

FREEDOMCOIN

written by
Nile Sarkisian

July 12, 2019

OVER BLACK

Clickety-clackety ...

FADE IN:

A COMPUTER SCREEN

so close it has, like, no boundaries.

Lines of code stream under the reflection of a BALACLAVA'D FACE.

INT. SERVER ROOM. NIGHT.

A HAND pulls out a MACKEREL SHAPED USB and turns off the monitor. Shakily it drops the USB into a black fanny pack. Zip.

An aisle of hi-tech SERVER RACKS hum. Little white, green and red lights flash.

In the middle of the racks stands our man in the balaclava. He's got on a random assortment of black clothing. Wait ... Are those stains on those sweatpants?

He hurries through the aisle, glancing over his shoulder, careful not to make too much noise.

He reaches a METAL DOOR and punches a code into the keypad. It beeps red. Puzzled, he does it again ... Red.

CLOSE ON: Eyes widening upon realization!

He turns, but it's too late ... The butt end of a gun SMACKS him in the face.

Sprawled out onto the floor, the balaclava'd person looks up.

AGENT SCHMIDT looms over ...

AGENT SCHMIDT

I am consonantly amazed by the
stupidity of intelligent men.

Agent Schmidt is wearing a black suit and a white shirt and some dark sunglasses even though it's really pretty dark in the server room.

The balaclava'd person scrambles to get up, but Agent Schmidt FIRES.

BALACLAVA'D PERSON
 EEAAUUGHH!

The man resumes a feebled attempt to escape, blood smearing on the tile.

AGENT SCHMIDT
 It doesn't appear as though you've hot
 this through ...

Agent Schmidt steps casually closer.

AGENT SCHMIDT
 Everything we need from you, you've
 given to us. How should I put this:
 you've made yourself expansable.

Agent Schmidt fires again.

BALACLAVA'D PERSON
 AAAAAAGH!

Agent Schmidt, robot-like, climbs on top and flips him over.

AGENT SCHMIDT
 And now you've chosen to do something
 at odes to our porpoise.

Agent Schmidt wrestles the fanny pack from the man. Unzip.

Schmidt holds up the USB with one hand, stuffing the man's face with the other.

AGENT SCHMIDT
 Do you have any ear who you're dealing
 with?

Agent Schmidt pulls off the person's balaclava. It's
 LEONARD ALBRIGHT ...

LEONARD ALBRIGHT
 You think you own me just because you
 stole my coin!?
 (spits blood)
 You're an evil machine!

Agent Schmidt stands and takes in his prey: out of shape, middle aged, wearing glasses and, in addition to being on the brink of death, is completely out of his league.

AGENT SCHMIDT
 You haven't an incline nation.

Agent Schmidt raises his gun and pulls the trigger. Bang ...

CUT TO:

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE. DAY.

OPENING CREDITS roll as a song about making \$\$\$ starts to play. Something like "KICKIN' PIMPIN'" by Shawty Pimp feat. Reddog.

TITLE SCREEN over Dave's view of HAMILTON CITY -- he's got some sweet sliding glass balcony doors.

A SERIES OF SHOTS glorify the unnecessary appliances, art and furniture Dave has around the house. Maybe he's got a faux shag couch, a room that's being painted pink, a bunch of dinosaur stuff, some cool spy gear like walkie-talkies and a grappling hook, a samurai sword, a statue with a boner, an off-grid generator and a bidet.

LIVING ROOM

Dave and Marc lounge in their 90s slacker/ cyberpunk clothing.

Dave is playing *Flying Fox Man*. Marc is refilling Dave's *Azurite*.

Dave really has no business playing video games. *Even the controller, if it could talk, would be like, why are you holding me? Shouldn't you be doing something meaningful with your life? You dumb fuck.* But Dave's not really paying attention, anyway.

Marc, on the other hand, is very observant. But its hard to tell if he's like judging you or if he cares.

DAVE

Oh, you little shitty fucker. I've got you now ...

Dave's *Flying Fox Man* avatar unloads on his online opponent.

DAVE

Hahahahahaha!

But then, his nemesis performs a move that's unreal even for the imaginary physics of the game. Dave's *Flying Fox Man* dies.

DAVE

What the fuck was that!?

Dave tosses his controller and switches to TV mode. It's a rerun of last night's Wally and Mort 720° on HNN.

DAVE

Fucking thirteen year olds, bro. It's like tryinna have sex with a cat.

Marc finishes reloading the Azurite. Dave snatches it up.

REPORTER (ON TV)

... digital currency millionaire.

MARC

Whoa, turn that up.

Dave does. A photo of LEONARD ALBRIGHT is on TV.

REPORTER (ON TV)

Early this morning, Leonard Albright, a pioneer and early investor in digital currencies, was found dead inside his apartment.

DAVE

Ho-ly Fuck.

They smoke and watch.

REPORTER (ON TV)

Purportedly worth millions, Mr. Albright had come under recent duress when a substantial sum of his digital savings had been stolen, according to a source. Police are continuing to investigate, but evidence thus far suggests suicide. Wally, back to you.

DAVE

Shit, bro. That reminds me. Your crypto got stolen.

Wally and Mort, the shows anchors, continue on in the background.

MARC

What?

WALLY (ON TV)

Thank you, Pam. Boy, Mort, that Pam sure is a looker, isn't she.

DAVE

The crypto you made using the money I lent you ...
Somebody stole it.

MORT (ON TV)

Yes she is.

MARC
What?

WALLY (ON TV)
I guess this is what it's like when the dog of digital currency's underbelly shows it's fangs. Rrrowr. What do you think, Mort?

DAVE
Whoa! Take it easy, alright!

MARC
What?

MORT (ON TV)
Are you kidding? "Cryptocurrency"? More like "criminocurrency" because criminals are the one's who made it. Marijuana puffers and sling slangers. If Hamilton's youth stopped doing D.O.P.E. and got J.O.B.S.s maybe Hamilton wouldn't be in this financial crisis in the first place.

DAVE
Don't fuck around. This is crypto currency we're talking about here, the wild west of the 21st century man.
(punches Marc)

MARC
The fuck!

DAVE
If you can't take a punch from a big boy, don't play with a big boy. You're welcome.
(starts to walk away)

WALLY (ON TV)
Let's ... Break ... It ... Down.
(CGI building crumbles)
Our panel of experts tonight includes ...

Wally and Mort 720° continues in the background ...

MARC
Where are you going?

DAVE
'Bout to make those digits, bae bae.

MARC
What about my money?

DAVE
What about it?

MARC
I need it.

DAVE
Pffffbbbt. Need it schmead it. I'm sure you'll make it back in like a day ...
Two weeks, probably. Like, two or three ... four weeks. Come here.

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

(embraces Marc)

Hey ... hey, Marc. Relax. You're not paying rent; room and board, taken care of. Indulge in my delicious weed, watch these odd individuals talk like they know crypto. It's all good. You're purrrfect.

(begins to walk away again)

MARC

Dude, I was gonna move back in with Jayne next month.

DAVE

(stopping)

First I've heard about it.

MARC

Look, the day I came to stay with you was my birthday ...

DAVE

Happy birthday, you bashful beaver.

MARC

Thanks. It was the day I got fired ...

RIPPLE DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RESTAURANT, THE CROIX HOTEL. (FLASHBACK).

Marc hangs around in a wrinkled uniform and bussing tables. The customers are pretty much all old rich white dudes. They're annoyed with Marc despite his attempts to be nice. They act like, *why did you interrupt my conversation to ask me if you can take my dish? ... Of course take my dish! Ugh, you forgot this dirty napkin. What am I supposed to do with it now?*

MARC (CONT'D, V.O.)

... third time this year.

DAVE (V.O.)

Whoa, you're pretty shitty at working, huh?

MARC (V.O.)

I guess so ... I don't know, I just hate it.

(MORE)

MARC (CONT'D, V.O.)

*I hate people and their stupid faces
and my boss giving me shit and having
to act grateful while all these
assholes shit all over me.*

Marc gets to take his break and walks outside to:

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE, THE CROIX HOTEL. (FLASHBACK).

He finds his usual step, sits down and pulls out a J of immaculate construction. He lights up.

DAVE (V.O.)

*Man, I feel your pain, doggy-dog. One
time my Dad wanted me to get a job. I
had to make up this whole elaborate
ruse and hide out at Dilly Bronson's
house for like four hours three days a
week. It was just, like, get off my
back, Dad!*

Marc's manager sticks his head out of the fire escape door.

MANAGER

Marc, are you smoking weed?

MARC

(turning)

No.

MANAGER

It's right there in your hand, lit.

(dumbstruck)

You're fired, man.

Marc's manager goes back inside. Marc takes another drag, the weight of the world a little heavier on the young man's shoulders.

INT. JAYNE & MARC'S APARTMENT. (FLASHBACK).

Marc opens the door. Jayne's there and she pulls him into a kiss. She has on a mini dress which is saying a lot because even though she's no stranger to using her looks to get what she wants, emotional vulnerability is not something she does well. She sports a LABRET.

JAYNE

Happy Birthday.

MARC

Thanks.

In their humble yet smartly decorated home, Jayne's taken great care to prepare a simple meal on a table with a candle and flowers.

MARC
Wow ... babe. Thank you.

JAYNE
(happy)
How was your day?

MARC
Good. Bad, actually ...

JAYNE
(moves closer)
Well, I'm here ...
(puts her hands on Marc)
... to make it all ...
(she kisses him)
... better.

Jayne pulls Marc in and starts kissing him sensuously.

MARC
(through kisses)
Babe ... Babe, wait ... Babe? Can I tell
you something?

JAYNE
Yeah ...?

Jayne steps back and "accidentally" knocks off her shoulder strap.

MARC
Uh ... today ... uh ...

She knocks the other one off too.

MARC
I ... uh ...

Jayne lets her dress fall on the ground. She's wearing lingerie.

MARC
... got fired.

JAYNE
Are you fucking kidding me?

MARC
What?

JAYNE

What the fuck is wrong with you?

MARC

What!?

JAYNE

What the fuck is wrong with you that you can't hold down a mother fucking job, Marc? ... I --.

Jayne leaves and slams the door behind her.

Wearily, Marc sits down at the table. The set up is so sweet.

Marc picks up a fork. He's pretty hungry ...

JAYNE

(bursting out the door, dressed)
You know how many years I've been working at HNN, Marc? Three. The same number of times you've been fucking fired this year. Do you love me, Marc?

MARC

What?

JAYNE

Shut up. Do you love me? Because I love you, Marc. But I can't do this on my own ...

MARC

I ...

JAYNE

I want you out.

MARC

What?

JAYNE

Get out.

MARC

It's our house.

JAYNE

No, it's not. You don't even have a fucking job. Get out.

MARC

No.

Jayne HURLS something at Marc that BREAKS against a wall.

She picks up something else ...

JAYNE

Get the fuck out of my h--!

BACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM, DAVE'S HOUSE. DAY.

MARC

So ... I need that money, man.

DAVE

Wowowow. So sad, you are, really. You ...
fucked up, huh? You'll be fine. Right?
Yeah. Okay.

(starts leaving)

MARC

Dave! Lend me the money.

DAVE

Oh ... man. No, I don't do that, dude.

MARC

You just lent me your crypto so I could
start trading.

DAVE

Oh no no yeah. That was an investment
in your future because I'm your friend
and friends don't give friends things
for free.

MARC

What? Yes, they do.

DAVE

Marc, and I'm speaking as a friend
here, would I be helping you if I just
gave you the money?

MARC

Yes.

DAVE

Wouldn't you be better served if you
made it back all on your own?

MARC

No.

DAVE

Ughhhh! Fucking loser. Fine. I'm not going to enable you, Marc, willy nilly, but there might be something I can do.

INT. THE LAIR, DAVE'S HOUSE. DAY.

Dave swivels into position. "The Lair" is Dave's crypto trading den. It's not quite state of the art, but it's pretty dedicated with a couple monitors, a TV, a little library, a mini fridge and a half-drunk take-out soda pop.

DAVE

I paid an elite yet elusive hacker to set up my trading platform. He goes by the name "The Gecko".

MARC

Heh.

DAVE

What?

MARC

What?

DAVE

If The Gecko can't help you, no one can.

Dave navigates his web browser to go to the "Lizards" subreddit. He submits a new post, "Gecko Are You Out There?" and pastes a photo of a gecko in the body.

Dave's phone rings ...

DAVE

(answers)

Hello? ... Yes sir! ... Yes, a rookie. How did you know? ... Yes. ... Hahahaha! He is. ... Okay. ... Thank you, sir. Bye.

Dave hangs up.

DAVE

(to himself)

Gecks ...

Dave logs into a crypto exchange and starts analyzing. He takes a swig of the old soda and clicks on some stuff, making a few trades.

MARC
(after a minute)
What did he say?

DAVE
Ahh! Oh, shit. You scared me. Uhh, he said he'd meet us.

EXT. HAMILTON CITY. DAY. ESTABLISHING.

In a SERIES OF SHOTS, the inescapable truth of wealth inequality in Hamilton City is like a spot on an otherwise clean shirt, a smudge that just can't be erased. Poor people live in the otherwise (currently) functioning city.

We go DOWNTOWN maybe or to the University's FOOTBALL STADIUM or HNN STUDIOS's district. We end up ... at CITY HALL.

INT. BOARD ROOM, CITY HALL. DAY.

MAYOR SHARPE
... This is what your face looked like!

MAYOR SHARPE does a bug-eyed impression.

MAYOR SHARPE (CONT'D)
Butch'd never seen titties so big!
AhhHaHarHarHar!
(bangs on the table)

The mayor can't stop laughing. Around the table, business men laugh too and mimic BUTCH's face.

BUSINESS MEN (AD LIB)
You're a dog, Butch! / How'd your wife look after that?

MAYOR SHARPE
(wiping tears)
Pat, you weren't there.
(suddenly, serious)
Why are you laughing?

PAT stops laughing.

DICK

(changing the subject)

Mayor, this weekend, truly, was something special, but Ronald and I ...

