

THE PICK-UP

Written by

Ben Gillman

WGA Registered  
Ben Gillman  
213-500-8357  
Bengillman@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. MEXICAN DRUG COMPOUND - DAY

On the back patio of a massive pueblo mansion, three people sit tied to wooden deck chairs.

From their conservative polo-shirts and jeans, BRENT & KELLY (early 30s) look like an average, ordinary couple. But the dirt, blood, and sweat caked on them tells a different story.

DOM (also 30s) looks the worst of them all. Sweat pours off him. His t-shirt and pants are filthy and torn. And he mutters insensibly to himself.

DOM

The wheels on the bus, go round and  
hang low, they wobble to and fro  
and hot potato, peanut butter jelly  
time...

Dom's head tips back and his eyes go wide and glassy.

Tired and gasping, Kelly whispers to Brent.

KELLY

Brent, I'm so sorry... But we  
need... You've got to let the  
Bronco out.

BRENT

I can't. I can't. I can't.

ADRIANO strides toward them out of the mansion. He looks impeccable. Dark, beautiful skin. Perfect suit. Cold eyes.

ADRIANO

Well, well, well, it seems you're  
having a very, very bad day.

INT. BRENT & KELLY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A few rays of sunlight peek in through closed blinds.

Brent and Kelly are buried in their thick comfy sheets in an utterly suburban bedroom. Warm, cozy, safe.

TITLE CARD: 6 HOURS EARLIER

Suddenly an alarm clock RINGS OUT. It's 6:00am.

With what seems like a supreme effort, Brent slaps the alarm clock and it goes silent.

Kelly burrows up next to him. She kisses his neck.

He doesn't respond.

She chews on his ear lobe.

Nothing.

She sticks her tongue in his ear.

BRENT

Aw! C'mon!

Brent jolts awake. Kelly laughs and plants a kiss on him.

KELLY

Mmmm. If we've got to be up early, shouldn't we all be up?

Kelly slips her hand under the sheets to play with her favorite toy. Brent's toy.

BRENT

What are we? In college? What if she...?

KELLY

She'll wake up when we wake her up. How 'bout you wake me up?

Kelly pulls her shirt off and tosses it aside, then-

She ducks under the sheets. Brent's boxers get tossed out.

BRENT

Aaaaahhh... Oh yeah... Awww...

BANG! The door flies open, and-

LENA (their precocious 6 year old) poses proudly in the doorway. She's fully dressed, and even has her backpack on.

LENA

FIRST DAY OF SCHOOOOOOL!!!

Kelly pops up from under the sheets, and quickly covers up.

KELLY

Lena, sweetheart, go back to your-

But Lena grabs the blanket and tries to pull it off them.

BRENT

Lena, stop! Mommy and Daddy, need a-

LENA

You guys are not screwing this up for me. No way I'm gonna be late.

Lena pulls on the comforter with all her might, but Brent and Kelly pull harder.

The comforter slips from Lena's hands and she tumbles back.

Brent and Kelly use it to cover up.

BRENT

Lena! Out! We'll be there in a sec!

LENA

Fine. But HURRY UP!

Lena stomps out. And slams the door behind her.

KELLY

We signed up for this, huh?

INT. DOM'S BEDROOM

Dom lays face down on his pillow. But he's not sleeping.

And his bed doesn't look comfortable. It's a mess of pillows, blankets, and-

Screeching boys.

Dom's twin boys - GALLAHAD and GAWAIN - scream their lungs out as they literally jump on Dom's head.

Finally, his alarm clock RINGS. Dom sits up.

DOM

Alright, boys, time to get up. Time for school.

GAWAIN

Are you CRAZY? We can't go to SCHOOL!

GALLAHAD

We didn't sleep AT ALL last night!

DOM

I *pucking* hate my life.

INT. BRENT & KELLY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Kelly (now dressed in her polo and jeans - although much cleaner) makes breakfast and packs lunch for Lena.

Lena sits at the table eating breakfast. *Beyond excited.*

LENA

(rapid fire)

5 plus 1 is six. 5 plus 2 is seven.  
5 plus 3 is eight. 5 plus 4 is  
nine. 5 plus 5 is ten. 5 plus 6 is  
eleven. 5 plus 7 is-

KELLY

Lena, finish your breakfast.

LENA

Mom! Not now. I'm concentrating.

(rapid fire)

Purple, Blue, Green, Yellow,  
Orange, Red. Rainbow!

Brent stands next to Kelly at the breakfast counter, eating a bowl of cereal and watching a small T.V.

ON THE T.V.-

Several REPORTERS snap pictures, shout questions, and shove microphones at-

AGENT GRACE SCOTT, an eternally riled-up DEA Agent, who's being dragged away by several of her fellow DEA Agents.

GRACE

(on the T.V.)

What?! I'm doing what I have to do  
to fight drugs! I should be able to  
shove bags of coke up my \*Bleep\* if  
I want to. Thank you very much,  
Supreme Court.

Along the bottom of the screen reads a graphic:

DISGRACED DEA AGENT TO FACE HARSH DISCIPLINE

BACK TO SCENE-

Brent watches absent-mindedly.

Kelly hands him some coffee.

KELLY  
Monday shirt, huh?

BRENT  
Mmm hmmm.

KELLY  
Sure you don't want to shake it up?  
It's a special day. Right, Lena?

LENA  
1492! Columbus sailed the ocean  
blue!

Kelly stifles a laugh. She whispers to Brent-

KELLY  
Our kid is such a dork.

BRENT  
Mmmmm?

Kelly looks at her distracted husband and her hyped up kid.

And Kelly forces a smile. And sighs.

LENA  
(an invisible  
conversation)  
What did you do this summer? I read  
chapter books! BOOM! I'm gonna own  
first grade!

INT. DOM'S KITCHEN - DAY

Gallahad and Gawain tear the kitchen apart. And it looks like  
a war zone anyway.

Dom half-heartedly tries to calm them down.

DOM  
C'mon, guys... breakfast...

Gawain pours an entire box of cereal in his own face.

Gallahad chugs a carton of milk.

Dom picks up a framed picture on the counter. It shows-

*Happier Times*. Dom smiles on a beach with a pretty woman in a  
yellow bikini - TIFFANY.

Dom sighs as he looks at the picture.

DOM (CONT'D)  
 Don't worry, honey... I'll make  
 sure they have a healthy lunch...

Gallahad belches loudly.

INT. BRENT & KELLY'S SUV - DAY

The happy family drives to school. Brent has the wheel of  
 their very responsible SUV. Kelly has shotgun.

In the backseat, Lena gazes out the window.

KELLY  
 Well, honey, are you nervous?

LENA  
 Mom, please. I've been waiting for  
 this day my whole life.

KELLY  
 It's okay. It's a big day.

LENA  
 Mommy, play my jam.

Kelly sighs. *Not this again...*

KELLY  
 Lena, again? How 'bout something  
 new for your new-

LENA  
 Mommy. The jam.

Kelly looks to Brent for support. He's oblivious.

BRENT  
 Hmmm. If it was up to me, we'd be  
 listening to NPR.

LENA  
 Mommy, I need to drink in these  
 last moments of childhood.

KELLY  
 Alright...

Kelly hits play on the radio.

Scorpion's "No One's Like You" blares. The opening guitar  
 solo rocks.

Lena drinks it in as she breathes deeply.

LENA

Turn it up.

Kelly does.

SCORPION

(singing from radio)

No one's like you!  
I can't wait for the nights with  
you!  
I imagine the things we'll do!

LENA

(singing along softly)

I just want to be loved by you.

In the front seat, Kelly sighs under her breath.

KELLY

Thank god, she doesn't understand  
what those lyrics really mean.

INT. DOM'S MINI-VAN - DAY

Dom clutches the steering wheel of his filthy mini-van.

Death Metal shrieks out of the speakers playing a hard core  
version of the song that Dom mumbled in the opening scene.

DEATH METAL GROUP

(singing/screeching)

The wheels on the bus go round and  
hang low, they wobble to and fro,  
and hot potato, peanut butter jelly  
time!

Gallahad and Gawain scream along with it.

Dom cranks up the radio to drown out his kids.

EXT. SAN DIEGO SOUTH ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

The large public elementary school looks like many other  
schools. Red, brick building. Friendly, inviting.

A banner hangs on the side that reads:

"WELCOME BACK FOR ANOTHER GREAT YEAR!!"



Several cars pull up alongside the school, and OLDER KIDS (3 graders and up) just jump out and head in. No big deal.

IN THE PARKING LOT-

It's a different story. Mini-vans, four-door sedans, and SUVs park as parents tearfully say good-bye to their young kids.

AT A FUEL-EFFICIENT BUT SAFE SUV-

CURLY-HAIRED PARENTS bid their CURLY-HAIRED BOY adieu.

CURLY-HAIRED BOY  
Bye, Mom. Bye, Dad. I'm going to  
have quite the adventure!

And he jogs off to school.

AT A SENSIBLE FOUR DOOR SEDAN-

A MOM WITH GLASSES gives her SON WITH GLASSES a big hug.

MOM WITH GLASSES  
Alright, your billfold is in your  
backpack and your thermos is in  
your lunch pail. Love you, Satchel.

SON WITH GLASSES  
Love you too, Mom!

And the Son with Glasses runs off toward school.

AT A FIVE-STAR CRASH-RATED MINIVAN-

A RED-HEADED FATHER gives his RED-HEADED LITTLE GIRL her lunch.

It's in a large stainless steel lunch box.

RED-HEADED FATHER  
Enjoy your lunch, Gruyere. Be good.

RED-HEADED LITTLE GIRL  
Thanks, Dad!

And she runs off.

AT BRENT AND KELLY'S SUV-

Brent and Kelly stand alongside, as Lena climbs out.

KELLY

Middle-class white people have the  
craziest names for their kids, huh?

BRENT

We named our daughter after the  
Czech word for "ice cream" so I  
don't know if we can judge.

Kelly shrugs. *Good point.*

Lena finishes scrambling out.

KELLY

Good luck, honey!

LENA

Oh, I don't need luck. I'm  
prepared.

And Lena trots off to take over the world.

DOM'S MINIVAN-

-is thrown open, and Dom pulls Gallahad and Gawain out of it.  
Literally pulling them out of the car.

DOM

Get out of the car you *pod-jammed*  
little *sasses!*

GAWAIN & GALLAHAD

(from inside the car)

NO! We're NOT GOING!

DOM

Look... If you go to school...  
you'll get to be away from me for a  
whole 8 hours...

That does the trick. The boys leap out of the car and race  
toward the school.

GAWAIN & GALLAHAD

YAY!!!

Dom slumps in semi-triumph and semi-defeat.

BRENT AND KELLY'S SUV - MOMENTS LATER

Dom trudges over and meets up with Brent and Kelly.

BRENT  
How's it going, buddy?

DOM  
Eh. Normal.

They all watch as dozens of kids stream into the school.

KELLY  
They're not our babies anymore.

DOM  
Yeah, they're full grown monsters.

BRENT  
They'll be gone all day.

DOM  
7 glorious hours of free childcare.  
Why can't they keep 'em longer?

ERIC and ERICA walk up. The perfect fucking parents. They wear white. They have tans. They even look rested. Assholes.

ERIC  
Hey there, champs!

ERICA  
Hiiiiii, Kelly!

KELLY  
Hi, Eric. Hi, Erica.

ERICA  
It's hard to believe our wittle  
angels are off to first grade, huh?

BRENT  
They're growing up so fast.

DOM  
Can't believe I kept them alive.

ERIC  
Although, I gotta say it's gonna be  
nice having the house free today. I  
took the day off. We're gonna go  
home and have sex.

ERICA

In the butt.

They high five. Assholes.

ERIC

Then we're gonna pick up some marijuana and take a doobie.

ERICA

I'm gonna get baked out of my mind.

ERIC

I mean, c'mon, I can afford it, right? And this is our first day of freedom in almost 7 years.

ERICA

I'm gonna get high off pot and my husband's fattie.

Eric and Erica share a hearty, toothy laugh. Pricks.

ERIC

What're you guys up to today?

BRENT

You know, same old, same old. Work.

KELLY

He's kidding! We're gonna have an epic day too. Right, honey?

BRENT

Right... Wild. We might even go to Seaworld.

KELLY

If that's what you call my mouth and vagina now!

Brent shoots her a look. *Who are you?*

Kelly looks away, embarrassed. Dom jumps in.

DOM

Well, I can't do any of those things. Dead wife. Remember? Thanks for bringing it up, Eric. Erica.

ERICA

Oh! We didn't-

DOM

No. You did. Thanks a lot. My wife's dead. Ha ha. She left me with two maniac kids. Ho ho. I haven't slept more than 3 hours in the past 7 years. Ha ha ha ha ha.

This got awkward real fast. Finally-

ERIC

Well... We've gotta run. We want to take full advantage of this day.

ERICA

I'm gonna jerk him off on my tits!

And they're gone.

DOM

God, I hate those *sass-poles*! They're even wearing white. It's like "Ooooh, look at us. Our kids don't spill anything. They've never even thrown their own *ship* at us."

