

LOST ~~BOYS~~ Men

Written by

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FADE IN:

An over-the-top scene from a 1990s action movie scene...

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Cops are crouched behind a line of police cruisers, their guns directed at the terminal. COP 1 zips in alongside COP 2.

COP 2
Perimeter's secured. What're we looking at?

COP 1
Some asshole. He was lookin' to walk onto a plane with a 20 gauge. He's got hostages.

COP 2
Falcon here?

COP 1
He's inside. Alone. Jackass is gonna get himself killed.

COP 2
No. Not Falcon.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

Waiting area. Muffled cries of a few scared travelers taking cover on the floor and behind seats.

Ominous 90s synth music swells, ratcheting up the tension.

BRONCO KELLY (30s) - our hero - (as **Falcon**), confident, unflinching, wearing a black leather jacket. His pistol at the ready, he zips through with military precision.

CU on the falcon charm hanging on his necklace. It glints.

A crazed GUNMAN with a shotgun is holding eight travelers hostage near a luggage carousel. A woman WEEPS.

GUNMAN
SHUT-UP! SHUT! UP!

Bronco grabs the P.A. mic. at a ticket counter and makes an announcement.

BRONCO
Attention passenger dirtbag.

GUNMAN

Falcon!

BRONCO

*Your flight has been cancelled
...And you're next.*

GUNMAN

Back off! I'll blow 'em to bits. I
swear to God.

Bronco dramatically drops and rolls behind a row of seats, landing beside a terrified mother. She points to her gurgling baby in a stroller. He signals silence.

ANGLE ON: the gunman and hostages.

Bronco shoves the stroller forward as a distraction. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! The gunman unloads, shredding it.

Bronco hands the happy baby off to its mom. He advances.

GUNMAN (CONT'D)

You understand me Falcon?!

Bronco zips up closer and hides behind a wide column. He peers out.

GUNMAN (CONT'D)

The new world order is happening. I
am the future!

Bronco pivots out and swiftly charges in, his pistol aimed at his head. The gunman swings his shotgun towards the hostages.

GUNMAN (CONT'D)

C'mon man! I'll shoot! You're
looking at a savior.

POP WIDE: from the TV screen playing this movie;

INT. MITCH MORGAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

MITCH MORGAN (22), boyish, nerdy yet handsome, and wide-eyed as he watches the movie play out.

MITCH

Aw, man. Don't! Bad move!

INTERCUT: The movie on TV./Mitch in his room.

CU on a knife concealed in Bronco's hand.

GUNMAN
I'll blow this whole place up. I'm
a hero of the New World.

BRONCO
You're a bug...

MITCH
And I'm the insecticide!

BRONCO (CONT'D)
And I'm the insecticide!

The gunman pivots, aiming the shotgun at Bronco.

GUNMAN
DIE!

Bronco flings the knife. It jams into the gunman's crotch, sending him reeling back as his shotgun, KABAM!, fires into the ceiling.

BRONCO
DROP IT!

MITCH
DROP IT!

He levels his shotgun at Bronco. BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! A hail of bullets slams him across the room, Bronco's swift retaliation.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Shoulda dropped it. Ha. You do not
mess with Bronco Kelly.

He shuts off the TV and pops the VHS movie out of the player. Shelves of VHS movies fill his room.

Mitch's mom, LANI, (48), in her nightgown, swings the door open. A cig hangs from her mouth.

LANI
Mitch! Breakfast!

MITCH
No thanks.

LANI
You need to eat. Let's go,
meatloaf's getting cold. Then I
want you out looking for a job!

MITCH
What? I have a job.

LANI
A shit job at a shit supermarket.

MITCH

You like Dilly's. They take your liquor coupons.

LANI

Mitch, you're forty-seven, fer fuck's sake. Time for a real job.

MITCH

I'm twenty-two.

LANI

Just make you mother happy, put on your funeral pants, clean your pits, comb your hair and get yer ass over to Lowell-Tech, they're hiring mid-level management.

MITCH

I didn't graduate high school, how am I--?

(then, calming down)

Ma, listen, I'm getting my life together. I am. I promise.

LANI

Blah-blah. Same shit.

Mitch, annoyed, grabs his jacket and slides it on as he heads out.

LANI (CONT'D)

Where're you goin'?

MITCH

Out.

LANI

Do not go to that video store. I don't want any more of those god-damn movies in this house. They're turning your brain into hog shit.

(then)

And do not come back unless you have a job in middle-management.

MITCH

Maybe I won't come back then.

He exits.

LANI

Fine. Leave me here to die.

(yelling off)

(MORE)

LANI (CONT'D)
And pick up some Dr. Pepper and a
pack-a Newports.
(mutters)
Freak.

She takes a deep drag of her cig.

EXT. MITCH MORGAN'S DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The driver's side door of Mitch's beat up Toyota Echo is crumpled shut. He enters through the passenger side.

INT. MITCH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mitch grunts as he clumsily contorts and flips his body to get from the passenger side to the driver's seat.

MITCH
Ow-ow. Sonnofa--

MOMENTS LATER: Mitch at the wheel starts the car. He pushes in a cassette tape. Kenny Loggins' song, *Danger Zone* fills the car.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Aww yeah!
(singing along)
*High-way to the danger zone!/Baa-
da, Baa-daa.*

WIDE: As he drives off.

MITCH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*Riide in-to the danger zone./Baa-
baa-bop. Bee-boop-baa.*

EXT. ATOMIC ROCKET VIDEO - ESTABLISHING

A strip mall store. The front window is filled with posters of 80s and 90s movies.

INT. ATOMIC ROCKET VIDEO - CONTINUOUS

Framed movie posters cover the walls. Aisles with shelves of VHS tapes. A small section is dedicated to DVDs. Mitch searches the titles.

MITCH
(singing under his breath)
Dan-ger zone./Dan-ger zone.
(MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)

(then)

Aww-yeah. Here we go.

He pulls out a DVD.

CU on DVD case. It's Brono Kelly's movie *Cold Steel; Warden's Revenge*.

MITCH (CONT'D)

(reading back cover)

Director's cut... Deleted scenes, commentary. Nice.

MOMENTS LATER: Mitch lays out the *Cold Steel* DVD and boxes of candy onto the counter. DICK BAIN, (27), the owner, handsome, an average guy, is working behind the counter.

DICK

Mitch.

MITCH

Hey Dick. Lemme ask you, the Twizzlers, they're fresh, right?

DICK

Should be.

MITCH

Last time they were stale, ya know, like, hard and chewy? It yanked a crown right outta my head.

DICK

Wow. Ok.

MITCH

Got all jammed in my throat, I'm running around the house trying to heave it out. I was all--

(barking cough)

Ended up swallowing it.

DICK

Ew. Damn.

MITCH

Went right down the gullet. Had to sift through my pootie for three days before I found it. The good news, I popped it right back in.

DICK

Wow, ok, uh, you want to open these, see if they're fresh?

MITCH
Nah. Live dangerously. Right? Like
Bronco Kelly.

Mitch hands over his video membership card. Dick runs it.

MITCH (CONT'D)
(too excited)
Every opening day of every movie,
me and my dad would go to the
theater, first showing. He'd drop
me off and go visit his secret lady
friend. I'd get a whole day,
watching Bronco, over and over.

Mitch studies the DVD box.

MITCH (CONT'D)
And now, finally, my favorite, *Cold
Steel* on DVD. This movie-- I can't
even tell you what it means to me--

DICK
You did tell me.

MITCH
I was fifteen...

FLASHBACK:

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

The best hotel in Bayonne, New Jersey.

YOUNG MITCH (15), wearing a thin hoodie and shivering in the
cold. He clocks everyone going in and out the main entrance.
He crosses to the VALET.

YOUNG MITCH
Hey, Mister. When's Bronco coming
out?

VALET
Who?

YOUNG MITCH
Ya know?
(throws air punches)
Bronco Kelly. I know he's staying
here.

VALET

Ha. Yeah, sure kid. He's here. So's
The Green Lantern.

YOUNG MITCH

Oh, okay. I get it. Can't let the
cat out of the bag. Smart.

LATER: Young Mitch, shivering near the main entrance, scans
each person exiting the hotel with dwindling hope. Snow
begins to fall.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER: Mitch sits buried under a layer of snow, head tucked
into his hoodie, utterly defeated.

MALE (O.C.)

You ok, kid?

Young Mitch looks up to see his hero, *Bronco Kelly* standing
over him.

MITCH

Bronco Kelly? Whoa. Am I dead? Is
this heaven?

Bronco, wearing a finely tailored suit and a heavy winter
overcoat, helps young Mitch get up.

BRONCO

What'd you doing out here? It's a
hundred below.

His entourage is waiting around his black BMW SUV. ENTOURAGE
GUY steps in.

ENTOURAGE GUY

Bronco, we got to get to the
airport.

BRONCO

It's ok. We're good.

Bronco brushes the snow off of young Mitch.

YOUNG MITCH

I was waiting. I really wanted to
meet you.

BRONCO

Is that right? Nice to meet you.
What's your name, kid?

YOUNG MITCH

I'm Mitch.

BRONCO

Hey Mitch. You been waiting a long time?

YOUNG MITCH

Kinda. Ten, eleven hours.

BRONCO

Wow. I'm impressed.

Bronco holds out his huge fist, young Mitch bumps it with his little fist.

YOUNG MITCH

Your movies are so cool.

(cute impression)

"You're a bug. And I'm the insecticide!"

BRONCO

Ah, *Falcon*. Good movie. Brought in 82 million domestic.

YOUNG MITCH

Mr. Kelly, I was hoping you could sign this for me--

From inside his hoodie, young Mitch pulls out a marker and the VHS tape of Bronco's movie *Cold Steel; Warden's Revenge*. Bronco takes it.

BRONCO

That is the least I can do, Mitch.

Bronco signs the VHS box and hands it back.

YOUNG MITCH

(reading inscription)

To my new best friend, Mitch.

Whatever you need, I'm there for you. --Bronco.

(then)

Wow! Thanks Mr. Kelly.

BRONCO

Call me Bronco.

YOUNG MITCH

Nice to meet you Bronco.

BRONCO
You made my day, Mitch.

They share a smile. Bronco turns to leave, then stops and turns back to Mitch, shivering.

BRONCO (CONT'D)
Hey Mitch. Stay warm.

He whips off his long, tweed overcoat and tosses it to Mitch.

An emotional moment.

The force and weight of the coat knocks Mitch over into a snowbank.

Mitch smiles. This is the best day of his life!

BACK TO:

PRESENT DAY: Atomic Video store. Mitch is lost in thought.

DICK
Mitch? Mitch?! Hello?

MITCH
Yeah?

DICK
(re: computer screen)
You still have *Falcon* out on VHS.
That was due back in March.

MITCH
Ok. Right. I'll bring it next time.

DICK
Yeah but we can't rent you any more movies until you pay these late fees.

MITCH
Ok. What're the damages?

Dick checks the computer screen.

DICK
Uh, you're at about two months late. So if you're *kind and rewind*.
(checks total)
You're lookin' at...forty-nine dollars and seventeen cents.

MITCH

Holy smack! I don't have that kinda money.

DICK

Hm. Yeah, sorry, Mitch.

He takes the DVD from Mitch.

MITCH

Whoa. Dick, c'mon. *Cold Steel*.
Director's cut. I've been waiting a year for that.

Mitch takes the DVD back from Dick.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Let me just watch it as soon as I get home, then I'll bring it right back. I swear.

He turns towards the exit.

DICK

Mitch! No. Bad idea. Do not leave this store with that DVD!

MITCH

You don't understand. I need this movie.

DICK

Mitch!

Mitch, like a child challenging a parent, inches towards the exit.

DICK (CONT'D)

Dude. I mean it!

Mitch goes for the exit.

DICK (CONT'D)

God dammit!

Dick, angry, hops up onto the counter and takes a flying leap, tackling Mitch. They drop.

MITCH

AHH! Ow-ow! Get. Off. Ahh-ow!

Clutching the DVD, Mitch wriggles free, leaps behind a Jean-Claude Van Damme cardboard standee.

Dick lunges at Mitch, punching off Van Damme's head, exposing Mitch's cover.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Ahhh!

Mitch bolts and hides in an aisle. Dick searches.

DICK

Mitch, c'mon. I'm trying to run a business. I let customers take stuff, I end up in a box under a highway, sucking dick for soup.

Dick spots Mitch and shoots him a menacing look.

MITCH

(scared)

Ah! Ok-ok. Sorry. Truce.

(holding out the DVD)

Here. Take it. We're good.

Dick approaches him, ready to fight.

MITCH (CONT'D)

What? No. I'm not gonna fight you.

I don't fight.

Dick closes in on Mitch.

