

MACHO CON TODO

written by

Russ Nickel & William J. Stribling

story by  
John Hennigan

7606 1/2 Fountain Ave  
West Hollywood, CA 90046  
(818) 672-6336  
russellknickel@gmail.com

INT. RUBBER DUCK FACTORY, BACK ROOM - NIGHT

CARTEL THUGS sit around a table, playing 5-card draw. And smoking cigars. And drinking whiskey. You know the type.

One of them sports an intimidating FACE TATTOO that goes across his left eye and down his cheek to the jaw. He's the last one to lay down his hand.

FACE TATTOO

Pair of Queens. Read 'em and weep.

He collects the chips.

WEASELY THUG

Why can't we play hold 'em? Five-card draw is boring as shit.

FACE TATTOO

I like five-card draw.

WEASELY THUG

The fact that the players have less shared information makes for far less informed, and thus far less competitive betting.

FACE TATTOO

Say that again.

The room tenses. Weasely thug looks around--gets no help.

WEASELY THUG

Boss, I didn't--

FACE TATTOO

Say it again.

WEASELY THUG

The fact that the players have less--

Face Tattoo bursts out of his chair and bashes a gun into Weasely Thug's face. Weasely Thug falls, spouting blood, but Face Tattoo doesn't stop, each BASH punctuating his speech.

FACE TATTOO

Five card draw--has odds--that are more difficult--to calculate--giving more skilled players--a fucking edge.

Weasely Thug is super dead.

A DOORBELL rings. Face Tattoo looks around.

                  BUFF THUG  
                  (nodding toward door)  
                  You want me to...?

                  FACE TATTOO  
                  I got it.

Face Tattoo grabs a napkin from under his drink and wipes a few drops of blood off his face.

Buff Thug awkwardly points to his cheek -- you missed a spot. Face Tattoo tries to wipe it off but misses. Buff Thug indicates more to the left. Nope. Little more left. Face Tattoo finally gets the blood off, exits.

Most of the Thugs stare at their dead friend.

                  BUFF THUG  
                  (re: Face Tattoo)  
                  His son's been having trouble at  
                  school.

They all shrug/nod: "Alright, yeah, makes sense, cool."

INT./EXT. RUBBER DUCK FACTORY, MAIN FLOOR/STREET - NIGHT

Conveyor belts full of Rubber Duckies frozen in mid-convey. Machines, boxes, etc. Yes, this is a Rubber Ducky factory -- a place we all know and love.

Empty except for Face Tattoo. And the ducks. So many ducks.

Face Tattoo opens a door at the front of the building, revealing a FOREMAN (hardhat & jumpsuit) standing outside.

The foreman puts his hand up to his ear.

                  FOREMAN  
                  (into earpiece)  
                  --No, I'm doing it my way!

Face Tattoo gives him a strange look.

                  FACE TATTOO  
                  Can I help you?

                  BRADSHAW  
                  Whaddaya say you give us a tour,  
                  buckaroo?

FACE TATTOO

Who are you?

BRADSHAW

Tad--

(catching himself)

Brad...shaw?

That's right! The person you thought was the foreman all along is none other than Agent TAD BRADSHAW, DEA (30s). He looks nothing like a badass secret agent. He's gangly, asymmetrical, and has an off-putting voice.

Despite this, he acts like he's the second coming of James Bond -- all the confidence with none of the suavité.

MAC (V.O.)

That's your real name! What are you doing??

INT. DEA MOBILE COMMAND VAN - NIGHT

A high-tech van, walls lined with screens, which display security-cam footage of the factory.

And manning the controls is--

OUR HERO, agent MAC CONNORS (30s, a big dude). Armed with only an earpiece and a computer, he's a cocktail of nerves and awkwardness. He wears glasses, a cap, and baggy, ill-fitting clothing.

His station is filled with signed photos of famous musicians.

MAC

What happened to the backstory I built for you?

SPLITSCREEN VAN/FACTORY

Bradshaw scratches at his earpiece.

BRADSHAW

I didn't memorize it.

FACE TATTOO/BRADSHAW (CONT'D)

What?/What?

Also in the van, Mac's partner, Agent SOFÍA GOMEZ (30s) speaks into a mic. Ridiculously fit, she's scowling, frustrated by Bradshaw's bullshit. Seems like she'd be frustrated by anybody's bullshit.

Her half of the van is lined with magazine clippings of sexy celeb dudes with ripped bods.

GOMEZ  
(into mic, covering)  
You didn't memorize the layout of  
the factory.

MAC  
(to Gomez)  
Nice.

BRADSHAW  
I didn't memorize the layout of the  
factory. Nice...Which is why I need  
a tour.  
(gesturing to himself)  
New foreman. I oversee things.  
Factory things. Whatever it is you  
menial labor people do.

Mac and Gomez click through security cam feeds on their monitors. Mostly unexciting warehouse shots.

GOMEZ  
Jesus this guy sucks.

MAC  
Yeah, without us he'd be toast.

They look at each other, hungry.

MAC (CONT'D) GOMEZ  
Mmmm toast. Mmmm toast.

Then do their SECRET BEST FRIEND HANDSHAKE.

Mac sees something. SNAP ZOOM on Face Tattoo's wedding ring.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Aww, look! He's got a wedding ring.

GOMEZ  
Dude, he's a murderer.

MAC  
No, I'm just saying he's a family  
man. Could be an angle.  
(into mic)  
Bradshaw, you wanna get home to  
your kids.

INSIDE, Bradshaw tries to keep up the act.

BRADSHAW

I know I do. But none of their  
moms-- Oh, right.

(to Face Tattoo)

Look, I just wanna get home to my  
kids. These work hours, amiright?  
Just hit ya homeboy with a five-  
minute tour. Wam bam thank you sir.

SPLITSCREEN: Bradshaw and Face Tattoo stand off/factory  
blueprints/Mac stares at his screen, piecing things together.

MAC

Bradshaw! The specs don't line up.  
There has to be a hidden  
door...there! At the back wall,  
three feet left of the eyeball  
machine, at your two.

BRADSHAW

O'clock?

MAC

Yes.

FACE TATTOO

Suppose it makes sense to bring  
someone in for the New Jersey deal.

BRADSHAW

That's exactly why I'm here. Old  
Jersey deal is trash! New Jersey  
deal will be un-fucking-stoppable.

FACE TATTOO

Strange, because there is no New  
Jersey deal.

BRADSHAW

The New Jersey deal fell through?  
Dammit! What the hell do I pay you  
people for?

SPLITSCREEN: Mac looks at monitor/Sees a Thug raising a gun  
in a far corner/Bradshaw's a doofus.

MAC

Bradshaw, bogie at your nine!

BRADSHAW

O'clock??

MAC

Yes!

Bradshaw drops to the ground just as a SHOT rings out.

FACE TATTOO

Get him!

Bradshaw leaps up, whips out his DEA badge.

BRADSHAW

Agent Bradshaw, DEA!

He throws his badge at Face Tattoo, pegging him in the head, creating enough distraction to book it.

A DOZEN THUGS swarm the warehouse. All firing at Bradshaw, who ducks behind a conveyor belt. Bradshaw rips off his jumpsuit, revealing a tuxedo beneath.

As he turns, reveal that the back of the tux reads "DEA."

Bullets take out rubber duckies like a carnival game.

SPLITSCREEN/INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MAC

Incoming on your left...now!

A Thug rounds the corner, but Bradshaw smashes his hardhat into the Thug's face, knocking him cold.

MAC (CONT'D)

(to Gomez)

He should've learned to...duck.

GOMEZ

FUCK YES!

Bradshaw tosses a smoke bomb. BAM. Smoke fills the factory.

Everything goes quiet. Thugs prowl through the smoke.

MAC

Bradshaw, get to that eyeball machine!

Bradshaw does a dramatic roll toward the machine, rolling over tons of ducks, which SQUEAK FURIOUSLY.

Mac sees a Thug. Opens his mouth to speak when--

A KNOCK on the Van door. Mac and Gomez share a look. Another KNOCK. Another. More frantic.

Mac presses buttons and pulls up a camera from the outside of the warehouse which shows THEIR VAN.

It's a Dog Grooming van, and there's a frail OLD MAN holding a Shih Tzu.

SPLITSCREEN INSIDE VAN/OUTSIDE VAN/WAREHOUSE

SHIH TZU MAN  
(thick accent)  
I know you are in there.

MAC  
Closed for business!

INSIDE, SLO-MO: Bradshaw takes out one Thug after another-- uses one as a shield, fires shots into kneecaps, headbutts people--it's actually SO INCREDIBLY BADASS IT'S RIDICULOUS.

He's the perfect killing machine.

SHIH TZU MAN  
Beatrice needs the grooming.  
Urgent.

GOMEZ  
It's midnight. How could this possibly be urgent?

SHIH TZU MAN  
Fur smell very bad. Wife cannot beauty-sleep.

ON MONITOR, a couple of Thugs are almost on Bradshaw.

Gomez punches keys, focused, and THE ENTIRE WAREHOUSE WHIRS TO LIFE. Conveyors convey, ducks get printed, etc.

GOMEZ  
I hope that...conveyed my message.

MAC  
KA-BOOM!

They do their secret best friend handshake!

More KNOCKS. Mac growls, then gets up and opens the door.

OUTSIDE, the man holds out his derpy-ass dog, expectant.

IN THE WAREHOUSE, Bradshaw ducks behind a machine.

BRADSHAW  
Any of them on me?

SHIH TZU MAN  
You take dog now!

MAC  
No!

BRADSHAW

No? Great!

Bradshaw runs toward the next piece of cover, but as he emerges, a bullet GRAZES HIM IN THE SHOULDER.

BRADSHAW (CONT'D)

Fuck me I'm hit! What the hell,  
Mac?

MAC

Shit shit shit.

Bradshaw shoots the Thug who shot him--headshot.

BRADSHAW

You colossal waste of space. You  
know I only do this shit because I  
literally never get injured.

GOMEZ

That's why you do this??

Mac glares at the dog man.

MAC

Just. Go! Please!

Shih Tzu Man tosses his dog and Mac instinctively catches it.

SHIH TZU MAN

Be back in an hour to dog like new!  
No smell. Free of charge.

Suddenly the warehouse doors burst open and Face Tattoo runs out, hops into a car. As he passes, he locks eyes with Mac.

SLO-MO CLOSE UP ON Mac's eyes, then Face Tattoo's eyes, then the Shih Tzu's eyes.

The car burns rubber, speeding away.

BACK IN THE VAN, Mac slams into his seat, ready for action, and now with a dog in his lap.

Bradshaw writhes in pain, holding his superficial wound.

BRADSHAW

I'm not sure I'll be able to fire  
for much longer with this arm.

MAC

You can do it. I believe in you.  
You just have to get to that room.



EXT. MAC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Gomez rolls up in her Mini Cooper and honks.

INT./EXT. GOMEZ'S MINI COOPER/HIGHWAY - DAY - MOVING

Mac sits stuffed into the passenger seat of this tiny car. Gomez drives, windows down. The song plays from the car.

INT. DEA GYMNASIUM - DAY

A few DEA AGENTS work out on the various machinery.

Mac, singing, punches a speed bag to the rhythm of the song. He's wearing a big ol' hoodie and sweatpants. Gomez works out on a punching bag right next to him.

Across the floor, Bradshaw flops around on the floor while another AGENT films him for the 'gram.

INT. DEA GYMNASIUM, MEN'S LOCKER ROOM, SHOWERS - DAY

Mac rinses off, singing into a bar of soap.

MAC

Sometimes I think it's a shame...

We move THROUGH THE WALL to the...

WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM SHOWERS

Gomez hums along with Mac's singing. It's freaking adorable.

MAC (O.C.) (CONT'D)

...when I get feelin' better when  
I'm feelin' no pain...

INT. DEA BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A photo of Los Mochis Casino.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL the photo is projected on a screen as part of a PowerPoint 2003 presentation.

The team sits in chairs. Mac holds the Shih Tzu in his lap. At the front, CAPTAIN GLEN CHO (50s, Asian), waves a presentation clicker around.

Grizzled, he's a muscly drill instructor type, and his expression oozes rage, power, and a half-cocked insanity.

CHO

Los Mochis casino. Pretty much our only lead since not a single trace of a scrap of a whisper of drugs was found in that building.

Cho clicks through the powerpoint, showing a slide of the word "Drugs" within a red "No" circle.

GOMEZ

Thank god Mac found that card or we woulda had nothin'. You really saved our asses.

MAC

Oh, no, I didn't do anything...with your asses. I would never--

CHO

Even with all the wreckage, there should have been plenty of residue testing more positive than my sexually promiscuous niece.

Cho flips to a picture of his niece. Mac raises his hand.

MAC

The lab didn't turn up anything?

A picture of the duck factory, up in flames, with a horrible yellow/black smoke radiating out through the city.

CHO

On the contrary. The lab determined that the ducks were made of a deadly carcinogenic plastic. Never would've realized if the ducks hadn't been incinerated, thus releasing their vile toxins into the air in a blanket of deadly fog. Bradshaw, pulling those ducks from circulation is gonna save a lot of lives. Excellent work! So if you'd all gather 'round.

They're basically gathered 'round already. Cho, to Bradshaw:

CHO (CONT'D)

I would like to bestow upon you the highest honor for bravery in the line of duty: a purple heart.

Cho takes a Purple Heart from his pocket and pins it on Bradshaw's bandaged shoulder wound. Bradshaw winces in pain.

BRADSHAW

Hell yeah.

Mac watches as Bradshaw snaps a selfie with his Purple Heart.

CHO

Also, here's a new badge. Stop  
throwing them at people.

GOMEZ

The DEA doesn't give out purple  
hearts.

CHO

This is my personal one. From the  
war. Connors, sing something  
fitting.

(off Mac's confusion)

Now, dammit!

He snaps into an operatic and gorgeous rendition of TAPS, the  
military song for the fallen. It's moving beyond belief.

CHO (CONT'D)

Voice of a god damn angel. Point  
is, Los Mochis is owned and  
operated by the Fuentes family.

Pic of the casino. He flips to matching pics as he talks.

CHO (CONT'D)

Tycoons of industry. Casino. Oil.  
Rollercoaster.

Pic of FRISCO FUENTES (30s). A total rich boy bro, he's  
popped-collar douchebaggery with a somehow soulful gaze -- as  
likely to stab your eyes out as sweep you off your feet.

CHO (CONT'D)

On paper, they're clean as an  
unblown whistle, but once we found  
that card, we did some digging, and  
it turns out one Frisco Fuentes has  
a lot of "friends" who are  
connected to this whole drug-  
smuggling, drug-running, drug-  
taking operation. But if he's  
behind this, he's a criminal  
mastermind, because we can't find a  
lick of hard evidence, which is why  
we need a man on the inside.

CLOSE ON FRISCO'S FACE. He's handsome except for...his nose,  
which is misshapen and gross. Mac cringes.

CHO (CONT'D)

Word on the street is he's due to rear his ugly nose soon. Most likely at the massive charity gala scheduled for September eighth. So what I need from you is a plan to get. Close. To. Frisco. Earn his trust. Get into his inner sanctum.

Cho flips through pictures as he talks. Each one is of Frisco with a POP STAR. Mac watches the pictures go by.

GOMEZ

I've got an idea. How bout you send Gomez and Connors in there to take care of bidness. We'd fucking kill it! Bodies coursing with adrenaline, life-and-death situations every moment, suddenly we're pressed against each other--

CHO

Definitely not.

(to Bradshaw)

Once you're in his good graces, we wait for a slip-up. And then, when he least expects it, we POUNCE like the tiger that ate Sigfried and Roy. Whole thing should be the perfect material for my autobiography. Deadline's comin' up pretty soon. So put your thinking caps on and bring me something by tomorrow.