Brent and Kelly shoot Dom a strange look. *Did he say "shit"?*

BRENT

Did you say your kids throw their own *shit* at you?

DOM

Oh, god no. I call it "*ship*." I've got two impressionable little boys. I would never swear.

After a long awkward moment:

DOM (CONT'D)

So what're you guys really doing today?

INT. BRENT & KELLY'S SUV - DAY

Brent and Kelly drive home.

KELLY

You know, Eric and Erica might have a point. We really should take advantage of this day.

BRENT

I will. By building up our 401k.

KELLY

C'mon, Brent. Call into work. Fake being sick. Let's enjoy the day.

BRENT

What're we? In college?

KELLY

What does that even mean?

BRENT

It means, there was a time and a place for that stuff. It was called college. Before we had kids. I did plenty of all that back then.

KELLY

(playfully mocking him)

I'm Brent. I was cool in college so I don't need to be cool anymore.

BRENT

Don't do that.

KELLY

Now I get off on spreadsheets and tax deductions. Ooooooh.

BRENT

Alright. Fine.

He pulls the car over to the side of the road.

He takes out his phone and dials. After a second:

BRENT (CONT'D)

Mr. Drabkin... Oh god... oh god...  
I can't come into work... Uhhhh...  
I've got it coming out of both  
ends. I've literally shot butt  
juice in the can at the same time I  
was heaving egg and bacon puree in  
the sink. Oh no... here comes...  
another... Hhhhhrrrrrrllllll!!!!!!

He shoots Kelly a tough guy grin. *What's up now?*

KELLY

Not bad.

BRENT

Now, I'm gonna take you to my crib,  
toss you on my sheets and bang you  
all the way to Orgasm Town, U.S.A.  
I swear I was cool in college.

INT. BRENT & KELLY'S BEDROOM

Brent and Kelly lay in bed. Naked under the sheets. Slightly  
out of breath. Slightly.

They lay next to each other in a semi-awkward silence.

KELLY

So... that was... good...

BRENT

So good.

Another awkward silence.

KELLY

So... we've got all day.

Brent nods. A little more awkward silence.

KELLY (CONT'D)

We could... do it again?

BRENT

I kinda need a little bit.  
(off her look)  
Sorry. I'm not in college anymore.

Kelly nods her head.

KELLY

Let me know when you're ready...

Even more awkward silence.

A cell phone rings. Brent can't grab it quick enough.

It reads: DOM.

INT. BRENT & KELLY'S BEDROOM / DOM'S BEDROOM - INTERCUT

Dom paces anxiously in his bedroom.

Brent talks from bed with Kelly next to him.

DOM

We gotta go get baked. Or slide. Or trapeze. I don't even know the names anymore.

BRENT

Whoa! Slow down.

DOM

No! I'm going nuts here. I just *worked off* three times to a picture of my dead wife in a bikini.

Dom looks at the picture of-

His wife, Tiffany, on the beach in her yellow bikini.

DOM (CONT'D)

It's depressing, Brent. I gotta go have some fun.

BRENT

Yeah, but drugs? Those days are-

DOM

Gone? Yeah, I know, and you know how long they've been gone? Seven years. Seven. Ever since my precious wife ran out on me, and saddled me with two hell-minions.

BRENT

Your wife died in childbirth.

DOM

And I've mourned enough! Please! I need the Bronco for one day!

BRENT

I don't think so, Dom. Me and Kelly aren't really-

He looks over to Kelly. She looks game.

BRENT (CONT'D)

-interested?

Kelly nods. With big eyes. She seems to really want this too.

DOM

Please, please, please!

BRENT

Alright.



Kelly smiles.

Dom goes fucking wild.

DOM

Really?! YES! Y - E - *Pucking* - S!

BRENT

Just a little pot. We'll blaze one joint for old time's sake, get a little high, and be cool in time to pick up the kids in 6 hours.

DOM

Done! *Pod*, I wish I could see the look on the faces of those *whoosh-bags*, Eric and Erica! They're not the only one's who can cut loose!

EXT. ERIC & ERICA'S HOUSE - DAY

Picture the perfect goddamn house. Green, manicured lawn. Two-story classic home with planters under the window-sills.

Fucking rose bushes.

That's this place. Totally perfect.

INT. ERIC & ERICA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Eric and Erica's bedroom is pristine. Warm, baby-blue walls. Sunlight pouring in the windows.

A big, comfy king-sized bed with a white, cushy comforter.

And in the bed-

Eric and Erica. Snoring their heads off.

Passed out on top of the blankets. Totally clothed.

Posers.

INT. BRENT & KELLY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Brent and Kelly are now dressed. Kelly tosses a few things in her purse, she's counting some cash.

Brent makes peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.

KELLY

How much cash should we bring? How much does this cost nowadays?

BRENT

Back in my prime, gimme half a yard and I could score an eighth of Tequila Killer that would make you see Jesus give Buddha a high-five.

Kelly stares at him in surprise.

BRENT (CONT'D)

I had some good hook-ups.

KELLY

Are you making PB&Js?

BRENT

Yeah. It's the perfect balance between a dessert and a meal.

He tosses the sandwiches in his fanny pack and zips it up.

KELLY

Do you have to wear a fanny pack?

But before she can get an answer-

HONK! HONK! HONK!

EXT. BRENT & KELLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Dom's Mini-Van parks in the driveway. He pounds the horn.

Brent and Kelly rush out the door and climb in the mini-van.

INT. DOM'S MINI-VAN - DAY

Dom bounces up and down in the driver's seat.

Brent gets into the passenger seat. Kelly sits in the back.

BRENT

Cool it, brother. This is not gonna be like the old days.

DOM

I know, I know. I can't expect you to survive two illegal dogfights.

Kelly looks at Brent with confusion. *Dogfights?*

BRENT  
Just relax. The Bronco is firmly  
stabled.

Again, Kelly frowns. *The Bronco?*

But she shakes it off, and-

KELLY  
Okay. Here we go! Let's get blazed.

BRENT  
So you've got a hook-up?

DOM  
Yeah. This crazy guy down in...  
Chula Vista.

Brent looks at him doubtfully. *Chula Vista? Really?*

BRENT  
Just imagine what our kids would  
think if they knew about this.

INT. 1ST GRADE CLASSROOM - DAY

Remember your first grade classroom? It's pretty much the  
same. ABCs up on the wall. Adorably tiny desks.

And a dictatorial, old-ass teacher - MRS. SELIGER.

She strides down the rows of desks as she gives the same  
first day of school speech that she's probably given for the  
last 30 years.

MRS. SELIGER  
Welcome to the first grade. Listen  
closely and do as I say and I will  
get you to the second grade. There  
is no singing. There is spelling.

Lena's hand shoots up in the air. Mrs. Seliger ignores it.

MRS. SELIGER (CONT'D)  
There is no nap time. There is  
addition and subtraction.

Lena's hand strains toward the ceiling.

LENA  
I know addition-

MRS. SELIGER

There is no talking. There is only  
me talking.

The kids stay silent and listen closely. Except-

GALLAHAD

Oh, COME ON! This is BORING!

GAWAIN

I'll give you ADDITION! One plus  
one equals... PFFFFTTTT!

The entire class laughs.

But Mrs. Seliger silences them with a furious gaze.

She marches down the aisle, and stands between Gawain and  
Gallahad's desks. She glares at them. They stare defiantly  
back at her. Someone's got to break, and-

*Is that a smile on Mrs. Seliger's face?!*

MRS. SELIGER

I like you two. Here.

She actually offers them candy.

GAWAIN

What do you think we are? DUMB?!

GALLAHAD

Yeah, we're not taking CANDY from a  
STRANGER!

MRS. SELIGER

I'm not a stranger. I'm your  
teacher. And it's just taffy. Of  
course, if you're scared...

Mrs. Seliger reaches to take the candy back, but-

Gallahad and Gawain shove it in their mouths.

It quickly becomes clear, that the sticky taffy is going to  
keep their jaws busy for a while.

With a smirk, Mrs. Seliger returns to the front of the class.

MRS. SELIGER (CONT'D)

First things first, we need to  
elect a class president. Or two. I  
nominate Gallahad and Gawain.  
Anyone else care to run?

Lena's hand shoots back up into the air.

INT. DOM'S MINI-VAN - DAY

Dom cruises and scans all of the houses out his window. Kelly also looks around nervously.

KELLY

Alright, guys, I don't want to freak anybody out, but I think there's been a car following us for the past few miles.

BRENT

Kel, relax. We're just buying like a dime bag. No one's following us.

KELLY

You're right. Sorry. I've just never gone into a drug den before.

BRENT

This is Chula Vista, not South Central L.A.

He points out the window, and they all see-

EXT. CHULA VISTA - THE SUBURBS - DAY

It's totally the suburbs.

All of the houses look pretty much the same. \$400,000 range. Nice size. Green grass. You'd like to raise your kids there.

INT. DOM'S MINI-VAN - DAY

Kelly instantly relaxes.

Dom parks the mini-van.

DOM

This is Carl's address.

KELLY

Carl. Carlos. Carlos the Jackal.

BRENT

Just Carl.

Dom and Brent jump out of the van.

Kelly follows closely.

KELLY

Still, a bad ass drug dealer is a  
bad ass drug dealer.

EXT. CARL'S HOUSE - DAY

CARL is not a bad ass drug dealer.

He's a slacker white dude in his late 20s with too long hair  
and an old dirty hoodie. He shuffles out of a quaint, little  
ranch-style home that probably belongs to his mom.

Brent, Kelly, and Dom wait on the sidewalk for him.

CARL

What's up, playazzz? Me llamo Carl.

Carl gives high-fives to everyone.

BRENT

Hey, Carl, I'm Brent. This is Dom.  
And my wife, Kelly.

KELLY

Hey there, Jackal.

Everyone looks at Kelly. She looks away.

DOM

Alright, I've only got a few hours  
to erase all memory of my kids,  
before I have to pick them up  
again, and the nightmare continues.

CARL

Just chill-lax, bra! I got you  
covered-ski.

Carl reaches into his pocket, but-

KELLY

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Not here!

Everyone looks at her in confusion.

KELLY (CONT'D)

You know? In the open. Shouldn't we  
go to a back alley? Or something?

They all look around.

This is a middle-class white neighborhood. There's no back alleys here. So-

EXT. CARL'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - BY THE SWINGSET

Everybody stands in the backyard by an old beat-up swingset.

KELLY

This is better. This is right.

DOM

Now, can we get baked?

CARL

Rad! Biggidy bakes are my spiggidy specialty. You want some cupcakes with coke? Smackleberry pie? E-town cookies?

KELLY

What?! No! We don't want any of that crazy stuff!

BRENT

We just want a little weed.

Carl shoots them a disbelieving look. *Are you serious?*

CARL

You just want weed? Really? Why didn't you just get a medical marijuana card? It's crazy easy now. I got mine for "tennis elbow."

Brent and Kelly exchange an awkward glance.

KELLY

We didn't know it was that easy.

BRENT

It's been a long time since we got any green. You have any?

CARL

I guess, I could give you what I got. Boo-yah.

Carl pulls a baggie of weed from his pocket and gives it to Brent.

BRENT

Thanks.

CARL  
And some mushroom pizza minus the  
pizza.

Carl pulls out another baggie.

KELLY  
Wait? We didn't-

DOM  
MINE!

Dom snatches the baggie of mushrooms and scarfs some down. As he eats them-

DOM (CONT'D)  
Ugh... it tastes like *ship*...  
(takes another bite)  
...Like eating *mutt*...  
(another bite)  
...Like licking *sass-pole*...

But he chokes it down nonetheless. Finally, he looks up and sees Brent and Kelly staring at him shocked. *Jesus, dude...*

DOM (CONT'D)  
What? I thought I needed something  
a little stronger. It'll wear off  
in four hours. Plenty of time  
before the kids are ready.

CARL  
Alright, cats and kittens. Who's  
got my benjy?

Brent takes out a hundred dollar bill, and slaps it into Carl's hand.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Sweetums! Pleasure doing business-

GRACE (O.S.)  
DEA! Suckas!

Everyone spins to see-

GRACE SCOTT (with aviator glasses and a DEA windbreaker) leap over the fence from next door. She's tiny, but a ball of pure energy. Pure crazy energy.

DOM  
*Moly ship!*

But Grace just punches Dom in the neck. He collapses.



GRACE  
Take a seat, fungus face!

KELLY  
There's been a misunder- WHOA!

Grace suddenly pulls out her gun and badge.

GRACE  
Don't think so, Mr. and Mrs. Toke-a-Smoke. You're in a lot of trouble.

CARL  
You guys brought the cops?!

Grace struts up to Carl... And pistol-whips him in the face.

GRACE  
I'm not a cop. DEA Agent Grace Scott. And you better get inside before I GRACE THE HELL OUT OF ALL OF YOU! Got it?

Brent and Kelly nod. *Don't mess with this lady.*

INT. CARL'S MOM'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Brent and Kelly both have their hands cuffed behind their backs. They sit on an old couch. It was probably nice once, but the floral pattern has faded.

