BOX for the necklace as Canuck cocks his gun.

MRS. HSU (CONT'D)

I'll give you props. Most people I kill aren't *this* entertaining.

Barry suddenly delivers a well placed KICK to the Detolf glass cabinet, sending it tipping over...

...and SMASHING STRAIGHT INTO THE BESTÅ. The less than secure configuration sways, holding up briefly under the weight...

Until the Bestå CRASHES DOWN ON MRS. HSU, who flies forward and loses her grasp on the necklace. The cubes bring down wall chunks, landing on and around her in plumes of dust.

A brief respite until...

CHAOS ENSUES.

Elsa, from the ground, scissor kicks Canuck's legs out from under him.

Lib tries to come to the rescue, but a BULLET STRIKES HIS SHOULDER through the floor panel. The panel swings aside.

Sol springs into action, SWAN DIVING onto Canuck. They grapple, until Sol's hand closes on the taser in Canuck's pocket and squeezes -

ZAP! Canuck is knocked out cold. His entire body quivers. Sol, impressed with himself, rolls off.

Elsa approaches with her hands held out. Sol nods and attempts to pull on her thumbs.

ELSA

What are you doing?!

SOL

Breaking your thumbs!

ELSA

He has a key! On the belt!

Sol spots the key on Canuck's belt. Oops.

Meanwhile, Barry, Lisa, and Keith stand in frantic limbo.

LISA
WHAT'S THE NEXT PART OF THE PLAN?!

BARRY
THERE WAS NO NEXT PART!

Quiet Masked Man grabs the Blue Jasmine from the wreckage and sprints toward the floor panel door. As he reaches the exit, a MAN (60s) drops down into the build room.

Before the Man can react, Quiet Masked Man puts his shoulder down and RAMS into him. As the Man falls, he reaches out and accidentally UNMASKS Quiet Masked Man, REVEALING -

KEITH'S COWORKER RISHI?!

Rishi looks back briefly, making eye contact with Keith. Then scrambles up the stairs and out.

An un-cuffed Elsa approaches the Man, pointing Canuck's gun.

ELSA
Who are you?!

JAMES
(hands up)
I am James. We're here to help.

ELSA
Who is we?

JAMES
(saluting)
@solfanclub at your service. It's an honor to meet you, Sol.

SOL
You're...you're real? You watch me?

JAMES
We're delighted to finally be able to repay you. Thank Jesus Christ you posted that Insta story.

SOL
Insta story...that went through??

JAMES
Looked like a textbook illegal goods exchange. I was concerned for your safety, so I rounded up my friends.
(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

We took care of the assholes outside, then breached the perimeter at the loading dock. We'll get you out that way.

BARRY

What about the cops?

JAMES

Fuck the cops! Media circus would tank Ikea's reputation. We gotta clean this mess up ourselves.

LISA

We're making really dumb decisions tonight, but I'm kinda here for it.

JAMES

We have to go now.

Keith gets Elsa to lower her gun. James leads the way up the stairs, poking his head out. He looks back.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Semper fi, friends.

Like a scene out of a war film, they burst out into the -

WAREHOUSE

All hell has broken loose. GUNFIRE spews as COMBATANTS take cover behind kiosks and flat packs. The group zigs and zags through the minefield, Keith and Sol helping Elsa up as she stumbles, bleeding. They all skid to a stop next to TWO ARMED WOMEN (30s-40s) hiding in a nook midway through an aisle.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Everyone, meet Valentina and Shanice. What's the update?

VALENTINA

They're covering off the exit routes, trying to pin us! Also hi, Sol. I'm @ikeachica.

SHANICE

And I'm @kallaxdocandsoldier.

SOL

I can't believe y'all came for me. And y'all are like, fighting! I feel so inspired by all this conflict and death!

SHANICE
I am a former soldier.

Suddenly, Elsa GROANS and faints.

SHANICE (CONT'D)
I'm also a doctor.

Valentina provides cover as Shanice and Keith drag Elsa further out of view. Shanice digs through a FANNY PACK for medical supplies as she checks on Elsa's pulse.

KEITH
What is her prognosis?

SHANICE
Bad. We have to get her out of here asap. Ideally something flat to transport her.

KEITH
(light bulb)
There may be an option.