Mitch, panicked, grabs VHS tapes from a shelf and flings them at him, one at a time. Dick bats them away as he leaps on Mitch--

DICK

Ahhhhh!

--sending them both CRASHING through the front window in an explosion of glass.

EXT. ATOMIC ROCKET VIDEO - CONTINUOUS

Mitch and Dick burst through the window in a shower of glass. Mitch slams down onto his back, Dick on top of him.

Dick wails on him. It's not pretty.

MITCH

OW! OW! My DINK! Get off! OWW!! OW!

A police car rolls up. Two hardcore cops, LINK and COOPER zip out.

LINK
Whoa-whoa. Break it up.

COOPER
Enough! Let's go!

LINK
Get up! Both of you.

Mitch and Dick struggle as they get up.

MITCH
All I was trying to do, sir, was
rent a movie; *Cold Steel*,
director's cut and--

MITCH (CONT'D)	DICK
--he assaulted me!	He stole from me!

COOPER
SHUT UP! Right now! Or I swear to
Christ you'll get the steel tip of
my boot right up your ballsack.

LINK
Cooper!

COOPER
Yep. Too much. Got it.

LINK
Hands up behind your head. Legs
apart.

COOPER
Try sometin' stupid, you'll end up
on a pony ride with a beefy bunk
buddy.

LINK
Coop. Jeeze. Just, ugh--
(to the guys)
Chief's nephew.

Mitch and Dick get into frisk position. Cooper frisks Mitch.
Link frisks Dick.

LINK (CONT'D)
Uh, hell-o. What have we here?

Link pulls a bag of pot from Dick's sock.

LINK (CONT'D)
Uncut cheeba. Looks like we got us
a dope fiend.

COOPER
(pulling out billy club)
How 'bout I take him behind the
store and show him what drugs do to
the brain?

LINK
Coop. I'll put you in the car, I
swear to god.

DICK
Officer, it's just pot. It's 2009,
it should be legalized.

LINK
(amused)
Yeah right. And my wife should blow
me.

COOPER
Yeah. Me too.

Link glares at Cooper, then resumes frisking. He digs out
another stash from Dick's other sock.

LINK
Oh-boy. Showtime.

He holds up another dimebag.

COOPER
My advice? Go lethal injection.
They zap you in the chair, you're
shittin' yer guts out like Niagara
Falls.

LINK
Wait. Hold up. What's goin' on down
here?

He touches Dick near his crotch.

LINK (CONT'D)
Do me a favor. Pull it out.

Dick stares at Mitch ominously as he pulls a bag of cocaine
out of his pants. He hands it to Link.

LINK (CONT'D)
What're you, a drug mule? How many
hiding places you got?

Cooper snaps on a latex glove.

COOPER
I'll take it from here. Bend over,
Escobar.

LINK
Cooper! Dammit. Just cuff him and
get him in the car.

Cooper pulls off the glove and cuffs Dick.

DICK
(ominous glare)
Mitch! This is on you!

MITCH
(growing scared)
What? No. No way--

DICK
(livid)
If you paid the fees, none of this
would of happened. You have no idea
what you've done! NO IDEA!

Dick lunges for Mitch. Cooper pulls him in.

COOPER
Whoa, cowboy.

Cooper pushes Dick into the police car.

On Mitch's concerned look;

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. DILLY'S SUPERMARKET - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Big, clean, corporate. Shoppers are bustling in and out.

TITLE: 10 YEARS LATER

INT. DILLY'S SUPERMARKET - CONTINUOUS

Mitch, older, wearing a Dilly's apron, and a hairnet. He is managing a food sample table.

MITCH
(calling out)
Chicken sticks. Geeet yer chicken sticks!

HANK LINDSTROM, (50s), a dad-like store manager is stacking a shelf nearby.

Mitch considers approaching him. He takes a few steps, hesitates, steels himself, then retreats, hanging his head, defeated.

The oven DINGS! Mitch takes out the chicken tenders.

LEAH RUSSELL (late 20s), adorable and quirky, approaches the sample table.

LEAH
What'd we got goin' here? Something de-lish? I am starrrrv-y.

She grabs a chicken tender with a toothpick and devours it.

MITCH
Uh, they just, uh--

Mitch gets a good look at her. He is instantly smitten!

His POV: She's angelic. In SLO-MO, soft romantic MUSIC plays as wind blows her hair in a Heavenly setting. She's sloppy yet somehow sexy as she eats the chicken.

Back to REALITY:

MITCH (CONT'D)
(flustered)
I... Uh, chicken...thing-ers. Uh, hmm,uh, good, right? Or-- No? Yech. Right?

Leah checks out the box of chicken.

LEAH
Mmm. Chicken tenders. They're adorable.

MITCH

Yep. Kids and gro-bups, growned-ups, uh, grown-people, too, like 'em. Good stuff.

She grabs a box of chicken.

LEAH

Don't mind if I do--
(reading his name tag)
Mitch.

She crosses off smiling at Mitch as she goes.

TEDDY, Mitch's best friend, (20s), black, confident and cool in his Dilly's work vest, rolls up with a dolly of canned goods.

TEDDY

Mitch, what'd Lindstrom say? You in?

Mitch, sheepish, doesn't answer.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Aw man, nothing? You got to make your move, brother. The window of opportunity is closing.

MITCH

I will. I'm good.

TEDDY

Ok, well, he's right there. Let him know you want the gig.

ANGLE ON: Lindstrom still stacking a shelf.

MITCH

I don't know, Teddy. If I'm manager it means more responsibility and more reasons to fire me. It puts me at risk, right?

TEDDY

Just get the promotion and get your ass paid. It's time. You been here eleven fucking years.

MITCH

It's not about the money. I like this job. I don't want to lose it. This is fun for me.

TEDDY

Hold up. This job? Right here? Fun?

FLASHBACKS:

A) Mitch is slow-running from a "KAREN" chasing him in a slow-moving Rascal.

KAREN

Cocoa Puffs, asshole! How do you NOT have fucking COCOA PUFFS?!

She whips a full can of coffee at him. It conks him in the head.

B) An older, filthy drunk man is happily rolling around on top of the salad bar. Mitch is trying desperately to pull him off.

MITCH

Sir?! Sir?! I need you to get out of the salad bar. ...SIR?!

C) Mitch is comforting a lost and crying little BOY.

MITCH (CONT'D)

It's ok. We'll find your mom. Just tell me her name and--

BOY

(screaming out)

HEEEELP! KIDNAPPER!

The kid reels back and punches Mitch in the nuts. Mitch recoils in agony as the boy runs off.

MITCH

AHHHAAAHHWW! WHHAAA!

BACK TO:

PRESENT DAY: Dilly's supermarket.

TEDDY

You always got excuses, Mitch. This shit's gotta stop.

MITCH

No. I'm working on it. I am.

TEDDY

You're living with your moms, no girlfriend, no money, no nothing. Breaks my heart, bro.

Mitch takes this in, unsure what to say.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
 You watch all those crazy-ass
 movies, all those ma'fukkas do big
 heroic shit and none of that's
 rubbed off?

MITCH
 What? No. It has. Fer sure.

An old lady, MISS RASSMATTEN stops and eats a chicken sample.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 Hello Miss Rassmatten.

LADY
 (savoring the chicken)
 Hhhmmm. Mmmm. ...Not too shitty
 (snarky to Mitch)
 Ya know, ladies looove a man in a
 hairnet.

She sweeps the chicken samples into her purse, flips Mitch
 the bird and stalks off, smirking. Teddy looks to Mitch. He
 does nothing.

MITCH
 Have a nice day Miss Rassmatten.

TEDDY
 Strength, Mitch.
 (bumps fist to chest)
 Face your fears, head on. Step in
 it, let yourself get hurt. It's how
 you find the beast within. Be like
 your boy Bronco--

EXT. CRUSIE SHIP - MEANWHILE - ESTABLISHING

It's cruising out in the middle of the calm seas

EXT. CRUISE SHIP DECK - DAY

Passengers bake in the sun, sipping drinks. Tranquility
 reigns.

SUDDENLY - CHAOS!

Five RAMPAGING CHIMPS burst onto the deck, smashing
 everything in their path.

Passengers scatter, SCREAMING in terror as the chimps brutally pounce, punch, kick, bite and hump whoever they can grab.

A chimp attacks a young L.A. DUDE and rips his guts out.

L.A. DUDE
AHH! AH! AH!

The dude desperately tries to shove his guts back into his belly.

L.A. DUDE (CONT'D)
(screaming)
DUDE?! NO! WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM!
AHHH!

It's so gross it's comical.

A chimp pulls a wheelchair out from an old lady and tosses it overboard, then attacks her. As her elderly husband tries to intervene, another chimp humps him from behind.

Gunshots ring out! Some chimps scamper away.

Bronco Kelly emerges, (as **Cody Dobbs**) (older than his *Falcon* days), his huge gun drawn.

BRONCO
EVERYBODY! LOWER DECK! GO-GO-GO!

A SECURITY GUARD runs in, his gun drawn.

GUARD
All the cages are open. Might be fifty of 'em.

BRONCO
Navy E.T.A.?!

GUARD
Twenty minutes.

BRONCO
Shit! Kill-shot only! Do not--

WHAM! A chimp tackles the guard by the head. He drops.

GUARD
AW NOOO! AIN'T GOIN' OUT LIKE THAT!

Bronco takes a kill-shot at the chimp. He misses. It scampers off. The guard manages to get back up.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Shit! That was close.

He turns. His face has been ripped off. It's so gruesome it's comical.

BRONCO
Dear god.

The guard drops. The mayhem continues. More chimps emerge.

MIA, (38), movie cute, runs to Bronco, shooting at chimps as she goes.

MIA
Cody! We're lookin' at least a-hundred chimps.

BRONCO
Shootin' down stinkin' apes is not how I wanted to spend our honeymoon.

MIA
I said, NO cruise! But of course YOU--

The ship starts rocking.

MIA (CONT'D)
What's happening?

BRONCO
They're at the wheel.

The rocking grows severe.

MIA
They're gonna tip it!

BRONCO
Not on my watch.

WHAM! A huge chimp tackles Mia.

MIA
AHHH! AH! AH! CODY!!

Bronco aims his gun at the chimp as it brutalizes Mia. The boat rocks, he can't steady the kill-shot. Mia squirms, desperate to pull the chimp off of her. A second chimp grabs her head.

MIA (CONT'D)
TAKE THE SHOT, CODY! TAKE IT! AHHH--

A chimp tears Mia's head off and tosses it. Bronco shoots at the chimps, they scamper away.

He runs to Mia's head as it stops rolling, face up.

He drops to his knees and looks deep into the dead, open eyes of her disembodied head. It's unintentionally comical.

BRONCO
(very sincere)
No, Mia... You're gonna be ok. Just hold on.

Emotional MUSIC.

BRONCO (CONT'D)
Breathe... C'mon... Don't leave me.
Not now.
(tearing up)
Stay with me. Talk to me...
(crying)
You're strong. FIGHT!... C'MOM MIA!

Mia's eyes close.

Bronco, crying, attempts mouth-to-mouth on the head. It's no use. He drops it and stands mightily.

The MUSIC swells.

BRONCO (CONT'D)
(over the top)
ENOUGH IS ENOUGH! I'VE HAD IT WITH
THESE MOTHER FUCKIN' CHIMPS ON THIS
MOTHER FUCKIN' BOAT!

Bronco suddenly drops his bravado. He seems lost...

BRONCO (CONT'D)
(to camera)
Uh. I'm sorry. Can we cut?

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
(yells out)
CUT IT!

A bell RINGS. Lights pop on to reveal a green screen sound stage. Puppeteers in green head-to-toe body suits hold life-size chimp puppets. Mia gets up and pulls off the green hood covering her head.

The DIRECTOR, a twenty year old kid, steps in.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Bronco. What's up? There a problem?

BRONCO
(defeated)
Killer chimps on a boat? I can't. I
just...can't. I'm sorry...

Bronco, defeated, exits. Stunned silence... The security guard gets up, his prosthetic face still bloody and missing.

GUARD
(hopeful)
Uh, if you need a new Cody--

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Dick, his body now muscular and tatted, finishes etching an intricate math formula into the wall with a shiv.

A PRISON GUARD steps up to the cell door.

PRISON GUARD
Ten long. Hate to see ya go Dick
Bain.
(a smirk)
I'm gonna miss beating your ass.

He opens the cell door and enters. Dick, ignoring him, stabs the shiv into the stone wall.

PRISON GUARD (CONT'D)
You'll be back. And you and me,
we'll pick up where we left off.

Dick smiles and gathers a few belongings before exiting the cell.

The prison guard, perplexed, eyes the math formula on the wall with the the heading, "Late Fees."

Dick calmly steps back into the cell.

DICK
Forgot something.

He throws a quick, hard punch to the guard's throat. He chokes for air. Dick, smiling, mocks his choking gurgles to his face then exits. The guard drops.