In fact, the whole living room has the old lady feel. Slightly yellowed doilies, wilted potpourri, and tons and tons of elaborately framed cat pictures. Old lady, for sure.

Kelly freaks out.

KELLY  
Oh god, this is bad. This is so bad. This is not what I... I just wanted a little fun in my boring life for once.

BRENT  
Wait. What do you mean, "boring"?

Grace comes barrelling into the room.

Kelly stands as Grace enters-

KELLY  
Agent Scott, ma'am, listen, there's no need to handcuff us-

GRACE

I will Grace your nipples off.

Grace's eyes burn with a crazy-ass fury.

Kelly shuts up and sits down.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Look, I'm not interested in you two. You're little fish.

KELLY

Oh, thank god...

GRACE

But I will put your lives through Grace-ing hell if you don't cooperate. I need your supplier.

KELLY

We don't know anything about a supplier!

GRACE

I will Grace you in all three holes if you don't shut it down.

Grace glares at Kelly furiously. Kelly shuts up.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I have a hard time believing that Grass-Face Carl can figure out how to wash his hoodie much less run a minor drug operation. So I'm thinking you two might be Transformers.

Brent and Kelly exchange a confused look.

GRACE (CONT'D)

More than meets the eye.

KELLY

We're not! We were just looking for a little something to unwind. We didn't think it was a big deal.

Grace gives Kelly a cold-blooded stare.

GRACE

Not a big deal? You don't think illegal drugs are a big deal? You have any idea the things I've seen?

Brent and Kelly shake their heads.

GRACE (CONT'D)

My father got hooked on opium in Vietnam. Tried to fight it. Lost. He left when I was a kid, and ran away to Columbia.

KELLY

He left you for South America?

GRACE

No, he got confused, and ended up in South Carolina. Drowned in the Atlantic, the poor bastard.

Kelly grimaces.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Mom was worse. She thought she'd try crack just one time. Then she disappeared for three months until we found her living like a hobo's sex toy.

KELLY

Jesus...

GRACE

My brothers liked heroin. Until one camping trip when they all took too much.

KELLY

They all OD'd?

GRACE

No. They were so high they couldn't move, and a bear ate them.

KELLY

Sorry...?

GRACE

I take drugs very seriously. And I'll do anything to get drug-dealers off the streets. Anything. You think about that before our next chat.

Grace stands and walks toward the door, but suddenly-

GRACE (CONT'D)

BLAGGG!!

She makes a scary face to freak out Kelly. It works.  
 Then Grace walks upstairs. As soon as she's gone-  
 Brent spins on Kelly.

BRENT  
 You think our life is boring!?

INT. CARL'S MOM'S BEDROOM

Dom sits on an old, faded comforter in the spare bedroom. The whole room has the same old lady feel as the basement.

Dom stares wide-eyed at a painting of tree.

DOM'S SHROOM POV-

The Tree slowly sways in the breeze. The colors of the leaves softly change and melt together.

BACK TO SCENE-

Dom shakes his head and blinks furiously.

The bedroom door bursts open. Grace charges in.

GRACE  
 Let's play, you Portobello Piece of  
 Trash!

She grabs Dom's face and looks him dead in the eyes.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
 I need Carl's supplier. Tell me  
 what you know.

Dom stares at her with wide eyes.

DOM  
 You look amazing...

GRACE  
 Don't even try complimenting your  
 way out of this! I know that I'm  
 Grace-ing perfection.

DOM  
 But your hair is so...

DOM'S SHROOM POV-

Grace's hair changes colors and moves all on its own.

GRACE

I know, I know, I use a mixture of  
avocado and my own menstrual  
fluids.

DOM

And your eyes are- wow!

Grace's eyes are moving all around her face.

But Grace has had enough. She bitch slaps Dom.

BACK TO SCENE-

Dom shakes his head in surprise.

GRACE

Hey, Fun Guy, I don't need you to  
tell me I'm a goddess. I've got  
Pantene Pro-V commercials for that.

There's a CRASH FROM THE NEXT ROOM.

Grace turns her head and grimaces.

But she grabs his face again.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I gotta go see what the Grace is  
going on in there. But you better  
get real serious real fast. Cuz  
when I come back, I won't be  
playing any more games.

And Grace storms out.

DOM

This is best I've felt in years.

INT. CARL'S MOM'S KITCHEN

Carl huddles in the corner of the kitchen. He's got handcuffs  
on. And his feet are bound up too. He slams his body up  
against the counter making another CRASH SOUND.

All of the counters are covered in cupcakes, muffins and  
other baked goods.

Grace enters.

CARL  
Help a brother out, lady! My mom'll  
be in the house any tick now!

GRACE  
Don't worry about her, Baked Boy.  
Worry about-

CARL  
Baked?! You want nummers?! You can  
have as many munchies as you want!

He gestures to all of the treats on the counters.

GRACE  
I don't want your mommy's home  
cooking. I want your supplier!

CARL  
It's those guys downstairs! I  
swear, they forced me to do this!

Carl bursts into tears-

CARL (CONT'D)  
My mom is gonna be so mad at me...

INT. CARL'S MOM'S LIVING ROOM

Kelly and Brent sit on the couch.

They can hear-

CARL CRYING AND SOBBING FROM THE KITCHEN.

But Brent faces Kelly.

BRENT  
You think our life is boring?

KELLY  
Brent, we rented the new Ninja  
Turtles movie and turned it off  
halfway because it was too loud.

BRENT  
The cartoons were never that loud.

KELLY  
But we're making up for it today.  
Listen to what she's doing to Carl.

MORE SOBBING AND BLUBBERING NOISES.

BRENT

Look, this may shock you, but this isn't my first run in with the law.

KELLY

Brent, just stop! I'm sorry, but the most excitement I've gotten lately is when I took a self-defense class at the YWCA.

BRENT

I've done stuff...

KELLY

Lena would be so ashamed of us...

INT. 1ST GRADE CLASSROOM - DAY

Back in Mrs. Seliger's classroom, everyone is in their seats. Everyone except Lena. She's closing down a campaign speech.

LENA

And that is why I believe I could be the kind of class president we need. Not for my benefit. But for yours. Thank you very much.

There's polite applause as Lena goes back to her seat.

Gallahad has his head down on his desk. Gawain just draws red circles on the desk with a crayon.

Mrs. Seliger stands up.

MRS. SELIGER

Alright, class. It's time to vote.

She strolls down the aisles picking up pieces of paper.

MRS. SELIGER (CONT'D)

Remember, you can vote for anyone. Whether they gave a speech or not. Anyone can grow up to be President.

She's gotten most of the slips of paper by now.

MRS. SELIGER (CONT'D)

Some of you cannot spell too well. I'll get you up to snuff. Just do your best.

Finally, Mrs. Seliger has collected all the slips of paper. She counts them as she walks to the front of the class.

MRS. SELIGER (CONT'D)  
Well, well, well, it looks pretty  
clear who the winner is.

Lena perches on the edge of her seat.

MRS. SELIGER (CONT'D)  
Our new president is Gallahad.

Gallahad's head pops up.

GALLAHAD  
Wait? WHAT?!

MRS. SELIGER  
That's right. And not only that, in  
a close second, was your brother,  
Gawain.

Gawain stops scribbling on his desk.

GAWAIN  
REALLY?!

MRS. SELIGER  
Yes, boys. So that means you'll be  
our new President and Vice  
President. I know you won't let me  
down. Class, let's give them a  
round of applause.

The whole class politely claps.

Gallahad and Gawain look shocked. And strangely, they look under control and even overwhelmed.

But one person doesn't look happy-

Lena looks effing pissed.

INT. CARL'S MOM'S LIVING ROOM

Kelly and Brent fume with their backs to each other.

Grace walks back in with a folder in her hand.

GRACE  
Well, well, well, trouble in  
paradise for the THC Couple?



Neither Kelly or Brent say anything.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Oh? You're both clamming up now,  
huh? Bad move. Because I just had a  
chat with Red Eye upstairs. And he  
said you guys are the real  
masterminds here.

KELLY

What?! Why would he say that?

GRACE

Why don't you tell me?

KELLY

We don't know anything. Tell her,  
Brent!

But Brent just stares at Grace. A tough guy stare.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Brent, stop trying to convince me  
you're a tough guy. Just tell her.

More stares.

Grace taps the folder she's holding.

GRACE

I do what it takes to get answers.  
I'll go after your loved ones.

Kelly's eyes get wide. Brent's get smaller. More determined.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You guys have a pet dog at home?

Grace throws an 8x10 picture on the coffee table.

It shows an adorable golden retriever-

With its brains blown out. Laying in a pool of its own blood.

KELLY

Oh god!

GRACE

Ready to talk now?

BRENT

We don't have a dog.

GRACE

Really? How 'bout a cat?

She throws down another picture.

A cat with splattered brains. Kelly winces, but-

BRENT

No cat either.

GRACE

A diaper-trained monkey?

Another picture.

A monkey in a diaper. But no brains.

Kelly dry heaves.

BRENT

Just hold it together.

Brent holds his stone cold stare.

KELLY

Please, just don't show these to Dom. He'd freak out. He doesn't deal with death well.

GRACE

Oh, I showed it to him. He's dealing with it right now.

INT. CARL'S MOM'S BEDROOM

Dom clutches a picture as he rolls around on the bed. He glances at the picture-

A tiny adorable miniature pig has its brains blown out.

But Dom just laughs his ass off.

DOM

A teacup pig! Ha ha ha! Oink, oink, oink... Blam! Ha ha ha!

He giggles and giggles and giggles until-

WOMAN'S VOICE

Seriously?! Would you stop laughing and pull yourself together?

Dom goes stone-faced. He looks around for a second then-

Looks down at the picture.

DOM'S SHROOM POV-

THE PIG WITH NO BRAINS opens its eyes and talks to Dom with an exasperated but tender WOMAN'S VOICE.

PIG WITH NO BRAINS  
You think this is cute? You're  
making a real ass out of yourself.

BACK TO SCENE-

Dom stares with wide-eyes.

DOM  
*Ship* just got real.

INT. CARL'S MOM'S LIVING ROOM

Kelly pleads with Grace.

KELLY  
Dom is very fragile. Ever since his  
wife passed away, he's been on the  
verge of collapse.

GRACE  
Then help me out. Or I'll break  
him. I'll break him like a-

CRASH!

Dom kicks the bedroom door off its hinges.

DOM  
That *brother-pucking* pig with its  
*pod-jammed* head blown off is  
talking to me!

And Dom sprints out of the room.

Brent and Kelly stare in disbelief.

But Grace leaps into action.

GRACE  
Grace to the no, that tweakers  
going down!

And Grace sprints off after him.

Brent turns to Kelly.

BRENT  
We gotta help Dom.

KELLY  
But we're handcuffed!

But Brent lifts his hands. He tosses the cuffs aside.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
How...?

He flashes a hairpin he pulled from her head.

Then he goes to work on her handcuffs.

In moments, she's free too.

BRENT  
College. I did stuff.

Brent races out of there. As Kelly follows-

KELLY  
When did you take a hairpin from  
me?

EXT. CARL'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD

Dom wildly runs across the front yard. He stops and takes several deep breaths.

DOM  
Okay, Dom, pull your *ship* together.  
Just breathe. Breathe. Br-  
(beat)  
Oooh. The grass is so grassy.

Dom slips into a stupor as he stares at the grass.

He reaches down to touch it when-

WHAM!

Grace dive tackles the shit out of him.

They struggle and wrestle on the grass.

GRACE  
You're not the first sweet lonely  
widower I've beat the shit out of.

DOM  
Your *choobs* are smacking me in the face. It's been so long since I felt *choobs*!

GRACE  
Wait 'til I strangle choke you out with my muff.

Grace flips and twists until she's got Dom's head locked up in her legs.

Dom groans and chokes and finally-

Bites Grace in the crotch.

She screams and let's go.

DOM  
This is the most action I've gotten since my pregnant wife asked me to *puck* the babies out of her.

GRACE  
Sack Grace!

Grace kicks Dom in the balls. He groans and reflexively-  
He punches Grace in the sweet spot. She screams in pain.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
You punched me in the clit!

They both writhe on the ground clutching their junk.

INT. CARL'S MOM'S KITCHEN

Brent and Kelly rush through the kitchen, where-  
Carl lies tied up on the floor. Alone.

CARL  
Yo, playas, don't be hatas! My leg is cramping like cray! Guys? Guys?!

But Brent and Kelly just rush past.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Aw, snap...

EXT. CARL'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD

Dom and Grace continue to roll around in the grass when-  
Brent and Kelly arrive.

KELLY

Damn, Dom, you clocked a DEA Agent!  
You're bad ass.

They grab Dom under the arms and rush him over to the street,  
where they shovel him into the mini-van.

Grace struggles onto her feet. Determination on her face.

GRACE

Nobody pounds me in the vag and  
runs away!

INT. DOM'S MINI-VAN

Kelly hops behind the wheel. Freaking the fuck out.

Brent jumps in the passenger seat. Trying to calm her down.

Dom bounces around in the back. Literally bouncing.

DOM

My testicles hurt so bad! But I  
finally remember I still have  
testicles!

Kelly shifts gears and the van lurches forward.