Keith fearlessly sprints toward the end of the aisle. Swipes his badge on a LARGE DOOR in the wall, revealing -

A SMALL GROUP OF FORKLIFTS and PALLET JACKS.

VALENTINA
That's more like it. Jack her up!

She hops behind the wheel of a forklift. Keith on a pallet jack. Shanice and Sol carry Elsa in and place her on the front bed of Keith's jack. Shanice grabs her own vehicle while Sol jumps on with Keith.

Barry and Lisa arrive. Only one more pallet jack left.

LISA
I'm driving.

They squeeze onto the pallet jack together as James walks in, raising his weapon in determined defiance.

JAMES
This is *our* store! *Our* home! *Our* Swedish-Dutch multinational conglomerate! And we're prepared to die today to defend the homeland!

BARRY
Well -

JAMES
FORWARD!

He sprints ahead on foot. Everybody goes as fast as they can on their vehicles behind him (not that fast).

Regardless of the speed, it's a bonafide IKEA WAR FLEET.

Now on the open battlefield, James parkours around BULLETS.

Shanice and Valentina FIRE as they take up defenses on either side of Keith and Elsa. They hit SEVERAL MASKED MEN.

Lisa drives wildly behind them, trying to shield herself and Barry from bullets. Barry grips the seat.

BARRY
WATCH OUT!!!

Lisa swerves just in time as a MASKED MAN #3 appears in their path. Barry unintentionally KICKS him on the way by, sending his head SLAMMING into a kiosk.

Lisa and Barry stare at each other in wide eyed shock. Then Lisa starts laughing. Barry joins in.

Suddenly, a HAND appears out of nowhere and yanks Lisa off the pallet jack.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Lisa!!

Barry impulsively grips the wheel, trying to control the now driverless jack. He looks behind him.

It's Canuck, on top of Lisa. Choking her.

Barry whips the jack around, pissed off, a man on a mission.

He guns it, aiming straight at Canuck.

BARRY (CONT'D)
HEY!

Canuck looks up as Lisa KNEES HIM IN THE BALLS. He gasps, releasing her. She shoves him straight into Barry's path...

And Barry completely misses Canuck and slams into a TALL STACK OF HEAVY BOXES...

Canuck laughs, until he realizes...

CRUNCH. The boxes topple over and mercilessly CRUSH him.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Oh shit! Did he just -

Lisa slowly gets up as Barry reacts, chest heaving. Lisa approaches, a smirk on her face.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Also, we got separated.

LISA
We'll find them all. Hey, that was kinda hot. You wanna take over?

Barry nods, now more confident. Lisa climbs back on with him.

INT. COWORKERS ONLY WAREHOUSE AREA

Shanice, Valentina, and James expertly pick off MASKED MEN. Keith drives carefully, avoiding any and all product collisions, Elsa groaning with each turn. Sol crouches fearfully, wrapping his arms around Keith's legs.

Glasses SHOOTS at them from behind a computer station. James snatches a TAPE MEASURE from a table and somersaults forward, landing on Glasses's shoulders.

James wraps the tape measure around Glasses's neck. They stumble and CRASH into work stations as James pulls harder. Glasses attempts to shoot his weapon...

...but ends up SHOOTING HIMSELF. James lets go.

JAMES
These guys ain't nothing compared to what we dealt with in 'Nam!

SOL
How old is he?!

KEITH
Where are Barry and Lisa?

The fleet approaches the LOADING AREA, where an OPEN DOOR beckons. Akila stands next to it.

Everybody hops off their vehicles.

AKILA
Keith -

KEITH
I am glad you are safe, but I hold no desire to converse with you.

SHANICE

(crouching over Elsa)

She's going downhill. I can stabilize her, but I need to get her to my supplies in my car.

KEITH

Thank you.

He touches Elsa's shoulder. Her eyes flicker.

JAMES

You guys go. We lost a couple folks. Val and I will go back and take care of any stragglers. My cleanup team is en route. They'll handle any evidence of bloodshed.

KEITH

I shall accompany you.

SOL

No! I can't lose you -

Keith walks up assuredly and KISSES Sol, shutting him up. A deep, passionate kiss. Years of pent up emotions.

