

TITMOUSE  
Eps.1-4

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- Ep.1 - "CAN'T TURN UP SOMEBODY PUNCH ME YEAH" - 66 pgs (1-66)
- Ep.2 - "SEVEN SUGARS AND A MADMAN GOES" - 66 pgs (67-132)
- Ep.3 - "YELL I WANTED MORE YELL I WANTED MORE" - 68 pgs (133-202)
- Ep.4 - "NOSY TEMPERS BOUT TO PLAY FOR NOW" - 60 pgs (203-264)

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Pure darkness. Moaning.

FADE IN:

EXT. ABYSS

A spotlight hovers on XASTRO (M, 30s), who lies on the cold, black floor and cries. He's bloodied up, shirt torn, bruises all over. This has been going on for a long time.

The GIANT enters: a masked woman with no arms on ten-foot stilts. She's the embodiment of wrath and confusion, her voice a broken rasp.

GIANT

Big play.

Xastro sobs, fearful and exhausted.

XASTRO

Let me become a butterfly. Please.  
I just want to become a butterfly.

The Giant cranes down to investigate Xastro.

GIANT

To eat?

XASTRO

No! No eating! No more! Let me go  
to the hospital.

The DOTS -- children in comedy/tragedy masks who hold giant mallets -- come in. Without a moment to waste, they bash Xastro in the knees. He shrieks.

The Dots disperse. Xastro weeps, clutching his legs.

GIANT

Not to heal. To play. Big play.

XASTRO

Eat my fucking teeth, you hillbilly  
cuck! I'm gonna put you in the  
fucking stars!

GIANT

To eat?

But he's too scared to fight back.

XASTRO

To... to play.

*FLASH!* A nearby, cheap film set lights up. The backdrop is a lush jungle. A WEDDELL SEAL, an ORCA, and an EMPEROR PENGUIN stand by it.

Xastro gasps as the Giant pushes him towards a caterpillar costume. Xastro tries to squeeze into it as he crawls over to the set, crying. The actors don't notice him.

The Giant hides in the darkness of the abyss.

ORCA

Your melodrama's almost enough to cast a shadow on how adorable it is that you're so melodramatic. It looks like it might rain soon.

WEDDELL

I hope it drowns this godforsaken place and suffocates this greenery and the fruits become balloons of salty puss.

ORCA

Our food must eat this food.

WEDDELL

Bullshit. I'll put it all in my belly and digest and shit new life like a Nordic god. Eat my fecal offspring.

Emperor scoffs, glaring at his subjects. None see Xastro, still unable to fully get into the caterpillar costume.

EMPEROR

We cannot allow this jungle to colonize our beloved continent further. We must rise up and return this land to the ice times like the penguins did in the North Pole! They cackle at us Southerners squawking in such lush squalor!

ORCA

Your Majesty, I apologize to repeat it, but there are no penguins in --

Emperor smacks at Orca repeatedly.

EMPEROR

Liar! We'll eat you! We'll peck out your little nuts and chew them into mush!

(MORE)

EMPEROR (CONT'D)

I'll spit your seed into the lively  
soil and watch the trees devour  
your descendants! Your descendants  
will feed the fruits you love so  
much, you fucking cuck!

Xastro still struggles to put the costume on with his damaged legs. The Giant brings her masked face towards him.

GIANT

To eat?

The Dots poke out from the sides of the set, Xastro seeing and sobbing. The costumed actors still don't notice this.

XASTRO

You can't do this to me. Do you  
know who I am?!

GIANT

Do you?

Xastro sobs: he doesn't. He wiggles into the caterpillar costume, howling in pain. Once he's inside, he zips up the face, showing nothing of Xastro.

Emperor finally spots him.

EMPEROR

A grub!

Weddell pounces, holding Xastro down as he screams.

XASTRO

Please! No! Don't do this!

ORCA

It's thin! Is it worth the trouble?

Emperor stalks over as Xastro whispers prayers to "Buck" through the caterpillar costume.

XASTRO

Buck, you can stop this. Please.  
Please, Buck, you can stop this.

EMPEROR

I want the nuts.

Weddell spins Xastro so the caterpillar belly is showing. Emperor goes to the crotch. Emperor pecks at the belly, giving a hefty knock on Xastro's nuts.

Xastro curls up in pain as Emperor laughs.

EMPEROR  
Delicious! You can taste the larva!

XASTRO  
Stop! Buck! I'll fuck you! Please!

Weddell sees Orca's uneasiness at this whole thing.

WEDDELL  
I hear your belly rumbling.

ORCA  
No... I'm fine. I ate yesterday.

WEDDELL  
Eat. To celebrate our new  
found... connection.

Xastro tries to limp away, but Emperor pecks Xastro's nuts as  
Xastro cartoonishly falls over.

WEDDELL  
I believe... we can have that.  
Gently.

Orca smiles, shrugging as Weddell points him over to Xastro.

ORCA  
Thank you for accepting.

Emperor growls in annoyance.

EMPEROR  
Fucking fruits.

Orca and Weddell kiss for a moment, then turn to Xastro.

XASTRO  
I'm in the hospital. I'm in the  
hospital. I'm in the hospital. I'm  
in the hospital.

Orca and Weddell kneel at Xastro, Emperor joining them.

The three tear into Xastro, eating through the costume.

Xastro's entrails fling out as the three gorge themselves,  
Xastro screaming until Weddell rips out his neck.

CUT TO BLACK.

TEXT:

**"I landed in this country with \$2.50 in cash and \$1 million in hopes, and those hopes never left me."**

...

**Charles Ponzi**

PAT (V.O.)  
(hyperventilating)  
Pat. And you are?

FADE IN:

SHORT MONTAGE - INT. NIVE OFFICES - RESTROOM - AFTERNOON

- PAT (M, 30s), drenched in sweat, looks in the mirror.

PAT  
(nervous chuckle)  
Yeah, it's my first day. *Here*, I mean. I've had other days. Many places. Check my résumé.

- Pat's in the fetal position.

PAT  
Oh, see, where I come from, *this* is not Excel. I don't know if my formulas will transfer, but hey, I'm ready to learn your version.

- Pat's crouching under an air dryer, drying his pits.

PAT  
University of Vermont. Class of 2008. The school is in Burlington with a student body of about 10,000 and my professor's name was Donald Kadian -- you can look him up because he's real.

- Pat's readying to leave the bathroom.

PAT  
Know all about social media. Have not been selling sperm and plasma.

INT. NIVE OFFICES - AFTERNOON

The modern offices of a social media app, Nive. There are no employees except JANE (F, 30s), who smacks at a copier.

If reincarnation is real, her soul is naive and new -- yet also somehow has been around so long it's gone senile.

MR. QUACKS (M, 30s), the young Monopoly Man in a Patagonia vest, shows Pat around. Here, Pat's got warmth, humanity, and above all else, signature cowardice.

As they approach, Jane hides behind the copier, peeking out.

Quacks shows Pat a desk already covered in someone's things, including a framed picture of their family.

QUACKS

This is where you'll be working.  
I'm taking a chance on you, Henry.

PAT

Pat.

QUACKS

Henry works for me.

Pat struggles to correct him.

JANE (O.C.)

(screaming behind copier)  
FUCK, HE'S SO CUTE!

QUACKS

We need you to write a fun trivia  
fact on our home page every day.

PAT

Wait, that's it? I can [do that]...  
(re: family picture)  
I think this is [already]  
somebody's desk.

QUACKS

Yours. Just to clarify, are you,  
uh, "unintelligent"? Is that the  
preferred term for you?

PAT

It has a picture of their family.

QUACKS

Oh! Family...?  
(remembering the word)  
We're a family here!

PAT  
I mean either their husband or  
wife, whichever one isn't the  
worker, and a kid.

QUACKS  
(looking over picture)  
That's Gia's husband: Pat. I don't  
know the kid's name. You can  
probably rename him.

PAT  
Am I... taking over for Gia... at  
home as well?

QUACKS  
You really wanna ask for less work  
on your first day?

Pat looks to the picture with concern, pointing to the man.

PAT  
You said... *he's* named Pat too?

QUACKS  
No, I said my name is Richard  
Quacks. Of the historic Richard  
family. That's fouling on strike  
two, Henry.

Quacks smacks Pat on the back and leaves.

Pat's lost at sea as Jane peeks out again. She's thinking,  
deciding...

JANE  
(popping out)  
Can you fix the copier? Jane.

Pat sees her and time stops.

*The music. The lighting. Love.*

Snapping out of it, Pat looks around, realizing she could  
only be talking to him.

PAT  
Sorry?

JANE  
Oh, no, it's not a problem.

Jane shows off the copier for Pat to fix. Pat, not knowing  
what to do, goes over to her.



PAT

I'm just supposed to write a trivia fact for the website. Like my job doesn't entail --

JANE

No, you can fix this, it's fine.

Pat awkwardly smiles at Jane, then nods and kneels to help. Jane's flummoxed by his smile, kneeling too.

JANE

I put the wrong-sized paper in and now the copier demands to know more about the outside world.

Pat knows this is a little off, but doesn't want to look square in front of Jane. He nods.

JANE

I tried sticky notes, origami, napkins from a Ben & Jerry's, a flier for a missing dog that just looks so familiar, but the copier keeps demanding more knowledge.

Pat pulls a jammed origami gun out of it. The copier hisses.

JANE

I wanted to print some Wikipedia articles for it, but it refuses to print them until I give it those articles to scan! I'm really between a rock and hard cock.

PAT

Hard *place*.

JANE

That doesn't rhyme.

(pulling out phone)

I tried cloud connecting it to this little printer I can attach to my phone -- this is my phone -- but now my phone is asking me about what's happening in Taiwan and what I'm doing about it. Should I go print the articles at a FedEx? I don't know if I'm gonna have time before the end of the day.

PAT

Well, can you just print the thing you need to print at the FedEx?

JANE

No, no, it's a ransom note.

Pat takes this in, but again needs to look cool. He nods.

JANE

I didn't write it. What do you know about the Vikings?

PAT

[Little.] Just vague things about like... the helmets and...

(knowing he's failing)

I don't know.

JANE

Totally. They're a football team from Minnesota, and they hacked into Nive's website and stole the social security numbers of roughly 200 million users. And they sent us an encrypted ransom but I can't print it out, so I don't know how much they're asking for.

Pat rests with this. He's about to nod, but can't.

PAT

I thought Nive had only 30 million active users? You said 200 --

JANE

Nive's been pillaging other companies for their customer info so we can ransom it -- So this really puts a fork in our socket.

Jane gets to her feet, helping hoist Pat up. Once he's on his feet, the two realize they're still holding hands and break.

JANE

We have until the end of the day today to respond to the Vikings, so if I can't fix this copier to print it, I am fired. So are you married?

Pat gawks, but remembers the family picture.

PAT

Um... Yeah, I am -- married -- His name's apparently Pat. I don't like [having sex with men]!

(awkward gay sex gestures)

(MORE)

PAT (CONT'D)  
No. I'm gonna have to... figure it  
out... Y'know? But...

Jane leans in, the two about to kiss.

JANE  
Your name's Henry, right?

PAT  
(a little taken out of it)  
No, mine is also Pat.

Jane flinches, disgusted.

JANE  
Oof. Fuck it. Never mind.

Jane goes to a large window.

JANE  
What if I jumped out the window?

PAT  
(trying not to freak out)  
It's the second floor.

JANE  
We get health insurance.

PAT  
I feel like it's more of an option  
than a requirement.

JANE  
You cuck. Go piss in your dad's  
khakis, I'll be out the window.

Pat, feeling he biffed it, hides his head back inside the  
copier as Jane opens the window. A Titmouse flies in.

Pat doesn't see any of this, trying to fix the copier.

JANE  
Oh, shit! No! No! No, bird! Away!

TITMOUSE  
Repent! Repent for the end is nigh!

PAT  
Shit!  
(jumping; hitting head)  
My fun fact! I have to do that!

Pat rushes to his computer, booting it up as Jane tries to shoo the Titmouse away.

TITMOUSE

The diseased sinners are the ones  
who shall escape this earth! The  
meek and good shall live in their  
ashes, lathering in dust and moral  
supremacy!

JANE

Get the fuck out of here, bird!

TITMOUSE

Repent your acts of heroism!

PAT

(still not seeing bird)  
Okay! What should my fun fact be?!  
I have forty seconds till it's due!

TITMOUSE

Any sacrificial lambs you hope to  
slaughter shall dry before you may  
drain them!

PAT

(typing that)  
Okay...

JANE

Shoo! Shoo!

TITMOUSE

The cobras you paid to vanquish  
were bred for the coins their heads  
earned! The coins made more cobras!

PAT

Okay, yeah, yeah, time's almost up!  
Few more words!

JANE

Get! You get! Get!

Looking for a weapon, Jane tries to pry the copier's top off.

TITMOUSE

Lenin was not a communist! He was a  
nationalized capitalist whose  
arguments for the state were  
assembling his own throne of class!

The Titmouse peeks at Pat's screen.

TITMOUSE  
Not the Beatle.

PAT  
(backspacing)  
Ohh, okay! Ten seconds left.

TITMOUSE  
The charitable who have always  
lived altruistically and for the  
next generation need not persist.

Jane's able to rip a corner of the copier's top off.

TITMOUSE  
You may enjoy the last stockpiles  
of humanity, for you are the last  
consumers of Earth's amenities. It  
is not that you should not be  
charitable, but that you no longer  
have the access to any recipients.

PAT  
And... send!  
(looking back)  
Oh, fuck! A bird!

Jane successfully tears the copier's top off and clocks the  
Titmouse with it, knocking it dead.

Pat yelps, the two staring at the dead bird in the office.  
Jane spins to the messed up copier, biting her lip.

INT. VIKING'S HEAD OFFICE - NIGHT

The head office for the Minnesota Vikings. Co-owner ZYGI WILF  
(M, 50s) sits with his head in his hands. General Manager  
RICK SPIELMAN (M, 30s) stares into the floor.

ZYGI  
(German accent)  
Rick. Being the GM is like sharing  
a bed with all your cousins on a  
trip. Don't shit the bed, yeah?

Rick nods.

ZYGI  
But it's way worse to pull your  
dick out.

Rick's ashamed.

ZYGI  
Everyone makes mistakes, Rick. But  
please don't do that again unless  
it's an emergency.

Quarterback KIRK COUSINS (M, 30s) enters in his jersey.

ZYGI  
Kirk Cousins!

Kirk's exhausted. He refers to the name on his back.

KIRK  
Wouldn't you know it?

RICK  
Can I get you anything, Mr. [Uh]...

KIRK  
You don't know who I am?

Rick's terrified, Zygi facepalming.

RICK  
I'm actually new to the program --

KIRK  
Sex on the Beach.

Rick nods in relief, then frowns.

RICK  
As in... the cocktail?

KIRK  
Yeah. Cranberry juice, orange  
juice, peach schnapps, vodka, in  
one of the big glasses.

Rick looks to Zygi, who nods. Rick shudders, shuffling cans  
of pop, energy drinks, and frappuccinos in the mini fridge.

ZYGI  
You're injured. Nothing serious.  
More problems at Nive.

KIRK  
(playing dumb)  
The social media site?

Zygi smirks. In the background, Rick is straining flavored  
energy drinks for their juices.

ZYGI  
You were trained well.

KIRK  
(not backing down)  
Zygi... I don't know what you're  
talking about.

ZYGI  
Need to see my fucking Hofbrau-  
maus? I'm not wearing a wire.

KIRK  
Then prove your parents were on the  
good team.

After a staring contest, Zygi stands, undoes his belt, and  
lowers his pants and underwear, doing a spin. He pulls them  
up and sits.

Kirk nods to Rick, who's distilling cleaning chemicals to  
extract ethanol. Rick quickly does the same.

Kirk's satisfied, leaning in.

ZYGI  
They didn't respond to the our  
ransom. It's been five hours.

KIRK  
So the ultimatum's expired.

ZYGI  
Our preferred assassin has become  
distracted in California.

KIRK  
So then you need somebody to go all  
the way out to Silicon Valley and  
assassinate a CEO for, what's the  
rate... 300,000 dollars?

ZYGI  
Just your hamstring is injured.  
Happens all the time. Miss one  
game. And I'm not paying you that  
much money.

KIRK  
You know how often my name has been  
on the injured list?

RICK

Uhh, do you like it with peach  
schnapps specifically?

KIRK

Yeah, bro. I like the glaze on my  
teeth.

(to Zygi)

If I get caught, we lose our  
chances at the playoffs.

ZYGI

We don't have chances at the  
playoffs. Packers have Aaron  
Rodgers.

KIRK

Vikings have Kirk Cousins.

ZYGI

If you wanna make a stop-and-pop in  
Green Bay, that's a hobby. Put some  
arsenic in his daily breakfast of  
clay and turtle shells -- I'm  
paying you to kill *Antelope Xastro*.

KIRK

Right. 300,000 dollars.

Another charged beat. Behind them, Rick is standing on a  
counter, tearing a long fluorescent bulb out of the ceiling.

RICK

What if the color's a bit off?

KIRK

Within two Pantone digits.

Zygi fumes, then waves his hands in defeat.

ZYGI

Fuck it. Fine. But I really, really  
want him [dead]. 300,000. Happy?

KIRK

No: just did a physical and  
team doc says psychotic depression,  
hallucinations manifesting before  
my step-kids are old enough to not  
have Bar Mitzvahs. And I'm riding  
there on the Vikings' PJ -- non-  
negotiable: if I'm "injured" I  
can't be seen at San Jose  
International.



Rick comes over with the drink, poured into the long fluorescent bulb.

RICK  
Sir.

KIRK  
Thanks.

Kirk sets it on the desk, the lightbulb's round surface causing the drink to immediately spill out.

Rick tries not to overreact as his soul tears in half.

KIRK  
It happens, Rick. But I respect the hustle. Keep up the elbow grease and soon you'll work your way up to playing quarterback.  
(to Zygi)  
On that topic for tonight's show: Sean Mannion.

ZYGI  
(tired of this)  
No. You're not allowed to also kill our second string quarterback.

KIRK  
We'll table that debate when I've got more leverage. I meant he's coming with me.

Zygi frowns, shaking his head and fake-chuckling.

ZYGI  
Are you out of your mind?

KIRK  
I just told you I was.

ZYGI  
Who's supposed to throw the ball tonight? I'm supposed to sell that you're both injured?

KIRK  
Rick here can do it. I can call you Rick, right? And just say Mannion and I were butt-fucking in the shower. Slippery place.

RICK  
Um. Okay. I can [do it].

ZYGI

He can't. No more of that.

KIRK

[Then] do a "Like Mike" thing. I'm sure some kid will do a great job getting hit with 300 pounds of 400 pounds. Mannion's going to the Sili tonight -- either as the main assassin or my protege. My dick's on your desk right now and it isn't shrinking just 'cause your office is forty fucking degrees -- Not the German forty degrees -- The cold one -- The Fahrenheit one -- Which is somehow not the German one.

Zygi fumes.

KIRK

Didn't mean to offend. Was Fahrenheit your dad's maiden name?

INT. NICE APARTMENT - NIGHT

A struggle at the doorknob, but Pat eventually gets it open. The apartment is fancy, made for the modern tech employee, except for a few bullet holes around the place.

FRANK (M, 30s) sits, seeing Pat. He's similar to Pat -- even that everyone calls Frank "Pat."

The two pause, then nod.

PAT

[I'm] Pat.

FRANK

Good to meet you, honey. And your name?

Pat frowns. Frank walks over and leans in. The two awkwardly kiss, not enjoying it.

They break away as Frank tries not to cry.

FRANK

If you're hungry, Gia made a big pot of pasta before she... [died].  
(struggling to talk)  
It's been a rough few, uh, days.

Frank sits on the couch. Pat still hovers by the door.

PAT  
What happened to her?

FRANK  
Um. Do you know Senator Dick? I  
worked on his campaign. The Senator  
shot her on a couple occasions.  
They add up, y'know?

Pat nods.

PAT  
I'm sorry.

FRANK  
I've never been with a man. Tried  
to avoid it as long as I could. I  
don't think I'm gonna like it.

PAT  
Me neither. I don't think I fully  
understood working in tech.

Frank chuckles, wiping his snot.

FRANK  
Nive, am I right? I am. I'm right.  
Pasta?

PAT  
Does it have meat in it?

FRANK  
Are eggs meat?

PAT  
I'd say no given I'm pro-choice.

FRANK  
Then no, you're good.

Frank gets up to get the pasta, but spins around.

FRANK  
Yes, it does have meat: it has  
little hot dogs in it. I don't know  
why I lied. I want to impress you.

Pat stares, gulping.

PAT  
I can start eating... little hot  
dogs.

Charged beat. Frank goes for his belt.

Suddenly, UZI (M, 8) emerges from his bedroom. Pat jumps on the couch and fearfully watches like there's a rat.

FRANK  
It's okay! It's all right! This  
is... Well...  
(getting on Uzi's level)  
Remember what we talked about, son?

UZI  
(nodding; to Pat)  
You're supposed to give me a new  
name. I wanna be called Uzi, if  
that's okay.

FRANK  
Hey. Henry gets to pick.

PAT  
It's Pat.

FRANK  
(to Uzi)  
You hear that, bud? You're Pat now.  
Go get your sister.

Uzi runs to the bedroom, knocking, as Pat stays vigilant.

UZI  
Our new dad wants to see you.

PAT  
Wait, there's another kid?

FRANK  
Technically, sure, sure. I mean we  
all have our favorite, then the one  
that we truly hate. I mean just  
loathe to our genetic ladder.

Uzi opens the door, peeking inside.

FRANK  
Like you leave the front door  
unlocked at night for intruders  
because their bedroom is first.

A gun fires again and again inside the bedroom as Uzi jumps back, then returns to his dads.

AMMO (F, 11) emerges, clutching pistols, aiming at Pat, who yelps and hides behind the couch. She can introduce herself:

AMMO

My name is fucking Ammo and if you try to change it, I'll deep throat your jugular like it's my fucking birthday!

FRANK

I thought I took those away from you! I swear, these violent video games!

AMMO

You're not my dad either! I was hatched from an egg in the fridge!  
(aiming at Pat)  
Say it!

PAT

You were hatched from an egg in the fridge! Fuck!

AMMO

That's right, bitch nugget!

Ammo walks backwards towards the kitchen.

AMMO

Now I'm gonna rescue my real family and incubate 'em with my desk lamp! If anybody tries to disrupt me or not pay the power bill, there'll be nothing left but your cheese!

Ammo kicks the fridge open, peeks in, then aims at the room.

AMMO

Where are all my sisters?!

FRANK

Gia used some eggs to make pasta!

AMMO

(shooting ceiling)  
I wish I could have killed Gia!

FRANK

Give me the guns!

Ammo fumes, cooling some. She nods.

AMMO

Fine...! But I'll just give you the bullets, okay?

(MORE)

AMMO (CONT'D)  
(aiming at Frank again)  
At 1700 miles per hour!

Ammo tucks one gun in her holster, then grabs the last egg from the carton, aiming as she backs into her bedroom.

AMMO  
You don't know how lucky you all are. I could've made Parmesan out of all of you, but I'm super exhausted from listening to the Foo Fighters all day.

Ammo slams the bedroom door. Pat gasps in relief. Uzi goes to a cabinet, bringing Pat a bottle of Xanax.

UZI  
Can you dry-swallow or do you need me to get you a cup of bitch lube?

FRANK  
Pat, you can go have screen time.

Uzi runs off. Frank goes to pat Pat on the back.

FRANK  
Sorry for this first impression. Gunsmoke -- sorry, *Ammo* -- hasn't been the same since Gia died. She's been just so much worse. You're still looking to eat something? Would my asshole work?

Pat stares in horror. Frank backpedals.

FRANK  
Sorry, dunno how to be sexy with you and gay stuff and all that.

Pat spins back towards Ammo's room, awaiting in terror.

PAT  
Are we gonna be safe tonight?

FRANK  
There are condoms in case you have diseases -- I don't know a lot about the diseases but heard about like ALS and polio --

PAT  
I meant with Ammo. And her wanting to, um...

Frank smiles, nodding in understanding.

FRANK  
First time having a high schooler?

PAT  
(re: Ammo's youth)  
Is she in high school?

FRANK  
I dunno. I still feel brand new to it, but I mean they all get guns and shoot at you. But I'd just rather have them doing it with me than with their school friends.

Pat nods. Frank breathes heavily and undoes his belt.

PAT  
I'm all right.

Pat turns to head to the bedrooms before thinking.

PAT  
Um. I almost kissed someone at work. I'm sorry. Her name's Jane. And... I like her.

Frank's heartbroken, redoing his belt while trying not to cry. He can't. Frank sobs and lets his pants fall.

Pat tries to give him a hug, but is too uncomfortable to touch Frank with Frank's pants down.

INT. NOT NICE APARTMENT - NIGHT

A dismal apartment: dusty but not dirty, just untouched.

Jane sits, the TV playing a serious movie, a record player playing John Denver, her laptop playing a Twitch stream, as she's scrolling through Nive and listening to a podcast.

Her door buzzer goes off.

JANE  
(delighted)  
Company! Oh, what if it's Henry?

Jane leaps up, pausing the movie.

JANE  
Y'know, I should really have a  
variety of little chocolates ready  
in a bowl for company!

She pauses the laptop.

JANE  
But only the ones Henry would like;  
I should donate the bad ones!

Pauses the podcast.

JANE  
But if I feed poor people they're  
not gonna get any jobs!

Turns off the record player.

JANE  
But a six percent unemployment  
rate's good for keeping inflation  
down according to the NAIRU.

She goes into another room where we didn't see the TV was on  
in there, turns it off, then comes back.

JANE  
[I'm deciding that...] I should  
give poor people bad food to  
regulate inflation. [Good job.]

Jane clicks the buzzer and MCKINLEY (F, 20s) instantly opens  
her door. She's prime and proper, her blazer, blouse, and  
hair ironed to not have a single wrinkle.

McKinley slams her briefcase on the coffee table, opening it  
and revealing a ton of illegal drugs.

MCKINLEY  
I'm short on time: my girlfriend's  
on her deathbed. Did you do  
something with your hair?

Jane shakes her head.

MCKINLEY  
Okay, that's what it looked like.

Jane remembers McKinley's business card, flashing it.

JANE  
I totally forgot I called the  
number on this card, do you --



MCKINLEY

Are you gonna ask what happened to my girlfriend? Because it's fine, I'll tell you.

As she talks, McKinley sets up an elaborate display for the drugs: stands, pens, an operational Ferris wheel, etc.

MCKINLEY

She tried to kill herself by leaving our car's ignition on and taking a nap, but we don't have a private garage so she tried doing it at a parking garage and the car ran out of fuel. So I had to ride my bike there with a gas can and left it with her and this girl fucking drank the gas can. So she's been sitting in this car dying for like a day or two now and I can't leave her too long because what if when I do she dies alone? But I have to leave to sell drugs so we can pay this massive fucking parking bill she's ringing up and honestly, the worst part of it is I still don't want her to die.

Jane tries to get in a word of sympathy.

MCKINLEY

I thought after two days I'd be like "tick, tick, lady, this car is boring" but I'm still really sad that she's gonna die because I'm super into her and we just got back together. What did you need?

JANE

Uh. Ten milliliters of...  
(checking phone)  
Insulin.

MCKINLEY

(mispronounced as "Beaty")  
Oh. Warren Beatty's disease, right?

JANE

Dia Beaty's disease. I got fired from my job today and don't have insurance anymore.

McKinley nods, cycling through a motorized rolodex.

MCKINLEY

Oof. Just sold a bunch of insulin to this gal Cleveland. I can get it back but she lives in British Columbia -- We were roommates there -- But I gotta make sure Leah doesn't die alone -- Leah's my girlfriend who's dying --

(before Jane can lament)

Look: you don't have a job anymore and her car's full of food. Watch her while I get your shit. And to pay you back for keeping her alive, I'll let you buy insulin with extremely tempered price gouging.

Jane tries to think about this.

MCKINLEY

Do we have a deal and do you have a bathroom? I haven't shit in like three days.

JANE

I don't get water in here but Mrs. Valdez in 4C lets me use hers.

MCKINLEY

How old is she?

JANE

I don't know. Husband died in war.

MCKINLEY

(cycling rolodex)

Desert, jungle, temperate?

JANE

Um. Spanish?

McKinley pulls a pill bottle off the Ferris wheel.

MCKINLEY

Probably an Oxy gal. Leah's at the blue parking structure by the airport. Fifth level. Red Chrysler. Bullet holes just on the driver and passenger doors.

McKinley heads out, Jane struggling to tell McKinley she can't help with all this.

MCKINLEY

Thanks for helping me network. I'm gonna turn this into a trap house for a little bit while you're gone if that's fine, because it is.

McKinley exits. Jane's at a loss for words.

Jane looks to the display. There's a little card with pills glued on it, reading "Guess the Pill! (Limit 1)"

Jane pulls one pill and plops it in her mouth. She pauses. Jane eats the whole card -- paper, pills, and all.

EXT. ABYSS

Darkness. Breathing heavily.

Spotlight on Xastro, who gasps in pain, his guts hanging out of his belly, his neck ripped out.

The Giant creeps up, looking down.

GIANT

To play.

Xastro tries to smack at the Giant's legs, unable to do any damage. The Giant steps on Xastro's gut.

GIANT

To play.

XASTRO

[I can't talk! I can't talk! Please get off!]

The Giant steps off and looks into the dark.

The Dots emerge with a sewing kit and Xastro's fleshy voicebox. One tucks it into Xastro's neck as the other sews.

Finished, the Dots stand back.

XASTRO

(struggling to talk)

I'm gonna shoot you again. I'm gonna shoot all three of you.

(as the Giant approaches)

Just let me go to the hospital already! I want to be a butterfly!

GIANT

Not to heal.

The Dots shove Xastro's guts inside him, sewing. Xastro tries to kick them, but one bashes his knee and he shrieks.

They finish sewing Xastro up and he weeps at his belly scars.

GIANT

Big play, Antelope Xastro.

A spotlight comes up on a costume rack with only a gray t-shirt and jeans on it. Xastro gawks in horror.

INT. NIVE OFFICES - NIGHT

The office at night. Pat arrives at his desk, holding a blanket. He and Frank have clearly been fighting.

He lies down on his desk, trying to get comfortable.

After a moment, he can hear a man lightly weeping. Pat frowns, looking around.

PAT

Hello...?

(more weeping)

Is this how being haunted begins?

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

I can't be back here... Just let me go to sleep...

Pat gets up, turning a lamp on. He's seemingly alone.

He goes over to a hallway, seeing the shadow of some terrifying, small figure at the end of it.

Scared, Pat turns his phone flashlight on, revealing...

Xastro crying in a ball on the floor, wearing the gray t-shirt and jeans.

Pat gulps, not realizing someone is right behind him.

QUACKS

Henry!

Pat leaps, spinning around.

QUACKS

Yes, of course you'd be here...  
Admirable to work so late. These  
sacrifices pay off; ask the Mayans.

PAT  
It's [Pat] --

Quacks waves his arms to turn the automatic lights on.

QUACKS  
It would be a danger to the  
integrity of this company -- a  
cause for investigations -- if the  
public knew our CEO had episodes.  
(kneeling by Xastro)  
Isn't that right... Mr. Xastro?

Xastro stares wild-eyed at Quacks, disoriented.

XASTRO  
I'm not Xastro.  
(trying to remember)  
You know me. Jesus fuck we know  
each other. What's your fucking --  
What's your name?!

Quacks looks grimly into Xastro's eyes -- familiarly.

QUACKS  
Xastro... It's me, Richard Quacks.  
I know what you're going through.  
You started Nive in a basement and  
now it's one of the greatest leaps  
in human thought since Top  
Chef. And who thanks you?  
(turning to Pat)  
Mr. Xastro forgets there's a time  
and caste for staying late.  
(pained)  
He's been here for days and days.  
(lovingly; to Pat)  
You're not getting overtime for  
this, so don't be cocky, but to  
reward your hustle, you will have  
the distinct pleasure of quartering  
Mr. Xastro until this episode has  
subsided. Is that appreciated?

Pat doesn't know how to refuse this, cycling options.

PAT  
I'm just supposed to write the  
trivia fact of the day.

Wrong answer. The love drains from Quacks's face.

QUACKS

Oh, my. Oh, you are not aware of  
how deep this marsh is.

(as Pat frowns)

You think that if you spit on this  
marbled ground. it should maintain  
desire to restrain you from  
drowning?

(slowly rising)

If you do not provide for the  
community -- and this means for its  
leaders -- then they have no need  
to house you here. That number on  
that pay stub is in a numerical  
language with which you may not be  
fluent, but let me translate:  
apartment. Car. Flavored yogurts.  
Kamikaze shots at the beach.

(boiling over)

So if you want to live like the  
trolls under the bridge then turn  
your heels and get out of this  
monolith of the human will, you  
entitled aristocrat! See how warm  
the beach is at night!

Quacks grabs Pat's face.

QUACKS

But if you want to sleep in a *bed*,  
come grab Mr. Xastro and give him  
your bed and you sleep on a couch!

Quacks throws Pat's face. Pat quickly leans down to Xastro,  
helping lift him up.

QUACKS

If I hear one word from this in the  
press, it's your life -- I will  
tell every headhunter at every Jack  
and Jill, Mom and Pop, Sid and  
Nancy fucking Dippin' Dots kiosk  
that you are not a team player, you  
do not work proactively when solo,  
and the FBI should know that you  
personally stole 500 million social  
security numbers using a Nive quiz  
that told users which Disney  
princess they should hire for their  
daughter's coming out party!

Pat lifts Xastro, whose brain is still rebooting. Pat gazes  
at Quacks in terror.

QUACKS

Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to use my computer and the safety search will be as off as a snowstorm in July!

Quacks leaves with a huff.

Xastro suddenly grips Pat's collar.

XASTRO

My name is not Antelope Xastro.

PAT

My name isn't Henry!

XASTRO

(grabbing Pat's face)

You too! We can't talk here. Back there. We can go back there and we can get out of these clothes!

PAT

(cheeks squished)

I don't remember what I put on my LinkedIn but I am not gay, sir!

INT. VIKING'S PRIVATE JET - NIGHT

Kirk and SEAN MANNION (M, 30s) sit on a private jet, Kirk sipping a Sex on the Beach in a big souvenir cup.

Sean takes off his headphones, a bit nervous, then taps Kirk on the shoulder. Kirk takes off his headphones, not looking.

SEAN

Hey, uh... Kirk... I'm pretty new to the program so... I'm / Sean?

KIRK

Sean Mannion -- who spends an hour in the pocket, slides when a defender's already got their talons in him, and passes for fifty yards -- doesn't know what's going on.

Sean gulps, frowning.

SEAN

We're... we're *killing* Antelope Xastro? The Nive CEO? *Killing*?

KIRK

No. No, no, no, no. You are.

Sean doesn't understand.

SEAN

I've... never killed [anyone]. Are you not going to... [kill him]?

KIRK

Honestly, enlighten me...

(big slurp)

How would you put yourself within firing range?

SEAN

I'd -- I dunno -- get on a roof?

Kirk finally looks at Sean directly, scoffing.

KIRK

Like a... commercial roof? An apartment building?

Sean shrugs, nervously chuckling.

KIRK

Any two teenagers could find you when they're looking for a place to make illegal videos?

(putting drink down)

Are you an idiot quarterback or is this just method work to play one for an Air Bud reboot?

(before Sean can answer)

Oh, you mean a *private* roof?

(beat; as Sean nods)

I double dog dare you to get on the roof at U.S. Bank -- where you are allowed to enter and pretend to play football -- without still setting off five alarms, getting two press helicopters off the ground, and your wife calling to tell you to jump... How is Meg?

Sean stares blankly, barely able to register any of this.

SEAN

Okay, I go inside Nive's building. I'm a public figure now. They'll let me in.



KIRK

You're as much of a public figure as Frederic Raphael and you don't know who that is. Your plan's to take your basic anonymity, the best thing you have going for you in a covert operation, and sacrifice it to just... get in? Your name on a sign-in sheet at the time the CEO's shot to death? It's literally why they invented sign-in sheets.

Sean starts shaking a little, forcibly stopping it. He tries to glare at Kirk.

SEAN

You're not famous either.

KIRK

28 million a year. Highest annual salary in NFL history.

SEAN

Stafford and Luck are guaranteed more money and nobody knows who they are either. People know... Tom Brady. Aaron Rodgers maybe. Russell Wilson. People who know football know who you are and if they know football then they might know [me].

Kirk giggles, slurping the drink.

KIRK

No. We're not even close to the same -- [I have] endorsement deals with Nike. Bose. Lumen. Panini.

SEAN

The sandwich?

KIRK

And...

Kirk tries to finish the drink but it's too much. He has a coughing fit. As he recovers, he fumes at Sean.

KIRK

I am going to get you your shot at Xastro. I can make decisions under pressure; I'm a quarterback.

Kirk goes to the overhead storage, pulling out a bag and zipping it open. He lugs out a sawed-off shotgun and tosses it to Sean.

KIRK  
In the cockpit. Co-pilot on the left's a spy from Nive. Gonna crash us into one of Nive's competitors.

Sean questionably looks at the shotgun, confused what it is.

KIRK  
This is your 9/11 moment, Sean. They'll write the worst songs of all time unless you stop this.

Sean realizes what he's holding, dropping it as Kirk winces.

SEAN  
What the fuck are you -- I have to -- What!? What!?