BRENT

Kel, just keep cool and drive.

KELLY

We are fugitives on the run!

DOM

We are going a billion miles per  
hour!

KELLY

No, we're NOT! I'm following the  
RULES OF THE ROAD! I am a  
responsible adult!

DOM

I have seen the universe and its  
name is Dom.

KELLY

And where did you learn to pick  
handcuffs?

Dom sits up suddenly.

DOM

You got to do that again?! You were  
so good at it in college.

BRENT

You guys, it's fine. None of us  
gave her our names. She's not going  
to search for us. We're nobodies.

KELLY

What if she tracks our license  
plate?

Brent reaches under his shirt and pulls out the license  
plate.

KELLY (CONT'D)

When did you have time to do that?!

BRENT

I'm telling you, sweetie,  
everything is fine.

CRASH!

They all lurch forward as the van gets rammed from behind.

EXT. CHULA VISTA SUBURB STREETS

The minivan drives down the mostly empty suburban streets.

But on its tale is Grace's cruiser.

Its engine guns, and it bashes the back of the minivan again.

INT. GRACE'S CRUSIER

Grace clutches the steering wheel like a madwoman.

GRACE

I knew I should've shot them all in  
their knee caps. The one time I  
don't follow my instincts...

INT. DOM'S MINI-VAN

Kelly holds on for dear life. But she's swerving all over.

Brent reaches for the wheel to help.

Dom-

DOM

The way you're driving down the  
center line makes it look like  
we're Pac-Man eating yellow dots!

(making Pac Man noises)

Waa waa waa waa...

BRENT

Dom, shut up!

(turning to Kelly)

Honey, you're gonna have to lose  
her. Just do what I tell you-

KELLY

No! No, no, no. Listen I don't know  
where you're getting all this stuff  
lately. But you cannot lose a  
determined DEA psychopath.

INT. GRACE'S CRUISER

Grace pounds on her steering wheel as she sings.

GRACE

(to the tune of "Shaft")

Shaft! Grace Shaft!

(in a deep voice)

I'm on a mission to regain my  
position!

INT. DOM'S MINI-VAN

Temperatures run even higher as everyone screams at everyone.

KELLY

You are a boring stockbroker!

BRENT

I'm not boring!

KELLY

You lay out all your shirts a week  
in advance.



BRENT

So I can always shake up my choice  
of ties. That's not boring!

KELLY

You're wearing a fanny pack.

BRENT

So our PB & Js are handy...

KELLY

Which is boring!

BRENT

It's the perfect balance between a  
dessert and a meal!

DOM

Brent, you have to show her. You  
have to let the Bronco loose.

Brent's head droops in defeat.

BRENT

I'm not the Bronco.  
(CRASH FROM BEHIND)  
We're not in college anymore.  
(CRASH)  
I'm a father now!

KELLY

College! Bronco! Honey, I love you,  
but what are you talking about?!

BRENT

Just this one time...

Brent raises his head. There's something new in his eyes.

The spirit of a untamed bucking bronco.

BRENT (CONT'D)

I'm taking the wheel.

KELLY

What? No, you're-

BRENT

Woman! I. Am. Taking. The. Wheel.

DOM

Giddy up.

Brent grabs the wheel and he and Kelly start switching seats.

It quickly becomes kind of awkward-

<p style="text-align: center;">KELLY</p> <p>Wait... What're we... Do you want the wheel? Should I be accelerating? Can you get around me? I'm gonna let go now.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">BRENT</p> <p>You slide behind me. I'll climb over you. Keep one hand on. I'll grab it. Jam it real hard. I'm gonna step my legs between yours.</p>
---	---

Finally Brent settles into the driver's seat.

BRENT (CONT'D)  
This Bronco's gonna buck.

INT. GRACE'S CRUISER

Grace guns her engine-

GRACE

Grace is the word, mofos! I got groove. I got feel-

The minivan ahead of her lights up its tail lights.

SLAM! She bashes into it and lurches forward.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Oooh. You wanna play rough?

INT. DOM'S MINI-VAN

Brent guns the car.

KELLY

Alright, seat belts, everybody.

BRENT

You're gonna need more than a seat belt.

KELLY

Is this something you learned in college?

BRENT

Sort of. Watching "Walker: Texas Ranger."

Kelly pushes against the dashboard, as-

Brent grabs the emergency break and torques the steering wheel.

BRENT (CONT'D)  
Yeeeeee Haaaawww!

DOM  
PUCK YEAH!

Tires squeal and they all lurch to the side as-

EXT. CHULA VISTA SUBURB STREETS

Dom's mini-van suddenly does a monster 180 turn.

It leaves a long streak of rubber on the road. And a huge cloud of burnt smoke.

It's now facing head-to-head with Grace's cruiser.

The mini-van tears forward and narrowly misses Grace's cruiser.

INT. GRACE'S CRUISER

Grace gazes out her window in awe of what just happened.

GRACE  
What the Gra-

CRASH!

She lunges forward as-

EXT. CHULA VISTA SUBURB STREETS

Grace's cruiser slams into a tree.

The Mini-van speeds off in the opposite direction.

INT. DOM'S MINI-VAN

Everyone screams and cheers.

DOM  
You guys, seriously?! That really happened, right? Or am I just tripping *malls*?

KELLY  
You can't even say "balls"?

DOM  
I'll bet Eric and Erica didn't just  
do anything like that!

INT. ERIC & ERICA'S BEDROOM

Nope, nothing like that.

Eric and Erica are still passed out asleep.

Losers.

INT. DOM'S MINI-VAN

Kelly looks to Brent.

KELLY  
That was amazing, sweetie.

But Brent isn't celebrating.

BRENT  
I thought I was boring.

KELLY  
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said  
that. I didn't meant to hurt you. I-

BRENT  
It did.

But Dom cuts in.

DOM  
Guys, is now really the time to  
have a deep discussion?

BRENT  
Dom, she's gone. We're in the clear-

But even as Brent says it-

A big black van comes careening in and-

WHAM!

It blind-sides them in a massive collision of steel.

EXT. CHULA VISTA SUBURB STREETS

Dom's mini-van crashes onto its side from the T-Bone collision with the speeding big black van.

As the carnage settles-

Several MEXICANS all dressed in black scurry out of the black van. They tear open the doors of the mini-van.

Brent, Kelly, and Dom are all pulled out of the minivan. They're half-conscious and struggling to move.

The Mexicans force Brent, Kelly, and Dom into the back of the big black van.

The door closes, and the black van speeds off.

A HALF MILE BACK-

Grace flops out of her wrecked cruiser. *She saw it all.*

She drops to the ground, and her eyes narrow.

GRACE

I'm gonna Grace those mother-  
Gracers...

But her head falls to the ground, and she passes out.

BLACK OUT.

INT. 1ST GRADE CLASSROOM

A nerdy TEACHING ASSISTANT (overdoing his enthusiasm) corrals the kids into line by the classroom door.

TEACHING ASSISTANT

Alright, kids. Line up for bathroom  
time! Yay! Bathroom! Yay! Lines!

But the Teaching Assistant's enthusiasm isn't catching on.

The kids sort of mill around until-

GAWAIN

Nectarine, what are you WAITING  
FOR? Line up!

GALLAHAD

Don't make me MESS YOU UP,  
Falstaff!

Gallahad and Gawain bully the other kids into line.

But Lena breaks away and approaches Mrs. Seliger.

LENA  
Mrs. Seliger?

The teacher spins and scowls at Lena.

MRS. SELIGER  
Why are you not in line?

LENA  
Um... I wanted to ask you... I know  
it's a lot, but could we maybe do a  
recount on the elections?

Mrs. Seliger scowls harder.

LENA (CONT'D)  
I mean, it seems strange. Gallahad  
didn't even give a speech.

More scowling.

MRS. SELIGER  
Tell me, little girl, do think I  
can't count to thirty?

LENA  
No! It's just that, I think I could  
be a good President. I think I  
could help you.

MRS. SELIGER  
You think you are special.

LENA  
I am special.

MRS. SELIGER  
School is not for being special. It  
is for being like everyone else.  
You are just like everyone else.  
Now get in line.

Mrs. Seliger marches away leaving Lena on the verge of tears.

But Lena blinks back the tears. Her face becomes hard.

LENA  
(quietly to herself)  
No one's like me. You can't imagine  
the things I'll do.

Her teeth grit. Her hands clench. *It's on.*

LENA (CONT'D)  
You'll just want to be loved by me.

EXT. MEXICAN HACIENDA PORCH - DAY

The sun beats down on the back porch of a decadent Mexican hacienda.

Brent, Kelly, and Dom are tied to wooden deck chairs.

Brent groggily stirs awake. He's dirty, with torn clothes, and caked on blood.

He turns to see that Kelly is already awake. She looks around anxiously, taking in their strange situation.

And we're back to our OPENING SCENE:

Dom's head droops as he mutters insensibly to himself.

DOM  
The wheels on the bus...

His head tips back, and his eyes go glassy-

DOM'S SHROOM POV-

The world according to Dom is a wild place. Cartoon birds zip through the sky. The sun has a face. Clouds zoom around and change colors and shapes at a frenetic pace.

And a bright cheery rendition of the kid's song plays:

KID'S SONG  
(like "Alvin and the  
Chipmunks")  
...Go round and hang low, they  
wobble to and fro and hot potato,  
peanut butter jelly time!

BACK TO REALITY-

With a blank face, Dom stares into the sky.

Tired and gasping, Kelly whispers to Brent.

KELLY

Brent, I'm so sorry... But we need... You've got to let the Bronco out.

BRENT

I can't. I can't. I can't.

Adriano strides toward them out of the mansion. He looks impeccable. Dark, beautiful skin. Perfect suit. Cold eyes.

ADRIANO

Well, well, well, it seems you're having a very, very bad day.

KELLY

Please... all we wanted was to smoke a little pot.

ADRIANO

You really expect me to believe that? You could've just gotten a medical marijuana card. They give them out for ingrown toenails.

KELLY

We didn't know that!

BRENT

Just let us go. What good are we to you?!

ADRIANO

The DEA wants you. And I have you. So, now, I have power over the DEA. It's textbook power-brokering. You see, I've done thorough preparation.

DOM

(snickering)

That's who you remind me of! Will you say, "Hello, my name is Inigo Montoya. You killed my father. Prepare—" Ow!

But two of Adriano's henchmen, FRANCISCO and FERNANDO (both young, fit, and eager) spring forward and shove Dom.

FRANCISCO

Don't talk to him that way! He's not this Montoya you speak of. He is the mighty Adriano con la Vista.



FERNANDO  
Mexico's newest drug lord.

Adriano spins on him.

ADRIANO  
Why'd you have to tell them that?!  
Like I'm new and I don't know  
anything.

FERNANDO  
That's not what I meant, capitan.

ADRIANO  
I've got a business plan and a  
mission statement!

FERNANDO  
I know, capitan.

ADRIANO  
I'm good at this...

And Adriano stomps away in a huff. He slams the door as goes  
back into the mansion.

Francisco and Fernando whisper to each other in Spanish.

FRANCISCO  
(Spanish subtitles)  
You know we're not supposed to  
antagonize him.

FERNANDO  
(Spanish subtitles)  
I'll never get that raise now. It's  
so hard to save up for my boat.

DOM  
You guys talk funny.

Brent pleads with Francisco and Fernando.

BRENT  
Look, guys, we've got to get back  
to America.

KELLY  
We've got to pick up our kids.

Francisco and Fernando just laugh.

FERNANDO

Good luck, amigo. There's dogs, and border patrol, and rednecks between us and the states.

FRANCISCO

Do you have any idea the shit we have to crawl through to get into America? You can't just walk in.

EXT. U.S. / MEXICO BORDER - DAY

A large IMMIGRATION CHECK-POINT sits on the U.S./ Mexico Border. Roads run in either direction. But the line of cars to get into the U.S. is massive.

ENTERING INTO THE U.S.-

A large, angry AMERICAN BORDER AGENT thoroughly searches a car. He harasses an unassuming TOURIST.

AMERICAN BORDER AGENT

Alright, tough guy, cough up the illegals before I let Sparky the Illegal Immigrant Sniffing Rottweiler lick your anus clean!

The Agent points to the fucking meanest looking dog ever. Its jowls are bared and it's foaming at the mouth.

TOURIST

But... I don't know anything about "illegals"! It was so easy going into Mexico....

ENTERING INTO MEXICO-

A MEXICAN BORDER PATROL AGENT lazily sits in a chair with a hat pulled halfway over his eyes.

He waves several cars right on through the checkpoint.

MEXICAN BORDER PATROL AGENT

Go on through... Go on through...  
Go on through...

EXT. MEXICAN HACIENDA PORCH - DAY

Brent and Kelly plead with Francisco and Fernando.

BRENT

Then how'd you guys get into the  
U.S. to kidnap us?

Francisco points into the desert.

FRANCISCO

Just head north.

FERNANDO

And follow your nose.

Francisco and Fernando laugh at their inside joke. Until-

The door to the hacienda opens and Adriano returns.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

Adriano, I'm sor-

ADRIANO

Shh! I've reaffirmed my own power.  
Everything I need is right here.