CHYRON: "Two months later."

No one has moved. Mac holds the skeleton of the Shih Tzu.

CHO (CONT'D)

Dammit, people. These ideas are terrible! Connors, if your fallen hero of a father were alive right now, he'd be turning over in his undug grave!

Cho gazes at a framed photo on the wall of him bestowing a purple heart upon Mac's Father. Mac looks sad.

CHO (CONT'D)

We are not going undercover as beauty contestants. We're not going undercover as high school students.

(MORE)

CHO (CONT'D)

Or as white chicks, or kindergarten teachers, or a brother, or a Big Momma! Give me something original! Something with the ol' razzle dazzle!

GOMEZ

And no, we can't just buy tickets to the gala. We need something high profile to catch Frisco's eye.

Suddenly Mac lights up.

MAC

I think I have an idea.

CHO

Finally. Shoot.

MAC

Well, based on Frisco's--

Cho's PHONE RINGS. He answers.

CHO

(to Mac)

Keep going.

CHO (CONT'D)

(into phone, quiet)

No, I told you, I want the vegetables delivered Tuesday AND Friday...Once a week vegetables? Who would subscribe to that?...You're telling me a tomato's gonna last six whole days? There's no way...Anyway, I eat more tomatoes than you've ever grown....Don't tell me that's not true. I know what's true. Okay...Okay...Fine, I'm sorry. I love you, too. Bye-bye sugar dumpling.

MAC

Frisco clearly has a blind spot when it comes to pop stars. He's spent his whole life rich, but the one thing he hasn't been able to achieve without coercion is the feeling of being "cool." So he overcompensates by hanging out with celebs. Now, each month, the casino gets a new musical guest who does nightly performances. With the right backstory we can work our man into Frisco's inner sanctum and--

CHO (CONT'D)

Sanctum? That'll never work. Sorry, Connors. Bradshaw, what about you?

BRADSHAW

Huh? Oh, uh...What if I go undercover as a pop star?

Mac gives Bradshaw a look. What the heck?

CHO

Because Frisco loves pop stars.  
He'd have a total blind spot.  
That's brilliant! I can almost see  
it now...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DEA GYMNASIUM - DAY

Bradshaw stands at a microphone in a makeshift recording booth holding a lyric sheet, dressed as Bruce Springsteen aka The Boss (jeans, tank, bandana).

Mac and Gomez watch from behind a folding table, running things from a computer setup and mixing board.

MAC

Okay, this is All You Need Is  
Dance, take one.

Mac hits a button. The BEAT is bassy and repetitive. Bradshaw sings, but he's tone deaf, like really bad.

BRADSHAW

All you need is dance/I got my cash  
advance/I'm gonna refinance/Viva la  
France!/ All you need is--

MAC

(stopping the music)  
Wait. Hold up. What happened to the  
lyrics I wrote for you?

BRADSHAW

That dumbass dragon shit with  
knights in shining armor? That'll  
dry up them mexi-tacos before the  
meat even hits the grill.

He mimes slapping his dick meat onto a proverbial grill. AKA, turns the dial to crank the gas, whips his dick onto the grill, flips it with a spatula, then closes the lid, smashing his dick, and yelps in pain, reopening the lid.

MAC

Right, sure, okay.

BRADSHAW

Don't worry, lil' brudder. Gave 'em  
the Bradshaw once-over. To make it  
more personal to me and my  
experience as an artist.

GOMEZ  
I heard him in the bathroom asking  
Siri what rhymes with dance.

BRADSHAW  
That was a private conversation!

Cho approaches from the back of the room, CLAPPING.

CHO  
Bravo! Truly bravo, Bradshaw!

BRADSHAW  
Thanks, boss!

CHO  
No, you're the Boss!

BRADSHAW  
I am?? Whoa! Welcome to Promotion  
Town! Population: me.

CHO  
No, because you're dressed like--  
never mind. Take five! You've  
worked hard today.

BRADSHAW  
Oh, it'll take way less than five,  
if you know what I mean.

Mac looks confused.

CHO  
Connors, get in there and record  
the dang song.

MAC  
Me? No, I can't--

CHO  
NOW!

MOMENTS LATER - Mac, now in the booth, puts on headphones.  
Gomez kicks on that ill beat again. Mac takes a moment, then  
very cautiously sings. He doesn't move at all. No charisma.

But his voice is perfect.

MAC  
When ya in a grand romance and ya  
askin' for a chance, just let them  
ladies know that all you need is  
dance. All you need is dance.  
(MORE)

MAC (CONT'D)

Slayin' like a knight, thrust with sword and lance. When ya riding on a dragon and you catch a maiden's glance, just burn her with your fire and strike a badass stance, cause all you need is dance!

GOMEZ

Ow ow!

CHO

Record the rest of the album with Mac's vocals. Don't tell Bradshaw.

TRAINING MONTAGE, BABY!!! To "All You Need (Is Dance)."

1. DEA GYM -- A PHOTOGRAPHER shoots "Lucas" in front of a green screen backdrop. Mac and Gomez direct the session.

Bradshaw smiles and gives thumbs ups like he's The Fonz. Mac watches, clearly displeased. It's not working.

MAC

Wait, stop smiling. Pop stars are assholes.

GOMEZ

He's right. Nice guys finish last. Treat a girl like garbage and their nips'll get hard as diamonds.

MAC

Right. Be a dick, Lucas.

BRADSHAW

Who's Lucas? I'm Agent Tad Bradshaw, DEA. You know that.

MAC

Lucas is your stage name.

GOMEZ

Now dick it up!

BRADSHAW

(to photographer)

What's your name, diamond tits? You got any plans later?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Tad, we dated like six months ago. You left me for my hotter sister.

Bradshaw looks her up and down.

BRADSHAW

I buy it.

2. DEA HEADQUARTERS -- Mac and Gomez work on social media accounts. Lucas's number of followers goes up and up on Instagram. To like 1 million.

3. DEA BRIEFING ROOM -- Cho hands out manila folders.

CHO

We all have important roles to play. Gomez, you're on lights and sound. Connors, you're Lucas' personal assistant.

BRADSHAW

Aka my biiiitch.

CHO

And I'm your manager.

(to everyone)

Memorize your backstories. I wrote them myself. As practice for my book. Deadline's really creepin' up. Now, the event in question. Sugar Ray is opening for Weird Al all month. Al is untouchable, obviously, so Mac, Gomez, I need you to hack into Sugar Ray's social media and tweet something racist.

They give Cho an uncomfortable look.

4. DEA OFFICE -- Cho cuts open a box, pulls out T-SHIRTS w/ pics of Bradshaw as Lucas on them and the slogan #GetTaint™.

CHO (CONT'D)

These shirts are getting me taint alright. You know what I'm saying?

(very serious)

You know what I'm saying.

MAC

These are supposed to say Get Turnt.

BRADSHAW

Gave it a little rewrite, you know, to make it more personal to my experience as an artist.

5. BALBOA PARK -- Mac, Gomez, and "Lucas" emerge from a vehicle and walk toward a crowd. Two female TOURISTS spots Lucas and run over.

TOURIST

Oh my god is that LUCAS!??!

OTHER TOURIST

We love you, Lucas!!!! Woooooo!!!!

Bradshaw films on his phone in selfie mode as the two girls  
FLASH THE CAMERA (it's blurred w/ Lucas graphics.)

BRADSHAW

I love my fans! Y'all ready to get  
taint?

6. JANITOR'S CLOSET -- Cho, Bradshaw, Gomez, Mac.

Cho pulls a string and the lights come on, illuminating walls  
covered with various weapons, including a JETPACK.

CHO

Katanas, rifles, handguns, foot-  
guns, jetpack, backpack, flapjack.  
Take your pick.

7. DEA GYM -- A makeshift stage is set up. The song plays.

BRADSHAW

Hot damn, I sound good. No auto-  
tune or nothin', right?

(before Mac can reply)

Oh. Almost forgot. I decided that  
Lucas loves the Lion King, so what  
if we do the whole stage like an  
African desert. I've even been  
working on my signature move.

He calls offstage to one of the BACKUP DANCERS, who are  
chattering in unintelligible Belarusian.

BRADSHAW (CONT'D)

Backup dancer! Come at me!

She does a twirl and a jump and Bradshaw catches her and  
raises her above his head like Simba in the Lion King.

GOMEZ

That's actually a pretty sweet  
move.

MAC

Okay, yeah. Can't do the stage  
thing or mention Lion King at any  
point for obvious copyright  
reasons, but...the move is great.  
Let's keep it.

Bradshaw tries to bellow out the opening of Lion King. It's terrible and probably offensive.

BRADSHAW

Naaaa schiwenga...babageesey baba!

8. SUPERCUT of Lucas photos on Instagram. Photoshopped into concert venues. With fans. On stage. Working out. The final image is of LUCAS'S TOUR BUS!!!

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. DEA BUILDING - DAY

The Tour Bus is parked in front of the building. It has a huge MURAL OF LUCAS across its side! Mac stares at it in awe.

CHO

Hope you packed light, because the only thing weighing us down should be a sense of impending victory.

The hydraulic door to the bus opens. The bus driver, STEPHEN (late teens) sits behind the wheel.

BRADSHAW

Hey, bus driver! Honk the horn.

STEVIE

Uncle Tad. I'm your nephew. Stephen. And I don't think I should be driving this. I only have my learner's permit.

BRADSHAW

Honk it, Stevie!

Stephen reluctantly hits the horn, triggering a violently-loud soundbite/airhorn of Bradshaw yelling "GET TAIN!"

MAC

We've created a monster.

INT./EXT. TOUR BUS/BORDER CROSSING - NIGHT

Stevie opens the hydraulic door for a BORDER PATROL AGENT, who leans in and looks inside the bus, which is decked out with Lucas merch, music vids playing on half a dozen TVs.

Everyone's dressed up. Bradshaw as Lucas. Gomez as a roadie with a black T-SHIRT that says LUCAS CREW on it, Mac in nerdy glasses and a sweater over a tasteful button-down.

BORDER PATROL GUARD  
What're y'all doing here?

STEVIE  
Uhhh.....ndercover operation.

SPLITSCREEN! In the back, the gang overhears this.

BRADSHAW  
Like uncle like son.

Gomez shoots him a confused look.

BORDER PATROL GUARD  
(to Stevie)  
Very funny. Have a nice day.

INT./EXT. TOUR BUS/ROAD IN MEXICO - DAY

Mac looks out the window. Outside, a convertible drives up beside the bus. FANGIRLS FLASH THE BUS! (though their breasts are strategically obscured) They're shouting and laughing.

Another convertible pulls up. This one full of FANGUYS. They shout and laugh. One of the guys FLASHES THE BUS, dropping his pants. Dick is in full view! It's glorious. This guy is seriously attractive, abs for days.

GOMEZ  
Holy dry-aged salami!

Bradshaw tries to close the blinds. Gomez stops him.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)  
No. Shh. Let me have this.

Mac adjusts his crotch.

INT./EXT. TOUR BUS/LOS MOCHIS PARKING LOT - DAY

The tour bus rolls to a stop in front of a crowd of SCREAMING LUCAS FANS standing behind barricades.

CHO  
Time for a preparatory leak. Gomez, start hacking the casino's security feeds. I want eyes and ears before we set foot in that neon cesspool.

Gomez and Cho disappear behind a curtain at the back.

A PATRIOTIC RINGTONE BLARES. INCOMING CALL on the screens.

MAC

What's going on?

Mac sits at a computer and taps some keys. The WHITE HOUSE LOGO flashes then switches to a shot of a man in what appears to be AIR FORCE ONE. He is none other than...

MAC (CONT'D)

Mister President?

POTUS (60s, grizzled, Rip Torn-esque) tosses sunflower seeds at his mouth as he talks. Only some make it in.

POTUS

Is this thing on? Can they hear me?  
(to camera)  
Can you hear me?

MAC

Loud and clear, uh, Mister President, sir. I'm agent Connors, and this is--

POTUS

A little birdy, aka this top secret file, tells me you've got one of the nation's most lethal weapons on your hands. Agent...  
(reads from files)  
Taddemous Bradshaw.

BRADSHAW

DEA.

POTUS

Ninety-eight percent kill rate? Mighty impressive. Let's see if we can round it up to an even hundo. Ya see, The First Lady adopted a dog last month.

An IMAGE of an adorable puff of a Pomeranian on screen.

POTUS (CONT'D)

And ever since, that damn mutt has gotten more death threats than a qualified woman trying to work in the video game industry.

BRADSHAW

You want me to leave a top secret operation to guard a dog? I'm in.

POTUS

Rosa Barks, aka the First Dog, aka FIDO appreciates your sacrifice. A chopper should be arriving for you any minute.

The feed cuts out. A spotlight shines through the tour bus windows and a CHOPPER can be heard up above.

BRADSHAW

Sounds like my ride's here. Bus driver! Pull over!

STEVIE

We're parked. And we've spent Thanksgiving together. A lot of Thanksgivings.

BRADSHAW

Sunroof!

A sunroof slides open and a rope ladder falls down. The wind sends loose paper flying. It's so loud they have to shout.

MAC

Bradshaw, you can't leave!

Bradshaw grabs on to the rope ladder.

BRADSHAW

I'll send you a postcard from the White House! Ladder, up!

MAC

Wait! Bradshaw! Your costume!

Bradshaw disappears through the roof. The sound of a zipper UNZIPPING as Cho and Gomez emerge.

CHO

What the hell is going on??

Bradshaw's Lucas costume falls through the sunroof, Cho catches it, and we hear the chopper FLYING AWAY.

Everybody stands speechless, looking at one another.

A KNOCK on the tour bus door. Can see it's security.

CHO (CONT'D)

Nobody panic. Time for plan B.

MAC

Great!...What's plan B?

CHO

What, you don't think I've got a plan B? Of course I've got a Plan B! Agent Bourne! Put this on. You're our new Lucas.

Cho tosses the costume off screen--WHIP PAN over to AGENT BOURNE (30s/40s, a Matt Damon dead-ringer) who's casually eating a sandwich. His face lights up in excitement, but he swallows wrong and starts choking violently.

He drops to the floor. Cho checks for a pulse.

CHO (CONT'D)

He's dead. Dammit!

MAC

Plan C?

CHO

What are you standing there for? Suit up, Lucas.

He tosses the costume to Mac.

MAC

Me? Lucas? No, no. I'm--

CHO

The only one who knows the cover well enough to take over? Exactly. Come to think of it, you probably should've been plan B.

MAC

I'm the behind-the-scenes guy! The quirky tech nerd, the--

CHO

God dammit, Connors! If your fallen hero of a father were alive right now, he'd be turning over in his undug grave!

Cho gestures to the same photo of Mac's father, which he's nailed to the wall of the Tour Bus.

CHO (CONT'D)

Hell, you passed the test, didn't you?

GOMEZ

You took the test? You could've been in the field this whole time?

MAC  
I wanted to wait for you.

CHO  
PUT ON THE COSTUME!

MAC  
This will never fit me.

Gomez steps up to him.

GOMEZ  
It's your dream. It's our dream.  
Just get a head start for me.

Mac nods and races behind a curtain.

CHO  
Time for the twenty-one gun salute  
to honor our fallen brother, Agent  
Bourne.

Cho pulls out a semi-automatic weapon from under a sofa cushion and rapid-fires through the sunroof.

RUSTLING from behind the curtain. ZIPPING. Then, the sound of a thousand threads RIPPING.

Mac emerges from the curtain as a Hulked-out version of Lucas. The costume looks like it exploded and reveals the real Mac Connors.

He's a muscly super hunk, the likes of which the world has never seen!