EXT. CA DEL FOGO RESTURANT - AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING

Elegant overpriced Beverly Hills eatery.

INT. CA DEL FOGO DINNING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Well-dressed, rich Beverly Hills residents, powerbrokers and showbiz types are lunching.

Bronco, looking like a star, enters wearing a finely tailored suit. A few diners quietly take in his celebrity. He looks around.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Bronco! Hey-hoo!

Bronco spots LINUS (21, looks 15), as he tires to get Bronco's attention. Likable with a hint of sleaze, he is in a suit, open shirt, no tie.

Bronco ignores him and continues to look around.

LINUS

Hello?

(waves cloth napkin)

Looking for your agent?

Bronco, confused, crosses to Linus.

BRONCO

Excuse me?

LINUS

Bronco. Sup, bruh? Linus Bryant.

Linus extends his hand. Bronco ignores it.

LINUS (CONT'D)

Dude, I am so psyched. Sit-sit.

BRONCO

Who are you? You're not my agent.

LINUS

Bronc. I am so jacked to meet you. My dad turned me on to your movies back when I was shittin' in diapers. *Mass Destruction, Cold Steel, Murder Car, Die Twice on Sunday! Lethal Death* - one and two. My favorite kick-ass movies of, like, forever.

BRONCO
Murder Car was Bruce Willis.

LINUS
 Sit.

Bronco sits, unsure.

BRONCO
 Where's Kent?

LINUS
 He's been wacko-busy since he became partner. B&W's blowing up. We're repping chefs, clothing designers, sports figures. And Kent is crushin' it! He just signed all of the sons of the Lakers. But I am so-sooo jacked that we are working together.

BRONCO
 What? No. Bullshit! Kent's my agent.

LINUS
 Hm, well, yes and no. The good news, Bronc-- Everyone loves you at Beaderman and Wallach.

Bronco nods.

LINUS (CONT'D)
 And no one loves you more than Kent. Goddamn guy would marry you if he could. Ha. Wait, was that politically incorrect? I get so--

BRONCO
 Why am I here?

LINUS
 Great-great news--
 (looks off, distracted)
 Oh--
 (calls out)
 Katie! Hey doll!

He waves to Katherine Heigl. She studies him for a sec.

LINUS (CONT'D)
 Linus. From B&W. Big-big fan. I'll circle back. We'll talk.

She turns away, ignoring him.

LINUS (CONT'D)
(quietly to Bronco)
Katherine Hegil. Such-a hot mess.

Bronco, pissed off, gets up to leave.

LINUS (CONT'D)
No-no. Bronco, sit. Please. Sorry.
Sit.

Bronco sits.

BRONCO
You got one minute.

LINUS
Kent and I had a long-long meeting
and he feels like you need a young,
hungry agent, a champ, a hustler
and a fan that's gonna jump in and
get his hands filthy-dirty for you.

Bronco takes this in. It's bad news.

LINUS (CONT'D)
Kent will be there if we need him
but--

BRONCO
Hold on, hold on. This is bullshit!
I made you guys tens of millions
and now my career -- *my life!* is in
the hands of who--? Some punk from
the mailroom?

LINUS
No-no. The mail room was months
ago.

BRONCO
You need to shut up!

Bronco stands and paces as he angrily whips out his cell
phone and makes a call.

BRONCO (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yeah, Kent Waldman please. It's
Bronco Kelly.

LINUS

He's on retreat in the Maldives.
It's hard to reach him, he's on
privacy lock out.

BRONCO

Shut up.
(into phone)
Hello...? What...? Fuck that, tell
him to turn on his phone. ...I'm
sorry. Sorry. Just-- tell him to
call me.

He ends the call.

BRONCO (CONT'D)

(to Linus)
And you! Stay the fuck away from
me!

LINUS

Ok. Cool. Yeah. ...Good first
meeting.

Bronco storms out.

EXT. ATOMIC ROCKET VIDEO - LATER THAT DAY

It's boarded up and surrounded by ten years of overgrown
weeds, and shrubs. The walls are covered with graffiti.

INT. ATOMIC ROCKET VIDEO - CONTINUOUS

Dick enters. Abandoned and torn apart by years of vandals, he
surveys the ransacked store. With a heavy sigh, he takes in
the wreckage.

MOMENTS LATER: Dick opens a file cabinet. Riffing through
the files, he pulls one and examines it closely.

INSERT: A rental agreement, the name "Mitch Morgan" clearly
visible along with a signature and fingerprint.

Dick's expression turns sinister.

EXT. MITCH MORGAN'S HOME - THAT NIGHT

Eerily quiet. Mitch exits the house, pausing when he hears
rustling from the nearby hedges. He looks around,
uneasy...but sees nothing. He relaxes.

Dick jumps out from the shadows and swoops up in Mitch's face!

DICK
Hello, Mitch!

MITCH
AHH!

Knee-jerk reaction, Mitch slaps Dick across the face.

DICK
(surprised)
OW! Wow.
(massaging cheek)
Really?

MITCH
Oh-my-god! Dick!

DICK
Damn, Mitch. You lady-slapped me.

MITCH
You scared me. Why'd you--? You
can't just jump at me in the dark.

DICK
I was being dramatic.

MITCH
No. Don't. Just come over, knock on
the door.
(then)
You're not gonna hit back are you?
I don't fight. I'm not a fighter,
remember?

Dick shoves Mitch around.

DICK
You hit me. What am I supposed to
do?

MITCH
It was an accident.

Dick puts his fists up, ready to throw down. Mitch falls limp against him, using his body to smother Dick's fists. It's his only defense.

DICK
What're you--? Get...off.

Dick backs off.

MITCH
Why are you here?

DICK
Unfinished business.
(pointedly)
I thought I'd come by, catch up on
an old friend and see how his
life's been going after he sent me
into a cement shithole to do a hard
ten.

Mitch grows worried. Dick's hand reaches behind his back. He
might be going for a weapon!

DICK (CONT'D)
(sinister, cold)
Ten years of gettin' my ass beat
every day, and ya know, Mitch-y,
the only thing that kept me from
going balls-out-whacko was knowing
that once I got out...I'd find you--

Dick whips out the rolled up video rental contract from
behind his back and, like a knife, swiftly sticks it under
his chin.

MITCH
AH!

DICK
(Nick Cage nuts)
My heart is aflutter, as I bask in
the sweet glow of liberation! All I
see, Mitch-y is the beauty of a
fiery sunset and me jumpin' for joy
in the wide open landscape of
freedom! But nothing is MORE
BEAUTIFUL than what I am about to
BESTOW UPON YOU!

He unfurls the contract.

MITCH
Wha--? What's that?

DICK
Your Atomic Rocket Video contract.
You, Mitch, never returned the
Bronco Kelly VHS movie *Falcon*.
(MORE)

DICK (CONT'D)

Now, ten years later -- let's put eyes on some of your late fees, penalties, interest, and on and on and on-- Hm, all together I'm seeing a GRAND TOTAL of...

(checking document)

Eleven thousand, two hundred and twenty-two dollars and seventeen cents.

Mitch waits, hoping it's a joke...

MITCH

So, wait, you're serious?

DICK

Retribution, Mitch. ...You couldn't pay your fees so you tried to steal from me. That started a fight, the cops show up and all the sudden I'm in a 6 by 8 cement coffin with a bunk buddy who wants to marry me.

MITCH

Wait. No. You had drugs on you. I had nothing to do with--

DICK

(crazy)

YOU FUCKED UP MY LIFE! And I'm here to return the favor. ...Piece by piece. Little by little you are going down! Get ready, Mitch-y. It's comin'! It. Is. Comin'!

Eyes locked on Mitch, he steps defiantly to the front gate. He goes for a dramatic exit but -- the gate is jammed shut, he can't open it.

DICK (CONT'D)

(awkwardly sinister)

Keep your guard up Mitch-y!

He jiggles the handle as he pushes the gate. Still stuck.

DICK (CONT'D)

Sleep with one eye open.

He kicks the gate. It doesn't open.

MITCH

Just-- Uh, after it rains, it gets-- It sticks.

Dick shakes the gate violently. Still won't open.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Wait--wait. Hold on. You gotta--
Here...

Mitch easily opens the gate, pushing evenly with his hand and foot.

DICK
(sinister, points to face)
This face, Mitch. Wherever you
look, it will be there--

Dick crosses off defiantly. Off of Mitch's worried look;

INT. DILLY'S SUPERMARKET - DAY

Mitch and Teddy stacking shelves.

MITCH
I'm dead. I'm telling you, he is
nuts.

TEDDY
He's a bully. And you get up in a
bully's face, they run home crying
to their moms.

MITCH
Yeah, well-- if it happens again,
I'll-- Uh--

Teddy takes this in. He stops what he's doing.

TEDDY
We've been friends since we were
little dumb-shits. I feel your
struggle, Mitch. You're fightin'
with the little kid inside you. You
got to stop him from running your
life!

This hits Mitch in his core.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
You feel me?

An emotional moment as Mitch takes this in.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
It's time. Kill that little boy!

MITCH

Right. That's exactly right. Oh, man. It's time! This is it!

(confident)

KILL THE BOY!

Leah, in a Dilly's vest crosses in.

LEAH

Uh, hey guys. Hello.

MITCH

(startled)

Awhh-haw. Hi.

LEAH

Someone killing someone?

TEDDY

Ha. No, just a...video game...thing.

LEAH

So, uh, I just wanted to introduce myself. I'm Leah, the new co-manager here at Dilly's and--

(realizing)

Oh, wait. Mitch. The chicken guy. Hi.

MITCH

(flustered)

HI! WOW. I mean-- AH! I'm-- WOW. Sorry. I'm good. YEP! All good, uh, can't stop talking. Ha-- Ok done. Nope. Still talking-- So, uh--
(goes blank)
Nice hat.

LEAH

Ok. Not wearing a hat but--

MITCH

Me too. Not wearing one. Hats are cool though.

Mitch hates himself.

LEAH

Okay, yeah--

Mitch nervously folds and unfolds his arms and shifts his legs as he tries to stand casually.

TEDDY

I'm Teddy.

LEAH

Teddy. Mitch. I look forward to us all working together.

MITCH

We're stocking beans.

LEAH

Ok. Good.

MITCH

(blurting nervously)

Beans are fun. But I love me some carrots. Carrots are badass.

He leans, knocking items off a shelf. Teddy shakes his head in disbelief. Leah giggles.

LEAH

Ok, yeah. Nice. Uh, a few cans...fell.

MITCH

Yep. They did.

Teddy sees Mitch and Leah share a smile.

TEDDY

Hey, uh, Leah, if you're looking to know what's up in the store, Mitch is your guy. He's got the info on everything that goes down here.

Mitch looks confused.

LEAH

Good to know.

TEDDY

In fact, tonight we do our Tuesday thing over at Luigi's across the street. We dig into some pasta, we talk shop and--

MITCH

What? We don't--?

Teddy signals Mitch to stop talking.

TEDDY

We meet up at seven, so--

LEAH
Ok, cool. Luigi's.

She crosses off.

MITCH
Teddy. There're no meetings.
What're you doin'?

Off of Teddy's mischievous look;

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LUIGI'S RESTURANT - EVENING - ESTABLISHING

Old school, neighborhood Italian restaurant.

INT. LUIGI'S RESTURANT - CONTINUOUS

At a corner table, Mitch, nervous, is sitting across from Leah. He fidgets with his napkin, trying to play it cool.

MITCH
We should order, right? Seems no
one else is coming, so-- It's just
us-- Or should we go, or--?

LEAH
Let's order up.

They grab their menus. Leah notices Mitch reading his menu upside down. She gently takes it from him, and rights it. He smiles nervously.

MITCH
Ha, sorry. I'm just--

LEAH
So Mitch, you been working at the
store long?

MITCH
Not really. Eleven years.

LEAH
Ok, wow. I'm thinking short term,
you know, until I figure out what's
next in my life.

MITCH
Yeah. Kinda what I'm thinking.

LEAH

It's super hard work. Today I had to jiu jitsu a hobo out of the wine section.

MITCH

Wait. You know jiu jitsu?

LEAH

Little bit. I learned from my dad mostly, but watching action movies over and over, I picked up a bunch of moves.

MITCH

(eyes widen)

Wait. What movies? What'd you like?

LEAH

I love-love the *Rush Hour* movies. Anything Jackie Chan is in warms my heart.

MITCH

Aw man, the BEST!

LEAH

I love the classics. Jet Li is kick-ass. The women empowerment stuff is near and dear to me. *La Femme Nikita* I've seen like, a-hundred times.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER: Mitch and Leah still at the table, now relaxed and animated. Empty dishes on the table.