(RONALD nods his approval)

... feel that Hamilton's alleged financial situation is putting our municipal contracts at risk.

I mean, you can't go hardly a night without hearing about it on HNN.

(Ronald agrees with this also)

MAYOR SHARPE

You watch HNN?

BUSINESS MAN

No, are you kidding?

(Ronald also doesn't watch)

MAYOR SHARPE

Gentlemen, I'd like to tell you a little story about a mongoose named Rikki-Tikki-Tavi ... Rikki-Tikki was charged with protecting the children of his family from the deadly cobras Nag and Nagaina. Now, who of you thinks you have the balls to be Rikki-Tikki-Tavi?

The businessmen look around, weighing whether or not to raise their hand.

MAYOR SHARPE

None of you has the balls to be Rikki! I'm Rikki! And if any one you has the slightest inclination that business with the city of Hamilton is not entirely contingent upon my good graces, I will not hesitate to let the poison fangs of Nag and Nagaina slide deep into your vulnerable necks!!

The room is silent.

MAYOR SHARPE

Bank of Hamilton, Hamilton Power, Hamilton Micro, Hamilton Realty, HITCO, HIFY Inc., HALLMO, HILLHURT, HARD Co., DRMP. The men in this room define Hamilton industry. But you all are not only my business associates, you're my friends.

(MORE)

MAYOR SHARPE (CONT'D)

That's why I have chosen you to be the first to know the big news I'll be bringing public later this afternoon. It's probably the biggest investment opportunity in the history of the world.

Mayor Sharpe's secretary opens the door.

SHARPE'S SECRETARY

Agent Schmidt is here to see you, sir.

MAYOR SHARPE

Thank you.

She closes the door after her.

MAYOR SHARPE

Butch ...

Butch's caught.

MAYOR SHARPE

I saw you peekin' those titties, Butch!

The room erupts in laughter again. Butch exaggerates opening and closing 'bug eyes'.

BUSINESS MEN (AD LIB)

Get it, Butch! / But that's the mayor's secretary! / You shut those bug eyes!

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE, CITY HALL. DAY.

Mayor Sharpe shakes some hands and squeezes some shoulders as the business men leave.

BUSINESS MEN

Thank you for this opportunity, Mayor. / Very excited. / Very big things popping, sir.

MAYOR SHARPE

All right, Merv. / Okay. / See you on the Mickey Mouse, Ronald. And, Dick, I'll see you on the nineteenth!

Agent Schmidt, wearing his iconic black suit and sunglasses, is sitting in one of the waiting room chairs.

MAYOR SHARPE
(walking over)
Agent ...

Schmidt throws his magazine on the table like he really doesn't give a care.

AGENT SCHMIDT
Mayonnaise ...

MAYOR SHARPE
(looking around)
Walk with me.

AGENT SCHMIDT
Walk with me.

INT. HALLWAY, HAMILTON CITY HALL. DAY.

Mayor Sharpe and Agent Schmidt walk through City Hall hallways.

MAYOR SHARPE
Operation Spank and Bank?

AGENT SCHMIDT
Running smooth as a gold fish that has
the power to become human ... despite
certain transmogrifications.

The mayor's eyes burn cerise ...

MAYOR SHARPE
That wasn't even my fault! Those
accounts got mixed.

AGENT SCHMIDT
Just don't mess up the piss release.

MAYOR SHARPE
I won't mess it up. God!

They arrive at a METAL DOOR. The mayor pushes a code into a keypad on the wall. The metal door slides open.

It's the SERVER ROOM.

Agent Schmidt walks inside.

MAYOR SHARPE

You better make sure you tie all loose ends ... really tight.

The Mayor enters the code again.

AGENT SCHMIDT

You butter count your lucky stairs, I only tie double kno--

The door closes.

EXT. GECKO'S APARTMENT. DAY.

A HOMELESS MAN rants next to a pile of his accumulated possessions and a fire of probably hazardous materials.

Dave's car pulls up next to him and Dave gets out. Marc does too, but he has to kind of skirt around the edge of the encampment to avoid the homeless man who's now staring at them.

Dave beeps his car locked.

GECKO

(from behind)

Hello.

DAVE

Ah! Oh, hey Gecko. I didn't see you there. This is my friend, Marc. I'm Dave. Do you remember me?

Gecko's dressed like Neo from The Matrix, but he's nerdy and kind of looks like an amphibian. His voice is as deep as Neo's, like an underground sewer.

GECKO

You all look the same to me. Coming?

Gecko turns and walks towards his building. Dave and Marc follow.

INT. GECKO'S APARTMENT. DAY.

It's a second floor apartment that's pretty full of technology.

Plant-like cables loop in some places, masking-taped in bushes that sit at the bottom of some desks.

Gecko sits at the center of this technological squirrel's nest.

GECKO
What's your address?

MARC
111 Dunlop St., Hami--

GECKO
Not to your house, Moron!

DAVE
(stunned)
Sorry. Here, I have it here somewhere.

Dave searches his phone.

A small television plays the HNN in the background. It's a *PERCY PENDLETON Special*. Percy's standing in the middle of a campus quad spinning, arms outstretched looking up into the sky.

PERCY PENDLETON (ON TV)
*Just what, exactly, is at the bottom of
Hamilton's seemingly unfathomable debt?*

Dave hands his phone over to Gecko.

GECKO
I need to search all your previous transactions on the blockchain.
(glancing at Marc)
Don't worry. I'm not going to steal your crypto ... Not that it would be worth my time! Ha haha ahahaha! Because you're poor!
(Dave thinks this is funny too)

PERCY PENDLETON (ON TV)
I sat down with Rodrigo Pedroval, head of economics at Hamilton University, to ask him some questions and see if he had any answers ...

GECKO
Here. \$14,000 was transferred from your wallet to this one.

DAVE
Wow. Nice work, Gecks.

GECKO

Don't call me that. I doubt they'd be stupid enough to make any outgo--.
Wait ...

Gecko pulls an address from another blockchain entry. He cross-references it to deduce the owner ...

GECKO

Whoever stole your coin ...

He opens the website: proclubshop.com.

GECKO (CONT'D)

... bought the U.G.E. Irons golf set for \$2,500.

PERCY PENDLETON (ON TV)

Professor, I'm going to chew right into the meat of the issue: how did Hamilton acquire so much debt?

PROFESSOR PEDROVAL (ON TV)

Let me explain it to you, Percy. The government bought a lot of stuff and then it couldn't pay for it.

Gecko hacks the golf club website and browses a list of it's invoices.

GECKO

They had it shipped to ... 1001 Dade St. here in Hamilton.

DAVE

You are a fucking genius, Geckster, sir. Gecky ...

PERCY PENDLETON (ON TV)

Interesting.

PROFESSOR PEDROVAL (ON TV)

But what's more interesting, Percy, than the city's expenditures -- which for the most part, are very ordinary -- is who the city's buying it's goods and services from.

Gecko gains entry to a city government portal and starts browsing tax records.

GECKO

And that address ... is owned by Edward Ellsworth Sharpe.

MARC

I feel like I know that name.

DAVE

... Edward Ellsworth Sharpe. Edward ... Ellsworth ... Sch--

GECKO

Doesn't matter.

Gecko searches an Ohmcast Xtrinity database and matches 1001 Dade St. with an IP address. He scans the IP for open ports, and installs a crypto shuffler.

PERCY PENDLETON (ON TV)

Interesting. But why is it interesting, professor?

PROFESSOR PEDROVAL (ON TV)

I don't want to make any false claims ...

GECKO

All his future transactions are going to reroute directly into your wallet.

DAVE

Ohhh! Gecksaroo! The wizard of the wired ...

(he can't think of anything)

PROFESSOR PEDROVAL (CONT'D, ON TV)

... but the relationship between the government and its contractors seems to blur the line between professionalism and personal g-

STUDIO ANCHOR (ON TV)

We interrupt our Percy Pendleton Special: Investigating Hamilton's Bum Budget for this emergency broadcast from Hamilton City mayor, Ed Sharpe.

At the sound of the mayor's name, Gecko, Marc and Dave stop what they're doing and watch TV.

MAYOR SHARPE (ON TV)

Many of you know that the city of Hamilton has been under duress economically for some time now. A languid job market, aversion to risk in the private sector and sky high interest rates have all caused our city's debt to increase. Now, debt is normal even desired in a high functioning economy like that of the great city of Hamilton. But, the Federal Reserve Bank has refused to purchase any additional municipal securities and this has caused Hamilton to declare ... bankruptcy. It is also necessary that the Hamilton Pension Fund be frozen. Thank you.

On TV, a rep fields frenzied questions from reporters as the mayor steps off.

DAVE

Oh, yeah ... Edward Ellsworth Sharpe.
That's our mayor.

A buzzer buzzes.

A small security monitor shows Agent Schmidt waiting at the building's entrance.

Gecko takes a moment then enters a command into his computer. Smoke starts to rise from several machines.

The buzzer buzzes again.

DAVE

Umm, were you going to answer that?

GECKO

We've been compromised.

Gecko starts to gather a small bag, cuts wires, kicks over server racks.

MARC

Maybe if you just see what he wants?

GECKO

And maybe you want to go to fucking jail! This isn't a game, Dave.

DAVE

I'm Dave. He's Marc.

Agent Schmidt seems to be waiting patiently. He tries buzzing again.

GECKO

I don't care if you're name is Shlurbles. You can stay here and play footsie with your boyfriend, but I'm leaving.

MARC

So what if we're boyfriends?

DAVE

We're not.

MARC

But your insinuating that we might be in this context portrays homosexual relationships negatively.

GECKO

What!?

GUNSHOTS sound. Agent Schmidt can be seen on the security monitor firing his gun at the door and kicking it in.

Marc's IN SHOCK:

- He watches as Gecko climbs out a window.
- Dave's crumpled in fear at his feet.
- Agent Schmidt's no longer on the security monitor. Marc grabs Dave and leads him towards the window.
- There's some LOUD BANGING on Gecko's door. Marc heaves Dave out the window and clambers out after him. More GUNSHOTS sound.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE, GECKO'S APARTMENT. DAY.

Gecko's there. He uses a METAL GRATE to lock the window. He's obviously prepared for a situation like this.

Marc looks back. Agent Schmidt AIMS.

Gecko pulls Marc away as bullets RICOCHET off the grate.

GECKO

Move!

EXT. ALLEYWAYS, HAMILTON CITY. DAY.

Marc drops down from the fire escape. He starts off after Gecko and Dave.

A song like "The One to Wait" by CCFX starts to play.

Scared shitless, they

RUN AWAY -- SERIES OF SHOTS

-- Dave makes a wrong turn. Gecko and Marc shout at him and mistakenly he ducks for cover, wriggling around on the ground. Gecko and Marc have to go and get him.

-- They're all hiding out. Gecko motions like, *Alright. I think the coast is clear.* But, Marc and Dave motion like, *No, I think we should stay.* Gecko then motions like, *No, we gotta go!* Marc and Dave respond motion like, *Actually, I think it's better to stay.* They start arguing.

-- They take turns jumping over something pretty short, like a railing or like a small wall or something. Last, Marc stumbles. He trips and can't catch his step. He skids, grimaces and then ... gets up.

INT. GECKO'S CAR. DAY.

Gecko, Marc and Dave pile in. They scooch down low into their seats like they want to sink into an alternate universe.

They take a minute, just like, breathing until they realize they're all holding hands and get uncomfortable.

DAVE

Dude, Gecksamilli, this is a sweet ass ride.

The car is pretty dope as fizzle.

GECKO

Crypto baby.

Gecko shows off an inner lower lip tat. It's the Bitcoin logo and somehow, it's fucking awesome.

GECKO

The car's clean, but you can't go home.

MARC

Wha--?

DAVE

Just listen to him, alright? Geckyboy's right. I used your home address to set up your trading wallet. My house is clean too, though. Off-grid.

MARC

No, what is going on? Like, why is somebody trying to kill us?

GECKO

(resigning)

Alright, I didn't want to tell you guys this because I don't think you're ready, but ... I think we stumbled on 'Operation Spank and Bank'.

DAVE

'Spank and Bank'!

MARC

What's 'Operation Spank and Bank'?

GECKO

'Operation Spank and Bank' is a conspiracy theory that's been circling the dark web in recent months. Basically, it says that the government is stealing people's crypto in an attempt to undermine digital currencies in general. It's part of 'Operation Cyber Tooth'.

DAVE

'Cyber Tooth'!

GECKO

That's right.

MARC

... What's 'Operation Cyber Tooth'?

GECKO

'Cyber Tooth' is the government's attempt to introduce its own cryptocurrency.

MARC

And?

GECKO

And it's not that simple, asshole! You think that people are just going to use the government's digital currency because it's the law?

MARC

Yeah, that seems pretty logi--

GECKO

No! The only way the government wins is to make everyone so broke that they have no choice but to use it. Food in grocery stores? Gone! You can forget about justice. The police aren't getting paid. Water? Electricity? You're pooping in a bucket.

DAVE

Ho-ly shit. ... Literally.

Marc starts laughing.

GECKO

Go ahead and laugh. Just don't go home.

Gecko starts the car and DRIVES.

MARC

No, I'm sorry. It's just ... Okay, the government is trying to kill us because we found out about their plan to introduce a digital currency?

GECKO

That's right.

MARC

Fine.

Marc makes a call.

GECKO

What are you doing?

DAVE

He's calling his girlfriend.

GECKO
You have a girlfriend!?

EXT. STREET. -- Gecko U-turns ferociously.

CUT TO:

BACK TO:

INT. GECKO'S CAR. DAY. MOVING.

GECKO
We're already probably too late.

INT. JAYNE & MARC'S APARTMENT. DAY.

Jayne's lounging on the couch, reading Fight Club and eating some Xtra Flamin' Hot Heatos.

Her phone buzzes. She looks at it but rolls her eyes. Marc. Decline.

She gets up to get some water from the kitchen. Wait. What was that sound? She looks down the hall ...

Nothing's there.