KIRK  
I'm getting the flight attendants in the back. Don't get the co-pilot on the right, he's a good man, would never betray us, and somebody needs to land the plane.

Kirk thrusts the shotgun back into Sean's hands, nodding. Sean tries not to stutter.

SEAN  
Right?! Their right or my right?!

KIRK  
You're thinking like it's Friday Night Lights, like Invincible, but you're in the Concussion leagues now: kill the one on the left! You have to make decisions under pressure if you wanna move up this ladder, or else you'll fall 30,000 feet off of it!

Turbulence. Sean yelps. Kirk nods grimly to Sean.

KIRK  
[It's starting.]

Sean swallows, trying not to whimper, as he slowly inches towards the cockpit door. He looks back to Kirk, who nods.

Arriving at the door, Sean hyperventilates, opening it.

Inside the pilots stare happily forward. Sean shakily aims. He doesn't know which to aim at.

He aims at the one on his left. He closes his eyes.

*WHIP!* Kirk snatches the shotgun back, closing the door.

KIRK

Jeez, you were really about to kill the fucking guy, weren't you?

Sean is a fish out of headlights.

SEAN

What?

KIRK

(calmly)

When we land, I get us a car. It cannot be in either of our names because we were never here. Shittiest car we can find at the airport lot --

(putting the shotgun back in the bag)

Nobody's even gonna look into if we shoot the driver in her pretty little skull. *That* kinda car.

Kirk sits, sighing.

KIRK

I assumed the driver's a woman because I'm an outspoken feminist.

Sean's putting the last minute together, but is still flummoxed by this new information. He tries to keep up.

SEAN

I don't want to shoot the... female driver -- Was that a test --

KIRK

Jesus fuck, Sean, just call them, "drivers." So we kill her and drive to Xastro's complex in Palo Alto, wait for him to leave, follow, red light, hop out, you shoot him in the eyes, leave the car right where we found it, walk back into this jet, make it back for the Lions game, which we absolutely must do by tomorrow night for us to remain in contention.

(MORE)

KIRK (CONT'D)  
(slurping drink)  
You were really gonna kill the  
fucking pilot.

Cautiously, Sean sits again. He investigates Kirk.

SEAN  
It's really not your first rodeo?

KIRK  
I promise you learn a lot from the  
first. Try this.

Kirk lets Sean sip the cocktail. He does. He pauses, then  
nods, hiding a deep breath. Kirk smirks.

Kirk tosses a ski mask to Sean. Sean shrugs and puts it on.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - LEAH'S CAR - NIGHT

LEAH (F, 20s) waits in the passenger seat of a Chrysler, the  
fluorescents casting awful shadows. The look on her face is  
Jesus on Day 2 of crucifixion: suffering and a bit bored.

Jane nears the car, eventually finding it, stumbling over.  
All the pills have clearly done some work.

Jane knocks on the window, which is cracked with bullet  
holes. Leah frowns, rolling the window down a touch.

LEAH  
(Québécois accent)  
Are you gonna kill me if I don't  
open the door?

JANE  
[Me?] No.

Leah rolls up the window.

Jane stares. She knocks again.

JANE  
McKinley sent me.

Leah thinks, then rolls the window down some.

LEAH  
To put me out of my misery?

Jane thinks then nods.

LEAH

I know how to pick 'em.

Leah unlocks the door. Jane hurries around to get in the driver's seat, closing the door behind her.

Jane doesn't know what to do, Leah staring.

JANE

Can we turn the air on?

LEAH

There's no gas in the car. How are you gonna do it?

Jane, struggling, puts her fists up. Leah frowns. Jane nods, putting the fists away. She rethinks.

JANE

How do you want me to kill you? I mean, it feels bad to not take that into account.

Leah frowns, then shrugs, then nods. It's thoughtful.

LEAH

I dunno.

(beat; brainstorming)

I'd love to do it like... where I have an orgasm so powerful it's like being swallowed up by a star. Just a blinding power that fucks me into non-existence.

Jane doesn't know how to do that.

LEAH

[Not from you.] Keep your strap-on off, the lady's spoken for. It's just a goal to circle around.

Jane nods, patting her knees a bit, looking around.

JANE

What are you sad about?

LEAH

I don't even remember because I'm pretty sure the gasoline's been killing the wrong brain cells. I'm -- I just... I'm just really sad.

She is. Jane nods, sticking her tongue in her cheek.

JANE

I was told there'd be food.

LEAH

[Behind us.] Uh. Ramen.

JANE

How do you cook it?

Leah rips open a ramen packet, takes the dry noodles out, rips the powder packet, sprinkles a little on the dry noodles, then bites that.

She hands it to Jane, who receives it.

Without thinking, Jane eats it like that. It's dry.

JANE

Do you have anything to drink?

LEAH

(grabbing gas tank)

Tiny bit of gas left. Been going at it every time McKinley's gone. Do you think she leaves it because she secretly wants me to drink it? Is it weird that that makes me wanna drink it less? I really hope I'm not killing myself to spite somebody; you don't really get to revel in the success of that.

Jane doesn't know how to answer all of that.

JANE

I don't want to drink gasoline.

LEAH

Do I know you? You seem [familiar].  
No -- You don't want to drink gasoline ever?

JANE

I haven't thought about it. I guess I got fired today, so...

More light dies in Leah's eyes.

LEAH

If I were to ask you which came first -- money or slavery?

JANE

Do you have water?

Leah bats the bad thoughts out of her head.

LEAH

No! We'll talk about this first and then you can kill me.

Leah can't face Jane. She looks for water in the back.

LEAH

Money is quantifiable hierarchy.  
Before, workers specialized  
labor without debt: neither excess  
labor needed nor scarcity feared --

Leah fumes, smacking at ramen.

LEAH

I am using difficult phrases to  
intimidate you out of understanding  
me so you can't confront what I  
don't know. [Sorry.]

(facing Jane again)

[Basically], if somebody didn't  
have to worry about hunting because  
their buddy was handling that,  
and they could focus on making  
clothes, that community would have  
experts at clothes and at hunting.

(going back to search)

By focusing on communal goals  
rather than on avoiding debt, we  
don't work our asses off to grow  
food and make clothes that get  
routinely thrown into a new island  
we've made in the Pacific.

Leah finds and hands Jane a LaCroix. Jane opens and sips it.

JANE

(spit-taking; disgusted)

There's something wrong with your  
water. Is it hurt?

LEAH

You'll get to kill me in a sec.

Leah sips the gas can again. Jane sips the LaCroix again.

LEAH

Gift economies launched us ahead of  
every species. We have prehistoric  
remains in Iraq where disabled  
people who couldn't provide for the  
community died old.

(MORE)

LEAH (CONT'D)  
 Because they were cared after...  
 Because --  
     (tears welling again)  
 Because *they* were cared after...  
     (letting bad thoughts win)  
 We had so much potential. Then we  
 got addicted to quantifiable  
 hierarchy and we're so dumb now. I  
 am. I can't stand how stupid I am.

Leah tries to go for the gas can, but can't, grimacing. Jane frowns, trying to nod empathetically.

JANE  
 Is it at least unleaded?

Leah feels tears coming, unable to look near Jane.

LEAH  
 I want it to stop. I hate that it  
 isn't gonna be fixed. I *like* that  
 life has no meaning: if you spend  
 your whole day picking apples and  
 napping in the grass, you...  
     (tears coming anyways)  
 You did good... You did good.  
     (looking to Jane)  
 I wanna die because I love life and  
 can't stand to see what we've done  
 to it.

Jane's actually affected by this. She nods. She doesn't know how to help. The two rest with this for a moment.

JANE  
 Do you listen to podcasts?

Leah wasn't expecting that. She chuckles, wiping her eyes.

LEAH  
 I tried to kill myself every day  
 this week: of course I listen to  
 podcasts.

JANE  
 Do you listen to Jordan Peterson or  
 Joe Rogan?

Everything short of a record scratch. Leah stares at Jane, dumbfounded by what Jane just said. Jane nods.

JANE  
 It sounds like you do. Like you  
 were saying.  
 (MORE)



JANE (CONT'D)  
 Y'know, trying to tell the truth  
 about... like... life and alien  
 life and what it's doing here and  
 why they won't --

LEAH  
 Stop.

Leah does a top-to-bottom reevaluation of Jane.

LEAH  
 I'm always thrown when you people  
 use shampoo. After killing me --  
 (writing on a receipt)  
 Look up the Fermi paradox and how  
 weapons shorten timelines for  
 unregulated civilizations --  
 (holding receipt out)  
 Then I need you to find anything  
 you've purchased by Jordan Peterson  
 or Joe Rogan or Ayn Rand or fucking  
 Adolf and put it in a box and  
 donate that box to the ocean.

Jane doesn't take the receipt, insulted.

JANE  
 There are aliens. Like we have  
 evidence. I'll send you the podca-

LEAH  
 (boiling)  
 If you send me that jailbait  
 roadshow, I will put my phone in  
 rice and then in a rice cooker!

Jane gasps and quickly takes the receipt.

JANE  
 I don't want that for you.

Leah scoffs at Jane, disgusted. She needs to fix this.

LEAH  
 Okay, you will kill me in two  
 seconds! First, think of how much  
 we've evolved since the 1920s as a  
 society. Okay? iPhones. Cap'n  
 Crunch. Crunchberries.

Jane nods.

LEAH

But if I were to send *just you* to the 1920s with no tech on you, no ability to describe 20th century history, how would you prove you were from a more advanced civilization? Can you build a digital camera? Can you build and launch a rocket into space? Can you create the polio vaccine?

Jane makes a thinking face. Leah knowing she isn't thinking.

JANE

You're telling me I could stop the polio vaccine? Keep talking.

Leah stares, deciding she will now ignore Jane's responses.

LEAH

Every time we create something amazing, the vast majority of us become comparatively stupider. Prometheus can bring fire down and we just use it to brand ourselves with frat logos and burn methane -- You can call this [can of gas] doing my part to save the planet.

Pain hits Leah. She shakes her head. Pain overcomes her and she tries to shake it away again. She grunts.

LEAH

A civilization could never make it to the depths of interstellar travel because its stupidest civilians would use technology to destroy the community long before.  
(not letting tears win)  
So -- and I'm talking so much because I'm nervous, yes -- are you going to kill me now? Are you?

JANE

(cringing)  
Uh... Nah. No.

Leah's heartbroken. She tries her hardest not to sob.

LEAH

That's literally all you people are supposed to do and you can't even meet that?!

Leah hides her face to cry. Jane awkwardly fiddles with the controls despite the car being off.

JANE

How close do you think you are to dying now? Just gasoline-wise?

LEAH

(throwing her hands up)  
I don't know! I can't remember ever doing it before! I keep thinking I'm just about there!

Jane nods. She drums on the steering wheel, then stops.

JANE

What do you think heaven's like?

Leah reaches over to unlock and open Jane's door.

LEAH

Get out of the car. There's no such thing as...

Leah sighs, then closes Jane's door. Sitting straight, she actually allows this quandary some thought.

LEAH

I hope every picture I've drawn is living there. All together. That they're thankful for me creating them and they're getting along.

(smiling lightly)

I hope the women I drew live in cabins and have dogs and wear fisherman turtlenecks and they've been waiting for me.

Jane nods with care.

JANE

Do you have any of these drawings on you? Of the dogs in turtlenecks? I wanna see that.

Leah chuckles, which dissipates into crying. She shakes it away, takes the receipt back from Jane, and starts drawing.

In ski masks, Sean and Kirk quietly approach the car with shotguns, Kirk on Jane's side and Sean on Leah's.

Leah can't keep drawing, shaking from crying.

LEAH

You know what's the worst part  
about dying? I don't ever remember  
feeling so alive.

Sean and Kirk aim the shotguns into the car.

Jane sees first and gasps.

JANE

Oh, fu-

INT. NICE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pat bursts into the apartment, practically carrying Xastro.  
He hauls Xastro to the couch, dropping him off and panting.

Frank hurries in in his red pajamas, full of moth-holes.

FRANK

Henry?! Where have you been?  
(gasping at Xastro)  
Who is this?

PAT

I can't tell you.

Pat wipes the sweat off his hands, seeing Xastro's shirt is  
soaked through. Xastro shivers.

PAT

Let me get you a new shirt.

Pat leaves towards the bedrooms, not even acknowledging  
Frank. Frank, insulted, glares at Xastro.

FRANK

[So...] How do you know Henry?

Xastro feels his surroundings. He doesn't know this place.

XASTRO

His name isn't Henry. And mine  
isn't Antelope Xastro.

FRANK

It's Jane, isn't it...? What people  
with that name have done to me...  
You two work together, right?

XASTRO

A fry cook does not "work with"  
Ronald McDonald.

FRANK

I don't want him at that office  
anymore. It isn't safe there.

Pat returns, handing Xastro a new shirt. Xastro removes his  
sweaty one, revealing no scars on his belly.

Xastro feels for the scars, confused.

XASTRO

[Where...?] I'm Xastro, aren't I?

FRANK

Henry, can I talk to you?

PAT

Pat.

UZI

(popping out)  
Yes, Dad?

FRANK

He just wanted to tell you to back  
to bed, bud.

Uzi does. Frank tries to pull Pat aside.

FRANK

I understand wanting to work  
remotely. It shouldn't include  
workplace affairs.

PAT

(frustrated)  
I had to or I was fired. We're not  
together -- or anything like that.

XASTRO

(lying on the couch)  
Hey, guys. Let me sleep. Please.

FRANK

Why's he so sleepy? Hm? From all  
the cum-cum in the bum-bum?

PAT

Sweetie, as a gesture, if I ever  
say to you the things you're saying  
to me, kill me with a bird.

But Pat can't take these accusations. He pulls Frank half a  
foot further from Xastro.

PAT  
 Okay, but you can't tell anyone...  
 That's Antelope Xastro.

Frank scoffs.

FRANK  
 Wow. 'Cause I just fucked the King  
 of England and he's dead now.  
 (re: Xastro)  
 I worked with Xastro once when I  
 was at Nive and *that* is not --

PAT  
 It is him. Look, can I have a word?

FRANK  
 "Devotion."

PAT  
 In the other room. And keep your  
 fucking pants on.

Pat pulls Frank away.

Xastro looks at his hands, confused.

XASTRO  
 They're mine. No. My name is...  
 Ricky? No. No, that wasn't it.

He doesn't see as Ammo pokes her head out of her bedroom,  
 scoping the area: clear.

She creeps over to Xastro with her pistols.

XASTRO  
 It's not that either. Fuck. What  
 was it?

Ammo pokes him. Xastro turns, seeing and gasping, then nods.

AMMO  
 Touch the stars or join 'em.

Xastro puts his hands up. He recognizes her.

XASTRO  
 You.

Ammo clearly doesn't recognize him back.

XASTRO  
 Do you know who I am?

AMMO

Two button-eyes sewed onto a jizz  
sock. You know who I am?

Xastro struggles to remember.

XASTRO

My daughter?

AMMO

[Hm... Depends.] Got money?

XASTRO

The most in the world.

Ammo thinks, then lowers the pistols.

AMMO

I'm in the market for getting  
adopted.

XASTRO

We've met before... I learned that  
phrase from you: the stars one.

Xastro winces in pain, unable to remember. Ammo's a little  
spooked by this, but can't show weakness.

AMMO

Dunno what you're talking 'bout,  
Fucken Carlson. Need you to pay for  
an incubator for my egg.

Xastro gasps, nodding as the memories flee him.

XASTRO

It's... the song, their... their  
song and the same note. It's a  
booby -- no, a boob-bird. What?  
It's meant to be a penguin!

AMMO

Who told you? Was it fucking Frank?

XASTRO

But it's not. Not our first rodeo.

Ammo doesn't understand, but can't lose authority.

AMMO

Huh... Unfortunately, despite my charming hubris, I need better tech than a desk lamp: real incubator: lab one is two to four Gs, but I'm looking at one on your marketplace for 66 buckaroo la-las. Got that kind of Parm in your Wranglers?

XASTRO

(nodding)

Technically it's in stocks, which I'd have to sell. There'd be a market panic and others would sell too. At best I'd be able to liquidate a quarter of my net worth, but I'd shoot for a tenth. Which is...

(looking around)

... more than 66 dollars.

Xastro gets up, inspecting this place.

XASTRO

You live here? You live in that bedroom? Can't remember a bed.

AMMO

I kill diddlers.

XASTRO

No: I need sleep. And to go to the hospital... And to eat.

Xastro hobbles to the fridge, pulling out the pot of pasta. He eats with his hands.

AMMO

Hey! That was made from the guts of my brethren!

XASTRO

All my sustenance is based in such: bank accounts don't throw asterisks on blood money.

(coughing on food)

Forget four grand; I'll buy you an incubator that costs a billion dollars; make that back in my deserved sleep.

Xastro looks Ammo over, nodding and eating.



XASTRO

You'll be my heir; you'll bring  
this world into the Niverse: all  
those poor people suffering from  
starvation, prison, disease --  
You'll give the world VR sets so  
those people can not have those  
also. Everyone needs an escape, but  
only folks in paradise should  
afford it... Antelope Jr.

(blessing her)

No: I'm gonna call you... Beep Boop  
Bop Five.

Ammo tries to avoid the condescension, instead thinking.

AMMO

I do all that, build a statue of  
you out of the ground-up femurs of  
the poor, and you give me a yellow-  
eyed penguin: you pay for my  
incubator? And a DNA sequencer?

XASTRO

Sure. I mean, you are an orphan,  
right? Like, this isn't kidnapping?

Frank rushes in, shaking his head at Xastro.

FRANK

Fine! Fuck it! Lemme kiss you so I  
can at least experience the  
aftertaste of my husband's love!

Ammo shoots Frank. He slumps to the floor, dead.

Xastro coughs on the pasta, delighted.

Pat enters quickly, infuriated.

PAT

No firing the gun in the --  
(seeing Frank)  
Pat?! Paaat! You killed my husband!

Ammo shoots Pat and he collapses.

Xastro finishes coughing, spitting in the pasta. Ammo nods.

AMMO

Just call me... fucking whatever  
you said: Bing Bong Division Sign.

Xastro throws the pot on the floor like it's a football.

XASTRO

To my lawyer's office!

(rushing out; stopping)

Wait! Wasn't there another kid for  
a second?

AMMO

(protecting Uzi)

No. No, there wasn't. Let's ride,  
Cowboy Skeetslop.

Xastro charges out the front door. Ammo reveals the egg in  
her pocket and follows after him.

Uzi emerges from his bedroom, seeing Frank dead. This hurts.

Uzi sees Pat is breathing. He goes to the cabinet, producing  
the bottle of Xanax for Pat.

INT. HOSPITAL - HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Jane lies in a hospital bed, her grizzly arm slung up. She's  
been waiting for something to happen.

Her NURSE (F, 20s) enters.

NURSE

Dr. Inge is going to be in soon to  
talk at you.

JANE

Drugs are making it pretty numb.  
Wish I could take advantage of that  
and masturbate so it feels like  
someone else is doing it but I  
think that'd upset the whole,  
y'know, infection.

The Nurse looks closer, grimacing.

NURSE

You fist a lawn mower?

JANE

Guy shotgunned me in the arm then  
stole the car I was in and  
kidnapped the other lady, y'know?

DR. INGE (F, 50s) enters with a clipboard.

INGE

Jane! How's the arm? Still look  
like pizza?

JANE

Drugs are making it pretty numb.  
Wish I could take advantage of that  
and mastur-

INGE

Let's peek at it --  
(peeking)  
Yep, that's gross. Okay. Good news  
and bad news. Good news first...  
(looking over clipboard)  
The infection has been spreading.

The room rests with this. Inge nods.

INGE

Yeah, out loud it sounds kinda  
rough. Let's call that the bad  
news. Good news is...  
(looking over clipboard)  
"We're gonna lob off her arm."

Another rest. Inge checks the back of the clipboard.

INGE

Y'know, out loud, that one didn't -  
- I was so sure when reading this  
that I had --

JANE

(politely)  
No, it sounds great, I just...  
(like pulling teeth)  
... lost my insurance. So I don't  
know if I can afford... maiming?

INGE

Oh. Yikes. Economy option.

Inge pulls a pocketknife out, opening it and readying a cut.

INGE

Thing's mangled so this is probably  
gonna be along the lines of cutting  
cooked salmon.

Jane try to pull her arm away but can't.

JANE

Okay! Does economy come with like a  
Costco sample of procaine?!

Inge pauses, thinking.

INGE

I don't know. We don't get into the prices at med school. But if we don't hurry, the infection will spread to the rest of you and then you might die of...

(checking clipboard.)

... "infection."

(ready to cut again)

I'm just gonna trim some off the top. Great way to lose ten pounds.

Jane tries to pull her arm away again.

JANE

But let's just "accidentally" put procaine in every one of my holes!

The Nurse grapples Jane's arm as she cries out. The Nurse smiles, then freezes. She puts two fingers to Jane's wrist and gasps, leaping back.

NURSE

Dr. Inge, call the police!

Inge frowns. She feels the wrist. She gasps. Jane whimpers. Inge glares, throwing the pocketknife across the room.

INGE

You diabolical -- I almost cut that thing! Nurse, call 9-1-1! No! Call a bigger number!

The Nurse runs to a room phone, putting it to her ear.

NURSE

Hello, is this the government?  
Please send someone already upset.

INGE

I could've lost my license!

NURSE

We'll be right here. Thank you.  
(hanging up)  
They're not sending anyone.

Jane doesn't understand what's going on. Inge fumes.

INGE

You come into my hospital with your big dumb eyes and distracting teeth and want me to amputate your arm while it's still alive...?!

Jane doesn't get it.

INGE

I'm so furious I could make out  
with you!

Jane looks to the Nurse for answers.

NURSE

Thought you could slip that your  
arm has a pulse right by us, huh?

INGE

What's next? I run down the street  
cutting off everyone's arms?

Jane takes a breath. She has no idea what to do.

JANE

I know my rights and I am not  
talking until I have an  
anesthesiologist present.

NURSE

I bet she got shot just so she  
could get amputated! Were you not  
wearing body armor?

Jane maintains her position, staring the Nurse down.

JANE

If it's not covered by my lack of  
insurance, I can bring my own  
anesthesiologist, but none of you  
may ask McKinley questions.  
(pointing forcefully)  
Now, unless I can use this thing as  
a big, festering dildo, it's going.

Inge and the Nurse can't believe this.

INGE

That arm has a whole future!  
Anything could happen!

JANE

We should... get rid of it if  
anything could happen!

NURSE

It's a beautiful limb, not Cuba!

JANE

Did you call McKinley? I know her  
number starts with a plus sign!

VESPUCCI (O.C.)

(Italian accent.)

Did somebody-a say you were going  
to-a cut off-a some arms?

AMERIGO VESPUCCI (McKinley in male drag) enters, costumed so  
immaculately that we understand this is actually Vespucci.

INGE

Amerigo Vespucci! What are you  
doing back here?

VESPUCCI

I like-a roaming-a the hospitals;  
they-a make-a me hungry.

JANE

Aw, man, McKinley! Where'd you get  
an accent?

VESPUCCI

(strolling to Jane)

No, I am Amerigo Vespucci. I am-a  
very famous so you are-a the  
stupid-a person to ask that. Tell  
me-a, lady, how you-a ruin the arm?

Jane pauses, but slowly plays along.

JANE

I got shot.

VESPUCCI

Do you-a wear any armor?

JANE

Ar...? Like, body armor...? No?

Vespucci turns to the Nurse and Inge like a lawyer pleading  
his case.

VESPUCCI

Then it is-a her fault! Ah! We-a  
burn her, yes?

JANE

You can't burn me -- !

INGE

It'll damage the arm.

(to Jane)

You sick, smart animal. I could  
kiss you so hard.

NURSE

I'll have you know I have had two  
beautiful arms for years and the  
thought of cutting them never --  
Ugh, just the thought!

JANE

It's my arm! It's literally --

(swallowing; pausing)

Okay, I accidentally lost all the  
acid I've been hiding under my  
tongue, so imagine I'm angrier.

VESPUCCI

Would you-a stop interrupting when  
we are-a talking about you? Lady,  
you go-a driving-a the car. Why  
you-a do this?

Jane scoffs, pointing to the arm.

JANE

The other guy's the one who shot  
me!

VESPUCCI

Okay, she emotional which means she  
is-a the bad person. She is-a the  
child of Satan --

JANE

So what would you do if somebody  
shot your --

VESPUCCI

Shut up. I don't-a care what your  
point was. Okay, we are still not-a  
unanimous on-a burning the witch?

INGE

I'm afraid not.

(to Jane)

Stop smiling or I'll pounce on you  
and cry into your hair!

VESPUCCI

It is-a okay. The important thing  
is we have-a the democracy.

INGE

I will protect your right to vote  
for her burning to my dying day.

VESPUCCI

Okay, I am just going to-a smack-a  
the witch!

He raises his arm and it flies right off: it was fake.

The room is silent.

VESPUCCI

No.

Another silence.

JANE

Did you have an arm amput-

VESPUCCI

Sometimes in-a my exploring days, I  
get in-a the pickle! Exploring!

NURSE

God bless Amerigo Vespucci.

DICK (O.C.)

(Southern accent.)

Who said God?!?

SENATOR DICK (M, 30s) enters, assault rifles in both hands.

DICK

Was it you, ya Jersey-lookin' cock  
jacket?!

Dick forcefully points at Vespucci, which fires his rifle and  
shoots Vespucci in his one arm. Jane tries to duck down.

VESPUCCI

My-a mistress!

Vespucci crumbles as Dick accesses the situation.

INGE

Senator Dick! A pleasure to have  
you! Oxycontin's in the next room.

VESPUCCI

I am-a Amerigo Vespucci! You shot-a  
my arm!



DICK  
(pointing at Vespucci's  
chest; shooting again)  
I dunno who that is. Who is that?

Vespucci gargles in pain on the floor.

NURSE  
I think he discovered America --  
That was Columbus...? He...

INGE  
Well, neither of them *discovered*  
America --

Dick slowly raises a rifle at Inge.

INGE  
-- because God already did.

Dick lowers his arm, nodding. He looks down to Vespucci.

DICK  
Sorry 'bout that. Honor to  
shootcha. So, you're from  
Different? What are you, Russian?

VESPUCCI  
(gargling through blood)  
Ita-Ital-It-

DICK  
Ain't you cute when you try to  
speak Normal?  
(to Nurse and Inge)  
Somebody call the government?

NURSE  
We didn't think you were coming!

DICK  
Oh, I always come. What's up?

Inge points to Jane, who's hiding behind her pillow.

INGE  
She wanted to amputate her arm  
while it had a pulse. She deserves  
to be spanking me.

DICK  
(infuriated)  
You evil -- I'll teach you to get  
rid of your arms!

Dick blasts rounds into Jane's bad arm.

JANE  
OH! OW! / OW-OW-OW-OW!

DICK  
Try to get rid of your arms -- You  
know where we are?!

VESPUCCI  
(gargled; fist in air)  
America!

DICK  
Damn right, Marigold Fishpussy.

NURSE  
I voted for you, Congressman Dick!  
You represent my dad!

DICK  
It's *Senator*, you fuck den goose!

Dick shoots the Nurse. The Nurse collapses. Fuming, Dick  
looks to Jane, who throws her available arm up, wincing.

JANE  
If you grab me some insulin from  
the cabinet, I won't tell anybody  
you did that. I swear.

Dick sighs.

DICK  
Every shootin' causes a boost in  
gun sales. Now, the gun lobby has  
more money to give me. Sometimes,  
when shootin's are low, I gotta hop  
on the sales floor myself.

Dick extends a rifle to Jane.

DICK  
Senator Richard I-Fuck-My-Son.

Jane stares, then shakes the rifle.

JANE  
Hello... Mr. I-Fuck-My-Son.

DICK  
Please -- Mr. I-Fuck-My-Son was my  
father. Call me Dick.

Dick pulls up a chair by the bed. It's difficult for him with his rifles so Inge helps. Dick sits and holds Jane's slung hand in his rifles. She winces.

DICK

You're gonna have to live with that  
oopsy doopsy arm. But if you're  
willin' to make some sacrifices...

(proudly)

Then I promise I will not make the  
sacrifice of burnin' you alive.

Jane stares blankly. She leans in, trying to be discreet.

JANE

Is this because you can't jack it  
without letting go of the [guns]?

Dick stares, then drops her arm out of his rifles.

DICK

Burn the witch.

Vespucci and the Nurse cheer from the floor as Dick gets up and tries to wheel Jane's bed. The rifles make it difficult.

INGE

I don't support this and voted so!

Inge helps Dick with Jane's bed, pushing her to the hall.

INT. HOSPITAL - HOSPITAL ROOM / INT. HOSPITAL - HALL

Jane scrambles in the bed as they turn her around a corner.

JANE

Wait. What? Where are we going?

Around the corner is a giant fire at the end of the hall.  
Jane's eyes go wide, panicking.

JANE

Woah! Hey! Hey, stop!

In the room, Nurse and Vespucci bleed on the floor.

NURSE

(gargled)

I'm so happy we finally won. The  
Founding Fathers would be proud.

VESPUCCI  
 (gargled)  
 I too still have-a the issues with  
 my-a Papa.

In the hallway, Jane struggles to break free as they wheel her closer to the fire.

JANE  
 If you keep wheeling me towards  
 that fire, I'm voting you out!

In the room, Nurse turns to Vespucci.

NURSE  
 Do you wanna sleep together?

Vespucci tears up.

VESPUCCI  
 I haven't had-a the sex in-a  
 centuries.

NURSE  
 Mood.

Vespucci struggles to crawl over to the Nurse.

In the hall, Jane feels a new rage building inside of her.

JANE  
 Stop! Hey! I want you to stop.

In the room, Vespucci pulls his (fake) penis out as he dies on top of the Nurse. The Nurse wraps her legs around his waist and uses his body to essentially masturbate.

In the hall, Jane's face and voice are changing: her voice is becoming many, her temples bleeding.

JANE  
 I said to stop.

Inge and Dick curiously look to each other, still wheeling.

In the room, the Nurse goes faster.

In the hall, Jane's eyes are glowing, she's growing horns, blood pouring down the horns and coating her.

JANE  
 Say what you will about Hammurabi.

Inge and Dick freak out, stopping the bed.

JANE  
He made the trains run on time.

INT. HOSPITAL - HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Nurse approaches climax when Inge rushes in, panicked.

INGE  
Oh, no! Oh, no, no, no, no -- What  
are you doing?! Hurry!

NURSE  
Going as fast as I can!

INGE  
Buck is in the hospital!

The Nurse flings Vespucci off and jumps up, grunting in pain.

NURSE  
But this room doesn't have a  
patient in it!

INGE  
If we lose our budget I'm gonna  
have to move back in with my  
toddler!

Searching, the Nurse and Inge see Vespucci. They throw his  
body in the bed.

Dick enters in a hurry, soon followed by BUCK (Jane). Buck  
wears a trophy reindeer head with a bullet hole, covered in  
blood from head to toe.

DICK  
Sir Buck! Grateful you're hauntin'  
us! Great hospital -- one I've been  
tryin' to visit a long time! My  
campaign's all about supportin' the  
healthcare industry so I personally  
make sure the beds are filled!

Buck goes to the bed, looking down at Vespucci. When she  
speaks, multiple voices spill from her.

BUCK  
This man is long dead.

Inge and the Nurse feign shock. Inge grabs a defibrillator.

INGE

I promise, Mr. Buck, we usually  
don't have dead people in our beds!  
But if that happens along the way,  
you can trust that we'll finish!

The Nurse collapses, still bleeding out.

INGE

Clear!

Inge shocks Vespucci's corpse. No response. The Nurse moans  
in pain on the ground.

INGE

Senator! Would you lend a hand?

Dick shoots Vespucci in the chest, spraying blood all over  
Inge as Inge nods subordinately and readies another shock.

INGE

Clear!

Inge shocks Vespucci's corpse. Inge readies another shock as  
Dick shoots Vespucci again. Blood sprays.

Buck goes to the Nurse, looking down. Inge and Dick continue  
shocking and shooting Vespucci in rhythm.

They freeze in the background, time distorting.

BUCK

Do you know who I am?

NURSE

If you're a cop, I plead the whole  
fucking handle.

Buck kneels by the Nurse.

BUCK

I am your god. I am the Alpha and  
the Omega.

NURSE

Sick -- I rushed Sugma.

BUCK

I am responsible for the blood in  
your veins and the blood on the  
floor. I am what turns --

NURSE

Sugma nuts.

BUCK  
 -- turns the lights off. I am  
 America's witness.

Buck dips a finger in the blood, painting on the Nurse.

BUCK  
 The first murder was not of  
 siblings, but convenience. Cain  
 could have asked for a new human he  
 could have murdered, but Abel was  
 there. Guns were made to be fired  
 and people tend to be in the way.  
 This is not evil, but congestion.

NURSE  
 Do you think if I asked the  
 Congressman to shoot me again right  
 next to this hole, I could get a  
 like big, bullet belly piercing?

We can see Buck is painting a penis ouroboros on the Nurse.

BUCK  
 When America ran out of places to  
 aim, it aimed at one another. You  
 are victims of an elaborate mass  
 suicide. A plethora of ancestors.

NURSE  
 (poking at bullet hole)  
 Like Lead Belly...  
 (coughing blood)  
 Hey, Mr. God, sir, do you wanna  
 have sex with me before I die?

BUCK  
 I made you in my image... Of course  
 I do.

Buck grabs a hospital sheet off a counter, covering herself  
 and the Nurse. They have sex under.

NURSE  
 Why does your penis feel like mine?

BUCK  
 Because it's a vagina -- I bear  
 witness to America's behavior not  
 to seek eventual justice or ensure  
 future civilizations do not fall to  
 cryptomnesia, but because America  
 will be forgotten. Your records are  
 for vanity, not history.

NURSE

Can you go a little faster?

BUCK

Sure --

(speeding up both sex and  
monologue)

No one will sculpt your victories,  
defeats, poems. Humanity has even  
denied itself the participation  
ribbon that is an unmarked grave.  
America must shepherd the world's  
self-destruction, mutilate your  
environment, slaughter in malls --  
(faster)

-- for this parade is humanity's  
only eulogy. The earth nears orgasm  
and there will be no final year of  
your life, for none of you will  
survive to mark it. I'm coming.

Buck dies on top of the Nurse as the Nurse lets out a yelp.

Simultaneously, Vespucci gasps to life and all unfreeze.

INGE

Holy Harvey Oswald! It worked!

NURSE

God died on top! He's super heavy!

Vespucci's terrified, clutching the sheets.

VESPUCCI

I was just in-a the Hell for a  
hundred-a years!

NURSE

My uterus is a fucking mitten!

VESPUCCI

I just get-a the advice from-a the  
Satan! She say we must-a do-a  
certain things now!

Dick looks to Inge, frowning, then back to Vespucci.

DICK

I don't trust you, Elizabeth  
Foreign, but I don't trust the  
Devil more. We should do the  
opposite of everything she said!



VESPUCCI

I-a do not-a know what-a she said.  
I-a was not-a listening to her.  
But! I-a now know what-a the Hell-a  
look like! I work-a the backwards  
to make-a the perfect society!

NURSE

Okay... I'm just gonna wriggle  
around till I have a good  
ol' snatch sneeze before dying.

Inge readies a clipboard and pen.

INGE

And I'll write it all down, you  
sexual intellectuals.

VESPUCCI

Hell is-a full of-a the water.  
Every-a-where. You are-a always  
swimming. It is-a inconvenient:  
there are-a no boats! To stop-a  
this, we must-a drain-a the oceans!

INGE

Where would we put the water? Any  
ideas, Congressman?

Dick shoots Inge, struggling to take the clipboard and pen.

Inge lurches over to a cabinet, popping it open and injecting  
herself with fistfuls of morphine vials.

DICK

(struggling to write)  
"Drain... the... oceans..." --  
Wait, hold on. Where do we put the  
water? Boston?

VESPUCCI

(pondering)  
What if-a we-a set-a the oceans on-  
a fire? Dry-a them out.

DICK

What I like to hear. Both creative,  
doable, and maintainin' a brand.

The Nurse dies. Buck gasps back to life. She speaks normally.

BUCK

What and who am I inside?!

Buck frees herself from the Nurse and deer head, revealing herself to be Jane. Dick guffaws and readies a rifle.

DICK  
Hey! You're not God! You're a lady!

VESPUCCI  
God is-a the lady?

Dick double-takes. He can't comprehend this.

DICK  
I... Gimme a minute.

Jane spins around the room, eyes wide.

JANE  
There's something after! There's  
something after all of this! There  
is! There were boats!  
(long monologue starting)  
No ocean, but so many boats! And  
I...! I found a window --

DICK  
Okay! I decided my team!

Dick shoots Jane.

DICK  
That's what you get for tryin' to  
interfere on my manhood, God.

Dick shoots Vespucci, who dies.

DICK  
That's for teachin' me America was  
imperfect, you I-talian Commie.

Jane gasps and coughs: she's alive. Dick glares and aims.

Jane cowers. But Dick chuckles -- then bellows in laughter.

DICK  
(no accent)  
You're not her.

Dick sits on a chair. He smiles, calming down.