GOMEZ  
Jesus, fuck me.

CHO  
Language!

Mac looks at his body. Then to Gomez.

MAC  
Do you not do the recommended DEA  
training?

GOMEZ  
Why do you wear such baggy  
clothing? That's so...evil.

CHO  
Alright team. Meet your new  
favorite singer: Lucas.

Mac looks like he's about to shit shit shit himself.

GOMEZ

Almost.

Gomez takes off his glasses, super slow. SPLITSCREEN! They look into each other's eyes in a way we haven't seen before.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)

There. Perfect.

MAC

I...

GOMEZ

Was beautiful underneath the whole time?

MAC

No, I can't see.

EXT. TOUR BUS - DAY

Mac steps out of the bus. Camera flashes. SCREAMING. He's hyperventilating. POURING SWEAT. EVERYTHING'S SO BLURRY!

Mac walks down the line of fans, squinting at everything. He tries to sign autographs but ends up scribbling nonsense.

MAC

Hi. Hello. Welcome.

MEXICAN FAN 1

I love you!

MAC

I love you too! But not really. Just saying that.

MEXICAN FAN 2

Kiss my baby!

She holds out a BABY dressed as Lucas. Mac kisses its head.

MEXICAN FAN 3

SIGN MI TORTUGA!

Mac signs the fan's turtle. It bites Mac's finger. He YELPS and hands it back...TO THE WRONG PERSON.

The tortuga's rightful owner tries to grab his pet, but a shoving/screaming match ensues. Mac is caught in a legit brawl. Punches fly. People scream.

It's an anti-fight scene as Mac tries to stop the people from hurting each other. But everything's so blurry. During the fight scene, he grabs glasses off someone's face.

MAC'S POV goes from supes blurry to crystal clear.

MAC

I'm sure we can work something out!  
Just hand me the turtle!

Mac takes a sock to the face, his glasses go flying. He grabs a new pair. Eventually, he returns the tortuga to its owner. The crowd GOES WILD! Mac stumbles free of them.

And bumps into...MARIA FUENTES aka LA MADRE BLANCA who stands tall, exuding elegant grace and old ladyness.

LA MADRE BLANCA

That was quite the show you put on there, Lucas. La Madre Blanca.

She extends a hand to be kissed. He shakes it.

MAC

Lucas.

She looks him up and down, bus mural in the background.

LA MADRE BLANCA

You seem to have...filled out.

MAC

Uh...between you and me, we paint a different Lucas onto every bus so we can appeal to a wider audience.

She spins on her heels and walks inside. Mac follows.

INT. CASINO FLOOR - DAY

It's fancy AF. People gamble, drink, schmooze, hire prostitutes, lose their life savings, etc.

LA MADRE BLANCA

I built this place with my bare hands, you know.

MAC

Oh wow.

LA MADRE BLANCA

Not literally. I hired people. But figuratively.

(MORE)

LA MADRE BLANCA (CONT'D)  
 (off Mac's nod)  
 Are you a gambling man, Mister  
 Lucas?

MAC  
 No way jose--risk averse over here.  
 Err, I mean, why gamble when you  
 can already get everything you  
 want. As a pop star. Which I am.

LA MADRE BLANCA  
 True. Plus, the house always wins.

She winks at him good-naturedly. They reach the STAGE DOOR.

LA MADRE BLANCA (CONT'D)  
 Here we are. My home is your home.  
 If there's anything you need,  
 simply give a little whistle. Then  
 again, my mother always told me  
 that all you need...is dance.

She chuckles. Mac laughs too. After a long time...

MAC  
 Because of the song. My song. I'm  
 Lucas.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Mac, exhausted, shakes with adrenaline.

MAC  
 I feel like I'm gonna throw up.

GOMEZ  
 You kidding me? You were amazing!  
 And good thing I'm not gluten free,  
 cuz those are some sick glutes,  
 baby boy.

MAC  
 Thanks, adult...woman...?

CHO  
 It was a good warm up. But  
 smooching turtles and signing  
 babies is nothing compared to a  
 one-on-one with a cold-stone killer  
 like Frisco Fuentes.

MAC

I don't think I can do this. He's gonna see right through me.

CHO

Like a ghost? Unlikely. Although--

INT. CASINO STAGE - NIGHT

Gomez and Cho sit in the empty theater. Mac stands on stage, frozen, as the intro for "All You Need Is Dance" plays.

CHO

Move your hips! I want full gyration.

GOMEZ

Look, the key to selling you as Lucas is going to be nailing the persona. You've gotta be Cocky. Oblivious. It's the character we established, and if we don't stick to it, people may start to ask unwanted questions.

MAC

You know I hate conflict.

GOMEZ

You're out of the van. Just, try to enjoy yourself. For me.

MAC

I've actually been thinking about it and this mission's a bust. Have a good weekend, everybody.

Mac tries to walk off stage.

CHO

Less talking, more singing!

The song re-starts. Mac's mouth barely moves as he tries to lip-sync to the track. He looks like a deer with head lice.

MAC'S POV -- Everything's blurry, HEARTBEAT deafening. The backup track fades away. It sounds like Mac is in a fishbowl.

GOMEZ

Mac? You okay?

CHO

Just picture everybody naked!

Mac looks at Cho, whose giant, Dirk-Diggler wanger swings wildly. He then turns to Gomez, who's completely naked (though from the camera's POV, she's strategically covered).

Mac sweats, emits a long, weird, high-pitched, panic-scream.

CHO (CONT'D)

Or don't.

IN THE BACK OF THE HOUSE, Frisco enters and watches, shadowed by his bodyguard, CARLOS (beefy and scary and Carlos-y)

IN SLO-MO -- Mac turns his head to see one of his backup dancers twirling and running at him.

She leaps and Mac's eyes go wide.

BACK TO REGULAR SPEED -- Mac barely catches her and flings her across the stage where she crashes violently into a stack of speakers. Sparks fly! The music cuts out.

MAC

Oh my god!

Mac rushes to her aid. She mumbles angrily in Belarusian as the second dancer helps her limp offstage.

MAC (CONT'D)

Frisco's gonna murder me.

FRISCO (O.S.)

Murder you? After that amazing performance?

CHO

How long have you been in here?  
This is a closed rehearsal.

FRISCO

I came in just before Lucas  
shattered chica's tibia over there.  
Amazing stunt, don't change a  
thing.

MAC

Thank you?

Frisco hops on stage. He extends his hand to shake.

FRISCO

Frisco Fuentes. I'm a big fan.  
Maybe even the biggest.

Mac shakes, but Frisco pulls him in for a quick selfie.

FRISCO (CONT'D)

Sorry to interrupt but I need to borrow mister superstar for a hot sec. There's some taints out there that ain't gonna get themselves, if you know what I'm sayin'.

MAC

Uh...I really need to rehearse. I've never performed on stage before--on this stage, before. Mexican stages are...different. Each one is its own mystery.

FRISCO

Come on, I've got a snake waiting for you downstairs.

MAC

A snake? Is that code for like--

FRISCO

No, it's a snake.

MAC

Oh, then, uh no can do, amigo. I'm, deathly afraid of snakes.

FRISCO

Nah, man, that's Indiana Jones.

He pulls Mac away from the stage and they pass Gomez.

FRISCO (CONT'D)

And who's this hot tamale? You look like a strong, independent woman who don't need no man.

(to Mac)

Now let's snake it up! Seacrest out!

Frisco walks ahead to Carlos.

FRISCO (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Find everything you can on this "Lucas." I don't want any surprises. We can't have a repeat of the Tom Hanks situation.

Carlos shudders at the memory.

Mac turns back to Gomez, scared for his life. She forces an encouraging smile and gives him a subtle thumbs-up.

FLASHBULB!

INT. PHOTO SHOOT STAGE - NIGHT

Mac poses with IDENTICAL TWIN MODELS (20s), one all in blue, the other all in red. A snake is draped around Mac's shoulders. He's sweating profusely. Mac, not the snake.

A PHOTOGRAPHER w/ a Mick Jagger accent & ponytail snaps pics.

PONY-TAILED PHOTOGRAPHER

Now show me your teeth!

(off Mac's icky smile)

No! Like an animal! Like a filthy, sexy animal!

Mac twists his smile into an awkward teeth-baring look.

FRISCO

You seem to have little control over your face.

SPLITSCREEN WITH TOUR BUS

Cho and Gomez sit at a Central Ops command console.

CHO

Enough dilly-dallying! Ask him for drugs! You gotta get your fix!

MAC

So, Frisco. I was wondering. What's your drug situation like? As in, do you have any? Good ones? Cool drugas. Ya know, drugs. That I could have, for myself. To get my fix.

Frisco joins Mac, puts an arm around him.

FRISCO

Oh ho ho. Look who wants entrance into my precious inner sanctum. It's Lucas, celebrity extraordinaire.

(tightens his arm, nearly choking Mac)

You don't ask to get into the inner sanctum. You get asked. And as much as I admire you, I don't know you.

MAC

Right. Cool. Got it. Maybe one day.

Frisco releases his grip.

FRISCO  
But I'll let you in on a little  
secret about Los Mochis...

MAC  
Yeah?

FRISCO  
You can't throw a stone around here  
without hitting a guy with drugs.  
Then when he's down, steal his  
drugs!

FLASHBULB!

FRISCO (CONT'D)  
So Lucas, tell me, what's your  
type? And I want a real detailed  
answer.

MAC  
Oh, ya know. Just the standard.

Frisco gives Mac a look. During the following: Gomez reacts  
as Mac describes her exactly.

MAC (CONT'D)  
She should be fierce. Confident.  
Black hair, brown eyes, about yea  
high, thin, little mole right above  
her lip. Like I say, standard.

FRISCO  
Sounds like you're in love with  
your roadie.

MAC  
Whaaaaaaaaaaaaa--

FRISCO  
Hey, I get it. She fine. But you  
need to keep in mind she's under  
your employ. Gotta be professional.

MAC  
Right. Of course. I would never--

FRISCO  
And really our options right now  
are just these two very willing  
mamacitas.

The models admire Lucas' body lustfully.

FRISCO (CONT'D)

So which one you want? As my guest of honor, I'll let you pick.

MAC

Uhhhhhhhhh...

CHO

Pick one, dammit. You're undercover!

MAC

But which one?

FRISCO

Which one, indeed. The choice is yours, amigo. After this, there is no turning back. You take the blue girl, the story ends, you wake up in your bed and believe whatever you want to believe. You take the red girl, you stay in Wonderland, and I show you how deep the rabbit hole goes.

MAC

Wait, what?

GOMEZ

Did he just quote The Matrix?

FRISCO

I call her pussy "the rabbit hole."

MAC

Right, cause of the rabbits. In there. Anyway, only problem is I never sleep with a twin. Because what if the other one can feel it.

FRISCO

Makes sense to me. Sorry ladies. Looks like it's two-on-one tonight.

MAC

Fuuuuun! Anyway I need to go to the bathroom.

Mac hurries away, talks into his earpiece.

MAC (CONT'D)

Help.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - NIGHT

Mac and Gomez whisper fight.

GOMEZ

What the hell is wrong with you?

MAC

I panicked! I couldn't think of any other girls so I just described you!

GOMEZ

(a little hurt)

No, not that...You're supposed to be getting closer to Frisco. Bros who slay together, stay together. And then they share villainous secrets.

MAC

I just--you really have to sleep with people when you're undercover?

GOMEZ

Oh yeah. Bradshaw has like a dozen illegitimate children. Sometimes he shows up to their dance recitals and baseball games but just stands in the back, watching.

MAC

Oh. Wow. Okay.

CHO (V.O.)

Now get back out there and have yourself a night you'll never remember.

MONTAGE! Hyper-visual, hyper-weird, picturesque slow-motion moments in rapid succession as Mac and Frisco:

Take a shot. // Release the dice at craps // A FAN flashes.

Eat lobster, arms interlinked. // Mac pretends to snort coke // Dancing // ANOTHER FAN flashes.

Shotgunning beer. // Skinny dipping. // Shotgunning Red Bull®. // A FLASHING FAN is dragged away by security.

Leapfrog with the models. // Cheersing Tacos. // A FESTIVAL BOOKER hands Mac a card: "BONAROOAPALOOZA MUSIC FESTIVAL."

Pour beers down the throat of the snake. END MONTAGE

INT. CARTEL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON the face of the Buff Thug from the warehouse! This scene is spoken in Spanish, subtitled in English.

BUFF THUG

I'm just telling you what I saw.

Carlos leans in close.

CARLOS

Our whole San Diego test shipment,  
the entire factory, up in smoke.  
You're the sole survivor. And you  
expect me to believe you know  
nothing?

BUFF THUG

I swear.

Carlos PUNCHES Buff Thug, who wimpers and spits blood.

CARLOS

Tell me who's behind this! Was it  
the feds? The matador cartel?

BUFF THUG

I don't know. I don't know!

Carlos takes out his phone.

BUFF THUG (CONT'D)

Please, don't gram this.

Carlos shows Buff Thug a photo of Lucas.

CARLOS

You know who this is?

BUFF THUG

No--no, I don't him.

CARLOS

Me either...

INT. MAC'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Mac opens the door and steps in, then SCREAMS.

The entire place is decked out with the theme: "KING LION."

Art with lions wearing slapdash crowns. A lion rules over the British Parliament. A lion beheads a royal subject.

Lion lamps with crown shades, a lion-skin rug wearing a crown, and worst of all, a TAXIDERMY LION staring at Mac with soulless eyes, mouth agape in a roar, also wearing a crown.

Mac steps around the lion and sees that Gomez has all kinds of room service on both their beds.

GOMEZ

Bradshaw called ahead and requested a Lion King-themed room...

MAC

Gomez, is sleep time?

GOMEZ

Sleep time? I've got Cops playing, and I ordered tacos and sopapillas.

MAC

I'm so full. I think?

GOMEZ

You know how many five hour energies I drank so I could stay in your ear all night? Five. That's twenty-five hours of energy. I might die.

(heads around a corner)

You did it, man. You were a field agent! Completely undercover. Just what we've always dreamed of!

POP! Gomez returns with champagne. But Mac is out cold on the bed. Gomez's arm as she looks on, sad.

CLOSE ON CLOCK, which shows 4:59. It changes to 5:00, and an ALARM goes off. Mac looks up, groggy.

MAC

I only slept a minute?

GOMEZ (O.S.)

Try seven hundred twenty-one minutes.

Mac counts his fingers. Gomez enters with a breakfast tray.

MAC

I had the craziest dream. We were in Mexico stopping a drug thing from whatever and then Bradshaw flew away naked on a helicopter. And he had a dozen children and I poured beer down a snake.

GOMEZ  
You're on in an hour.

Mac puts a pillow over his face.

MAC  
Nooooooooooooooooooooo...

GOMEZ  
Una hora!

INT. CASINO THEATER - AUDIENCE - DAY

Frisco sits in a VIP booth surrounded by MODELS (male and female). They all drink micheladas. Carlos approaches.

CARLOS  
Boss, I couldn't find anything on Lucas.

FRISCO  
That's what I like to hear!

CARLOS  
No, I literally couldn't find anything. He's got no online presence before a few weeks ago.

FRISCO  
It's called overnight success for a reason, Carlos. Because it happens...

Carlos doesn't want to answer. Frisco waits. Carlos tries to hold back. Frisco waits. Then finally:

CARLOS  
Overnight.

FRISCO  
Thank you.

The house lights dim and the crowd applauds.

FRISCO (CONT'D)  
Now out of my way, I cannot see.

INT. CASINO STAGE - WINGS - DAY

Mac hyperventilates as he sneaks a peak at the crowd. He's sweaty as hell. Gomez pats him dry with a towel.