INT. GECKO'S CAR. DAY. MOVING, .

GECKO
(driving furiously)
Try her again, goddammit!

INT. JAYNE & MARC'S APARTMENT. DAY.

Jayne peers around a corner. Her phone buzzes, but she ignores it. She walks back into the living room.

AGENT SCHMIDT comes out of NOWHERE and tries to SMACK her in the face with his GUN butt!

But Jayne's quick. Her hands GO UP and grab the gun. Her glass SHATTERS on the floor.

INT. GECKO'S CAR. DAY. MOVING.

MARC
Our relationship's kind of on the rocks right now so I don't think she's gonna pick up ...

INT. JAYNE & MARC'S APARTMENT. DAY.

Agent Schmidt PUNCHES Jayne in the stomach and PUSHES her onto the floor.

Jayne struggles to her feet. Agent Schmidt SHOVES her into a wall and gets her in a HEADLOCK from behind ...

Jayne resists but Schmidt just TIGHTENS his grip. Jayne's eyes ROLL BACK.

EXT. JAYNE & MARC'S APARTMENT. DAY.

Gecko peels into the driveway and parks. He gets out and runs inside. Marc and Dave follow him.

INT. JAYNE & MARC'S APARTMENT. DAY.

The place is a mess.

There's no sign of Jayne.

GECKO

We're too late.

Marc struggles to come to terms with this new reality.

GECKO

Come on. We have to get out of here.

Dave and Gecko turn to go. But Marc doesn't move ...

DAVE

Hey Markie. Marc ... I know you're probably going through alot right now, but let's just go back to my place and we can figure this out, okay? Marc? How's that sound? Regroup and figure out what to do. Okay?

MARC

(like Neo ... from the Matrix)

No.

DAVE

... That's fair. But, just remember, we don't have too many options right now and my house is off-grid, remember. So, I think, pretty much, it's the only place.

Marc starts for the front door.

MARC

We find the mayor, we find Jayne.

Gecko and Dave give each other a look. Marc's got his groove back, maybe, for the first time, or, maybe not. They follow him outside.

INT. GECKO'S CAR. DAY.

Gecko starts the car and pushes a button. The center console flips to reveal a mini computer.

DAVE

What! Gexter McFexter ... I fixin' love you!

Gecko searches an online database and identifies a phone number. He inputs the number into an SS7 cellular network.

A result populates.

GECKO

The mayor's at city hall.

MARC

Let's roll!

DAVE

Can we just --. I would like to --. The sheer awesomeness of the electronic feat that was just performed ... Geckstar, you are like a megabyte magician, a gigabyte gladiator, a motherboard monst--

EXT. JAYNE & MARC'S APARTMENT -- Gecko peels out.

INT. SERVER ROOM. DAY.

Agent Schmidt plops Jayne onto the floor and zip-ties her hands behind a post. He walks away.

She's knocked out.

But actually she's not knocked out ...!

She opens her eyes and peers around the corner. Agent Schmidt is making a call.

Jayne tongues at her labret piercing until it comes undone.

She spits it over her shoulder and catches it.

Her eyes still on Schmidt and her hands still tied, Jayne unscrews the piercing. It separates to reveal a minuscule needle.

She starts stabbing the zip-tie ...

EXT. CITY HALL. DAY.

Gecko pulls up. City Hall looks really big and intimidating.

INT. GECKO'S CAR. DAY.

DAVE
What's the plan?

MARC
You boys stay in the car. This is something I have to do alone.

DAVE
What? That doesn't make any sense.

GECKO
The odds of retrieving Jayne decrease dramatically if you go in al--

EXT. CITY HALL. DAY.

But Marc has already left the vehicle. A song about taking responsibility starts to play -- something like "Never Follow Suit" by the The Radio Dept.

Marc walks through a small group of elderly protestors rallying against the frozen pension fund. Some of them have to stop their circling because Marc is walking blatantly through. But he doesn't give a FUCK!

The music and Marc's confidence crescendo when he reaches city hall's entrance doors ...

INT. LOBBY, CITY HALL. DAY.

CITY HALL GREETER
Hello! And welcome to city hall. If you don't mind, we ask all visitor's to check in at the front desk.

Marc can't seem to find his words.

CITY HALL GREETER
 Welcome. If you don't mind, go ahead
 and check in at the front desk.

An elderly person passes Marc by heading to the desk. A
 SECURITY GUARD is there, casually reading a magazine.

In the distance, a group of ELEMENTARY SCHOOL STUDENTS is
 taking a tour.

CITY HALL GREETER
 Hello, sir? Please check in at th--

Marc makes a run for it.

CITY HALL GREETER
 (shouting)
 We've got a runner!

The security guard tosses her magazine and starts running
 after Marc.

INT. SERVER ROOM. DAY.

Jayne makes a last stab and the zip-tie breaks. She peers
 around the corner. Agent Schmidt is walking towards her!

He rounds the corner, but Jayne's "asleep". Satisfied,
 Agent Schmidt walks away.

Jayne opens her eyes.

Crouching, quiet as a cougar, she makes her way down along
 the server racks.

She reaches the end and pokes her head out. Agent Schmidt
 and Mayor Sharpe are there, talking ...

MAYOR SHARPE
 What in the poopy butt's name is going
 on here?

AGENT SCHMIDT
 Spank and Bank was in need of de
 container information.

MAYOR SHARPE
 God Spangit!
 (MORE)

MAYOR SHARPE (CONT'D)

Bantam Claw said this was going to be easy! And now you're smearing up all the frosting on the cake.

AGENT SCHMIDT

It would have been easy if you hadn't dipped your fingers into the camel sauce.

MAYOR SHARPE

I don't care if I farted in a pillow case and made you sniff it all night! You clean up this poopy. You don't bring a hostage to city hall. ... Now!

AGENT SCHMIDT

(leaving)

Just make sure you're ready for Cyber Tooth.

MAYOR SHARPE

Oh, I am the tiger!
(growls a subtle, angry growl)

The mayor inputs the code for the wall keypad. The door slides open.

Jayne takes her chance: she RAMS into Mayor Sharpe. He SPILLS onto the floor. Jayne RUNS.

MAYOR SHARPE

(shouting)

Schmidt! Schmiidit!

INT. LOUNGE, CITY HALL. DAY.

SECURITY GUARD

Stop!

Marc BARRELS through the group of elementary school students, knocking one CIVICALLY DRESSED STUDENT over in particular.

He arrives at a large round table and starts FLINGING CHAIRS at the security guard who chases in his wake.

SECURITY GUARD

Ah! Stop it! Stop.

They're running the perimeter of the table. The guard switches directions. Marc does too.

They're at a standoff ... Marc fakes one way, then the other with no reaction from the guard.

The group of elementary school students watch in horror from across the room. The civically dressed one is starting to get angry ...

CIVICALLY DRESSED STUDENT
Get his ass!

With a WAR CRY, she charges.

Emboldened, the rest of the student group follow her, dodging their teacher/ tour guide who tries to stop them.

Marc is left with no choice but to climb on top of the table. He LEAPS over the storming children. The civically dressed student SWINGS her messenger bag and knocks Marc off-kilter.

Marc lands awkwardly on a chair's edge. His feet SWEEP OUT from under him, his face SMACKING into the edge of another chair.

The security guard climbs on top of him.

SECURITY GUARD
All visitors need to check in at the
front desk befo--

Jayne, coming out of nowhere, KICKS the security guard in the face!

JAYNE
Run!

She wades through the elementary schoolers. Some of them are crying.

MARC
Jayne, wait! I'm here to save you!

But Marc sees AGENT SCHMIDT round a corner and hurries after Jayne.

INT. GECKO'S CAR. DAY.

Gecko and Dave are smoking Dave's Azurite.

GECKO
... Satoshi Nakamoto ...

DAVE
The anonymous creator of Bitcoin?
P'schyea, I know.

Gecko takes a necklace out from under his shirt. He hands it over to Dave. There's a USB at the end of it in the shape of a rhesus macaque.

DAVE
Whoa, monkey USB necklace ...

GECKO
Satoshi Nakamoto used blockchain technology because he wanted Bitcoin to be inherently decentralized so that no one could control it. If the government wants to control crypto, they're going to have to make it centralized and if it's centralized ...

Gecko's suddenly distracted by something outside.

DAVE
... it gets hot too fast?

From the distance, Jayne and Marc's voices grow louder.

JAYNE & MARC (O.S.)
Start the car! Start the car!

DAVE
... there's no backup power?

Gecko starts the car.

Jayne and Marc PILE IN.

JAYNE
Drive!

Gecko shifts into gear and SLAMS the gas.

EXT. CITY HALL. DAY.

Agent Schmidt BURSTS through the protestors. He pulls out his gun and aims at Gecko driving away. He FIRES A ROUND.

Gecko's car slows to a stop as protestors PANICK.

INT. GECKO'S CAR. DAY.

The engine's gentle glug glug glug can be heard amidst the wreckage that is now Gecko's car interior. Glass is everywhere. Tufts of polyester protrude from bullet holes in the car's upholstery.

Shards of glass shift as Dave turns to inspect the damage.

Jayne and Marc are okay ...

Out the back window, Dave spots Agent Schmidt RUNNING towards them.

DAVE

Gecky ... Hey Gecksaroni?

But Gecko's crumpled against the driver's side door, motionless.

Agent Schmidt's almost there ...

JAYNE

Dave!

From the passenger's seat, Dave grabs the wheel and STRADDLES the center console, pressing down on the gas.

DAVE

Son of a diiiiiii--

EXT. CITY HALL. DAY.

Agent Schmidt LEAPS and manages to grab the accelerating car's trunk.

INT. GECKO'S CAR. DAY.

DAVE (CONT'D)

--iiiiiiiiiiii--

Dave thrashes the wheel violently making the car turn this way and that.

EXT. CITY HALL. DAY.

Agent Schmidt's thrown.

He tumbles to a stop on the concrete, stands, brushes himself off and watches as Gecko's car drives off into the distance.

AGENT SCHMIDT
(reflectively)
No, you're a son of a dish.

EXT. DEAD END STREET, HAMILTON CITY. DAY.

Apprehensively, Jayne, Dave and Marc stare at the driver side door.

Marc opens it.

JAYNE, DAVE & MARC
Oh!

Gecko's lifeless eyes look up at them with condemnation, his body having fallen limp onto the concrete by their feet. It has multiple chest wounds.

DAVE
(falling to his knees)
Gecksaloooooooooooooooooot!

MARC
We have to call an ambulance.

DAVE
We can't call an ambulance, posh-tard!
He's already dead. Also, they'll know
where to find us ...

JAYNE
Yeah, you fucking moron.

MARC
What?

JAYNE
I said you're a fucking moron.

DAVE
Whoa, Jayne, take it eas--

JAYNE
What the fuck were you thinking?

DAVE
Admittedly, a bad idea, but not that
out of character either, really.

JAYNE

(over)

Let me guess you're stupid ass friend convinced you that day trading Bitcoin was a real job.

MARC

It is a real job.

DAVE

I just ... The "friend" you're referring to ... Is it me because I wasn't sure.

JAYNE

(over)

Yeah? Now look at us, Marc.

It starts raining.

MARC

So what? A real job is taking dick while some asshole makes bank off of my minimum wage? It's not fucking right. And if I have to prove I love you by pretending I like it, I won't. It's not worth it to me.

JAYNE

You don't have to like it. You just have to do it.

MARC

That's not living, Jayne. It's surviving.

A sentimental song like Fabiana Palladino's "Mystery" starts to play. Jayne and Marc are staring at each other through the gravity of the situation.

DAVE

Jayne, even though Marc is living with me right now, I count you just as much of a friend. I'd like to still hang out with you. If you want to come over, I can ask Marc to leave. Or if you'd rather me come over to your place, I'll be there. I just want you to know that I'm not going to give up on you, Marc, but and I'm not give up on you either, Jayne ...

INT. GECKO'S CAR. DAY.

The song continues.

Jayne and Marc ignore each other as Dave drives through Hamilton City rain.

They pass a corner store. Inside, customers are fighting over groceries. The clerk is attempting to calm the fray, but it's getting out of hand. They're damaging stuff and pushing each other. Someone takes something and runs.

INT./ EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE. NIGHT. SERIES OF SHOTS.

The song continues.

- They're carrying Gecko's body from the car but its heavy and getting wet with rain. Angrily Marc tries to give some direction, but Jayne has a nasty retort. They drop the body.
- Marc and Jayne are in a full blown argument. Dave's trying to wrap Gecko's body in garbage bags but its not going so well. Blood's getting everywhere ...
- Soiled, they dig with makeshift equipment in the dark.
- They look down at the fruit of their labor: Gecko's body, wrapped in plastic at the bottom of a hole ... Marc dumps a shovel of dirt on top.
- After, Marc's smoking Dave's Azurite. He offers Jayne a hit, but she just walks away ...
- Jayne, lying down ...
- Marc, smoking weed ...
- Dave, tears and rain falling down his face. He's holding the macaque-shape USB necklace as he mouths the name of the one whose grave now lies beneath his feet. "Gextoor!"
- Dave, Marc and Jayne, all suffering the pain of loss separately, but simultaneously ...

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS -- OPENING, WALLY AND MORT 720° (ON TV)

- Wally thinking ...
- poor people.
- Mort thinking ...
- an explosion!
- Wally's doing an interview and then points the police to a would-be criminal.
- Mort helps birth a foal.

INT. NEWS DESK, HNN STUDIOS. NIGHT. (ON TV).

The anchors do seated 720s.

TITLE OVER: Wally and Mort 720°

WALLY

Tonight on 720: the Bank of Hamilton has gone 'rupt. That is bankrupt. Following the city's recent news of financial ruin, citizens have made a fast dash to grab cash causing our city's financial institution to run out of money. Did you have any money in B of H, Mort?

MORT

All of it. Is 30 too many? Harris Creek woman loves cats, says she's saving them from the 'Cherry Bomb Cat Killer'.

WALLY

Grocery store gore? Halmarts citywide report citizens stockpiling food. But is there enough to go around? Recent violence suggest that there is not enough ... to go around.