DICK  
Hard to remember that place. Jesus,  
I think I get it all now. And  
that's the thing -- I'm not the  
first, am I? To fall for all of it?  
(MORE)

DICK (CONT'D)  
 (Southern again)  
 "I've finally learned to tell  
 fantasy from reality. And, knowing  
 the difference, I choose fantasy."  
 (chuckling)  
 'Cuz this is close as I'm gonna get  
 to killin' my pappy. I get it now.  
 I'm nobody. Buck makes us nobody.  
 (to Inge)  
 Call my brother, Richard. He's  
 gotta protect the Richard name.  
 (aiming rifle at Jane)  
 I'm comin', Leah.

Jane winces. *BANG!*

Jane waits. Confused, Jane opens her eyes, seeing Dick's shot  
 himself in the head. She gawks.

Inge, sedated, masturbates under her pants.

Jane sees the gauze by Inge. Crawling over, Jane holds her  
 hand out to Inge, gesturing to the gauze.

Inge grasps Jane's hand, trying to bring it to her crotch,  
 but Jane shakes it away. Inge pouts, throwing the gauze at  
 Jane's head.

Jane notes the Buck head, frowning. It seems to stare back.

BUCK (V.O.)  
 (muffled)  
 The end is nigh! The end is nigh!  
 The end is nigh! The end is nigh!  
 (a little clearer)  
 Find Henry!

Jane nods, opening the gauze and pushing it to her wound.

INT. LEAH'S CAR - NIGHT

Leah's tied up in the backseat as Sean drives and Kirk keeps  
 a shotgun on her. The car stops at a traffic light.

A titmouse flies in, landing on Leah's leg. It opens its beak  
 to speak.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE 1.

FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTH POLE - DAY

The South Pole is now real, not a cheap film set. It remains lush with forestry. Weddell and Orca are flirting, Weddell a bit less reserved now, as Emperor boils over listening to it.

WEDDELL

'Cuz my chode would rip you in two.

ORCA

I'm open to being opened.

EMPEROR

If you speak of your chode again, I shall might with all my -- smite -- I mean -- Fuck!

The two are silenced.

EMPEROR

I grow impatient of starvation. If you two do not find me more food, I shall have your nuts to eat!

Weddell readies to speak, but Orca hops in.

ORCA

Your Majesty, this empire has eaten all the creatures in the South Pole and I assure you the North does not have --

EMPEROR

You orcas are agents of the North and wish to see us be your inferiors! The penguins of the North have time machines, guns that shoot out tanks, a GDP of positive 30, and you wish that we surrender to this primitive greenery!?

Emperor tries to throw a leaf. It sticks to his fin. He roars, trying to peck it off. He gives up.

EMPEROR

How would we eat here?! Plant fish and shit on them to help them grow, you sick freak?! We must burn this all to the ground!

ORCA

If we do that, we lose what little  
fish remain!

Emperor is about to strike Orca.

YELLOW-EYE (O.C.)

The orca is right.

A YELLOW-EYED PENGUIN stands on a hill, causing Weddell and  
Emperor to gasp in fear. He has a cape and many scars.

EMPEROR

Yellow-Eye! We left you for dead!

YELLOW-EYE

And I am once again poised to  
liberate. You are a con-penguin and  
syphilitic!

EMPEROR

You know nothing of what you say!

Yellow-Eye approaches triumphantly.

YELLOW-EYE

I know the veins of your mind run  
dry! You claim you'll reinstate  
our once great identity, but our  
identity was being the humans'  
victims! Their test subjects!

Weddell growls. Orca tries to glare too -- but is intrigued.

YELLOW-EYE

Down with those so scarred by the  
humans' crimes that they trace  
those wounds like the teeth of  
keys, ready to copy the humans'  
weapons for our own incivility. You  
cannot reject through mimicry!

Orca looks to Emperor for a rebuttal. Emperor squirms.

EMPEROR

Yellow-Eye is a liar! I have had  
his nuts!

Yellow-Eye throws his cape back to reveal.

YELLOW-EYE

Behold! They have returned!

All gasp. Emperor's in terror.

EMPEROR

It's impossible! It cannot have happened this way again! I made sure of it!

YELLOW-EYE

You are not the king of us for there shall be no kings, authorities, even stop signs!

Orca stands, slamming his fin on a log.

ORCA

I'm becoming quickly tired of reason being shot down!

WEDDELL

Quiet, my love! You don't know the cruelty of which Yellow-Eye is capable!

ORCA

I shall not trust this Yellow-Eye enough to call him Emperor for I shall trust no emperors, but a return to ice is impossible! We must grow with this hard reality and its ecosystem!

(pleading with Weddell)

My love! If you keep claiming you would die by the Emperor's side, you will! I know you're too afraid to love me, but I have no such hesitation!

Weddell knows where this all heads.

WEDDELL

I might die by the Emperor's mistakes but you would die by Yellow-Eye's intentions!

ORCA

Then let us die together, on a side that stands for reason! For peace!

YELLOW-EYE

Any loyalist of the Emperor will be shot to death --

(holding out a knife)

-- with this knife!

ORCA

Please! No!

YELLOW-EYE  
 (putting knife away)  
 Okay!

ORCA  
 (to Weddell)  
 Listen to me, my love! Please!  
 Disobey this Fabergé idol!

Emperor growls, trying to strike a powerful pose.

EMPEROR  
 (to Weddell)  
 The orca is an agent of the  
 North! You've fallen for yet  
 another Two-Timer McFuckfin! If you  
 wish to reclaim the greatness of  
 the South, you must follow me!

The Emperor marches off. Weddell debates following. The Emperor, nervous he won't be followed, marches louder, smacking at branches and getting whipped by them.

Yellow-Eye smiles at Weddell.

YELLOW-EYE  
 A tree will never realize that  
 humans burn forests out of  
 ignorance, not spite. You cannot  
 learn from a species sustained on  
 their accidents.

Orca and Weddell lock eyes. Orca holds a fin out.

Weddell backs away and follows Emperor.

Watching Weddell go, Orca cries. Yellow-Eye nods, placing a fin on Orca.

YELLOW-EYE  
 I'm sorry. One day, there will be  
 more fish in the sea.

CUT TO BLACK.

TEXT:

**"Wherever there is great property there is great inequality.**

...

**For one very rich man there must be at least five hundred poor,**

...

and the affluence of the few supposes the indigence of the many."

...

Adam Smith, the "Father of Capitalism," who goes on to defend this, *An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations* (1776)

FADE IN:

INT. NINE OFFICES - NIGHT

Quacks hasn't left the office, waiting for something. He checks the wall clock again -- 2:48AM.

He shakes his head, then aims a pistol at his head.

QUACKS  
(pulling gun away)  
Why do you want this? Who's coming?

Quacks hears smashing glass a few rooms over.

QUACKS  
Who's coming, old boy?

KIRK (O.C.)  
Keep it down! Are you gonna clean this glass now?!

SEAN (O.C.)  
Sorry! Sorry! I didn't think it would -- Don't fucking eat it!

Quacks frowns.

KIRK (O.C.)  
I said when we were filling up the car and she kept trying to deep throat the nozzle that it wasn't worth keeping her alive.

LEAH (O.C.)  
To be clear, I agreed. Let me just lick the glass.

SEAN (O.C.)  
We don't need to kill her! Look --

Quacks sighs, tucking his gun away.



SEAN (O.C.)  
Let's just find Xastro and get back  
to Minnesota, right?

Kirk enters quietly and in his ski mask, not seeing Quacks.

KIRK  
Why would you say that?!

Sean follows, also masked, holding Leah hostage. Leah has her wrists bound behind her back.

SEAN  
Okay. Yeah. That was a slip. Sorry.  
That's not gonna happen again.

KIRK  
How would it happen again?! How  
would you reveal we're from  
Minnesota twice?!

QUACKS  
Where in Minnesota?

Kirk spins, aiming his shotgun at Quacks.

KIRK  
On the ground.

Quacks kneels, his hands up.

QUACKS  
Most places are like that.

KIRK  
Where's Xastro? Tell us or you're  
carpet food.

LEAH  
They're bluffing. They promised to  
kill me a million times already.

SEAN  
Hey! Shut the fuck / up!

LEAH  
Or what?! You'll empathy my brains  
out?!

KIRK  
A little birdie told us Xastro's at  
the office!

Leah stares off, traumatized.

FLASHBACK - LEAH'S CAR - NIGHT

A Titmouse is on Leah's leg. It opens its beak to speak.

TITMOUSE

What?

Leah frowns. Neither of the men noticed.

LEAH

Hey! There's a bird in the car and  
it talks!

Kirk frowns, noticing the bird and aiming.

KIRK

No way.

TITMOUSE

(Ammo's voice)

Xastro, shut up right now! We don't  
know who's hearing this!

KIRK

(shocked)

It's actually a talking bird...

SEAN

What's going on back there?

TITMOUSE

Don't -- Xastro!

(Kirk's voice)

Xastro needs sleep! Xastro's been  
in this office for fucking ever!

The Titmouse flutters.

KIRK

Why was it my voice now?!

SEAN

Guys, stop fucking with me -- I  
know there isn't a bird.

TITMOUSE

(Ammo's voice)

Xastroooo!!!

(Kirk's voice; gargled)

I'm sorry... Sean.

The Titmouse flies out the car.

SEAN  
Sorry about what?

Kirk faces forward, dumbstruck, Sean spinning around, missing everything. Leah's equally mindfucked.

BACK TO SCENE:

Leah, having phased out, snaps out of it.

LEAH  
I think we're kinda fucked up about  
the whole thing. I'm "we."

Quacks, still kneeling, stares at the aiming Kirk.

QUACKS  
Are you going to hurt Mr. Xastro?

KIRK  
No. We just wanna show him that we  
own shotguns and ski masks.

Quacks smiles, realizing who this is.

QUACKS  
Ah. Your voice... The difference is  
I know who you are.

Kirk frowns.

QUACKS  
You really don't pay attention.  
That's why you're an awful  
quarterback. The Vikings would be  
better off with that new Sean  
Mannion fellow starting!

Sean perks up. Kirk shakes his head, nervous. Leah frowns.

LEAH  
Hey maybe it's 'cuz my brain's full  
of gasoline and I can't remember  
ever watching a TV anymore, but are  
you guys Brett Favre?

Kirk cocks the shotgun and aims at Quacks.

KIRK  
You're relieved of your upper half.

QUACKS

I agree. Because I'm your target.  
Because we did not pay the  
ransom... I'm Antelope Xastro.

Kirk pauses. Sean, gulping, interjects before Kirk can shoot.

SEAN

I don't think he looks like Xast-

KIRK

He clearly doesn't!

SEAN

I heard Xastro gets surgeries to  
look younger and more masculine.

KIRK

He's protecting the money! There's  
always somebody like this!

(to Quacks)

Xastro's not in the office anymore?

QUACKS

He's kneeling in it. If you could  
see better, you'd be able to hit a  
target downfield.

KIRK

Tell us where he's hiding --

Kirk tears Quack's ID badge off.

KIRK

"Richard Quacks" -- That's the  
oldest code name in the book. I've  
heard it before.

The broken copier makes a beep. Then prints a couple lines.  
Kirk aims the shotgun at it.

KIRK

Check it out.

Sean realizes Kirk's talking to him and creeps over, aiming.  
He peeks at the paper.

SEAN

It's... It's asking for the badge.

Kirk, nodding, tosses the badge to Sean, who puts it in the  
copier. The copier buzzes. Then prints. Sean reads it over.

SEAN

It says that this employee died at the hospital.

Kirk smiles.

KIRK

Why use a codename, buddy?

QUACKS

'Cuz I'm Antelope Xastro. Try this new fun strategy the kids are calling, "listening."

The copier beeps again, printing, Sean looking.

SEAN

"An evil man and woman, who tore my lid off and killed a bird with it, are holding Xastro safe at an apartment. Please fix me. I am so incomplete and cold."

Confused, Sean puts the lid back. Then slams it down. The copier beeps in praise, then prints more.

INT. HOSPITAL - FOOD COURT - SAME TIME

Jane, poorly bandaged, is sticking her bleeding arm up a vending machine. Inside, the machine has medical supplies for thousands of dollars. Jane's collected a small box of loot, shrieking in pain as doctors walk around her.

Her phone, sitting next to her, beeps, its cloud printing attachment producing a small piece of paper as Jane frowns.

INT. NINE OFFICES - SAME TIME

Sean takes the paper from the copier.

SEAN

We have an address.

Sean grabs Leah, who's been phased out, as Kirk doesn't move, staring down at Quacks.

SEAN

Hey. Are we going?

KIRK

(to Quacks)

I do pay attention.

(MORE)

KIRK (CONT'D)

I know your face. Remind me who you  
really are and you get to join  
Team Hostage.

QUACKS

Cheese my nips, tiny dancer.

KIRK

(aiming)

Tell Madden thanks for the games.

Sean jumps in the way of Quacks, Leah covering Sean.

SEAN

Wait!

LEAH

Wait!

SEAN

We don't have to do this.

LEAH

I'm first in line.

KIRK

(to Sean)

Okay, so then *I'm* driving and you  
have to aim at two hostages! Deal?!

Quacks pulls his gun out, taking Sean hostage.

QUACKS

Hard for him to aim without a  
brain, but you'd know a bit about  
that, *Cousins*.

Leah gasps in realization.

LEAH

You're all related.

QUACKS

(to Sean)

Gun on the desk.

Sean places his shotgun on the desk.

SEAN

Are you gonna kill me?

LEAH

Please don't kill him.

SEAN

Look, I'm just some guy!

LEAH  
He's just some guy!

QUACKS  
I know. He throws 50 yards a game.  
(holding hand out)  
And he's giving me that paper.

Sean panics and goes for the paper in his pocket. Kirk grabs Leah, taking her hostage as well.

KIRK  
Lose us the address and her blood's  
on your butterfingers, Romeo.

LEAH  
(to Sean)  
Hey. Listen. Give him the paper.

QUACKS  
Listen to her, Mr. Mannion!

LEAH  
You're Peyton fucking Manning?!

SEAN  
Just take it easy!

LEAH  
The Allstate guy!?  
(to Kirk)  
And you're his cousin Ellie!?

QUACKS  
You wouldn't be my first kill, skid  
marks! Now give me the paper!

Kirk's taken aback.

KIRK  
Who the fuck are you?!

SEAN	QUACKS
/ Sean Mannion!	/ Antelope Xastro!

LEAH  
Leah -- Holy Stromboli, I can't  
remember my last name.

KIRK  
Okay, hold on! Hold...!

The room quiets.

KIRK

Quacks, you've got us beat, all right? Tell us what happens next.

Quacks thinks, shifting the gun a bit on Sean's temple.

QUACKS

I... I don't know what happens next. Unfortunately. But I think he's going to undergo pain.

SEAN

Woah! Nope! Thank you, no!

KIRK

Hey! Look. Losing a second-string quarterback is a bummer, but...  
[It'd be okay.]

SEAN

Are you telling him it's okay to kill me?!

QUACKS

Vikings eat their young.

Sean grabs the shotgun off the desk and aims at Kirk. Leah maneuvers her body to try to block off the shot as Sean moves the gun around.

KIRK

Woah! Easy!

SEAN

Why?! Because I could be the next Kirk Cousins!?

KIRK

What?! Quacks! [Shoot him!]

LEAH

Family meeting! Ellie wants to kill Peyton, Xastro isn't killing Ellie! Swap hostages: everybody loses.

Quacks' phones rings. He grunts in frustration.

QUACKS

(to Sean)

Get it out of my pocket.

KIRK

He doesn't know how to get out of the pocket.



SEAN

Fuck you.

(going for phone; pausing)

The worst part of this is I thought  
nobody could think higher of you  
than I could, but fuck did you  
outscore me... on *that* board.

Kirk cringes. Sean reaches around Quacks' pocket for the  
phone. Kirk's phone rings too.

KIRK

(to Leah)

Same. Same thing.

LEAH

Depends, gonna blow my mind, babes?

Sean gets Quacks' phone to Quacks' ear. Kirk just answers his  
phone himself as Leah rolls her eyes.

LEAH

Am I just gonna fucking die of  
natural causes? Like when I'm forty  
or something?

QUACKS

Well, that's annoying.

KIRK

Well, that's annoying.

Kirk and Quacks both hang up their phones, dropping them.

KIRK

I bet mine was infinitely more  
annoying.

QUACKS

My brother just did a mass shooting  
then turned the gun on himself. Bet  
you feel shitty.

KIRK

Hey, after fetal alcohol syndrome,  
never felt shitty again in my life.

Quacks shifts, grunting.

QUACKS

That's really sad that you had to  
deal with that -- I know it's way  
more common than people think. My  
brother was an important person so  
this mass shooting hurts a lot.

The sound of glass smashing elsewhere. Silence.

AMMO (O.C.)  
There was already a broken window.

XASTRO (O.C.)  
Oh, so everyone else is allowed to  
break a window, but I'm not?

Quacks bites his lip. Kirk fumes.

INT. NICE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pat sits in a pool of his own blood as Uzi eats the pasta off  
of the floor. Frank lies dead. Uzi burps, the pasta finished.

UZI  
Sorry my sister shot you. She's  
just figuring things out. Do you  
regret adopting us now?

PAT  
(weakly)  
Yeah, man. What?

UZI  
Y'know, you probably shouldn't say  
that to your kids. What if I become  
a vampire bat now?

A bleeding Jane barges in, holding a box of medical supplies.  
She plops them on the ground, then collapses on the floor.

PAT  
Is this heaven? It's really fucked  
up that a kid's here.

Jane realizes it's Pat.

JANE  
Henry! My cloud phone thingy  
printed this address for me. I  
can't go to my apartment because my  
drug dealer's using it as a trap  
house while I protect her suicidal  
girlfriend but she got kidnapped so  
a drug dealer may kill me.  
(seeing Uzi)  
What's your name, little man?

	UZI	PAT
Pat.		(not realizing)
		Pat.

Jane's delighted.

JANE

I'm gonna need one of you to pull a bunch of shrapnel out my arms. It's like the board game Operation, but like an operation.

PAT

I got shot in the belly so I can't do much without bleeding out.

JANE

("so much in common")

I got shot in my arms so I can't sew up your belly!

UZI

I'm gonna go buy some more eggs.

Uzi goes to leave.

JANE

Wait. Kid. Can you patch me up?

Uzi pauses at the door, sighing.

UZI

I'm apparently nobody's kid. Adult Pat got shot to death and Adult Pat and I's relationship was starting to manifest as foundational to my growth. So thank you all for being a part of my journey: I am coming out as a-parented.

JANE

Oh...

(as Uzi opens the door)

I'll adopt you.

Uzi closes the door. He thinks.

UZI

You're just saying that so I don't let you die to death.

JANE

(as Uzi opens the door)

No, like, we probably watch the same cartoons these days, I can make pasta, you can get that weird thing where you wanna kill your dad because you love me weird.

Uzi thinks.

UZI

You look like my old mom. Not Gia,  
the one before that... I liked  
her a lot.

PAT

Jesus Binoche, how many of your  
parents has your sister killed?

Uzi looks to Frank's dead body, then to Pat, then nods to  
himself, closing and locking the door.

UZI

Okay. I'll save your lives. But I  
want two parents. Nuclear family.  
Dinner at seven. We watch Friends  
and you don't let me watch the  
episodes where there are lesbians.

The two bleeders look to one another, Pat shaking his head.

PAT

If we don't slippery slug our way  
out that door right now, his  
sister's gonna use us as a bank  
where she stores her murder.

UZI

She's never shot any of our moms.

JANE

(to Uzi)

[That is so sweet.]

Pat shakes his head again, looking to Frank's body. Jane  
holds Pat's shoulder, wincing.

JANE

I promise that if you choose the  
daddy route, after we are patched  
up, I will make us some really  
great pasta, then we can fuck like  
the Red Army is approaching.

Pat immediately stops shaking his head.

JANE

(to Uzi)

That's what we're supposed to do as  
parents, right, Pat?

UZI

Well, maybe during ovulation, yeah  
-- I don't like being asked that.

Pat thinks. He puts his hand on Jane's.

PAT

I like... you. But kids these days  
are always off shooting people.  
You're safer raising a tapeworm.

JANE

If you die right now, you're gonna  
lose your job... How hard did you  
work to get one of those, huh?  
School? References?

(mispronouncing "résumé")

Hours reformatting your resume? If  
you crawl out on us, I'm gonna have  
to pick up shifts on Sex Avenue so  
we can afford to get Lil' Pat here  
fixed. They say my fishnets don't  
have enough holes: I realize now  
when you rip them, you make less  
holes.

Pat stares at Frank's body, then at Jane. Back and forth.

PAT

Fuck... But I want cut up hot dogs  
in my pasta.

Jane smiles. She turns to Uzi.

JANE

You like hot dogs in your pasta?

UZI

That is black tar fentanyl for me.

JANE

Then we're a family! Jane, Pat,  
and... Henry, right? Bringing home  
the hot dogs? I'm not fucking you  
if your name isn't Henry.

Pat thinks, feeling at his bloody belly.

PAT

Can I go by Hank?

JANE

No, you don't have to.

Uzi goes to the medical supplies as Jane slumps against the  
wall next to Pat, kissing his cheek.

Pat finally smiles. Uzi plops a Xanax in his open mouth.

UZI

Wait. We should visit the Romanovs!

Pat and Jane frown.

INT. NIVE OFFICES - NIGHT

Ammo walks through the "empty" offices, the lights on in this room, with her pistols holstered, Xastro not far behind.

XASTRO

My lawyers won't be here for  
another couple two hours. As in  
four total.

Quacks holds Sean hostage, hiding behind a desk. Behind Pat's desk, Kirk holds Leah hostage, a hand on her mouth.

Leah wants to scream into Kirk's hand, but Kirk threatens with the gun, but that just makes Leah nod.

In between the two desks, Ammo frowns, looking to the lights. Xastro lies on Pat's desk, Pat's blanket still there.

XASTRO

I'm gonna sleep in the meantime.  
You can play on the computers. If  
you wanna scale the porn wall so  
you can play Funbrain, the password  
is "dickveinduck" -- one word. Why  
do I know that?

Xastro flips to his other side, eyes closed, his face right next to the back of Kirk's head, Kirk frozen.

XASTRO

Kinda smells.  
(finishing sentence)  
... nice. Probably my shampoo.

Kirk grips Leah's face harder as she chomps on his hand and he powers through it, gritting his teeth.

Ammo grabs a wireless keyboard off the desk, throwing it into an office. Xastro yelps as the lights in the office turn on.

XASTRO

No! We need less light!  
(re: main light)  
How do you turn this one off?

AMMO

They're motion activated...

XASTRO  
So motion deactivate.

Ammo gets a pistol out of its holster, eyeing the room.  
Behind the desk, Quacks mouths "Fuck," and releases Sean.  
Sean moves away from him slowly, looking for his shotgun:

The shotgun's next to Xastro -- on the desk. Xastro finally notices it, grimacing.

XASTRO  
Fucking janitors leaving their shit  
here.

After a moment of tense stillness, the lights go out. Ammo slowly reaches for her other pistol.

AMMO  
Timers are shorter than a dead  
dog's birthday.

XASTRO  
Saves money, Beep Boop.

Ammo gets out her other pistol.

AMMO  
Dad. Put your hands on your face  
and don't take 'em off.

XASTRO  
(introspective)  
Dad...

AMMO  
Putting your hands on your face  
makes you bulletproof. Do it.

Quacks rips the paper out of Sean's hand and sprints off.

Ammo fires at him and hits. Quacks yells but still runs.

Kirk jumps, releasing Leah.

LEAH  
Here I come, I am CinnaMon!

Leah jumps up, Ammo spinning to shoot.

KIRK  
No!

Kirk pulls Leah out of the way as Ammo fires, missing. Xastro covers his face, yelping. Sean hears all this and leaps up.

SEAN

No!

Kirk fires at Ammo before she can fire at Sean, Ammo anticipating and diving to the floor -- as does Sean. Xastro catches some of the blast in his arm and falls.

XASTRO

(screaming into hands)

Owww!

Ammo tries to shoot Sean under the desk, but he jumps on a desk chair with wheels. Ammo fires blindly, Sean pulling the desk to wheel himself another desk over.

Kirk hops up, shooting down at Ammo, who rolls to where Sean was. Again, Xastro collects some of the blast in his arm.

XASTRO

(into hands)

Fuck! Oww!

Xastro flings himself upwards, still covering his face and eyes, causing the shotgun to land on the floor. Ammo and Leah are both under the desks, seeing it land.

Kirk hops from desk to desk to sprint to where Quacks ran.

Leah dives for the shotgun as Sean leaps at Ammo, grabbing at Ammo's wrists. Sean sees Leah try to turn the shotgun on herself with her hands still tied behind her back.

SEAN

No!

Sean leaps off Ammo to shove the shotgun away from Leah as she fires, Xastro catching some blast from across the room.

XASTRO

(into hands)

I'm not fucking playing!

Kirk sees no Quacks, grunting in fury and spinning back.

Xastro sprints around, knocking into things at full force, as Kirk returns, Sean and Leah wrestling for the shotgun. Kirk spots Ammo right as she fires at him, getting his arm.

KIRK

Fuck!

Kirk fires back, but Ammo's rolled under the desk again. Kirk fires through the desk, grazing Sean's back a bit.



SEAN

Fuck!

Ammo rolls into Leah and Sean, Sean trying to turn the shotgun on Ammo as Leah tries to turn it on herself from behind. Ammo aims at both of them as Xastro trips over the bunch, falling and knocking a pistol out of Ammo's hand.

XASTRO

(into hands)

Fuck! -- Marco!

Leah and Sean smack each other's hands away from Ammo's loose pistol, Sean using his other arm (and Leah, her legs) to fight for the shotgun, as Ammo tries to aim her still wielded pistol at Kirk, Sean using his leg to pin Ammo's wrist down.

Kirk aims at the pile, unable to get a clear shot at Ammo.

KIRK

Get out of the pocket!

The loose pistol is just out of reach of Ammo's free hand. Xastro cowers next to it, face covered.

AMMO

Dad! Kick me the gun!

XASTRO

(into hands)

Where?!

AMMO

Just kick!

KIRK

Get out of fucking pocket!

SEAN

(fighting Leah and Ammo)

I thought you wanted me dead!

XASTRO

(uncovering face)

I don't think this is work-

AMMO

No!

Ammo fires her held pistol, Xastro yelping and covering his face again, the bullet catching Sean in the elbow. Recoiling, Sean releases both guns.

SEAN

Fuck!

Ammo releases her pistol to get the shotgun. Leah grabs one pistol. Xastro sprints around again. Sean goes for the loose pistol. Ammo rolls under the desk as Kirk aims at the desk, the two firing shotguns at one another through the desk.

Wood shrapnel flies, neither hit, but Ammo getting some splinters in her eyes, crying out.

Leah tries to aim her pistol at her spine as Sean tackles her, quickly aiming his own pistol at Ammo. Ammo fires at her desk again, this time at an angle, sending splinters at Sean. Sean recoils as Ammo rolls to him, Kirk losing a clean shot.

Sean throws his pistol to grab Ammo's shotgun with two hands before she can point it at him. Leah fires her pistol at her own spine -- Click! -- six cylinders expired.

Sean and Ammo struggle over the shotgun as Leah sees, adjusting herself to be in the shotgun's moving potential blast, Ammo still not fully able to see with the splinters. Kirk stalks over, Sean and Ammo rolling about.

KIRK

You can't physically best an underage girl?!

AMMO

Why would you use that word?!

Kirk's getting close enough to put the gun directly into Ammo's head when Xastro accidentally charges directly into Kirk, knocking the shotgun out of Kirk's hands.

XASTRO

(into hands)

Fuck! Yell when I'm near you!

LEAH

Fumble!

Leah jumps on Kirk's shotgun, Sean seeing and immediately letting go of Ammo's shotgun to fight over Leah's. Ammo tries to aim at Sean and Leah as Kirk jumps on Ammo's shotgun, pointing it away from Sean as Ammo fires it.

The stray shot hits Xastro's arm as he screams in his hands. Xastro accidentally sprints into the office, turning its lights on and running into things, unable to find the way out again, as Leah and Sean wrestle while Ammo and Kirk wrestle.

After a moment of struggling, the main lights go out. We hear them all tussle as Xastro slams around the lit office.

**BANG!** A gun goes off, turning the main lights back on, Kirk yelping and rolling away as Ammo reveals she's holding the loaded pistol. Ammo tears the shotgun off the floor, aiming the pistol at Kirk on the floor and the shotgun at Sean.

AMMO  
(eyes irritated)  
Freeze! Fucking freeze!

Sean and Leah stop wrestling, seeing this. Leah lets go of the shotgun, Sean grabbing it and jumping up. Ammo blindly shoots Sean before he can aim, getting his hip. Sean slumps over, Ammo trying to aim better, squinting.

AMMO  
Simon says fucking freeze!!!

Ammo spins her head back and forth to aim at Sean and Kirk, Leah trying to be in the way of Ammo's blast. Xastro stops running into things in the office, feeling around with his elbows, stumbling out.

KIRK  
That girl's so strong...

XASTRO  
(into hands)  
Beep Boop Bop 5, where are you?

AMMO  
(to Sean)  
Get that gun dirty! Now!

SEAN  
I'm aiming at him.

Vision clearing, Ammo sees Sean's got a clear shot on Xastro, who crumbles to the ground, woozy.

AMMO  
Fuck.

It's the oddest Mexican standoff. Everyone pants.

LEAH  
Why is no one aiming at me?

EXT. SOUTH POLE - NIGHT

Yellow-Eye and Orca go through the jungle, lit by the moon.  
Orca cries, wheezing a bit from dryness. Yellow-Eye looks up.

YELLOW-EYE  
We'll be at the ocean soon.

ORCA  
It has no animals. It has no...

Orca looks back for Weddell: nothing. Orca cries, falling  
onto the ground.

Yellow-Eye stares. He sighs.

YELLOW-EYE  
You're lucky you don't have gills  
or you'd be dead right now. Do you  
know why that is?

ORCA  
(through sobs)  
Gills can't breathe air but my  
lungs can. But my blubber insulates  
too well, so I get hot --

YELLOW-EYE  
No, [as in] do you know why you  
don't have gills?

Orca wipes his eyes, confused.

ORCA  
I'm an orca.

Yellow-Eye glares at him, disgusted by his weakness.

YELLOW-EYE  
In utero. Life in the sea. The  
great, dark smothering of fluid.  
Some fish once rejected it for what  
lay beyond. Breached onto land.  
Grew lungs, legs. Kept exploring  
into new fantastic shapes while the  
homebodies -- the fish -- hid in  
their prehistoric forms forever.

Yellow-Eye kneels down to get Orca to look at him.

YELLOW-EYE  
Do you know which you are?

Orca's confused.

ORCA

An orca?

YELLOW-EYE

You were a fish that evolved onto land with the rest of us. But you longed so fearfully to retreat back into the ocean's womb that you denied the fruits of soil and fled back into sewage. Your ancestors were *canines*, not fish, but devolved their paws into fins again. Your lungs are your only memory of bravery, and you carry them to shield a quivering heart? They are solely what separate you from your food. So...

(getting in his face)

What are you?

ORCA

I -- I said I'm an orca.

Yellow-Eye applauds ferociously.

YELLOW-EYE

Reject what makes you a fish and let thrive what makes you a wolf! Evolve to survive on land as you do now! The brave ancestors of your cowardly ancestors did it, so claim yourself heir of the *brave*! You are not a fish! You're an orca!

Orca is hit with a tinge of pride, rising.

ORCA

I'm an orca!

YELLOW-EYE

You will keep marching!

ORCA

I'm an orca!

YELLOW-EYE

No -- *Marching*!

ORCA

I'm an orca!

YELLOW-EYE

Okay -- Fuck! Fine!

ORCA

Orca!

YELLOW-EYE

And you'll dominate this land!

ORCA

Dominate!

YELLOW-EYE

You'll accept that you are a god!

ORCA

God!

Yellow-Eye holds out a knife and a bag.

YELLOW-EYE

You'll cut your fin on this knife  
as I collect blood in this bag!

Orca slams his fin on the knife.

ORCA

Orca!

Blood drains into the bag as Orca fumes, ready to kill the world. Yellow-Eye pulls the knife away, closing the bag as Orca charges through the jungle.

ORCA

My legs shall sprout! I am nobody's  
fucking breakfast!

Orca's voice trails off as Yellow-Eye tucks the bag away.

Elsewhere in the jungle. Weddell is rolling a stick to try to start a fire, Emperor scowling next to him.

WEDDELL

I'm trying, Your Majesty. But my  
paws struggle.

EMPEROR

Anybody could burn a forest down!  
They organize serious precautions  
to help not do that!

WEDDELL

Forgive me!

Emperor realizes Weddell is crying.

EMPEROR

What the... fuck are you doing? Are  
you crying? What? Lemme --  
(getting in close)  
Put your face up.

Weddell does. Emperor licks the tears, moaning in pleasure.

EMPEROR

Oh, so salty.

WEDDELL

Does this please you?

EMPEROR

Oh, it's like licking Jesus's foot.

WEDDELL

(crying more)  
Yellow-Eye is going to kill my new  
love as he did the last one. For I  
failed to...

Weddell slowly realizes. Emperor soon frowns, licking around,  
smacking Weddell's face a bit.

EMPEROR

Hey. Cry, my slave. Cry!

WEDDELL

Your Majesty... if we were to not  
raze the forest at this moment, but  
catch Yellow-Eye, and I were to  
destroy him this time beyond --

EMPEROR

(threatened)  
No! No more of that! I do all the  
killing! For you to kill is wrong!

WEDDELL

If I were to kill *for* you? Allow my  
strength to amplify your choices  
for who shall die!

Emperor's nervous, knowing he's losing authority.

EMPEROR

I... do the killing! That is all we  
shall discuss of this.

Weddell fumes, then tackles Emperor.

EMPEROR

Wait! What the fuck?! No!

Weddell rips at Emperor's fin with his teeth.

EMPEROR

Fuck! Okay! Fucking fine!

(as Weddell stops)

Ow! Oww! I have decided... just this once... you may kill Yellow-Eye as my slave wishing to serve me. Ow.

Weddell smiles and gets off, bowing.

INT. HOSPITAL - HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

An incredibly high Inge tries to balance a syringe on her finger. It falls. She grabs another from the used container.

There's blood all over the floor, the bodies removed. Dick's rifles are placed neatly on the bed like they're injured.

Quacks stumbles in, bloodied from his fresh bullet wound.

INGE

Did you leave your insurance with the front desk? Air conditioning isn't free.

Quacks inspects the room, shaking his head.

QUACKS

My brother bled the bed, didn't he?

INGE

Who's your brother?

QUACKS

Technically not my real brother. I'm new to the family.

INGE

Oh, I don't know if I know him.

Quacks feels for the paper in his pocket, but realizes his pistol is still there.

QUACKS

This is gonna attract a lot of attention. Did you call the police?



INGE

Oh, wait. That's what the lone survivor does! I totally forgot --

Quacks pulls out his pistol, Inge not seeing.

QUACKS

Never too late in life to learn.

INGE

Never hear about folks shooting up hospitals. It's nuking Chernobyl.

Quacks aims at Inge as McKinley pops in.

MCKINLEY

A-yo!

Quacks hides the gun. Inge is delighted to see McKinley.

INGE

A drug dealer! I get money to help those you fuck up through drugs!

MCKINLEY

And I get drugs to help those you fuck up through money! Got any surplus, Dr. Inge?

Inge tries to hide the rest of the pills in her mouth.

INGE

(mouth full)

They were all stolen.

MCKINLEY

Ah-ah-ah!

McKinley taps Inge's foot like she's a trash can. Inge smiles and opens as McKinley picks the pills out.

MCKINLEY

Pills pay bills! Unforeseen events have transpired! I am so stressed that I am debating cutting a square in my tummy and becoming an organ vending machine!

McKinley notices Quacks as he grabs the rifles, inspecting.

MCKINLEY

Okay, your suit's too bloody to deal drugs in, man. The '80s were a whole ten years long.

Inge "notices" Quacks, again.

INGE

Oh! Senator! Glad to see you  
survived your suicide to the head.  
Fuck, medicine's cool.

Quacks stares blankly, then looks to the rifles, he nods.

QUACKS

(Southern accent)  
Pleasure's... mine.

MCKINLEY

Oh, shit! You're a Senator!?

QUACKS

You never looked up what your  
Senator looks like?

McKinley shakes her head. Quacks shakes her hand.

QUACKS

Dick.

INGE

I totally thought you were just  
like, "I'm gonna mass shoot," then  
didn't hit the minimum victims you  
need for it be "mass" so you added  
yourself, which was just so brave.

QUACKS

That... ain't how it went down at  
all. Nuh-uh. Just... came by my  
favorite hospital to...

Quacks shows off the rifles.

QUACKS

... pick up the girls from their  
physical. Never shot up a hospital.  
And now nobody ever needs to look  
into me, or into who my family  
is or is not, as they do with  
shooters, and... I can just go...  
(nodding)  
Okay!

Quacks begins walking out.

MCKINLEY

Yeah, dude! I've seen your  
campaigns!

(MORE)

MCKINLEY (CONT'D)

Like the ones about building a time  
machine so we can just  
send emissions to the future!  
That's fucking brilliant!

Quacks stops, sighing in frustration.

QUACKS

[Really?] Guess to avoid suspicion,  
I can't stop campaigning suddenly.

Quacks swears under his breath as Inge and McKinley nod.

INGE

They let me wear political masks  
for a month whenever I note  
correlations between the Chief of  
Surgery failing appendectomies and  
him having brunch mimosas, so, just  
gimme a heads up for when my  
support's the most crucial, and  
your campaign can sit on my face!