MITCH

--Van Damme's got skills. He can take down like ten fighters in a dojo, right? But Bronco, he can do all that, and you can't help but like him, you root for him.

LEAH

So great. Ok. Let me ask you this; Steven Seagal?

MITCH

A joke.

LEAH

Thank god. If you were into Seagal,
dude, I'd have to take you out back
and beat the crap outta ya.

They laugh.

MITCH

Seagal is nothing but ego, right?
Be in charge, be a hero but be
vulnerable. That's the secret.

LEAH

That's Bronco Kelly.

MITCH

Yep. That's Bronco.

They steal a look into each other's eyes. A WAITER walks over
and hands Mitch the check -- we think.

WAITER

You've been served.

MITCH

(confused)

Uh, yeah. We already ate.

The waiter exits the restaurant.

LEAH

So weird.

Mitch inspects the check.

MITCH

What the--?

LEAH

What's wrong?

ANGLE ON: Dick, smirking, is spying from a far table.

Mitch slides the paper to her. She reads it...

LEAH (CONT'D)

A summons?

Off of Mitch's worried look;

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Local, small, one courtroom.

INT. COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mitch, the defendant, is seated at the table with Teddy.
Dick, the plaintiff, is seated at the other table.

The JUDGE, no-nonsense, decisive, enters from his chamber.
Everyone rises as he sits at his desk.

MITCH

(whisper)

This is real. Dick promised and
he's doing it.

Dick smiles confidently.

TEDDY

This is just some protocol
bullshit. It's all good.

MITCH

It's dumb. It's a VHS tape. Why's
this even happening?

JUDGE

Be seated.

Everyone sits.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

After reviewing the Atomic Rocket
Video rental agreement from 2009,
which has been signed, initialed,
fingerprinted, notarized and
voluntarily ID'd with DNA from the
defendant Mitchell Morgan.

(looks at Mitch bemused)

The court recognizes the document
as *binding*.

Dick, satisfied, smiles.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Judgement for this case is in favor
of the plaintiff. Accrued late fees
and penalties stand at eleven
thousand, two hundred and twenty
two dollars and seventeen cents. If
unable to pay in full, personal
property and assets valued in that
amount is to be collected by the
plaintiff.

Dick smirks and nods approvingly. The judge gavels the end of
the proceeding.

Mitch is frozen.

TEDDY
Mitch? You ok?

Mitch suddenly drops to the floor. He rolls around and wails like a wounded puppy.

MITCH
Awwwhhhh! Ah! Ahhh! Sweet-sweet God
in Heaven! NOOOOOOOO! NO-NO-NOOO!

The judge slams his gavel.

JUDGE
Order! Order!

MITCH
AHH! AH! NO. NO-NO!

JUDGE
Please remove him from my court!

Security surrounds Mitch and struggle as they try to grab ahold of his writhing body.

MITCH
Ah-Ahh! Don't touch-- Get-- Don't!
AHHHH! No-no-no!

Dick, satisfied, watches security drag him out by his ankles as he continues to wriggle and scream in distress!

EXT. MITCH MORGAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Repo men are removing furniture and boxes from the house and loading it all on a truck.

INT. MITCH MORGAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Repo men strip Mitch's belongings as he watches, distraught. Lani, looking older, sits in her favorite plush chair.

MITCH
Ma. I'm sorry for this. I--

LANI
(sweetly)
Stuff happens in life, Mitch. I'm
fine. It's about Zen, mindfulness,
self-control. Deep breaths--
(MORE)

LANI (CONT'D)
(scream)
AHHHHH!

She jumps up tackles Mitch and struggles wildly to roll him up in the rug.

MITCH
MA! STOP! What're you--!

LANI
(to repo man)
Little help. Tie him up, throw his
ass in the truck and drop him in
the bay!

She manages to roll him up part way in the rug. Mitch manages to jump up out of the rug.

MITCH
Ma! Oh-my-God, stop! It's just
stuff. What the--?

Lani stops. She takes deep breaths as she composes herself.

LANI
Right. Sorry. Yer right.

A repo man unplugs the TV and yanks it off the wall and exits with it.

LANI (CONT'D)
AHHH! OH-MY-FUCK NOOOO! That's it!
No TV, no *judge shows*. I'm done!
All done!

She stomps into the kitchen and grabs the toaster and yanks the plug out of the wall.

LANI (CONT'D)
If you need me I'll be upstairs
taking a bath.

She heads upstairs with the toaster.

MITCH
Ma!

Repo men remove Lani's plush chair.

EXT. MITCH MORGAN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A repo man carries a box to the truck. Mitch, anxious, is hot on his tail.

MITCH
They're VHS tapes, fer-cripes'sake,
I've been collecting them since I
was a kid.

The repo man ignores him.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Ok, ten bucks. There's one tape I
want.

The repo man stops. Mitch pulls out a ten, hands it over then
digs into the box and pulls out a VHS tape in a plastic
protective case.

The repo man smirks then defiantly flings the box inside the
truck. Mitch, defeated, heads back towards the house.

Out of nowhere, Dick steps into his path, stopping him.

DICK
(menacingly)
Life can be hard, right Mitch-y?

Angry, he stares down Dick.

DICK (CONT'D)
Look at you. Tough guy. Wha'd ya
gonna do, throw one of your face
slaps? Huh, buddy-boy?

Mitch drops his facade.

DICK (CONT'D)
Yeah. Nothing. That's what I
thought. It's why your lady friend,
Leah ain't feelin' it.

MITCH
Stay away from her.

DICK
She's nice. I like her. The two of
us were chattin' it up at the
store.

Mitch tries his best to find his strength.

DICK (CONT'D)
She's good people. I might go see
her again. Maybe hang out.
Anything's possible.

MITCH
You're a bad-bad person.

DICK
Mitch-y, I'm just getting started.
Maybe get your moms to help you
out? She's feisty.

MITCH
I can take care of myself.

DICK
Yeah, right...

Dick laughs manically as he swaggers off.

Mitch takes a deep breath. He gets an idea then looks at his VHS tape.

INSERT: VHS, Bronco Kelly's movie, *Cold Steel; Warden's Revenge*. Bronco's autograph...

To my new best friend, Mitch. Whatever you need, I'm there for you. --Bronco.

Mitch considers this, then smiles.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - DAY

A passenger plane takes off.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY - ESTABLISHING

ICONIC SHOTS: The *Hollywood* Sign. The Capitol Records Building. Grumman's Chinese Theater. Pink's Hot Dogs. Sunset Strip. *Entering Beverly Hills* sign.

EXT. BRONCO KELLY'S ESTATE - DAY

Modern, sprawling. Mitch is standing outside the gates. He takes in the beauty of Bronco's home.

A male voice, BODY GUARD ONE, is heard on the intercom.

BODY GUARD ONE (V.O.)
Can I help you?

MITCH
(startled)
AHH! Oh. Hello? Hi. Is Mr. Kelly
here?

BODY GUARD ONE (V.O.)
No one here by that name.

MITCH
Really? I got a map to the stars
homes and--
(checks map)
It says Bronco Kelly lives here.

BODY GUARD ONE (V.O.)
*Nope. Sorry. I'm gonna have to ask
you to leave. This is private
property.*

MITCH
Wait! Uh, tell Bronco it's his
friend Mitch from New Jersey.
(beat)
Hello?

BODY GUARD ONE (V.O.)
Do not make me alert security.

Mitch sags.

INT. BRONCO'S KELLY'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Warm, homey, modern, extravagant with big windows, huge open
rooms.

A confab of three body guards are chatting it up. They turn
to Bronco as he enters.

BRONCO
What'd he want?

BODY GUARD ONE
Nothing. It was just a fan.

BRONCO
No-no. Fans are not *just* fans.
Don't forget that. I am where I am
'cause *fans* got me here.

BODY GUARD ONE
Right. Of course.

BRONCO
You were nice to him, I hope.

BODY GUARD ONE
Absolutely, Bronco. No problem.
It's under control.

MITCH (O.C.)
AHHHHHHH!

We see through the huge windows, Mitch running for his life as three guard dogs nip at his heels.

MITCH (CONT'D)
AHHHHHHH!

Bronco glares at his body guards.

BODY GUARD ONE
On it.

Body Guard One runs off, headed for the door.

INT. BRONCO KELLY'S KITCHEN - SHORT TIME LATER

Body Guard One tends to a minor dog bite on Mitch's arm as the other body guards look on.

BODY GUARD ONE
You're lucky, pal, those dogs are
trained to kill.

MITCH
Is Mr. Kelly here?

BODY GUARD ONE
Who?

MITCH
C'mon. You kiddin' me?

BODY GUARD ONE
Ha. He thinks Bronco Kelly lives
here.

The body guards laugh.

In the connecting den, Mitch points out a showcase of Bronco Kelly movie memorabilia. We see each item as Mitch references them...

MITCH
Hm. Ok, so there's his Oscar for
best screenplay, *Requiem in the
Ring*, a prop gun from *Kill Me at
Dawn*, a poster for his first movie,
Hot Fire. And there's the bandanna
from *Hunter Ace III*.

BODY GUARD ONE
We're all huge Bronco fans. So
what?

Bronco enters.

BRONCO
Hot Fire. Terrible movie but you
gotta start somewhere, ain't that
right?

Mitch's brain shorts out with excitement.

MITCH
Uh, ah-ah, uhmmm, Brococa-
Keevvevey.

BRONCO
Relax. Deep breaths. It's ok. I'm
just a guy.

MITCH
(breathing deep)
Bronco. Wow. Hi. We met. In New
Jersey in the snow. I was fifteen.
You gave me your coat--

BRONCO
The coat? Wait. Mitch, right? From
Bayonne.

MITCH
You remember?

BRONCO
Of course I remember.
(to guards)
He was sittin' in the bitter cold
for hours waiting to meet me. I
gave him my Ralph Lauren double
breasted, tweed overcoat. Damn, I
loved that coat.

MITCH
Yeah. That's me. With the coat.

BRONCO
All these years later, you're here
to return it.

MITCH
Uhh. No. Sorry.

BRONCO
(disappointed)
Oh, Ok. Great coat. The lining,
real satin, gold trim.
(then)
Now Mitch, what can I do you for?

MITCH
It's kind of a long, crazy story.

Bronco gestures to the couch in the living room.

BRONCO
Sit. Let's talk.
(calling off)
Lenny, Vino. Top shelf for Mitch
here.

MITCH
Uh, I don't drink. You got Dr.
Pepper?

BODY GUARD ONE
Got it.

BRONCO
Straight or rocks?

They share a smile. Body Guard One exits as Mitch follows
Bronco into the living room.

INT. BRONCO KELLY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mitch, sitting with Bronco, is very animated as he finishes
his story.

MITCH
--now he's got all my money, and
our furniture. He wants to destroy
my life and--

BRONCO
Mitch, I'm sorry, I gotta cut you
off. What're you lookin' for me to
do?

MITCH
I'm collecting on a promise you
made to me. At the hotel, you
signed my tape, "Whatever you need,
I'm there for you."

Bronco, bemused, shrugs.

BRONCO

Uh, Mitch, that's how I sign a lot of my stuff. It's just a gesture.

MITCH

I'm not asking for anything big. I just need you to show up, let this fool know if he comes near me, he's gonna have to mess with you -- Bronco Kelly!

BRONCO

So what're you saying? I'm gonna come to where you live--

MITCH

New Jersey.

BRONCO

New Jersey, right, and threaten this punk?

MITCH

Yeah. That's it. Then he'll back off. Or, uh--

(mumbles)

He might try to fight you.

BRONCO

What? No. Mitch, I'm an actor. I'm not in the business of fighting anyone's battles.

Mitch grows despondent.

BRONCO (CONT'D)

Look, I'm honored you came to me with this. Makes me feel good, like I'm a good actor, ya know, but, kicking' ass is not what actors do for fans.

Bronco stands to end the meeting.

BRONCO (CONT'D)

I'm very happy I got to see you again Mitch. Warms my heart, ya know?

Mitch, disappointed, stands. Bronco gives him a manly hug.

BRONCO (CONT'D)

And if you still got that coat hangin' around--

MITCH
My mom sold it, actually. At a yard sale.

BRONCO
(disappointed)
A yard sale. Is that right?
(with a nod)
Best of luck Mitch.

Mitch, defeated, sighs heavily. He starts for the door but pauses. He turns back to Bronco.

MITCH
Thank you, Bronco.

BRONCO
For what?

A heartfelt moment...

MITCH
Your characters. They have honor and integrity. They're fighters and heroes. ...They're who I want to be. They are who I am when I watch your movies.

Bronco takes this in.

MITCH (CONT'D)
It's when I really feel like a man, ready to take on the world. So, yeah...Thank you.

Mitch heads for the front door.

BRONCO
Wait!

Mitch turns to Bronco.