MORT

A crash on I-84.

WALLY

And finally in good news 'Spanky' took home gold at the first annual Yorcky Costume Contest.

(MORE)

WALLY (CONT'D)

A message from Spanky's owner: call
989-773-5262 if you've seen him. This
is 720° ...

MORT

The time ...

WALLY

... is now.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DAVE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

WALLY (ON TV)

*Our special correspondent, Percy
Pendleton, joins us tonight. Percy,
what do you think of B of H's
bankruptcy?*

PERCY (ON TV)

*I was there only hours ago, Wally. The
scene at the bank today can only be
described as ... a brouhaha.*

WALLY (ON TV)

A brouhaha, huh?

Dave, in his Flying Fox Man pajamas, and Marc are smoking
Dave's Azurite.

MORT (ON TV)

Let's ...

WALLY (ON TV)

... take a closer look.

DAVE

I feel like he was the only one who got
me, you know?

MARC

Yeah.

BANK CUSTOMER (ON TV)

I want my money now!

DAVE

We had a bond and now I'm just supposed
to forget him?

BANK SPOKESPERSON (ON TV)
*Now Tom, you're thinking of this place
 all wrong. It's not like we've got
 you're money in a safe in the back.*

MARC
Yeah. I don't know. Maybe.

BANK SPOKESPERSON (ON TV)
*You're money's not here. It's in
 commercial loans, mostly. In Hamilton
 Power or DRMP's construction deal or
 Hamilton Micro ...*

DAVE
*Maybe? I was being facetious, Marc! You
 just don't get it. Nobody gets it ...*

WALLY (ON TV)
*This just in: We're going to have to
 interrupt our program again. Mayor Ed
 Sharpe is making another emergency
 announcement.*

The broadcast switches to the Mayor behind a desk.

MAYOR SHARPE (ON TV)
*Fellow citizens of Hamilton, good
 evening. It is with a light heart that
 I am speaking to you in these dark,
 dark times. I know it has not been
 easy. I know many of you are scared
 about your financial future and the
 future of our great city. That is why I
 am excited to announce that the federal
 government has awarded the City of
 Hamilton the first ever digital
 currency backed by the United States of
 America: Freedomcoin! Freedomcoin
 exemplifies the values of America. It's
 free to use and accessible by all.
 Already accepted by the greatest
 businesses our city has to offer:
 Hamilton Realty, Halmart and Hominoes
 Pizza to name just a few. Log on to
 www.freedomcoin.com to electronically
 convert your dollars to Freedomcoin at
 no additional charge and take control
 of your financial future. That's
 www.freedomcoin.com.*

The mayor stares the camera down before the feed switches back. Jayne walks in.

DAVE
Oh my God.

JAYNE
Hey Marc, can I talk to you for a second?

JAYNE
What?

MARC
What?

DAVE
This is what Gecksamillion was talking about. Operation Cyber Tooth? This is the government's digital currency.

MARC
Oh yeah.

WALLY (ON TV)
FreedomCoin, the first ever US backed digital currency and Hamilton is the first city with the rights to use it? Big news.

MORT (ON TV)
Big, big ...

DAVE
So let's fucking do something about it!

JAYNE
What?

WALLY (ON TV)
Big. Big. Big. Percy, in your special, Investigating Hamilton's Bum Budget, you allege that Mayor Sharpe could be responsible for some of Hamilton's financial misfortunes. But here he is offering a potential solution.

DAVE
Like, fucking I don't know!

JAYNE
No, I mean, I overheard Sharpe and my kidnapper. They said, 'get ready for Cyber Tooth.' They had me tied up in a room full of servers.

PERCY (ON TV)
Bitcoin, Ethereum, Ripple, Litecoin.
The list goes on and on. How is the
government's digital currency any
different? Because they own the servers
and control it?

DAVE
 Oh my shitty face.
 (pulls out the Macaque USB necklace)
 If it's centralized, ... we can steal it.

MARC
 Wait, what are you guys talking about?

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP, CITY HALL. NIGHT.

Jayne and Dave are crouch-running across the roof. They're dressed in some ragtag black clothing and hats and have some bags for their gear. Jayne's got Dave's samurai sword.

She presses a button on her walkie-talkie.

JAYNE (INTO TALKIE)
 Stegosaurus, are you in position?

EXT. PARKING LOT, CITY HALL. NIGHT.

Marc's hiding behind a bush ...

MARC (INTO TALKIE)
 In position ... Brontosaurus. But there's
 an unplanned pregnancy.

INTERCUT -- WALKIE-TALKIE CONVERSATION

JAYNE (INTO TALKIE)
 What?

Marc peers over his bush. There's the security guard from before.

MARC (INTO TALKIE)
 A guard.

JAYNE (INTO TALKIE)
 Even if she's pregnant, we still nee--

MARC (INTO TALKIE)
No. I mean ...

JAYNE (INTO TALKIE)
What? That's fucked up, Marc.

DAVE
(from behind)
Stegosaurus.

MARC (INTO TALKIE)
No. I'm saying ... I was trying to be
cryptic, not talk about her appearance.

Jayne and Dave make it to a rooftop access window. Jayne pulls out some bolt cutters from her equipment bag.

JAYNE (INTO TALKIE)
Beauty comes in all shapes and sizes,
Marc. I can't believe I thought I loved
you. We need a diversion now!

Marc turns the walkie-talkie off and pulls out a water balloon.

He takes a moment of solace, then runs out from behind his bush and towards the security guard.

MARC
Hey you!

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY ROOM, CITY HALL. NIGHT.

On one of the security monitors, Marc hurls the water balloon at the security guard. Pink paint splatters all over her. She starts chasing him.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

BARRY, a young and monstrous guard, is practicing swinging his baton and different menacing inflections.

BARRY
Hands off the BREAD! / OH! You want
that bread DO YOU? / I said HANDS off
THE BREAD!

On a small TV, a rerun of Wally and Mort 720° is playing.

WALLY (ON TV)
... How's your cupboard looking? Full enough for ... the apocalypse? It seems many residents have suddenly felt the urge to stockpile in case of emergency. So many, in fact, that there isn't enough food to go around ...

MORT (ON TV)
From the scene ...

WALLY (ON TV)
... Pamela Richards ...

MORT (ON TV)
... reports.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)
 (through a walkie-talkie)
 Barry! Barry? ... Barry, where are you?

Barry notices and jumps for the walkie talkie on a messy desk.

BARRY (INTO TALKIE)
 Ten four good buddy Margret! I can hear you. This is Barry, speaking loud and clear!

Barry looks up at the security monitors and sees MARGRET, the other security guard, chasing Marc around.

He runs out of the room.

PAM (ON TV)
Here at Halmart, management has been unable to temper growing customer frustrations.

CUSTOMER 1 (ON TV)
Give me my [censored] Cheeriovals!

CUSTOMER 2 (ON TV)
Mine!

On one of the security monitors, Jayne drops down from the ceiling and lands graceful as a Geoffroy cat onto a hallway floor.

INT. HALLWAY, CITY HALL. NIGHT.

Jayne summersaults, does a double jump off a wall and rips the security camera from the ceiling.

Dave drops down too, but gets caught and lands on his back.

DAVE
(standing)
Good job. Brontosaurus, you go that way.

Jayne nods and runs down the hall.

DAVE
(to himself)
Ornithomimus this way.

EXT. CITY HALL. NIGHT.

Marc is focused on putting as many obstacles between himself and Margret as possible.

Marc jumps over a bush. He weaves in and out of flagpoles, does a 360°.

He jumps down a flight of stairs but stumbles at the bottom. He looks up.

It's Barry ready to whack him with the baton!

Barry whacks him

MARC
Ow! Fuck!

Then Margret dive tackles him!

MARGRET
(on top of Marc)
Why did you paint splatter me?

MARC
I don't know.

MARGRET
Nobody paint splatters somebody for no reason!

BARRY

TELL US!

MARC

A diversion! ... I was trying to create a diversion.

Slowly, Barry realizes he's been tricked and runs back towards city hall.

INT. SECURITY ROOM, CITY HALL. NIGHT.

PAM (ON TV)

Are these crazed customers' concerns based in reality or frenzy?

CUSTOMER 2 (ON TV)

Your children's children will know no end to misery!

CUSTOMER 1 (ON TV)

They're ... my ... [censored] Cheeriovals!

PAM (ON TV)

Let's ask SafePass manager, Aaron Childs, as he tries to quell this quarrel.

Dave opens the door and peeks inside. He enters and carefully takes out a small cut-out photo of himself. He peels off the back to reveal a sticky undersurface.

INT. HALLWAYS, CITY HALL. NIGHT.

From around the corner, a sweaty Barry barrels top speed down the hallway. He turns. And turns again! And then, cursing himself, turns back. He's missed the security room door.

INT. SECURITY ROOM, CITY HALL. NIGHT.

Barry bursts in. The room's empty, quiet. He looks over the monitors.

AARON CHILDS (ON TV)

In a situation like this, it's important to remain calm. ...

CUSTOMER 1 (ON TV)

Eat tomato, fart breath!

CUSTOMER 2 (ON TV)

My eyes!

The monitors are clear ... Except, wait, someone's standing in the middle of the server room!

Barry bursts back out the door.

But whoever's standing in the server room is standing very still ... a little too still.

Dave comes out from under Barry's desk.

DAVE (INTO TALKIE)

Monkey ate banana. I repeat, monkey ...
ate ... banana. Ornithomimus out.

EXT. CITY HALL. NIGHT.

Margret and Marc are sitting on a ledge. Marc's hands are zip-tied.

MARC

I'm sorry.

MARGRET

What?

MARC

For throwing that paint balloon at you
and stuff. It's not ... personal.

MARGRET

(takes a minute)

It's okay. ... I used to do bad stuff
too ...

MARC

Really?

MARGRET

Yeah. I used to throw cherry bombs at
cats.

MARC

What?

MARGRET

I used to throw cherry bombs at cats.
One time, one exploded before I could
throw it.

Margret shows Marc her mangled ear.

MARGRET
What's your name?

MARC
Marc.

MARGRET
I'm Margret.

It's a little awkward.

MARGRET
What's your phone number?

INT. HALLWAYS, CITY HALL. NIGHT.

Barry's running top speed again. He turns a corner and arrives at the server room door. He inputs a code and the door slides open.

INT. SERVER ROOM, CITY HALL. NIGHT.

Barry steps in but no one's there ...

Confused, he's about to turn and go but instead falls to the floor, knocked out.

Behind him stands Jayne holding the sheathed samurai sword ... post-swing.

Dave walks in and pulls out the USB.

DAVE
Geck Star, this one's for you.

He finds a monitor and plugs in the USB ... Nothing happens.

JAYNE
Maybe if you try wiggling it a little bit?

The ALARM goes off. The whole place starts FLASHING RED.

EXT. CITY HALL. NIGHT.

Lights flash all over city hall. Apparently, Margret can't hear the alarm.

MARGRET
So, like, what are you doing, anyways?

MARC
(ignoring the alarm)
What do you mean?

MARGRET
Why are you here?

MARC
Uh ... the government made it's own
digital currency and we'r--

MARGRET
Wow, really?

MARC
Yeah, and we're trying to stop them.

MARGRET
Huh. Why do you care?

MARC
What do you mean?

MARGRET
Why do you care if the government makes
it's own digital curr-- Ah!

Jayne's hit her in the head with the sheathed samurai
sword!

MARGRET
What ... the ... FUCK!

Marc doesn't know what to do, so he runs. Jayne and Dave
are already running.

Margret grabs at Marc but misses since she's just been hit
in the head with a sheathed samurai sword.

Then, she notices City Hall flashing red behind her ...

She pulls out her phone and dials.

MARGRET (INTO PHONE)
Sir? There's been an incident ...

INT. GECKO'S CAR. NIGHT.

A song like "Black Magic (Feat. Yung Raw)" by Ethelwulf starts to play.

Jayne, Dave and Marc drive through the city. They watch groups of angry people wander the streets. Some of them have torches. Some of them have bats.

They keep driving ...

INT./ EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE. NIGHT. SERIES OF SHOTS.

The song continues.

-- Dave sprays champagne over Marc and Jayne.

-- Dave's dancing, smoking his Azurite and holding a glass. Jayne starts dancing too: fire. Marc watches her. Eventually, Marc dances over.

-- Dave keeps trying to wrap Jayne and Marc up with over-the-shoulder arms. They keep having to break away. Jayne leaves. Marc follows her. Dave keeps dancing solo, smoking and drinking for awhile, but then steps out onto the balcony. He fondles the macaque USB and looks out into the night.

-- In bed, Jayne and Marc kiss passionately.

INT. BEDROOM, DAVE'S HOUSE. DAY.

On a side table, Marc's pants buzz.

Marc and Jayne are lying in bed asleep.

Marc's pants buzz again. He opens his eyes and fishes the phone out of his pants pocket.

MARC (INTO PHONE)
(half asleep)
Hello?

SID (O.S.)
Sleeping in are we?

SID has an oddly charming British accent.

MARC (INTO PHONE)
Who is this?

SID (O.S.)

You can call me Sid. Marc, I hate to be the bearer of bad news here, but I have some bad news.

MARC (INTO PHONE)

What is it?

SID (O.S.)

At this moment government agents are on their way to your location to kill you and your friends.

MARC (INTO PHONE)

(waking up)

No Hehe.

(Jayne wakes up too)

SID (O.S.)

Last night, I intercepted a call from one Margret Meecher to a federal agent. She gave the agent your number and I believe they're currently using it to track you. Now Marc, I know you and your friends have been a sticky little thorn in the government's side, and I know how to help. But you have to trust me, Marc. Do you think you can do that? Do you think you can trust me?

Marc looks at Jayne.

MARC (INTO PHONE)

Yes

SID (O.S.)

Amazing, Marc, amazing. Now, the first thing I want you to do is go into Dave's laundry room and find the Windox. Pour it into the Breach.

JAYNE

Who is it?