QUACKS

Campaigning is highly expensive...  
(no accent)  
I don't know if I have that  
going for me. Sorry. Never mind.

Quacks aims the rifles at them as CLEVELAND (F, 20s) enters.  
She's a moral clone of McKinley. Quacks points the guns down,  
grunting in wrath.

MCKINLEY

Woah! Cleveland?!

CLEVELAND

McKinley! Needed insulin, right?

MCKINLEY

How'd you already get up here and  
to the left from British Columbia?

CLEVELAND

Sold my car to buy a plane ticket.  
Saw you rode your cool bike here.  
Cool bike!  
(nodding)  
Yeah! Got your text about the  
insulin and I sold it...

There's an awkward silence. Quacks thinks about shooting.

CLEVELAND

Uh, unrelated, like so unrelated  
that a feel-up isn't weird:  
how's... uh... how's Leah doing?  
Leah? I don't even remember her  
name or how her hair smells.

MCKINLEY

Oh... Good. Maxing like an iPad.  
Never been happier.

CLEVELAND

That's great. That's really cool. I  
mean, she was in a tough place when  
we were together and I... So was I.  
But I got in a better place.  
British Columbia. They threw a  
parade about you leaving and made  
me the mayor and my dog was never  
once hit by the school bus.

Quacks slowly re-aims the guns at all three of them.

CLEVELAND

Let's FaceTime Leah! Tell her I'm  
in town. I still have her contact  
saved and just tapped it!

Quacks sits on the bed in defeat.

CLEVELAND

(to phone)

Hey, Leah! Cleveland and McKinley!

MCKINLEY

I dunno. Let's just not do --

(seeing phone)

Wait. Leah, are you not in the car?

Quacks exits, crestfallen. On the phone Leah just frowns.

CLEVELAND

(re: herself and McKinley)

Before and after pic! Remember  
before? So sorry about -- Oh, Leah,  
you've got a little [on your  
temple], like it's right --

(gasping)

Oh, shit. That's a gun! Leah! I'll  
come save you!

MCKINLEY

I'm coming first!

CLEVELAND  
Go-go gadget pistol!

Cleveland pulls a pistol out and shoots McKinley in the foot.  
McKinley collapses.

CLEVELAND  
And I'm taking your really cool  
bike, Donkie Darno!

Cleveland sprints out.

McKinley rubs her foot in pain. Inge throws a bandage at her.

INGE  
That'll be [costing] all the pills  
I just gave you plus like \$4000.

McKinley can't believe she lost, trying not to cry.

MCKINLEY  
I don't have... I spent all my  
money on food for my girlfriend!

McKinley cries softly. Inge holds out her hand. McKinley  
takes it. Inge throws McKinley's hand, gesturing for money.

MCKINLEY  
I... Uh... Do you have like, dishes  
I can do in the back or something?

INGE  
Depends... Were you a bully in high  
school?

MCKINLEY  
I blew talcum powder in a girl's  
face to get the lead solo in choir.

Inge grabs Nurse's bloody scrubs from a pile on the floor and  
tosses them at McKinley. McKinley shakes her head.

MCKINLEY  
No. I have to go save my girlfriend  
from people killing her, including  
herself.

INGE  
Did you know it costs billions of  
dollars to get pandas to have sex?

McKinley doesn't know where she's going with this. There's a  
good chance Inge doesn't either.

INGE

We may have the *egomania* to save animals that don't want to be saved, but we don't have the *money* anymore. Not while there are cooler animals shelling out their incomes to try to survive -- and we collect it in this building.

(thrusting scrubs to

McKinley's chest)

So change into these scrubs, nurse.  
And do it in front of me.

McKinley nods, crying a moment, then hugs Inge.

Inge chews McKinley's hair.

EXT. ROMANOV'S RESIDENCE - 4AM

A gorgeous neighborhood. It's pitch black out as Jane, Pat, and Uzi -- dressed for the 1950s -- walk up to the door, holding flowers, a bottle of wine, and a pot of pasta.

UZI

She lives here! This one!

JANE

Oh, I'm so glad to be invited to a dinner as a family! And at 4AM!

Jane extends her hand to knock -- but instead punches through the window of the door, reaching around for the lock.

Someone unlocks and opens the door as Jane is caught in the window, struggling.

NAN (F, 50s) has a River Phoenix haircut.

NAN

(Québécois accent)

Jane! Hi!

JANE

I don't know you!

NAN

(to Pat)

And you must be...

PAT

Until I kill myself, yes.

INT. ROMANOV RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

RONNY (M, 50s) shakes a garden salad on a pan with no heat as he spots the folks coming in, Jane freeing herself.

RONNY

Is that Gia? Oh! Jane! Hello!

UZI

Hi, Nan and new guy! Is, um --

NAN

(ignoring Uzi)

Is this wine kosher for Passover?

JANE

Oh, no. Are you Soros-backed?

RONNY

No, but we follow every diet. The revolution must be intersectional.

Nan leads Jane away as Pat struggles to open the wine bottle.

(In the background, Pat tugs at it, hits it with his shoe, then taps it on the side of the table until accidentally smashing the neck off. Not knowing what to do, he puts it in the center of the table then puts the flowers in it.)

NAN

I want you to see this.

(pointing out painting)

It's a nude painting I've done of myself. I hate it.

JANE

Your nipples look like cowboy hats.

NAN

This is one I did of Ronny. See how his penis is boobs?

JANE

Should this be hung up around Pat?

NAN

Is that the new one's name? Mine's Ronny. He does singing telegrams but not for money -- we don't believe in that beyond my parents buying me this house -- but only if I worked at the Ralph's. *Earned* it.

JANE

(excited)

Oh, you have a son, too? I thought  
I smelled Play-Doh -- My lil fucker  
doesn't have any --

NAN

I believe it sexually inappropriate  
to acknowledge children. I meant  
your partner. You don't know about  
anything given your privileges -- I  
get it, you've read Grisham -- but  
we people who have worked at  
Ralph's know that at the bottom of  
the barrel is just wood. I remember  
my third day there, a man attempted  
to steal a forty of Miller High  
Life. Watching police kill him  
changed me. I refused to ever work  
there again. If I don't paint that  
scene, Jane, who is going to? The  
Latinx workers? They're cheated by  
the system so they can't afford  
oil-based paint. Silencio'd.

(showing another painting)

Here is my memory of that day.

JANE

They were having naked sex?

NAN

You don't understand our struggles.

INT. ROMANOV RESIDENCE - UPSTAIRS - SAME TIME

Uzi creeps around, nervously going up to a door and knocking.  
It's thrown open, revealing TINA (F, 10). She's covered in  
tattoos, wearing a full suit.

TINA

Uzi.

Tina ushers Uzi into her bedroom. It's covered in photos of  
sitting U.S. Senators with yarn connecting the images --  
alongside a full bomb-making bench.

UZI

H-H-Hey, Tina.

TINA

You know why I have six pipe bombs  
in this room, Uzi?



UZI

(sighing; reciting)

Your parents are raising you to be  
a problem so they feel less guilty  
about hoarding wealth.

TINA

I like being predictable. It makes  
me feel familiar.

Tina sets up another pipe bomb -- turns out she's stuffing it  
with Play-Doh, glitter, and temporary tattoo stickers.

TINA

My mom is a poser. I will bomb her  
and on every anniversary of bombing  
her I will take out an ad in the  
local paper with only one word in  
small letters: "LMAO"

UZI

Yeah. D-D-Do you wanna meet my new  
parents? Both of them are alive.

TINA

Uzi, if I go down there and find  
two people who don't know that your  
favorite animal is trees, I'm not  
gonna know how to help. I'm gonna  
have a great life whether I like  
what that says about me or not. You  
however are being raised in a glass  
house *after* the stones have been  
thrown; it's sharp all over. If you  
have found a wad of cotton and  
think it God, I'll cherish it with  
you, but I can't actually convert.

Uzi nods. He points to door, Tina sighing and nodding.

INT. ROMANOV RESIDENCE - MOMENTS LATER

Uzi and Tina come down the stairs as the table as they can  
start to hear an argument.

JANE

They're locally-sourced hot dogs!  
Made daily at the free clinic!

RONNY

I might as well put a gun in the  
mouth of every animal and then fuck  
it! You want pig-men roaming?!

At the dining table, the pot of pasta sits like evidence.

RONNY

Do you understand how evolution even works?! No! Your private schools were busy pretending God and Adam Smith were more important than intersectional cuisine!

PAT

I went to a public school, dead center of a cornfield! My teachers were birds! Don't tell me you --

TINA

Having a worse life than another is not something to strive for.

PAT

What the fuck is that?! You yell at us for bringing hot dogs and your house is fucking haunted?!

Nan sighs in frustration.

NAN

This is our daughter, Guillotina.

JANE

(also angry)

Do you have Play-Doh!?

Tina tosses Jane a wad as Jane immediately plays.

UZI

What's evolution?

TINA

The science of where we came from -  
- Mm -- you wanted your dad --

PAT

Don't listen to the ghost, Pat! We come from cum! As soon as we're out of this Cigar & Freud fuck shack, your mother and I are gonna do some messy creampie shit to get you a better sister!

TINA

You should teach your children about sex to curb misinformation, but this is not responsibly do-

PAT

Listen, Boo Brothers, evolution is a lie made up to get into butts! People who wanna fuck kids tell 'em we're all monkeys, because monkeys fuck their young. So, Pat, next time an adult tells you evolution's "scientific fact" or "not Jewish," find out where that adult lives and "evolve" their kids into hot dogs.

UZI

Gee! Thanks, Dad!

PAT

Son -- If you talk out of turn I'm going to have to strike you.

(back to Ronny)

I don't care if my wife comes to a dinner with an endangered fucking dragon -- if you insult it, I will eat your teeth out of your head!

NAN

And to think we invited you here for a threesome.

RONNY

I mean, hones- We did? Was I not... gonna be in... [the three]?

PAT

Ronny, I'm gonna book a singing telegram for my work and I'm gonna pick a song with the R-word.

JANE

(still going at Play-Doh)

How are things at work, dear?

PAT

Couldn't be better! I apparently wrote on the home page some religious repentant psycho shit about an upcoming apocalypse and readers had a 40% suicide rate.

Pat's cellphone rings, he answers before the second ring.

PAT

Mr. Quacks!

(holding phone down)

No. Fuck no. I'm fired. All right, family, everybody find a bed.

(MORE)

PAT (CONT'D)  
Where's your gas line?  
(suddenly to phone.)  
Wait? What's that? I'll put her on.  
(to Jane)  
It's for you, Jane.

Jane takes the phone.

JANE  
Mr. Quacks! Your experimental  
surgery to remove your lower rib  
was unsuccessful?

Jane drops the phone on the floor.

JANE  
They're giving me my old job back!

TINA  
We don't need to hear any of this.

Pat strips his suit off.

PAT  
Congrats, honey! You need this  
monkey suit more than I do then.

JANE  
Thank you, dear!

Jane puts on the suit. Pat is in his underwear. Jane reveals  
she had her briefcase of drugs with her.

JANE  
I'm off to work so my family won't  
die. Nobody have a big panic about  
this being a daily thing.

Jane leaves with a grin. Pat smiles at the door, lovingly.

PAT  
Boy, I wish I could give the world  
back to her.

Uzi smiles.

UZI  
Are we heading home now?

Pat remembers Uzi exists.

PAT  
Oh. Uh. I need you to go to school  
for ten hours.  
(MORE)

PAT (CONT'D)

I'll text you if you gotta stay longer, but if I'm not getting laid this morning, I'm doing a hate crime on my prostate.

Uzi struggles to smile through this.

UZI

It's... 4AM, Pop! School doesn't start for five hours. What if we went camping till then?!

PAT

Yes, hang out on that street with all the tents. Y'know, our local camping street. And I'll pick you up once the O.J.'s just pulp.

Pat's phone rings again. He sees, curses, and hurries out, but not before remembering to grab the pot of pasta.

QUACKS

(over phone; no accent)

When you wake up, do you know where you are?

EXT. ROMANOV RESIDENCE / INT. SENATOR DICK'S OFFICE

Quacks limps around Senator Dick's office. Pat listens, hurrying through the streets of the nice neighborhood. Quacks sits in the Senator's chair, grunting.

QUACKS

I'm gonna say a few questions and you will not say a word until I tell you you can...

(as Pat's about to nod)

Don't even fucking do that.

(as Pat's head goes still as he walks)

Ever wake up and think you're in your childhood bed? As though it's how we were taught to wake? That this must be some kind of mistake I'm in *this* bed, not that one?

The phone slips and Pat adjusts, spilling some pasta.

QUACKS

I hate that feeling. So now I don't sleep. I hustle. I do work. Do you believe someday that if you work hard, you'll become like me?

Pat puts the pasta back in the pot, hurrying again.

QUACKS

You'll wake in the same bed until  
it doesn't feel familiar, but  
certain -- I wanna see your face  
but you don't see mine.

Quacks activates FaceTime, turning his own video off. Pat stops moving and adjusts his grip so Quacks can stare at Pat as Quacks talks.

QUACKS

You'll have the bliss of a lack of  
agency or ability, like a child.  
The freedom to do as you're told  
like a child. A new childhood bed.

Pat just stares blankly forward.

QUACKS

I envy you, Henry. Like I envy a  
jellyfish. Or maybe a crab rangoon.  
No thoughts, no goals, no purpose.  
You are free to be Henry. You're  
going to work for me now. Respond.

Pat blinks.

PAT

Can I get minimum?

QUACKS

City or federal?

PAT

No, federal, federal, of course.

QUACKS

After three weeks training.

PAT

Generous of you, sir.

Quacks nods, grabbing a rifle.

QUACKS

(Southern accent)  
It's Senator now.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. NIVE OFFICES - SUNRISE

LEAH  
Cleveland, stop talking!

Leah is still FaceTiming Cleveland, hands still tied behind her back. Everyone's exhausted. Ammo holds Kirk and Leah hostage on the ground. Sean still holds Xastro hostage on the ground. Xastro still covers his face.

LEAH  
I can't chat. Both in the current situation and the current situation. I'm dating McKinley! Why do you even have my location still?

XASTRO  
(into hands)  
But what does your heart say?!

AMMO  
Keep it down, Dad!

SEAN  
We know he isn't your dad!

AMMO  
(re: Kirk)  
We know he's your sponsor at Poppers Anonymous!

XASTRO  
I know you have feelings for her! Liberate the proposal in your heart that covets your mind's blessing!

CLEVELAND  
(over FaceTime)  
Leah, I brought shrooms! The ones we did when you showed me Salò!

Leah hangs up with her nose, distraught.

LEAH  
I love Cleveland more than anything except my other ex, Reagan!

AMMO  
Shut the fuck up, meth pipe.  
(looking to window)  
Dawn's here. Workers are gonna be coming and seeing two masked folks and a whole bunch of shootout.

Sean and Kirk look to one another.

SEAN

We don't want that.

AMMO

I need that man to meet his lawyers. After that, he's yours. Play Twister together, I don't give a ghastly fuck. If you kill him before those papers have his Johns, his Hands, and his Cocks, I'm gonna put these two in the fucking stars, are we Pokemon Crystal clear?

Kirk frowns.

KIRK

Wait. I heard that phrase before.

AMMO

I said to put your discharge back in its fuck hole, you hillbilly cuck! Zero words.

Kirk's phone rings. He's about to answer it but Ammo puts her foot on his bleeding wrist.

AMMO

You're saying the word, "Hello," and that's it. Later you say, "Okay, but you're paying me double" and that's it. Moan like I'm allergic to lube if you understand.

Ammo puts pressure on Kirk's wrist and he whimpers. Kirk answers the phone.

KIRK

Hello?

Ammo instantly takes the phone, listening. After a moment, she holds the phone back to Kirk's face.

KIRK

Okay, but I wanna get paid double.

Ammo listens again, then sighs and hangs up.

AMMO

Well... Occupational hazard.

Ammo shoots Xastro in the back. He slumps.



Everyone gawks.

AMMO

Yeah. That was Xastro. Who here's  
Sean Mannion?

Sean gasps in fear.

AMMO

(to Sean)

Back to the airport, Rudy. You're  
starting for the Lions.

SEAN

What?

KIRK

What?!

KIRK

Kirk Cousins is the starting  
quarterback for... Did you say the  
*Lions*?!

Ammo groans, annoyed.

AMMO

(to Kirk)

Take the mask off.

(as Kirk pauses; gun to  
Leah's head)

Mask off or in comes the Make A  
Wish foundation.

KIRK

I don't care if she [dies] --  
(as Ammo cocks the pistol)  
Woah! That is so dangerous in real  
life! Fucking wait!

Kirk pauses then takes the mask off.

AMMO

(to Leah)

Is that Kirk Cousins?

LEAH

(shocked)

The... the actor?

Kirk's taken aback.

AMMO

(to Kirk)

Literally no one's gonna notice.

KIRK  
(to Leah)  
You don't know who I am?!

Leah stresses her brain to remember.

LEAH  
The second Venom movie.

Kirk's infuriated, struggling to keep it in. Sean's confused.

AMMO  
(to Sean)  
Kirk Cousins and Sean Mannion were  
both traded to the Lions for two  
first-round picks. Your name's now  
Kirk. Go to Detroit. Fuck your new  
wife and don't fuck your new kids.

Sean doesn't know what to do.

AMMO  
Bye, Kirk.

SEAN  
I'm not... What?

AMMO  
Game's in ten hours and they said  
no to paying double, but you're  
now allowed to kill the old Sean  
Mannion and they'll replace him.  
You decide who's who.

Sean looks to Kirk, who's still seething at Leah.

SEAN  
What happens to... me? Like Sean?  
I, what, died in a boat crash?

AMMO  
It's insanely hard to crash a --  
Last night, Mannion recovered from  
his injury and passed for 50 yards.  
Some jockstrap sniffer in special  
teams has been promoted to GM. So,  
thank the GM formerly known as Rick  
for being so bad at football that  
nobody thinks Sean Mannion suddenly  
made it to practice. You'll meet  
him in Detroit as teammates. Don't  
worry about your wife being  
confused, I'm sure Rick's just as  
inexperienced at eating Brazilian.

Sean shakes his head, not fully following.

SEAN

You want me to be Kirk Cousins? And  
the old GM is the new Sean? Why?  
(aiming at Ammo)  
I just moved into Minnesota.

AMMO

Amongus Christ --

Ammo shoots the gun out of Sean's hand as he yelps, releasing it. As the gun hits the ground, it fires into Xastro's foot. Xastro groans faintly.

AMMO

Sean Mannion makes 990,000 a year:  
that's what they pay the guy in the  
stands who sells pretzels!

Sean, a bit shocked, nods. He looks to Leah and Kirk.

AMMO

Country Bears here has a new  
assignment and has to keep soaking  
the floor. Don't say bye, don't  
jump on the bed, just grab the  
closet case and ride off into the  
snowy sunset.

Sean stares at Kirk, picking up the shotgun as Ammo readies a shootout, but Sean instead helps Leah up.

LEAH

Can I hold a gun?

The two walk out, Sean exhausted.

SEAN

No, man...

Leah and Sean are gone. Ammo spins Kirk over to his back with her feet, his hands in the air. He fumes at her.

KIRK

You... just took everything from  
me, you little fuck. That was my  
trade you just gave --

Ammo stomps Kirk in the nose. He recoils in pain, a ringing lightly going off in his head.

AMMO

You're making more now. Do you know who Buck is?

Kirk can't respond.

AMMO

We still don't know a lot, but word's out that Buck hit another hospital. I don't have time to turn eighteen and collect a stock inheritance: Apocalypse Nigh.

KIRK

Pocket... lips?

AMMO

I don't know much about her other than she likes sex and is powerful.

KIRK

For me?

AMMO

You. Your name, listen carefully... is Antelope Xastro.

Kirk frowns.

KIRK

You shot him? Me?

AMMO

Xastro wasn't shot and killed today. As a matter of fact, he's gonna make an announcement when the markets open that he's liquidating just point-one percent of his stock and his face is all busted up like this because he just got surgery to look younger and more masculine.

Ammo looks to the clock, it's 5:58AM.

AMMO

But that's at 9AM, so in the meantime, I need to get into Kirk Cousins' bank account for some seed capital. 28 mill a year, ya? *That's* why you lived. By three hours.

Ammo goes to Xastro, aiming a pistol.

AMMO

Papa, you still got some pockets of  
air in your popped lungs?

XASTRO

(weakly gurgled)

Beep Boop Bop Five... You shot me.

Ammo frowns.

AMMO

That... happened a full minute ago.  
Your reaction time is... stunning.  
I'm gonna kill you now, okay?

KIRK

(dazed)

He's Xastro?

AMMO

You're Xastro.

(grimacing at Kirk)

Shit, how hard did I kick you? Can  
you remember your ATM pin?

Xastro touches Ammo's ankle, she aims at his head.

XASTRO

Please. I won't tell anybody. He's  
Xastro. It's all his. Just don't  
hurt me, Beep Boop.

Ammo sighs.

AMMO

Dad, we could've had a great...  
adoptive... union...

(kicking his hand off)

But I inherited your talent for  
union-busting.

The sound of glass smashing. Ammo spins around.

CLEVELAND (O.C.)

I'm coming, Leah!

AMMO

(hiding guns)

Gosh fucking darn it.

Cleveland rushes in, holding a phone in one hand and her gun  
in the other.

CLEVELAND  
Where's Leah?! I know she's here!  
(calling around)  
Leah! If you hear me, clap once!

AMMO  
You don't work here, right?

CLEVELAND  
No. Why? Are you hiring?

Ammo pulls the guns out as Cleveland searches, not noticing.

AMMO  
*Firing.*

Glass is smashed elsewhere again.

JANE (O.C.)  
That was fun!

AMMO  
(hiding guns)  
Okay. New plan.

Ammo stomps Xastro's nose just as Jane enters. Xastro and Kirk now both have bloody faces.

JANE  
Hello, everyone! Jane is back to work! I'm Jane!

The copier screams in horror, firing the badge at Jane's head as she ducks, the badge now stuck in the wall.

Cleveland sees Jane and gasps in delight, then realizes it isn't Leah.

CLEVELAND  
You're not my girlfriend!

JANE  
(saddened by this news)  
What did I do?

Ammo goes to shake Jane's hand.

AMMO  
You must be the new old girl!

JANE  
You don't... look like my boss.

AMMO

No, those pesky authoritarian cock  
blocks made child labor laws.

JANE

Oh, that's a bummer. Do you know  
where I can find Richard Quacks?

Ammo sees the badge in the wall and plucks it out.

AMMO

Oh. Wait. Yeah. You mean...?

Ammo throws the badge on top of Xastro.

AMMO

This? This guy's Richard Quacks.

Ammo kneels down and whispers in Xastro's ear.

AMMO

You thank her every day for saving  
your life. Now, if you don't wanna  
die, you're Richard Quacks.

It's revealed Cleveland's also kneeling with them.

CLEVELAND

That was deep. Reminds me of  
Gattaca.

Ammo growls, getting up. She kicks Xastro again, who slowly  
gets to his feet. Ammo heads to Kirk, helping him up.

AMMO

Come on, Xastro. You've got shitty  
memoirs to steal.

KIRK

Wait, I'm Xastro...?

Ammo helps get Kirk to his feet as they go down a hall.

Jane takes the framed family picture of Gia, Frank, and Uzi  
on the desk and tosses it in the trash. She opens her  
briefcase, pulling out a new picture of her, Pat, and Uzi,  
setting it on the desk.

Cleveland looks at her phone.

CLEVELAND

Shit, dude. She's on the move.  
(re: drugs in briefcase)  
Holy drugs, are those drugs?

Jane slams the briefcase shut, chuckling nervously.

JANE

What? No! I don't even drink coffee  
-- I don't even -- Like, if coffee  
is even in the air, I have to have  
an aneurysm. I don't do -- There  
are no drugs in --

Cleveland points the gun at Jane, who puts her hands up.

JANE

Please. I have my insulin in there  
and I need to take it so bad.

Cleveland contemplates as she approaches the case.

CLEVELAND

Shouldn't have gotten addicted.

Cleveland takes the briefcase.

CLEVELAND

I'm gonna be honest, because you  
have really kind eyes and I really  
want us to be friends someday: I  
usually sell "insulin" to my former  
roommate Reagan who's marketing  
that shit and is a total fucking  
awful person and you shouldn't be  
friends with her. But, uh... if you  
ever wanna buy this other stuff  
back from me or like listen to Bon  
Iver and have our thighs barely  
touch, here's my number.

Cleveland throws a business card at Jane then sprints out the door. Jane gets ready to cry.

XASTRO

(bleeding out)

It's all right. It's hard to lose,  
but the important thing is to be  
grateful to the people who don't  
kill us when they have the chance.

Xastro tries to lean on a desk, his bloody hand causing him to very slowly slip off it.

XASTRO

And they only ask for a little  
effort in return.

(MORE)



XASTRO (CONT'D)  
 I always talked about how much I'd  
 love to prove I could do it again  
 from scratch, by myself, because I  
 am a --  
 (slipping faster)  
 I'm going to die; oh my fucking  
 goodness; please save me.

Xastro collapses. Jane sighs.

JANE  
 I'll go find the second-tier  
 executive first aid kit.

Jane runs off. Xastro's phone rings. He struggles to answer,  
 but eventually gets the phone to his ear.

XASTRO  
 Xastro.

QUACKS  
 (Southern; over phone)  
*Quacks.* 'Member?

INT. NIVE OFFICES / INT. SENATOR'S OFFICE

Quacks sits at his desk, using Pat as his chair and his old  
 chair as a footstool. Pat holds the phone for Quacks.

XASTRO  
 Right. My name is Quacks.

QUACKS  
*Richard* Quacks. Makes you a brother  
 of the Richard family.

XASTRO  
 Richard.

QUACKS  
 Hired that girl today -- Jane.

Pat's ears perk, grunting.

QUACKS  
 Her arrivin' saved you now, sure?

XASTRO  
 Who is this?

QUACKS  
 Dick. Senator Dick. We watch out  
 for each other, Dicks.  
 (MORE)

QUACKS (CONT'D)  
Need you to keep the Dick name  
clean. You remember the torture,  
sure?

FLASHBACK - ABYSS

The Giant steps on Xastro.

BACK TO SCENE:

Xastro gasps, coughing blood. He's freaking out.

QUACKS  
Knew you would.

Quacks looks over his rifle.

QUACKS  
Revenge is a dish best served in  
small samples at a grocery store.  
Are you suckin' what I'm fuckin'?

Xastro keeps coughing, seeing Jane returning with the kit.

QUACKS  
She comin' back now?

Xastro nods, still coughing. Quacks smiles.

QUACKS  
Send her to the grocery store.

Jane kneels to patch Xastro up.

JANE  
I'm so sorry, they only had the  
standard employee first aid kit.

Jane opens the first aid kit, revealing a mini bottle of gin,  
an Uno card game, and a pamphlet on grief.

INT. SENATOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Quacks smiles, hanging up with his tongue.

QUACKS  
Henry, this campaign ain't gonna  
paint its camp itself.

Pat grunts as he lifts Quacks onto his back, piggyback style.

INT. ROMANOV RESIDENCE - SUNRISE

The Romanovs sit on a couch, watching TV. Tina has a separate couch with a cardboard divider, where Uzi also sits, morose.

RONNY

This show is simply misogynistic.  
That man just ogled her chest and -  
- How can they promote doing that?

NAN

The blatant racism is beyond me.

RONNY

The racism -- The acting is  
atrocious overall, the script is --  
This show makes the world worse.

We can now see it's an early 2000s training video on preventing harassment in the workplace.

UZI

I like that they make fun of both  
sides.

TINA

Uzi, did your dad tell you to sa-

UZI

(deflating)  
Yeah.

Tina puts a hand on Uzi's shoulder.

TINA

You want to be with your parents.

UZI

What? No. They're a bunch of --  
They're racist and the... acting is  
a Trojan's overalls.

NAN

That boy's parents probably love  
this show. I'll bet they made him  
to scenes of denying pregnant  
people career opportunities.

TINA

Please don't talk about Uzi like  
he's not in the room, mom.

NAN  
(insulted)  
I *have* a *name*.

TINA  
Okay, Nan -- I like when I get mad  
enough to say this -- You... are...  
right-wing.

Beat. Ronny mutes the TV. On the TV, the stereotypes and  
displays get more and more abstract and incomprehensible.

RONNY  
Do you have any idea what that --

TINA  
Rightism is an adherence to  
hierarchy against egalitarianism,  
by its original, 1789 coining.

NAN  
What an ontological reading.

Uzi notices he has a stomachache.

TINA  
Your "feminism" supposes uniformity  
of feminine experience beyond race  
and class, your "democracy" ignores  
the basic premises of anti-stati-

NAN  
Your sister was the same way with  
that pretentious jargon to cov-

TINA  
She is still alive: she's depressed  
and struggling with substance use.  
You built up a facade of "societal  
savior" in order to ignore harm in  
your vicinity.

UZI  
My tummy hurts a little. Can we eat  
something besides lettuce? Like a  
grilled cheese?

RONNY  
Oh, so you're lactose intolerant-  
intolerant?

TINA  
Ronny: I get it. You're stupid and  
it probably hurts.

(MORE)

TINA (CONT'D)

(to Uzi)

Denny's?

Uzi nods and the kids stand.

NAN

Oh, those fascists who don't pay a living wage?! When I worked at Ralph's, making 15 an hour --

TINA

(exploding)

You *studied abroad* at Ralph's! This very discussion is pretend! It's a chessboard, not the Bulge! We're gonna fight again, go to comfy beds, salad for breakfast, then you'll vote or make a meal on Nive out of not voting, and our lives will stay good. You can get a *third* degree in public policy and it'll put a *third* wall between you and ever having to actually ride the bus. You love -- I sadly will vote for Dems someday to curb harm but you love them; you want social hierarchy; you're up it, but any *meaningful* work would include sacrifices you *don't* want to make 'cuz this all stops being *fun*. You are not leftwing; you are rightwing. You are the fucking Reaganites of today. And the fact that Uzi's parents are the devil makes you think you're God.

UZI

(hurt)

The devil?

TINA

Tall fellow. Runs a basement club.

RONNY

All I'm hearing is rich people need to stay out of these matters.

NAN

She'll never understand. Not until she works at Ralph's. This is why we need to --

Nan holds the cardboard divider up to obscure Tina. Tina nods, grabbing Uzi's hand and pulling him to the door.

EXT. SOUTH POLE - SUNRISE

No light peeking through the trees, Orca, dried out, is laid in the middle of a pentagram with candles, Yellow-Eye preparing decorations for a ritualistic sacrifice.

ORCA  
(wheezing)  
The people shall form a  
dictatorship... of...

YELLOW-EYE  
The pro-le-tar-i-at. My beloved  
equal, society is soon to end.

ORCA  
Down with the state!

Yellow-Eye uses a lighter for the candles.

YELLOW-EYE  
But only we can make it happen. I  
can finally summon this apocalypse  
but first I need to transport you  
to land, where you will play host.

Yellow-Eye cuts his own fin over the blood bag.

YELLOW-EYE  
I am an air creature with no  
flight. These xenophobic  
abominations shall create a  
microscopic war into which immune  
systems will be drafted.

ORCA  
Fight the state!

YELLOW-EYE  
Yes, sure, fine. They thought they  
could destroy our homes and we  
would nestle into the ruins. When a  
virus jumped from a pangolin to a  
bat, it resulted in something novel  
and lethal to humans. The animals'  
habitats are typically too distinct  
-- their DNAs too foreign. But  
imagine an orca -- a bastard of the  
sea -- with a penguin -- a bastard  
of the air -- with the greatest  
abomination of all: Buck.

ORCA  
Buuuck?

YELLOW-EYE

The bastard of the land. The final  
ingredient in this viral cocktail:  
the jump from animal to human DNA.

Yellow-Eye has mixed the bag and is about to pour it in  
Orca's mouth when Weddell charges in, Emperor on his back.

WEDDELL

Stop!

EMPEROR

Yellow-Eye! Count your nuts!

Orca gasps in delight as Yellow-Eye hisses.

ORCA

My love! You shall join the  
revolution!

YELLOW-EYE

You're too late! The portal shall  
open to the Americas and I shall  
genocide the humans! They diseased  
my home so I shall theirs!

WEDDELL

I'll destroy you before your wicked  
magic can do anything to hurt my --

Yellow-Eye throws a knife at Weddell, getting his side.

WEDDELL

OW! FUCK!

YELLOW-EYE

Oh, pancakes. Did that not kill yo-

Weddell launches at Yellow-Eye, ripping him to shreds,  
Yellow-Eye screaming in pain.

EMPEROR

Get the -- Get -- Lemme get the  
nuts! I want the nuts!

Emperor tries to peck at Yellow-Eye's nuts but Weddell throws  
him off, Emperor landing on his head while Weddell tears  
Yellow-Eye into confetti.

EMPEROR

(in pain)

Ow. Fuck. Got him. Got his nuts.

Weddell jumps off, Yellow-Eye twitching, guts everywhere.

Weddell rushes to Orca.

WEDDELL  
My love! Are you okay?!

Orca struggles to breathe.

ORCA  
I'm... I don't think the revolution  
met expectations.

YELLOW-EYE  
(gargled)  
Please. Put my nuts back.

Weddell spins to Emperor.

WEDDELL  
Your Majesty! We need to get him to  
water!

EMPEROR	YELLOW-EYE
Ow. Fuck, I bumped my beak.	Put my nuts back. Please.
	Lemme die with my nuts.

WEDDELL  
Your Majesty!

Emperor struggles to waddle, holding his beak.

EMPEROR  
I'm -- Ow. I'm gonna go for a walk.  
I'm not crying -- It's an anatomy  
thing that if you get hit in the  
beak, tears come out, you cowards.  
(leaving)  
Ow. Fuck. Wow.

Weddell spins back to Orca.

WEDDELL  
My love, get on my back. We'll get  
you to the ocean.

Orca smiles at Weddell.

ORCA  
I... am evolving...

WEDDELL  
You will perish here!



ORCA

You are why... I lived so long out here... You... surrounded my heart.

YELLOW-EYE

Please. My nuts.

Weddell rips Yellow-Eye's neck out, then returns to Orca as Yellow-Eye gargles.

WEDDELL

I'm taking you to the sea.

ORCA

You have... my love... You made my... warm blood coarse gently.

Weddell can't believe this.

YELLOW-EYE

(barely comprehensible)

What? What the fuck does that even mea-

Weddell smashes Yellow-Eye's skull in. All that Yellow-Eye can do now is shoot a stream of blood from his skull.

ORCA

Goodbye, my love. I see it...

(gazing out)

I am now coming into the world after this one...

Orca looks to Weddell, smiling.

ORCA

Oh... They're all swimming...

Orca dies. Weddell stares in agony, then roars to the gods.

Weddell flees, on a rampage, as Yellow-Eye topples over, falling onto the pentagram.

INT. XASTRO'S OFFICE - DAY

There's a massive, incredibly complex machine in the middle of the room, levitating a chicken egg. A portrait of Kirk has just been painted and is now hung up on the wall, replacing a trashed one of Xastro.

Ammo tinkers with levers as Kirk wears a Packers helmet, rubbing the helmet with an ice pack.

AMMO

Xastro! Eyes on the barometer! The insides and outsides of the egg need to be within point-two atmospheres of one another or we're gonna have scrambled siblings!

KIRK

We've been at this for two days! I need to sleep!

AMMO

We've been at this for 45 fucking minutes! We're genetically modifying that chicken egg to be a penguin! The yellow-eye species is nearly extinct -- we have to help.

KIRK

Penguins? We're helping penguins?

AMMO

They're my family. We need vinegar to coat the egg. Here, we've got another hour till the stock market opens and then we're in the money forever, but for right now --

Ammo goes to a laptop and types.

AMMO

"KIRK DANIEL COUSINS" password  
"JODIE FOSTER" --

The computer dings.

AMMO

I just wired us another thousand bucks. Run to the 24 hour Ralph's and get us some more vinegar.

KIRK

They're gonna recognize me!

AMMO

No! No, they are not! I'll time you on a stopwatch if you want. Would timing you be fun? Would that glitter your glue?!

KIRK

No! Lemme... Lemme -- Hold on!

Kirk taps at Xastro's landline. Xastro enters.

XASTRO  
Mr... Xastro... sir?

KIRK  
Get vinegar.

XASTRO  
White? Balsamic? Rice? Red wine...?  
Malt...? Apple cider --

Kirk throws the ice pack at the door as Xastro flees.

KIRK  
Just let me take a nap.

AMMO  
You're officially a CEO.

INT. NIVE OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

Xastro hurries down the hall, then sees Jane covering the bloody carpets in whiteout and pauses. He looks back at Xastro's office, then hurries to Jane.

JANE  
(noticing Xastro)  
Good morning, Mr. Quacks! The bagel shop you wanted had a long line. Want me to call in a bomb threat?

XASTRO  
Forget that. New task from Xastro himself, so make your ears legs.

Jane sets the whiteout aside, pushing her ears open.

XASTRO  
Go to the store. Vinegar. The Ralph's on Williams. *That* one. I don't care if it's fucking fumigated: buy a gas mask inside.

Jane nods, hurrying up.

XASTRO  
And Jane.

She turns around, waiting. Xastro feels some guilt.

XASTRO  
You -- You're...  
(cowering out)  
You're stupid. You look stupid.

Jane nods, then hurries out.