La Madre Blanca sits in glorious box seats like she owns the place. She does. It's her place.

MAC  
I promise you, I will fail out  
there.

GOMEZ  
I'll be in your ear the whole time.

INT. CASINO STAGE - DAY

The crowd continues CHEERING. Then the God Mic comes on.

GOD MIC (O.S.)  
Ladies and gentlemen of Los Mochis,  
you've seen him on Instagram,  
you've seen him in your dreams.  
GIVE UP for the one, the only,  
LUUCCAAAS!

ALL YOU NEED IS DANCE blares as Mac stands center stage, flanked by his backup dancers, lip-syncing better. But he's stiff as a board. Like a broken robot trying to dance.

SPLITSCREEN TOUR BUS AND STAGE

CHO  
What the hell is he doing? It's  
awful! I hate it!

GOMEZ  
It's not his fault. Bradshaw is so  
noodley. And Mac is so...beefy?

CHO  
Well now I'm hungry. Nice going.

GOMEZ  
(suddenly inspired)  
Forget the moves. Do a squat.

MAC  
What?

GOMEZ  
Pretend you're doing the DEA  
training. Squat!

Mac squats. God it's glorious. The crowd CHEERS!

GOMEZ (CONT'D)  
Again! Now jump!

He squats! MORE CHEERS! He jumps. THEY LOVE IT!

GOMEZ (CONT'D)  
Run right! Kick off the wall! Slide  
back over here!! Yes!

CHO  
I think it's...not...not dancing?

GOMEZ  
Now flex those pecs! Make 'em dance  
for mama!

Mac's pecs dance. THE CROWD IS ON THEIR FEET, LOVING IT.

MAC  
I'm doing it!

GOMEZ  
Now back-flip!

Without thinking, Mac leaps into a standing backflip.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)  
Holy shit. I was joking. But DAMN  
BOI. Alright, now punch an  
invisible speed bag. To the right!  
To the left!

Mac parkour-dances side to side, leaping to and fro, bouncing  
off anything and everything.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)  
Spin-kick! Now LIFT!

The un-injured backup dancer comes in for the lift but Mac  
freaks out and hurls her into the speaker just like before.  
MUSIC CUTS OUT. AWFUL FEEDBACK. Everyone plugs their ears.

MAC  
Oh crap! I'm so sorry.

Mac runs to the dancer. Her nose sprays blood as the audience  
SHRIEKS and MOANS and AW-HELL-NO-s.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Mac sits on the couch, traumatized by the performance.

CHO  
Well. I wasn't sure about it at  
first but I'll be damned if that  
wasn't entertaining. Good work.

Cho CLAPS slowly. Gomez removes Mac's Britney Spears mic.

MAC  
Is she gonna be okay?

FRISCO (O.S.)  
Hot damn! You smashed dat nose,  
son.

GOMEZ  
(under her breath)  
Speaking of noses...

Frisco enters.

MAC  
What's up, Frisco? Last night was  
crazy, huh?

FRISCO  
I've never seen that snake so drunk  
in my whole life. Listen, I'm  
throwing a party tonight in my  
penthouse. You should come by.

MAC  
Sounds great.

Frisco lowers his shades, checks out Gomez.

FRISCO  
And you're coming too. Comprende?

GOMEZ  
Comprende.

MAC  
Comprende.

CHO  
Comprende.

FRISCO  
Comprende.

RING. Frisco pulls out a flip-phone and answers in rapid Spanish. Frisco exits. Mac freaks out, excited.

MAC  
Did you just see what I saw?!

CHO  
His nose? We've all seen it,  
Connors.

MAC

No, he was using an iPhone before, but that one just now was a burner. If we can get our hands on that phone--

GOMEZ

Then we can get a list of his contacts.

CHO

His drug contacts. And if we can get some of them to squeal, we'll have the evidence we need to put Frisco away. Damn fine work, you two. This is our big break. I can smell it. Or is that burning toast? Anyone else smell burning toast? Really toast-y in here.

Cho massages his left arm.

MAC

So what's the plan exactly?

CHO

Find a way to lift the phone. Lift it, then plug an adapter into it. And then wait. Wait the requisite amount of time. Then return it from whence it came, like a man slipping back into his marriage bed after sneaking out for a night of sensual lovemaking with his masseuse, Eliza.

INT. CARTEL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Carlos speaks on the phone, another thug dead at his feet.

CARLOS

Something's fishy. Our contacts in the DEA don't seem to know anything, but word on the street is that the SD department has gone rogue. Whole place is shut down, no raids. Nothing. Nobody knows where they are...I agree...I agree...I said I agree! I'll look into it.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Mac ties his tie in the mirror, looking like a damn GQ model. He whistles the end of "I Just Can't Wait to Be King," finishes the knot, and takes a deep breath.

A KNOCK at the door. Mac opens it to reveal Gomez, in full smoke-show getup, ready for a night of penthouse partying. She checks him out and WHISTLES her approval.

GOMEZ

You mind getting my panties from the lobby? Cuz they just dropped so hard they crashed through the floor.

MAC

Those're some very...heavy panties.

GOMEZ

Who am I kidding? I'm not wearing panties.

Mac LAUGH/COUGH/CHOKES.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)

But you can't go out like that.

MAC

What? Why?

GOMEZ

You're too...dapper. Lucas is a party-boy, not double-oh-seven. Lucky for you, I came prepared.

She tosses him a shredded #GETTAINT t-shirt and a fedora.

MAC

Really?

Gomez turns away from him as he pulls off his shirt, but she can't resist sneaking a peak. He catches her. She turns away again. It's cute.

GOMEZ

Can you believe we're finally doin' it? I've dreamt about this day ever since I was wee. You n me, kickin' ass, takin' names, gettin' down, goin' down. Down south, mmm, yeah.

MAC

Right, well, uh, I'll just distract him, you know, do a lot of friendly touching and whatnot, and you can lift the phone, so, great!

Gomez touches Mac all over.

GOMEZ

Lots of touching. Definitely keeps 'em distracted.

MAC

Yep! Great! Let's go!

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Mac and Gomez ride the elevator. A MUZAC cover of "All You Need Is Dance" plays overhead. Mac looks up, noticing. DING.

The elevator opens into the penthouse's MASSIVE PARTY.

INT. FRISCO'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

They enter. Frisco emerges from nowhere. Gomez takes Mac's arm and wraps it around her waist.

FRISCO

Lucas! You made it.

Frisco hands them both micheladas. Frisco cheerses them and they both take swigs.

FRISCO (CONT'D)

I was worried you were gonna stand me up. Like legit worried about it.

Off Gomez's nod, Mac awkwardly shakes Frisco's shoulders.

MAC

What? That's crazy. You, you...

Gomez sneaks behind Frisco, setting down her michelada, as Mac puts a hand on the back of Frisco's head.

MAC (CONT'D)

I wouldn't leave you hanging for anything.

FRISCO

I don't know what this is, but I like it.

Gomez reaches her hand out. So close. Nods "keep going." Mac pulls Frisco close, touches their foreheads together.

MAC

Not a lot of guys have treated me  
the way you have. Thank you.

Gomez goes to grab the phone--

IT'S NOT THERE. Mac and Gomez share a look as Mac pulls his hands off Frisco. Gomez subtly shakes her head: no.

SPLITSCREEN PARTY/TOUR BUS

CHO

No phone?! What kind of charahde  
are they playing at? Also, I'll be  
watching you guys since both my  
tech people are gone, i.e. you two.  
Also, how do you work any of this?  
I usually call my great-  
granddaughter when my Gateway  
desktop is on the fritz. Also,  
Stevie is here.

STEVIE

Stephen...

MAC

Hey, Stevie.

FRISCO

It's Frisco.

STEVIE

(to Cho)

Wait, how old are you?

FRISCO

By the way, I told everyone you'd  
do a few songs.

MAC

What??

Frisco ushers Mac over to the piano, then clinks his glass to silence the party.

FRISCO

Listen up, everybody!

Everyone quiets down except for a COUPLE OF SUPER DUPER  
DRUNKIES in the back.

Frisco has no patience for this, takes his pistol from the back of his pants and fires two ROUNDS into the ceiling.

The drunkies shut up. Everyone is kind of scared.

FRISCO (CONT'D)  
I'm only kidding!

Mac sees blood drip from the holes in the ceiling.

FRISCO (CONT'D)  
We have a special guest among us this evening. A god who has come down from atop Mount Olympus to grace us with his presence. Now GIVE UP for the musical stylings of...LUCAS!

The crowd goes wild. Mac's sweating like a mofo. He GULPS DOWN MICHELADA to calm his nerves.

MAC'S POV -- Everything is spinning and warped. We hear his heartbeat. He wheezes and he tugs on his collar.

He hits a few keys on the piano. Oof. Doesn't sound so good.

But then he spots Gomez nearby and they lock eyes. He closes his eyes and softly, sweetly begins to play an original love song, whisper-singing the lyrics.

MAC  
Computer geeks together, watching every screen/Dreaming of the future, the future of our dreams/Partners in crime; partners all the time; let's partner up together and sing an awesome rhyme.

The crowd is dubious. What is this soft-spoken, non-gyrating Lucas they see before them?

DRUNK DUDE  
Boo...?

Mac stops. Opens his eyes, looks at the confused faces.

CHO  
What the hell was that?

MAC  
Uh...just...kidding? Just kidding!  
Let's get taint!

The crowd CHEERS! Mac drinks more michelada, then dives into a rollicking, Elton John-esque piano rock rendition of All You Need Is Dance, which plays over the following:

SUPERCUT OF SHOTS, DANCING, CHEERING. WOOOOO. THE SONG ENDS!

The room ERUPTS in applause. Mac can't believe it! This is what fame feels like! As if on cue, Gomez walks over to Mac.

Mac is like, kinda high and drunk and way too energized.

SPLITSCREEN PARTY/TOUR BUS

MAC (CONT'D)

I did it!

CHO

You did it!

GOMEZ

You did it!

MAC

I'm Lucas!

(turns to crowd)

I'M LUCAS!!!

CROWD

YOU'RE LUCAS!

The cheering continues. Mac wipes sweat from his brow.

CHO

Listen up, just figured out some surveillance camera crap--phone is in Frisco's office. Get to it ASAP!

MAC

I HAVE TO GO TO THE BATHROOM!

CROWD

YOU HAVE TO GO TO THE BATHROOM!

GOMEZ

So, about that song--

CHO

Problem is, his office door is protected by a fingerprint scanner.

MAC

What do we do?

RANDOM DRUNK GUY

Shots!

He hands Mac and Gomez shots. They shrug, cheers, drink.

CHO

What do you think, numskull? You gotta cut off Frisco's finger. It's not going to be easy, but you'll be surprised how satisfying--

MAC

There's gotta be another way.

RANDOM DRUNK GUY

Did I hear another?!

They shrug, cheers, down two more shots.

GOMEZ

You're not gonna like this, but you see that balcony over there?

RANDOM DRUNK GUY

I hate that balcony!

All three of them look across the room to a balcony overlooking the ocean. Mac goes white as a ghost.

GOMEZ

It's a long jump, but it faces the balcony outside Frisco's office. It's some straight up secret agent shit, but I think you can do it.

Mac definitely does not think he can do it.

RANDOM DRUNK GUY

You're right. I CAN do it!

Random Drunk Guy takes off at a dead sprint for the balcony.

GOMEZ/MAC

Wait!/No!

Too late! RDG runs straight into the railing and flops over, plummeting to certain death below. WILHELM SCREAM! SPLASH!

Mac and Gomez share a horrified look.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Mac teeters on the railing. Other balcony so far away.

Gomez leaps off the railing and lands expertly on the other balcony. Shocked, Mac nearly tumbles to his death, breathes.

MAC

I can do this!

GOMEZ

You've got the beefiest legs I've ever seen. If those bad boys can't get you across, nothing can.

MAC

Gomez, I sang that song! Did you see?? People loved it!

GOMEZ

Eye on the prize, Mac-y.

MAC

I love prizes!

Mac tries to ready himself, but teeters.

MAC (CONT'D)

I feel amazing. Do you feel amazing?

GOMEZ

How are you this drunk? You seem seriously fucked up.

CHO

Just jump already! Whatever happens, it's great fodder for the book. Deadline's really creepin' up.

GOMEZ

I'm gonna count to three.

Mac jumps!

And TOTALLY DOESN'T MAKE IT. He SMASHES into the far balcony, then falls.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)

Mac!

But lands on the balcony right below Frisco's balcony.

MAC

I'M STILL ALIVE!

Mac readies himself, then SMASHES THROUGH THE GLASS DOOR.

INT. RANDOM HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Mac stumbles into the room, bloodied, and pulls a shard of glass from his shoulder. A MAN and WOMAN are mid-coitus on the bed. They scream and wrap up in a sheet.

MAC

Lo siento! Lo siento! Yo soy Lucas!

MAN

We love Get taint!

WOMAN

Can we get a selfie?

MAC

YOU SPEAK ENGLISH! You mind if I borrow your lamp? And your sheets?

EXT. FRISCO'S PRIVATE OFFICE BALCONY - NIGHT

The sounds of the party emanate from inside. It's a beautiful night. Look at that ocean. Beautiful. Calm.

Suddenly a LAMP TIED TO A BED SHEET FLIES OVER THE RAILING. It lands, then slips through the railing slats and plummets.

RANDOM DRUNK GUY (O.S.)

OW! GOD!

MAC

(looking up at Gomez)

I TRIED TO MAKE A GRAPPLING HOOK OUT OF A LAMP AND SOME SHEETS.

GOMEZ

I saw.

MAC

IT DIDN'T WORK.

(touches earpiece)

CHO, LAMP DOWN. I REPEAT: LAMP. DOWN.

INT. RANDOM HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Mac walks straight through the other side of the glass door, shattering it and getting way more bloody than before.

MAN/WOMAN

Oh my god./Are you okay?

MAC

Everything's fine. But I need your help. Your lives depend on it.

EXT. FRISCO'S' PRIVATE OFFICE BALCONY - NIGHT

Mac somehow rises into frame, arms outstretched, grabbing for the ledge of the balcony above his head.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Mac on the shoulders of the naked woman, who's on the back of the naked man, who's on all fours.

Her nakedness is strategically obscured. His dick is reasonably sized so that male viewers will relate and not feel bad about themselves.

MAN

I don't know how much longer I can hold you. I feel like I'm gonna die!

MAC

At least you'll die happy! Almost there. Arch your back!

SPLITSCREEN: with a painful GRUNT, the man arches his back, boosting them up / Mac pulls himself up over the balcony.

GOMEZ

Lucas!

Mac looks down at the man and woman on the balcony below.

MAC

Thank you for your service!

INT. FRISCO'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

They burst in. Do their secret best friend handshake.

MAC

We're in the inner sanctum!

GOMEZ

I think it's more of a metaphorical thing.

Mac tosses seat cushions, overturns tables, wreaks havoc. Gomez easily grabs the burner phone from atop the desk.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)

Got it. Let's bounce.

They move toward the door, BUT IT UNLOCKS & STARTS TO OPEN!

Gomez, unsure of what to do, shoves the phone into her pants, then grabs Mac's face as if they were about to kiss.

The door swings open to reveal Carlos! Uh oh!

CARLOS  
How'd you get in here?

GOMEZ  
Frisco told us this was the safest  
place to...you know...

CARLOS  
Oh, I know. Don't mind me.

Carlos plants his feet and crosses his arms.

MAC  
I'm not sure I really feel  
comfortable--

Carlos takes a step forward. Tension in the air.

CARLOS  
If you came here to play hide the  
flute, then you should play hide  
the flute.

MAC  
Right. Definitely.