Without answering Marc gets out of bed and, still in his boxers, leaves the room.

LAUNDRY ROOM

Under the sink, Marc finds a bottle of WINDOX. He pours it into the BREACH. Green smoke starts to rise.

MARC (INTO PHONE)

Okay.

SID (O.S.)

My main big guy, Marc! You got this, duude. Okay, now close the lid.

Marc puts a cap on it.

SID (CONT'D, O.S.)

Next you're going to need a wrench.

LIVING ROOM

Dave's passed out on the couch in his Flying Fox Man pajamas, a video game controller nearby.

MARC

(shaking Dave)

Dave. Dave!

DAVE

... It was a green zone!

(waking)

Oh, Marc. Whats up?

MARC

Dave, I need a wrench.

DAVE

Uh, top drawer, tool cabinet. Why?

Marc leaves.

DAVE

Marc?

Dave gets up and goes into the

KITCHEN

He brews some coffee.

HALLWAY

DAVE

There's coffee for anyone who-

Dave looks in the laundry room. Marc's there whacking the pressure valve on his WATER HEATER.

The top pipes have been unscrewed or torn asunder.

DAVE
What the fuck!

Marc leverages himself between the wall and the heater and kicks it to the ground. CRASH!

Still on the phone, Marc steps past the now dumbstruck Dave and heads towards the living room.

JAYNE
(walking in)
Marc!

She's put on some clothes.

MARC
(putting a hand over the receiver)
Government agents are trying to kill us!

JAYNE & DAVE
What?

MARC
Government agents are on their way to try and kill us.

JAYNE
Who are you talking to?

MARC
Sid.

DAVE
Who's Sid?

But Marc just walks away, into the

LIVING ROOM

He turns up the TV as loud as it'll go. The HNN morning news team is doing a story on last night's riots.

He walks into the

KITCHEN

and opens the OVEN. He sets it as high as it'll go.

DAVE
(following)
Heyy there, buddy. Why don't we just
take a minute to think about what we're
doing.

Marc fills a big bowl of water and dumps it into the open
oven.

DAVE
Okay. Um, why did you do that for
instance?

Marc puts a can of aerosol olive oil in the MICROWAVE. He
sets the timer for 5 minutes.

JAYNE
(walking in)
They're here.

Dave peers out the kitchen blinds.

DAVE'S POV: A BLACK CAR and three POLICE CARS pull up.

Dave's suddenly very afraid ...

Marc's gotten a bag of flour from the pantry.

MARC
Follow me.

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE. DAY.

Agent Schmidt steps out of the black car, sunlight gleaming
off his dark sunglasses.

He walks towards the front door. POLICE OFFICERS surround
him.

INT. ENTRANCE, DAVE'S HOUSE. DAY.

There's some loud banging on the front door.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)
Police! Open up!

EXT. ENTRANCE, DAVE'S HOUSE. SAME.

Agent Schmidt motions with his hand and one of the officers starts KICKING in the door with his foot.

INT. ENTRANCE, DAVE'S HOUSE. SAME.

Boom ... Boom ... Finally the door BURSTS OPEN. The police officers SWARM IN, guns drawn.

Agent Schmidt starts inspecting the place casually.

He walks down the

HALLWAY

It's eerily quiet except for the TV in the

LIVING ROOM

Agent Schmidt turns it off.

He hears the microwave and turns.

Some officers are there. The timer goes off. He notices the oven.

AGENT SCHMIDT

Bo--!

But it's too late. The aerosol can EXPLODES. Then, the oven catches as well ...

Officers are STREWN ABOUT like popcorn.

The kitchen is now only a busted-up version of its former self. The pantry's mostly uncovered, pieces hanging higgledy piggledy. There's a gaping hole in the refrigerator and only an empty space where the oven was.

Agent Schmidt shakes off the effects of the blast.

SHARPE'S POV: Marc lighting strewn flour at the far end of the hall.

FIRE quickly spreads.

Agent Schmidt struggles to his feet.

He starts running towards the

ENTRANCE

The water heater EXPLODES through the laundry room door. It LODGES into an entryway wall, taking an officer out along the way. Schmidt's TRAPPED.

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE. DAY.

Jayne, Dave and Marc walk out from the destruction that is now Dave's house ...

Marc tosses the Breach bottle uncapped into the black car. It starts to fill with green smoke.

INT. GECKO'S CAR. DAY.

Jayne, Dave and Marc get in.

DAVE

Who the fuck are you talking to?

Marc plugs in his phone and turns on speaker mode.

SID (O.S.)

Amazing, Marc. Really. Just amazing. I am so proud of you.

MARC

Thanks ...

JAYNE

Let's go Cody Banks!

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE. DAY.

Agent Schmidt covers his mouth. The house is full of SMOKE.

He makes his way to the

KITCHEN

and climbs onto the counter. He kicks out a window.

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE. DAY.

Agent Schmidt falls out the window.

He gets up and angrily pulls himself free of kitchen blinds.

He opens the black car's driver side door and gets a face full of CHLORINE GAS.

AGENT SCHMIDT

AH!

Schmidt grabs one of the exiting police officers and pushes him to the ground.

Taking his place, Schmidt gets in a police car and DRIVES OFF.

The thrown officer gets up and hurries around to the passenger side of one of the two remaining police cars.

The cars follow in Schmidt's wake.

INT./ EXT. POLICE CAR/ MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY. DAY.

Marc's going pretty fast and the roads are pretty curvy.

SID (O.S.)

Marcy Marc Marcmarc. I hate to say it, but you are going too slow, my friend. Also, don't stop for that car.

MARC

What car?

Around a corner, a VW BUG appears suddenly. Marc has to SWERVE to miss it.

He comes dangerously close to the CLIFF's edge ...

SID (O.S.)

Also, they've caught up.

In the rear view, a police car easily passes the VW.

SID (CONT'D, O.S.)

Just, you know, go faster.

But Marc can't.

He's too timid behind the wheel and the road is too curvy; the cliff, too steep.

The police car behind LODGES onto their rear. It starts PUSHING them.

Marc looks up ... and sees Agent Schmidt in the rear view.
He's LOSING CONTROL.

A TRUCK appears around the corner. Marc SWERVES. His tires
SKID ... almost off the cliff.

SID (O.S.)
Don't stop.

DAVE
Why would we stop?

Another truck is coming straight at them.

DAVE
Oh, FUUUU—

Marc FLOORS it.

He manages to SQUEEZE between the two trucks in the nick of
time.

Schmidt's stuck behind.

SID (O.S.)
Coming up, I'm afraid I'm going to have
to ask you to do something a bit rash.

DAVE
What the shit about this is not rash!?

SID (O.S.)
Slow down to 63 miles per hour.

Behind, Agent Schmidt has passed the truck. The other two
police cars have caught up as well.

SID (O.S.)
This next turn, instead of turning go
straight ... off the cliff.

DAVE
What!?

Marc looks to Jayne and SLOWS DOWN.

The police cars catch up.

DAVE
Marc. N--

Marc closes his eyes ... and drives off the cliff.

DAVE (CONT'D)
--OOOOOOOAAA--

Agent Schmidt drives off too.

DAVE (CONT'D)
--AAAAAHHHH!

They land at exactly the same slope as the mountain and barely bounce. Agent Schmidt's car, on the other hand, hits and pops, having to then break and swerve so as not to flip.

The bumpy mountain terrain meets back up with the road.

They're now driving much too fast through the

SUBURBS

Marc runs a red light. Tires screech, horns honk. They ALMOST GET HIT.

Agent Schmidt easily navigates increasing traffic. He's suddenly besides them and FIRES A ROUND.

Their back window POPS, glass shattering all over Dave.

DAVE
AAAAHHHhh!

Their tire BURSTS and they spin, coming to a stop in the middle of an intersection.

SID (O.S.)
Don't move ...

Out one window, Agent Schmidt turns around and starts driving STRAIGHT TOWARDS them; out the other, the two police cars are driving STRAIGHT AT them as well.

SID (O.S.)
Wait ...

They're about to get hit ...

SID (O.S.)
Reverse.

Marc shifts into gear and slams the gas. Agent Schmidt and the two police cars have to SWERVE, barely missing each other. One car ROLLS.

Flat tire flopping, Marc reverses past increasingly thick traffic until ... they're stuck behind traffic at an intersection.

SID (O.S.)

Get out.

EXT. CHIPPYHOO STADIUM. DAY.

SID (O.S.)

Follow the crowd.

Dave, Marc (still in their pajamas and boxers respectively) and Jayne enter a crowd of excited Chippyhoo fans as they make their way toward the stadium.

CLOSE BEHIND

Agent Schmidt's and the other police car pull up to the now abandoned vehicle.

They get out and start SEARCHING.

PARKING LOT

In the midst of the crowd, a VAN pulls up. The side door slides open.

SID

(from the car and on Marc's phone)
Get in and drop the phone.

JAYNE

Percy Pendelton?

SID is Percy Pendelton from HNN.

CLOSE BEHIND

Schmidt sees Jayne and GRABS HER ... but it's just a hapless Chippyhoo fan.

FROM ABOVE

Schmidt turns, lost in the crowd as Sid's van drives away slowly, undetected in parking lot traffic.

INT. SID'S VAN. DAY.

SID
(driving)
Exciting stuff! 'Eh, guys?

DAVE
Who the fuck are you?

SID
I know what you're thinking ... Is Percy Pendleton, the renowned reporter and TV personality, really a crime fighting superhero? Well, despite my propensity for discouraging unsolicited flattery, I would be remiss not to petition your attention to the quality of one of my very many aliases. He is not. I am. And my name is Sid. Can I see it?

MARC
What?

SID
Freedomcoin.

JAYNE
(to Dave)
The USB ...

DAVE
Oh. Uh ...

Dave searches his pockets.

DAVE
(realizing)
Uh, I think I lost it.

EXT. POOL PATIO, SHARPE MANSION. DAY.

Mayor Sharpe's phone buzzes on a table next to some buttered, jammy toast, an espresso and pages of newspaper.

The mayor shoos MARIA, the maid standing nearby with a cloth handkerchief, away.

MAYOR SHARPE (INTO PHONE)
Yes.

As Mayor Sharpe listens, his face changes from placid impassivity to one that can only be described as reticent sanguineousness ...

MAYOR SHARPE (INTO PHONE)
 Bantam Claw approached me with a simple offer: I make Hamilton the testing grounds for Freedomcoin and he makes me rich. I agreed because he assured me everything would be taken care of. And now you're telling me that not only has Freedomcoin been stolen, but you've lost our only lead? Let me tell you something, agent. This crippled tiger doesn't sleep. And if you think that you can trample me with your herd of buffaloes, you are mistaken! I will not be trampled! You are the one who is going to get trampled ...
 (he hangs up)

EXT. DOWNTOWN, HAMILTON CITY. DAY.

Sid finds a spot to park the van. It takes him a good amount of back-and-forthing until he squeezes in.

He gets out and runs around to open the sliding side door.

SID
 Sometimes it gets a little stuck ...
 Hehe.

JAYNE, DAVE & MARC
 (getting out)
 Thanks. / Thank you. / Thanks.

They follow Sid across the street. He beeps the van locked.

SID
 (walking)
 It's actually the sovereign territory of Malta, believe it or not so that works out rather well for Sam and I. Legally speaking we're not even supposed to be in the country.

DAVE
 Wait, what?

JAYNE
 Who's Sam?

Sid opens a beautifully trellised gate.

SID

Right. Sorry. You're about to meet her.
 (indicating they enter)
 Please.

EXT. COURTYARD, SAM & SID'S HOUSE. EARLY EVENING.

The landscaping for Sam and Sid's place is just unreal. It's like walking into an enchanted fairy kingdom or Narnia. Skyscrapers run the perimeter and in the middle of the moist garden is a small cottage.

SAM

Welcome! I've been waiting. You must be Jayne.
 (she gives Jayne a hug)
 And Marc. Dave ...
 (she gives them some hugs too)
 Come in. Sit down.
 (remembering)
 Oh!

SAM hurries inside.

SID

(glowing suddenly)
 That's her.
 (leading)
 Here ...

Following Sid, they sit at a large wooden table. There's an impressive spread: eggplants with herbs and cream and pomegranate seeds, candied figs with arugula and citrus, wild mushroom risotto, bread steaming under a kitchen towel.

Sam comes back out and puts a large pot down on the table. It's some pretty solid looking lamb barley with thyme and pears. She starts to pour wine.

SAM

What a day! I can only imagine. I feel so bad about it, really. The lengths some people will go. I am grateful, of course.
 (To Sid)
 Did you take a look?

SID

Dave lost it.

SAM

Fucking Dave.

They all look at Dave.

DAVE

What?

SAM

Let's dig in shall we.

(She and Sid help serve)

Jayne, I understand you've been working at HNN with my Siddypoo, here, but I suppose you'd know him as Percy ...

JAYNE

I work nights. But I've seen him around. I'm in security.

SAM

It certainly looks like you can take care of yourself. Probably a lot more too.

(to Marc)

And when did you two meet?

MARC

(swallowing)

Oh ... uh, in high school.

SAM

Love is probably the bravest thing of all, don't you think?

MARC

Yeah ... I think so too.

JAYNE

How did the two of you meet?

SAM

Well--. Do you ...? You go ...

SID

Well--. Do you ...? You ...
Okay ...

SID

80 hour weeks. Horrible bosses. I was down in the dumps and searching for something. I saw a sweepstakes for a vacation in Malta, of all places, and I signed up. You'll learn something like that is totally uncharacteristic of me, but, believe it or not, I wo--

DAVE

I'm sorry. Uh, I don't mean to ...
I'm sure that's a wonderful story, but
can I just ... Uh, what the fuck is
this? Like, I'm still recovering from
being shot at by the police or like,
the government ... And now we're talking
about the intricacies of your romantic
relationship? Can we just back up the
buggy for a second here? Who are you?
Like, who are you?

Sam and Sid give each other a look.

SAM

It's been a long time since I've been
aware of the inherent inequality in our
current system of fractional reserve
banking ...