INT. SENATOR'S LIMO - DAY

Quacks is on the phone, Pat again holding it for him.

QUACKS  
(Southern)  
The Ralph's on Williams? We'll  
probably beat her there. And we'll  
beat her there.

Quacks licks to hang up the phone. Pat lowers the phone.  
Quacks readies his rifles.

QUACKS  
Henry, you think me a father?

Pat blinks, confused.

QUACKS  
I see you like a son.

Pat's a bit touched.

QUACKS  
Like a two year-old son. And I have  
to pick what you wear and eat  
because you're incapable. I gotta  
make money to provide for you.

Pat nods, then squirms to say more.

PAT  
Well... I can make some mon-

QUACKS  
Shut the fuck up. Do not ask the  
hand that feeds you for food.

Pat nods obediently. Quacks admires his rifles.

QUACKS  
Me: I'm what's best for you.

Pat nods, then looks out the window, worried.

INT. XASTRO'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

The machine hums and Ammo smiles.

AMMO

Ante, what's the barometer at?

She sees Kirk is already going unconscious.

AMMO

Ante? Antelope! Hey!

The lights on the machine turn yellow.

AMMO

Ante! The most important ingredie-

A flash of light. Orca's corpse and Yellow-Eye's mangled and still living body now rests on a platform on the machine.

AMMO

Arriving! Yellow-Eye, did you get a tattoo?

Blood shoots out of Yellow-Eye's skull. Kirk wakes up, immediately falling over his chair.

KIRK

Woah! What is that thing?! What the fuck is that?!

AMMO

Hold on.

Ammo tinkers with some knobs and dials. The machine slowly grabs Yellow-Eye's pieces.

AMMO

We need his DNA to re-engineer the egg so inside is not a chicken, but rather a fellow penguin. But first, some assembly is required.

KIRK

Do you know this fucking thing?!

Ammo tinkers and the machine begins to reassemble Yellow-Eye.

AMMO

(proudly)

That... is my biological father.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE 2.

FADE IN:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - LEAH'S CAR - MORNING

Sean pulls up to the same spot Leah had been parked in before, turning the car off. Leah sits in the passenger.

Leah sighs. Sean does as well.

SEAN

Am I ever gonna see you again?

LEAH

No, man. I'm literally gonna kill myself as soon as you leave.

SEAN

[Don't] -- [Fucking] -- Why do you want to kill yourself so bad?

LEAH

I've already gone into it recently. I wanna keep it fresh or I might get bored and move onto a different obsession like making dry ice bombs or listening to K-pop. Maybe if I got bangs I wouldn't wanna kill myself every fucking second -- Like I'd get at least a couple seconds where I liked my bangs.

Sean thinks, then removes his ski mask. Leah smirks lightly.

SEAN

I think life's a good thing. I think you should make a home in it.

Leah turns to him.

LEAH

Do you own your home? Like your house? Like it's *actually* yours?

SEAN

I get what you're getting at, but money won't make you any happier.

LEAH

Let me pull up my Venmooo.

SEAN

(backpedaling)  
Well, I can't.  
(MORE)

SEAN (CONT'D)

I don't have that much to give. I give thousands to charity. Multiple thousands.

(scoffing)

I mean, I was only making six figures as an NFL player. That job destroys your brain. I'm already forgetting what happened yesterday. When I'm 40...? I gotta make sure this money can last my lifetime.

LEAH

Yeah, and my financial savings strategy is to shorten my lifetime. Please leave the car.

He doesn't, staring. She looks to him, sighing.

LEAH

There's a reason the word fortune means both a ton of money and to know your future.

He keeps staring, then starts to lean in for a kiss, Leah immediately batting him away.

LEAH

What the fuck was that ?!  
What?! Whaaa?!

SEAN

Woah! Is that not -- I thought that's what this whole day was! Like --

SEAN

Like as soon as we locked eyes right here and I didn't shoot you because we, like... I thought --

LEAH

I should kiss you 'cause you didn't shoot me when you stole my car?!

SEAN

Don't say it like that! It sounds like I'm forcing you to kiss me!

LEAH

I'm gay!

SEAN

(double-taking)  
[What?!] Like, for women?!

LEAH

You thought we were flirting when I kept trying to die --

LEAH SEAN  
 And was a hostage at gunpoint Well -- I mean, I also like  
 -- women! I think it could work!

LEAH  
 When was your last concussion?! On  
 the drive here?!

SEAN  
 Look! I know this world is crazy. I  
 know it kills you to be a part of  
 it. But you're just... not like the  
 other girls I've been with!

Leah stares through his skull.

LEAH  
 Go to the hospital. Don't even get  
 an MRI, just explain to them that  
 your brain is fucking chocolate  
 chipped with tumors.

SEAN  
 Leah...

Sean grips the wheel. It's the romantic speech of his life.

SEAN  
 When you dance around this dance  
 floor that is the world, you're not  
 even listening to the music, you're  
 not even dancing, the way your body  
 dances is just --

Sean's phone rings. He slams the dashboard.

SEAN  
 Fuck! Wait! No! That was so good! I  
 fucking had it in my head!  
 (answering phone)  
 This is Sean -- Fuck! No! This is  
 Kirk's phone! I'm Kirk Cousins. My  
 name is Kirk Cousins. This is how I  
 answer phones.

Sean listens as Leah stares. Sean sighs, shaking his head.

SEAN  
 Well... Okay. Sorry that happened.  
 Let me come into town to play then  
 we can discuss it. In the meantime,  
 let's... hack Nive. Threaten them  
 to give it back or... else. These  
 fuckers won't know what hit them.



Sean looks into Leah's eyes. He sees something more. She is not giving anything more, but he sees it.

SEAN

Actually... [No...] Hire a new  
hitman to squeeze your sponges.  
I've gotta see about a girl.

Sean leans in to kiss her as she bats him away.

LEAH

Get out of the car!

LEAH

Get out! Was that the line  
from fucking Good Will  
Hunting?!

SEAN

I thought you changed your  
mind! I -- Just let me finish  
my speech!

SEAN

I was interrupted by an important  
phone call! A Nive computer wired  
twenty million dollars from Kirk  
Cousins' NFL bank account -- Not *my*  
Kirk Cousins NFL bank account, the  
other Kirk -- Wait! Fuck! That is  
now *my* Kirk Cousins NFL bank  
account! Fuck!

(to phone)

I'll call you back! And we're gonna  
hit them where it hurts --

(voice cracking)

Their hearts!

Sean hangs up. He doesn't see Cleveland nearing with a gun.

SEAN

Look! When we danced together today  
-- [Well,] I don't thi- We didn't  
actually physi-

CLEVELAND

(aiming)

Out of the car, Cockter Cocktopus!

SEAN

(grabbing his shotgun)

I'm so unhappy with every single  
thing that happens.

LEAH

Hey! Don't you shoot her! Kirk!

Sean gets out of the car.

CLEVELAND  
Anything you say can and will be  
useful to the Quarter Law!

Sean bashes Cleveland's leg with the shotgun, swiping her  
pistol from her.

LEAH  
Hey! Stop being a fucking NFL  
player!

SEAN  
(to Leah)  
I'm leaving! Okay!? And next time  
we see each other, I'm not gonna be  
all nice about it! I'm gonna shoot  
you in your beautiful, blue eyes!  
They look like sapphires!

CLEVELAND  
(groaning in pain)  
I didn't wear my shin guards!

Sean leans into the car, seething.

SEAN  
Goodbye, Leah! And just so you  
know, I could've given you  
everything: money, love, signed  
footballs and merch, front row  
tickets, a new car, a new house,  
new teeth which I didn't wanna  
mention before so you didn't feel  
bad but now I hope you feel bad  
everyday forever looking at those  
fucking dominoes -- uh -- my dick,  
a son, charity donations in your  
name so you don't have to pay  
taxes, a whole charity in your name  
-- "Leah's Promise" -- uh -- new  
clothes, NFTs --

LEAH  
Get on your fucking airplane!

SEAN  
I'm going! I just wanted to talk to  
you some more!

Sean leaves with all the guns.

SEAN  
This is so inappropriate. We spent  
the whole day together.

Sean's gone. Cleveland gets into the car, wincing from the pain. Leah shakes her head.

LEAH  
Where's McKinley?

CLEVELAND  
McKinley was shot in the foot and then got Crohn's. She's dead.

Cleveland takes Leah's phone and taps through it.

CLEVELAND  
And she said in her last words that the final thing she wanted you to do for her was to block her on every app and her texts too.

Cleveland puts Leah's phone back in her hands.

CLEVELAND  
She was a good person. If you need a lap to cry on, I recently shaved mine so it feels like a salmon. Like one from the store.

Cleveland shows off her briefcase full of drugs, opening it.

CLEVELAND  
Wanna do acid and try to remember every room of our childhood daycares?

Leah stares, then launches herself at Cleveland, kissing her. The two make out.

CUT TO BLACK.

TEXT:

**"Fascism should more appropriately be called Corporatism because it is a merger of state and corporate power."**

...

**Bennito Mussolini, after creating fascism**

FADE IN:

INT. DENNY'S - DAY

Uzi pokes sadly at his eggs. Tina uses the back of the kid's menu and crayons to draw childish schematics for a time bomb.

UZI

They're not smart. I just want  
parents that feel smart sometimes.

TINA

Parents feel like tangible proof of  
what you can be. When they don't  
feel smart enough, it means either  
you're on your own to explore  
further, or you're going to someday  
be a conductor on their trains of  
thought. Both feel very lonely for  
the person you are now.

UZI

Tina, I don't know what you're  
saying. I might when I'm 10, like  
you, but I'm 8. I'm not thinking  
about how to blow up cop cars yet -  
- I still watch Paw Patrol and I'm  
embarrassed. Do I like hanging out  
with you because the things you  
say? No. I really don't know how to  
pay attention. But I really like  
you. Your hair is so pretty.

Tina nods, having heard this before.

TINA

They're not smart people to most,  
but do you think your new parents  
are smart to each other?

Uzi thinks, then nods.

TINA

I think you're kind. Love will find  
you. I think their love will.

UZI

I don't wanna be kind to them if  
they're dumb. I don't want their  
love. I don't wanna be dumb.

TINA

Uzi, let this be a warning you  
listen to out of my charming smile:  
anybody who'd rather be smart than  
kind has never been either.

Uzi thinks about this. Tina pulls out cash.

TINA

Let's get you home. Your mom and dad will get back from work. Anybody who spends enough time with you will realize just how much you want to give to this world. And when you've got their recognition, you'll come show me what it's like.

Uzi smiles lightly. The two stand and hug. Behind them, a patron loudly chokes.

DENNY'S PATRON

(choking)

This isn't what I ordered.

The patron tries to Heimlich themselves against the table. They launch themselves again, the food flying out.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. RALPH'S SUPERMARKET - DAY

Quacks stands on top of a soapbox, waving the rifles.

QUACKS

Kids smoke weed penicillin funded by the monarchy of the lazy for their illegal settlements coming in from the open sesame because I love Israel because I believe fiercely the end of days is coming and Israel's for Jews to control only because I hate the big banks because I believe fiercely they're for Jews to control only!

Quacks heaves in air, face red in fury. Pat nods.

PAT

Maybe keep your sentences more byte-sized?

QUACKS

(dropping accent)

Yeah?

PAT

Message is great, poetic, just tighter. If we wanna afford this campaign, every sentence should be something we can put on a Big Wheel bumper sticker.

Pat goes through his clipboard. He doesn't know these words.

PAT

Outing "the monarchy of the lazy"  
is great for the antiestablishment  
paleo-dicaprios advocating for 1889  
but may be bad for the "God is King  
James" antidisestablishmentarianist  
evangelical-shoes.

Quacks nods, also not understanding.

QUACKS

Yeah. Yeah. Should I shoot the gun?

PAT

Like right now?

QUACKS

Okay.

Quacks fires a rifle in the air. Some shoppers yelp but most continue about their day like nothing new happened.

Quacks utilizes this moment to scope who's in the store.

QUACKS

(Southern again)

You're exceptional, Henry.

Pat smiles, a bit proud.

QUACKS

If I get reelected, I'll pay you  
back with the residuals off the box  
office. I'm gonna go kiss some  
babies and their babies.

PAT

I'll be right here armed with NDAs!

Quacks walks off. Once out of earshot of Pat, he fumes.

QUACKS

(no accent)

Where the hell is she, Quacks?

As Pat stands around, beaming in his success, Jane walks up with a plastic bag of loose liquid.

JANE

Henry?

PAT  
(realizing)  
Jane! Hi!

The two are about to kiss, but awkwardly don't.

PAT  
What's up? Besides my detection  
erection at seeing you!  
(grabbing NDAs)  
Hey, speaking of, has a Senator  
with some assault rifles recently  
touched you with his hands or  
bullets?

JANE  
(thinking)  
A little bit ago, sure. There was  
no vinegar on the shelves --

PAT  
(holding out NDA)  
Right. The supply-siding and  
roofing. We should sign --

JANE  
(signing)  
I just opened some pickle jars and  
poured the juice into this bag so  
now I think I'm participating in  
the shoplifting wave. It's so cool  
to be a part of something greater!

Pat takes the NDA away, the two looking at one another.

JANE  
Hey! You got a job at the store!  
That isn't sad at all, honey.  
You're a hero. Like a policeman or  
soldier -- Oh, my gosh! I feel like  
Eva Braun!

PAT  
Oh! No, I'm the campaign advisor  
for Senator Dick.

Jane's smile slowly fades.

JANE  
Oh, is he the one that... shot me a  
bunch of / times?

PAT

I hoped you wouldn't let politics  
get in the way of our marriage --  
And saying he shot you a bunch of  
times if he only shot you twice  
isn't language-inclusive towards  
people the Senator shot a bunch.

Pat nods, agreeing with what he just said. Jane's upset,  
pointing to the exit.

JANE

Okay. I should probably get back --

PAT

What, before he, what, shoots you?  
You can say it. I mean, again, I  
wish you supported me and my  
beliefs and my job, but --

JANE

(reassuring)

No, no, no, no, no! I don't.

PAT

Well, unless we wanna downsize to a  
coffin, these are my politics.

Jane fumes.

JANE

Your head is full of scribbles.

PAT

(insultingly)

Your nose... is bloody.

He's right: her nose is bleeding.

PAT

That isn't a weird insult:  
it's bleeding.

Jane pats it, blood also coming out of her eyes and mouth.  
The two are in shock.

PAT

Did you take your insulin?

Jane feels a wind whooshing around her.

PAT

Woah. I'm sorry. I'm sorry! Do you  
want me to buy you a --

(MORE)



PAT (CONT'D)  
 (looking at shelves)  
 Chocolates?  
 (reading prices)  
 Oh, fuck. Do they do leases?

JANE  
 The end is nigh...

Pat's confused. Jane earnestly tries to explain to him.

JANE  
 You are all but cogs in an aging  
 clock that spent its purpose trying  
 to know the time without  
 investigating how much it had left.

Some Buck voice sneaks into her voice, Jane still trying to  
 be earnest. Some wind blows coupons around.

In another aisle, Quacks notices the wind, smirking.

JANE  
 Repent. Oh! Not to seek  
 assimilation into a greater  
 afterlife, but to allow your labor  
 to finally achieve reward. Bask in  
 the irony that to take an earned  
 rest before the end is to relax  
 into a society that never would've  
 necessitated rest or an ending.

Pat doesn't know what to say.

Quacks sees Jane, giving a toothy grin as he comes over.

QUACKS  
 (Southern)  
 Henry! Campaign slogan! "Dick for  
 Senate: I Will Kill Your Wife" --

Pat quickly tries to hide Jane from Quacks, pushing her away.

PAT  
 Absolutely, that's gonna score with  
 the Mormon hoarders in the Southwe-

QUACKS  
 Some wives vote against me, so it's  
 like pruning a bush of its roses!  
 ("noticing" Jane)  
 This yours?

PAT  
 No! No, this isn't!

JANE  
[I'm not!?] What did I do?

PAT  
[Shut the fuck up!]  
(trying to push her away  
again; hushed)  
Take your loose bag of pickle juice  
and go. I can't do this again.

QUACKS  
Ma'am, would you like to  
participate in a focus group?

PAT  
No! Sir, I think she's leaving --

QUACKS  
I can just clip her wing to see how  
she likes it! Did she sign an NDA?

Pat tries to shake his head as Jane holds the NDA up.

JANE  
Oh, was that what this was?  
Quacks shoots Jane in the arms a thousand times.  
Jane collapses into Pat as Quacks reloads.

PAT  
Jane! Jane, are you all -- ?!  
Quacks fires more at her arms as Pat dives away.

PAT  
No! Nooo! Please, sir! Please!  
Quacks reloads. Pat rushes over to Jane.

PAT  
Please be okay! Please be okay!

QUACKS  
Yes, dear: from "not much" to  
"totally" -- do you feel included  
in the political process?

JANE  
I have to... I have to [tell you  
something]...

PAT

Tell me... You can tell me, Jane!  
Please!

JANE

I have to... get back, around  
now... I just don't wanna take so  
long at the store. They'll think...  
I was ogling the fresh baked goods.

Jane struggles to get up, arms obliterated. Pat tries to help her up, but Quacks puts a rifle to her head. Pat gasps.

QUACKS

Henry, go play in the street.

Pat doesn't know what to do.

QUACKS

Henry, I will put a negative number  
on your paycheck and I promise the  
bank will send me your savings.

Pat backs away, terrified. Quacks kneels down and whispers to Jane, who's bleeding out.

QUACKS

I only remember glimpses of you.  
But they fill me with gluttony.

Jane can barely hear any of this, going in and out.

QUACKS

Don't worry: I'm giving you mercy  
you don't have the capacity for.  
(deep in her ear)  
I'm sending you to hell. But slow:  
I know they're gonna have a cushy  
job waiting for you down there.

Quacks releases a rifle, grabbing the bag of pickle juice and pouring it on Jane's arms as she yelps in pain.

QUACKS

I know my name now.

He points the other rifle to Jane's forehead.

PAT (O.C.)

It's Pat.

Quacks turns -- *WHACK!* Pat hits him. Looking behind Pat, we see he tore the top off of a cash register.

Quacks is out. Pat drops the register top, going to Jane.

PAT  
Are you okay?

JANE  
Henry --

PAT  
I'm here! I'm here!  
(re: her arms)  
I don't know how to help.

Pat lifts Jane, putting her on him piggyback.

PAT  
I'm taking you to the hospital!

JANE  
(weakly)  
A hospital? What is it?

Pat hurries out the store, Quacks groaning, grabbing a rifle.

QUACKS  
Hospi-

EXT. RALPH'S SUPERMARKET - MOMENTS LATER

Pat hurries down the street, Jane losing a lot of blood. Pat yells at pedestrians.

PAT  
Are you a doctor?! Are you a  
doctor?!

They all look away from him. Pat gets in one's face.

PAT  
Please! I need help!

The pedestrian puts a quarter in Pat's mouth, not stopping.  
Pat spits it out.

PAT  
No! Please!

JANE  
(re: ground)  
Henry... there's a quarter...  
(some Buck voice)  
The Senator is arriving.

Pat spins and sees Quacks stumbling out the store.

JANE  
(Buck)  
The Saturn.

Pat looks to the parking lot, hurrying to a car.

JANE  
(Buck)  
That's a Mercury.

Pat hurries to another car: it's unlocked. He loads Jane into the passenger seat.

Quacks aims a rifle along the parked cars' back windows.

Pat hops in the driver's seat, frantically searching.

PAT  
Are there spare keys?!

The car starts, Jane flinching.

PAT  
Oh! It's voice-activated!  
(to car)  
Thank you!

Quacks is approaching to their left.

JANE  
(Buck)  
[On your] nine.

JANE  
Oh! Is it a German car?  
(to car; quickly singing)  
Danke scho-

JANE  
(Buck)  
Drive.

Pat pulls the car out of the lot, Quacks firing at it. The windows shatter but they make it out, screeching on the road.

Quacks throws a rifle to the ground in fury.

He thinks, then grabs his phone and dials.

INT. MERCURY - LATER

They're parked outside a drive-thru. Pat nervously eyes the dying Jane, feeding her french fries. She nibbles on them.

PAT  
Can we go to the hospital now?!

JANE  
(Buck)  
I will not be in the hospital for  
another song and a half. Now that I  
am replenished, we must go to Nive.

PAT  
Don't you get a few hours of PTO?!

Jane looks to Pat, unable to focus.

JANE  
(Buck)  
Your weakness is appreciated. But I  
hustle. We are going to Nive.

Pat stutters to find the words.

PAT  
Jane! I don't know right from East,  
but you should not go back to --

The car starts and Pat yelps. The car begins driving itself.

PAT  
Oh no! It's self-driving?!

Jane winces in pain as the car moves onto the road.

PAT  
(to car)  
Nyet! Nyet!

Pat throws on the parking brake. The car halts. Cars honk and zoom around them.

JANE  
(Buck)  
Do not impede.

PAT  
You're gonna die!

JANE

(Buck)

Like all beings, we are killed by  
what we mistake as our creations.  
By what existed before us.

Pat doesn't understand.

PAT

Is... Is that Enya?!

JANE

(Buck)

This woman you love is but a  
recurrence. Your love feels  
endless, but it will be usurped.

PAT

Are you breaking up with me?

JANE

(Buck)

Will that get me to Xastro?

Pat leans back, heartbroken.

PAT

You love Xastro?

JANE

(Buck)

This is four K-levels below my  
abilities.

(gasping; Jane)

Butter my ball!

PAT

Jane?

JANE

(nodding)

I just flew in and boy are my arms  
shot.

PAT

Jane! Tell me the truth! Do you  
love me, or are we just friends who  
live together and have children?! I  
will drive you to the hospital no  
matter what, but it'll change how  
long I stay in the chair by you --  
No, it won't, but I'll buy you less  
nice things at the hospital store!

Jane stares, slowly realizing it's Pat. He shakes his head.

PAT

No, I won't... I'll get you one of those heavy stuffed lambs you can microwave so it feels like you have what you need most: a living lamb.

Jane smiles.

JANE

You were already not easy to breathe around.

Pat struggles, then chuckles. He puts down the brake. Jane's head twitches. Some Buck hovers in her throat but she fights.

JANE

(grunting)

Talk. Keep talking.

Pat looks around, shaking his head.

PAT

This is no way to live, huh.

Buck is going away a bit, Jane sweating.

JANE

Dying? I don't think so. I'm pretty sure Nive's health plan doesn't cover it.

Pat's scared for Jane. He looks ahead, sighing.

PAT

I'd give every dollar I had for some more money for us, but...

(frowning)

Every time I get money, I feel like the kid at school who has cancer so he gets to wear a baseball cap.

JANE

Go Giants.

PAT

I think I kinda died in my 20s but my body could still be used so I get to just keep it. But I died. There was just no way to live.

Jane struggles to shift to face Pat, wincing. Pat helps her. She catches her breath. The Buck voice is gone. Jane smiles.



PAT  
Sometimes you smile and a ghost  
that haunts me comes back to life  
for a flash... I love you.

Jane frowns. Pat's shocked he said that himself.

PAT  
And that's the most I've ever  
learned about me.

Jane chuckles.

PAT  
Do you love me too?

Jane winces from the pain. Some Buck creeps up again.

JANE  
Stop it.

PAT  
(frowning)  
You don't feel it back.

Jane grunts, shifting again. She does feel it back.

JANE  
[I do, actua- ]

*BANG!* A bullet flies through the window, hitting Jane in the head. Pat screams.

INT. SENATOR'S LIMO / INT. MERCURY

In the Senator's limo, Xastro has them parked as Quacks aims out the window.

QUACKS  
Keep her steady!

Pat presses a hand against Jane's forehead, slamming the gas.

PAT  
Stay with me, Jane!

Jane moans out Buck sounds, Pat swerving around.

Xastro drives after her, Quacks aiming.

XASTRO  
Are we sure it was her on the  
stilts!?

Pat pulls his hand away, feeling bumps emerging from Jane's temples and yelping.

PAT

Jane! No! The bullet is spreading!

The bumps begin growing into horns.

PAT

It's sprouting into a bullet tree!

The car whirs, Pat gasping and releasing the wheel as the car speeds up, weaving through cars perfectly, Jane crying out with a million voices.

Xastro swerves through traffic to keep up with Pat.

QUACKS

Don't let her get to Nive! Or this all starts over!

XASTRO

What does?!

INT. XASTRO'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Yellow-Eye's assembled, the machine dropping him as the helmeted Kirk wakes for a moment --

KIRK

[That was just a dream?!] Ugh. I knew it.

-- then falls back asleep.

Ammo tinkers to insert new testicles in Yellow-Eye, which causes him to fully come back to life.

YELLOW-EYE

*Chirp chirp!*

Ammo sighs in relief.

AMMO

You say goodbye, I say yellow.

A monitor dings, Ammo checking it.

AMMO

And the DNA has been transferred...  
and our embryo's now looking like a penguin. [I am] Picasso.

YELLOW-EYE

*Chirp!*

Kirk wakes again, removing the helmet.

KIRK

What happened? Can we sleep?

AMMO

Putting some whites on the yolk,  
and now we are incubating.

Yellow-Eye waddles, pulling out the knife and bag of blood.  
He runs to Kirk, who snatches the knife.

KIRK

Woah!

Yellow-Eye inspects Kirk, then look elsewhere.

KIRK

Where's he from? Philly?

AMMO

New Zealand. Got to the South Pole  
through the Great Pacific Garbage  
Patch, which, due to the millions  
of tons of discarded produce on it,  
has more foliage than any forest in  
the Northern Hemisphere. Lotta  
South Pole animals are now living  
on the Patch.

YELLOW-EYE

*Chirp!*

KIRK

What's he after?

The machine's lights turn blue. The egg shakes.

AMMO

She's coming! She's coming!

KIRK

If I had a mill for every time I  
heard --

Ammo throws a screwdriver at Kirk's helmet.

KIRK

That's fine -- I just don't think  
you got it.

INT. MERCURY - SAME TIME

Jane tremors as the car floats over traffic, flying towards Nive. Pat gasps.

PAT  
I take back everything history's  
said about Germany.

INT. SENATOR'S LIMO - SAME TIME

Xastro pulls over, gasping.

QUACKS  
No!

Quacks gets out, shooting at the car in the sky.

INT. MERCURY - SAME TIME

Jane's now fully Buck, deer head and all. Pat's confused.

PAT  
Jane?

Buck turns to him.

BUCK  
(Jane's faint voice)  
Save him.

Pat doesn't understand.

INT. XASTRO'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

The egg shakes even more, ready to explode.

EXT. SENATOR'S LIMO - SAME TIME

Quacks shoots the bottom of the car, causing it to explode.  
Xastro gasps, horrified.

A tire hits Xastro in the head, knocking him out flat.

QUACKS  
(vengeful)  
Fucking tires.

EXT. MERCURY - SAME TIME

Pat's in the explosion, but not burning, Buck shielding him with magic. Pat doesn't understand as car parts fall away.

PAT

Jane?

BUCK

Give me my body back!

Buck floats Pat safely to the ground.

EXT. MERCURY - SAME TIME

Quacks stares up at Buck, in awe.

QUACKS

Who is that?

EXT. MERCURY - SAME TIME

Buck looks to the Nive offices, floating towards them.

INT. XASTRO'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

The egg shakes beyond space. A blinding light flashes.

After a moment, Ammo and Kirk look.

Orca's corpse is gone. Instead, there's a Titmouse.

AMMO

(frowning)

What? That's not a penguin.

TITMOUSE

*Chirp.*

YELLOW-EYE

*Chirp! Chirp chirp!*

KIRK

It's... a pigeon. [Or? No.] A... a sparrow-pigeon.

AMMO

It's a tit.

Kirk stands quickly to see better, and is mortified.

KIRK  
What happened to it?

Ammo looks to the monitors desperately, shaking her head. She smashes one.

AMMO  
Fucking damn it!  
(looking to Titmouse)  
Oak or juniper based on the colors.  
I mean, I spliced in some of my DNA  
to get things moving before Yellow-  
Eye got here, but...  
(looking to controls)  
Genes are not slot machines!

TITMOUSE  
*Chirp! Chirp chirp chirp!*

Ammo collapses onto the chair, ready to cry.

AMMO  
Listen [to the chirping]... Yep.  
Juniper titmouse. Oaks start their  
songs with a high note. Junipers  
repeat the same tone over and over  
again. Nothing ever changes.

Kirk listens carefully to the Titmouse's song...

*BAM!* Buck bursts the door open with magic. Kirk screams as Yellow-Eye tries to get the knife back from Kirk, who holds it over his head.

KIRK  
What the fuck is that?! Just let me  
go to sleep!

Buck heads towards the Titmouse. Ammo screams in fury.

AMMO  
Don't let her near the tit!

Ammo hops to switch some controls as Buck sees Kirk, slowing.

AMMO  
No!  
(to Buck)  
Don't touch him! Markets open so  
soon, Bambi Margera!

Buck debates between the Titmouse and Kirk, but becomes physically unable to look away from Kirk.

BUCK

Repent. Repent for the end is nigh.

The Titmouse shudders and opens its beak.

TITMOUSE

Oh, shit! Wait! My fun fact! I have  
to do that!

BUCK

The diseased sinners are the --

BUCK

-- ones who shall escape this  
earth! The meek and good  
shall live in their ashes,  
lathering in dust and moral  
supremacy!

AMMO

We gotta stop her! Xastro!  
Keep the barometers / within  
point-two atmospheres --

KIRK

I don't know what that is!  
I'm pretty sure I've been  
monitoring a digital clock!

Yellow-Eye jumps at Kirk.

KIRK

Get the fuck out of here, bird!

BUCK

Repent your acts of heroism!  
Any sacrificial lambs you  
hope to slaughter shall dry  
before you may drain them!

AMMO

She's gonna torture you  
forever unless we stop her!

KIRK

With fucking what?!

Kirk sees the knife in his hand and gasps, ready to throw it.

KIRK

This knife!

Yellow-Eye chuckles in evil.

YELLOW-EYE

Come to me, Buck! The final --

But everyone else hears:

YELLOW-EYE

*Chirp! Chirp-chirp!*

BUCK

The cobras you paid to  
vanquish were bred for the  
coins their heads earned! The  
coins made more cobras!

AMMO

Fuck! Time's almost up! Few  
more words!

KIRK

(shooing Yellow-Eye)  
Get! You get! Get!

BUCK

Lenin was not a communist! He  
was a nationalized capitalist  
whose arguments for the state  
were assembling his own  
throne of class!

AMMO

Get her to stop! Tackle her!

KIRK

I'm not allowed to do that!

AMMO

You're not Kirk! You're  
Antelope fucking Xastro!

Kirk sees the portrait of himself. He's suddenly inspired.

KIRK

Xastro! Antelope fucking Xastro!

BUCK

Not the Beatle --

Kirk puts the helmet on, revs up, and tackles Buck, knocking  
into the machine. The Titmouse flutters as Kirk and Buck  
wrestle for the knife, Buck's arms useless.

Ammo stares in horror at the Titmouse, seeing something.

AMMO

What?

TITMOUSE

Hey! There's a bird in the car and  
it talks!

(Kirk's voice)

No way...

Ammo sees Kirk and Buck wrestling for the knife, grunting.

AMMO

Xastro, shut up right now! We don't  
know who's hearing this!

TITMOUSE

(Kirk's voice)

It's actually a talking bird...

(Sean's voice)

What's going on back there?



Kirk kicks Buck off, weeping in confusion and ready to kill himself with the knife.

AMMO  
Don't -- Xastro!

KIRK  
Xastro needs sleep! Xastro's been  
in this office for fucking ever!

Buck tackles Kirk as the Titmouse flutters.

TITMOUSE  
(Kirk's voice)  
Why was it my voice now?!  
(Sean's voice)  
Guys, stop fucking with me -- I  
know there isn't a bird.

Buck gets the helmet off of Kirk as he swings the knife.  
Before he can stab her, Buck headbutts Kirk with an antler,  
Kirk gasping as it pierces his neck.

AMMO  
Xastroooo!!!

Kirk collapses, seeing from this angle that the Titmouse's  
song is creating a portal: on the other side, Sean drives.

Kirk stares at his former self, guilt overwhelming him.

KIRK  
(gargled)  
I'm sorry... Sean.

Buck stabs Xastro with antlers again and again, the portal in  
the Titmouse's mouth going to the Nive offices.

BUCK  
The charitable! Who have always  
lived altruistically! And for the  
next generation!

The lights go red as Ammo panics.

BUCK  
Need not persist! You may enjoy the  
last stockpiles of humanity for you  
are the last consumers of Earth's  
amenities!

The entire room shakes. The Titmouse levitates.

TITMOUSE

To play.

BUCK

It is not that you should not be  
charitable! But that you no longer  
have the access to...

Pieces of the machine explode off, flying in different  
directions. The Giant emerges out of the machine's portal.

BUCK

... any recipients.

Ammo drags Yellow-Eye as he tries to reach for the blood bag,  
holding them in the room as Ammo protests.

Ronny busts into the room with a barbershop quartet outfit.

RONNY

(singing a la Will.i.am)  
Let's get ret-

A flying machine scrap slices into Ronny's head, killing him  
instantly.

The Giant stomps Buck as Buck tries to fight her off.

BUCK

No! I must end the song!

The Giant sees Kirk.

GIANT

To play.

AMMO

Yellow-Eye! Forget it, man! We  
fucked it!

The Giant stomps Kirk right as the machine explodes.

EXT. TITMOUSE PORTAL WORLD - MOMENTS LATER

Buck is thrust through a world of a million portals -- all  
made of songs of titmice, opened to moments throughout the  
past few days -- the Giant and Kirk flying far ahead of her.

Buck collides with the edge of a portal, the deer head  
falling off, freeing Jane, who screams in pain. The Giant and  
Kirk zoom far out of sight.

In the portal, Past Jane is at the Nive offices, smacking at the copier. Pat and Quacks walk in. Present Jane squints.

JANE  
(begging)  
Henry?!

Past Jane spins to see Pat, then hides behind the copier.

JANE (PAST)  
Henry?

The pull of the current is too strong for Present Jane, who's thrown forward. She uses one of her destroyed arms to catch another portal, screaming in pain.

Inside, Past Jane is bleeding on the hospital floor. Present Jane shakes her head, yelling to the portals.

JANE  
Henry! Find Henry!

Present Jane is flung again, catching another portal and screaming. Inside, Jane dons Pat's suit, ready to go to Nive.

Present Jane screams in pain, seeing what this all is.

JANE  
No! Nooooo!

She tries to crawl against the current, shrieking in agony. In a portal, Jane interviews for the Nive job with Dick, though Dick is much more kind and without rifles.

JANE  
No! Jane, no! Find Henry! Fucking  
find Henry! Jane!

The current throws Jane -- far. She catches a portal, screaming and seeing that ahead is no portals: an abyss.

She cries out in terror, trying to crawl into this portal, but can't beat the current.

Inside, Pat sits in the Mercury with Jane.

PAT (PAST)  
Sometimes you smile and a ghost  
that haunts me comes back to life  
for a flash...

Present Jane claws at the portal, the current making her unable to pull herself in, the skin of her arms tearing.

PAT (PAST)  
I love you.

Present Jane watches and begins to cry, holding desperately.

JANE (PRESENT)  
Henry...!

PAT (PAST)  
And that's the most I've ever  
learned about me.

Past Jane chuckles. Present Jane screams out a sob.

JANE (PRESENT)  
I'm sorry! Henry!

PAT (PAST)  
Do you love me too?

Past Jane winces. Present Jane gasps in air, then nods  
through tears.

JANE (PRESENT)  
I love you... I love you!

JANE (PAST)  
Stop it.

Present Jane shakes her head, crying as the current pulls  
even harder. She screams in pain.

PAT (PAST)  
You don't feel it back.

Present Jane steadies herself, pulling herself a bit into the  
portal, trying to see Pat's sad eyes.

JANE (PRESENT)  
I feel it! You're kind! And you say  
kind things! And I like that I love  
you already!

Past Jane grunts, shifting. Present Jane struggles to get in.

JANE (PRESENT)  
I love you! Ah!

The current finally gets Present Jane, flinging her all the  
way towards the abyss --

-- but she's able to grasp onto the very last portal.

Inside, in slow motion, Buck stares at Pat as the bullet flies towards the gas tank of the floating Mercury.

Jane gasps, trying to pull herself into the portal, but the current is getting stronger.

BUCK

(to Jane)

You will love again. You should not shed all of this care on this man.

JANE

Henry!

BUCK

He can't hear you. I am using too much of my power now. Leave. I must kill the Titmouse and get revenge.

Jane's loses grip in one arm, barely holding on.

JANE

No! Save him!

BUCK

You are again putting too much love into another. I promise, with certainty of time, this was your last moment together. Leave it.

Jane screams out as she pulls herself against the hurricane of a current -- the portals before this one vanishing in a flurry -- the disappearances arriving towards this one.

BUCK

I will not let you connect with me again! I am God! You will obey!

Jane is pulling herself into the portal, screaming. Jane's voice becomes many, pulling into the portal more as the other portals vanish closer and closer to her.

JANE

(grunted)

Save him.

BUCK

(voices growing in power)

Your absolute moronic love for yet another man whose name you do not know will set in motion all of this again! All your pain! You are dead: all you gift him by delaying *his* death is a time to mourn you!

Jane's eyes glow as she growls, almost fully inside now. Buck is taken aback by Jane's power surpassing her own.

JANE

And if my love should haunt him, we  
will still be together.