Adriano points to his heart.

Then he walks up to Brent.

ADRIANO (CONT'D)

And right here. Now, my Americano  
friend, I saw you leaving my  
associate's house with the DEA on  
your tail. So I need to know what  
the DEA knows.

KELLY

Your associate? The Jackal?

Adriano spins toward Kelly and shoots her a furious look.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Carlos! The Jackal. I mean, Carl!

BRENT

Is he actually important?

INT. CARL'S MOM'S KITCHEN

Carl wiggles around on the kitchen floor as he tries to kick  
out of his handcuffs but he's not getting anywhere.

CARL

Awww snap... Man... No snap. No  
snap at all.

Suddenly, the back door flies open.

Grace (a little worse for the wear) staggers into Carl's mom's kitchen.

She quickly uncuffs Carl's hands from behind his back.

CARL (CONT'D)

H to the E to the L to the L. Yes!

But then Grace pulls out her gun.

GRACE

Those three little funions just got themselves kidnapped by some mean looking mother-Gracers. You're gonna tell me why.

CARL

I don't know nothing, lady!

Grace looks around and takes in the kitchen counter-Covered in brownies, cupcakes, and other baked goods.

GRACE

We can do this the easy way or the Grace way.

Grace cocks her gun. Carl eyes it warily.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Cake or death?

CARL

What're you-?

GRACE

Cake-

Grace lifts a cupcake to Carl's lips.

GRACE (CONT'D)

-or death?

And she presses her gun barrel to his temple.

CARL

Cake?

Grace hands Carl the cupcake.

GRACE

Eat it. Then we'll play again.

EXT. MEXICAN HACIENDA PORCH

Adriano paces in front of Brent, Kelly, and Dom.

ADRIANO

(quietly to himself)  
If I believe it, it will come into  
my universe.

(to Brent and Kelly)

Alright, Americanos, I need to know  
what you and Carl told the DEA. And  
if I don't like the answer-

BRENT

Look, if we knew anything we'd-

SLAP! Adriano hits Brent across the face.

ADRIANO

Do you think I will not do what it  
takes to rule? I can quote  
Machiavelli's "The Prince."

Feeling pretty pleased with himself, Adriano looks to  
Fernando and Francisco for validation.

They wink at him with approval. But no one notices-

There's a fire in Brent's eyes. *They just hit the wrong guy.*

ADRIANO (CONT'D)

Now, one of you will talk. So who  
should we start with?

He looks to Brent. Brent's eyes burn with defiance.

He looks to Kelly. She shakes her head in pleading.

He looks to Dom-

DOM

(tripping balls)  
Whispering makes things seem  
scarier...

ADRIANO

Bring him inside!  
(beat - whispering)  
*Bring him inside.*  
(beat)  
That was scarier.

With Adriano leading the way, Fernando and Francisco pull Dom  
from his chair and drag him toward the house.

As soon as they're gone, Brent stares up into the sun.

BRENT  
It's time to act. We've only got 3  
hours.

KELLY  
Until what? Until they kill us?!

BRENT  
No, until we have to pick up Lena.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

The kids run wild on the playground. Shooting baskets.  
Playing tag. Laughing. Squealing.

But surprisingly Gallahad and Gawain are under control. They  
shout orders at the other kids-

GALLAHAD  
Peachy, you CALM DOWN! No squealing  
on MY PLAYGROUND!

GAWAIN  
Goethe! SHARE THAT BALL! Or I will  
bring the POWER OF THE PRESIDENT!

LENA (O.S.)  
Psst! Guys! Over here!

Gallahad and Gawain look around in confusion when they see-  
Lena leaning against the playground slide.

Warily, the twin boys walk over to her.

LENA (CONT'D)  
Nice badges. You guys are doing a  
great job.

GALLAHAD  
We have to keep LAW and ORDER.

GAWAIN  
Keep EVERYONE. IN. LINE.

LENA  
I know. I know, and that's great.  
But really... The ones being kept  
in line... Are you, right?

GALLAHAD

NO!

GAWAIN

Mrs. Seliger TRUSTS US. She made us  
President and Vice President.

LENA

Exactly. So you should be in  
control. Right?

GALLAHAD

WE ARE in control.

LENA

Nope. Mrs. Seliger has ALL the  
control.

Gawain and Gallahad fall silent as understanding hits them.

LENA (CONT'D)

But I can help you get it.

INT. MEXICAN HACIENDA - BEDROOM - DAY

Adriano's bedroom is large, grand and fashionable. There's  
several bookshelves (full of self-help books). And on the  
walls are a few motivational posters.

Dom curls up in the fetal position on the king-sized bed. He  
shakes and rattles as he mutters to himself.

DOM

Heat 'em up. Heat 'em up. Heat 'em  
up. Popcorn!

And Dom bursts out of the fetal position. He giggles.

Adriano, Fernando, and Francisco stand around looking at him.

ADRIANO

Alright, um, you two... torture the  
information out of him.

FERNANDO

How?

ADRIANO

Do I have to think of everything?  
Use... sensory deprivation. And the  
Gruber technique. And water.

FRANCISCO

Water?

ADRIANO

Just do it! Can't you see I'm stressed!? Don't question me all the time...

On the verge of tears, Adriano sulkily grabs "THE POWER OF NOW" off of the bookshelf, and he exits.

Francisco and Fernando exchange a look.

FERNANDO

When I used to just get jobs at the Home Depot no one ever asked me to torture anyone.

FRANCISCO

Maybe there's something in one of his books...?

They sift through the book shelf when-

DOM

What're you telling me, rainbow?  
Will you lead me to happiness?

Dom stares at the poster of the rainbow on the wall that reads: "YOU CAN DO IT!"

DOM'S SHROOM POV-

The drug addled haze makes the colors of the rainbow shimmer and swirl around. It's like a psychedelic screen-saver-

It speaks in the same female voice as the Pig With No Brains.

RAINBOW

(in the female voice)

God, not this again. Dom, a rainbow can't bring you happiness.

DOM

But-but-but you're so pretty.

RAINBOW

I'm just a diffusion of light through mist. I only look beautiful because you decided I did. There's beauty all around if you just look for it, you idiot!



BACK TO REALITY-

Dom mopes as he argues with the Rainbow Poster on the wall.

DOM

Why're you talking to me like that,  
Beautiful Rainbow? You're supposed  
to be sweet like Skittles.

Francisco and Fernando watch in confusion.

FERNANDO

I don't think we're going to get  
anything out of him.

FRANCISCO

Some people you just can't break.

INT. CARL'S MOM'S KITCHEN

Carl lies on the kitchen floor. His mouth is smeared with  
bits of cake and icing. Cupcake wrappers everywhere.

His breathing is ragged and heavy.

CARL

Please... No more...

He heaves like he's about to hurl.

GRACE

Cake or death?

CARL

No one should eat this many...

She takes another cupcake and presses it to his lips.

GRACE

Cake?

CARL

Please. Don't make me.

Grace squats and puts her gun to his temple.

GRACE

Or Death?

Carl collapses into tears on the ground.

CARL

They're in Mexico. With my partner, Adriano. He's a new drug lord. He's got a five year plan. I'll tell you anything you want to know!

GRACE

Was that so hard? GRACED!

EXT. MEXICAN HACIENDA PORCH

Kelly leans toward Brent insistently.

Brent slumps forward.

BRENT

You don't know what you're asking.

KELLY

Brent, we've gotten boring. But this is your chance to be the wild man you were in college. I need you to become that man.

BRENT

I put all that away so that I could be a husband and a father.

KELLY

And our child needs you.

Brent heaves a deep sigh. And raises his head.

Then lifts his hands.

They're no longer tied.

KELLY (CONT'D)

You got out of your ropes! Quick, untie mine!

BRENT

They're already untied.

She lifts her hands. *What the fuck?! They're untied!*

KELLY

How'd you-?

BRENT

Listen.

Brent instantly becomes more powerful. Sexy. Strong. Alive.

Kelly gazes at him. Her breathing gets heavy with lust.

BRENT (CONT'D)  
We've got to get Dom out of there.  
So Adriano needs someone else.

KELLY  
You're gonna go in there?

BRENT  
No. You are. You wanted excitement.  
You wanted adventure. Now's your  
chance. You're gonna seduce a  
homicidal Mexican druglord.

KELLY  
They didn't cover this at the YWCA.

Brent reaches in his fanny pack and pulls out-  
The peanut butter and jelly sandwich.

BRENT  
Use this. The perfect balance  
between a dessert and a meal.

Kelly takes the sandwich. And nods. Uncertainly.

She stands from her chair and steps toward the hacienda on  
wobbly, nervous legs. But-

KELLY  
But if he takes me... He'll send  
out his men.

BRENT  
They better be ready for a rodeo.

INT. MEXICAN HACIENDA BEDROOM

Fernando and Francisco stare at Dom while he cusses out the  
Rainbow Poster.

Adriano has rejoined them and also watches with confusion.

DOM  
You know what, Rainbow?! Go *puck*  
yourself! You were never that  
pretty anyway! And I hate you!

Struggling for words, Adriano turns to his men.

ADRIANO

I watch one TED Talk on  
"Mindfulness" and this is what I  
find what I get back?

FRANCISCO

Pardon, capitan, but maybe we could  
try to... beat him up?

ADRIANO

Yes! That was my idea, as well. How  
dare you steal my idea! Beat him  
until he talks.

Fernando and Francisco close in. They grit their jaws and  
clench their fists.

FERNANDO

This will help me save up to buy my  
glass bottom fishing boat, right?

FRANCISCO

Si, amigo. It's a means to an end.

They're all about to grab Dom when-

KELLY (O.S.)

Oh boys...?

Everyone turns to see-

Kelly framed in the doorway.

Trying to look tough and sexy. Doing... okay...

KELLY (CONT'D)

You can put your fists in me...

She looks away quickly. *Did she just say that?*

Adriano strides over to her.

ADRIANO

And why should I want you?

She holds up the PB&J.

KELLY

I'm the perfect balance between a  
dessert and a meal...

With shaky hands, she unwraps the sandwich. And tentatively  
licks at the melty peanut butter and jelly.

She slowly places it at Adriano's lips.

Everyone watches with silent anticipation. Until-  
Adriano takes a bite.

ADRIANO  
Everyone, out. Out!

INT. GRACE'S CRUSIER - DAY

Grace clutches her steering wheel like the mad woman she is.  
Carl curls up in the backseat. He burps. A wet one.

GRACE  
If you Grace all over my backseat.  
I'm gonna make you Grace it up.

But Carl is quickly becoming completely incoherent.

CARL  
Grrraaa... No, no... Mmmmm... Stop.

GRACE  
We'll be in Mexico soon. There's no  
stopping me.

EXT. U.S. / MEXICO BORDER - DAY

Grace's cruiser speeds toward the border booth.

ENTERING INTO MEXICO-

The Mexican Border Agent waves Grace's cruiser through.

MEXICAN BORDER PATROL AGENT  
Go on through... Go on through...

ENTERING INTO THE U.S.-

The American Border Agent shouts at an OLD COUPLE as they  
slowly climb out of their car.

AMERICAN BORDER AGENT  
Now, where ya hiding the illegals?  
Bend over the walkers.

The Old Couple uncomfortably lean over their walkers.

The American Border Agent pulls on rubber gloves.

EXT. MEXICAN HACIENDA PORCH - DAY

Fernando and Francisco shove Dom to the ground.

DOM  
Uh... No bueno...

The two Mexicans talk to each other.

FERNANDO  
(in Spanish)  
When I signed up to work with  
illegal drugs, I thought it was  
like a pharmacy in Tijuana.

FRANCISCO  
(in Spanish)  
It's a means to an end. I'm saving  
for my own snorkeling business.  
This could be worse.

And Brent stands up behind them.

He means fucking business.

BRENT  
(in Spanish)  
It's about to get worse.

WHAM! Brent uppercuts Francisco. Totally lays him out.

Fernando and the other henchmen run toward Brent.

Brent reels back to punch.

Gang fight!

INT. MEXICAN HACIENDA - BEDROOM

Kelly and Adriano lay on the bed. Adriano's face is smeared  
with peanut butter and jelly.

She rubs another bite around on his lips.

They swap bites as they awkwardly "seduce" each other.

ADRIANO  
Tell me why you want me, woman. I  
love positive affirmations.

KELLY

You're so powerful. And strong. And exciting.

ADRIANO

And you need excitement, don't you?

This catches Kelly off-guard. She pauses, then rallies-

KELLY

Yeah... Yes, I need excitement. God, I'm in such a rut. My husband and I have watched more episodes of Dr. Who than we've had sex lately.

ADRIANO

I am the doctor who excites you.

KELLY

And my daughter is four feet tall, but I swear I do ten loads of her laundry a week.

ADRIANO

I have ten loads of excitement for you.

Kelly blinks back tears and-

KELLY

God, you're so sweet. It's so nice to be able to talk to you. But, I mean, do you have anything you want to talk about? I'll listen.

Adriano freezes up. He's actually fighting back tears too.