DAVE

Oh, now it all makes sense.

SAM

Incentivized by profit, commercial
banks re-loan the same dollar over and
over, effectively infinitely increasing
the national supply of money.

DAVE

Wow. That has nothing to do with what I
wanted to know.

SAM

The Fed promotes this behavior because
it stimulates the economy. Only, that
stimulus is artificial. Eventually
everything crashes. Only its not the
banks who pay the price. It's
taxpayers. Banks were never liable for
the money they lent in the first place.
In effect, the nations wealth is
systematically syphoned from the 99%
who own the bank accounts to the 1% who
sit on the boards of companies
receiving institutional investment. In
2005, Sid and I started creating a new
type of currency, one that was
democratic, self-regulating and had a
finite supply. Four years later we
released Bitcoin.

DAVE

... What ... the ... FUCK! You're Satoshi Nakamoto!?

CUT TO:

INT. SAM & SID'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

SID

... and finally, after all my foibles up to this point, there we were. Naked. I felt her gentle caress ... She grabbed my butt and pulled me against her ... She stuck her tongue in my mouth. And that's when I woke up ...

Everyone starts giggling. They're pretty high and drunk, lounging inside Sam and Sid's tasteful ode to Malta.

SID

Apparently, I had passed out in the dirt and the goat had been licking wine from around my mouth.

Sam leans in and starts kissing Sid.

SAM

(through smooches)
Sweetie boo boo, kissing a goat.

It's a little awkward until Jayne pulls Marc into a kiss too. And then it's really awkward for Dave, the fifth wheel.

DAVE

Great story. Wow. I didn't see that coming at all. You kissing a goat instead of Sam. Real twist ending ...

Amidst the awkward silence perforated by smooches, Wally and Mort 720° can be heard in the background.

WALLY (ON TV)

... and now Freedomcoin's not working? I mean, talk about dangling a carrot.

MORT (ON TV)

And, Wally, that is one hungry cat.

WALLY (ON TV)

*Yes it is. Hamilton riots have only
escala-- ...*

(listens to earpiece)

*This just in, Mayor Sharpe is giving
another emergency broadcast. He sure
gives a lot of those.*

MORT (ON TV)

A lot of emergencies.

Sam pulls herself from the heat of passion to turn up the TV. The Mayor's there behind his desk.

MAYOR SHARPE (ON TV)

*Let me start by saying, I'm sorry. I'm
sorry to those of you who tried but
couldn't convert your dollars into
Freedomcoin. I'm sorry to those of you
who did, but now can't use your
Freedomcoin. But hey, this isn't the
first time a government website has had
technical difficulties, amirite? But
I'm not coming to you tonight just to
apologize, I'm coming, tonight, to ask
for help ... from one of our citizens. I
know someone out there must have
insight into our little "website"
problem.*

ANGLE ON: Marc. It's as if the mayor's talking only to him.

MAYOR SHARPE (ON TV)

*There will be a reward, of course. How
much are we talking about? Enough to
make all your problems disappear ...*

SAM

Too bad you got robbed, dick face.

Sam turns the TV off.

OVER BLACK

A song like ABRA's "Roses" starts to play.

INT. SHARPE'S SUV/ SAM & SID'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

SERIES OF SHOTS

-- Sharpe lights a cigar. His DRIVER navigates the city while groups of rioters wander the streets outside. Sharpe sends a text.

-- Marc's phone lights up. Next to him, Jayne and Dave are asleep on makeshift beds. Marc grabs his phone, reads and gets up. Already dressed, he quietly makes his way to the front door. He steps out into the night.

-- Sharpe's driver pulls over. The mayor smokes and reads a newspaper.

INT. SHARPE'S SUV. NIGHT.

A KNOCK at the window.

Mayor Sharpe nods and his driver unlocks the car. Marc gets in ...

MAYOR SHARPE
(folding the paper)
Are you familiar with the Bandar-log?

MARC
What?

MAYOR SHARPE
A foolish sort ... A bunch of monkeys whose incessant chatter is meaningless. They simply imitate creatures with something meaningful to say. I find reporters to be much the same. A nuisance. The "facts" they report are all too often fake. I will say, they do understand their enemy. Cigar, Marc?

MARC
Uh. No, I don't smoke.

MAYOR SHARPE
It must have been hard. A single mother working a string of minimum wage jobs ... and now her only son doing much the same, barely, if even, able to support himself.

Mayor Sharpe puts his hand out and his driver places in it a gold USB.

MAYOR SHARPE

Marc, I know you'd have no way of knowing, but let me break the news: money changes everything.

Marc reaches for the USB.

MAYOR SHARPE

Ah ah ah. First you give me Freedomcoin.

Marc pulls out the macaque USB necklace ...

Sharpe grabs it and hands it to the driver who plugs it in a computer.

SHARPE'S DRIVER

(after a moment)

It's there.

MAYOR SHARPE

See, Marc, life can be so easy.

Sharpe gives Marc the gold USB.

MAYOR SHARPE

Now get the fuck out of my car.

INT. SAM & SID'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

The house is dark, quiet. The front door opens and Marc steps in, careful not to wake anyone up.

DAVE

(from the shadows)

Hello, Marc.

Dave turns on a light ...

Everyone's there.

DAVE

Out for a little night stroll, are we?

MARC

Yeah.

DAVE

Well, it's an odd time for a walk, Marc!

MARC
Fuck you, Dave!

JAYNE
Marc!

MARC
(to Dave, over)
You little privileged piece of shit. You're whole life, you never had to worry about shit. You can do whatever you want. I have to pay just to exist and I don't fit in. I'm sick of playing by the rules.

JAYNE
So?

MARC
... So I gave Freedomcoin back to the mayor.

SID
How much did he give you?

MARC
Half a mill.

JAYNE
You think that's what I want, Marc? Money? I would do anything for you, Marc. But all you can think about is everything you don't have. But everything you want is right in front of you.

SAM
Look, Marc, you're right. You're a resource to be exploited. In order to maintain infinite growth, companies minimize cost to stay competitive and the "value" they create is unnecessary to society. They excuse longer hours and less pay with the illusion that someday you'll get rich. Employees, in turn, buy products they don't need that expedite their lives so they can get back to work for a wage on which they can barely survive. It's a con, Marc. But it all depends on you believing that in order to be happy, you need to be rich. Do you, Marc?

INT. SHARPE MANSION. NIGHT.

DINING ROOM

A song like "Say Hello, Wave Goodbye" by Soft Cell starts to play.

The Sharpes have an impressive dinner spread, and table for that matter. It's so long that they're seated pretty far apart, Mrs. Sharpe on one end, the mayor on the other, their three kids, HENDERSON, BARRON and MARIONETTA, in the middle.

There's alot of dishes and all the tableware is pretty fancy but the food looks bland. Like, there's some steamed vegetables, mashed potatoes, bread rolls, some chicken, meatloaf, a salad, some gravy, dressing, sweet sauce.

The Sharpe boys are bickering. Marionetta is eating politely (she's adorable). She raises her hand.

MRS. SHARPE
Yes, Marionetta?

MARIONETTA
May I use the bathroom?

MRS. SHARPE
Go on dear.
(Marionetta leaves)
Henderson! Henderson, stop it!
(the boys are still fighting)
Henderson! What did I t--

But the mayor silences her with a gesture of his hand.

MAYOR SHARPE
Henderson Major Sharpe III!
(they stop)
You think you're a big boy ... huh? You think you're king of the flippin' pile of flapjacks?
(Henderson's not sure)
Let me see those tiger claws. Come on.
Let me see 'em.

Barron and Henderson reluctantly produce their palms.

MAYOR SHARPE (CONT'D)
Now slap.

They hesitate ... a little too long.

MAYOR SHARPE (CONT'D)
I said slap God Spangit!

Without really knowing why, they slap each other in the face.

MAYOR SHARPE (CONT'D)
Yeah ... Now you know who's on top of
that big ol' pile of mashed potatoes.

But they don't, really.

MAYOR SHARPE
(proud of himself)
Mrs. Sharpe, this chicken's the best
it's been in weeks.

MRS. SHARPE
(smiles, surprised at the compliment)
Thank you.
(then, yelling)
Maria. ... Maria!

Maria emerges.

MRS. SHARPE
Mr. Sharpe likes the chicken.

MARIA
(happy)
Thank you very much, Mrs. Sharpe.
(then, realizing)
Yes, Mrs. Sharpe.

Maria starts serving the mayor some chicken.

Marionetta comes back in holding a WRENCH.

MARIONETTA
Daddy?

MAYOR SHARPE
I don't see a hand ...

Marionetta raises her hand.

SHARPE'S DRIVER
(walking in)
Sir ...

MAYOR SHARPE
 (understanding, then standing)
 I should be getting ready for my
 interview. Everybody, go to bed.

The Mayor and his driver leave. Marionetta's still standing there with her hand raised ...

KITCHEN

SHARPE'S DRIVER
 (walking)
 It's the kid. Marc ...

The Mayor's eyes WIDEN with concern ...

FOYER

Mayor Sharpe opens the front door. Marc's there, standing outside coolly.

MARC
 'Sup.

Sharpe's driver grabs him ...

GARAGE

... and throws him onto the floor.

The mayor closes the door behind and puts on some music to muzzle what's next, something like "Student Night" by Sandy B.

MAYOR SHARPE
 (circling)
 What are you even thinking in that tiny
 brain of yours!?

Sharpe's driver emphasizes what the mayor is saying by fronting.

MAYOR SHARPE (CONT'D)
 You think you can bring fire to this
 tiger's jungle? Well I don't drive off
 easy. You just proved that you're human
 ... in the animal kingdom.

MARC
 What?

Sharpe's driver punches Marc.

MAYOR SHARPE
What do you want?

MARC
(recovering)
I've got your coin.

MAYOR SHARPE
I know. That's because I gave it you.

MARC
No, I got all your coin.
The mayor takes a moment to assess. Then, walks out.

HALLWAY

Sharpe walks to a US FLAG PAINTING and, looking over his shoulder, pushes it. The painting opens to reveal a hidden safe.

He inputs a code. The safe opens.

Inside, is a sleek COLD STORAGE WALLET. Sharpe enters another code and presses his THUMBPRINT onto the wallet's surface. It unlocks to display his Freedomcoin account balance: 26,726.8966 FDC, \$133,634,483.

A sigh of relief escapes the mayor's mouth agape.

He returns the box, locks it and walks back down the hall.

GARAGE

The song's still playing.

MAYOR SHARPE
(entering)
I don't know what kind of sick slimy
game you're playing at but this is
serious ding dang business!
(grabs Marc)
You muss my money, I muss your face.

Mayor Sharpe pushes the button on a garage door opener. The door starts to rise, slowly.

It's still rising So slow.

Someone's standing out there, but who?

They're wearing dress shoes, a suit ...

It's Agent Schmidt.

MAYOR SHARPE

(pushes the button again)

Now, I've got to scoot my boot, but
Agent Schmidt here is going to keep you
company.

Schmidt's driver walks with him outside. They have to duck/
step over the invisible garage door sensor so it doesn't
trip and make the door go back up.

MAYOR SHARPE

(ducking, before door closes)

Oh, and agent, don't have too much
f--.

The garage door closes.

Agent Schmidt looks at Marc.

Marc looks at Schmidt.

Schmidt hits Marc in the head with his gun butt.

SERIES OF SHOTS -- OPENING, WALLY AND MORT 720° (ON TV)

-- Wally thinking ...

-- poor people.

-- Mort thinking ...

-- an explosion!

-- Wally's doing an interview and then points the police
to a would-be criminal.

-- Mort helps birth a foal.

INT. NEWS DESK, HNN STUDIOS. NIGHT. (ON TV).

The anchors do seated 720s.

TITLE OVER: Wally and Mort 720°

WALLY

Tonight on 720, Special Edition. An exclusive interview with the man in the hot seat himself, Mayor Edward Ellsworth Sharpe. In the midst of all out rioting, Mayor Ed Sharpe says Freedomcoin is once again working, that he has a plan to bail out Bank of Hamilton and help the city climb out of bankruptcy as well. Can he do it?

MORT

No.

WALLY

It does seem unlikely. Much of the city is not working. Over 30 percent is without power and many city employees are staying home because they report not getting paid. Even we have agreed to deferred pay, these stories coming to you out of the goodness of our hearts.

MORT

I am hungry. ... And finally, the biggest story of the night: bats ... flying in neighborhoods they weren't flying in before ...

WALLY

This is 720 ...

MORT

The time ...

WALLY

... is now.

EXT. GATE, HNN STUDIOS. NIGHT.

PROTESTOR

Eat dairy!

Someone throws a carton of milk at Sharpe's SUV as it passes through a group of elderly PROTESTORS outside HNN Studios.

INT. SHARPE'S SUV. NIGHT.

Sharpe smokes another of his distinctive cigars, seemingly unperturbed as milk splatters against a window.

The SUV stops and PETE, young and eager, opens the door.

PETE

Mr. Mayor! I am so sorry. We will get someone to clean that right up and thank you for being here. We're all super excited ...

Mayor Sharpe stubs his cigar and gets out.

EXT. HNN STUDIOS. SAME.

PETE (CONT'D)

... to have you. I'm Pete, the master control operator. We're a man down this evening or I should say woman.

Mayor Sharpe and his driver walk towards the studio entrance.

PETE

(following)

Pam, you might've seen her on TV, is actually filling in for our producer, Gail, tonight. Big night for Pam.

(opens the Studios' front door)

Right this way.

INT. SID'S VAN. NIGHT.

Jayne and Dave are dressed in security uniforms. Dave's is way too small.

Jayne drives them through the throng of protestors and up to the security gate.

EXT. GATE, HNN STUDIOS. NIGHT.

GATE ATTENDANT

Jayne? I thought it was Ron tonight?

JAYNE

Hey, Dragslen, apparently Ron's hunched over the pot squirtin' brown marinara and spittin' up chunks of rotten scampi.

DRAGSLEN

Jesus.

(indicating Dave)

Who's that?