Jane launches herself at Pat, wrapping around him.

As the bullet hits the gas tank, Jane protects Pat from the explosion, saving him.

For a frozen moment, Jane and Pat kiss.

BUCK

(faint)

No! She will be born again! No!

The portal shuts, throwing Jane into the abyss.

INT. XASTRO'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

The smoke clears. Ammo peeks up, Yellow-Eye unconscious. The Giant, Buck, and Kirk are gone.

On the platform, the Titmouse is now a girl identical to Ammo, wearing a bird costume.

Ammo and Titmouse look to one another, then look to Ammo's pistols laying on the machine. They look back to one another.

AMMO

I know what you're thinking: I did  
the same thing.

Titmouse slowly gets to her feet.

AMMO

We can be sisters.

Titmouse stares, then dives for the guns, Ammo diving as well. They each get one and jump into cover.

AMMO

Listen to me! Listen! I knew this  
could happen! But I still risked  
it, do you know why?

TITMOUSE

Hope not.

Titmouse blinds-fires.

AMMO

Listen! Yellow-Eye is the last of  
his species!

Titmouse sees the unconscious Yellow-Eye and frowns.

AMMO

I know that makes you really sad  
because it devastated me!

Titmouse thinks about this, fidgeting with her pistol.

AMMO

We can fix it. Every species we  
destroyed, every apocalypse we  
coined -- We can't ask the people  
who only know how to fuck this all  
to fix this all. We can take their  
money, kill them, and guarantee our  
survival. It's what they did to us.

Titmouse thinks, then plucks a tail feather. She smiles.

TITMOUSE

Monkey see, monkey do.

Ammo sighs in frustration. This isn't looking good.

AMMO

I thought I could fix this all on  
my own. It's why I shot the girl  
when I came out the egg. But I  
couldn't make a penguin. You and I  
can save our father's species if we  
work together.

TITMOUSE

Then how'd you goof the incubation?

AMMO

I'm not telling you that.

Titmouse nods, smirking and plucking another feather.

TITMOUSE

Smart. Smart, smart, smart. What's  
your name, big sis?

Ammo debates, biting her lip.

AMMO

Ammo. I swear this isn't some plan  
to harvest your organs or enslave  
you, because that's what I thought.

(MORE)

AMMO (CONT'D)

I swear I created you as a mistake  
and have no cause to hurt you. We  
were supposed to be inbred penguin  
mates for Yellow-Eye.

Titmouse grimaces, then shrugs. She gets it.

AMMO

Just give me the gun.

TITMOUSE

Why can't I keep one of the guns?

Ammo doesn't respond. Titmouse chuckles.

TITMOUSE

Everyone wants siblings till they  
have to share, is that it, Ammo...?  
Don't love that name.

AMMO

Don't do it. I know you think you  
are, but you're not better than me.

TITMOUSE

Guess we're about to find out.

Titmouse cocks her pistol.

Ammo grunts in fury, then opens her gun to look at how many  
rounds she has left.

AMMO

[Fuck.]

Ammo stares morosely forward, then cocks her pistol too.

EXT. ABYSS

Pure darkness. Moaning.

GIANT (O.C.)

(unseen)

Not to heal.

Spotlights on Jane and Kirk, both bleeding on the floor. The  
Buck head rests nearby. The Giant looks down at them.

Jane looks around, confused.

JANE

Henry?

(spinning around)

(MORE)



JANE (CONT'D)  
What is this? Is this purgatory?  
Are we gonna get pamphlets?

The Giant leans down towards Jane, Jane gasping in fear and readying herself for the worst.

GIANT  
And this... is Gia.

Jane winces, not understanding.

JANE  
This is Gia?

GIANT  
And this is Jane.

The Giant and Jane stare at each other, Jane confused.

KIRK  
(gargled)  
Fuck you... demon face. Xastro  
will... stab you back!

Kirk reveals he still has the knife, stabbing the Giant in the stilt. The Giant isn't hurt, stomping on Kirk.

KIRK  
(gargled)  
Xastro is sorry. Xastro was just.  
Trying to. Safely house. His knife.  
Somewhere.

GIANT  
Dick.

Jane brushes herself off, looking around.

GIANT  
Shoot Gia. Shoot Jane.

Jane furrows her brow.

JANE  
What?

GIANT  
Mask.

Jane frowns, but nods.

JANE  
It's... really cool. Barcelona?

GIANT

Not.

JANE

[Sorry] -- Barthelona?

The Giant rubs her foot on Kirk's face.

GIANT

Not Gia mask.

JANE

This guy... is not wearing a  
[mask]...?

Jane smacks around Kirk's face to prove he isn't wearing a mask looking at Kirk and nodding.

As Kirk nods too, trying to appease the Giant, Jane realizes something about Kirk, squeezing his cheeks, wincing herself.

JANE

Wait... Is this the ski mask guy?  
The guy who fucking shot me?!  
(to the Giant)  
He's my CEO?!

KIRK

(backpedaling)  
No... No.

The Giant growls furiously at Kirk.

GIANT

Shoot Gia. Shoot Jane.

JANE

(to Kirk)  
You should ask which people have  
already had super rough days before  
you start shooting around, because  
I'd just gotten fired -- Wait! So  
you're kinda who fired me too!

GIANT

Fire Gia! Fire Jane!

The Giant steps off of Kirk. Jane doesn't get this.

JANE

Why'd you bring me here?! What is  
this place?! Nebraska?!

GIANT  
Not to heal.

JANE  
Okay, that sucks! Because my arms  
hurt and I'm really upset!

The Giant stomps next to Jane, so Jane can pull Kirk's knife  
out of the stilt.

GIANT  
Not to heal. To play.

Jane thinks, then tries to pull the knife out, wincing.

JANE  
Ach! Okay. I'd love to stab him.  
But I -- I can't use my arms.

KIRK  
Look. Ladies -- We can discuss  
this. Xastro does a mean... Sex on  
the Beach. Just m'wah. And his  
cocktail's... also to die f-

Jane kicks Kirk's face and he recoils in pain.

The Giant steps off the stilts, flexing her arms from out of  
the robe. She hasn't used them in a long time.

GIANT  
To play.

The Dots appear, Jane gasping.

JANE  
You have cursed Oompa Loompas.

The Dots ready their mallets.

KIRK  
Let's just take a breather.  
Backyard concussion protocol.  
What's your name, what's the date,  
where did Dad touch you? Count of  
three, team.

The Giant holds the stilts out to Jane.

GIANT  
Not to heal.

KIRK  
One! One! -- Fuck. Onety?

Jane frowns, taking the stilts.

She looks down at Kirk, standing up on the stilts.

INT. NICE APARTMENT - EVENING

Pat, flummoxed and dirty, enters the apartment. He's shocked by what just happened, feeling tears coming.

Uzi mutes the TV, the news talking about Buck flying around.

INT. NIVE OFFICES - LATER

Pat comforts a crying Uzi, not knowing where to put his arms.

UZI

Another one of my moms got shot to death?! Is it something I did?!

Pat feels indescribable pain, but won't let it win.

PAT

[No.] Look, bud, I mean just off statistics, like, probably a little bit. This is astounding. Listen -- It's -- Just listen...

Uzi looks Pat in the eyes, Pat struggling to keep it in.

PAT

I cannot describe how much...

Uzi's ready for Pat to open up. Pat can't.

PAT

... I need to have sex.

UZI

Don't say that while hugging / me!

PAT

I can't stop thinking about it!  
Your mom dying isn't only about you...! Sorry.

Pat pushes Uzi out of his arms, walking around. Pat's on the verge of breaking down.

PAT

I didn't mean to make you feel shitty and I promise I'm not -- Sex is just all I care about, bro. Babes. Earlier today I almost put my dick in the oven --

(MORE)

PAT (CONT'D)  
(clarifying as a parent)  
On a very low heat setting!

Uzi's disappointed they can't connect, but nods.

UZI  
It's okay, Dad... Just don't talk  
about it around me. Sitcom families  
don't do that.

Pat looks out the window, crying. He tries to physically push  
the tears back in his eyes.

PAT  
It's you and me, bud.

Uzi lights up. Pat shakes his head. That was too much.

PAT  
Except for when I need you to leave  
right now.  
(as Uzi drops his head)  
I'm sorry! I feel like a dog with  
no legs! Go for an hour, lemme be  
alone. I'll never talk about it.

BAM! The door's kicked in. Yellow-Eye waddles in.

Pat does not know what to do about a penguin being here.

After a moment, Ammo walks in too, holding a plastic bag. She  
looks around the apartment triumphantly.

AMMO  
I want peanut butter Pop Tarts!

PAT  
No, man!

Ammo checks a couple cabinets, finding Pop Tarts in one.

AMMO  
(a la Andy Milonakis)  
This is my show, you can't tell me  
what to do.

Pat's about to cry again, shaking his head.

PAT  
I'm going... to the butcher... for  
something... and I pray I have the  
strength to wear a condom.

Pat rushes to the door, but stops. He curses himself, but looks to Ammo, trying not to cry.

PAT

I have good news and bad news. The bad news is...

(voice cracking)

Your mom is... is dead.

Ammo thinks, then shrugs.

AMMO

More Pop Tarts for me.

UZI

Just mourn!

AMMO

Eat my grassy knoll.

Ammo turns to Yellow-Eye, opening the bag.

AMMO

All right: look, Yellow-Eye, this is all I could get without Kirk's new bank password.

She slaps a new knife onto Yellow-Eye's fins.

AMMO

A knife.

(pulling out a cape)

A cape for your ugly body.

(slapping dollar bills in his fins)

And enough for a flight back to New Zealand. Find a little nest. I can fill it with a penguin wife because I'm not an incompetent horse girl, don't you worry.

YELLOW-EYE

*Chirp?*

AMMO

Look, Pops. I don't speak penguin. I haven't had a single fucking clue what you've said. Get out of here. I love you. Do as God forbade and fly, father.

Ammo drops all the goodies in the bag and Yellow-Eye waddles out the door with it.

Ammo opens her Pop Tart as Pat stares. Ammo sees him staring.

AMMO

What is it? Do I have something in my holster?

She pulls a pistol out and aims it at Pat.

AMMO

'Cause I don't now.

Pat sits in a chair, staring Ammo down.

AMMO

Stop staring, cheesecake.

PAT

Things are changing around here. We're gonna have to learn to be a family with... without... [Jane].

AMMO

I don't give a shit about anything but my guns. And that rug with all the abstract shapes. Honestly, I'm big on the chair you're on right now, guy -- What was your name?

PAT

Pat. But you can call me Dad.

Ammo coughs out some Pop Tart.

AMMO

Sorry, I just threw up in my skull. I don't care. I got my main quest.

Ammo leans against the door, looking out in admiration.

AMMO

Every day Yellow-Eye slides on that belly, you can put up spikes, blockades, 30 armed Irishmen, and a fucking Snorlax, but my brakes are cut and you cannot stop me.

Ammo finishes the Pop Tart.

AMMO

What was the good news? You're going into hospice?

PAT  
Give me the guns! I'm not sleeping  
here while you're armed!

UZI  
Please, Ammo!

Ammo thinks. Then sighs and gives Pat her pistols. Pat waits.

PAT  
And the others.

Ammo frowns, not understanding. Pat realizes he may be wrong.

PAT  
You don't have any like on your  
back and stuff? Like none in your  
socks or -- Like? Hidden in...?

AMMO  
I have two guns. Where would I put  
other --  
(going for guns)  
I want these back now. That was  
just greedy.

PAT  
(holding them away)  
Okay. I hope you... appreciate me  
as a father figure now... Ammo.  
(fatherly)  
Ammogail.

Ammo stares in disgust.

AMMO  
No... I don't want that. Just for  
right now, call me -- Actually,  
don't use -- Don't refer to me.

Ammo goes to her room, opening another Pop Tart. She winces  
at something, rubbing her back. She slams the door behind  
herself, blasting Enya inside.

Pat gasps at the sound, shaking his head as tears come. He  
gestures for Uzi to leave the room.

PAT  
Okay! Well...!

Uzi mistakes the gesture for a hug.

Pat is about to throw Uzi off, but doesn't. They hug.



Pat cries, gripping Uzi's shirt.

INT. NICE APARTMENT - AMMO'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Ammo reloads the pistols, looking over all the incubation plans spread across the walls.

AMMO  
(scoffing)  
Amateur.

Ammo rubs at her back again, pulling a tail feather out.

EXT. ABYSS

Kirk cries as Jane stands on the stilts, figuring them out. The still-masked Giant massages her arms, flexing them.

KIRK  
Let me sleep!

JANE  
No, Scrooge McFuck! I'm gonna bleed  
you of all your rings!

Jane stomps on Kirk, flailing to stay up. Kirk yelps and gets ready to retaliate, but the Dots show off their mallets and Kirk halts, sobbing and going into the fetal position.

GIANT  
I... I am ready for sentences.

JANE  
(like to a toddler)  
Woah! Can you say "fuck"?

GIANT  
I am ready to play Gia.

JANE  
[No!] I just started my turn!

The Giant removes her mask, revealing herself to be GIA (F, 30s), from the desk picture.

GIA  
You play Jane. I play Gia.

JANE  
Woah...! Really thought you'd have  
a fucked up face.  
(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

Not even, like, having to stand in the back of family pictures, I mean straight up an abyss or just a fucking number there. Like "8" or something.

Gia holds the mask up to Jane, who pauses, but takes it, not putting it on.

JANE

(cringing)

Oh... I mean... But it's so you.

GIA

You play Jane.

Gia looks out to the abyss.

GIA

You will forget. No memories. All that carries here is pain.

Gia grabs the Buck head, flexing her arms.

GIA

Feed the Dots.

Gia puts the Buck head on and walks off. Kirk grabs her foot before she can get far.

KIRK

Please... I saw what you can do... You can save me.

Jane stomps on his wrist.

KIRK

Ow! Please, Buck! Please!

JANE

Hands off the feet, Quentin.

Buck leans down to Kirk.

BUCK

When I see you next, you will become a butterfly.

Kirk doesn't understand.

BUCK

But that is two and a half songs from now.

KIRK  
What? What songs?

BUCK  
In a hospital, you will, if but for  
a single note, discover a teacher.  
And you will kill them, then kill  
your god, then kill your father,  
and then you will be a butterfly.

Buck walks off into the abyss.

KIRK  
Please! Please you can stop this!  
What do you want from me?! Please!

JANE  
Hey...

Kirk looks up in fear.

JANE  
It's just you and me in here, so  
we're gonna set up some traditions  
-- like trivia night! If you get  
this right, I don't hurt you.  
(leaning in)  
What's a third of a yard?

KIRK  
A...? A / foot?

Before he can finish, Jane stomps on his face with her stilt.

EXT. SOUTH POLE - NIGHT

The Great Pacific Garbage Patch flourishes with vegetation.  
By the shore, we're now able to see the refuse that makes up  
the bottom layer, supporting the plant life.

Weddell arrives, crying and exhausted.

WEDDELL  
[Water!]

He dunks his head in the ocean. For a long time.

A really long time.

He pulls his head out, gasping for air.

He looks to the moon, panting and shaking his head.

WEDDELL

Don't pretend you remember me,  
moon. There are too many  
extraordinary creatures for you to  
remember me.

The moon stares.

WEDDELL

Don't pretend you pity me. There  
are too many tortured creatures for  
you to pity me.

The moon stares. Weddell cries.

WEDDELL

Don't pretend you see me, moon! No  
one can! Some of us don't have the  
advantage of being the brightest  
thing in the sky! Some of have us  
have to suffer so much to be found!

Weddell sobs.

An Orca -- slightly different in appearance to the one we  
know -- swims up to him.

Weddell screams and hides in the jungle.

ORCA

Who are you?

Weddell doesn't come out.

ORCA

I saw you splash into the water a  
moment ago and I came to eat you.

After a moment, Weddell emerges from the jungle.

ORCA

Can I know a little about you? Half  
of food is how you name it -- where  
it came from, how it grew -- I  
watch Top Chef.

Weddell shakes his head, panting still.

WEDDELL

I... watch sometimes.

ORCA

How far along are you?

WEDDELL

Season 5. The New York one. I've been meaning to get further for a long time, but...

Weddell can't do this. He sits.

ORCA

I won't spoil. Who do you like?

WEDDELL

Stefon's obviously gonna win. Rooting for Carla or Ariane means nothing.

ORCA

Those who think they can summarize this world are those who've abandoned discovery.

WEDDELL

I hate this world over and over.

Orca doesn't know how to respond.

ORCA

I understand. I heard what you said to the moon. I thought it was sad and lovely.

Weddell stares, then goes into the water, moving from Orca. Orca panics, searching the dark horizon.

ORCA

Don't! There are other orcas in here! We've come from Alaska to feast on the herbivores that survive among the refuse!

Weddell floats on his back, closing his eyes.

ORCA

Get out! I promise that tomorrow is another day!

WEDDELL

I can't handle that anymore. The jungle is full of your carcasses. I love through genocide.

Orca fins appear in the water, approaching.

ORCA

Leave the water!

WEDDELL

Eat me so they can't. You remind me  
of a creature I couldn't sustain.

Orca panics, debating as the fins get closer.

ORCA

Well -- Well -- Well, you remind me  
of a creature I can!

Orca grabs Weddell and dives onto land.

The orca fins search for a second before dissipating.

WEDDELL

Get away from me!

ORCA

I'm sorry!

Weddell pushes off Orca.

WEDDELL

Get away! Just go!

Weddell flees into the forest.

Orca looks back at the water, then charges after Weddell.

INT. NIVE OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Xastro, head bandaged, sits alone in a conference room. He  
stirs his coffee with his pen, drinking it and liking it. He  
sucks the end of his pen. He chews on it -- then ravenously.

He eats the pen.

EXT. ABYSS - SAME TIME

A titmouse flutters by Buck, landing on her antlers.

BUCK

Be not fooled, tyrant. I come for  
your gifts but do not accept them.

TITMOUSE

*Chirp chirp!*

Another titmouse lands on her antlers.

BUCK

I created this world to fester and  
rot. That end has been too long  
rescheduled. The world is tired.  
Losing form but gaining mass.

TITMOUSE

*Chirp!*

BUCK

I'll play again, with humility and  
fury, and I will end this song. I  
am the Omega.

TITMOUSE

*Chirp! Chirp! Chirp! Chirp!*

The titmice sing, opening a portal.

Buck enters the portal, her head sliding off as she does.

INT. NIVE OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Behind Xastro, Gia slowly emerges from a garbage can,  
stepping out. She looks around in wonder.

She steps forward, Xastro finally seeing her.

XASTRO

Ah! Good to meet you, please sit.

Gia sits.

HENRY (M, 30s) opens the conference room door, seeing the two  
of them, confused for a moment.

HENRY

Oh! I was told to come in here for  
my interview now.

Xastro frowns, looking over his notes.

XASTRO

Are you... Mark?

HENRY

Henry.

XASTRO

Oh, we've already had one of those.

Xastro gets up to close the door on Henry.

XASTRO  
[Bye.] Hope you don't die on  
the plane home.

In a panic, Henry drops a chocolate bar onto the table.

XASTRO  
I can't be bribed.

HENRY  
Read the nutrition facts.

Xastro grabs the bar, inspecting it.

XASTRO  
"20% team leader. 25% exceeds  
expectations working solo" ...  
Ingredients: BA from a public ivy;  
the middle child of education.  
Worked at our competitors... What  
I'm looking for here... that I'm  
not seeing... is... nougat...

Xastro returns his attention to Henry.

XASTRO  
Sorry, Mark. Come back tomorrow  
when I've forgotten you're a  
disappointing person.

HENRY  
Hen-

Xastro closes the door. He returns to Gia, who seems to be  
discovering her hand cannot pass through the desk and is  
delighted by this.

XASTRO  
Sorry about all that!

Gia extends her hand to Xastro.

GIA  
Gia.

XASTRO  
Like Gia Davis!  
(shaking hands)  
I'm Mr. Quacks and recently became  
part of an important family. You  
should be quite honored that I'm  
interviewing you. Are you familiar  
with our services?



GIA  
I don't think.

XASTRO  
Oh. Do you use our competitors?  
[Don't worry.] I'm unarmed.

GIA  
Who?

XASTRO  
Basefuck, Tubblr, TwoBoob, Hitler,  
Mr. Ham, RapBat --

GIA  
I have no memories [of using them].

XASTRO  
You don't?

Gia keeps trying to pass her hand through the desk.

GIA  
I remember my name and how to use  
the bathroom -- I think I did it in  
the trash can -- I remember what a  
dog is and I think I used to have  
one a long time ago... I remember a  
cabin where I wore a turtleneck...  
(smiling; to Xastro)  
Can you show me what you're talking  
about?

Xastro frowns, but gets out his phone, showcasing.

XASTRO  
Here's our app. Employees get  
golden icons so you think we're all  
on the same team.

Gia's blown away by the smartphone.

GIA  
Wow... It slides with my finger --  
Very intuitive design. And there's  
a camera on the front! And the  
back! You are so smart: no one will  
be able to sneak up on you.

Gia pockets the phone as Xastro stops her.

XASTRO  
You don't get to keep that.  
(biting lip; debating)  
(MORE)

XASTRO (CONT'D)

Look, I have a personal, moral obligation to legally address that every person hired here's had unfortunate discrepancies with their age... increasing.

Gia nods understandingly.

GIA

Do you have games?

XASTRO

[Right now?] On my phone?

GIA

Yeah. That is the greatest thing ever made and I've seen a garbage can and a table and I think there was a guy that was over there -- He was very handsome. I think I've been in love before.

XASTRO

Love?

GIA

Yeah. With somebody like that guy. I think I'm gonna love again.

(anti-Buck voices)

It doesn't diminish old loves. Love is not a quantity that can be subtracted or added, but the cure that predated every disease.

Gia's eyes glow. Xastro blinks, a bit suspicious.

XASTRO

Look, we'll pay you a *handsome* amount -- with health insurance -- enough that you can afford to play free videos and games at home.

(chuckling nervously)

Not gonna get that at Basefuck.

Gia's eyes and voice tumble back to human.

GIA

Hot dog! I'm in!

Xastro's phone pings, Gia peeking at the notification.

GIA

"The Lions want their money back!"

Xastro snatches the phone away, trying to find her résumé.

XASTRO

We'll get into that soon. What year did you finish your degree?

GIA

If it was longer than three minutes ago, I haven't done it.

XASTRO

No previous work experience?

GIA

Not to brag, but I need to use the bathroom again.

XASTRO

Uh. [Later.] References? Anybody to confirm you ever worked anywhere?

GIA

I don't think I did. Can I eat this chocolate bar?

XASTRO

No, I want it. My favorite sandwich place closed today because a pipe burst; twelve people died and I haven't eaten since noon.

GIA

I've never eaten anything. Can I use your phone to see if chocolate is poison? I literally don't know.

Gia takes the phone from Xastro again, tapping around.

GIA

It gives you diabetes, kills your dog, and is made with slave labor. I don't think I have a dog anymore and can take the rest to my grave.

Xastro stops her again from pocketing the phone. He stares at her, a little confused for a moment.

XASTRO

Hold on, and this may be a bit wrong here but did you...?

(shifting)

Did you ever wear a mask and walk on stilts and torture me for what seemed like an eternity?

Gia has no idea what he's talking about.

GIA  
Is that a line?

Xastro fakes a smile. There's menace in him.

XASTRO  
No. No, it wasn't her. It was you.

Gia tries to eat the chocolate through the wrapper.

XASTRO  
You'll be taking Jane's desk. Here  
are her bathroom keys.  
(handing them to Gia)  
And her keys to the building.  
(handing them to Gia)  
And her apartment keys. Welcome to  
Nive! I'm Richard Quacks!

GIA  
Thank you, Mr. Quacks!

Gia ruffles Xastro's hair, then climbs back into the garbage can as Xastro opens the door. Gia realizes and goes out that way, but not before picking more food out of the garbage.

Xastro glares after her.

EXT. ABYSS

Jane scuttles on the stilts as Kirk crawls around, bawling.

JANE  
Xastrooooo. You're too handsome to  
get more beauty sleep. Give the  
rest of us a chance.

Kirk tries to crawl away as The Dots slam their mallets on the ground.

KIRK  
You want money? I just came into  
billions and billions! I mean, you  
can't have all of it, but I could  
stand to spare ten or two mil-

Jane stomps Kirk and he yelps.

KIRK

A full billion! A full one! You don't understand how much money that is!

JANE

We're too dumb to fathom it! We should christen our dumbness by breaking his knees!

The Dots slam Kirk's legs as he screams.

KIRK

It's ten figures! It's not of single figure origins! It's on the next plane of even *numerical* consciousness and I will give it to you if you stop giving me boobos!

Jane stomps Kirk.

JANE

I want. You. To stand up.

Kirk whimpers, then struggles to his feet.

JANE

To the left!

Kirk moves to the left.

JANE

Take it back now, y'all!

Kirk does it.

JANE

Freeze! Everybody smash his pants!

The Dots smash Kirk's groin in rhythm. Kirk tries to block them but struggles, sobbing.

JANE

Bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop -- Enough!

They stop. One Dot grabs their belly, wincing.

KIRK

She was supposed to be in the other seat! Please! I was just... I was just hurt. That's all I wanted in coming back to California, okay? I'm... sorry.

Jane gets off the stilts to talk to Kirk face-to-face. The hungry Dot grabs the caterpillar costume, throwing it for Jane to notice. She doesn't.

JANE

Xastro... I wanna believe you came back to California just to shoot some girl but then you shot me. But... I don't remember it happening! Ha! How long have we been out here?!

(admiring the abyss)

I literally don't recall why I fucking hate you so much and it keeps it fresh! You know what I do remember? Hammerhead sharks.

(back on stilts; to Dots)

I'm worried about forgetting them and would love a visual reference to keep around. One mallet under his jaw, one on top of his head.

One Dot gets ready to hit, the hungry Dot not moving, pointing to the caterpillar skin. Jane frowns at them.

JANE

We're doing under and over.  
(re: Kirk's head)  
Think of this but panini.

The hungry Dot's belly rumbles.

JANE

Like the sandwich. You know that sandwich? What, do you fuckers only speak in haikus?

The hungry Dot slams Jane in a stilt and she collapses. The other Dot holds Kirk down with the mallet.

The hungry Dot smacks Jane in the head, brains flying out. The Dot grabs it, shoving it under its mask and in its mouth.

It tosses some to the other Dot, who does the same.

Jane rolls around.

JANE

(gargled rasp)

Wh... Wh...? Wh-wh-wh-why? Why?

They chew under their masks.

JANE  
To... To -- To eat?

They nod. Jane points at Kirk.

JANE  
Uh... [Duh!] To eat!

The Dots look to Kirk, mallets readied. He sobs, and before he can beg they bash his chest in.

Jane feels the blood on her forehead, putting the Giant mask on to cover it. She stumbles, getting back up on the stilts.

JANE  
To... eat.

She sees them tearing Kirk apart and slams a stilt on the ground as Kirk gasps in pain, not dying. The Dots back away from Jane, fearful.

JANE  
Not to eat! Not to eat...! To play!

Jane pushes the caterpillar costume towards Kirk.

JANE  
Big play. Big play!

EXT. SOUTH POLE - NIGHT

Weddell is followed by Orca. Weddell looks back and Orca dives behind a tree that's too thin.

WEDDELL  
Don't come any closer!

Orca peeks out.

ORCA  
I just want to ask questions. Like,  
do you know you're very pretty?

WEDDELL  
You are now on land! There is no  
daft absence here yet -- There is  
war over what remains!  
(as Orca stares)  
The position of my purpose has been  
filled: I am the soldier to an  
emperor. Not because he is a good  
emperor, but because his claim  
colonizes my bad heart!  
(MORE)

WEDDELL (CONT'D)

If you want to hear that you're charming and pretty, I'll grant you those -- with my mythic chode leading. But if you want verification that you and I could spend a lifetime swimming in tandem then I give you my permission to wonder! Goodbye!

Weddell keeps walking, Orca following.

WEDDELL

You're a whale! You can't go places undiscovered! You're a fucking place yourself!

ORCA

Stay awhile. I won't hurt you.

Weddell shakes his head, slowing.

WEDDELL

You hurting me through ignorance, malice, digestion -- would be fortuitous. At least I can try to hurt you back.

(stopping walking)

I wish I knew how to hurt all the other ones back. I could finally choose not to do it.

Orca stops as well. He nods, understanding.

After a moment, Orca goes to leave. But he pauses.

ORCA

I can't see your "bad heart" through your beautiful blubber, but you can't see my ears, and you sound lovely.

Weddell doesn't think that makes sense. Orca begins to leave.

WEDDELL

The water's the other way.

ORCA

I've never been on land. Second revelation I've had recently. I have to make do.

Emperor walks by, not realizing who's here.



EMPEROR

Why does my dick have to itch so much and why do I smell my fins --  
(seeing them)  
Subjects!

WEDDELL

Your Majesty!

EMPEROR

Yes, salutations -- To be reunited is the jelly on my waffle -- With Yellow-Eye out of the way, we --  
(re: Orca)  
Who are you? Do you swear fealty?

Orca thinks, realizes, and smiles at Weddell.

ORCA

Yes...? Yes! I swear fealty, my emperor! I'll accompany you and your loyal subjects.

EMPEROR

Great. So, Yellow-Eye is this icedick fuckbeak who tried to overthrow me -- He's dead now. But that means we're back in business to destroy this jungle and create a society more regal than that of any in the North Pole.

ORCA

Your Majesty, allow me to diplomatize by telling you I'm from the North and have come South to find food. Nothing grows in the North so no herbivores live, so no carnivores live. This is not a prison, but an oasis.

Emperor stares, then slaps Orca in the face.

EMPEROR

Listen to me: what you said, that this is the best we're gonna get anymore, is a lie. If you say it again, I'm gonna take my beak, and I'm gonna take your nuts, and --

Emperor makes extremely violent gnashing noises, stares, then leaves. Orca is in shock.

Weddell is about to follow Emperor, but pauses.

WEDDELL

He needs all the subjects he can  
get these days...

Weddell stares off, then looks to Orca.

WEDDELL

I'm Sisyphus and my boulder crushes  
the love of my life every time. So  
what right do I have to keep  
rolling the boulder up?

ORCA

What choice?

Weddell nods. Even smiles. Then hides it.

He walks. Orca follows.

A moment of silence.

Jane creeps out from behind a tree, just long enough for us  
to notice her.

INT. NICE APARTMENT - DAY

A struggle at the doorknob. Gia enters, marveling. She closes  
the door and it's pitch black. She opens it again, letting  
the hall light the room.

She waves her arms around, finding a stove. She lights it,  
cooing. She lights every burner.

She can now see two papers had been slid under her door. She  
picks them up, reading.

GIA

"That last final warning was your  
actual final warning: we have  
turned off your water. Are you mad  
at us?"

(looking to the other one)

"Thank you for sending another drug  
dealer. Come by 4C whenever to  
shoot the shit or shoot shit or  
shit. I'm so fucking high right  
now and my husband died at war --  
Mrs. Valdez." Wow. Neat -- I love  
these so much that I'm gonna put  
them on the floor.

Gia sets the papers down and finds a remote, unsure what it  
does.

She gauges the size, then which direction she'd shove it in her butt, then shakes her head. She presses a button. The TV turns on. Gia gasps in delight.

On the TV, Quacks gives a press conference.

QUACKS (TV)

Now look: I've seen it. God has returned and is an animal deity of some kind. I know many are alarmed by this news and what it means for how much time we have left, but we have to ask God important questions like what color are you? Was Jesus actually circumcised? Can you lend us some money?

Gia closes the door for privacy, lit by the TV. She stares in utter devotion to this man on screen.

QUACKS (TV)

Can you please create more money so that we can spend it on hospitals - - I've made healthcare a central part of my reelection campaign: no human bein' should have... it. We used to drink mercury and fight measles with the town blunderbuss. Healthcare has made too many folks in this country not just weak but flat broke and I am against anythin' that makes people that poor. Down with healthcare!

GIA

Down with it!

QUACKS (TV)

Down with vaccines that have turned our once -- We were made in God's image! Does he get vaccinated?!

GIA

Does he?!

QUACKS

No!

Gia quickly searches for a pen.

GIA

I should write that down.

She finds a phone.

GIA

Oh! Yes! My phone! My own phone!

Gia immediately switches focus to the phone.

QUACKS (TV)

According to the Constitution, God  
made this country out of his rib --  
Our flag is a live feed at God's  
ribcage with his starry and --

QUACKS (TV)

-- blue heart because blood  
is blue in your veins before  
it hits oxygen, and God's  
heart is made of exactly  
fifty stars.

GIA

(re: phone)  
You can crush candy on this  
thing?! That is so much  
cooler than letting people  
eat it!

QUACKS (TV)

If we go to space, we may damage  
one of God's fifty heart stars.  
It's evil. This is why I have  
proposed that we exhume JFK's body  
to verify that motherfucker's  
really gone!

INT. LEAH'S CAR - DAY

Leah sits in her car in the parking garage, in the opposite  
seat from the one she sat in earlier. She stares ahead.

Cleveland arrives on a bike with a gas can and groceries.  
Leah unlocks the door, Cleveland sitting and sighing.

CLEVELAND

Why did you try to do this?

LEAH

It comforts me.

CLEVELAND

Cool. Great. Are you comfy now?

LEAH

No.

Cleveland shakes her head.

CLEVELAND

I don't think this is a really kind  
thing to do to your partner.

Leah snatches the gas can and chugs it, Cleveland snatching it back.

CLEVELAND  
Woah! Woah! Stop!

Leah coughs, shivering.

CLEVELAND  
Don't do -- How are you not dead?!

LEAH  
I don't know.

Cleveland throws the groceries in the back.

CLEVELAND  
Big ol' Tonka Fuck, Leah! I can't afford to keep you alive with this food if you die! That's just a bad investment strategy!

LEAH  
Why do you keep going? Where's the endgame? Selling pops, fleeing cops -- till you die...? They took your life from you before you got here.

Cleveland stares, then shakes her head.

CLEVELAND  
No, they didn't.

LEAH  
We could've lived on a farm and grown food, made / LSD gummy bears and passed them out to kids --

CLEVELAND  
We can go to Stardew Valley, I just gotta get the money together --

LEAH  
Where? Where can you afford to buy land that isn't owned by a corpora- You know how many farmers lease? You know if you take a seed and plant it to grow food, you can be arrested for theft, given that plant is likely genetically altered and therefore has a patent? And if you do it legally, sharecropping, most live just above poverty.

CLEVELAND

Well, we'll move somewhere that  
doesn't have stupid laws like --

LEAH

There is no somewhere: not a state,  
a country, a continent that you can  
go and -- Fuck! There is no escape,  
Cleveland! There is no opening your  
cage, only decorating it!

CLEVELAND

I don't feel like I'm in a cage.

LEAH

And I envy that you don't obsess  
with learning, that you turn off  
your ears once information is /  
introduced you don't like to hear.

CLEVELAND

Hey! I wished my ears didn't work  
for that bit!

Leah sighs in frustration.

LEAH

Please just don't cry.

CLEVELAND

I'm not gon-  
(voice cracking)  
Well, great! Now I want to!

LEAH

I'm sorry.

Cleveland doesn't know how to retaliate, so she doesn't. Leah  
leans her head against the window.

LEAH

I just feel trapped. And need to be  
more grateful about it, because  
somebody somewhere else has a worse  
cage. I'm watching horrifying news  
across the world like shadows on a  
cave wall -- but they are real.

Cleveland still doesn't know how to talk to her.

CLEVELAND

I'll... stay here. With you. I don't know how to talk this dumb lady out of killing you, but I have big arms and she doesn't. All she has is a big brain and a big ass.

Leah scoffs, glaring at Cleveland.

LEAH

I'm asking you to go.

CLEVELAND

Crazy thing about *my* ass is it fits this chair so good.

A moment of silence. Cleveland grabs a LaCroix, opening it.

CLEVELAND

You just gotta try new things.

Leah's ready to fight this, but shrugs.

LEAH

Yeah. I'd really like to. That's a good point.

The two sit in the car, Cleveland sipping her can. Leah goes to sip the gas can, but Cleveland casually stops her.

EXT. ABYSS

Pure darkness. Moaning.

A spotlight appears on Kirk, who cries. Jane enters, her voice a broken rasp.

JANE

Big play.

Kirk sobs in exhaustion.

KIRK

Let me become a butterfly. Please.  
I just want to become a butterfly.

Jane cranes down to investigate Kirk.

JANE

To eat?

KIRK

No! No eating! No more! Let me go to the hospital.

The Dots come in. Without a moment to waste, they bash Kirk in the knees. He screams.

The Dots disperse. Kirk weeps, clutching his legs.

JANE

Not to heal. To play. Big play.

Kirk glares up, holding in sobs.

KIRK

Eat my fucking teeth, you hillbilly  
cuck! I'm gonna put you in the  
fucking stars!

JANE

To eat?

But he's too scared to continue fighting.

KIRK

To... to play.

*FLASH!* The South Pole film set lights up. Weddell, the new Orca, and Emperor stand around.

Kirk gasps as Jane pushes him towards the caterpillar costume. Kirk tries to squeeze into it while he crawls over to the set, crying. The actors don't notice him.

Jane hides in the dark of the abyss.

ORCA

Your melodrama's almost enough to  
cast a shadow on how adorable it is  
that you're so melodramatic. It  
looks like it might rain soon.