KEITH

(pulling back)

I would hope that, if this night has imparted anything upon you, it is that I know what I am doing.

Sol nods, speechless.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Barry drives the pallet jack. Lisa shotgun. Her turn to hold on tight as Barry swerves around BODIES.

LISA

Hey Barry?

BARRY

Yeah?

LISA

I shouldn't have held it, but I wasn't going to make the job decision without talking to you first. I hope you know that?

Barry nods, remorseful.

BARRY

You should take it. And no matter
what, you won't be alone.

Lisa smiles.

LISA

I just want you, Barry. Not an idea
of you. Just you.

BANG! A BULLET RIPS INTO A TIRE. The TIRE BLOWS OUT and the
pallet jack FLIPS OVER. Barry and Lisa tumble out into the -

AS-IS SECTION

The jack skids into the wall behind them.

MRS. HSU (O.S.)

COME HERE!

Mrs. Hsu stumbles into frame, bleeding from her head, blinded
by her own blood. Delirious. She FIRES her gun wildly.

Barry and Lisa try to find cover when they notice -

A FROG, hopping around on the ground between them and Mrs.
Hsu. It's MAJA, Hans's frog! And upon closer look...

Nestled on her horn is the missing ENGAGEMENT RING.

BARRY

(pointing)

Umm...

MRS. HSU

WHAT IS THAT?!

She FIRES at Maja. Misses badly. Maja bounds her way, gaining
speed.

Mrs. Hsu spots Barry, her lips curling into a sneer. She
plants her feet. Closes one eye. Aims. Finger on the trigger -

LISA

NOOOOOO!!!!

Lisa leaps in front of Barry, ready to take the bullet -

POP!

Time comes to a standstill.

Lisa slowly opens her eyes, expecting the worst. She looks
back at Barry, who meets her gaze.

LISA (CONT'D)
Barry? Barry?!

She pats him down, searching for signs of damage. Nothing.

They both look up at Mrs. Hsu...

...who falls to her knees, dropping her gun. A FRESH BULLET WOUND in her side. She looks behind her, shocked...

...where Lib stands, his gun raised.

LIB
I realized something. You're
so...heartless. So *mean*. So
antithetical to my values. And you
refuse to talk about mental health,
a problem for many criminals!

MRS. HSU
(fading)
Is this about the health care?

LIB
Too late. Also? No matter how hard
you try, you will *never* be young
again. You don't even know what
generation we are!

Mrs. Hsu tries to raise her arm. The last thing she sees is Maja LEAPING onto her bloodied face, and she SCREAMS -

As she thrashes around, dying, Lib addresses Barry and Lisa.

LIB (CONT'D)
I finally need to live my life. I
hope I can find what you two have.

He slips out into the shadows.

Barry and Lisa slowly rise, staring at a gurgling, dying Mrs. Hsu as the poison works its way into her system.

Lisa crouches down, moving toward Maja, who perks up.

BARRY
Lisa, what are you doing?

LISA
Getting your ring?!

BARRY
The frog is brutally murdering her
right now! He can have it.

LISA
 You went to all the trouble of
 buying it! And bringing it!

Maja SPRINGS off the body onto the ground, scuttling forward. Barry and Lisa yelp and jump back.

LISA (CONT'D)
 We just need to flip it over!

Lisa grabs a TÅGARP LAMP and jabs it at Maja, who easily hops over like it's a jump rope. She tries again. Hop. Maja tilts her head quizzically.

KEITH (O.S.)
 Lisa, please restrain yourself!

Keith, James, and Valentina run up. They spot Mrs. Hsu.

But Keith has his eyes on Maja. He hits the deck, letting out a guttural series of CROAKS and RIBBITS.

Utterly confused, everyone watches as Maja turns around and hops toward Keith. When she reaches him, she lowers her head. The ring slides off her horn.

Keith nods his appreciation. Picks up the ring, wipes it off, and walks it over to Barry. Holds it out.

Lisa, overcome with emotion, hugs Keith tightly. Barry follows suit, ignoring the ring.

LISA
 I'm so sorry. We fucked up. We've
 been so selfish.

BARRY
 We took you for granted, and we
 never should have.

Keith, a bit surprised but grateful, folds into the hug.