ADRIANO

You don't know how much it means to me to hear that... Well... When I was a young boy, my father used to tell me I was stupid.

The sexiness is gone. It's sob story time.

EXT. MEXICAN HACIENDA PORCH

Brent wails on the Mexican henchmen. He ducks punches. He throws elbows. He lays those Mexicans the fuck out.

With glassy eyes, Dom watches the action at a safe distance.

DOM'S SHROOM POV-

And shit is even crazier in Dom's head.

Brent literally has four arms. Each punching fist has a tail of fire. When a henchman gets hit, he flips and spins like he's an extra in a "Mighty Morphin' Power Rangers" episode.

BACK TO REALITY-

Dom gasps in amazement.

DOM  
Brent is a Dragon Ball Bronco.

INT. MEXICAN HACIENDA - BEDROOM

Adriano buries his head in his hands as he sobs.

ADRIANO  
I just want my mother to tell me  
she's proud of me! Is that too much  
to ask?

Kelly pats him on the back. *What the fuck's going on here?*

KELLY  
I'm a mom, and I'm proud of you.

ADRIANO  
Will you pretend to be my mom?

KELLY  
Okay...

ADRIANO  
Tell me you love me.

KELLY  
I... love you?

Adriano collapses in tears. Kelly puts an arm around him.

ADRIANO  
Tuck me in my covers.

EXT. MEXICAN HACIENDA PORCH

Brent's got a busted lip. His shirt is sprayed with blood. He's dripping with sweat.



But the Mexicans are all down for the count.

Dom warily creeps up to him.

DOM  
*Pucking A, Bronco! Pucking A!*

BRENT  
Let's go get Kelly.

But before they can take more than two steps-

Kelly comes rushing out.

KELLY  
Shhh! Adriano's sleeping.

BRENT  
You seduced him?

DOM  
Did you two...?!

KELLY  
No! He just... He needed a nap.

She looks around and sees all of the unconscious henchmen.

Brent just looks her in the eyes. Pure confidence.

BRENT  
They'd never met a real man before.

Brent strides up to Kelly, he grabs her around the waist.

And kisses her. Hard. Like a man who knows how.

BRENT (CONT'D)  
Let's get out of here.

*You better believe her knees wobble.*

EXT. MEXICAN HACIENDA - OUT FRONT

Brent leads the way toward the Big Black Van that they were abducted in. He rushes toward the hood.

As Kelly and Dom climb in-

KELLY  
Did you steal the-

VROOM! The van roars to life, as Brent slams the hood shut.

KELLY (CONT'D)

-Keys?

INT. BIG BLACK VAN

Brent scrambles into the driver's seat.

From the passenger seat, Kelly gazes at him in awe.

BRENT

I had a thing for cars.

KELLY

We are never telling Lena about this.

INT. 1ST GRADE CLASSROOM

Class is in session. All of the kids sit in their seats. But they're being a little rambunctious, but-

MRS. SELIGER

Silence!

The entire class quiets down as Mrs. Seliger takes the floor.

MRS. SELIGER (CONT'D)

It is time for mathematics. There's no need to hear children. There is only the need to hear me.

GAWAIN (O.S.)

NO! It's OUR TURN to talk!

Mrs. Seliger spins to see Gawain and Gallahad climb onto their desks.

MRS. SELIGER

In your seats. Now!

GALLAHAD

You can't tell us WHAT TO DO!

GAWAIN

Yeah! We're the PRESIDENT and VICE PRESIDENT!

The whole class watches with amazement. Their heads whip back and forth from the twins to Mrs. Seliger.

Lena sits in her chair near the back. Holding back a smile.

Mrs. Seliger strides down the aisle. A look of brutal determination on her old ass face.

But Gawain and Gallahad aren't flinching.

MRS. SELIGER

You boys are supposed to be helping me. Or I will take away your power like-

(a snap of the fingers)  
-that!

GALLAHAD

You can't do that! We were ELECTED by the PEOPLE.

The entire class chimes in.

CLASS

Yeah!

GALLAHAD

She's trying to OVERTHROW the GOVERNMENT!

MRS. SELIGER

I am in charge here!

GAWAIN

She's a DICK-POTATO.

From her seat, Lena whispers to herself.

LENA

*Dictator...*

But Lena shrugs. *Close enough.*

MRS. SELIGER

Back in your seats now!

GAWAIN

She wants to CONTROL US! But we still have the POWER!

GALLAHAD

First grade class! Let's BURN this place DOWN!

The whole class roars in approval.

CLASS

Yaaaaaay!

Everyone jumps out of their seats. They run around uncontrollably. Throwing paper. Writing on the boards. Knocking over desks.

MRS. SELIGER

Back in your seats! Everyone sit down now! I am in charge here!

Lena sits quietly amongst the chaos and sings to herself-

LENA

(to herself)

No one's like *me*.

You can't wait for the night's with *me*.

You imagine the things we'll do.

You'll just want to be loved by *me*.

EXT. MEXICAN HACIENDA - PORCH - DAY

Fernando, Francisco and the other henchmen slowly stir after their epic beat down.

FRANCISCO

This doesn't seem worth it to save up for some two-seater kayaks.

FERNANDO

At least, Adriano offers profit sharing. Adriano!

They spring to their feet and rush toward the hacienda.

INT. MEXICAN HACIENDA - BEDROOM

And they find Adriano curled up in bed. Hugging a pillow.

FRANCISCO

Capitan, Wake up!

Adriano stirs a bit. His eyes creep open.

ADRIANO

Mommy...?

But he quickly sees that it's his men.

Adriano sits bolt upright. He tries to compose himself.

ADRIANO (CONT'D)

She knocked me out!

(beat)

(MORE)

ADRIANO (CONT'D)

I mean, she tricked me! Or, she must of drugged me! Yes, that's it. She must of drugged me.

FERNANDO

What do we do now?

ADRIANO

Go after them! Take the cars! Go!

Francisco and Fernando run out the door.

Adriano yawns.

ADRIANO (CONT'D)

I'm still sleepy...

EXT. MEXICAN DESERT

The Big Black Van tears through the open desert kicking up an impressive tail of dust behind them.

INT. BIG BLACK VAN

The van bounces around violently through the uneven terrain.

In the backseat, Dom bops up and down while staring wildly out the window. He giggles happily.

Brent and Kelly argue in the front seats.

KELLY

We have to head back to the main highway.

BRENT

The U.S. Border takes forever. It's always backed up for hours.

EXT. U.S. / MEXICO BORDER

ENTERING INTO AMERICA-

Cars are still backed up like crazy.

A STRESSED-OUT DAD argues with the American Border Agent.

STRESSED OUT DAD

I literally have three forms of identification for every member of my family. We're American citizens. Why is this taking so long?

AMERICAN BORDER AGENT

You relax, Al Qaeda! Your "baby" back there looks like an illegal, if ever I saw one!

ENTERING INTO MEXICO-

There's not a car in line. The Mexican Border Agent waves everyone through.

A car full of hooting PARTYING COLLEGE KIDS zooms by.

MEXICAN BORDER PATROL AGENT

Go on through...

A huge truck filled with suspicious hay bales rattles by.

MEXICAN BORDER PATROL AGENT (CONT'D)

Go on through...

A military tank rolls by.

MEXICAN BORDER PATROL AGENT (CONT'D)

Go on through...

INT. BIG BLACK VAN

Brent and Kelly continue their heated discussion.

BRENT

Look, we only have two hours until the kids need to be picked up. We've gotta go through the desert.

KELLY

Alright, you're in charge. We'll blaze past those dogs and rednecks. It's kind of exciting. We're like a less criminal Bonnie and Clyde.

BRENT

Kelly, I need to tell you-

Dom leans forward into the front seats.

DOM  
Guys, I've got some bad news.

BRENT  
Not now, Dom.

Brent shoves Dom back into the back seat.

BRENT (CONT'D)  
Kelly, in college, I once wrestled  
three jellyfish in a pool of ramen  
to break a tie in flip cup.

KELLY  
I get it. We were all crazier in  
college.

BRENT  
I also broke into the science  
building and ate the test spiders  
to see if it would give me  
superpowers.

KELLY  
Maybe not that crazy.

DOM  
Guys, behind us.

BRENT  
Not now, Dom!

Dom points out the back windows. Brent and Kelly don't look.

BRENT (CONT'D)  
And I made out with the team  
mascot's bronze statue.

KELLY  
Brent, why're you telling me this?

BRENT  
Because you were right. And I was  
wrong. When we got married and you  
got pregnant, I swore that I would  
stop being the guy who rubbed  
jalapeno juice on his ass hole to  
see what his farts felt like.

Kelly looks in her rearview mirror and sees-

Two cars chasing after them. And getting closer.

KELLY

Brent, maybe now's not the time.

BRENT

Now's the best time. Kelly, I thought becoming a husband and a father meant becoming a bore-

KELLY

Brent, they're gaining on us.

BRENT

-But I'll never bore you again.

EXT. MEXICAN DESERT - A MILE BACK OR SO

Two beat-up mustangs speed through the desert. They're also leaving a trail of dust behind them.

INT. BEAT-UP MUSTANG

Francisco drives. At his side, as always, is Fernando.

FERNANDO

This is kind of exciting. We're like a Mexican Thelma and Louise.

(beat)

I mean, Starsky and Hutch.

INT. BIG BLACK VAN

Dom stares out the back window.

Kelly turns to Brent.

KELLY

What'll we do if they catch us?

DOM

Kill the *shell* out of them!

KELLY

We can't kill them.

(to Brent)

You've never killed anyone have you?

BRENT

No. There's better ways to destroy a man. No.



Brent looks in his rearview mirror-

The mustangs are getting closer.

Brent sighs.

BRENT (CONT'D)

We're not going to outrun them.

He twists the wheel with all his might.

Kelly screams as the van lurches to the right.

Dom shouts in glee.

DOM

Ya-pucking-hooooooooo!!!

EXT. MEXICAN DESERT

The Big Black Van pulls a 180 and charges toward-

The oncoming Mustangs.

INT. BEAT-UP MUSTANG

Francisco and Fernando's eyes go wide as they see the van headed right for them.

FRANCISCO

The Americanos be loco, man!

FERNANDO

That's what happens when they get universal health care.

Francisco lays down the accelerator. The car lurches forward.

INT. BIG BLACK VAN

Brent grips the wheel and grits his jaw.

Kelly nervously braces against the dashboard.

Dom-

DOM

I can't believe how many hairs I have on my hand.

Brent ignores Dom and looks over at Kelly.

BRENT  
Kelly Campbell-

KELLY  
Why are you using my maiden name?

BRENT  
-From this day forward, for the  
rest of my life, I promise to  
always excite you.

KELLY  
Oh god, you're reciting our wedding  
vows. We're gonna die.

BRENT  
I'm reciting the wedding vows I  
should've given you. Because we're  
not gonna die. We're going to live  
a long life of adventure. Full of  
death-defying stunts. And fire and  
explosions. And probably a few lost  
limbs.

KELLY  
Okay. That's enough. I accept.

Brent takes Kelly's hand.

BRENT  
I love you, babe.

KELLY  
I love you too.

Dom forces his way between them, and joins them up front.

DOM  
I just remembered what happened  
last time! Brent, is this a good  
idea?!

KELLY  
Last time?!

BRENT  
Last time we were in a Honda Civic.  
This time we're in the fucking A-  
Team van!

KELLY  
What kind of stuff did you do in  
college?!

Brent just shoots her a half-smile of utter confidence.

And winks.

You can almost see Kelly's panties getting wet.

KELLY (CONT'D)

If we live through this, we're  
having so much sex later.

EXT. MEXICAN DESERT

The Big Black Van gets closer to the two beat-up Chevy's.

Closer. Closer. Closer.

INT. BEAT-UP CHEVY

Francisco and Fernando sweat. Hot, nervous Mexican sweat.

INT. BIG BLACK VAN

Everyone holds onto something.

And, suddenly, Brent twists the wheel.

EXT. MEXICAN DESERT

WHAM!

The Big Black Van veers to the right, and crosses in front of one of the beat-up Chevy's.

The beat-up Chevy still slams into the van, though, but it glances off the side-

Sending one of the beat-up Chevy's into the other.

They collide at high impact and flip over.

But the Big Black Van twists and fish-tails in the desert.

INT. BIG BLACK VAN

Brent, Kelly, and Dom scream their heads off as their world goes sideways.

EXT. MEXICAN DESERT

The Big Black Van tips over and rolls-

Over and over and over-

Until it finally settles upside down.

Nearby, Francisco, Fernando and the other Mexicans climb out of their wrecked cars.

They stumble on shaky legs toward the flipped over van but-

The front windshield busts out.

Brent climbs out of the totalled van. He's covered in dirt, sweat, and blood. He swaggers toward the Mexicans-

BRENT

Run.

You better believe they take off running.

A few moments later, Kelly and Dom crawl out of the wreckage of the van.

DOM

I love it when a plan comes together.

KELLY

So... that was... exciting...

Without a word, Brent throws Kelly over his shoulder and carries her back to the wreckage of the van.

He rips open the side door, and carries her inside.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Brent... What're we...? Ooooh...

And they're gone.