BRONCO (CONT'D)
You have the soul of a warrior, Mitch.

Bronco slips the bandana off of the *Hunter Ace III* display. He honorably slips it onto Mitch's head.

MITCH
Wow. From *Hunter Ace III*.

BRONCO

Two was better, but three brought
in sixty-five mil domestic.

Mitch and Bronco share a nod of respect. Mitch exits.

Beat.

Mitch runs past the windows, guard dogs barking and giving
chase as they nip at his heels.

BODY GUARD ONE

On it boss.

Body Guard One bolts out the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MITCH MORGAN'S HOUSE - DAY

A car pulls up. Mitch gets out, dragging his suitcase behind
him. The car pulls away as Mitch, defeated, heads for the
front door.

INT. MITCH'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch enters, drops his suitcase and plops down onto his bed
and stares up at the ceiling.

His cell rings, he answers it.

MITCH

Yeah?

INT. ATOMIC ROCKET VIDEO - CONTINUOUS

The place is still in a shambles. Dick is on the phone.

DICK

Where were you Mitch-y? Haven't
seen you in awhile. You been
hiding?

INTERCUT: Mitch and Dick on phone.

MITCH

Dick! This has to stop.

DICK

Nah, I don't see that happening.

MITCH

What are you hoping is going to happen? Seriously.

DICK

Hm... Know what? How about you and me talk about it? In person. Hilltop Diner. Twelve-thirty.

Dick hangs up. Off of Mitch's look;

EXT. HILLTOP DINER - LATER THAT DAY - ESTABLISHING

Old school, funky diner.

INT. HILLTOP DINER - LATER

It's crowded.

Mitch enters, looks around and surprisingly spots Leah sitting at a booth. Their eyes meet. Excited, she stands and waves him over.

LEAH

Mitch! Yay!

Mitch crosses to the booth. He is all smiles until he realizes Dick is sitting across from her.

LEAH (CONT'D)

Look who's here.

Dick turns to greet Mitch.

DICK

Hey, Mitch-y.

Mitch is in shock.

LEAH

He came into the store, looking to take you to lunch. You were out of town, so he invited me.

MITCH

(holding anger)

Nice.

LEAH

You got such cool friends. We're talking about going to the movies next week.

(MORE)

LEAH (CONT'D)

They're doing back to back Jackie Chan at the Staton. You should come.

MITCH

(fuming)

Yeah. Maybe.

Dick smirks at Mitch.

DICK

I'd invite you to sit, Mitch-y, but we are headed out.

LEAH

Yeah. I got to get back to work.

Dick gets up from the booth.

DICK

Leah, let's do this again.

Dick signals the waitress and points to Mitch.

DICK (CONT'D)

This fine gentleman will be taking care of our check.

(looking at Mitch)

He owes me.

LEAH

I'm so happy to see you, Mitch. Let's catch up, I want to hear everything about your trip.

She heads out. Mitch tries his best to step up to Dick.

DICK

Ha, right.

Mitch backs down.

DICK (CONT'D)

She's into me Mitch. She likes men with huge balls.

MITCH

Just stop.

DICK

And you, Mitch-y have tiny balls.

MITCH

Nope. Wrong.

The waitress hands Mitch the check. Mitch looks at Dick as he stares him down. Mitch, backing down, hands over his credit card to the waitress.

DICK

Ti-ny!

Dick saunters out.

INT. KENT WALDMAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Floor to ceiling glass walls, giant desk, shelves of Emmys, an Oscar. A 10th floor, massive view of Hollywood.

KENT WALDMAN, (35), a high-powered Hollywood agent in a three-thousand dollar suit is on the phone and pacing.

KENT

Of course we still want to be your agent. C'mon, you're Bronco-fucking-Kelly.

INT. BRONCO KELLY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bronco on the phone, pacing.

INTERCUT: Bronco/Kent on phone.

BRONCO

This is you, Kent. All of these shitty movies! I trusted you! *Chimp Boat*? What the fuck?!

KENT

Bronco, listen. ...Ugh. How do I say this--
(deep breath, fatherly)
The last few movies...the spirit, that light, that Bronco-Kelly-thing...I don't know what's happening but your audience is not feeling it. ...Sorry. I truly am, but it's not me, Bronco... It's you.

BRONCO

Really? Well YOU just lost your biggest client. How's that feel?!

KENT

Bronco, c'mon, man. Maybe take some time off, get away.

(MORE)

KENT (CONT'D)

Get out of your head. Find that kick-ass fucking Bronco Kelly we fell in love with.

BRONCO

You know what? Everything that was ever great in my career was because of me. I fought for all of it. Through the rejection, the heartache, the disappointment, but you know what? That's fuel for me. Pain gives me power. ...You just made a big mistake Kent. A BIG mistake!

Bronco ends the call. Off of his look;

EXT. MITCH'S HOUSE - NEXT DAY

Someone OFF CAMERA reaches in and knocks on the front door. Mitch opens it.

MITCH

(surprised)

What?! No way!

Reveal Bronco at the door.

BRONCO

Hey, Mitch.

Mitch is frozen with shock.

BRONCO (CONT'D)

Do I get to come in or you just gonna stare all day--?

INT. MITCH'S LIVING ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Still empty from the repo, Bronco and Mitch are sitting on makeshift furniture.

BRONCO

I couldn't stop thinking about how you said my movies make you feel like a hero and all that, ya know, so, I figured -- I couldn't live with myself if I let this punk hurt you.

MITCH

Holy smack! So, you're in!

BRONCO

Hold on. I'm not kicking anyone's butt or nothin' like that. I'm gonna teach you how to protect yourself from this dirtbag.

MITCH

(disappointed)

Oh... Hm. Ok.

BRONCO

What?

MITCH

I'm screwed then. I'm not a fighter. I'm just not.

BRONCO

Mitch, I was a chubby little kid and I got my butt kicked all the time because of it. Boys and girls, even some of my teachers took a shot at me. It taught me that if you want to be anything in life, you have to be a fighter first -- And that fighter lives somewhere in all of us.

MITCH

Nope. Not me.

BRONCO

Ok. First step; we need to change that attitude.

INT. LOCAL BAR - LATER

Bronco and Mitch are sitting at the bar. A few patrons are at the tables.

BRONCO

Never had a drink, ever? That's crazy.

MITCH

Well, there was the one time my mom made turkey stuffing with beer in it. It made me a little woozy.

BRONCO

Is that right?

MITCH

Ok, so-- Set me up. Let's do it.

BRONCO

You're going in?

MITCH

I'm with Bronco Kelly. Who better to have my first drink with?

BRONCO

Look at you. Alright, let me think. Maybe something smooth.

MITCH

Whatever. Bring it.

BRONCO

Bar keep. Let's go Scotch, whatever, 18 for this young soldier here.

The bartender pours then serves to Mitch.

BRONCO (CONT'D)

Just take it slow and--

Mitch downs the drink. He chokes for a comically long time.

MITCH

Wow. Da-yum. Good. Yep, smooth.
(clears throat)
How long does it take before I'm drunk?

BRONCO

Let's go baby steps. I don't want to get you plastered first time out.

MITCH

Right.
(then)
So, we starting tomorrow? What's the plan?

Bronco doesn't respond.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Those killer moves from when you kicked Van Damme's ass in *Deadly Connection* -- you gotta show me.

BRONCO
Right. I mean, it wasn't all me, ya
know, but--

MITCH
(crushed)
Wait. ...A stuntman?

Bronco doesn't answer.

MITCH (CONT'D)
(worried, to bartender)
Uh, I'll go again.

The bartender serves him another.

MITCH (CONT'D)
You do know martial arts, right?

BRONCO
Of course. Scene to scene, as
needed, ya know? But--

MITCH
You can fight, right?

BRONCO
Been awhile but...yeah.

Mitch takes this in.

MITCH
Why are you here, really? I mean,
it is kinda crazy, Bronco Kelly
coming all the way to New Jersey to
help me?

BRONCO
I like you, Mitch. I do.

MITCH
And...?

BRONCO
And, uh, I had to get away from
Hollywood... That place can mess
you up, ya know? So, I figured,
come to this little town, be around
nice regular people. Get my head
straight. It's corny but...I'm a
little lost right now, Mitch.

MITCH
 (hitting home)
 I know what you mean...
 (then)
 But you know what? You're here,
 so...
 (suddenly woozy)
 Whoa. Dang, I think I'm drunk-y.
 (then)
 So. Uh, Bronco Kelly--

He raises his drink, Bronco does the same.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 Bayonne, New Jersey welcomes you.

BRONCO
 It's not Hollywood, that's for
 sure.

They slam their drinks, the burn sending Mitch into another coughing fit. As he recovers, his eyes fix on Dick in his car parked across the street.

MITCH
 Bronco.

Mitch nods towards the window.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 That car, with the guy. That's him.
 That's Dick.

ANGLE ON: Dick sitting in his car.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 He just shows up wherever I am.
 It's so creepy.

Bronco checks him out then turns to Mitch.

BRONCO
 Let's go.

MITCH
 What? Where?

Bronco heads out. Mitch, confused, follows him out.

INT. MITCH'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch tails Dick, driving with Bronco stuffed into the passenger seat.

MITCH

So, what're we--? We just gonna follow him?

BRONCO

I did a movie, *Kill Me at Dawn*--

MITCH

Uh-yeah. I've seen it like a-hundred times. You as Rock Carter, holy smack! You took out, like, every fighter in Hong Kong.

BRONCO

And *Rock Carter* didn't just show up and kick ass. He did recon. So, you and me, we're gonna see what makes this jackhole tick.

EXT. BACKROAD - SHORT TIME LATER

Dark, isolated road. Bronco and Mitch, still tailing Dick's car.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Ominous, dark, with a vast parking lot. A small shipping dock nearby. Dick drives up.

Bronco and Mitch drive into the lot and, from a distance, watch Dick as he enters the factory.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY LAIR - MOMENTS LATER

A few beefy guards brandishing automatic weapons stand ready.

Surveillance screens monitor the perimeter.

A power meeting is in session with odd and colorful drug dealers sitting on Mitch's comfy, repossessed furniture.

The leader, QUEEN BEE (30s) a powerful, take-no-shit, zoftig, black woman is pacing before the group.

QUEEN BEE

All product comin' in gets evenly distributed. That's it! I don't want to hear no more bullshit from any of you ma'fuckkas!

Sitting on Mitch's repossessed couch, LOLO, (15), cute kid, boyish face, talks and thinks like a grown up punk.

LOLO

But truth, Queen Bee, I'm pushing South Broad. I got a shit-ton bigger demand.

QUEEN BEE

Fuck your demand! Dick Bain is the only one getting thirty percent.

PETHEY, (40s) white, nerdy and dressed like an '80s rapper is also relaxed on Mitch's couch.

PETHEY

Hold up. Why's that wack sucka get a big bite?

Reveal Dick pacing.

QUEEN BEE

That "whack sucka" spent ten years in the joint putting this deal together. You ain't brought nothin' to the table but your *L.L. Fool J* bullshit. So how 'bout you shut the fuck up?!

SKIRT (30s), a tough goth woman dressed in black is seated on Mitch's comfy easy chair.

SKIRT

But we don't know this asshole.

QUEEN BEE

Then get to know him! Ten years in the cage turned him into a warrior, a cold-blooded killer and a drug deal-plan-makin' muthafukka.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - MEANWHILE

Bronco and a nervous Mitch carefully sneak in through a back entrance.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

Broken windows allow moonlight to cut through the gloom. Rusty machinery, catwalks, and exposed pipes populate the cavernous spaces.

Bronco leads a wide-eyed Mitch through the shadows, stepping lightly.

They freeze, peering around a corner --

A sleek, military vehicle parked in a loading area near a huge, closed door. Mechanics are testing and activating weaponry. Gatling guns extend from the sides as propeller blades unfurl from the top.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY LAIR - MEANWHILE

Back to the meeting...

QUEEN BEE

--and the Coast Guard? How do we keep them out of our shit?

DICK

A trawler will navigate through a small bandwidth of ocean that's undetectable by radar. Our team will meet up with a fishing boat seventeen miles out.

PETHEY

Uh, question, real quick. What's up with this couch when we done? This ma'fuckka's comfy.

SKIRT

I called *dibs* on the couch.

PETHEY

Possession, nine-tenths. Shit's mine.

SKIRT

Possession does not beat out *dibs*. You can have this chair.

PETHEY

The chair su-uh-uh-cks. I got the couch. Done. Movin' on.

Queen Bee looks on, annoyed.

SKIRT

Ottoman comes with it. It's fer-real hand-crafted leather.

PETHEY

How 'bout you hand-craft my bz-whack-ballsack?!

QUEEN BEE

You two fucking idiots done?

PETHEY

Just sayin', this couch goes with the drapes in my den.