Mac looks to Gomez. What do they do?

She grabs him and KISSES HIM. Long and hard.

They break apart. There's something in their eyes. Something real. Mac smiles like a schoolkid. So does she.

CARLOS  
Don't stop on my account.

He puts a hand on his gun.

GOMEZ  
Just focus on me.

They kiss again. It goes a little further. Carlos doesn't leave, so Gomez takes off Mac's shirt, and vice versa.

It's half-awkward, half-arousing, half-under duress. But they're clearly very high and very drunk and start to lose themselves to the whole thing.

FRISCO (O.S.)  
Oh shiiiiit. I am into this!

Frisco walks in, followed by some PARTY PEOPLE.

COMMENCE GLORIOUS ORGY MONTAGE. It's super trippy and out of focus because Mac can't see, and most importantly, it is, like with so many elements of this movie, tasteful.

1. MAC, totally out of it, having the time of his life. Several sets of hands and feet caress his face.
2. GOMEZ shrugs and gives into the chaos.
3. FRISCO strokes the snake from earlier.
4. RANDOM PARTY GUESTS making out, way too much tongue.
5. WEIRD AL plays his accordion, totally lost in the moment.
6. GOMEZ finishes kissing some RANDO on her right and Mac slides into frame on her left. She kisses his neck. The last thing we see is Mac's "I CAN'T BELIEVE MY GOOD FORTUNE" face.

INT. TOUR BUS - DAY

Mac's "I CAN'T BELIEVE MY GOOD FORTUNE" face hasn't worn off. Gomez and Cho sit awkwardly. After a while:

CHO  
Well, congrats on traumatizing sweet, innocent Stevie last night.

STEVIE  
Stephen. And like, I'm fine.  
Actually, Imma peace out for a bit.

Stevie exits.

MAC  
All things considered, I'd say I had a pretty great night.  
(to Gomez, hopeful)  
Right?...

CHO  
Yes, yes. You did fine, Connors.  
Now, the contacts.

Cho pulls out contact lenses and JAMS THEM INTO MAC'S EYES.

MAC  
Finally.

CHO

Good. Now, the contacts.

Cho projects a list onscreen.

CHO (CONT'D)

Thirty-four names. If they're on the burner, they must be important. And they're weird. Clearly codenames. "Lazy Susan." "Sweet Baby Jane." "Nauti Boy Bob."

GOMEZ

"Shameless Hooker?" Can I get that number?

(dip snapping)

Ow! Ow!

CHO

No! These are bad people! Frisco's a bad person!

MAC

Whoa whoa whoa. Frisco has been nothing but a gentleman to me.

GOMEZ

He is a murderous drug lord.

MAC

Maybe, I dunno. But technically he brought you and me together, right?

Gomez shoots him a look -- seriously, dude?

CHO

Next time you're with Frisco, figure out who these people are.

BUZZ. Mac's phone vibrates. He reads a text, holds it up.

MAC

Speak of el diablo. Some mamacitas want autographs before the show. Better get over there.

CHO

Hold up! Before you go. Gomez, you too. Follow me.

They follow Cho past a curtain, into--

INT. TOUR BUS, MEDICAL LAB - DAY - CONTINUOUS

DOCTORS in lab coats treat PATIENTS in a fully operational lab. One patient is the Random Drunk Guy, both legs in casts, hooked up to an IV. Through the windows we see the casino.

MAC

How big is this bus?

CHO

We all know you have to do whatever it takes to establish a cover, and boy does Bradshaw have the baseball trophies and wallet photos to prove it, but when the sex is between two agents, I need to take you through a mental health debriefing.

MAC

Bossman, I really don't wanna leave Frisco hanging.

CHO

Connors. Sit.

Mac and Gomez sit down. DR. AGENT MULDER (David Duchovny lookalike) enters with a cart of medical supplies.

CHO (CONT'D)

Now, while I conduct the debriefing, Agent Mulder here is going to run some standard STI tests.

MAC

Is this really necess--Ow!

AGENT MULDER

That was just the alcohol swab.

Cho holds up a nondescript DOLL.

CHO

Okay, now show me on the doll where they touched you.

GOMEZ

I ensured every male partner I touched was wearing a condom. I focused primarily on interacting with the women.

(MORE)

GOMEZ (CONT'D)

With the bogies, I only administered oral sex, with condoms, as previously stated, though Mac and I did have vaginal intercourse, to maintain our cover. I feel healthy, mentally and physically. The mission was a success.

CHO

Good, good. So, about this doll--

Mulder finishes drawing Mac's blood, dabs his sweaty brow.

AGENT MULDER

Quite a story there.

He takes a deep breath and tries to cap the blood vile, but he slips and some blood squirts out onto his coat.

AGENT MULDER (CONT'D)

Uh oh.

Mulder faints instantly. Cho checks for a pulse.

CHO

He's dead.

MAC

Wait, really??

CHO

I have no idea.

INT. CASINO LOBBY - DAY

Mac, as Lucas, signs autographs for RABID FANS.

EXT. CASINO ROOFTOP - DAY

Mac shuts the door behind him and takes a breath, clearly exhausted. Then notices somebody sitting in a lawn chair looking out at the water, smoking a joint. It's...

MAC

Stevie?

STEVIE

Sup?

Mac sits next to Stevie.

MAC

I dunno man. A lot of stuff. I'm not cut out for this undercover thing. It's insane.

STEVIE

Oh, I meant that like not as a real question. More of a greeting. But sounds rough, dude.

MAC

Gomez is like...the girl of my dreams, but like, does she like me? Or just my cover? I'm so confused. I mean, she's ridiculously forward, like constantly, but nothing's ever happened until now.

Stevie takes a long drag on his joint.

STEVIE

When I was a freshman, I had this big crush on a senior named Krista Carlyle. Head cheerleader, homecoming queen, all that shit. What made me fall in love with her though, was she didn't date the football players. This girl could've been with anybody in the whole school, and do you know who she dated? The mascot. I told my uncle Tad and he gave me the same advice I'm gonna give you.

MAC

To be myself and love will find me?

STEVIE

No, dude. I'm not a psychopath. But I think it may actually work in your case.

MAC

Uhhhh...

STEVIE

You gotta tie yourself up, stuff yourself in the trunk of your car, and put on that Lucas suit.

MAC

Really?

STEVIE

Gomez slept with you when you were Lucas, right? So just be Lucas. Give her what she wants and you get what you want. It's a win-win.

MAC

You're wise beyond your years, Stevie.

STEVIE

How long you think we're gonna be on this trip? I've got a math test on Monday.

PROGRESS MONTAGE, BABY!

1. Mac performs, fight-dancing like crazy. Theater's 1/4 full of a medium-stoked crowd. He injures a backup dancer.
2. SLO-MO: Mac plays volleyball with Frisco. Look at all those abs. Mmm. Those pecs. Mmm. Those volleyballs. Mmm.
3. Mac performs again, dancing better, confidence up. Crowd more excited, theater fuller. He injures a backup dancer.
4. Mac and Frisco at a club. Mac grinds with Gomez.
5. SLO-MO: More volleyball. God, they're hot. Just like, Jesus. Sand. The beach. Yes. Abs. Bikini Gomez. Also abs.
6. Mac exits the tour bus. Cho and Gomez watch from the door.

GOMEZ

Looks like we've got a regular Daniel Day-Lewis on our hands.

CHO

What have I said about referencing people I don't know?

GOMEZ

He's an actor who stays in character even when he's not performing.

CHO

Does it work?

GOMEZ

He's got three Oscars.

CHO

That's what I'm talking about! I'm gonna grab a milkshake. You want anything?

7. Mac and Frisco win. Do a MOONING BACKFLIP. Whoa! Ass shot!

8. Mac, Cho, Gomez in the bus. Mac throws on sunglasses and heads out the door. As he leaves:

CHO (CONT'D)

Any progress on those contacts?

MAC

My eyes get a little dry sometimes, but I'm seeing just fine.

CHO

The drug contacts!

MAC

Chill, bossman. I'm on it. Just need some more time to broach the subj.

Mac exits.

CHO

Jesus, he's becoming just as dumb as Bradshaw.

9. He performs again, turning into full pop star, theater completely full of screaming fans. He hurls the backup dancer into the crowd, but they catch her and crowdsurf her.

10. Mac with his arm around Gomez, posing for pics.

END DAT MONTAGE

INT. CASINO BATHROOM - DAY

Mac, the most Lucas-y ever, steps up to a urinal next to Stevie. Mac pees beside him, no hands, lookin' douchey.

STEVIE

So, how's it goin' with Gomez?

MAC

Can't resist Lucas forever, right? Either way, having the time of my life, Stevie. This is what Lucas was born to do!

GUY AT ANOTHER URINAL  
You get em, Lucas!

MAC  
Peecrest out!

He slams Stevie's urinal flusher and peaces out.

INT. CHANGING ROOM AREA - DAY

Carlos stands guard while Frisco and Mac are wedged together in a small changing room. Frisco whips off the trunks he was trying on and tosses them over the stall door to Carlos, who barely catches them.

FRISCO  
Carlos! I need this in a smaller size. Really want my package to pop, you know? Andale!

SPLITSCREEN TOURBUS - Gomez & Cho watch. Cho eats gift-shop chocolates like popcorn.

CHO  
God dammit. How long have we even been in this god-forsaken hell-hole of a place? Did the gala happen already?

GOMEZ  
It's this weekend.

CHO  
Christ on a cracker!  
(into mic)  
Connors, ask about those weird ass names, or so help me, I will reference your fallen hero of a father again. We both know how deep those daddy issues go!

GOMEZ  
First on the list is Lazy Susan.

MAC  
I ever tell you about this girl I used to date? Susan? She was the worst. Never lifted a finger to do anything. Way too lazy. You ever date anybody like that?

FRISCO

Frisco don't date. Frisco polygon-  
erous.

MAC

Totally, me too. So uh, you ever  
slept with a...shameless hooker?

Gomez suddenly leans in close to a monitor.

GOMEZ

Is that...

SPLITSCREEN CASINO HALLWAY

Just when you least expected him...

Face Tattoo walks down the hallway. BUM BUM BUM!!! He's  
headed straight for the clothing store!

Gomez thinks, then leaps out of her chair.

In the changing room, Mac wriggles into some tight trunks.

FRISCO

Saw you talking to Julien. That's  
exciting.

MAC

Yeah! Wait, who?

FRISCO

The festival booker. Handed you a  
card for Bonarooapalooza?

(re: trunks)

Not a good color on you. Try these.

He holds up a different pair. Mac takes it. They lock eyes.

MAC

Do you really think I have what it  
takes? I've always loved singing  
and writing songs, and I know  
things are blowing up for me,  
but...I feel like a fraud, and  
sometimes I wonder, is this really  
a path that's open to me?

FRISCO

What you're talking about is  
impostor syndrome. I have it too.

(grabbing Mac's face)

I heard you at my party, Lucas.

(MORE)

FRISCO (CONT'D)

I heard you. If you were doing anything else, it would be a waste of your talents. You're exactly where you need to be.

AT THE STORE ENTRANCE Face Tattoo talks to an employee, who points to the back of the store.

Mac and Frisco step out of the changing room, lookin' fly.

FRISCO (CONT'D)

You look good, bro. Your package be poppin'! Fuck yeah! Frisco know how to shop!

Frisco gives Mac a high five. It's weak.

MAC

Nah, like this.

Mac teaches Frisco GOMEZ'S SECRET HIGH FIVE just as Gomez steps into the store. She sees and is soul-crushed.

Face Tattoo recognizes Mac, clothes held like a dog.

SLO MO FLASH to the warehouse, Mac holding the dog outside the van, Face Tattoo getting into his getaway car.

Face Tattoo's eyes go wide. He surreptitiously puts his hand on his gun in his waistband and approaches Mac...

Gomez sees the gun. She runs. Face Tattoo's almost on Mac.

But then Gomez tackles Face Tattoo to the ground, toppling over a mannequin in the process. She grabs the mannequin's SEVERED ARM and knocks out Face Tattoo with a single swing.

Carlos pulls out a gun and aims it at Gomez.

CARLOS

Stop!

FRISCO

Angel?! What's going on?

CARLOS

She knocked him out.

FRISCO

I thought he died in that warehouse explosion!

CARLOS

Something ain't right, boss.

GOMEZ

What ain't right is this creep  
grabbed my ass.

FRISCO

Angel? He would do no such thing.  
On second thought, he might do such  
a thing. I'll deal with him.

GOMEZ

No, I got this. Angel could use a  
woman's touch. You two have fun.

CARLOS

I'm telling you, this was  
completely unprovoked.

FRISCO

Carlos! Quiet. All this stress--I  
need another outfit.

Mac shoots Gomez a thankful look as she drags Angel away.

INT. TOUR BUS, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Cho and Gomez stand behind one-way glass. Beyond, Face  
Tattoo, aka ANGEL, is handcuffed to a metal table. He's  
bruised, bloodied, messed up.

CHO

Three hours of the best torture  
Gitmo can teach, and not a single  
traitorous word. Time to think  
outside the box, like a cat  
flipping the bird to Schroedinger.  
Gomez, what'd we take off this guy?  
Anything that can help us?

GOMEZ

Wallet, keys. The usual. There's a  
picture of his kid in there.

She holds up the wallet, shows a photo of the kid.

CHO

Family. Everyone's greatest  
weakness.

(grabbing phone)

Time to do some stalking.

INT. TOUR BUS, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Cho walks in, calm, drinking coffee.

CHO

I just had the most...enlightening  
phone call. Principal Chaurand at  
your son's school. Nice woman.

Cho waits for a response...but Angel isn't giving in.

CHO (CONT'D)

You see, I thought I should let  
them know daddy wouldn't be picking  
up his baby boy from school today.  
Said he was...tied up, and that  
Angel Junior would need to find  
another way to get home. That  
seemed to really concern Principal  
Chaurand. It seems your son doesn't  
get along with the other kids.  
Angel Junior spent all day with the  
school nurse, hiding out from a  
big, fat, fat-boy named Ricardo,  
pretending to have a tummy ache.

This gets Angel's attention.

CHO (CONT'D)

So I asked why Angel Junior would  
be so afraid of a big, fat, fat-boy  
named Ricardo. Well, it turns out  
Ricardo has a habit of beating up  
Angel Junior, pouring salsa and  
lettuce all over him, and rolling  
him up in carpets, making him his  
little burrito bitch boy.

Angel's nostrils flare.

CHO (CONT'D)

I told Miss Chaurand "that can't  
be! Angel Junior is the only son of  
Angel Rodriguez, notorious drug  
lord. So tough he can withstand the  
most inhumane torture the United  
States has to offer. There must be  
some mistake! How could a man like  
that raise a son who allows himself  
to be the little burrito bitch boy  
for a big, fat, fat-boy like  
Ricardo?"

(takes out his phone)

(MORE)

CHO (CONT'D)

But then Miss Chaurand told me to go on Instagram and check out the latest post from @FatBoiRicardo. And what do I find?

Cho plays a video. Angel watches with angry, teary eyes. We hear kids yelling "BURRITO BITCH BOY! BURRITO BITCH BOY!"

CHO (CONT'D)

Angel Junior is going to have a hard time making the soccer team if he doesn't have even a modicum of respect from his peers. I'm hungry for a burrito all of a sudden. You want one?

INT. DIFFERENT STORE, CHANGING ROOM - DAY

Frisco checks out his ass in the mirror.

FRISCO

You think I should shave my legs?

MAC

Um. How fast are you trying to swim?

SPLITSCREEN TOUR BUS

CHO

Connors! They're boat names! Simple Susan, Nauti Boyz, Celtic Whore, whatever! They're all boats!