JAYNE
They didn't tell you? This is Spakes,
the new guy.

DRAGSLEN gives Dave a tentative nod.

DAVE
(leaning)
I'm Spakes.

DRAGSLEN (INTO TALKIE)
Hey, Pete. Just FYI, there's a security
trainee, Spakes ...
(looks to Dave)

DAVE
... McNakes.

GATE ATTENDANT (INTO TALKIE)
Spakes McNakes.

PETE (O.S.)
Copy that.

Dragslen opens the gate and let's them through.

INT. NEWS ROOM, HNN STUDIOS. NIGHT.

PAM
Good of you to come, mayor.
(extends her hand)

MAYOR SHARPE
Good of you to have me.
(holds it for too long)
I've seen you on TV. Can't say I like
your reporting, but you sure look good
doing it.

PAM
Let me show you to the green room.
There's still 20 minutes until your
segment.

Pam leads the way. Mayor Sharpe watches her ass until Pete,
oblivious, indicates that the mayor follow.

EXT. HNN STUDIOS. NIGHT.

Jayne finds a spot at the far end of the parking lot. She
gets out and walks over to a large BACKUP GENERATOR. She
opens the control panel and switches it OFF.

INT. SID'S VAN. NIGHT.

Jayne gets back in. She shares a moment of composure with Dave, sitting in the passenger's seat.

JAYNE
Wait for my signal.

Dave nods.

INT./ EXT. HNN STUDIOS. NIGHT.

Jayne shuts the van door behind her.

A song like "I Never Dream" by Against All Logic plays.

She never looked like such a badass. Eyes ahead and an expression of determination, Jayne walks:

-- across the PARKING LOT,
-- inside, past RECEPTION,
-- upstairs to the NEWS ROOM,
-- past the CONTROL ROOM.

INT. GREEN ROOM/ HALLWAY, HNN STUDIOS. NIGHT.

PAM
Help yourself to refreshments. We'll
come get you in a few minutes.

Pam turns to leave, but Mayor Sharpe's driver is in the way. Pete's just outside.

MAYOR SHARPE
There's a few do's and dont's regarding
my interview. Just some basic policy
stuff. You understand.
(then, to Pete)
Pete, right? Cover Pam here for me.
I've got a bone or two to pick. You can
handle that, right, master control
operator ...?

Blocking Pete, Sharpe's driver closes the green room door on mayor Sharpe and a confused Pam.

Pete's suddenly at a loss.

INT. STUDIO FLOOR, HNN STUDIOS. NIGHT.

Jayne walks in as the news crew preps during a commercial break.

PETE

Jayne!

Jayne turns to see Pete, flustered.

PETE

I thought it was Ron tonight ...?
Whatever. I need your help.

INT. HALLWAY, HNN STUDIOS. NIGHT.

Jayne follows Pete to the green room.

Sharpe's driver is still standing outside the closed door.

Jayne moves to brush him out of way. He stands his ground.

JAYNE

Move!

The driver hesitates but moves.

Jayne opens the door. Inside, the mayor's holding a resistant Pam's wrist.

PAM

I said let go or I'm calling the
police!

She breaks free and storms out of the room.

MAYOR SHARPE

(with a wry smile)
Time already?

INT. NEWS DESK, HNN STUDIOS. NIGHT.

Behind the news desk, Wally takes a bite of a pizza pocket.

WALLY

Ah!

(drops pocket)
Can someone get me a god damn pizza
pocket that's not 200 freaking degrees
please! A minute thirty. Why is that so
hard?

STUDIO FLOOR

Pam, composing herself, signals the floor manager.

FLOOR MANAGER
Live in 5, 4, ...
(hand counts the rest)

ON TV

WALLY
Welcome ...

MORT
... back.

MORT
Now the moment you've all been waiting
for, our exclusive interview with mayor
Ed Sharpe. Good evening, mayor.

MAYOR SHARPE
Evening, gentleman.

MORT
Evening.

MAYOR SHARPE
Evening.

WALLY
Now, mayor. You've come to us tonight
because you think that you ...

MAYOR SHARPE
(over)
Know not think.

WALLY
(over)
... think that you have a solution to
Hamilton's bankruptcy.

MAYOR SHARPE (ON TV)
That's right, Wally. In collabo--

MORT
We think you have answers!

WALLY

Did you or did you not negotiate a 10 year, \$400 million contract with DRMP Inc. for municipal infrastructure repairs?

MAYOR SHARPE

(caught off guard)

... Yes, a project that will earn the city back tens of millions in savings in just a fe--

WALLY

And do you not hold an 8% stake in DRMP?

MORT

Whooo! Bing bong!

MAYOR SHARPE

Why wouldn't I choose to invest in a company I'm sure will do the best job?

MORT

Because now the city's bankrupt.

MAYOR SHARPE

... Boys, let me break it down for you.

STUDIO FLOOR

Jayne watches from a distance.

MAYOR SHARPE (CONT'D)

The average debt of all US cities is somewhere around \$50 billion and Hamilton's somewhere in the middle of that list. In the next couple years, baby boomers are going to retire. Cities won't be able to refinance their pension debt and they'll have no choice but to declare bankruptcy.

Jayne pulls out her phone ...

MAYOR SHARPE (CONT'D)

So why were we the first? Because we were the first to take responsibility for our financial future.

JAYNE (TEXT)

Go.

ON TV

MAYOR SHARPE (CONT'D)

Now, in collaboration with the U.S. government, the city of Hamilton is offering every resident the equivalent of \$500 in Freedomcoin for free. Get yours now at www.freedomcoin.com. That's www.freedomcoin.com.

WALLY

You can't buy popularity, mayor. Free money's not going to fix Hamilton's bankruptcy.

MAYOR SHARPE

I can tell you're new at this, Wally. Two words: Classic. Stimulus. I've managed to organize an unprecedented aid package of over \$150 million. We've prepared a little diagram to show just how much we're giving away.

(nods the go ahead)

Looks like Mort over here's jumping on board.

Mort's been doing something on his phone.

MORT

(putting phone away)

No. I was messaging instantly.

MAYOR SHARPE

(sarcastic)

Okay. Just texting on TV again.

There's a screech as an eagle-taking-flight-from-a-mountain-and-flying-higher-and-higher-past-increasingly-large-money-clouds ANIMATED DIAGRAM appears.

STUDIO FLOOR

MAYOR SHARPE

I like to call this little guy Flight D. Eisenhower. Now Flighty, the eagle, here ...

Sharpe's driver is waving frantically and pointing at his phone.

ON TV

MAYOR SHARPE

Uh ... As flighty ... Uh ...
 (checks his phone discreetly)
 As people claim ... their, uh, rewards,
 Flighty ... flies ...

MORT

Who's texting on TV now!

ON SHARPE'S PHONE there's a text from an unknown number:
 "thanks for your donation", and an accompanying photo:
 Sharpe's cold storage wallet and balance, 19,557.9989 FDC,
 \$97,789,994.5.

WALLY

Can't that wait, Mayor? I think you
 were saying something ...

Mayor Sharpe looks at a monitor and sees Flighty soaring
 past the \$30 million money-cloud mark.

CLOSE ON: Mayor Sharpe upon realization!

CUT TO:

INT./ EXT. SHARPE MANSION. NIGHT. (FLASHBACK).

SERIES OF SHOTS

-- Dave falls over Sharpe's tall property fence. He gets up
 and joins Jayne in a duck/ run across the yard.

-- Jayne swings a grappling hook. It latches onto a sill.
 Jayne gives the rope a tug and starts climbing easily.

-- Dave struggles up. Finally, he makes it inside after
 her. He shuts the window. It squeaks really loud.

-- Cautiously, quiet, they descend down the stairs. At the
 bottom, they post up. Jayne takes out a bendy camera. She
 bends it around the corner, capturing footage of the US
 FLAG PAINTING. Marionetta is there suddenly! Right in front
 of them! Jayne isn't sure what to do so she gives her a
 WRENCH.

-- Mayor Sharpe looks over his shoulder and pushes the
 painting open. Around the corner, Dave blows a bubble gum
 bubble as they capture Sharpe inputting his passcode on
 camera. Jayne's like WTF about the bubble gum.

-- The grappling hook breaks the sill. Dave falls to the ground. He gets up and joins Jayne in a duck/ run back across the yard.

INT. SID'S VAN. NIGHT. (FLASHBACK).

Dave shines an ultraviolet light on Sharpe's cold storage wallet. A FINGERPRINT appears.

Jayne sprinkles on some white powder and then brushes most of it off.

She lifts the print with scotch tape and sticks it to Dave's finger, which has already been wrapped in black tape. Sharpe's print shows up easily.

INT. SID'S VAN. LATER. (FLASHBACK).

Dave's listening to a podcast about dinosaurs and eating a sandwich.

Then, he gets a text ... and drops the sandwich in his lap.

He considers salvaging the sammy, but then decides against it. Using his still-taped finger, he unlocks Sharpe's wallet and snaps a pic of the balance.

DAVE (TEXT)
thanks for your donation

BACK TO:

INT. NEWS DESK, HNN STUDIOS. NIGHT.

ON TV

WALLY
Mayor. Mayor? I think you were talking
about your pet eagle?

Sharpe gets up ...

STUDIO FLOOR

... and storms off stage.

WALLY
We're still live!

MORT
Bok bok, Mayor. Bok bok!

MAYOR SHARPE
 (leaving, to driver)
 Get Schmidt on the phone and find out
 what in the fling flang is going on!

ON TV

WALLY
 Well, that's never happened before.

MORT
 No, it hasn't.

WALLY
 This just in, Mayor Ed Sharpe left.

MORT
 Hope you like omelettes 'cuz the mayor
 just cracked under pressure.

WALLY
 If he were shoe laces, they'd be tied
 single knot. He just came undone.

MORT
 More like asbestos than copper. He
 couldn't take the heat ...

WALLY
 (off flat joke)
 ... Let's move on to our final story this
 evening ...

MORT
 (suddenly serious)
 ... bats.

INT. GARAGE, SHARPE MANSION. NIGHT.

Agent Schmidt's watching a live feed of Wally and Mort 720°
 on his phone.

MORT (ON SCREEN)
*In an unprecedented investigative
 report, I've spent years sleeping
 outside, watching, waiting, listening
 to the ba--*

Schmidt gets a call from "Mayor Stupid", but turns it off.

AGENT SCHMIDT

I'd like to share an elevation that
I've had during my time here in
Hamilton. I've realized that you're not
actually fee.

Marc's tied to a chair, his body leaking and twitching.

AGENT SCHMIDT

You belief that you are fee. You musk.
But true fee doom would ripple you. You
need the illusion of fee doom. The fee
doom to work your meaningless slob. The
fee doom to hairy. The fee doom to pro
crate. And ultimately, the fee doom to
die.

He sits besides Marc.

AGENT SCHMIDT

I'm going to be bone-ish with you,
Marc. I hate you pebbles. It's the
schmear, if there is such a thing. I
can taste your pink and every time I do
I fear that I've somehow been inflected
by it.

Agent Schmidt gives Marc a waddle, and makes him smell his
own waddle sweat.

AGENT SCHMIDT

You're snoring to the cyst that
controls you. The capitalist cyst. You
need us to give you porpoise.

He lifts Marc's head and starts to squeeze.

AGENT SCHMIDT

I need to get out of pear, back to
Walrus. And in your mind is the ghee.
My gh--!

The garage door starts to open and Schmidt lets go of Marc.

They watch the door go up. It's so slow. Still opening ...

There's some feet. Then some knees. Some waists.

It's Mayor Sharpe and his driver.

MAYOR SHARPE

(ducking in)

What in the hing hang is going on here?

AGENT SCHMIDT
 (standing)
 Back so soon, mayonnaise?

MAYOR SHARPE
 Outta my face, french fry.
 (brushing past Schmidt, then to Marc)
 Where's my money!

Mayor Sharpe gives Marc a hard man-slap ...

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO FLOOR, HNN STUDIOS. NIGHT.

MORT
 Little Cedars, Turtle Bell, HoHo South.
 These are neighborhoods that bats never
 lived in, but recently bats are living
 in these neighborhoods. I've compiled
 three decades of data to find out, why
 have these bats moved in to these new
 neighborhoods? Why didn't they stay in
 their old neighborhoods? Why? Why? Why?

Jayne sends a text.

MORT (CONT'D)
 These ... are my findings ...

CUT TO:

EXT. HAMILTON CITY. NIGHT -- Power for HNN Studios's city
 district goes out.

BACK TO:

INT. STUDIO FLOOR, HNN STUDIOS. NIGHT.

The studio's black.

MORT (O.S.)
 Oh, come on!

INT. GARAGE, SHARPE MANSION. NIGHT.

Marc's face looks like it's about to pop. Blood's
 everywhere ...

Mayor Sharpe taunts Marc as his driver pummels him, fist after fist.

MAYOR SHARPE (AD LIB)
 Ouchie bouchies. / Ooh, that one didn't
 feel good. Like walking with a blister
 and no socks on. / Yoäf!

Sharpe stops the pummeling ...

MAYOR SHARPE
 (leaning in)
 What was that?

MARC
 (almost inaudible)
 Stop.

MAYOR SHARPE
 I can't do that, Marc, not until you
 tell me what you did with my digital
 currency.

MARC
 ... Okay.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, HNN STUDIOS. NIGHT.

PAM
 HDWP says it could be 15 minutes or 4
 hours. Once power's back up just go to
 reruns.

Besides phones and a couple odd lights, the whole of HNN Studios is dark.

PETE
 You got it.

Pam turns to leave.

PETE
 Hey, Pam.

PAM
 Yeah?

PETE
 You okay?

PAM
 You could never understand, Pete.

On her way out, Pam passes Jayne, coming in.

JAYNE
Pete, can I talk to you for a second?

PETE
Whats up?

JAYNE
I need to call in a favor.

INT. SID'S VAN. NIGHT.

Dave watches Pam exit the studios and get in her car. The lot's now practically empty.

Pam drives off.