KEITH
 All I have desired was your
 approval. This is because I believe
 you are, for your numerous flaws
 and occasional lack of emotional
 maturity, the -
 (struggling for a word)
 - coolest people I know.

LISA
 Aw.

KEITH

But now, I simply want your friendship. I am not on either of your sides. I am on your team. And I would like you to be a team.

Keith spots something out of the corner of his eye. He lets go of Barry and Lisa. Clasps his hand around Barry's as he transfers the ring and strides away -

KEITH (CONT'D)

I have one additional task.

CHECKOUT AREA

PAINED GRUNTS as Keith approaches a MOVING BODY on the ground. REVEAL RISHI, reaching for the exit doors, his shirt SOAKED WITH BLOOD. A pallet jack pins his legs underneath.

The Blue Jasmine lies next to him, SHATTERED into pieces (save for one diamond) by what were presumably bullets.

RISHI

(sputtering)

K-Keith.

KEITH

(sadly)

Rishi. Why?

RISHI

You...ruined my plan. I was going to be so...freaking rich. My mom would be so proud. I love my mom.

KEITH

Your plan should have been to continue on the path that was available to you at Ikea. I took you under my wing. I considered you a rising star, a Manager one day.

RISHI

I...sucked ass.

KEITH

Well. I perhaps would not have put it that way, however...So, you locked the exits manually? And disabled the fire alarms?

RISHI

What do you think? I tipped them off it was here.

(MORE)

RISHI (CONT'D)

I needed to use them...let them all kill each other. And the necklace would be mine. I got this job to be on the inside. I didn't give a shit...about Manager. Or this fucking place. Or you, especially!

Keith stands up.

KEITH

Normally that comment might bruise my soul. However, I feel more confident in this than ever: this store, and its people, *mean something*. Something that cannot be defined or quantified, but rather leads from the aorta. It is a shame that you will never understand.

He turns. Walks away. Rishi yells, garbled, after him.

AS-IS SECTION

Barry and Lisa face each other. Barry lifts the ring up.

LISA

Yeah, it could be shinier.

They laugh. Lisa looks around.

LISA (CONT'D)

You were going to do it here?

Barry nods.

LISA (CONT'D)

Makes sense.

Barry takes a deep breath. Gets down on one knee.

BARRY

Lisa, ever since I saw you -

Lisa starts to laugh. Hard. Barry is confused.

LISA

Even almost dying isn't going to get me to do this right now! Let's figure our shit out first. But maybe ask again in a few months?

Then Lisa hugs him, the rest of the world falling away just for a few seconds as they embrace among a collection of discounted returns, discontinued items, and floor samples.

In other words, in paradise.

SUPER: A FEW MONTHS LATER

INT. IKEA - COWORKERS ONLY WAREHOUSE AREA - DAY

COWORKERS hustle and bustle as Keith, now with a BRANCH MANAGER badge, leads the same Ikea Suit around.

IKEA SUIT

Mr. Nguyen, it's not often we have break-ins at the level we had, and I can't believe the authorities haven't solved the case yet. But under your leadership, the store is truly rebounding well.

KEITH

Much obliged, sir. This was made possible by Ms. Hassan's suggestion regarding new leadership.

They approach Akila, now just a regular, non manager coworker at a computer station.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Excellent job on the minimum maximum settings last night, Akila.

Akila nods sheepishly at him. Slips him a FOLDER as they pass by. Keith steals a glance inside, and the first page reads -

CLASSIFIED: Wayfair Annual Internal Strategy Report

Keith smiles and closes the folder.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Why don't you go enjoy some meatballs? Your meal is on me.

Ikea Suit laughs and heads off as Keith walks into the -

COWORKERS ONLY AREA BREAK ROOM

Where a GROUP OF EXCITED COWORKERS watch a NEWS REPORT on TV.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

The Blue Jasmine, a necklace with a fifty million dollar price tag, was found destroyed in storage of an Ashley Homestore in Bakersfield.

(MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV) (CONT'D)

Long thought to have been in the possession of the powerful Hsu crime syndicate out of China and California, intelligence agencies are trying to figure out why it materialized. Also, nothing like this ever happens in Bakersfield!

RANDOM COWORKER

Hey, party invite for you, Keith. Tonight my crew is hitting up a few of the ramps leading onto the 110.