GOMEZ

He does his deals in international waters. You need to get yourself an invite onto his yacht.

MAC

Speaking of swimming, I would kill to get out there on the open ocean.

FRISCO

You'd...kill?

Frisco gives Mac a long, hard look.

FRISCO (CONT'D)

Ya know what? I don't know what it is, but I trust you. I think you're ready to enter my inner sanctum.

OUTSIDE THE STALL, Carlos fumes.

FRISCO (CONT'D)

Why don't you come out with me on the yacht today?

Frisco and Mac exit the changing stall.

CARLOS

Sir, I couldn't help but overhear your invitation. The boat's maximum capacity has already been reached.

FRISCO

(slaps Carlos on the back)  
In that case, you'll just have to stay on shore!

CARLOS

Sir, for your protection I need to be on the boat.

FRISCO

Lucas will keep me plenty safe.

CARLOS

There are...like so many other expendable guests.

FRISCO

If you hadn't said anything, we'd all be on the boat together living happily ever after. There's a lesson here. I'm not sure what lesson, but it must be true.

INT. TOUR BUS - DAY

Cho addresses Gomez and Mac. Mac, in swim trunks, sunglasses, and not much else, chews gum obnoxiously.

CHO

Connors, you've done good work. Against all odds. Hell, when you were about to jump from that balcony, I had Stevie prep your obituary. But you proved us wrong. This crazy cuckoo mission I dreamed up after eating those ghost peppers might just work after all. Which is good because my publisher is really up my ass about this deadline.

Mac blows a bubble, which POPS.

GOMEZ

Do you mind?

CHO

Point is, you've got Frisco in the palm of your hand. And now it's time to crush him.

MAC

Yeah, boss, about that. I'm thinking maybe we need more time. Stay down here a couple more months, gather some evidence.

CHO

Good one. Now, this boat trip--

MAC

I'm being serious. I think there might be more to this Frisco guy than meets the eye. I mean, he's been pretty cool to me.

GOMEZ

Jesus. He is serious. Frisco's nice to you because he thinks you're famous. He's killed people!

MAC

So has the DEA! Bradshaw blew up like thirty guys in that warehouse.

GOMEZ

And I can't believe you taught him our handshake. That's not cool, man.

MAC

The whole time we've been here, has he done anything to incriminate himself? Anything at all that would lead us to believe he's connected to the cartels?

GOMEZ

No, and that's what makes him good at his job. Now you need to start being good at yours.

MAC

Frisco cares about my music career.

GOMEZ

What music career?

MAC

My album is number 4 on iTunes!

GOMEZ

That's not your album! You're undercover. Wait, number 4? Holy shit. That's really high.

MAC

I get it. You're jealous that I'm out in the field signing autographs and you're stuck being my sidepiece. But Frisco wants me on that yacht, and he respects me for who I am. So yeah, I'll go on his boat, and yeah, I'll figure out who's really behind all this, and when I do, you can thank me.

Mac exits.

GOMEZ

This isn't good.

CHO

(coming up with a plan)

Agent Bauer.

AGENT BAUER appears. A dead ringer for Keifer Sutherland.

CHO (CONT'D)

You're Lucas' new bodyguard. We're out of earpiece range, so I need someone I can trust on that boat. And remember, the boat's over capacity, so you're gonna have to kill somebody on the way.

AGENT BAUER

Yes, sir. You can count on me, sir.

Agent Bauer steps off the Tour Bus, but eats shit and topples, landing on his neck with a sickening CRUNCH.

CHO

Jesus Christ. Another one?

(sighs)

Add him to the pile.

EXT. FRISCO'S YACHT, MAIN DECK - DAY

Mac stands aboard the boat as it pulls away. Carlos, on the dock, is stuck halfway between a glare and heartbreak.

FRISCO  
 (to the group)  
 All right. Hand over your phones.  
 No pictures. No evidence. This is  
 the inner sanctum.

A WIDE SHOT reveals the name of the boat, scrawled in cursive on the rear: THE INNER SANCTUM.

MAC  
 I need this. For...the grams.

FRISCO  
 I'll buy you a new one when we get  
 back. Ten new ones. But this is the  
 real deal, Lucas. Playtime's over.

A BEEFY DUDE collects phones in a box, and hands back COUPONS. Then he chucks the box overboard.

FRISCO (CONT'D)  
 You can redeem these Frisco-bucks  
 back at the casino for a new phone,  
 pre-loaded with All You Need Is  
 Dance as the ringtone.

He winks at Mac, snatches his phone and hurls it overboard.

MAC  
 You could've just told me not to  
 bring it.

FRISCO  
 Foresight is an old man's game. Now  
 let's ride.

Frisco nods to the CAPTAIN, who pushes the throttle. Zoom!

EXT. FRISCO'S YACHT, MAIN DECK - DAY - LATER

Mac and Frisco stare out at a barely visible ship.

FRISCO  
 There's something I need to give  
 you. And it's not sage advice, like  
 normal.

Frisco pulls out a gun and hands it to Mac.

MAC

Why would I need a gun?

Frisco simply laughs, then takes out a knife.

FRISCO

You and me!

He cuts into his palm, presses his palm to Mac's face, smearing him with blood.

FRISCO (CONT'D)

Let's do this! AHFFF!

The OTHER BOAT is right beside Frisco's boat. Frisco is flanked by his top BRUISERS. HENCHMEN on the other boat throw lines onto Frisco's yacht and pull them together.

There's fog. It's hard to make out the deck of the other yacht. Slowly, a figure emerges, walking forward...

Mac tenses, hand on his gun. Slowly, The figure becomes clear. He's dressed in a lab coat.

FRISCO (CONT'D)

Meet...The Doctor.

THE DOCTOR (50s). Nobody ever looked more sinister. He smiles, and you know he's going to murder you.

As The Doctor steps onto the yacht, Frisco gestures to his bruisers, who extend briefcases of cash.

The Doctor looks at the open briefcases, then back to Frisco, then to Mac, his gaze piercing. The Doctor nods to his henchmen, also carrying briefcases.

FRISCO (CONT'D)

Are the terms of our deal still amenable to The Doctor?

The Doctor snaps his fingers. He grabs a briefcase, then opens it. Inside, something is covered in a thin sheet.

The Doctor rips back the sheet, revealing... NOSES. What?

THE DOCTOR

(Swedish-ish accent)

Yah! You know it! Which one you like?!

INT. YACHT, OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Frisco is garbed in a patient's robe, lying down on an operating table. The Doctor holds a nose next to Frisco's.

THE DOCTOR

Iz excellent choice, yes! Perfect shape, quite the feel, squishy squishy freshly harvested, the ladies will be loving it muchly. I say it so is true.

MAC

Freshly what? How big is this boat?

The Doctor grabs Frisco's nose between his fingers.

THE DOCTOR

Boop! Got your nose! Is that easy! I kid, I kid. Is not easy. I train many years. Is grueling, have nervous breakdown, but family have to feed, eh?!

Frisco grasps Mac's hand, afraid.

FRISCO

Thanks for being here. I know it's inconvenient but I had to come out to open waters where it's no rules, just right. No one can know I'm getting a nose job, Lucas. No one.

MAC

There's no drug deal or anything?

FRISCO

Not everything is about drugs. You celebrities. All my life, I've hated my big ugly disgusting nose.

MAC

I think you look fine.

FRISCO

Don't tell me you didn't cringe when you first saw my face, adorned with this bulbous monstrosity. My outward display of confidence is nothing but a sad ruse. My self-hatred has eaten away at my insides. But after today, I'm a new man. Frisco two-point-oh.

MAC

Totally, yeah. But, why me?

FRISCO

You loved me in spite of my nose.  
You saw me for who I truly am. I  
needed someone I could trust.

MAC

What about Carlos?

FRISCO

Carlos, he works for me. That's a  
different bond.

(off Mac's nod)

Promise me something, Lucas.  
Promise me you'll tell the girls  
you punched me in the face.

THE DOCTOR

Is almost time to be getting  
started!

The Doctor nods to a scary henchman, who injects something  
into Frisco's IV.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Here comes the sleepy juice. Nighty  
nighto.

FRISCO

Tell me you'll do it. Tell me.

MAC

Yeah, yeah I can do that I guess.

Frisco falls asleep. The doctor holds up a glinting scalpel.

THE DOCTOR

You know, is very bad idea to be  
doing this at sea! What with all  
the rocking. Hand could slip and  
cut off everything!

The Doctor fakes slipping and waves the knife around, nearly  
cutting some of his men. He laughs wildly.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

You see? Very bad. Okay, choppy  
choppy.

EXT. CASINO - DAY

Carlos stares at the Lucas mural on the side of the tour bus. Something ain't right.

A MAILMAN knocks on the tour bus, nobody home.

CARLOS

Hola. Casino security. I'll make sure that gets to them.

The mailman hands over a POSTCARD: it's of Bradshaw standing guard with an assault rifle in front of a doggy-sized White House with the real White House in the background.

Carlos turns over the postcard. Bradshaw has scribbled: TOLD YOU I'D SEND YOU A POSTCARD! - AGENT BRADSHAW, DEA

EXT. YACHT, MAIN DECK - NIGHT

Mac stands on the deck, looking out to sea as the sun sets. Party people sway to MUSIC, sip drinks, make out.

Frisco stumbles onto the deck from below. His nose is bandaged and he wears sunglasses. He's groggy as hell.

MAC

Frisco! My man!

FRISCO

We did it. We really did it. I'm beautiful. Inside and out.

They high five--Frisco's sloppy from anesthetics.

MAC

Ya know, I knew you were a good guy.

FRISCO

Me too! I mean, don't get me wrong, I've killed people, like a lot of people, like too many to count, but I think they mostly deserved it?

MAC

Oh, okay...

FRISCO

But the drugs, las drogas, my mom does all that. La Madre Blanca? You know her?

EXTREME CLOSE UP ON MAC: LA MADRE BLANCA?!?!

FRISCO (V.O.)  
 She's a tough cookie, but a cookie  
 nonetheless. You know? Delicious.  
 Chocolate chip. Oatmeal raisin.

MAC  
 (into earpiece)  
 Guys, come in, come in.

No earpiece!

FRISCO  
 Ground control to major Lucas!

Frisco looks around, confused but too drugged to care. Mac  
 puts a hand to his pocket. No phone!

FRISCO (CONT'D)  
 Snickerdoodle. Peanut butter.

MAC  
 I gotta get back, like right now.

A couple of Frisco's ladies walk up.

LADY  
 Frisco, what happened?

MAC  
 I punched him. Punched him real  
 good.

FRISCO  
 Man stuff. Don't worry about it.  
 But also woman stuff. If they're  
 interested.

The Doctor emerges, then extends his hand. Frisco clasps it.

FRISCO (CONT'D)  
 You are a true hero.

THE DOCTOR  
 Looking very nice! I nearly want to  
 smooch you myself. But I will not.

Frisco smiles. The Doctor whistles and guards stabilize the  
 boats. He crosses over, and the boats start to move apart.

MAC  
 That's done, so, again, I need to  
 go back. ASAP.

FRISCO

You kidding me? This baby needs to heal. And we got everything we need right here. Booze, moonlight, ladies, Lucas, snickerdoodle, oatmeal raisin. We can stay out here for weeks until my nose is good as new!

MAC

I have a show tonight. The festival booker's gonna be there.

FRISCO

Julien? Shit. I thought he already saw you. Oh well.

MAC

What? No! No oh well. This is my shot. Frisco, we're going back.  
(looks around)  
Captain?

All kindness vanishes from Frisco's eyes. Straight killer.

FRISCO

We're staying here. Unless you have a problem with that.

Frisco's hand goes to a knife at his belt. Mac gulps.

MAC

No problem.

FRISCO

Good. Then take a load off. Oh, and one more thing.

Frisco pulls out a remote detonator and clicks it. The Doctor's boat EXPLODES INTO A GIANT FIREBALL.

MAC

Jesus Christ!

In the background a lady OOHs and GOLF CLAPS.

FRISCO

Now you and I are the only ones who know.

He grabs Mac's face and pulls him in close.

FRISCO (CONT'D)

The nose knows.

Frisco boops Mac's nose with his nose.

FRISCO (CONT'D)

Ow.

Flaming pieces of the Doctor's yacht hit the deck punctuating Frisco's declaration. Frisco turns to a girl.

FRISCO (CONT'D)

Mamacita, c'mere. Come below deck and take care of Frisco's other nose, if you nose what I mean. And I hear it has a sinus infection.

They exit to Frisco's quarters.

Mac panics, paces around. Walks up to RANDOM PARTY BOATERS.

MAC

Do you have a phone? Anybody?  
Anybody have a cellphone?

DUDE

Sorry.

DUDETTE

They're all down there in Davy Jones' Lady Foot Locker.

MAC

Come on. Somebody must've held out.

DUDE

And cross Frisco Fuentes? No way, man.

Mac looks up to the bridge and eyes THE CAPTAIN.

INT. YACHT, BRIDGE - NIGHT

Mac bursts through the door.

MAC

OH CAPTAIN MY CAPTAIN!

Mac looks at him. He's the same actor who played the doctor.

CAPTAIN

Yes?

MAC

I--Do you have a brother?

CAPTAIN

Why yes! He's a doctor. We were separated at birth, and he grew up in Sweden. Why, have you seen him?

MAC

No reason! Anywho, there's a couple down there that wants you to marry them.

CAPTAIN

Oh boy!

He grabs his bible and exits. Mac picks up the SHIP'S RADIO.

MAC

Come in! Come in! Emergency!  
Emergencio!

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)

Hola, señor. Cuál es la naturaleza de su emergencia?

MAC

Muy importante development in DEA case! I need you to connect me to Los Mochis Casino! Pronto!

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)

Lucas?

MAC

Yeah! It's me, Lucas. Get taint! Now will you put me through to the Casino?

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)

Ahh! Lucas!! You sing to my daughter! Is her birthday party now.

MAC

What? No, I--

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)

She right here, I put you on the speaker. You sing the dance song, but more birthday-like.

MAC

What? Where are you?

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Hija, papi contrató a Lucas para  
cantar por tu cumpleaños!

The high-pitched SQUEAL of a little girl.

MAC  
Okay, I'll sing and then you'll put  
me through?

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Si! Si!

MAC  
(to tune of AYNID)  
All you need is cake/Just give me a  
day/to feed you lots of cake/All  
you birth is day.  
(speaking)  
Happy Birthday! Get Taint!

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Classic Lucas. Okay, patching you  
through to the casino.

MAC  
Thank you, whoever you are!

Some CRACKLES and POPS through the radio.

GOMEZ (V.O.)  
Hello?

MAC  
Hello? Los Mochis? Listen  
carefully, I need you to go to the  
big Lucas tour bus and--

SPLITSCREEN TOUR BUS/YACHT

GOMEZ  
Connors?! Where the hell have you  
been? We thought you died. We saw a  
boat explode on our satellite feed.

MAC  
Gomez?

GOMEZ  
I've been intercepting all the  
radio transmissions. We couldn't  
get a hold of you on your cell,  
and--

MAC

Oh, aren't you a sound for sore ears. Frisco threw all our phones into the ocean. Listen, I cracked the case: it's La Mad--

GOMEZ

La Madre Blanca, we know.

MAC

I totally forgot about her.

GOMEZ

Yeah, she's good.

MAC

But how did you find out?

CHO

Each of those boats is owned by some hippie-dippie charity. And she's on the board of all of them.

MAC

I'll be right there. Just call me a chopper.

GOMEZ

Too late. We already got back-up.

MAC

Who?

GOMEZ

Bradshaw.

MAC

What?! What about the first dog?

GOMEZ

Enjoy your vacation.