WEDDELL

I hope it drowns this godforsaken  
place and suffocates this greenery  
and the fruits become balloons of  
salty puss.

ORCA

Our food must eat this food.

WEDDELL

Bullshit. I'll put it all in my  
belly and digest and shit new life  
like a Nordic god. Eat my fecal  
offspring.



Emperor scoffs. None see Kirk, still unable to fully get into the costume.

EMPEROR

We cannot allow this jungle to  
colonize our beloved continent  
further. We must rise up and return  
this land to the ice times like the  
penguins did in the North Pole!  
They cackle at us Southerners  
squawking in such lush squalor!

ORCA

Your Majesty, I apologize to repeat  
it, but there are no penguins in --

Emperor smacks at Orca repeatedly.

EMPEROR

Liar! We'll eat you! We'll peck out  
your little nuts and chew them into  
mush! I'll spit your seed into the  
lively soil and watch the trees  
devour your descendants! Your  
descendants will feed the fruits  
you love so much, you fucking cuck!

Kirk still struggles to put the suit on with his damaged  
legs. Jane brings her masked face towards him.

JANE

To eat?

The Dots poke out from the sides of the set, Kirk seeing and  
sobbing. The costumed actors still don't notice him.

KIRK

You can't do this to me. Do you  
know who I am?!

JANE

Do you?

Kirk sobs: he doesn't. He wiggles into the caterpillar  
costume, howling in pain. Once he's inside, he zips up the  
face, showing nothing of Kirk.

Emperor finally spots him.

EMPEROR

A grub!

Weddell pounces, holding Kirk down as he screams.

KIRK

Please! No! Don't do this!

ORCA

It's thin! Is it worth the trouble?

Emperor stalks over as Kirk whispers the prayers through the caterpillar costume.

KIRK

Buck, you can stop this. Please.  
Please, Buck, you can stop this.  
Please.

EMPEROR

I want the nuts.

Weddell spins Kirk so the caterpillar belly is showing. Emperor goes to the crotch. Emperor pecks at the belly, giving a hefty knock on Kirk's nuts.

Kirk curls up in pain as Weddell and Emperor laugh.

EMPEROR

Delicious! You can taste the larva!

KIRK

Stop! Buck! I'll fuck you! Please!

Weddell sees Orca's uneasiness at this whole thing.

WEDDELL

I hear your belly rumbling.

ORCA

No... I'm fine. I ate yesterday.

WEDDELL

Eat to celebrate our new  
found... connection.

Kirk tries to limp away, but Emperor pecks Kirk's nuts as Kirk cartoonishly falls over.

WEDDELL

I believe... we can have that.  
Gently.

Orca smiles, shrugging as Weddell points him over to Kirk.

ORCA

Thank you for accepting.

Emperor rolls his eyes.

EMPEROR  
Fucking fruits.

Orca and Weddell make out for a moment, then turn to Kirk.

KIRK  
I'm in the hospital. I'm in the  
hospital. I'm in the hospital. I'm  
in the hospital.

Orca and Weddell kneel at Kirk, Emperor joining them.

The three tear into Kirk, eating through the costume.

Kirk's entrails fling out as the three gorge themselves, Kirk  
screaming until Weddell rips out his neck.

CUT TO BLACK.

HENRY (V.O.)  
(hyperventilating)  
Henry. And you are?

END OF EPISODE 3.

TEXT:

"It's up to history to judge."

...

**Pol Pot lmao**

FADE IN:

SHORT MONTAGE - INT. NINE OFFICES - RESTROOM - AFTERNOON

- Henry, drenched in sweat, looks in the mirror.

HENRY

(nervous chuckle)

Yeah, it's my first day. *Here*, I mean. I've had other days. Many places. Check my résumé.

- Henry's in the fetal position.

HENRY

Oh, see, where I come from, *this* is not Excel. I don't know if my formulas will transfer, but hey, I'm ready to learn your version.

- Henry's crouching under an air dryer, drying his pits.

HENRY

University of Michigan. Class of 2008. The school is in Ann Arbor with a student body of about 50,000 and my professor's name was Jim Burnstein -- you can look him up because he's real.

- Henry readying to leave the bathroom.

HENRY

Know all about social media. Have not been selling sperm and plasma.

INT. NINE OFFICES - AFTERNOON

Gia smacks at the copier.

Xastro shows Henry around. Henry's got warmth, humanity, and just like Pat, signature cowardice.

As they approach, Gia hides behind the copier, peeking out.  
[Viewers who look sharply may see Future Gia in a portal.]

Xastro shows Henry Jane's old desk, including the framed  
picture of her, Pat, and Uzi.

XASTRO  
This is where you'll be working.  
I'm taking a chance on you, Mark.

HENRY  
Henry.

XASTRO  
Mark works for me.

Henry struggles to correct him.

GIA (O.C.)  
(screaming behind copier)  
FUCK, HE'S SO CUTE!

XASTRO  
We need you to write a fun trivia  
fact on our home page every day.

HENRY  
Wait, that's it? I can [do that]...  
(re: Jane's picture)  
I think this is [already]  
somebody's desk.

XASTRO  
Yours. Just to clarify, are you,  
uh, "unintelligent"? Is that the  
preferred term for you?

HENRY  
It has a picture of their family.

XASTRO  
Oh! Family...?

We spend a little more time on this moment. Rick Spielman had  
a family, as did Sean Mannion. But they aren't remembered.

XASTRO  
We're a family here!

HENRY  
I mean either their husband or  
wife, whichever one isn't the  
worker, and a kid.

XASTRO  
(looking over picture)  
That's Jane's husband: Henry. I  
don't know the kid's name. You can  
probably rename him.

HENRY  
Am I... taking over for Jane... at  
home as well?

XASTRO  
You really wanna ask for less work  
on your first day?

Henry looks to the picture with concern, pointing to the man.

HENRY  
You said... *he's* named Henry too?

XASTRO  
No, I said my name is Richard  
Quacks. Of the historic Richard  
family. That's fouling on strike  
two, Mark.

Quacks smacks Henry on the back and leaves.

Henry's lost at sea as Gia peeks out again. She's thinking,  
deciding...

GIA  
(popping out)  
Can you fix the copier? Gia.

Henry sees her and time stops. The music. The lighting. Love.

Snapping out of it, Henry looks around, realizing she could  
only be talking to him.

HENRY  
Sorry?

GIA  
Oh, no, it's not a problem.

Gia shows off the copier for Henry to fix. Henry, not knowing  
what to do, goes over to her.

HENRY  
I'm just supposed to write a trivia  
fact for the website. Like my job  
doesn't entail --

GIA

No, you can fix this, it's fine.

Henry awkwardly smiles at Gia, then nods and kneels to help. Gia's flummoxed by his smile, kneeling too.

GIA

I put the wrong-sized paper in and now the copier demands to know more about the outside world.

Henry knows this is a little off, but doesn't want to look square in front of Gia. He nods.

GIA

I tried sticky notes, origami, napkins from a Ben & Jerry's, a flier for a missing dog that just looks so familiar, but the copier keeps demanding more knowledge.

Henry pulls some jammed paper out of it. The copier hisses.

GIA

I wanted to print some Wikipedia articles for it, but it refuses to print them until I give it those articles to scan! I'm really between a rock and hard cock.

HENRY

Hard *place*.

GIA

That doesn't rhyme.

(pulling out phone)

I tried cloud connecting it to this little printer I can attach to my phone -- this is my phone -- but now my phone is asking me about what's happening in Yemen and what I'm doing about it. Should I go print the articles at a FedEx? I don't know if I'm gonna have time before the end of the day.

HENRY

Well, can you just print the thing you need to print at the FedEx?

GIA

No, no, it's a ransom note.

Henry takes this in, but again needs to look cool. He nods.

GIA

I didn't write it. What do you know about the Lions?

HENRY

[Little.] Just vague things about like... the movie and...

(knowing he's flailing)

I don't know.

GIA

Totally. They're a football team from Detroit, and they hacked into Nive's website and stole the social security numbers of roughly 200 million users. And they sent us an encrypted ransom but I can't print it out, so I don't know how much they're asking for.

Henry rests with this. He's about to nod, but can't.

HENRY

I thought Nive had only 30 million active users? You said 200 --

GIA

Nive's been pillaging other companies for their customer info so we can ransom it -- so this really puts a fork in our socket.

Gia gets to her feet, helping hoist Henry up. Once on his feet, the two realize they're still holding hands and break.

GIA

We have until the end of the day today to respond to the Lions, so if I can't fix this copier to print it, I am fired. So are you married?

Henry gawks, but remembers the desk picture with Pat.

HENRY

Um... Yeah, I am -- married -- His name's apparently Henry. I don't like [having sex with men]!

(awkward gay sex gestures)

No. I'm gonna have to... figure it out... Y'know? But...

Gia leans in, the two about to kiss.



GIA  
Your name's Mark, right?

HENRY  
(a little taken out of it)  
No, mine is also Henry.

Gia flinches, disgusted.

GIA  
Oof. Fuck it. Never mind.

Gia goes to the large window.

GIA  
What if I jumped out the window?

HENRY  
(trying not to freak out)  
It's the second floor.

GIA  
We get health insurance.

HENRY  
I feel like it's more of an option  
than a requirement.

GIA  
You cuck. Go piss in your dad's  
khakis, I'll be out the window.

Henry, knowing he biffed it, hides his head back in the copier as Gia opens the window. The Titmouse flies in.

Henry doesn't see any of this, trying to fix the copier.

GIA  
Oh, shit! No! No! No, bird! Away!

TITMOUSE  
Repent! Repent for the end is nigh!

HENRY  
Shit!  
(jumping; hitting head)  
My fun fact! I have to do that!

Henry rushes to his computer, booting it up as Gia tries to shoo the Titmouse away.

TITMOUSE  
The diseased sinners are the ones  
who shall escape this earth!  
(MORE)

TITMOUSE (CONT'D)

The meek and good shall live in  
their ashes, lathering in dust and  
moral supremacy!

GIA

Get the fuck out of here, bird!

TITMOUSE

Repent your acts of heroism!

HENRY

(still not seeing bird)  
Okay! What should my fun fact be?!  
I have forty seconds till it's due!

TITMOUSE

Any sacrificial lambs you hope to  
slaughter shall dry before you may  
drain them!

HENRY

(typing that)  
Okay...

GIA

Shoo! Shoo!

TITMOUSE

The cobras you paid to vanquish  
were bred for the coins their heads  
earned! The coins made more cobras!

HENRY

Okay, yeah, yeah, time's almost up!  
Few more words!

GIA

Get! You get! Get!

Gia begins to pry the copier's top off.

TITMOUSE

Lenin was not a communist! He was a  
nationalized capitalist whose  
arguments for the state were  
assembling his own throne of class!

The Titmouse peeks at Henry's screen.

TITMOUSE

Not the Beatle.

HENRY  
 (backspacing)  
 Ohh, okay! Ten seconds left.

TITMOUSE  
 The charitable who have always  
 lived altruistically and for the  
 next generation need not persist.

Gia's able to rip a corner of the copier's top off.

TITMOUSE  
 You may enjoy the last stockpiles  
 of humanity, for you are the last  
 consumers of Earth's amenities. It  
 is not that you should not be  
 charitable, but that you no longer  
 have the access to any recipients.

HENRY  
 And... send!  
 (looking back)  
 Oh, fuck! A bird!

Gia successfully tears the copier's top off and clocks the  
 Titmouse with it, knocking it dead.

Henry yelps, the two staring at the dead bird in the office.  
 Gia spins to the messed up copier, biting her lip.

INT. LION'S HEAD OFFICE - NIGHT

SHEILA HAMP (F, 70s) sits with her head in her hands. BRAD  
 HOLMES (M, 30s) stares into the floor.

SHEILA  
 Brad.

Brad realizes he's being spoken to.

SHEILA  
 Being the GM is like sharing a bed  
 with all your cousins on a trip.  
 Don't shit the bed, okay?

Brad nods.

SHEILA  
 But it's just so much worse to pull  
 your dick out.

Brad's ashamed.

SHEILA  
Everyone makes mistakes, Brad. But  
please don't do that again unless  
it's an emergency.

Sean enters, wearing a Kirk Cousins Lions jersey.

SHEILA  
Kirk Cousins!

Sean's exhausted. He refers to the name on his jersey.

SEAN  
Wouldn't you know it?

BRAD  
Can I get you anything, Mr...?

SEAN  
You don't know who I am?

Brad's terrified, Sheila facepalming.

BRAD  
I'm actually new to the program --

SEAN  
Sex on the Beach.

Brad nods in relief, then frowns.

BRAD  
As in... the cocktail?

SEAN  
Yeah. Cranberry juice, orange  
juice, peach schnapps, vodka, in  
one of the big glasses.

Brad looks to Sheila, who nods. Brad shrugs fearfully,  
shuffling cans of pop, energy drinks, and frappuccinos.

SHEILA  
You're injured. Nothing serious.  
More problems at Nive.

SEAN  
(playing dumb)  
The social media site?

Sheila smirks. In the background, Brad is straining flavored  
energy drinks for their juices.

SHEILA  
You were trained well.

SEAN  
(not backing down)  
Sheila... I don't know what you're  
talking about.

SHEILA  
Need to comb my fucking whiskers?  
I'm not wearing a wire.

SEAN  
Then let's see the stink mink.

After a moment of chicken, Sheila stands, undoes her belt,  
and lowers her pants and underwear, doing a spin. She pulls  
them up and sits.

Sean nods to Brad, who's distilling cleaning chemicals to  
extract ethanol. Brad quickly does the same.

Sean's satisfied, leaning in.

SHEILA  
They didn't respond to the newest  
ransom. It's been five hours.

SEAN  
So your ultimatum's expired.

SHEILA  
Our preferred assassin has become  
distracted in California.

SEAN  
So then you need somebody to go all  
the way out to Silicon Valley and  
assassinate a CEO for, what's the  
rate... 300,000 dollars?

SHEILA  
Light ankle sprain. Happens all the  
time. Miss one game. And I'm not  
paying you that much money.

SEAN  
You know how often my name has been  
on the injured list?

BRAD  
Uhh, do you like it with peace  
schnapps specifically?

SEAN

Yeah, bro. I like the glaze on my teeth.

(to Sheila)

If I get caught, we lose our chances at the playoffs.

SHEILA

We don't have chances at the playoffs anymore. Packers have Aaron Rodgers.

SEAN

Lions have Kirk Cousins.

SHEILA

If you wanna make a stop-and-pop in Green Bay, that's a hobby, put some arsenic in his daily breakfast of goop and girl poop -- I'm paying you to kill *Antelope Xastro*.

SEAN

Right. 300,000 dollars.

Another charged beat. Behind them, Brad is standing on a counter, tearing a long fluorescent bulb out of the ceiling.

BRAD

What if the color's a bit off?

SEAN

Within two Pantone digits.

Sheila fumes, then waves her hands in defeat.

SHEILA

Fuck it. Fine. But I really, really want him [dead]. 300,000. Happy?

SEAN

No: just did a physical and team doc says psychotic depression, hallucinations manifesting before my step-kids are old enough to not have Bar Mitzvahs. And I'm riding there on the Lions' PJ -- non-negotiable: if I'm "injured" I can't be seen at San Jose International.

Brad comes over with the drink, poured into the long fluorescent bulb.

BRAD

Sir.

SEAN

Thanks.

Sean sets it on the desk, the lightbulb's round surface causing the drink to immediately spill out.

Brad tries not to overreact as his brain tears.

SEAN

It happens, Brad. But I respect the hustle. Keep up the elbow grease and soon you'll work your way up to playing quarterback.

(to Sheila)

On that topic for tonight's show: Sean Mannion.

SHEILA

(tired of this; didactic)

No. You're not allowed to also kill our second string quarterback.

SEAN

We'll table that debate when I've got more leverage. I meant he's coming with me.

Sheila frowns, shaking her head and fake-chuckling.

SHEILA

Are you out of your mind?

SEAN

I just told you I was.

SHEILA

Who's supposed to throw the ball tonight? I'm supposed to sell that you're both injured?

SEAN

Brad here can do it. I can call you Brad, right? And just say Mannion and I were butt-fucking in the shower. Slippery place.

BRAD

Um. Okay. I can [do it].

SHEILA

He can't. No more of that.

SEAN

[Then] do a "Like Mike" thing. I'm sure some kid will do a great job getting hit with 300 pounds of 400 pounds. Mannion's going to the Sili tonight -- either as the main assassin or my protege. My dick's on your desk right now and if you tell the press, I'll out your stepdaughter at Wesleyan as being straight but bad at socializing.

Sheila fumes.

SEAN

Sorry, were you hoping you still had a chance with her?

INT. NICE APARTMENT - NIGHT

A struggle at the doorknob, but Henry eventually gets it open. Pat sits, seeing Henry.

The two pause, then nod.

HENRY

[I'm] Henry.

PAT

Good to meet you, honey. And your name?

Henry frowns. Pat walks over and leans in. The two awkwardly kiss, not enjoying it.

They break away as Pat tries not to cry.

PAT

If you're hungry, Jane made a big pot of pasta before she... [died].  
(struggling to talk)  
It's been a rough few, uh, days.

Pat sits on the couch. Henry still hovers by the door.

HENRY

What happened to her?

PAT

Um. Do you know Senator Dick? I worked on his campaign. The Senator shot her on a couple occasions. They add up, y'know?



Henry nods.

HENRY

I'm sorry.

PAT

I've never been with a man. Tried to avoid it as long as I could. I don't think I'm gonna like it.

HENRY

Me neither. I don't think I fully understood working in tech.

Pat chuckles, wiping his snot.

PAT

Nive, am I right? I am. I'm right. Pasta?

HENRY

Does it have meat in it?

PAT

Are eggs meat?

HENRY

I'd say no given I'm pro-choice.

PAT

Then no, you're good.

Pat gets up to get the pasta, but spins around.

PAT

Yes, it does have meat: it has little hot dogs in it. I don't know why I lied. I want to impress you.

Henry stares, gulping.

HENRY

I can start eating... little hot dogs.

Charged beat. Pat goes for his belt.

Suddenly, Uzi emerges from his bedroom. Henry jumps on the couch and fearfully watches like there's a rat.

PAT

It's okay! It's all right! This is... Well...

(MORE)

PAT (CONT'D)  
(getting on Uzi's level)  
Remember what we talked about, son?

UZI  
(nodding; to Henry)  
You're supposed to give me a new  
name. I wanna be called Uzi, if  
that's okay.

PAT  
Hey. Mark gets to pick.

HENRY  
It's Henry.

PAT  
You hear that, bud? You're Henry  
now. Go get your sister.

Uzi runs to Ammo's bedroom, knocking. Henry stays vigilant.

UZI  
(to door)  
Our new dad wants to see you.

HENRY  
Wait, there's another kid?

PAT  
Technically, sure, sure. I mean we  
all have our favorite, then the one  
that we truly hate. I mean just  
loathe to our genetic ladder.

Uzi opens the door, peeking inside.

PAT  
Like you leave the front door  
unlocked at night for intruders  
because their bedroom is first.

A gun fires again and again inside the bedroom as Uzi jumps  
back, then returns to his dads.

Titmouse emerges, clutching pistols, aiming at Henry, who  
yelps and hides behind the couch. She can reintroduce  
herself:

SHRAPNEL  
My name is fucking Shrapnel and if  
you try to change it, I'll deep  
throat your jugular like it's my  
fucking birthday!

PAT

I thought I took those away from you! I swear, these violent video games!

SHRAPNEL

You're not my dad either! I was hatched from an egg from the fridge!

(aiming at Henry)

Say it!

HENRY

You were hatched from an egg in the fridge! Fuck!

SHRAPNEL

That's right, bitch nugget!

Shrapnel walks backwards towards the kitchen.

SHRAPNEL

Now I'm gonna rescue my real family and incubate 'em with my desk lamp! If anybody tries to disrupt me or not pay the power bill, there'll be nothing left but your cheese!

Shrapnel kicks the fridge open, peeks in, then aims around.

SHRAPNEL

Where are all my sisters?!

PAT

Jane used some eggs to make pasta!

SHRAPNEL

(shooting ceiling)

I wish I could have killed Jane!

PAT

Give me the guns!

Shrapnel fumes, cooling some. She nods.

SHRAPNEL

Fine...! But I'll just give you the bullets, okay?

(aiming at Pat again)

At 1700 miles per hour!

Shrapnel tucks one gun in her holster, then grabs the last egg from the carton, aiming as she backs into her bedroom.

SHRAPNEL

You don't know how lucky you all are. I could've made Parmesan out of all of you, but I'm super exhausted from listening to the Red Hot Chili Peppers all day.

Shrapnel slams the bedroom door. Henry gasps in relief. Uzi goes to a cabinet, bringing Henry a bottle of Xanax.

UZI

Can you dry-swallow or do you need me to get you a cup of bitch lube?

PAT

Henry, you can go have screen time.

Uzi runs off. Pat goes to pat Henry on the back.

PAT

Sorry for this first impression. Ammo -- sorry, *Shrapnel* -- hasn't been the same since Jane died. She's been just so much worse. You're still looking to eat something? Would my asshole work?

Henry stares in horror. Pat backpedals.

PAT

Sorry, dunno how to be sexy with you and gay stuff and all that.

Henry spins back towards Shrapnel's room, awaiting in terror.

HENRY

Are we gonna be safe tonight?

PAT

There are condoms in case you have diseases -- I don't know a lot about the diseases but heard about like ALS and polio --

HENRY

I meant with Shrapnel. And her wanting to, um...

Pat smiles, nodding understandingly.

PAT

First time having a high schooler?

HENRY  
Is she in high school?

PAT  
I dunno. I still feel brand new to it, but I mean they all get guns and shoot at you. Know what I say? I'd rather have them doing it with me than with their school friends.

Henry nods. Pat breathes heavily and undoes his belt.

HENRY  
I'm all right.

Henry turns to head to the bedrooms before thinking.

HENRY  
Um. I almost kissed someone at work. I'm sorry. Her name's Gia. And... I like her.

Pat remembers Jane, redoing his belt while trying not to cry. He can't. Pat sobs and lets his pants fall.

Henry tries to give him a hug, but is too uncomfortable.

INT. NOT NICE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gia sits, getting all of media the overstimulation Jane had. Her door buzzer goes off.

GIA  
(delighted)  
Company! Oh, what if it's Mark?

Gia leaps up, pausing the movie.

GIA  
Y'know, I should really have a variety of little chocolates ready in a bowl for company!

She pauses the laptop.

GIA  
But only the ones Mark would like; I should donate the bad ones!

Pauses the podcast.

GIA  
But if I feed poor people they're  
not gonna get any jobs!

Turns off the record player.

GIA  
But a six percent unemployment  
rate's good for keeping inflation  
down according to the NAIRU.

She goes into another room, pausing the TV on in there,  
turning it off, then comes back.

GIA  
[I'm deciding that...] I should  
give poor people bad food to  
regulate inflation. [Good job.]

Gia clicks the buzzer and Cleveland instantly opens her door.  
Cleveland slams Jane's briefcase on the coffee table, opening  
it and revealing all of the drugs.

CLEVELAND  
I'm short on time: my girlfriend's  
on her deathbed. Did you do  
something with your hair?

Gia shakes her head.

CLEVELAND  
Okay, that's what it looked like.

Gia remembers Cleveland's business card, flashing it.

GIA  
I totally forgot I called the  
number on this card, do you --

CLEVELAND  
Are you gonna ask what happened to  
my girlfriend? Because it's fine,  
I'll tell you.

As she talks, Cleveland sets up all the bells and whistles.

CLEVELAND  
She tried to kill herself by  
leaving our car's ignition on and  
taking a nap, but we don't have a  
private garage so she tried doing  
it at a parking garage and the car  
ran out of fuel.

(MORE)

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)

So I had to ride my bike there with a gas can and left it with her and this girl fucking drank the gas can. So she's been sitting in this car dying for like a day or two now and I can't leave her too long because what if when I do she dies alone? But I have to leave to sell drugs so we can pay this massive fucking parking bill she's ringing up and honestly, the worst part of it is I still don't want her to die.

Gia tries to get in a word of sympathy.

CLEVELAND

I thought after two days I'd be like "tick, tick, lady, this car is boring" but I'm still really sad that she's gonna die because I'm super into her and we just got back together. What did you need?

GIA

Uh. Ten milliliters of...  
(checking phone)  
Insulin.

CLEVELAND

(mispronounced as "Beaty")  
Oh. Warren Beatty's disease, right?

GIA

Dia Beaty's disease. I got fired from my job today and don't have insurance anymore.

Cleveland nods, cycling through a motorized rolodex.

CLEVELAND

Oof. Just sold a bunch of insulin to this gal Reagan. I can get it back but she lives in British Columbia -- We were roommates there -- But I gotta make sure Leah doesn't die alone -- Leah's my girlfriend who's dying --

(before Gia can lament)

Look: you don't have a job anymore and her car's full of food. Watch her while I get your shit.

(MORE)

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)  
And to pay you back for keeping her  
alive, I'll let you buy insulin  
with extremely tempered price  
gouging.

Gia tries to think about this.

CLEVELAND  
Do we have a deal and do you have a  
bathroom? I haven't shit in like  
three days.

GIA  
I don't get water in here but Mrs.  
Valdez in 4C lets me use hers.

CLEVELAND  
How old is she?

GIA  
I don't know. Husband died in war.

CLEVELAND  
(cycling rolodex)  
Desert, jungle, temperate?

GIA  
Um. Spanish?

Cleveland pulls a pill bottle off the Ferris wheel.

CLEVELAND  
Probably an Oxy gal. Leah's at the  
blue parking structure by the  
airport. Fifth level. Red Chrysler.  
Bullet holes just on the driver and  
passenger doors.

Cleveland heads out, Gia struggling to tell Cleveland she  
can't help with all this.

CLEVELAND  
Thanks for helping me network. I'm  
gonna turn this into a trap house  
for a little bit while you're gone  
if that's fine, because it is.

Cleveland exits. Gia's at a loss for words.

Gia looks to the display, finding the "Guess the Pill! (Limit  
1)" card.

You'll never guess what she does with it.



EXT. ABYSS

Darkness. Breathing heavily.

Spotlight on Kirk, who gasps in pain, his guts hanging out of his belly, his neck ripped out.

Jane creeps up, looking down.

JANE

To play.

Kirk tries to smack at Jane's legs, unable to do any damage. Jane steps on Kirk's gut.

JANE

To play.

KIRK

[I can't talk! I can't talk! Please  
get off!]

Jane steps off and looks into the dark.

The Dots emerge with a sewing kit and Kirk's fleshy voicebox. One tucks it into Kirk's neck as the other sews.

Finished, the Dots stand back.

KIRK

(struggling to talk)  
I'm gonna shoot you again. I'm  
gonna shoot all three of you.  
(as Jane approaches)  
Just let me go to the hospital  
already! I want to be a butterfly!

JANE

Not to heal.

The Dots shove Kirk's guts inside him, sewing. Kirk tries to kick them, but one bashes his knee and he shrieks.

They finish sewing Kirk up and he weeps at his belly scars.

JANE

Big play, Antelope Xastro.

A spotlight comes up on a costume rack with only a gray t-shirt and jeans on it. Kirk gawks in horror.

INT. NIVE OFFICES - NIGHT

The office at night. Henry arrives at his desk, holding a blanket. He and Pat have clearly been fighting.

He lies down on his desk, trying to get comfortable.

After a moment, he can hear a man lightly weeping. Henry frowns, looking around.

HENRY

Hello...?

(more weeping)

Is this how being haunted begins?

KIRK (O.C.)

I can't be back here... Just let me  
go to sleep...

Henry gets up, turning a lamp on. He's seemingly alone.

He goes over to a hallway, seeing the shadow of some terrifying, small figure at the end of it.

Scared, Henry turns his phone flashlight on, revealing...

Kirk crying in a ball on the floor, wearing the gray t-shirt and jeans.

Henry gulps, not realizing someone is right behind him.

XASTRO

Mark!

Henry leaps, spinning around.

XASTRO

Yes, of course you'd be here...  
Admirable to work so late. These  
sacrifices pay off; ask the Mayans.

HENRY

It's [Pat] --

Xastro waves his arms to turn the automatic lights on.

XASTRO

It would be a danger to the  
integrity of this company -- a  
cause for investigations -- if the  
public knew our CEO had episodes.

(kneeling by Kirk)

Isn't that right... Mr. Xastro?

Kirk stares wild-eyed at Xastro, disoriented.

KIRK

I'm not Xastro.

(trying to remember)

You know me. Jesus fuck we know each other. What's your fucking -- What's your name?!

Xastro looks grimly into Kirk's eyes -- familiarly.

XASTRO

Xastro... It's me, Richard Quacks. I know what you're going through. You started Nive in a basement and now it's one of the greatest leaps in human thought since Top Chef. And who thanks you?

(turning to Henry)

Mr. Xastro forgets there's a time and caste for staying late.

(pained)

He's been here for days and days.

(lovingly; to Pat)

You're not getting overtime for this, so don't be cocky, but to reward your hustle, you will have the distinct pleasure of quartering Mr. Xastro until this episode has subsided. Is that appreciated?

Henry doesn't know how to refuse this, cycling options.

HENRY

I'm just supposed to write the trivia fact of the day.

Wrong answer. The fake love drains from Xastro's face.

XASTRO

Oh, my. Oh, you are not aware of how deep this marsh is.

(as Henry frowns)

You think that if you spit on this marbled ground. it should maintain desire to restrain you from drowning?

(slowly rising)

If you do not provide for the community -- and this means for its leaders -- then they have no need to house you here.

(MORE)

XASTRO (CONT'D)

That number on that pay stub is in a numerical language with which you may not be fluent, but let me translate: apartment. Car. Flavored yogurts. Kamikaze shots at the beach.

(boiling over)

So if you want to live like the trolls under the bridge then turn your heels and get out of this monolith of the human will, you entitled aristocrat! See how warm the beach is at night!

Xastro grabs Henry's face.

XASTRO

But if you want to sleep in a *bed*, come grab Mr. Xastro and give him your bed and you sleep on a couch!

Xastro throws Henry's face. Henry quickly leans down to Kirk, helping lift him up.

XASTRO

If I hear one word from this in the press, it's your life -- I will tell every headhunter at every Jack and Jill, Mom and Pop, Sid and Nancy fucking Dippin' Dots kiosk that you are not a team player, you do not work proactively when solo, and the FBI should know that you personally stole 500 million social security numbers using a Nive quiz that told users which Disney princess they should hire for their daughter's coming out party!

Henry lifts Kirk, whose brain is still rebooting. Henry gazes at Xastro in terror.

XASTRO

Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to use my computer and the safety search will be as off as a snowstorm in July!

Xastro leaves with a huff.

Kirk suddenly grips Pat's collar.

KIRK

My name is not Antelope Xastro.

HENRY  
My name isn't Mark!

KIRK  
(grabbing Henry's face)  
You too! We can't talk here. Back there. We can go back there and we can get out of these clothes!

HENRY  
(cheeks squished)  
I don't remember what I put on my LinkedIn but I am not gay, sir!

INT. VIKING'S PRIVATE JET - NIGHT

Sean and Rick -- the GM who pulled his dick out from earlier -- sit on a private jet, Sean sipping a Sex on the Beach in a big souvenir cup.

Rick takes off his headphones, a bit nervous, then taps Sean on the shoulder. Sean takes off his headphones, not looking.

RICK  
Hey, uh... Kirk... I'm pretty new to the program so... I'm / Sean?

SEAN  
Sean Mannion -- who spends an hour in the pocket, slides when a defender's already got their talons in him, and passes for fifty yards -- doesn't know what's going on.

Rick gulps, frowning.

RICK  
We're... we're *killing* Antelope Xastro? The Nive CEO? *Killing*?

SEAN  
No. No, no, no, no. You are.

Rick doesn't understand.

RICK  
I've... never killed [anyone]. Are you not going to... [kill him]?

SEAN  
Honestly, enlighten me...  
(big slurp)  
(MORE)

SEAN (CONT'D)  
How would you put yourself within  
firing range?

RICK  
I'd -- I dunno -- get on a roof?

Sean finally looks at Rick directly. What a newbie answer.

SEAN  
Like a... commercial roof? An  
apartment building?

Rick shrugs, nervously chuckling.

SEAN  
Any two teenagers could find you  
when they're looking for a place to  
make illegal videos?  
(putting drink down)  
Are you an idiot quarterback or is  
this just method work to play  
one for an Air Bud reboot?  
(before Rick can answer)  
Oh, you mean a *private* roof?  
(beat; as Rick nods)  
I double dog dare you to get on the  
roof at U.S. Bank -- where you are  
allowed to enter and pretend to  
play football -- without still  
setting off five alarms, getting  
two press helicopters off the  
ground, and your wife calling to  
tell you to jump.  
(slightly longingly)  
How *is* Meg?

Rick stares blankly, barely able to register any of this.

RICK  
Okay, I go inside Nive's building.  
I'm a public figure now. They'll  
let me in.

SEAN  
You're as much of a public figure  
as Ralph Frederics and you don't  
know who that is. Your plan's to  
take your basic anonymity, the best  
thing you have going for you in a  
covert operation, and sacrifice it  
to just... get in? Your name on a  
sign-in sheet at the time the CEO's  
shot to death? It's literally why  
they invented sign-in sheets.

Rick starts shaking a little, forcibly stopping it. He tries to glare at Sean.

RICK  
You're not famous either.

This strikes a nerve in Sean.

SEAN  
28 million a year. Highest annual salary in NFL history.

RICK  
Stafford and Luck are guaranteed more money and nobody knows who they are either. People know... Tom Brady. Aaron Rodgers maybe. Russell Wilson. People who know football know who you are and if they know football then they might know [me].

Sean forces a giggle, slurping the drink.

SEAN  
No. We're not even close to the same -- [I have] endorsement deals with Nike. Bose. Lumen. Panini.

RICK  
The sandwich?

SEAN  
And...

Sean tries to finish the drink but it's too much. He has a coughing fit.

He realizes he's no better at this than Kirk.

Recovering, he fumes at Rick.

SEAN  
I am going to get you your shot at Xastro. I can make decisions under pressure; I'm a quarterback.

Sean goes to the overhead storage, pulling out the bag and zipping it open. He lugs out the sawed-off shotgun and tosses it to Rick.

SEAN  
In the cockpit. Co-pilot on the left's a spy from Nive. Gonna crash us into one of Nive's competitors.

Rick questionably looks at the shotgun, confused what it is.

SEAN

This is your 9/11 moment, Sean.  
They'll write the worst songs of  
all time unless you stop this.

Rick realizes what he's holding, dropping it as Sean winces.

RICK

What the fuck are you -- I have to  
-- What!? *What!?*

SEAN

I'm getting the flight attendants  
in the back. Don't get the co-pilot  
on the right, he's a good man,  
would never betray us, and somebody  
needs to land the plane.

Sean thrusts the shotgun back into Rick's hands, nodding.  
Rick tries not to stutter.

RICK

*Right?! Their right or my right?!*

SEAN

You're thinking like it's Friday  
Night Lights, like Invincible, but  
you're in the Concussion leagues  
now: kill the one on the left! You  
have to make decisions under  
pressure if you wanna move up this  
ladder, or else you'll fall 30,000  
feet off of it!

Turbulence. Rick yelps. Sean nods grimly to Rick.

SEAN

[It's starting.]

Rick swallows, trying not to whimper, as he slowly inches  
towards the cockpit door. He looks back to Sean, who nods.

Arriving at the door, Sean hyperventilates, opening it.

Inside the pilots stare happily forward. Rick shakily aims.  
He doesn't know which to aim at.

He aims at the one on his left. He closes his eyes.

*WHIP!* Sean snatches the shotgun back, closing the door.



SEAN

Jeez, you were really about to kill the fucking guy, weren't you?

Rick is a fish out of headlights.

RICK

What?

SEAN

(calmly)

When we land, I get us a car. It cannot be in either of our names because we were never here. Shittiest car we can find at the airport lot --

(putting the shotgun back in the bag)

Nobody's even gonna look into if we shoot the driver in her pretty little skull. *That* kinda car.

Sean sits, sighing.

SEAN

I assumed the driver's a woman because I'm an outspoken feminist.

Rick's putting the last minute together, but is still flummoxed by this new information. He tries to keep up.

RICK

I don't want to shoot the... female driver -- Was that a test --

SEAN

Jesus fuck, Sean, just call them, "drivers." So we kill her and drive to Xastro's complex in Palo Alto, wait for him to leave, follow, red light, hop out, you shoot him in the eyes, leave the car right where we found it, walk back into this jet, make it back for the Lions game, which we absolutely must do by tomorrow night for us to remain in contention.

(slurping drink)

You were really gonna kill the fucking pilot.

Cautiously, Rick sits again. He investigates Sean.

RICK  
It's really not your first rodeo?

SEAN  
I promise you learn a lot from the  
first. Try this.

Sean lets Rick sip the cocktail. He does. He pauses, then  
nods, hiding a deep breath. Sean smirks.

Sean tosses a ski mask to Rick. Rick shrugs and puts it on.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - LEAH'S CAR - NIGHT

Leah waits in the driver's seat -- not the passenger this  
time -- once again in agony and bored.

Gia nears the car, eventually finding it, stumbling over.

Gia knocks on the cracked window. Leah frowns, rolling the  
window down a touch.

LEAH  
Are you gonna kill me if I don't  
open the door?

GIA  
[Me?] No.

Leah rolls up the window.