KEITH

That sounds like a jovial time, but I actually have plans tonight...

INT. KEITH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A lively scene as Keith hosts (!) a get together with Barry, Lisa, Sol, James, Valentina, and Shanice. Barry's on FaceTime with his parents.

INTERCUT FACETIME CONVERSATION

BARRY

Say hi to everyone, Mom and Dad!

Everyone waves to the screen.

CAMILA

Show the ring again!

Lisa holds up her ring finger. We realize the old diamond has been replaced with the INTACT DIAMOND FROM THE BLUE JASMINE.

CAMILA (CONT'D)

Oh my goodness, so beautiful!

PHIL

We made a spreadsheet with furniture to buy for the new place.

BARRY

We have our own spreadsheet, Dad!

PHIL

Oh. Share us on it then.

Barry and Lisa share a look. Lisa nods, smiling.

BARRY

Just on the "view" setting.

CAMILA

Lisa, when will you return to Denmark?

LISA

They said I don't have to go back until after the wedding. This hybrid system we worked out is great. Danes don't care about anything, they hate work!

CAMILA

Wonderful. We will let you get back to having sex for babies.

END FACETIME CONVERSATION

LISA

(to Barry)

We do need to get a move on furniture shopping. Maybe Keith -

They both come to the same realization.

LISA (CONT'D)

We'll figure it out ourselves.

Lisa, on her phone, sends an EMAIL with subject **Wedding Info** to JANET CHU.

Meanwhile, James, Valentina, and Shanice huddle around Sol.

VALENTINA

When are we doing our next video? I have soooo many ideas.

SOL

The last one hasn't even reached its full viral potential! Chill. But now that we're all a team and doing this full time, let's talk expansion. I'm using my full severance package for y'all.

OVER BY THE TERRARIUM, Keith feeds his pets. There's a new addition - MAJA.

Sol slinks up. Wraps his arms around Keith and kisses him.

SOL (CONT'D)

When's she getting here?

SEVERAL RAPS on the window. Sol laughs. Keith and Sol open the window as Elsa vaults herself into the apartment. Everyone's happy to see her.

KEITH
You may use the door.

ELSA
Sorry. Habit. I can stay briefly.
Six international agencies want me dead. But I could not miss this.

Keith kisses her. Then Sol kisses her. Then Sol and Keith kiss again. An unabashed, thriving THROUPLE.

KEITH
I am glad we are all together, even if it may be fleeting.

Keith leads Elsa and Sol back to Barry and Lisa.

Everybody raises their glasses for a toast. Elsa turns toward Maja in the terrarium and nods, a rueful smile on her lips.

INT. LISA'S CAR - WEST ELM PARKING LOT - DAY

Barry and Lisa sit in shame. WEST ELM BOXES in the back seat.

LISA
They do look nice.

BARRY
But are they that much more high quality for the price?

LISA
That's not the point, right? We're trying to diversify our taste as we get older. It's important.

BARRY
Yeah. It's really important.

A beat.

LISA
Return the fucking thing. BARRY (CONT'D)
Can we return it?

They rush out of the car, grab the boxes, and sprint THROUGH THE PARKING LOT and back into -

WEST ELM

Where they make a beeline for the RETURNS COUNTER.

BARRY (CONT'D)
We decided it's not for us!

They drop the boxes in front of a STUNNED EMPLOYEE. Lisa tosses the receipt at him. It hits his face.

Barry and Lisa exit the store, BACK THROUGH THE PARKING LOT, and stumble into the -

BACKSEAT OF LISA'S CAR

Where they vigorously make out.

LISA BARRY (CONT'D)
Fuck, I love you. I love you too.

INT. LISA'S CAR - IKEA PARKING LOT - DAY

Lisa parks. She turns off the engine, sits back, and looks over at Barry. Their clothes and hair slightly tousled.

They exit the car, staring up at the large yellow letters of the building in front of them.

A familiar place, but also a new start. A haven where memories are made and adventures begin. A place that, through thick and thin, they (and millions of others) can call home.

Barry Diaz and Lisa Chu reach out their hands at the same time. They clasp, looking at the EXCITED KIDS and PARENTS around them, embarking on the same journey.

They walk forward.

CUT TO BLACK.