SKIRT

That don't mean--

QUEEN BEE

ENOUGH!

Bronco and Mitch, high up on a catwalk, slink in undetected. They peer down and listen in.

QUEEN BEE (CONT'D)

We're tryin' to coordinate one of the biggest drug smuggling operations in the history of the U-S-of-fuckin'-A and you two stupid, insecure, jive-ass, motherfukkas are picking out furniture?

PETHEY

Sorry. We good. Chair's dope. I'll take it.

Dick grabs a remote for a video monitor. As needed, he pops on maps, images of boats, guard posts, surrounding terrain, etc.

DICK

On the 17th, at exactly twenty-three hundred, our fishing boat will dock at Pier Six. My two operatives, Herc and Benson, will be onboard posing as fisherman.

ANGLE ON: Bronco and Mitch as they take this in.

DICK (CONT'D)

Guards will be at these vantage points. Vehicle rolls in on my command. Packets go off the boat into the vehicle, then we hightail it the fuck out of there. ...Questions?

PETEEY

Yeah, uh, I got a van right
outside, how 'bout I pop the couch
in, right quick?

SKIRT

Nope.

Dick, angry, takes a deep breath.

DICK

Ok, listen to me. We can not fuck
this up. There're a lot of bad
dudes waiting for this to drop. If
I don't deliver, I'm dead. And if
they are coming for me, I coming
for you.

(hard)

All of you!

MITCH

(a gasp!)

This pulls everyone's attention. Bronco pulls Mitch away.
They run off. The armed guards remain still.

QUEEN BEE

(to guards)

Why're you--? Ugh. Go find out who
in-the-shit that is!

The guards run off.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

Open industrial area. Bronco and Mitch run in and search
desperately for an escape. Bronco points out a massive,
slowly-spinning floor-to-ceiling wall fan leading to the
outside.

BRONCO

Mitch! Here. It's the only way.

MITCH

No. Let's just go the way we came
in.

BRONCO

And get shot? Guards'll be there.

MITCH

So-- How're we--? We can't-- It'll
slice us up like deli meat. I
can't.

BRONCO

We got no choice, Mitch! Let's go!

They zip up to the huge, slowly turning fan. Huge blades
whoosh by.

BRONCO (CONT'D)

Anticipate. Follow the flow. When a
blade passes, GO!

MITCH

Oh-my-god.

He goes for it, the blades just miss him. He backs off.

MITCH (CONT'D)

AH! My penis. Almost-- Ugh, too
close. Nope. Not doing it.

Bronco spots a heavy metal pipe underfoot.

BRONCO

Change of plans.

(re: pipe)

Grab an end. We're gonna jam it.

With a lot of grunting, they gather their strength to lift up
the heavy pipe.

The guards close in. An ARMED GUARD takes aim.

ARMED GUARD

Show's over, assholes.

They toss the pipe into the fan. It grinds as it jams to a
halt, leaving a clear escape to the parking lot.

BRONCO

Go-go-go!

They escape through the jammed-up fan.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

Bronco and Mitch run for Mitch's car. Guards are closing in.

From inside the factory, Dick calmly watches this unfold.

ANGLE ON: Tires screeching as Mitch's car peels away.

WIDER: Bullets PING off of the car as it speeds off!

INT. MITCH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Bronco is driving at top speed. Mitch, wide-eyed excited, is on the passenger side. Bronco checks his review mirror.

MITCH
(breathing heavy)
OH-MY-GOD! Wow!

BRONCO
I'm thinking they saw us.

MITCH
(breathless excitement)
That was...FAN-FUCKING-TASTIC!

BRONCO
Mitch. You said fuck.

MITCH
It's just-- We got shot at! I almost got chopped to shreds! Speeding out of there, a-hundred miles an hour! Wow!

BRONCO
You having a breakdown?

MITCH
No. Bronco, I felt-- It was like being in a real life Bronco Kelly movie. Holy fuck!

BRONCO
It's adrenalin, Mitch. Deep breaths.

MITCH
Bronco, listen. You listening?

BRONCO
I'm listening.

MITCH
You and me. We are gonna take down that drug deal.

BRONCO
Is that right?

MITCH

I'm serious! We. Are. Doing. This.

Bronco studies Mitch's excited, smiling face.

BRONCO

Ok. ...We're doing this!

Mitch slams a cassette tape into the player. The song DANGER ZONE blasts yet again.

MITCH

(singing along loudly)

Flyyyy into the danger-zone!/Ba-ba-pa-pa./

ABOVE: Mitch's car driving through the backroads.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Riide in-to the danger zone/Be-be-pa-pa ba -- Danger Zone!//

EXT. PAWN SHOP - EVENING

A small, dark and shabby storefront in a seriously dangerous neighborhood.

INT. PAWN SHOP - CONTINUOUS

A creepy place populated with junky appliances, stereos, video consoles, computers and weapons.

From a back room we hear S&M GROANS of a FETISHIST getting whipped.

A nervous Mitch is with Bronco. Behind the counter, JUNEY, (30), bearded, biker-type, with face tats, opens a huge suitcase full of firearms.

JUNEY

These are big sellers. Especially around the holidays.

MITCH

Oh-no-no! Changed my mind. Thank you very much, kind sir, but we are in the wrong place.

BRONCO

Mitch, if we're doing this, we need guns.

MITCH

I-I, no-- I'm not shooting anybody.
You nuts? No. No way.

More whipping and moaning sounds.

BRONCO

You do know we will be getting shot
at. We'll need to protect
ourselves.

Juney pulls out a big gun.

JUNEY

This here's sweet. Carbine-balanced
recoil with suppressor, scope rail
and side-folding stock.

BRONCO

Not too shabby. I had my hands on
one of these when I was in the
shit.

MITCH

No, Bronco, we are smarter than
that. We can sneak in, sabotage
something, blow up the drugs or--

BRONCO

We're not gonna waltz in, no guns.
Then we're dead. So-- pick out
something nice.

MITCH

Nope. Not happening. Guns scare me.
Sorry. Let's just go. I really
don't like it here.

More whipping and groaning sounds.

BRONCO

You wanted to do this, Mitch. So,
man up, balls out, let's go.

JUNEY

How 'bout something small and
dainty?

Juney pops open a suitcase of very small pistols.

The fetishist, an average looking man, enters from the back
as he buttons up his shirt.

RENA, a petite woman, (70s) dressed in black leather, trails behind, whip in hand.

Mitch watches this out of the corner of his eye.

FETISHIST
(handing her cash)
Thanks, Rena. See you again
Thursday?

RENA
(grandma-like)
Oo, no, sorry. Thursday I need to
be at *Chuck E Cheese*. It's my
grandson's birthday. How's Tuesday?

FETISHIST
Tuesday it is.

RENA
Wonderful. Oh, and a little salve
will do wonders on the swelling.

The fetishist nods and exits. She shoots Mitch a seductive look. He quickly turns away.

JUNEY
(re: guns)
So, what're we doin'?

Bronco and Mitch share a look...

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Bronco unleashes a deafening barrage from a massive machine gun, bullets shredding the target to pieces.

Mitch squeezes off a shot from his tiny palm pistol. The small recoil sends him reeling back. Bronco rolls his eyes at this.

MONTAGE: Motivational MUSIC plays throughout.

A)Bronco and Mitch, both in sweats, jog through a gentrified neighborhood, the sidewalk crowded with hipsters dining at outdoor cafes, Mitch struggling to keep pace.

Bronco accidentally clips a distracted GEN Z HIPSTER glued to his phone, sending his coffee flying.

GEN Z HIPSTER
Ahh! ASSHOLE!

B) Bronco, ala *Rocky*, in a chicken pen, on point as he maneuvers quickly to catch a wily chicken. He shoulder rolls to the chicken and victoriously scoops it up.

MOMENTS LATER: Mitch, in fear for his life, running from the chicken.

C) Mitch, sweating profusely, effortlessly performs pull-ups. In a wider shot, Bronco holds Mitch's legs as he does deep squats.

Dick, in the distance, is intrigued as he watches this.

D) Mitch and Bronco sprint up the interminable staircase leading to the town hall. Lungs burning, Mitch surrenders and drops at the second landing.

Undeterred, Bronco powers on, three steps at a time as the MUSIC soars.

At last, reaching the top, his fists pumping skyward as he dances a victory jig.

BRONCO
(yelling down)
C'mom, Mitch!

MUSIC swells as Bronco celebrates.

BRONCO (CONT'D)
LET'S GO! YOU CAN DO IT!

MITCH
(catching breath)
Can't... Ahh! Ow! Everything hurts.

Bronco, still celebrating, throws air punches.

FREEZE FRAME: On Bronco's jump, his fists in the air. The music stops abruptly.

JUMP TO:

EXT. TOWN HALL STAIRS - SHORT TIME LATER

Police car and ambulance are parked, emergency lights flashing. Bronco lies motionless on a stretcher, surrounded by EMTs and medical equipment. He's put into an ambulance as Mitch watches in helpless worry.

EXT. JERSEY CITY MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

Visitors, patients, doctors, nurses come in and out.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bronco lays lifeless in bed. Monitors and medical equipment BEEP. Mitch steps in quietly. He studies Bronco.

BRONCO
(weakly)
Mitch.

MITCH
Hi.

A quiet beat.

BRONCO
You ready?

MITCH
For what?

BRONCO
You're gonna go in and take down
those jerks like a bulldozer.

MITCH
By myself? No. No way.

BRONCO
I know what you're capable of
Mitch. I know your heart wants
this.

MITCH
Yeah, right. I'll just show up and
do what?

BRONCO
You saw what happens, just like my
movies. You get in deep, bad
situations come up, solutions show
themselves. Before you know it,
you're gettin' done what you need
to get done.

MITCH
I can't do it. Not by myself.

BRONCO
I saw the fire in you, Mitch.

Mitch grows quiet.

BRONCO (CONT'D)

You take the drug deal down, Dick Bain is done. You get your life back.

(then)

You saw the plan, it's just a few guards. Take 'em by surprise like I did in, *Murder for Christmas*.

MITCH

Ah, man, when you shot Santa. So great.

BRONCO

Makes for a nice holiday movie.

(then)

What I'm sayin' is, you got to do this for you, Mitch. If you don't, you'll regret it for the rest of your life.

(beat)

Hold on. I got something for ya.

Bronco takes off his necklace.

BRONCO (CONT'D)

Look at this.

He holds out the necklace. It's has the actual falcon charm from his movie *Falcon*.

BRONCO (CONT'D)

See that? It's the most favorite thing I have on this earth.

MITCH

The necklace from *Falcon*. From your partner Kirk, when he was dying in a dumpster.

Bronco hands him the necklace.

BRONCO

And now I'm giving it to you. It's gonna be like a fairy on your shoulder. If you feel like all is lost, the little fairy is going to whisper in your ear...

(yells)

YOU CAN DO IT, YOU SONNAVA BITCH!

MITCH

(moved)

Kirk's speech. From the movie.

BRONCO

Well, my speech for Kirk. I wrote it. And directed it. Brought in almost a-hundred mil world wide.

Mitch examines the necklace. He gives Bronco a manly hug.

BRONCO (CONT'D)

Mitch. Time to find that fighter. He's inside, dying to get out.

On Mitch's look;

INT. LUIGI'S RESTURANT - EVENING

Mitch is having dinner with Leah. Romance is in the air.

MITCH

I'm really glad I got to know you, Leah.

LEAH

Wait. I'm gonna see you again, right?

MITCH

Uh, yeah. It's just-- I got a thing I gotta do and, uh, let's say if something were to happen to me-- I, uh, want you to know -- I think you're great-- That' all.

LEAH

(moved)

Mitch, you are such a poodle.

Mitch looks deep into Leah's eyes.

Romantic MUSIC plays, the world around then SOFTENS. The CAMERA CIRCLES them.

Mitch and Leah stand and lean over the table to kiss. Entranced, they unknowingly knock over and break the dishes on the table under them.

INT. MITCH'S CAR - SHORT TIME LATER

Mitch and Leah, fully dressed and cramped in the backseat, kiss passionately.

MITCH
Hm-mm, ow-ow. OW!

He stops. Sits up.

MITCH (CONT'D)
No. Leah. Not yet. It's not right.
Not here.

LEAH
What? Why?

MITCH
It needs to be...special. Right?

She glances at his crotch. A wet spot.

LEAH
Mitch? Uh, did you have a--?

Mitch, guilty, put his hands over his crotch.

LEAH (CONT'D)
(all smiles)
That is so adorable.

Off Mitch's look;

CUT TO:

MUSIC: Mighty and motivational.

MONTAGE: *Ala Rocky.*

A) Mitch KNOCKS OUT push-ups, with machine-like ease. He switches to one-handed effortlessly. The CAMERA FLIPS -- he's doing VERTICAL push-ups against the wall.