Click. The radio cuts out. Mac, furious, flexes all his muscles, and his brand new clothes rip exactly the same way as his Lucas outfit.

MAC

God dammit! God--

Mac smashes the radio against the wall repeatedly. It shatters. Mac's rage builds. Builds. He's losing his mind.

Frisco walks in.

## FRISCO

Lucas, you gotta check this out!  
 Jesus and Veronica are getting  
 married! It's hilariou--

(seeing Mac's face)

Whoa, what's wrong, buddy? Did the  
 Captain not let you touch the  
 wheel? He never lets me touch the  
 wheel. Wait, who's driving the  
 boat?

Mac just glowers, veins bulging.

## INT. TOUR BUS - DAY

Gomez puts down the phone, looks sadly at a photo taped next  
 to her monitor: her and Mac in the van geekin' out.

## INT. LOS MOCHIS CASINO - SECURITY ROOM - DAY

A tiny room with TVs and a SECURITY GUARD. Carlos stands at  
 the back, arms crossed.

ON THE TVS: Security footage from the clothing store. The  
 security guard scrubs through until Gomez punches Angel.

## CARLOS

(subtitled)

Stop. Wind back. There. Enhance.

## SECURITY GUARD

Uh...

## CARLOS

(subtitled)

Enhance!

The security guard clicks a few arbitrary keys.

## SECURITY GUARD

Beep boop.

He presses play. They watch Gomez tackle Angel unprovoked in  
 SLO MO. A wicked smile grows on Carlos' face.

## EXT. YACHT, MAIN DECK - DAY

Frisco hands Mac a michelada as the Captain performs a  
 wedding ceremony in the background.

FRISCO

What were you doing in the control room anyway? Trying to steal the boat or something?

Steal the boat...Mac turns on Frisco, manically excited.

MAC

Steal the boat! You are funny. So funny. Let's get this guy an HBO special, am I right?!

FRISCO

Yeah, well, cheers.

Mac and Frisco cheers micheladas, then Mac downs his in one long, thirsty, beautiful gulp, then crushes the cup and throws it off-screen.

MAC

Well, gotta go.

FRISCO

Holy shit! One gulp! You freakin' crazy, man. Wait wait wait. Do it again. You're a big guy. You can handle it.

(hands him one)

I wanna push you to your limits. I want you to fucking die!

(off Mac's shock)

Don't worry--I'll revive you.

Mac chugs another one.

MAC

So good. In fact, let's have another below deck. So we can talk. Privately.

FRISCO

You dirty dog.

INT. YACHT, FRISCO'S BEDROOM - DAY

It's a total sex palace, with posters of Lucas on the walls. Mac lifts up a third Michelada, then downs it.

FRISCO

This is gonna be a fun recovery month. I can feel it.

MAC

Yeah me too.

(pointing)

You want me to sign that poster?

Frisco turns to where Mac's pointing. Mac leaps, gets Frisco in a choke hold. The two struggle.

FRISCO

(choking, so sad)

Why?

MAC

Sorry, but I have to get to my show.

As they struggle, it's like they're on ecstasy, and everywhere they touch, they keep rubbing, like the skin-to-skin contact feels super good.

The pace slows down, until it's like they're moving through molasses. Very trippy.

FRISCO

(dreamy)

Stop.

MAC

You stop.

Mac forces him onto the bed. It's very sexual.

Frisco falls unconscious. Mac tucks him in, then exits the bedroom. He slams the door and breaks off the handle.

EXT. YACHT, MAIN DECK - DAY

The wedding continues. In the crowd, Dude stands, hand up.

DUDE

I object! I love you, Veronica! I always have!

This is weird. In fact, everything seems weird. The world pulsates. The fingers on Dude's hand turn into eels and slither into the sky.

MAC

What the fuuuuuu...

A SEXY YACHT GIRL in bikini and lab coat steps up to Mac. Mac looks at her. Her eyes are dark rubies.

SEXY YACHT GIRL

Shit. You are in seriously bad shape.

MAC

I'M IN GREAT SHAPE. LOOK AT ME.

Mac tears his shirt off. His abs are literally a washboard. He YELPS in fear.

SEXY YACHT GIRL

How many micheladas did you have?

MAC

Many. Why?

SEXY YACHT GIRL

Last week a guy drank three and died in literally five minutes.

MAC

That makes no sense. Nothing in my life makes sense right now.

SEXY YACHT GIRL

Each cup contains a blend of crystallized opium, LSD, and extended release LSD. Chemically designed to be invisible to drug tests, it only activates when combined with yeast-based alcohol. Once it does, it disables the neurosuppressors and gives you a caliente kick to the head, so to speak. And the extended release means just when you think it's over, you hit a second round of ball tripping that throttles you right into hyperdrive and makes you feel damn near invincible. And horny as hell.

MAC

How do you...

SEXY YACHT GIRL

Hmm? Oh, I'm one of the chemists who invented it.

MAC

Shiiiiiiii--

Mac explodes into full ball trippin'!

Several friendly HIP-HOP FISH, including a CLOWN FISH that looks like Nemo, swim out of the water and dance in the air.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Nemo!?!?! I found you!

Mac touches his face.

MAC (CONT'D)  
I can't feel my face!!!!

Mac looks back up. The fish is further away.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Nemo, don't leave me!

Nemo returns and morphs into a Nemo-Gomez monster creature.

GOMEZ  
Mac! Come here, dance with me.

MAC  
What are you doing here? I love you.

GOMEZ  
I love you too.

Mac kisses the hallucination of Gomez. As he does, she morphs into a random boat girl and they're in--

INT. YACHT, FRISCO'S BEDROOM - DAY

Right next to Frisco, who's still asleep.

MAC  
Aaaaaaaaaahhh!

Mac quickly ties up and tucks in the girl, then spots the briefcase of noses. He's so freaked out.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Sorry fish lady, I have to get back to Gomez.

Mac steps through the door and suddenly he enters a--

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Mac's father stands atop an undug grave, shovel in hand. The headstone reads: "Mac's Fallen Hero of a Father."

MAC

Dad?

MAC'S FATHER

You finally did it. Finally lived up to my expectations, followed in my footsteps, and became a truly great DEA agent. For the first time ever, I love you...Lucas.

MAC

I love you too!

Mac reaches out for a hug...

MAC (CONT'D)

Wait, Lucas?

...but his arms land on the Captain's wheel--

INT. YACHT, BRIDGE - DAY

--where Mac's gunning it hard and fast toward land. He screams a bastardization of the opening of The Lion King:

MAC

Haaaaaashhawanga!!!!  
Mumubeeseybaba!

The doors to the bridge are jammed shut and the Captain pounds on the window desperately.

They hit a bump and the Captain flies overboard.

EXT. LOS MOCHIS CASINO - BEACHFRONT - DAY

The yacht crashes onto the beach. Tourists SCREAM and run!

Mac leaps from the bow of the boat, does a roll, pops up, does a MOONING BACKFLIP and runs toward the casino.

INT. CASINO STAGE - DAY

The stage explodes with light and Bradshaw runs out in his Lucas getup, which is super loose and tattered, followed by his limping backup dancers. UPROARIOUS APPLAUSE.

MAC (O.S.)

No!!! Wait! Wait!

Mac emerges from the opposite wing.

MAC (CONT'D)  
That's not Lucas! I'm Lucas!

GASPS from the crowd.

SPLITSCREEN TOUR BUS/STAGE, Gomez and Cho watch on monitors.

GOMEZ  
Where the hell did he come from?  
(into her mic)  
Bradshaw, get him out of there.

BACK ON STAGE, Bradshaw, spooked, draws his weapon.

BRADSHAW  
AGENT BRADSHAW, DEA. I REPEAT:  
STAND DOWN!

Bradshaw gets a better look at Mac.

BRADSHAW (CONT'D)  
Connors? Oh shit, didn't recognize  
you there. You look great, dude.

ANGRY AUDIENCE MEMBER  
WHAT'S GOING ON?!

BRADSHAW  
No it's chill. I'm a DEA agent.  
So's he.

CARLOS  
I knew it!!!

Mac spots Carlos in the back of the crowd, pushing toward the stage. He brushes past the Festival Booker.

FESTIVAL BOOKER  
I thought you were the real deal,  
man.

MAC  
I am the real deal!

FESTIVAL BOOKER  
You were lip syncing!

MAC  
It was my voice!

Festival Booker turns and leaves.

Carlos pulls out a gun, and a half-dozen THUGS do the same. They all FIRE at the stage. Bystanders SCREAM and FLEE.

Carlos speaks into his sleeve-radio.

CARLOS  
Lucas is DEA. Take down the tour  
bus.

MAC  
RUN!

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Mac, high as balls, runs backstage, dodging bullets. Thugs follow, firing wildly.

Mac shoots the wall, then SMASHES THROUGH IT. SCREAMING.

EXT. LOS MOCHIS CASINO, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Mac sprints toward the tour bus.

The front right tire of the tour bus gets HIT by a bullet and deflates. The other tires are taken out as well.

MAC  
AHHHHH!

Mac takes cover behind a cluster of palm trees. Stevie walks over, super tan and cool looking, sipping a margarita.

STEVIE  
Sup, dude?

MAC  
Stevie! What are you doing here?  
Get down.

The tour bus door opens and Gomez emerges...

MAC (CONT'D)  
Gomez!

Gomez stumbles out onto the pavement, pushed in the back by the barrel of a THUG'S gun, hands on her head.

Gomez and Cho are forced into a black SUV at gunpoint. The SUV burns rubber as it peels out of the casino parking lot.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Shit shit shit.

Carlos emerges from the casino, talks into his sleeve.

CARLOS  
Eyes on Lucas?

Carlos scans the parking lot. He looks at the trees where Mac and Stevie were hiding, but they're gone.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

SUPER-SPEED SHOT: Mac SCREAMS, carrying Stevie over his shoulder as he runs through the casino parking lot and out into the streets, into the town and into an alley.

STEVIE  
You can put me down.

MAC  
(singing)  
Never gonna give you up, never  
gonna put you down, never gonna run  
around and DESERT YOU.

STEVIE  
I mean it, man, put me down!

Mac gently lowers Stevie to the ground. Then caresses him.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
You don't look too good.

MAC  
I--My brain, is mush-man. The  
michelobos. On the boat. The doctor  
is the captain. You gotta help me  
shave Gomez--save Gomerz.

STEVIE  
Hell no! Getting shot at was so not  
in my job description.

MAC  
Where did you read a job  
description? Nevermound. Give me  
cellphone. I need call Washington.

STEVIE  
No way, man. I'm roaming.

Stevie walks away. Mac calls after him.

MAC  
Stevie, you get back here!

STEVIE  
You're not my uncle!

Mac's vision goes blurry as he watches Stevie walk away down the alley. He drifts off to sleep in a pile of garbage.

EXT. WHO KNOWS - ???

Mac blinks his eyes open. Things are hazy. Where is he?

There--a shadow. The shadow takes a step.

It belongs to a GREAT BEAST, which lumbers toward Mac. Mac tries to scramble away, but he finally sees the beast...

It's THE FIRST DOG. His voice is deep and mellifluous.

FIRST DOG  
Hello, Mac.

MAC  
First Dog?

FIRST DOG  
That's right, son.

MAC  
Dad?

FIRST DOG  
No, that's just an expression.

MAC  
How can this be happening?

FIRST DOG  
I am the great protector, the canine who comes when called. You needed me, so here I am.

MAC  
I messed it all up.

FIRST DOG  
You surely did. But we all make mistakes. I let myself be neutered. But we cannot let the past define us. Instead, we must use it to guide us into becoming the person we want to be.

MAC

I don't know what I want to be. I used to let people walk all over me, and then I did the same thing.

FIRST DOG

You never needed fame, Maclynn Connors. Fame was simply a manifestation of your desire for recognition. Deep down, you always knew you deserved more respect than you were getting, and the moment you stepped out of the shadow and into the spotlight, it was like a void buried inside you was being filled for the first time, and you hungered for further satiation. But friends, true friends, they see you for who you really are. Gomez, Cho, Stevie. They're no fools. The problem, Maclynn, was right here.

The First Dog puts a paw on Mac's heart.

FIRST DOG (CONT'D)

You understand what I'm saying?

MAC

Yes sir, Mr. First Dog. Thank you.

FIRST DOG

And if anyone asks, I'm just a deep-seated aspect of your psyche. You're really working through this on your own and reaching a critical moment of character growth.

MAC

Of course, sir.

FIRST DOG

Please, call me Rosa Barks.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Stevie looking at Mac, skeptical as hell, eating a taco. They're standing in--

EXT. DARK ALLEY - DAWN

Mac is super grimy. The First Dog stares up at him happily.

STEVIE

Are you talking to the First Dog?

MAC

No. Yes. He's a dog. People talk to dogs.

STEVIE

I called 911. Washington said they would send reinforcements. At some point. I hope. I don't think Mister Cho told anyone we were down here.

MAC

Stevie, listen.

STEVIE

Stephen.

MAC

Right, whatever. Listen. You should go. I don't want anyone else to get hurt because of me. But I can't go with you. I'm in love with Gomez. And I can't leave her behind.

STEVIE

Aight...Good luck.

INT. MICHELADA FACTORY, ROOM - DAY

ANGLE ON the double door-- WHICH BURSTS OPEN, kicked by Connors, lookin' hardcore and ready for action, straight out of the dopest action flick this side of the Mississippi.

MAC

Dammit.

REVEAL that Gomez's phone is sitting on a table, PINGING, next to her gun and other belongings.

INT. MICHELADA FACTORY, ANOTHER ROOM - DAY

ANGLE ON double door--WHICH BURSTS OPEN. Connors enters, take 2. An abject PRISONER huddles in the corner, chained up.

PRISONER

You came to save me! My prayers have been answered! I knew the torture could not last forev--

MAC

Ooh, I don't really have time...

PRISONER  
Have time?

MAC  
Sorry!

PRISONER  
No! Don't leave me! Please, I  
can't--

INT. MICHELADA FACTORY, YET ANOTHER ROOM - DAY

Cho and Gomez are tied up. A couple GUARDS watch them.

CHO  
(to Gomez)  
The ol' Yankee Shuffle?

Gomez nods to Cho.

INT. MICHELADA FACTORY, HALLWAY - DAY

Mac stands outside a door at the end of a long hallway. Just when he's about to kick in the door:

HORRIBLE BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAMS from within. Mac stops.

The door EXPLODES open, Cho emerges covered in blood. He and Gomez have the guards' weapons.

MAC  
Cho! You're alive!

Gomez exits the room, petrified, scarred for life, even.

GOMEZ  
That's the Yankee Shuffle?

CHO  
No clue. I only skimmed the  
playbook.

Mac hurries to Gomez.

MAC  
Are you okay?

GOMEZ  
I'm fine.

MAC

Listen, there's something I need  
to--

CHO

No time! We have to get to that  
gala! Gayla? I dunno. Let's go!

Cho sprints to the door, followed by Gomez. Mac's confused,  
then runs after them. Mac turns back, sees a barrel labeled:  
DUCK RUBBER - HIGHLY FLAMMABLE. He considers.

EXT. MICHELADA FACTORY - DAY

SLO MO: Gomez and Cho run from the exploding factory. Mac  
exits in epic fashion, the Prisoner slung over his shoulder.

BACK TO REAL TIME --

swHe sets down the Prisoner.

MAC

Wait, why do we have to get to the  
gala?

CHO

I interrogated Frisco's goons  
before...bringing them to justice.

MAC

I thought they captured you?

CHO

Quite the impressive twist of fate,  
eh Mackey-boy? Every great book  
needs a great twist, and speaking  
of twists, it turns out La Madre  
Blanca is using the gala as a cover  
to ship out the most drugs The  
United States of A has ever seen.  
You see--

Montage! Match-cut Cho from location to location.