Dom stands alone.

The overturned van starts wobbling back and forth.

Creaking. Rocking. *It's a good time in there.*

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

Holy shit! It's like it grew!

DOM

Alright, you guys do your thing.  
I'm just gonna come up with a plan.  
I'm definitely the right guy for  
that right now.

He sits down on the ground. His eyes grow big and glassy.

INT. 1ST GRADE CLASSROOM - DAY

Kids run and scream everywhere. They jump on desks. They throw paper. They draw on everything.

And Mrs. Seliger can't do shit to stop them.

MRS. SELIGER

Everyone, in your seats now!

GALLAHAD

REVOLUTION!

GAWAIN

Remember the ALAMO!

Lena frowns. *Whatever.*

The class room door bursts open.

MR. MERRITT, the burly school principal, storms in the room.

MR. MERRITT

Seats. Now.

This does the trick. All the kids fall silent. And rush to their seats.

All of the kids except-

GAWAIN

You can't TALK TO US like that!

GALLAHAD

You're not the BOSS OF US! We're in-

But Gallahad shoots a look over at Lena.

Lena shakes her head. *Not now. Sit.*

Gallahad and Gawain cross their arms defiantly and go to their desks.

Mrs. Seliger runs to Mr. Merritt's side.

MRS. SELIGER

Them! They did it! They ruined everything!

GALLAHAD

We're CLASS PRESIDENTS! She tried to take away OUR POWER!

MR. MERRITT

You two were elected class presidents?

GAWAIN

The WHOLE CLASS voted for us.

KID #1

I didn't!

ALL THE KIDS

(variously)

Me neither. Not me. No way.

KID #1

I voted for Jake and The Neverland Pirates.

Mr. Merritt lifts his hand and the class falls silent.

MR. MERRITT

Raise your hand if you did vote for one of these boys.

No one raises a hand. Not even Gallahad and Gawain.

In her seat, Lena barely suppresses a smile.

Mr. Merritt turns to Mrs. Seliger, she lowers her eyes.

MR. MERRITT (CONT'D)

Come speak to me after school today, Mrs. Seliger.

(to the class)

And if I hear one more peep out of this room, I'm going to call every last one of your parents.

There's a loud collective GASP.

Mr. Merritt scowls at them and walks out. But-

GAWAIN

What's the BIG DEAL? Our dad's A *TUSSY*.

EXT. MEXICAN DESERT - DAY

Dom lies on his back and stares at the sun.

The van is still rocking and rolling.

KELLY (O.S.)

Holy god! It's like a marching band  
in my vagina!

BRENT (O.S.)

I'm gonna fuck you with the force  
of a thousand suns!

Dom sits up miserably.

DOM

I'll bet those miserable *sass-*  
*poles*, Eric and Erica, are having a  
great time too.

INT. ERIC & ERICA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Eric and Erica are still passed out cold in their bedroom.

After a moment, Erica stirs. Sleepily, she puts her hand on  
Eric's crotch. He's got quite the stiffy going.

Slowly, Eric opens his eyes.

ERICA

Want me to take care of this,  
honey?

ERIC

It'll go away... Go back to  
sleep...

EXT. MEXICAN DESERT - DAY

Dom trudges around the desert. His shoulders sag in defeat.

DOM

I guess this is it. I'm gonna be  
stuck in Mexico forever. And then  
my utter failure of a life will  
finally be complete.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Seriously?! I can't stand to hear  
you beat yourself up like this.

Dom turns around to see-

A vision of his dead wife TIFFANY (in the same bikini that she was wearing in the picture he jerked off to).

And she's got the same voice as the Pig With No Brains and the Talking Rainbow.

DOM

Awww, leave me alone? I don't feel like being haunted right now, Ghost Tiffany. My life's already the worst of the worst.

EXT. MEXICAN DESERT

Francisco, Fernando and the other henchmen jog through the desert. They puff and gasp for air as-

FERNANDO

I bet if me and you pooled our resources we could buy some flippers and wake boards right now.

FRANCISCO

I would love to open a swim and surf with you. But Adriano won't like it...

INT. MEXICAN HACIENDA - PORCH

But Adriano has other problems right now.

He stands out on the porch flanked by a few more of his men-

And they're having a stand-off with Grace.

She's got her gun buried in the back of Carl's skull as she uses him as a human shield.

ADRIANO

Well, well, well, it seems I have truly irritated the DEA already. My strategic goals paid off early.

GRACE

Quiet down, before I put a strategic bullet through your partner's head.

Carl mumbles and drools.



CARL  
 Mmmwwahh... Too much... Ffffflll...  
 No goooooood.... Bbblllloooo...

Carl sweats profusely. He looks like he's about to blow chunks any second.

ADRIANO  
 Partner? Is that what he told you?

GRACE  
 I cracked him like the cracker he is. And you're next.

ADRIANO  
 I hate to tell you, but I've learned to win friends and influence people. He's nothing.

Grace points her gun at the back of Carl's head.

CARL  
 Bloooooow... Guuuhhh...

GRACE  
 That's right, I'm gonna blow your head right off.

ADRIANO  
 Wait! Don't!

Grace smiles. *Got him!*

GRACE  
 So, Baker Boy is important to you. Which means I have something you want. So I have the power. And what I want is-

Grace stumbles and-

GRACE (CONT'D)  
 Whoops!

-She pulls the trigger and-

Blows Carl's head off.

It's like a meat balloon exploding all over the place.

And Carl's dead, headless body falls to the ground.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
 Aw, Grace...

Grace drops her gun.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You still think you might want to tell me why he was important?

Adriano shakes his head. He and his henchmen pull their guns on Grace.

ADRIANO

A DEA Agent. This could be very useful.

EXT. MEXICAN DESERT

Dom argues with the vision of his dead wife, Tiffany.

DOM

My life has been a living hell since you left.

TIFFANY

Yeah, my bad, I'm sorry my uterus burst while giving birth to our two kids. I planned that just to give you shit.

DOM

You made me name 'em after mythical knights of the Round Table.

TIFFANY

I was fucking with you! I was so high on morphine at that point. I didn't think you'd really do it.

DOM

I wanted to name them Pete and Best.

TIFFANY

Great. Condemn them to a life of mediocrity. I'm kinda glad those kids are total dickheads, or they would get picked on so bad.

DOM

Nah. It's the kind of thing all middle-class white people name their kids now. There's one kid whose first name is Bilbo-Baggins.

Tiffany puts a reassuring arm over him.

DOM (CONT'D)  
I wish you hadn't died.

TIFFANY  
Yeah, it sucks for me too. But it happened. Now you've got to learn to make the best of my death.

DOM  
Make the best of your death? How?!  
My life is so *shippy*...

TIFFANY  
Okay, first, stop calling it *ship*, you sound ridiculous. And, second, you gotta push through it. Get down in the shit and the muck and keep crawling forward. So you can finally move on with your life.

DOM  
Wait? ...crawl through the shit...?  
Of course! That's it!

Dom spins around, but-

Tiffany is gone.

DOM (CONT'D)  
It was all in my own brain. My brain is a genius!

Dom rushes over to the flipped over van. He bangs on it.

DOM (CONT'D)  
Brent! Kelly! I know how we can get across the border!

Brent and Kelly stagger out of the wrecked van. They tuck and straighten clothes. Kelly looks like she's never felt better.

KELLY  
I had this many orgasms.

She holds up eight fingers.

Brent winks at Kelly and-

She gasps and shudders. And raises a ninth finger.

DOM  
Guys, I know how the Mexicans were getting into America. And we can too. We have to follow our noses.

Dom sniffs at the air and follows a scent.

Still dazed, Kelly and Brent stumble after Dom.

DOM (CONT'D)  
It's over here!

Dom jumps up and down and waves for Brent and Kelly.

DOM (CONT'D)  
Guys, I have to warn you, this  
won't be pretty.

KELLY  
Nothing could make me feel bad  
right now.

INT. SEWAGE DRAIN PIPE - DAY

Dom leads the way as he, Kelly and Brent crawl on their hands  
and knees through a sewage drain pipe.

Crap, pee, and puke everywhere. Yuck.

KELLY  
Okay, this makes me feel bad.

BRENT  
I've been in worse. My junior year,  
I climbed into a septic tank to  
break into a rival fraternity.

Kelly shoots a disbelieving look at Brent. *You did what?*

DOM  
This is why the twins threw their  
crap at me. To prepare me. My life  
is finally making sense!

KELLY  
(whispering to Brent)  
Dom's getting worse. He's bragging  
to sewer rats now.

BRENT  
We should breed sewer rats and  
start an underground fight ring!

KELLY  
Why don't we stop talking for a  
while, honey?

EXT. MEXICAN HACIENDA - PORCH - DAY

Exhausted and even sweatier, Francisco and Fernando finally return to the hacienda. They find-

Adriano and the other henchmen preparing to leave.

ADRIANO

Ah, Francisco. Fernando. Perfect timing. We're about to leave.

They walk and talk as they circle around the hacienda.

FERNANDO

It's been a rough day already. And we were kind of led to believe we would have semi-regular break time.

FRANCISCO

And we just don't much feel like crawling through the mierda again.

ADRIANO

Oh, we're not taking the tunnel.

They've reached the other side of the hacienda now, and Adriano gestures to-

A military helicopter. Sure, it's a little out-of-date and beat-up. But a military helicopter is a military helicopter.

FRANCISCO

We couldn't have used this before?

ADRIANO

Too high profile. But now we have friends in high places.

Adriano opens the helicopter door-

Grace lies bound and gagged on the helicopter floor.

ADRIANO (CONT'D)

Soon we will bathe in the blood of those miserable Americans!

(beat)

Was that too much? I'm trying to fake it 'til I make it. But that felt a little forced.

EXT. CALIFORNIA DESERT - SEWAGE TUNNEL

A small stream trickles through the desert.

The sewage tunnel spits out into the little stream.

Dom emerges from the tunnel, and splashes into the stream.

Kelly follows. Then Brent.

Dom leaps up in triumph.

DOM

How do you like your dad now,  
Gallahad and Gawain?!

Brent and Kelly splash and roll around in the little stream.

KELLY

I don't know if I can ever get  
enough tetanus shots.

BRENT

In college, I intentionally gave  
myself tetanus by chewing on rusty  
nails to see if I was strong enough  
to overcome lockjaw. I wasn't...

KELLY

Babe, can you cool it on all of the  
college stuff for a while?

Dom climbs out of the stream and looks around-

DOM

Guys, look!

He holds up some various clothes and a large pump-handled  
water spigot.

DOM (CONT'D)

The Mexicans left spare clothes and  
water to clean up with! The  
Mexicans thought of everything!

EXT. CALIFORNIA DESERT - A LITTLE BIT LATER

Brent, Kelly, and Dom are now cleaned up and dressed in a  
bunch of ill-fitting clothes. But-

BRENT

At least we're clean...

KELLY

I don't know if I'll ever feel  
clean again.

DOM  
This is best day of my life.

Brent and Kelly shake their heads. Kelly looks at her watch.

KELLY  
We've got less than hour to get to  
school. We've gotta move.

They take off running.

DOM  
Guys, don't you feel great right  
now?!

EXT. MEXICAN SKIES - DAY

Adriano's helicopter zooms through the sky.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Adriano sits in the co-pilot's seat. He beams with  
satisfaction.

ADRIANO  
I'm a real drug czar now! Thank  
you, Seven Habits of Highly  
Effective People!

An AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLERS VOICE comes out of the radio.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER (V.O.)  
This is U.S. Border Patrol. You do  
not have clearance to enter the  
U.S. airspace. Identify.

Adriano picks up a headset and turns to Grace.

He takes the gag out of her mouth.

GRACE  
Go Grace yourself.

But Adriano points a gun at her.

Grace grimaces and takes the headset.

INT. BORDER OFFICE - DAY

In a U.S. Border office, a group of AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLERS  
sit in front of a complex communications board.

GRACE (V.O.)  
 (from the radio)  
 This is DEA Agent Grace Scott. I'm  
 on an official mission. Give me  
 clearance.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER  
 Agent Scott, we don't have any  
 notice of this.

GRACE  
 Of course not! I'm the DEA, I don't  
 go around telling people every time  
 I go on a drug bust. Next, you'll  
 want me to tell you every time I  
 Grace your wife in her Grace-hole!

The Air Traffic Controllers look at each other in confusion.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER  
 Clearing you through now. Godspeed.

Another Controller shoots a disbelieving look at the Air  
 Traffic Controller. *What was that?!*

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER (CONT'D)  
 This is why they don't trust us to  
 work the border...

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Adriano takes the headset away from Grace and smiles.

GRACE  
 I'm gonna get that gun away from  
 you, and Grace and Grace and Grace  
 you until it goes click.

INT. CALIFORNIA DESERT - BESIDE THE HIGHWAY - DAY

Brent, Kelly, and Dom stop running as they gasp for breath.  
 They're alongside a highway. But there's no cars in sight.

KELLY  
 We've been running for twenty  
 minutes and we haven't seen more  
 than one or two cars.

BRENT  
 We should've hijacked them.



DOM  
Why won't they pick us up?