B) Mitch in his room watching a Bronco Kelly movie on TV. He copies Bronco's every kick and punch in a crazy fight scene.

C) Mitch punching and karate-kicking a homemade workout bag, it's an effigy of Dick.

The MUSIC swells.

D) Mitch jogs to the bottom of the dreaded town hall stairs. He charges up, determined.

A few flights up, he falters, gasping. His spirit drives him on. Slowing, he drops to his knees, struggling to stand but failing.

CU on the *Falcon* necklace around Mitch's neck.

Bronco's voice reverberates in Mitch's head.

BRONCO (V.O.)
YOU CAN DO IT, YOU SONNAVA BITCH!

Mitch finds renewed strength. His weak jog builds to a sprint as he gets closer to the top of the stairs.

He reaches the top landing, jumping and punching the air in celebration.

BRONCO (O.S.)
You done?

The MUSIC STOPS abruptly. Mitch stops dancing.

MITCH
Bronco?

BRONCO
We got work to do. Get in the car.

MITCH
Wait. You're ok?

BRONCO
Of course, I'm Bronco Kelly. A few cramps took me down, that's it. The hospital was keeping me for tests.

MITCH
But the speech, the necklace--
Why'd you make me think you were done?

BRONCO
(with a smirk)
We're in a life and death situation. I had to make sure my partner had the fire burnin' in him.

Mitch takes this in...

MITCH
Ok, cool ...Partner.

They share a smile.

INT. FACTORY LAIR - MEANWHILE

Dick and Queen Bee.

QUEEN BEE

I don't want this deal blowin' up
because of your revenge bullshit.
Take care of that lame, no-count,
jackass, ma-fukka, ASAP!

DICK

I'm taking care of it.

QUEEN BEE

How?

Two guards drag a terrified Leah into the room, her hands bound and mouth taped shut. She writhes and kicks in a futile attempt to break free.

QUEEN BEE (CONT'D)

What in-the-fuck is this?

DICK

I said -- I'm taking care it it!

They throw Leah into a chair. She squeals!

A 1990s movie clip...

EXT. FORREST - DAY

Lush woods. A younger Bronco is dressed as *Pinocchio* wearing a pointed clown hat with polkadots and matching bloomers and puffy shirt. He is talking to a beautiful MAIDEN FAIRY.

MAIDEN FAIRY

Where have you been Pinocchio?

Bronco is woefully miscast. We feel it in his acting throughout.

BRONCO

(child like)

To the village, just as you asked.

A beat. Bronco's nose grows a little. Playing confused, he looks down on it cross-eyed.

MAIDEN FAIRY

Did you deliver the gold coins to
the Prince?

BRONCO

Uh. No, dear fairy. I am sad to say, I lost the coins in the village square.

Bronco, again, looks down cross-eyed at his nose as it grows substantially bigger. The Maiden Fairy laughs.

BRONCO (CONT'D)

Why do you laugh?

MAIDEN FAIRY

Because of your nose. It tells me of your lies.

BRONCO

(bad crying)

Oh, nooo! But how am I suppose to face everyone? Look at what's happened to me! Please help! I feel so blue--

With that, Bronco, suddenly cool, slides on sunglasses and pulls out a harmonica and blows out a hardcore blues song.

BRONCO (CONT'D)

(singing the blues)

*Went to the village/To drop off
some gold./Stopped at the market
and I bought what they sold./*

He wails on the harp.

MITCH (V.O.)

Stop! Stop! NO! Turn it off!

POP WIDE: from the lap top playing this movie;

INT. MITCH MORGAN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mitch and Bronco, dressed in black, are watching this on a lap top. Bronco turns it off.

MITCH

Dear sweet god, why'd you show me that?

BRONCO

Inspiration, Mitch. I made a mistake doing that movie, it was rough but it made me stronger. Today - we get stronger!

MITCH

Wait. You saying this is a mistake?

His cell rings. He answers.

MITCH (CONT'D)

(on phone)

This is Mitch...

He listens, then, in shock, he ends the call.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Aw-man.

BRONCO

Now what?

MITCH

(dead serious)

Our drug bust just turned into a rescue mission. ...They have Leah!

BRONCO

New plan! We need to get everyone in on this; cops, SWAT, Feds, friggin WalMart security, we--

MITCH

No. No way. Dick made it clear, if anyone gets near the drug deal-- She's dead!

They take this in...

BRONCO

So. Mitch. ...What's the call?

Mitch takes a deep breath then reveals the *Hunter Ace III* bandana from his pocket. He proudly slips it on his head and smiles.

Bronco smiles.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DAY

The vast parking lot is empty.

Dramatic MUSIC rumbles underneath.

LOW ANGLE: A black, souped-up 1950 Mercury Monterey as it impressively rolls up and stops right in front of the CAMERA.

TILT UP: The car door opens, boots emerge, hitting the pavement. Bronco emerges dramatically - imposing in leather jacket, cigar clenched, shouldering an automatic rifle.

Mitch, in black wearing the Hunter Ace bandanna, emerges dramatically from the passenger side.

DRIVER (O.S.)
Hey, uh, it'd be cool if you leave
a nice review.

Reveal a young, male Uber DRIVER behind the wheel of the souped up car.

BRONCO
We're busy. Move out.

DRIVER
Seriously?

Bronco, ignoring the driver, stays focused.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Know what? Fuck you! *Hunter Ace*
sucked-ass!

BRONCO
Made twice its money back.

The driver speeds off. Bronco checks his gun.

BRONCO (CONT'D)
You ready?

Mitch reveals his tiny palm pistol.

MITCH
Yep.

They both stand mighty, side by side as they study the factory across the parking lot. Mitch holsters the little pistol into the waistband of his pants. Then--

MITCH (CONT'D)
Aw, man.

BRONCO
What?

MITCH
The gun. It went down my pants.

He jiggles his leg, trying to shake it out.

BRONCO
You kiddin' me?

MITCH
Let me just--

He hops, hoping to dislodge it.

BRONCO
Just do not shoot your nuts off.
I'd appreciate it.

Mitch opens the top of his pants and reaches down into his underwear and grabs around, feeling for his gun.

MITCH
Where is--? It's not--

Bronco, maintaining his patience, lights his short stogie.

Mitch is crawling on the ground searching, his pants halfway down.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Where in the heck--?

BRONCO
Forget the damn gun!

Mitch, giving up, stands and buttons up his pants.

MITCH
I put a deposit down on that
friggin' thing. Dang it!

BRONCO
We'll do ok without your little
squirt gun.

Mitch pulls a map of the factory out of his pants pocket and unfolds it.

Bronco remains cool, confident and steady throughout!

MITCH
(pointing to map)
Ok. So. Best bet, they have her in
the main lair.
(re: map)
Possible entry points; here, here
or here. This one's easy access to
the ventilation system, we--

BRONCO

We are not crawling through no vents. We get inside, get into position then we wait 'til they're distracted with the drug deal. Then when we grab her and get out, quick and easy.

MITCH

Just like that?

BRONCO

There're only a few guards, right?

MITCH

And Queen Bee and her idiot dealers.

BRONCO

That's nothin'.

MITCH

And there's Dick.

BRONCO

Yeah. Easy as shit crumble pie.

With that, the ROAR of a dozen motorcycles echoes in the near distance. Mitch's eyes widen with worry. Bronco stands firm.

BRONCO (CONT'D)

The gettin' is about to get good.

CHANGE IN FILM STYLE

The look, tone and feel changes into the glorious, low-tech over-the-top action movie-making style of the 1990s.

Bad 90s SYNTH MUSIC ratchets up the tension.

The motorcycles roll into the parking lot. Bronco and Mitch take cover behind a dumpster as the bikers cross-cross and circle around.

MITCH

Dick must've sent them. He knew we'd come.

BRONCO

A welcome party. How nice.

MITCH

So what's the plan?!

BRONCO
We do nothing--

A biker fires off a shot. It PINGS off of the dumpster.

BRONCO (CONT'D)
Until they fire at us.

Bronco strides out fearlessly as a biker barrels toward him. He swings his gun from his shoulder and shoots at and hits the biker. He flies spectacularly off his ride. Sparks fly as the unmanned bike scrapes across, right to Bronco's feet.

Bronco hoists the bike up and hops on.

BRONCO (CONT'D)
Jump on!

Mitch jumps on the back of the bike. More bikers start circling them. Bronco peels off.

'90s SYNTH ACTION MUSIC swells!

MONTAGE: Bronco and Mitch vs. the biker gang.

A) Bronco and Mitch zip by on the bike. Gun raised, a biker chases them on his motorcycle, hellbent on taking them out.

MITCH
BRONCO!

BRONCO
Hold on!

Bronco's tires screech as he skids to a halt. He shoots, gun blazing. The biker's bike detonates in a fireball, engulfing the rider. He staggers from the inferno, lurching like a human torch toward Bronco.

BRONCO (CONT'D)
Thanks for the light but I don't smoke.

He drives off with Mitch.

B) Bronco points his gun up to the sky just as a biker, ramping off of a ledge, flies above him. Bronco, without looking, shoots the bike out of the sky.

BRONCO (CONT'D)
Sorry. This is a no fly zone.

It crashes into a twisted heap of metal as the biker flops and rolls to the ground.

C) Bronco stands mightily as a biker heads straight for him, full speed. Mitch shoves the dumpster into his path. He crashes into it, flips off of the bike, right into the dumpster.

BRONCO (CONT'D)
I hope dirtbags are recyclable.

D) Bronco, with Mitch on back, speeds through wounded bikers and banged up motorcycles. There are only a few bikers left.

MITCH
Bronco! Heads up!

Three bikers charge forward, guns drawn. The leader barrels straight ahead while the other two flank him. Bronco skids to a halt and takes aim.

BRONCO
The trick is, take out the point man.

KAPOW! Bronco is blindsided by a gunshot from behind, knocking him off his motorcycle. His gun drops to the pavement. Clutching his shoulder, he writhes in pain.

BRONCO (CONT'D)
Hit! I'm hit!

The three bikers are closing in.

BRONCO (CONT'D)
Mitch! The gun! Take your shot!

Bronco's machine gun lies nearby. Mitch's eyes flick between the encroaching bikers and the weapon. Swallowing hard, he wrestles with his fear of big-ass guns.

CU on the *Falcon* necklace hanging around Mitch's neck.

BRONCO (CONT'D)
(yelling out)
YOU CAN DO IT, YOU SONNAVA BITCH!

Mitch leaps off Bronco's bike, snatches the gun and blasts the lead biker. He spirals, colliding with two others, igniting a massive fireball.

Remaining bikers witness the smoldering carnage. Engines ROAR as they flee.

Mitch stares at the gun, realizing what he's done.

MITCH

Holy shit.

Bronco winces in pain as he jumps back on the motorcycle, blood seeping from the bullet wound in his shoulder.

BRONCO

Mitch. Get on!

Mitch defiant, turns to Bronco.

MITCH

No!

Mitch tosses Bronco's gun back to him. Bronco fumbles to catch it. Mitch turns his back on Bronco, and walks away without looking back.

BRONCO

Mitch? ...MITCH?!

MUSIC swells.

Mitch stops and swipes up a wounded biker's massive shotgun and flings it on over his shoulder.

Grabbing the nearest motorcycle, he hoists himself on and kickstarts the engine. He throws Bronco a confident look.

MITCH

(heroic)

Let's go save Leah!

A glorious moment!

Bronco smiles then nods. They speed off side by side.

EXT. FACTORY - SHORT TIME LATER

Dark and ominous, the night sky rumbles with thunder as we hear the rain pelt on the metal rooftop.

INT. FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

A furnace glows orange-hot. Pockets of flame inexplicably erupt randomly throughout the facility. Hanging frayed electrical wires POP and SIZZLE. Rain seeps in through cracks overhead. Thunder BOOMS outside.

A few armed guards sit on crates talking, smoking, laughing.

INT. FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

Bronco and Mitch sneak in, guns drawn, moving with Navy Seal precision. Mitch throws hand signals to Bronco who stares blankly. Mitch repeats the signals. Bronco shrugs.

MITCH
(loud whisper)
Tactical hand signals. From your
movie, *Grenade Brigade*.

BRONCO
(whisper)
No idea.

MITCH
(whisper)
Follow and assume, all quadrants.

Bronco nods. With their guns pointed at the ready, they swiftly check every nearby nook and cranny.

BRONCO
Clear.

MITCH
Clear.

Dick, hiding in the shadows, raises a high powered rifle and carefully looks into the scope.

Dick's POV: through the sniper scope. The crosshairs follow Bronco's head.

BRONCO
All clear.

Dick loses sight of them as they disappear into the hallway. He brings his gun down, a sinister look crossing his face.

INT. FACTORY LAIR - MEANWHILE

Queen Bee, Petey, Lolo and Skirt watch Bronco and Mitch on the security monitor.