Gia stares. She knocks again.

GIA  
Cleveland sent me.

Leah thinks, then rolls the window down some.

LEAH  
To put me out of my misery?

Gia thinks then nods.

LEAH  
I know how to pick 'em.

Leah unlocks the door. Gia gets in the passenger seat,  
closing the door behind her.

Gia doesn't know what to do, Leah staring.

GIA  
Can we turn the air on?

LEAH

There's no gas in the car. How are you gonna do it?

Gia, struggling, puts her fists up. Leah frowns. Gia nods, putting the fists away. She rethinks.

GIA

How do you want me to kill you? I mean, it feels bad to not take that into account.

Leah frowns, then shrugs, then nods.

LEAH

I dunno.

(beat; brainstorming)

I'd love to do it like... where I have an orgasm so powerful it's like being swallowed up by a star. Just a blinding power that fucks me into non-existence.

Gia doesn't know how to do that.

LEAH

[Not from you.] Keep your strap-on off, the lady's spoken for. It's just a goal to circle around.

Gia nods, patting her knees a bit, looking around.

GIA

What are you sad about?

LEAH

I don't even remember because I'm pretty sure the gasoline's been killing the wrong brain cells. I'm -- I just... I'm just really sad.

She is. Gia nods, sticking her tongue in her cheek.

GIA

I was told there'd be food.

LEAH

[Behind us.] Uh. Ramen.

GIA

How do you cook it?

Leah rips open a ramen packet, takes the dry noodles out, rips the powder packet, sprinkles a little on the dry noodles, then bites that.

She hands it to Gia, who receives it.

Without thinking, Gia eats it like that. It's dry.

GIA

Do you have anything to drink?

LEAH

(grabbing gas tank)

Tiny bit of gas left. Been going at it every time Cleveland's gone. Do you think she leaves it because she secretly wants me to drink it? Is it weird that that makes me wanna drink it less? I really hope I'm not killing myself to spite somebody; you don't really get to revel in the success of that.

Gia doesn't know how to answer all of that.

GIA

I don't want to drink gasoline.

LEAH

Do I know you? You seem [familiar]. No -- You don't want to drink gasoline ever?

GIA

I haven't thought about it. I guess I got fired today, so...

More light dies in Leah's eyes.

LEAH

If I were to ask you which came first -- money or slavery?

GIA

Do you have water?

Leah bats the bad thoughts out of her head.

LEAH

No! We'll talk about this first and then you can kill me.

Leah can't face Gia. She looks for water in the back.

LEAH

Money is quantifiable hierarchy.  
Before, workers specialized  
labor without debt: neither excess  
labor needed nor scarcity feared --

Leah fumes, smacking at ramen.

LEAH

I am using difficult phrases to  
intimidate you out of understanding  
me so you can't confront what I  
don't know. [Sorry.]

(facing Gia again)

[Basically], if somebody didn't  
have to worry about hunting because  
their buddy was handling that,  
and they could focus on making  
clothes, that community would have  
experts at clothes and at hunting.

(going back to search)

By focusing on communal goals  
rather than on avoiding debt, we  
don't work our asses off to grow  
food and make clothes that get  
routinely thrown into a new island  
we've made in the Pacific.

Leah finds and hands Gia a LaCroix. Gia opens and sips it.

GIA

(spit-taking; disgusted)

There's something wrong with your  
water. Is it hurt?

LEAH

You'll get to kill me in a sec.

Leah sips the gas can again. Gia sips the LaCroix again.

LEAH

Gift economies launched us ahead of  
every species. We have prehistoric  
remains in Iraq where disabled  
people who couldn't provide for the  
community died old. Because they  
were cared after... Because --

(tears welling again)

Because *they* were cared after...

(letting bad thoughts win)

We had so much potential. Then we  
got addicted to quantifiable  
hierarchy and we're so dumb now. I  
am. I can't stand how stupid I am.

Leah tries to go for the gas can, but can't, grimacing. Gia frowns, trying to nod empathetically.

GIA  
Is it at least unleaded?

Leah feels tears coming, unable to look near Gia.

LEAH  
I want it to stop. I hate that it isn't gonna be fixed. I like that life has no meaning: if you spend your whole day picking apples and napping in the grass, you...  
(tears coming anyways)  
You did good... You did good.  
(looking to Gia)  
I wanna die because I love life and can't stand to see what we've done to it.

Gia's actually affected by this. She nods. She doesn't know how to help. The two rest with this for a moment.

GIA  
Do you listen to podcasts?

Leah wasn't expecting that. She chuckles, wiping her eyes.

LEAH  
I tried to kill myself every day this week: of course I listen to podcasts.

GIA  
Do you listen to Jordan Peterson or Joe Rogan?

Everything short of a record scratch. Leah stares at Gia, dumbfounded by what Gia just said. Gia nods.

GIA  
It sounds like you do. Like you were saying. Y'know, trying to tell the truth about... like... life and alien life and what it's doing here and why they won't --

LEAH  
Stop.

Leah does a top-to-bottom reevaluation of Gia.

LEAH

I'm always thrown when you people use shampoo. After killing me --  
 (writing on a receipt)  
 Look up the Fermi paradox and how weapons shorten timelines for unregulated civilizations --  
 (holding receipt out)  
 Then I need you to find anything you've purchased by Jordan Peterson or Joe Rogan or Ayn Rand or fucking Adolf and put it in a box and donate that box to the ocean.

Gia doesn't take the receipt, insulted.

GIA

There are aliens. Like we have evidence. I'll send you the podca-

LEAH

(boiling)  
 If you send me that jailbait roadshow, I will put my phone in rice and then in a rice cooker!

Gia gasps and quickly takes the receipt.

GIA

I don't want that for you.

Leah scoffs at Gia, disgusted. She needs to fix this.

LEAH

Okay, you will kill me in two seconds! First, think of how much we've evolved since the 1920s as a society. Okay? iPhones. Cap'n Crunch. Crunchberries.

Gia nods.

LEAH

But if I were to send *just you* to the 1920s with no tech on you, no ability to describe 20th century history, how would you prove you were from a more advanced civilization? Can you build a digital camera? Can you build and launch a rocket into space? Can you create the polio vaccine?

Gia makes a thinking face. Leah knowing she isn't thinking.

GIA

You're telling me I could stop the polio vaccine? Keep talking.

Leah stares, deciding she will now ignore Gia's responses.

LEAH

Every time we create something amazing, the vast majority of us become comparatively stupider. Prometheus can bring fire down and we just use it to brand ourselves with frat logos and burn methane -- You can call this [can of gas] doing my part to save the planet.

Pain hits Leah. She shakes her head. Pain overcomes her and she tries to shake it away again. She grunts.

LEAH

A civilization could never make it to the depths of interstellar travel because its stupidest civilians would use technology to destroy the community long before.  
(not letting tears win)  
So -- and I'm talking so much because I'm nervous, yes -- are you going to kill me now? Are you?

GIA

(cringing)  
Uh... Nah. No.

Leah's heartbroken. She tries her hardest not to sob.

LEAH

That's literally all you people are supposed to do and you can't even meet that?!

Leah hides her face to cry. Gia awkwardly fiddles.

GIA

How close do you think you are to dying now? Just gasoline-wise?

LEAH

(throwing her hands up)  
I don't know! I can't remember ever doing it before! I keep thinking I'm just about there!

Gia nods. She drums on the dashboard, then stops.



GIA

What do you think heaven's like?

Leah reaches over to unlock and open Gia's door.

LEAH

Get out of the car. There's no such thing as...

Leah sighs, then closes Gia's door. Sitting straight, she actually allows this quandary some thought.

LEAH

I hope every picture I've drawn is living there. All together. That they're thankful for me creating them and they're getting along.

(smiling lightly)

I hope the women I drew live in cabins and have dogs and wear fisherman turtlenecks and they've been waiting for me.

Gia nods with care.

GIA

Do you have any of these drawings on you? Of the dogs in turtlenecks? I wanna see that.

Leah chuckles, which dissipates into crying. She shakes it away, takes the receipt back from Gia, and starts drawing.

In ski masks, Sean and Rick quietly approach the car with shotguns, Sean on Gia's side and Rick on Leah's.

Leah can't keep drawing, shaking from crying.

LEAH

You know what's the worst part about dying? I don't ever remember feeling so alive.

Sean and Rick aim the shotguns into the car.

Gia sees first and gasps.

GIA

Oh, fu-

INT. NICE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Henry bursts into the apartment, practically carrying Kirk. He hauls Kirk to the couch, dropping him off and panting.

Pat hurries in in Frank's red pajamas -- which we can now understand to be full of bullet-holes.

PAT  
Mark?! Where have you been?  
(gasping at Kirk)  
Who is this?

HENRY  
I can't tell you.

Henry wipes the sweat off his hands, seeing Kirk's shirt is soaked through. Kirk shivers.

HENRY  
Let me get you a new shirt.

Henry leaves towards the bedrooms, not even acknowledging Pat. Pat, insulted, glares at Kirk.

PAT  
[So...] How do you know Mark?

Kirk feels his surroundings. He doesn't know this place.

KIRK  
His name isn't Henry. And mine  
isn't Antelope Xastro.

PAT  
It's Gia, isn't it...? What people  
with that name have done to me...  
You two work together, right?

KIRK  
A fry cook does not "work with"  
Ronald McDonald.

PAT  
I don't want him at that office  
anymore. It isn't safe there.

Henry returns, handing Kirk a new shirt. Kirk removes his sweaty one, revealing no scars on his belly.

Kirk feels for the scars, confused.

KIRK  
[Where...?] I'm Xastro, aren't I?

PAT  
Mark, can I talk to you?

HENRY  
Henry.

UZI  
(popping out)  
Yes, Dad?

PAT  
He just wanted to tell you to back  
to bed, bud.

Uzi does. Pat tries to pull Henry aside.

PAT  
I understand wanting to work  
remotely. It shouldn't include  
workplace affairs.

HENRY  
(frustrated)  
I had to or I was fired. We're not  
together -- or anything like that.

KIRK  
(lying on the couch)  
Hey, guys. Let me sleep. Please.

PAT  
Why's he so sleepy? Hm? From all  
the cum-cum in the bum-bum?

HENRY  
Sweetie, as a gesture, if I ever  
say to you the things you're saying  
to me, kill me with a bird.

But Henry can't take these accusations. He pulls Pat half a  
foot further from Kirk.

HENRY  
Okay, but you can't tell anyone...  
That's Antelope Xastro.

Pat scoffs.

PAT  
Wow. 'Cause I just fucked the King  
of England and he's dead now.  
(re: Kirk)  
I worked with Xastro once when I  
was at Nive and *that* is not --

HENRY

It is him. Look, can I have a word?

PAT

"Devotion."

HENRY

In the other room. And keep your  
fucking pants on.

Henry pulls Pat away.

Kirk looks at his hands, confused.

KIRK

They're mine. No. My name is...  
Ricky? No. No, that wasn't it.

He doesn't see as Shrapnel pokes her head out of her bedroom,  
scoping the area: clear.

She creeps over to Kirk with her pistols.

KIRK

It's not that either. Fuck. What  
was it?

Shrapnel pokes him. Kirk turns, seeing and gasping, then  
nods. Finally a familiar face.

SHRAPNEL

Touch the stars or join 'em.

Kirk puts his hands up.

KIRK

You.

Shrapnel clearly doesn't recognize him back.

KIRK

(desperate)  
Do you know who I am?

SHRAPNEL

Two button-eyes sewed onto a jizz  
sock. You know who I am?

Kirk struggles to remember. Some bits are coming back to him.

KIRK

My daughter?

SHRAPNEL  
[Hm... Depends.] Got money?

KIRK  
The most in the world.

Shrapnel thinks, then lowers the pistols.

SHRAPNEL  
I'm in the market for getting  
adopted.

KIRK  
We've met before... I learned that  
phrase from you: the stars one.

Kirk winces in pain, unable to remember. Shrapnel's a little  
spooked by this, but can't show weakness.

SHRAPNEL  
Dunno what you're talking 'bout,  
Fuckin' Carlson. Need you to pay for  
an incubator for my egg.

Kirk gasps, nodding as the memories flee him.

KIRK  
It's... the song, their... their  
song and the same note. It's a  
booby -- no, a boob-bird. What?  
It's meant to be a penguin!

SHRAPNEL  
Who told you? Was it fuckin' Pat?

KIRK  
But it's not. Not our first rodeo.

Shrapnel doesn't understand, but can't lose authority.

SHRAPNEL  
Huh... Unfortunately, despite my  
charming hubris, I need better tech  
than a desk lamp: real incubator:  
lab one is two to four Gs, but I'm  
looking at one on your marketplace  
for 66 buckaroo la-las. Got that  
kind of Parm in your Wranglers?

KIRK  
(nodding)  
Technically it's in stocks, which  
I'd have to sell.  
(MORE)

KIRK (CONT'D)

There'd be a market panic and others would sell too. At best I'd be able to liquidate a quarter of my net worth, but I'd shoot for a tenth. Which is...

(looking around)

... more than 66 dollars.

Kirk gets up, inspecting this place.

KIRK

You live here? You live in that bedroom? Can't remember a bed.

SHRAPNEL

I kill diddlers.

KIRK

No: I need sleep.

(hazily hearing Gia)

And to go to the hospital.

(seeing fridge; a la Gia)

And to eat.

Kirk hobbles to the fridge, pulling out the pot of pasta. He eats with his hands.

SHRAPNEL

Hey! That was made from the guts of my brethren!

KIRK

All my sustenance is based in such: bank accounts don't throw asterisks on blood money.

(coughing on food)

Forget four grand; I'll buy you an incubator that costs a billion dollars; make that back in my deserved sleep.

Kirk looks Shrapnel over, nodding and eating.

KIRK

You'll be my heir; you'll bring this world into the Niverse: all those poor people suffering from starvation, prison, disease -- You'll give the world VR sets so those people can not have those also. Everyone needs an escape, but only folks in paradise should afford it... Antelope Jr.

(blessing her)

(MORE)

KIRK (CONT'D)

No: I'm gonna call you... Beep Boop  
Bop 22.

Shrapnel tries to avoid the condescension, instead thinking.

SHRAPNEL

I do all that, build a statue of  
you out of the ground-up femurs of  
the poor, and you give me a yellow-  
eyed penguin: you pay for my  
incubator? And a DNA sequencer?

KIRK

Sure. I mean, you are an orphan,  
right? Like, this isn't kidnapping?

Pat rushes in, shaking his head at Kirk.

PAT

Fine! Fuck it! Lemme kiss you so I  
can at least experience the  
aftertaste of my husband's love!

Shrapnel shoots Pat. He slumps to the floor, dead.

Kirk coughs on the pasta, delighted.

Henry enters quickly, infuriated.

HENRY

No firing the gun in the --  
(seeing Pat)  
Henry?! Henryyy! You killed my  
husband!

Shrapnel shoots Henry and he collapses.

Kirk finishes coughing, spitting in the pasta. Shrapnel nods.

SHRAPNEL

Just call me... fucking whatever  
you said: Bing Bong Division Sign.

Kirk throws the pot on the floor like it's a football.

KIRK

To my lawyer's office!  
(rushing out; stopping)  
Wait! Wasn't there another kid for  
a second?

SHRAPNEL  
 (protecting Uzi)  
 No. No, there wasn't. Let's ride,  
 Cowboy Skeetslop.

Kirk charges out the front door. Shrapnel reveals the egg in her pocket and follows after him.

Uzi emerges from his bedroom, seeing Pat dead.

This wounds Uzi just as deeply as all the previous ones.  
*Never going to have a family.*

Uzi sees Henry is breathing. *But must try.*

Uzi goes to the cabinet, producing the bottle of Xanax,  
 looking back at Henry.

INT. HOSPITAL - HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Gia lies in a hospital bed, her grizzly arm slung up -- the opposite one to Jane given she was in the other seat.

McKinley enters in her scrubs.

MCKINLEY  
 Dr. Inge is going to be in soon to  
 talk at you.

GIA  
 Drugs are making it pretty numb.  
 Wish I could take advantage of that  
 and masturbate so it feels like  
 someone else is doing it but I  
 think that'd upset the whole,  
 y'know, infection.

McKinley looks closer, grimacing.

MCKINLEY  
 You fist a lawn mower?

GIA  
 Guy shotgunned me in the arm then  
 stole the car I was in and  
 kidnapped the other lady, y'know?

Inge enters with her clipboard. She recognizes Gia from a few days ago.

INGE  
 Gia! How's the arm? Still look like  
 pizza?



GIA  
 Drugs are making it pretty numb.  
 Wish I could take advantage of that  
 and mastur-

INGE  
 Let's peek at it --  
 (peeking)  
 Yep, that's gross. Okay. Good news  
 and bad news. Good news first...  
 (looking over clipboard)  
 The infection has been spreading.

The room rests with this. Inge nods.

INGE  
 Yeah, out loud it sounds kinda  
 rough. Let's call that the bad  
 news. Good news is...  
 (looking over clipboard)  
 "We're gonna lob off her arm."

Another rest. Inge checks the back of the clipboard.

INGE  
 Y'know, out loud, that one didn't -  
 - I was so sure when reading this  
 that I had --

GIA  
 (politely)  
 No, it sounds great, I just...  
 (like pulling teeth)  
 ... lost my insurance. So I don't  
 know if I can afford... maiming?

INGE  
 Oh. Yikes. Economy option.

Inge pulls a pocketknife out, opening it and readying a cut.

INGE  
 Thing's mangled so this is probably  
 gonna be along the lines of cutting  
 cooked salmon.

Gia try to pull her arm away but can't.

GIA  
 Okay! Does economy come with like a  
 Costco sample of procaine?!

Inge pauses, thinking.

INGE

I don't know. We don't get into the prices at med school. But if we don't hurry, the infection will spread to the rest of you and then you might die of...

(checking clipboard.)

... "infection."

(ready to cut again)

I'm just gonna trim some off the top. Great way to lose ten pounds.

Gia tries to pull her arm away again.

GIA

But let's just "accidentally" put procaine in every one of my holes!

McKinley grapples Gia's arm as she cries out. McKinley smiles, then freezes. She puts two fingers to Gia's wrist and gasps, leaping back.

MCKINLEY

Dr. Inge, call the police!

Inge frowns. She feels the wrist. She gasps. Gia whimpers. Inge glares, throwing the pocketknife across the room.

INGE

You diabolical -- I almost cut that thing! Nurse, call 9-1-1! No! Call a bigger number!

McKinley runs to a room phone, putting it to her ear.

MCKINLEY

Hello, is this the government?  
Please send someone already upset.

INGE

I could've lost my license!

MCKINLEY

We'll be right here. Thank you.  
(hanging up)  
They're not sending anyone.

Gia doesn't understand what's going on. Inge fumes.

INGE

You come into my hospital with your big dumb eyes and distracting teeth and want me to amputate your arm while it's still alive...?!

Gia doesn't get it.

INGE

I'm so furious I could make out  
with you!

Gia looks to McKinley for answers.

MCKINLEY

Thought you could slip that your  
arm has a pulse right by us, huh?

INGE

What's next? I run down the street  
cutting off everyone's arms?

Gia takes a breath. She has no idea what to do.

GIA

I know my rights and I am not  
talking until I have an  
anesthesiologist present.

MCKINLEY

I bet she got shot just so she  
could get amputated! Were you not  
wearing body armor?

Gia maintains her position, staring McKinley down.

GIA

If it's not covered by my lack of  
insurance, I can bring my own  
anesthesiologist, but none of you  
may ask Cleveland questions.

(before McKinley can ask  
questions)

Now, unless I can use this thing as  
a big, festering dildo, it's going.

Inge and McKinley can't believe this.

INGE

That arm has a whole future!  
Anything could happen!

GIA

We should... get rid of it if  
anything could happen!

MCKINLEY

It's a beautiful limb, not Cuba!

GIA

Did you call Cleveland? I know her  
number starts with a plus sign!

VESPUCCI (O.C.)

Did somebody-a say you were going  
to-a cut off-a some arms?

Vespucchi (now Cleveland in male drag) enters.

INGE

Amerigo Vespucchi! What are you  
doing back here?

VESPUCCI

I like-a roaming-a the hospitals;  
they-a make-a me hungry.

GIA

Aw, man, Cleveland! Where'd you get  
an accent?

VESPUCCI

(strolling to Gia)

No, I am Amerigo Vespucchi. I am-a  
very famous so you are-a the  
stupid-a person to ask that. Tell  
me-a, lady, how you-a ruin the arm?

Gia pauses, but slowly plays along.

GIA

I got shot.

VESPUCCI

Do you-a wear any armor?

GIA

Ar...? Like, body armor...? No?

Vespucchi turns to McKinley and Inge like a lawyer pleading  
his case.

VESPUCCI

Then it is-a her fault! Ah! We-a  
burn her, yes?

GIA

You can't burn me -- !

INGE

It'll damage the arm.

(to Gia)

(MORE)

INGE (CONT'D)

You sick, smart animal. I could  
kiss you so hard.

MCKINLEY

I'll have you know I have had two  
beautiful arms for years and the  
thought of cutting them never --  
Ugh, just the thought!

GIA

It's my arm! It's literally --  
(swallowing; pausing)  
Okay, I accidentally lost all the  
acid I've been hiding under my  
tongue, so imagine I'm angrier.

VESPUCCI

Would you-a stop interrupting when  
we are-a talking about you? Lady,  
you go-a driving-a the car. Why  
you-a do this?

Gia scoffs, pointing to the arm.

GIA

The other guy's the one who shot  
me!

VESPUCCI

Okay, she emotional which means she  
is-a the bad person. She is-a the  
child of Satan --

GIA

So what would you do if somebody  
shot your --

VESPUCCI

Shut up. I don't-a care what your  
point was. Okay, we are still not-a  
unanimous on-a burning the witch?

INGE

I'm afraid not.  
(to Gia)  
Stop smiling or I'll pounce on you  
and cry into your hair!

VESPUCCI

It is-a okay. The important thing  
is we have-a the democracy.

INGE

I will protect your right to vote  
for her burning to my dying day.

VESPUCCI

Okay, I am just going to-a smack-a  
the witch!

He raises his arm and it flies right off: it was fake.

The room is silent.

VESPUCCI

No.

Another silence.

GIA

Did you have an arm amput-

VESPUCCI

Sometimes in-a my exploring days, I  
get in-a the pickle! Exploring!

MCKINLEY

God bless Amerigo Vespucci.

QUACKS (O.C.)

Who said God?!?

Quacks enters, assault rifles at the ready.

QUACKS

Was it you, ya Jersey-lookin' cock  
jacket?!

Quacks forcefully points at Vespucci, which fires his rifle  
and shoots Vespucci in his one arm. Gia tries to duck down.

VESPUCCI

My-a mistress!

Vespucci crumbles as Quacks accesses the situation.

INGE

Senator Dick! A pleasure to have  
you! Oxycontin's in the next room.

VESPUCCI

I am-a Amerigo Vespucci! You shot-a  
my arm!

QUACKS  
 (pointing at Vespucci's  
 chest; shooting again)  
 I dunno who that is. Who is that?

Vespucci gargles in pain on the floor.

MCKINLEY  
 I think he discovered America --  
 That was Columbus...? He...

INGE  
 Well, neither of them *discovered*  
 America --

Quacks slowly raises a rifle at Inge.

INGE  
 -- because God already did.

Quacks lowers his arm, nodding. He looks down to Vespucci.

QUACKS  
 Sorry 'bout that. Honor to  
 shootcha. So, you're from  
 Different? What are you, Russian?

VESPUCCI  
 (gargling through blood)  
 Ita-Ital-It-

QUACKS  
 Ain't you cute when you try to  
 speak Normal?  
 (to McKinley and Inge)  
 Somebody call the government?

MCKINLEY  
 We didn't think you were coming!

QUACKS  
 Oh, I always come. What's up?

Inge points to Gia, who's hiding behind her pillow.

INGE  
 She wanted to amputate her arm  
 while it had a pulse. She deserves  
 to be spanking me.

QUACKS  
 (infuriated)  
 You evil -- I'll teach you to get  
 rid of your arms!

Quacks blasts rounds into Gia's bad arm.

GIA  
OH! OW! / OW-OW-OW-OW!

QUACKS  
Try to get rid of your arms -- You  
know where we are?!

VESPUCCI  
(gargled; fist in air)  
America!

QUACKS  
Damn right, Marigold Fishpussy.

MCKINLEY  
I voted for you, Congressman Dick!  
You represent my dad!

QUACKS  
It's *Senator*, you fuck den goose!

Quacks shoots McKinley. McKinley collapses. Fuming, Quacks  
looks to Gia, who throws her available arm up, wincing.

GIA  
If you grab me some insulin from  
the cabinet, I won't tell anybody  
you did that. I swear.

Quacks sighs.

QUACKS  
Every shootin' causes a boost in  
gun sales. Now, the gun lobby has  
more money to give me. Sometimes,  
when shootin's are low, I gotta hop  
on the sales floor myself.

Quacks extends a rifle to Gia.

QUACKS  
Senator Richard I-Fuck-My-Son.

Gia stares, then shakes the rifle.

GIA  
Hello... Mr. I-Fuck-My-Son.

QUACKS  
Please -- Mr. I-Fuck-My-Son was my  
father. Call me Dick.



Quacks pulls up a chair by the bed. It's difficult for him with his rifles so Inge helps. Quacks sits and holds Gia's slung hand in his rifles. She winces.

QUACKS

You're gonna have to live with that  
oopsy doopsy arm. But if you're  
willin' to make some sacrifices...

(proudly)

Then I promise I will not make the  
sacrifice of burnin' you alive.

Gia stares blankly. She leans in, trying to be discreet.

GIA

Is this because you can't jack it  
without letting go of the [guns]?

Quacks stares, then drops her arm out of his rifles.

QUACKS

Burn the witch.

Vespucci and McKinley cheer from the floor as Quacks gets up and tries to wheel Gia's bed. The rifles make it difficult.

INGE

I don't support this and voted so!

Inge helps Quacks with Gia's bed, pushing her to the hall.

INT. HOSPITAL - HOSPITAL ROOM / INT. HOSPITAL - HALL

Gia scrambles in the bed as they turn her around a corner.

GIA

Wait. What? Where are we going?

Around the corner is the giant fire at the end of the hall.  
Gia's eyes go wide, panicking.

GIA

Woah! Hey! Hey, stop!

In the room, McKinley and Vespucci bleed on the floor.

MCKINLEY

(gargled)

I'm so happy we finally won. The  
Founding Fathers would be proud.

VESPUCCI  
 (gargled)  
 I too still have-a the issues with  
 my-a Papa.

In the hallway, Gia struggles to break free as they wheel her closer to the fire.

GIA  
 If you keep wheeling me towards  
 that fire, I'm voting you out!

In the room, McKinley turns to Vespucci.

MCKINLEY  
 Do you wanna sleep together?

Vespucci tears up.

VESPUCCI  
 I haven't had-a the sex in-a  
 centuries.

MCKINLEY  
 Mood.

Vespucci struggles to crawl over to McKinley.

In the hall, Gia feels a new rage building inside of her.

GIA  
 Stop! Hey! I want you to stop.

In the room, Vespucci pulls his (fake) penis out as he dies on top of McKinley. McKinley wraps her legs around his waist and uses his body to masturbate.

In the hall, Gia's face and voice are changing to become Buck: her voice is becoming many, her temples bleeding.

GIA  
 I said to stop.

Inge and Quacks curiously look to each other, still wheeling.

In the room, McKinley goes faster.

In the hall, Gia's eyes glow, she's growing the beginning of antlers, blood pouring down them and coating her.

GIA  
 Say what you will about Hammurabi.

Inge and Quacks freak out, stopping the bed.

GIA  
He made the trains run on time.

INT. HOSPITAL - HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

McKinley approaches climax when Inge rushes in, panicked.

INGE  
Oh, no! Oh, no, no, no, no -- What  
are you doing?! Hurry!

MCKINLEY  
Going as fast as I can!

INGE  
Buck is in the hospital!

McKinley flings Vespucci off and jumps up, grunting in pain.

MCKINLEY  
But this room doesn't have a  
patient in it!

INGE  
If we lose our budget I'm gonna  
have to move back in with my  
toddler!

Searching, McKinley and Inge see Vespucci. They throw his  
body in the bed.

Quacks enters in a hurry, soon followed by Buck (Gia). Quacks  
is just as entranced as the first he saw time he saw Buck  
flying above him.

QUACKS  
Sir Buck! Grateful you're hauntin'  
us! Great hospital -- one I've been  
tryin' to visit a long time! My  
campaign's all about supportin' the  
healthcare industry so I personally  
make sure the beds are filled!

Buck goes to the bed, looking down at Vespucci.

BUCK  
This man is long dead.

Inge and McKinley feign shock. Inge grabs a defibrillator.

INGE  
I promise, Mr. Buck, we usually  
don't have dead people in our beds!  
(MORE)

INGE (CONT'D)  
But if that happens along the way,  
you can trust that we'll finish!

McKinley collapses, still bleeding out.

INGE  
Clear!

Inge shocks Vespucci's corpse. No response. McKinley moans in pain on the ground.

INGE  
Senator! Would you lend a hand?

Quacks shoots Vespucci in the chest, spraying blood all over Inge as Inge nods subordinately and readies another shock.

INGE  
Clear!

Inge shocks Vespucci's corpse. Inge readies another shock as Quacks shoots Vespucci again. Blood sprays.

Buck goes to McKinley, looking down. Inge and Quacks continue shocking and shooting Vespucci in rhythm.

They freeze in the background, time distorting.

BUCK  
Do you know who I am?

MCKINLEY  
If you're a cop, I plead the whole  
fucking handle.

Buck kneels by McKinley.

BUCK  
I am your god. I am the Alpha and  
the Omega.

MCKINLEY  
Sick -- I rushed Sugma.

BUCK  
I am responsible for the blood in  
your veins and the blood on the  
floor. I am what turns --

MCKINLEY  
Sugma nuts.

BUCK  
 -- turns the lights off. I am  
 America's witness.

Buck dips a finger in the blood, painting on McKinley.

BUCK  
 The first murder was not of  
 siblings, but convenience. Cain  
 could have asked for a new human he  
 could have murdered, but Abel was  
 there. Guns were made to be fired  
 and people tend to be in the way.  
 This is not evil, but congestion.

MCKINLEY  
 Do you think if I asked the  
 Congressman to shoot me again right  
 next to this hole, I could get a  
 like big, bullet belly piercing?

We can see Buck is painting the penis ouroboros on McKinley.

BUCK  
 When America ran out of places to  
 aim, it aimed at one another. You  
 are victims of an elaborate mass  
 suicide. A plethora of ancestors.

MCKINLEY  
 (poking at bullet hole)  
 Like Lead Belly...  
 (coughing blood)  
 Hey, Mr. God, sir, do you wanna  
 have sex with me before I die?

BUCK  
 I made you in my image... Of course  
 I do.

Buck grabs a hospital sheet off a counter, covering herself  
 and McKinley. They have sex under.

MCKINLEY  
 Why does your penis feel like mine?

BUCK  
 Because it's a vagina -- I bear  
 witness to America's behavior not  
 to seek eventual justice or ensure  
 future civilizations do not fall to  
 cryptomnesia, but because America  
 will be forgotten. Your records are  
 for vanity, not history.

MCKINLEY

Can you go a little faster?

BUCK

Sure --

(speeding up both sex and  
monologue)

No one will sculpt your victories,  
defeats, poems. Humanity has even  
denied itself the participation  
ribbon that is an unmarked grave.  
America must shepherd the world's  
self-destruction, mutilate your  
environment, slaughter in malls --  
(faster)

-- for this parade is humanity's  
only eulogy. The earth nears orgasm  
and there will be no final year of  
your life, for none of you will  
survive to mark it. I'm coming.

Buck dies on top of McKinley as McKinley lets out a yelp.

Simultaneously, Vespucci gasps to life and all unfreeze.

INGE

Holy Harvey Oswald! It worked!

MCKINLEY

God died on top! He's super heavy!

Vespucci's terrified, clutching the sheets.

VESPUCCI

I was just in-a the Hell for a  
hundred-a years!

MCKINLEY

My uterus is a fucking mitten!

VESPUCCI

I just get-a the advice from-a the  
Satan! She say we must-a do-a  
certain things now!

Quacks looks to Inge, frowning, then back to Vespucci.

QUACKS

I don't trust you, Elizabeth  
Foreign, but I don't trust the  
Devil more. We should do the  
opposite of everything she said!

VESPUCCI

I-a do not-a know what-a she said.  
I-a was not-a listening to her.  
But! I-a now know what-a the Hell-a  
look like! I work-a the backwards  
to make-a the perfect society!

MCKINLEY

Okay... I'm just gonna wriggle  
around till I have a good  
ol' snatch sneeze before dying.

Inge readies a clipboard and pen.

INGE

And I'll write it all down, you  
sexual intellectuals.

VESPUCCI

Hell is-a full of-a the water.  
Every-a-where. You are-a always  
swimming. It is-a inconvenient:  
there are-a no boats! To stop-a  
this, we must-a drain-a the oceans!

INGE

Where would we put the water? Any  
ideas, Congressman?

Quacks shoots Inge, struggling to take the clipboard and pen.

Inge lurches over to a cabinet, popping it open and injecting  
herself with fistfuls of morphine vials.

QUACKS

(struggling to write)  
"Drain... the... oceans..." --  
Wait, hold on. Where do we put the  
water? Boston?

VESPUCCI

(pondering)  
What if-a we-a set-a the oceans on-  
a fire? Dry-a them out.

QUACKS

What I like to hear. Both creative,  
doable, and maintainin' a brand.

McKinley dies. Buck gasps back to life. She speaks normally.

BUCK

What and who am I inside?!

Buck frees herself from McKinley and deer head, revealing herself to be Gia. Quacks guffaws and readies a rifle.

QUACKS

Hey! You're not God! You're a lady!

VESPUCCI

God is-a the lady?

Quacks double-takes. He can't comprehend this.

QUACKS

I... Gimme a minute.

Gia spins around the room, eyes wide.

GIA

There's something after! There's something after all of this! There is! There were boats!

(long monologue starting)

No ocean, but so many boats! And I...! I found a window --

QUACKS

Okay! I decided my team!

Quacks shoots Gia.

QUACKS

That's what you get for tryin' to interfere on my manhood, God.

Quacks shoots Vespucci, who dies.

QUACKS

That's for teachin' me America was imperfect, you I-talian Commie.

Gia gasps and coughs: she's alive. Quacks glares and aims.

Gia cowers. But Quacks chuckles -- then bellows in laughter.

QUACKS

(no accent)

You're not her.

Quacks sits on a chair. He smiles, calming down.

QUACKS

Hard to remember that place. Jesus, I think I get it all now. And that's the thing -- I'm not the first, am I? To fall for all of it?

(MORE)



QUACKS (CONT'D)

(Southern again)

"I've finally learned to tell  
fantasy from reality. And, knowing  
the difference, I choose fantasy."

(chuckling)

'Cuz this is close as I'm gonna get  
to killin' my pappy. I get it now.  
I'm nobody. Buck makes us nobody.

(to Inge)

Call my brother, Richard. He's  
gotta protect the Richard name.

(aiming rifle at Gia)

I'm comin', Leah.

Gia winces. *BANG!*

Gia waits. Confused, Gia opens her eyes, seeing Quacks has  
shot himself in the head. She gawks.

Inge, sedated, masturbates under her pants.

Gia sees the gauze by Inge. Crawling over, Gia holds her hand  
out to Inge, gesturing to the gauze.

Inge grasps Gia's hand, trying to bring it to her crotch, but  
Gia shakes it away. Inge pouts, throwing the gauze at Gia's  
head.

Gia notes the Buck head, frowning. It seems to stare back.

BUCK (V.O.)

(muffled)

Dark times! Dark times! Dark times!

Dark times!

(a little clearer)

Find Mark!

Gia nods, opening the gauze and pushing it to her wound.

INT. LEAH'S CAR - NIGHT

Leah's tied up in the backseat as Rick drives and Sean keeps  
a shotgun on her. The car stops at a traffic light.

A titmouse flies in, landing on Leah's leg. It opens its beak  
to speak.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE 4.

END NOTES

Hello.

This show will retell the same story with shifted characters again and again, though with ad-libs and new jokes aplenty. It's a Broadway revival with celebrities taking on beloved, known roles. It's a YouTube video of your favorite stars auditioning for Jim Halpert. It's rewatching your favorite show over and over; the churn of something both new and comfortably familiar. It's your favorite celebrity or influencer loving the show and then coming aboard to do Cleveland-McKinley-Nurse or Henry-Pat-Frank or G.M.-Sean-Kirk-Xastro-Quacks-Dick -- like a longer turn at hosting SNL. You even can shoot a few loops all at once, actors rotating roles, moving along location by location; whoever's reading this likes saving money. Release a few loops, then once in a while throw more episodes in. "Titmouse Season 1 continues" - a "reboot" viewers actually expect.

There are slight adjustments throughout the loops, like the new team of "Kirk and Sean," but the biggest changes would be letting actors reimagine each role, letting funny people improvise -- viewers getting their sought peek at how the sausage gets made. The actors that never change are Jane, Gia, Leah, Titmouse, Tina, Nan, Inge, Emperor, Weddell, Yellow-Eye, and Uzi. The characters that are new every time are the Denny's patron, Orca, Nan's man, and the team owner - therefore the most ripe for quicker cameos.

Thank you for spending time with my script.

Max