KELLY  
Because we look like hobos.

DOM  
But I've got such a big smile.

BRENT  
I could've hijacked them with a smile.

KELLY  
We're still at least 40 miles away.  
(looking at her watch)  
And we only have twenty-five minutes until school's out. We're not gonna make it.

BRENT  
If I had hijacked-

KELLY  
No! Stop it! You cannot hijack a car. So just stop! This whole thing was cool and sexy at first, but hijacking and kidnapping and killing cannot be a part of our lives anymore!

WHOOOP! WHOOOP! WHOOOP!

The whirling of helicopter rotors rises in from the distance.

Brent, Kelly, and Dom go wide-eyed as they watch-

A freaking military helicopter zoom toward them.

MOMENTS LATER-

The helicopter touches down to the ground.

The side door swings open and Adriano leans out with his gun aimed at them.

ADRIANO  
Proper Preparation Prevents Poor Performance, you stupid dogs.

Kelly's entire body sags in defeat.

KELLY

I just want to see my daughter  
again...

INT. 1ST GRADE CLASSROOM - DAY

The whole first grade class stands in a line and slowly files  
out of the classroom.

Mrs. Seliger barks orders.

MRS. SELIGER

Stay in a single file line. Face  
forward. Follow Mrs. Berger's  
class. You will wait in the parking  
lot for your parents.

The last child exits the classroom, and Mrs. Seliger is about  
to follow when-

LENA (O.S.)

Rough day, huh?

Mrs. Seliger turns to find Lena still seated at her desk.

MRS. SELIGER

Miss Gertz, line up with the other  
children. I assure you, I have  
everything under control.

LENA

Do you? Gallahad and Gawain are  
maniacs. They'll just destroy this  
place day after day.

MRS. SELIGER

I'll have a word with their father.

LENA

Yeah. He can't control them either.

MRS. SELIGER

I'll send them to the principal's  
office.

LENA

Really? He already thinks you're  
losing it, doesn't he?

(beat)

I suppose I could handle them for  
you. For a price.

Recognition slowly dawns over Mrs. Seliger.

MRS. SELIGER  
You...? You did all this?

LENA  
You think I had something to do  
with this? No! I've just known  
those two for a long time. I could  
offer you "protection."

MRS. SELIGER  
Protection?

LENA  
You give me what I want and I'll  
keep the twins on a leash.

MRS. SELIGER  
I'm the teacher. I'm in charge.

LENA  
That's not what it looked like  
today.

Mrs. Seliger scowls at Lena while she shrewdly considers the  
offer. Finally-

MRS. SELIGER  
Fine. You can be class president.

LENA  
President? I feel like that'd kind  
of be a step down for me at this  
point. But we'll talk.

Lena coolly strides toward the classroom door-

Mrs. Seliger fumes as she steps aside.

Lena walks out. Utterly in control. Baller.

EXT. CALIFORNIA DESERT - DAY

Brent, Kelly, Dom, and Grace are on their knees in the middle  
of the road.

Adriano stands behind them-

Pointing his gun at their backs.

BRENT  
Everybody, just be cool. I've been  
in much worse than this.

KELLY

God, I married a sociopath...

ADRIANO

Quiet! All of you!

GRACE

I'm gonna Grace you liked I Graced that pot head partner of yours.

Adriano hits Grace over the head.

ADRIANO

Don't speak about him like that! Carl was my cook. No one was as brilliant about creating edibles. Cupcakes. Brownies. Pies. Genius.

DOM

His mushrooms still tasted like *ship. Shit.* I'm saying *shit* now.

KELLY

I thought he was just a loser living with his mom.

ADRIANO

He murdered his mother months ago and covered up the stench with the smell of delicious baked goods. He was truly an irredeemable murderer.

GRACE

I really lucked out on that one...

ADRIANO

Your luck has run out. You will share his fate. So who would like to be first?

A tense moment hangs until-

BRENT

I will.

ADRIANO

As you wish, my friend.

Adriano moves behind Brent and points his gun.

KELLY

No! Don't!

BRENT

Babe, it's cool. It'll be a rush.  
I've always wanted to know what it  
feels like to get shot in the face.

KELLY

Stop! Shoot me first!

ADRIANO

My pleasure, you wiley vixen.

Adriano moves over to Kelly and points his gun.

BRENT

Kelly, what're you doing?

KELLY

This is all my fault. I turned you  
into some psycho frat boy with a  
death wish.

BRENT

No, shoot me!

Adriano moves back and forth as Brent and Kelly argue.

BRENT (CONT'D)

(to Kelly)

You wouldn't have done this if I  
hadn't gotten boring.

KELLY

Point it here!

(to Brent)

You were never boring. I just  
didn't appreciate how amazing  
you've always been.

BRENT

You're amazing, Kel. Everyday with  
you has been my greatest adventure.

(to Adriano)

Shoot me.

KELLY

I love you just the way you've  
always been. Shoot me.

BRENT

I love you too. Shoot me.

Adriano finally loses it.

ADRIANO

You realize you're both getting  
shot, right?! Now, I'm a gentleman.  
I'm gonna give it to ladies first.

Adriano moves behind Kelly. He points the gun.

KELLY

Can I just ask for one more thing?  
Just be really close, please. So  
it's over quickly.

ADRIANO

Prepare to die.

Kneeling nearby, Dom hears this and smiles a big smile.

DOM

Inigo Montoya. Nice.

But Adriano ignores him, and moves up behind Kelly.

His finger is on the trigger when-

WHACK! Kelly elbows him in the balls!

Adriano doubles over in pain.

And Kelly elbows him in the face.

Adriano tumbles backwards and loses hold of his gun.

KELLY

YWCA, bitch!

BRENT

Damn, Kel, you clocked a Mexican  
druglord! You're bad ass!

Adriano gasps from the ground. He shouts at his men-

ADRIANO

Get them! Shoot them all!

The Henchmen pull out their guns but-

DOM

Everyone drop your weapons!

Dom retrieves Adriano's gun and points it at the Henchmen.

ADRIANO

You're a broken, weak little man.  
You won't shoot us.

DOM

You really think so? News flash.  
I'll kill you just like I killed my  
own wife. That's right. I poisoned  
her. Then watched as the poison  
slowly ate her from the inside out.  
Swollen belly. Blood everywhere.  
Utterly destroyed her.

KELLY

(whispering to Brent)  
Dude, Dom's really messed up.

BRENT

(also whispering)  
Yeah. We should probably get him a  
psychiatrist or something.

Dom has the gun locked on Adriano.

DOM

You think I'd hesitate to blow you  
all away and bathe in your hot  
blood while I devour your souls?

Dom's eyes are wild and deranged.

Finally, Fernando breaks-

FERNANDO

Let's get out of here. Ocean  
excursions, here we come!

FRANCISCO

I'll always have your back. Let's  
make our dreams come true!

They take hands and turn around and run away.

The other Henchmen throw down their guns, and run away too.

Once they're gone, Dom turns to Brent and Kelly with glee in  
his eyes.

DOM

I made the most of my wife's death!

BRENT

How high are you still?

DOM

Not that high!

Only Adriano is left and-

ADRIANO

No! It's not fair! I did everything that Tony Robbins told me to do!

KELLY

You want to take this one, Agent Scott?

Grace walks up Adriano.

GRACE

You have a right to remain GRACED!

And she punches him in the face.

Dom stifles a laugh.

DOM

It's so funny how you keep saying your name.

GRACE

It was really sexy how you said you'd devour their souls.

Kelly rushes over to Brent.

KELLY

We've only got a few minutes until school lets out. Brent, can you fly that helicopter?

BRENT

I can't... Sorry. After watching "True Lies" a hundred times, I decided to learn how to fly a fighter jet instead.

But Grace steps up beside them.

GRACE

You guys helped me do a little bit for my family. I'll help you get back to yours.

BRENT

You can fly this thing?

GRACE

I'm gonna Grace the shit out of it.

KELLY

Is that a yes?



INT. HELICOPTER - MOMENTS LATER

Grace pilots the helicopter like a pro.

Dom sits in the co-pilot's seat. Totally over his head.

Grace turns to Dom-

GRACE

I gotta be honest, ever since you punched me this morning, you've had my clit throbbing all day. I wanna Grace up and down on your cock so hard.

DOM

I'd be kind of afraid to say no.

She leans over toward Dom. He hesitantly leans in too, and they share a sloppy, enthusiastic kiss.

In the back of the helicopter-

Brent and Kelly are strapped in.

KELLY

(looking at her watch)  
We're gonna be okay, aren't we?

BRENT

We're gonna be great, babe. You're my dessert.

KELLY

And you're my meal.

They lean towards each and kiss.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT

In the parking lot, kids run out to meet their parents.

AT A SENSIBLE FOUR-DOOR SEDAN-

The Mom with Glasses has swapped out her glasses for large sunglasses. She clutches a bottle of water. She doesn't look too good as her Son with Glasses rattles on.

MOM WITH GLASSES

Give it to me a little quieter,  
Satchel, Mom's had a rough day.

## SON WITH GLASSES

I was a part of a government  
overthrow!

## AT A FIVE-STAR CRASH-RATED MINIVAN-

The Red-Headed Little Girl runs up to her Red-Headed Father  
and throws her arms around him.

But he winces in pain. He's beet-red with sunburn.

## RED-HAIRED FATHER

Ow, ow, ow! Easy, Gruyere! Daddy's  
a little sunburnt.

## AT A FUEL EFFICIENT BUT SAFE SUV-

The Curly-Haired Parents welcome their Curly-Haired Boy.

## CURLY-HAIRED BOY

I had such an amazing adventure!

## CURLY-HAIRED MOTHER

So did we, Bilbo-Baggins. So did  
we.

## THROUGHOUT THE PARKING LOT-

All sorts of reunions are taking place as children meet up  
with their parents and climb into SUVs and Minivans. But-

## ON THE FRONT STEPS-

Lena, Gallahad, and Gawain are left alone. Their parents are  
nowhere in sight.

Mrs. Seliger appears behind them.

## MRS. SELIGER

Well, well, well, where are your  
parents, you clever little girl?

## LENA

They'll be here.

## MRS. SELIGER

This explains everything. Your  
parents don't even love you.

LENA

Yes, they do! They'll make you  
regret saying that!

MRS. SELIGER

But how? They didn't even show up!  
I am going to make the first grade  
a nightmare for all three of you,  
and no one will be able to stop-

WHOOOP! WHOOOP! WHOOOP!

They all turn in amazement to see-

The Helicopter soaring in.

It kicks up a helluva wind. Parents and kids alike duck for  
cover as-

It touches down in the parking lot.

Brent and Kelly emerge.

Mrs. Seliger's mouth drops open as she watches it all. Lena  
turns to her with a smug grin.

LENA

This year, you'll just want to be  
loved by me.

And she runs off toward her parents.

Brent and Kelly climb out and run across the parking lot when  
they pass-

Eric and Erica. They're still dressed in all white clothes.  
But they have some serious bed head.

ERIC

What happened to you?

ERICA

And what's on your clothes?

KELLY

Mexican blood. And shit.

And Kelly smears a long red streak down Erica's perfectly  
white blouse.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Assholes.

Dom meets up with Gallahad and Gawain.

GALLAHAD  
DAD! Where were YOU?!

GAWAIN  
We had to wait, like, a HUNDRED  
HOURS!

But Dom means business now. He looks the kids' in their eyes.

DOM  
Listen here, you little bastards.  
Things are gonna change.

GAWAIN  
Oh yeah? WHY!?

GRACE (O.S.)  
Cuz you've got a new mama now.

Grace strides up to the twins.

But Gallahad and Gawain are as defiant as ever.

GALLAHAD  
What're you gonna do? Put us in the  
CORNER?

GRACE  
Look, kid, I've made a 300 pound,  
tatted-up murderer cry. You don't  
think I can break you?

GAWAIN  
You gonna SPANK US?

GRACE  
No. I'm gonna hug you like the  
mother you never had.

And Grace grabs both Gallahad and Gawain into a big powerful  
bear hug. Dom joins in. One big, happy, messed up family.

Dom looks up to the sky with tears in his eyes.

DOM  
(to the sky)  
I'll never forget you. Thank you,  
mushrooms. Thank you so much.

ACROSS THE PARKING LOT-

Brent and Kelly catch Dom's eye. They all share thumbs up.

Then Brent and Kelly share a big hug with Lena as she runs up to them.

LENA

Mom! Dad! I had the most amazing day in school! The teacher was so mean, she wouldn't let me be president, but-

As Lena rattles on-

Kelly leans in and whispers to Brent.

KELLY

You know in all this excitement, we never even smoked any weed.

BRENT

There's always the first day of second grade. I'll get a medical marijuana card.

KELLY

Nah. I'm perfectly happy with my boring old husband, and our innocent little girl.

Brent smiles and he and Kelly kiss.

LENA

(continuous from early)

Mom! Dad! Listen! I blackmailed the teacher - stop, listen - and I manipulated her into giving me what I want. C'mon! I own first grade now. Mom! Dad! Stop!

But Brent and Kelly keep passionately kissing until-

BLACK OUT

THE END