QUEEN BEE
A breach?! What the shit?!

PETAY
Whoa. Is that Bronco Kelly?

QUEEN BEE
What?

SKIRT

Damn. He's right. Bronco Kelly.

LOLO

In the building? I'm-a find him,
let him know I always wanted to be
an actor.

SKIRT

Lolo. Don't even--

QUEEN BEE

I'm getting a bad feelin' about
this.

PETHEY

What can he do? He's an actor.

LOLO

And director.

Dick enters, gun in hand.

DICK

Here's what he can do--

He commandeers the security video console.

SECURITY CAM FOOTAGE shows wounded bikers and mangled, burnt
bikes strewn across a smoky parking lot.

QUEEN BEE

He did that? A motherfucking actor?

LOLO

And director.

DICK

I radioed my guys, they're gonna
dock early. We're doin' this. Get
into position. NOW!

QUEEN BEE

What about her?

Reveal a very frightened Leah gagged and tied to a chair.
Dick, with a sinister look, considers her.

INT. FACTORY LOADING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

The futuristic military vehicle engine roars, lurches, then
sputters. Muffled BICKERING from inside.

Gatling guns unleash a hailstorm of lead, guards scrambling for dear life. Bullets cease, guns retreat. More incoherent BICKERING echoes from inside the metal beast.

INT. FACTORY - MEANWHILE

Mitch and Bronco dart in, weapons raised.

Guards swarm, guns leveled. Bronco and Mitch hunker behind a turbine, exchanging a grim nod.

MITCH

Bronc, we're in a no win situation.

BRONCO

You sound like me at the Oscars.

(then, detects something)

We got company.

Bronco swiftly elbows the approaching GUARD creeping up behind him. He disarms him and butt-strikes him with his own gun, sending him staggering toward the blazing furnace. He tumbles into the fiery abyss.

GUARD

AHHHHH! AH! AH!

He burns to a crisp.

BRONCO

Steaks are ready.

Bronco is back on the move.

MITCH

Where're we going?

BRONCO

We're taking cover. We need to rethink.

MITCH

No. We need to save Leah!

BRONCO

We can't save anybody if we're dead. We got to make a plan!

MITCH

No time! We move! Now!

Bronco takes in Mitch's intensity.

BRONCO
You found some humongous balls,
Mitch. But *big balls* still need a
plan.

Dick, in the shadows, is looking through the scope of his
high powered rifle.

Dick's POV: The crosshairs move from Dick to Mitch.

MITCH
Just follow me.

Bronco beams with fatherly pride. BLAM! A bullet WHIZZES past
Mitch's head and PINGS off the turbine.

MITCH (CONT'D)
(emulating Bronco))
Nice shot...*blind-y*

BRONCO
Ok. Clever, sorta.

They run off.

EXT. DOCKS - MEANWHILE

The military vehicle crosses in.

INT. FACTORY LAIR - MEANWHILE

Queen Bee stares intently at the security monitor, watching
Bronco and Mitch sneak swiftly through the factory.

QUEEN BEE
Aw shit. Here it comes.

Mitch enters, gun drawn.

MITCH
No one gets hurt if you just hand
her over.

Bronco enters.

BRONCO
Right now.

QUEEN BEE
Ho-my-fuck. Hunter Ace fer real?
You lookin' good my man.

BRONCO

Thank you. I still work out. Eat right.

MITCH

Bronco.

BRONCO

Right, right.
(draws his gun)
Where is she?

Mitch gestures to the empty chair, ropes strewn across it.

He aims his gun at Queen Bee's head.

MITCH

WHERE IS SHE?!

Queen Bee's scared and worried look...

EXT. DOCK - LATER

Queen Bee's team of drug dealers stand by as guards load the last packets of heroin from the fishing boat into the military vehicle.

A guard nods to one of the "fishermen". Another slams the hatchback shut.

The ROAR of approaching motorcycles echoes from a distance. The guards look around nervously.

LOLO

This can't be good.

Bronco and Mitch approach them on motorcycles. A guard eyes them.

GUARD

Hold your fire.

Bronco and Mitch roll up on their bikes. Queen Bee is on the back of Bronco's bike. The guards train their guns on them.

QUEEN BEE

What in the fuck is wrong with you fools?! Put the guns down. You don't fuck with Hunter Ace.

They get off their bikes.

MITCH

Listen up! We don't give a shit
about your drugs. All we want is a
hostage exchange.

BRONCO

Queen Bee for the girl.

QUEEN BEE

Do it! Now!

Dick steps out from behind the vehicle holding Leah with a
gun to her head.

DICK

This girl?

MITCH

Leah!

LEAH

Mitch!

MITCH

Dick!

Dick cocks the gun.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Ok. Hold up. Don't do anything
stupid.

DICK

You mean like this?

He swiftly shoots Queen Bee between the eyes. She drops dead.

DICK (CONT'D)

I'll be taking over from here. Get
their guns.

EXT. DOCK - SHORT TIME LATER

Mitch, Bronco and Leah stand on the fishing boat with two
armed guards, their guns aimed at them. Dick stands on the
dock before them.

DICK

Ok movie hero, looks like you're
gonna co-star with the fishes.

BRONCO

No. More clever, like, You're about
to get in over your head.

MITCH

I dunno. I kinda like his better.

DICK

Shut up!
(then, to guards)
Get them out to sea!

MITCH

Wait. Please. Hold on. Look--

Mitch reveals the *Falcon* necklace around his neck.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Bronco gave me this--

DICK

Nice. From *Falcon*. When his partner
was dying in the dumpster.

BRONCO

That's the one.

MITCH

I'd like you to place this
somewhere special in honor of this
great, cultural hero-- Bronco
Kelly.

BRONCO

That's nice Mitch, but he doesn't
care about--

DICK

No. Gimme. I want it.

Mitch takes off the necklace and holds it up with reverence.
Dick crosses to the boat to take it.

Mitch swiftly grabs Dick's arm, yanking him close and putting
him in a headlock. The guards draw their guns and take aim.

Mitch whips out his little palm pistol and presses the barrel
hard against Dick's temple.

MITCH

Now who's taking over?

BRONCO

Nice Mitch.

Mitch stands proudly. And keeps standing... Still standing...

BRONCO (CONT'D)
Uh, Mitch. What's next?

Off of Mitch's confused look.

MITCH
Uhh--

INT. MILITARY VEHICLE - MOMENTS LATER

Bronco drives like a madman through the narrow back roads. Mitch sits rigidly in the backseat, glancing at Dick's bound wrists. Leah white-knuckles the armrest.

BRONCO
(looks into review mirror)
We're clear.

MITCH
Let's drop this powder at the sheriff's office. Then drop him with the DEA.

DICK
Idiots. You're making a huge mistake.

BRONCO
Shut up. Handing you over to the feds will save your life.

Suddenly, armed guards riding Mitch and Bronco's motorcycles speed up behind them.

LEAH
We got visitors.

Bronco looks into his review mirror. The guards shoot at them.

MITCH
Ok, Dick, we gotta fly! How do we go to chopper on this?

DICK
Push the two red indicators. When they flash green, pull the stick, lock it into aero-overdrive.

MITCH
Go for it, Bronco.

BRONCO

What're you--? I don't know how to fly nothin'.

MITCH

Do it!

Bronco pushes buttons in the console. He grabs a gear shift and pulls it, it clicks into place.

EXT. MILITARY VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

With a mechanical WHIR, a shaft telescopes up from the top of the vehicle, and unfolds into a helicopter rotor blade. It starts spinning rapidly with a high-pitched WHINE.

The vehicle ZOOMS up into the sky.

MUSIC: Kenny Loggins' *Danger Zone*.

Below, the guards stop their bikes, look up, watching wide-eyed as the vehicle ascends into the sky.

INT. MILITARY VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Bronco waves to the guards below.

BRONCO

Have a nice life, jerks.

Suddenly lights flash on the console. An alarm sounds.

LEAH

What's happening?

DICK

I said you were making a mistake.

Bronco grabs Dick by the neck with one hand.

BRONCO

Shut up and tell us what in-the-Hell is happening!

DICK

It's a security feature. The AJ-D17 has a self-destruct mode. If you don't enter a security code when you start it up -- it explodes.

LEAH

It's gonna blow up?!

BRONCO
Nice time to tell us.

DICK
I'd rather blow up in the sky than
go back to that rat hole prison.

BRONCO
How long we got?

DICK
Thirty seconds.

LEAH
Oh god. We're gonna die!

Bronco looks lost.

MITCH
C'mon, Bronc!

BRONCO
Lemme think!

LEAH
Clock's ticking!

MITCH
What would Hunter Ace do? Or Rock
Carter? Or Cody Dobbs?

No response from Bronco.

MITCH (CONT'D)
C'mom, Bronco, you told me your
characters, they get into trouble,
solutions pop up, they figure a way
out!

On Bronco. He closes his eyes. The chaos gets louder and
louder. It STOPS! He opens his eyes - a new man.

BRONCO
NO! NOT THIS TIME! It's not about
Hunter or *Rock* or *Cody*!
(dramatic close up)
THIS IS ALL ME!

LEAH
What?

BRONCO
I'm Bronco-fucking-Kelly. I GOT
THIS! Get ready!

Mitch smiles. He knows Bronco's finally re-discovered his true self!

BRONCO (CONT'D)
I'll drop altitude. Then we bail
before she blows. Wait for my
command!

MITCH
We just drop out of the sky?!

BRONCO
Stand by!

Bronco rapidly taps a sequence of buttons on the control panel. He grips the lever and thrusts it forward.

The vehicle lurches, dropping sharply. A shrill BEEP blares.

Dick's eyes widen, arms straining against the rope binding his wrists to the handle.

DICK
Mitch. Cut me loose and I promise,
all late fees *expunged*!

Mitch looks into Dick's pathetic face.

DICK (CONT'D)
C'mon, man. I was your guy. I
hooked you up with every Bronco
Kelly movie ever.

Mitch considers this.

DICK (CONT'D)
Mitch, please!

Mitch begrudgingly pulls out a pocket knife and cuts Dick's wrist tie.

BRONCO
STAND BY! We jump ON THREE!

Mitch, Leah and Bronco open their doors and prepare to jump. Mitch turns and looks deep into Leah's eyes.

MITCH
Leah...I love you.

LEAH
I love you, Mitch.

Leah and Mitch kiss.

BRONCO
TWO...Annnnd, GO! GO! GO!

MITCH
Three? I didn't hear three.

BRONCO
JUMP! NOW!

Bronco, Mitch and Leah bail out and free fall. Dick tries to slide to the open door. He can't.

CU on Dick's ankles. He forgot; they are tied up as well.

He wriggles desperately to get out.

DICK
(resigned whisper)
Sweet God.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - MEANWHILE

Mitch, Bronco, and Leah drop onto the ground with a THUD.

Half a block away, the Military Vehicle, still in the sky, EXPLODES into a massive fireball!

Mitch, Leah, and Bronco struggle to their feet, wincing in pain as fiery debris showers around them.

Beat.

MITCH
That's the last time I fly Spirit Airlines.

Chuckles all around.

BRONCO
Nice Mitch. Good one.

More chuckles.

FADE TO:

BLACK

FADE IN:

PRESENT DAY FILM STYLE

INT. CA DEL FOGO DINNING ROOM - DAY

Kent is lunching with Bronco.

KENT

--never saw it coming, a fucking action comedy, taking down a drug deal. So smart. End of week, Bronco, this movie's pulling in close to four-hundred mil. That's all you, man. You're there, your heart, soul, all that shit is on the screen. I feel you. The audience feels you. Welcome back, brother.

BRONCO

Wasn't all me.

Mitch, confident, looking like a star, enters wearing a tailored suit.

KENT

Mitch! You see the numbers? You're a star. How-the-fuck-about-that?!

MITCH

(all smiles)

I've got better news.

KENT

Bullshit. What could be better?

EXT. MITCH'S BACKYARD - DAY

A small, intimate wedding. Leah glows in an elegant white gown, standing with Mitch, dapper in his white tux.

Bronco officiates, Teddy by his side as best man. Lani, Lindstrom and other grocery store workers, dressed their best, sit in the small gathering.

A string quartet plays softly as Leah and Mitch exchange vows.

BRONCO

...And do you, Leah, take this dope to be your lawfully wedded husband?

LEAH

Yes. Of course I do.

BRONCO

You may place the necklace on the
bride.

Teddy hands Mitch the *Falcon* necklace. Mitch lovingly puts it
around Leah's neck.

BRONCO (CONT'D)

And now, you may kiss the bride.

Everyone cheers as Mitch and Leah kiss. The string quartet
plays a classical version of *Danger Zone*. The CAMERA circles
the happy event as we;

FADE TO BLACK

THE END