After a minute, Dave gets out.

EXT. HNN STUDIOS. NIGHT.

He walks to the studios' BACKUP GENERATOR and, after making sure he's alone, turns it back ON.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, HNN STUDIOS. NIGHT.

POWER goes back UP.

PETE
(noticing lights)
Jayne, what you're asking, not only will we lose our jobs, we're talking about jail time.

JAYNE
Pete, sometimes, you just gotta say fuck it.

PETE
... fuck it?

JAYNE
Fuck it.

PETE
All right ... I'm in. But which one of us is gonna go on air?

DAVE
(entering)
That ... would be me.

PETE
Spakes McNakes?

EXT. GECKO'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

A song like Orchestral Maneuvers in the Dark's "Souvenir" starts to play.

The homeless man's probably hazardous fire is still smoldering. He watches as Sharpe's SUV pulls up.

Sharpe gets out and flicks his cigar. Schmidt gets out too. So does Sharpe's driver who opens the back door and throws the bloodied, beaten Marc out onto the sidewalk.

As Marc struggles to get up, Sharpe's driver harasses the homeless man until he leaves.

The mayor tells Schmidt to give him his GUN. Reluctantly, Schmidt hands it over.

Doubling back, Sharpe's driver grabs Marc by the arm and, following Sharpe, drags him towards Gecko's apartment.

Schmidt follows behind casually. Sharpe and his driver have pushed Marc inside, the building's door still being ajar.

Schmidt walks up to the entrance and is about to go in, but looks up. Gecko's SECURITY CAMERA is flashing green ... He stares at it, then takes out his phone.

CLOSE ON: Schmidt. His phone FALLING from his fingers, SPINNING and CRACKING on the pavement below. Schmidt runs, leaving his phone screen-down on the ground.

Eventually, someone picks it up, but it isn't Schmidt. It's the homeless man.

Through the phone's cracked screen, he watches Wally and Mort 720°, but instead of the news anchors ... it's Dave.

INT. NEWS DESK, HNN STUDIOS. NIGHT. (ON TV).

DAVE

Testing, testing. Hehe. Give me your waffles! No, just joking ... I come to you tonight with a very serious announcement about our mayor, ...

INT. BEDROOM, DICK'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Dick and Ronald lie in bed and watch TV.

DAVE (CONT'D, ONSCREEN)

... Edward E. Sharpe. It may not alarm you that he sits on the board of several corporations, all of which have business dealings with Hamilton City.

INT. SECURITY ROOM, CITY HALL. NIGHT.

Margret and Barry are practicing Jedi moves on each other with their batons.

DAVE (ONSCREEN)

You may not be surprised by the fact that he and a handful of power players have gotten rich off of our tax dollars and hard work while the city has been left to rot.

INT. HALMART. NIGHT.

The store is crawling with rioters, some of whom have stopped their looting to watch the remaining display TVs.

DAVE (ONSCREEN)

But let me tell you this: Mayor Sharpe has -- or had, because we stole it and gave it back to the people! -- had over a hundred million dollars in Freedomcoin. He doesn't care about you. He doesn't care about this city. All he cares about is money.

INT. SHARPE'S SUV. NIGHT.

Agent Schmidt races through city streets.

INT. HALMART. NIGHT.

Now everyone's watching. It's practically silent save Dave on the TVs.

DAVE (ONSCREEN)

At this very moment our mayor is holding my friend, Marc Egelsby, hostage at 85 Neon St, in East Harlow ...

INT. GATE, HNN STUDIOS. NIGHT.

Dragslen's watching a movie. "Heaven Knows" by Squeeze is playing from the small TV.

DRAGSLEN

(emotional)

Fucking, Crash ... and ... B...

Headlights flood the small booth ...

EXT. GATE, HNN STUDIOS. CONTINUOUS.

Sharpe's SUV SMASHES through the security gate.

EXT. HNN STUDIOS. MOMENTS LATER.

Dragslen has his GUN drawn.

A short distance away, Agent Schmidt's trying to kick in the studios' now chained shut glass entrance doors.

DRAGSLEN

(proceeding cautiously)

Hands up!

Schmidt stops, raises his arms and turns.

DRAGSLEN

On the ground!

Schmidt starts walking towards Dragslen.

DRAGSLEN

I said, on the ground!

But Schmidt keeps walking ...

DRAGSLEN

I will fire!

He's almost there ...

DRAGSLEN

I will ...

In one movement, Schmidt grabs the gun ...

DRAGSLEN (CONT'D)

f--

... and knocks Dragslen unconscious.

INT. GECKO'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Mayor Sharpe cocks the gun.

MARC

(wearily)

... almost done.

MAYOR SHARPE

I hope so, for your sake.

Marc keeps typing on Gecko's computer ...

INT. STUDIO FLOOR, HNN STUDIOS. NIGHT.

DAVE

... but what he doesn't know is we've
rigged a live feed of the apartment's
security footage.

Jayne's filming on the main studio camera.

DAVE

Ladies and gentlemen ...

In the camera's monitor, Jayne sees Agent Schmidt's
reflection.

DAVE (CONT'D)

... your mayor.

Jayne moves just in time. Agent Schmidt FIRES behind her.
The camera monitor EXPLODES, sending shards of glass and
plastic into her face.

HALLWAY

Agent Schmidt notices Pete, scared shitless behind the
control room's glass pane. Schmidt aims, finger on the
trigger.

But Jayne RUSHES in!

Schmidt turns and FIRES, but Jayne's KNOCKED the gun UP.

She RAMS him down the hallway and against a floor-to-ceiling GLASS WINDOW.

Schmidt brings his elbow DOWN HARD until Jayne lets go. He drives his knee UP and pushes her off.

Winded, Jayne struggles to stand ...

Agent Schmidt takes aim.

DAVE
(from down the hall)
Aaaaaaaaah!

Agent Schmidt SHOOTS Dave, who stops yelling and starts screaming.

Jayne KICKS Schmidt in the balls and CLOCKS him in the face. She KNOCKS the gun out of his hand.

He TACKLES her.

Jayne SCRAMBLES for the gun, but Schmidt CLAMBERS on top of her.

The gun's only a foot away. Schmidt GRABS Jayne's head and BITES her ear. Jayne twists, ELBOWING him off.

She grabs the gun and stands.

JAYNE
(aiming)
Put your fucking hands up!

Schmidt gets up and raises his arms. He spits part of her ear onto the ground....

He starts walking towards her ... Jayne UNLOADS.

Bullets TEAR through Schmidt and the GLASS WINDOW behind.

He looks up from his wounds at Jayne who's there to HEEL him out the second story window!!

Jayne looks down.

Schmidt lies motionless and disfigured on the cold, hard pavement below.

INT. STUDIO FLOOR, HNN STUDIOS. NIGHT.

Jayne cradles Dave.

DAVE
(bloody, on the floor)
They got me, those bastards.

PETE
(running in)
Do you need help?

JAYNE
Call an ambulance.

DAVE
Gexter McFlexor,
(singing)
*I'll see you at the crossroads,
crossroads ...*

Jayne rips Dave's shirt open. His nipple's been shot clean off.

INT. HALMART. NIGHT.

MARC (ON TV)
There.

The display TVs show Gecko's apartment's security footage.
All the rioters are gone.

SHARPE'S DRIVER (ON TV)
(checking his phone)
It's back.

INT. GECKO'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Marc looks like he might pass out at any moment.

MAYOR SHARPE
Well, thank you, Marc, for making my
life infinitely and pointlessly more
difficult. You wanted to see the
elephants dance, didn't you? Do you
think just anybody can watch them,
Marc? Who do you think you are? Little
Toomai? You think you're Little Toomai
who gets to see the elephants dance?
(MORE)

MAYOR SHARPE (CONT'D)

Well, they don't want you to watch them, Marc. I will be the one who will be doing all the elephant dance watching! Me!

In an instant, Marc dives for the window. Sharpe FIRES, but Marc's gone.

Mayor Sharpe and his driver scramble to the window. The METAL GRATE's been locked.

They run out of the apartment.

EXT. GECKO'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Sharpe and his Driver emerge from the building.

A silent MOB surrounds them

MAYOR SHARPE

Out of the way!

The mob starts to close in.

MAYOR SHARPE

Out of the way! Back!
(drawing the gun)
I said BACK!

But someone grabs Sharpe from behind.

Someone else wrestles the gun from his hand. Sharpe FIRES into the night sky in an attempt to scare back the mob/ But someone throws a fist, someone else, a foot. Sharpe's driver tries to protect the mayor, but soon they're both enveloped by a sea of swinging limbs.

They are ... consumed.

EXT. HNN STUDIOS. NIGHT.

A team of paramedics roll Dave out on a gurney.

DAVE

Ahhhh! Oh God. Ooooooh!

Jayne's wrapped in a blanket, a bandage on her ear.

PARAMEDIC

I'm really not sure why he's crying so much. We're taking him to Hamilton Memorial if you want to pick him up.

INVESTIGATOR 1

(from behind)

Jayne? Can you point out exactly where your attacker fell?

JAYNE

He's right ...

Jayne leads the investigator

JAYNE (CONT'D)

... over here ...

BEHIND THE STUDIOS

But Schmidt's gone.

The investigator gets a call on his walkie talkie.

INVESTIGATOR 2 (O.S.)

Phlibbin, you're gonna wanna check this out.

INVESTIGATOR 1 (INTO TALKIE)

Tell me its a lead on the Cherry Bomb Cat Killer.

(runs off)

MARC (O.S.)

Jayne? Jayne, are you there?

Jayne takes out her walkie talkie.

JAYNE (INTO TALKIE)

Marc? Where are you?

MARC (O.S.)

Outside. I took an Huber. Jayne, I want to say I'm sorry.

JAYNE (INTO TALKIE)

Hold on. I'm coming to get you.

EXT. MOUNTAINS, HAMILTON CITY. NIGHT.

Sid's van lights up a mountain highway as it ascends.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HOME. NIGHT.

Jayne pulls into the driveway.

They get out. Marc's still badly beaten, but he's made an attempt to clean himself up.

MARC
What is this place?

JAYNE
I rented us an Hairbnb.

Jayne opens a side gate and they walk around to the back.

MARC
I'm sorry I'm such a bum, but I just can't do it anymore. I accept whatever fate is prescribed to me, but I just can't work endlessly to fill the pockets of someone I don't care about and who doesn't care about me.

A pool looks out over the city below. Jayne pushes Marc in.

JAYNE
I don't care about you working or not working. I can take care of us both. I just want you to have a life, Marc. What do you want to do?

MARC
I want you.

JAYNE
I'm not an occupation, Marc.

Jayne takes off her uniform and jumps in the pool.

MARC
Can we still do it?

Jayne swims over.

JAYNE
You're an idiot.

Marc smiles and they kiss. A song like George Clanton's "Did I Flounder" starts to play.

JAYNE
I don't think I can be with an idiot.

Marc looks to her for clarity.

JAYNE (CONT'D)

It just sucks I love you so much.

As they make out, lights of districts still with power twinkle in the distance below. Jayne and Marc, catalysts, shine brighter until, eventually, the rest catch up.

BEGIN CLOSING CREDITS

INT. STUDIO FLOOR, HNN STUDIOS. NIGHT. (SUPERIMPOSE).

The song continues.

WALLY

Sadly, Percy Pendleton is dead. We got the news this morning. So that means no more Percy Pendleton Specials. Sorry. But it says his death was, quote, (reading) "Not that bad." So, I guess that's good. Also good is we have a new Digital Currency Special Correspondent, Dave Denderson. Dave, welcome to the big boys' table.

DAVE

Thank you, Wally, Mort. So sorry about Percy. He seemed like a great guy ... reporter. I DON'T KNOW HIM.

WALLY

He was, Dave. Big shoes to fill. Glad you were up to the task. No one else seemed to want to ... step in.

DAVE

... Except for Pam.

Wally and Mort look at each other, then start laughing.

WALLY

(laughing)

I'm sure our viewers would appreciate that, Dave, instead of having to look at us two old geezers all the time. Amirite? She is a looker.

MORT

Mmhmm.

WALLY

Speaking of, Dave, during the attack here at our studios you were shot in the ...

DAVE

... nipple, yes.

MORT

Whoa!

Wally gives Mort a dollar.

WALLY

Ouch. Well, we'll hear more from Dave and his remaining nipple soon. For now, goodnight. This ...

MORT

... is 720.

Wally and Mort do 720s in their swivel chairs.

WALLY & MORT

The time is now.

EXT. OLD GAS STATION. DAY. POST END CREDITS.

A black car pulls up. Agent Schmidt steps out.

He walks over to an old payphone and puts in some quarters.

He dials. It rings. A cloud of bats fly by. Schmidt has to shoo them away.

BANTAM CLAW (O.S.)

Hello?

AGENT SCHMIDT

Bantam Claw, Agent Schmidt snorting.

BANTAM CLAW (O.S.)

The mayor?

AGENT SCHMIDT

Dead.

BANTAM CLAW (O.S.)

Freedomcoin?

AGENT SCHMIDT

Unspikely.

BANTAM CLAW (O.S.)
Good, good ... I'll give you a new
charge back in Washington.

INT. UNKNOWN OFFICE. DAY. POST END CREDITS.

CLOSE ON the back of a leather chair.

BANTAM CLAW (O.S.)
Everything's going according to plan.
Pretty soon we'll be in Minneapolis,
Kansas City, Dartsborough, Myrtle
Beach, Princeton, Berkeley, Boise,
Little Beambrun and Woolerstang. The
seed has been sewn.

PULL BACK to reveal the OVAL OFFICE ...

His face, still turned away, remains an enigma but Bantam
Claw must be no other than ... the president of the United
States of America!

BANTAM CLAW (O.S.)
And Schmidt ... Never mind, I forgot.

INT. BREAK ROOM, HNN STUDIOS. NIGHT. POST POST END CREDITS.

A PA steps in and gets a pizza pocket from the cupboard.
They unwrap it and put it in the microwave.

They look over their shoulder and set the timer for 10:00.

THE END