1. They run away from the warehouse, shooting TWO GUARDS.

CHO (CONT'D)

Her gala is a ribbon cutting for a  
new solar farm, and to commemorate  
the day, she's shutting down an oil  
pipeline.

2. They pull a CITIZEN out of a car and hop in, burn rubber.

CHO (CONT'D)

Only she's not shutting it down,  
she's blowing it up!

3. Cho drops Mac and Gomez off at the casino.

CHO (CONT'D)

The resulting oil spill will cause  
all the charities present for the  
gala to commit to a massive  
cleanup.

4. SPLITSCREEN: Cho sneaks along an oil pipeline. / Mac and Gomez sneak into the casino through the back.

CHO (V.O.)

And every time a sweet, innocent  
charity vessel sails back to  
America, it'll be loaded up with  
more tainted Michelada than you can  
snort off your ex-wife's nape.

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

LMB stands at a podium, addressing a WELL-DRESSED CROWD.

LA MADRE BLANCA

I commend you all on your  
dedication to saving our Mother  
Earth, or as I like to call her, La  
Madre Tierra.

The crowd politely chuckles.

Her speech continues as the backstage door swings open and Mac and Gomez emerge like the baddest-ass duo ever.

MAC

Gomez, please, before something  
terrible happens, just let me--

GOMEZ

Do your job, Connors.

WHIP PAN to reveal the Prisoner is still with them.

PRISONER

Wait, what are we doing?

GOMEZ

Dude, you gotta go.

ONSTAGE, La Madre Blanca gestures to a COMICALLY OVERSIZED SWITCH center stage.

LA MADRE BLANCA

...and that's why I'm no longer welcome in Cuba. Now, without any further ado, let's shut down this despicable oil pipeline and use our power and influence for good.

She walks over to the switch.

MAC

(touching earpiece)  
Cho? How's it goin' over there?

EXT. PIPELINE - DAY

Cho sneaks up, serpentine style, to an exposed section of pipeline by the ocean guarded by six GOONS WITH GUNS.

CHO

Just about to get this party started. You've gotta stall her.

INT. BALLROOM, BACKSTAGE - DAY

MAC

Shit shit shit.

Mac runs ONSTAGE just before La Madre Blanca makes it to the switch. He grabs the microphone right out of her hand.

MAC (CONT'D)

WHAT'S UP, MEXICO! IT'S ME, LUCAS!  
AMERICA'S SWEETHEART! GET TAIN'T!

Mac puts himself between the switch and La Madre Blanca.

IN THE CROWD -- A WOMAN leans to her HUSBAND:

WOMAN

Wait, isn't he a DEA agent?

MAC

DEA? More like D-E-No-Way! I was just on drugs! Ha!

La Madre Blanca surreptitiously gestures to her guards.

MAC (CONT'D)

That's why I'm here. To tell you firsthand: drugs are bad. I'm working with the DEA to help stop drugs, uh, from, existing. Because if I do all the drugs, then they'll be gone and there'll be none left.

In the wings, Gomez raises an eyebrow.

LA MADRE BLANCA

Thank you...for that uplifting speech. Now, without further ado--

MAC

(grabbing the mic)

It's time I treat your ears to a very special a cappella rendition of your favorite little diddy...

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Carlos climbs aboard the beached Inner Sanctum.

CARLOS

Frisco! Where are you?

INT. YACHT, FRISCO'S BEDROOM - DAY

CARLOS (O.S.)

Boss?

Carlos enters and finds Frisco unconscious on the bed next to the girl who's still tied up and tucked in.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Boss! No!

Carlos leaps into action and begins to perform mouth-to-mouth CPR, perhaps too enthusiastically.

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

BACKSTAGE, Gomez watches Mac from the wings. He's dancing awkwardly with La Madre Blanca while singing a weird a cappella tango rendition of AYNID.

Every time La Madare tries to peel off and make a break for the switch, Mac spins her back in and dips her.

MAC  
Sing it with me!

The crowd starts chiming in, getting into it.

EXT. PIPELINE - DAY

Cho climbs onto the pipeline. Guards are planting a bomb.

Cho cracks his neck. This is his moment.

In a glorious one shot we can totally afford, he walks toward the bad guys.

He expertly dodges bullets, shoots one, runs out of ammo, throws the gun, hits someone in the head with it.

Breaks a guy's neck, kicks out a leg.

A bullet grazes him. An elbow hits him right in the face.

A Bomber Goon pulls out a knife, scores a hit. Cho fights him off, manages to turn it against him. Another Bomber Goon pulls out a chain. Cho dodges, gets it wrapped around his arm, pulls him in close, headbutts him.

And then another half-dozen guards appear.

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

LMB signals her BODYGUARDS, who make their way to the stage.

GOMEZ  
Fuck it! Field agent for life!

Gomez races on stage and a huge fight breaks out. Gunfire. Punching. Wow! The audience members scream and hide/flee.

WHILE THEY FIGHT:

MAC  
I will never forgive myself for getting you captured. I was selfish, and rash, and impulsive, and headstrong, and--full disclosure--I was tripping balls, but you only liked me when I was Lucas, so I thought I had to be that guy.

SPIN! KICK!

GOMEZ  
I didn't like Lucas. I hate Lucas!

MAC  
WHAT?!

GOMEZ  
Everyone hates Lucas! That's why  
he's so popular!

A bodyguard socks Mac in the jaw. Mac retaliates by sweeping the guard's legs out from under him.

WOMAN  
WOO! GO LUCAS!!!

EXT. PIPELINE - DAY

A crazy-eyed Cho--riding one of the guards like a goddamn horse--is going apeshit on the goons protecting the pipe.

Cho makes primal ANIMAL NOISES as he utterly destroys these guys. He fires TRIUMPHANT ROUNDS into the air.

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

The fight continues!

GOMEZ  
I'd have gone on a date with you  
forever ago if you'd just asked.

MAC  
Seriously?

GOMEZ  
Have you seen yourself? You're  
ripped as dicks. But instead you  
went and became an asshole.

She punches one of the guards in the throat.

MAC  
But, but you hit on me all the  
time. It's like super  
inappropriate, or it would be  
except I mean, I like it. I guess  
what I'm trying to say is why  
didn't you just ask me?

GOMEZ

I know it's old fashioned, but I like it when men ask out women, okay? Is that so wrong?

MAC

No, I just--

He jumps and kicks a bodyguard square in the face, sending her flying into the wings with a bloody nose.

MAC (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry for everything. For ever doubting you, and for thinking Frisco was a good guy, and for kissing that girl on the boat--

GOMEZ

Say what now?

MAC

I thought she was Nemo, and I found her. I didn't like it though because I wanted her mouth to be your mouth--

GOMEZ

Okay, I didn't even know this happened, so you're kinda digging yourself deeper here.

CHO (V.O.)

Mayday! Mayday! Houston we have a problem!

MAC

Cho? What's the problem?

EXT. PIPELINE - DAY

Cho kneels, holding a knife and staring intently at a BOMB strapped to the pipe, colorful wires going every which way.

Super dead guards are strewn everywhere.

Cho wipes his sweaty brow but really just smears a disgusting amount of blood onto his forehead.

CHO

I'm trying to disarm the bomb, but there's just so, so many wires. Gotta find the red one--

## SPLITSCREEN BALLROOM AND PIPELINE

MAC  
DON'T CUT THE RED ONE!

GOMEZ  
DON'T CUT THE RED ONE!

CHO  
How do you know?

MAC  
Literally the only useful thing  
Bradshaw used to say was:

## SPLITSCREEN PRESENT/BRADSHAW FLASHBACK

MAC & BRADSHAW (CONT'D)  
"Red is dead, now let's get me some  
head."

CHO  
Okay, got it. Not the red one. Next  
question: which one is the red one?

MAC  
The red one is the red one.

CHO  
I never thought my color-blindness  
would be my downfall...

## INT. BALLROOM - DAY

Mac and Gomez pause mid-fight to exchange a look: WHAT?!

She opens her mouth to speak-- BAM. A bullet hits Gomez in  
the chest and she tumbles off stage, dragging LMB with her.

MAC  
GOMEZ!

Mac goes to run toward her, but--

Frisco steps up, smoking gun in hand. Carlos by his side.

FRISCO  
Don't fucking move.

Mac puts his hands up, stopped in his tracks.

FRISCO (CONT'D)  
I thought we were friends.

Frisco is full-on fuckin' scary now. No semblance of charm.

MAC  
We are friends.

Frisco slowly walks forward as the audience cowers.

FRISCO  
Don't you fuckin' lie to me, Lucas!  
Or should I say Agent Maclynn  
Connors, D-E-motherfuckin'-A.

MAC  
I--

FRISCO  
Was any of it real? Any of it?

MAC  
It was. Without you, I never  
would've had the confidence to be  
confident.

FRISCO  
You mean the confidence to turn on  
me? Like all the rest of them? Two-  
faced celebrities who care about no  
one but themselves.

Frisco takes the last step up to Mac and holds the gun  
against his temple. Their faces are almost touching. If not  
for the fear, it'd be romantic. Maybe it still is.

FRISCO (CONT'D)  
I smell one whiff of dishonesty,  
and you're gonna need a brain job.  
Too bad the only doctor I know  
exploded earlier today.

MAC  
That's the only doctor you know?

FRISCO  
Shut up! Shut up! Why, Mac? Just  
tell me why.

MAC  
Because I'm a DEA agent, and you're  
a drug dealer.

FRISCO  
I'M NOT! I'M NOT A DRUG DEALER. How  
many times do I have to tell you?  
My mom handles that shit. She's the  
one who thought up this whole fake  
charity thing. Her!

MAC

Okay fine. You're not a drug dealer. But you are most assuredly a murderer. If you weren't, maybe we could genuinely be friends.

FRISCO

Too bad I don't hang with corpses.

CARLOS

Nice one, boss.

Before Frisco can do anything, La Madre Blanca makes it back on stage and FLIPS THE LEVER. NOTHING HAPPENS.

MAC

You did it!

EXT. PIPELINE - DAY

Cho stands above the bomb, all wires cut.

CHO

I did it! I cut all the wires!  
Colors be damned!

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

LA MADRE BLANCA

Looks like I'm going to have to do this the old-fashioned way. Frisco, please stop worrying about your ego and KILL HIM!

La Madre Blanca heads for the backstage door.

LA MADRE BLANCA (CONT'D)

Oh, and son, you don't have friends. You have subjects. And I'm sure your new nose will be just as hideous.

She exits. Frisco's crushed. He wavers with the gun, and Mac takes the opportunity, tackling him.

BRADSHAW bursts in wearing a jetpack and holding a fancy dog carrier handcuffed to his wrist-- A WOOF WOOF from within.

Bradshaw FIRES OFF A FEW ROUNDS into the ceiling. Blood leaks down through the holes. Bradshaw strikes an epic pose.

MAC

Bradshaw! La Madre Blanca--you've gotta catch her!

BRADSHAW

Oh I'll catch her, Sam I am. Cause I'm the motherfuckin' gingerbread man.

Mac struggles to keep Frisco pinned to the ground. He's worming around like a damn worm.

MAC

Is that the first dog?

BRADSHAW

And last. No pictures, please. Now stand down, Connors. Daddy's home.

Bradshaw puts on sunglasses.

BRADSHAW (CONT'D)

Because when he said he was just stepping out for cigarettes, he meant it. I got this.

Mac looks Bradshaw up and down, disgusted.

MAC

No! You clearly do not have this. And I'm not gonna let you ruin this mission. For a THIRD time.

Mac begins hog-tying Frisco with his belt.

MAC (CONT'D)

I've got this under control. I'm going to handle it. And honestly, Bradshaw, you're terrible at your job. Without me and Gomez in your ear, you'd be toast! Mmm...toast!

Bradshaw flicks away a lit cigarette.

BRADSHAW

Well, well, well. Look who got a taste of the spotlight and thinks he's Jame Bond, Oh-Oh-Seven.

Mac finishes tying up Frisco, stands, and points to the door in the wings where La Madre exited.

MAC

Jesus Christ, man, just go get her!

BRADSHAW

Fine! But I'm not doing it because  
you told me to.

Bradshaw runs toward the door, but a DOZEN GUARDS led by  
Carlos emerge from every direction, circling the stage.

Gomez climbs back onto the stage, groggy.

MAC

Gomez! You're alive!

She digs a slug out of her vest. Mac gives her a tight hug.

GOMEZ/MAC (CONT'D)

Ow ow ow./Sorry, sorry.

Bradshaw, Gomez, and Mac stand back to back to back,  
surrounded by Carlos and his army of goons.

MAC (CONT'D)

I thought you were dead, and I  
just, I'm so sorry about--

GOMEZ

Tell ya what. You help me kill all  
these bad guys and I'll let you  
apologize to me some more.

MAC

Yeah?

GOMEZ

Yeah.

Another WOOF from the carrier.

BRADSHAW

(to dog)

My thoughts exactly.

Bradshaw raises his gun, pulls the trigger...CLICK--He's OUT  
OF ROUNDS. He throws the gun as a distraction and SWINGS THE  
DOG CARRIER WILDLY, smashing guards in the head.

CHAOS BREAKS OUT! Guards FIRE at Bradshaw, but he uses the  
doggy carrier to deflect the bullets.

He doesn't accomplish much aside from bonking the guards on  
the head and shoving them toward Mac and Gomez, who are  
kicking ass and taking names. Total team chemistry.

Bodyguards are dropping like flies, sometimes onto Frisco,  
who is still hogtied on the ground.

FRISCO  
Ow! Watch it!

PING! PING! PING! Bradshaw deflects more rounds.

MAC  
Stop endangering Rosa!

BRADSHAW  
Shut up, it's Kevlar! Besides, he  
told me to do it.

MAC  
You can hear him, too??

Gomez drops a bodyguard like it's her job (which it is) and spins to face Carlos. He grins at her, sadistic.

Carlos/Gomez fight! So good! And it ends with Gomez utterly destroying Carlos, humiliating him. Wow!

FRISCO  
Carlos! No!

Frisco bursts free from his hogtie, runs to Carlos, kneels at his limp body. Looks up at Gomez.

FRISCO (CONT'D)  
You bitch.

He leaps up, full of rage, advances on Gomez, but Mac swoops in and drops Frisco with one swift punch...TO THE NOSE--

--which DETACHES from Frisco's face in SLO MO and FLIES ACROSS ROOM, landing among the dozens of unconscious bodies.

FRISCO (CONT'D)  
NOOOOOOOOO!

GOMEZ  
You know I had him, right?

MAC  
Oh totally. Can't a guy be old fashioned one in a while?

Gomez smiles at him.

Frisco, holding his bleeding face hole where his nose used to be, scurries around the room in search of his schnoz. Guards moan and writhe. Gun-smoke settles. A breath. Silence.

Bradshaw look down at his doggy carrier which is RIDDLED WITH BULLET HOLES. He tries to hide his cringe.



MAC

Where the hell did she go?

GOMEZ

To be fair, that was a while ago.  
She's halfway to the moon by now.

MAC

The moon? Yeah, the moon...halfway.  
One half. Six in one, half-dozen in  
the other. Dirty dozen.

GOMEZ

What're you doing?

MAC

I thought this was one of those  
moments where you said a thing and  
it would make me suddenly think of  
a thing and we'd solve the case!  
Now she's lost forever!

GOMEZ

Uh...is that her?

Gomez points up to the rooftop. La Madre Blanca stands on the  
roof, on her cellphone and looking up into the sky.

LA MADRE BLANCA

Where the hell is my  
chopper??...What do you mean there  
was traffic??

She walks away from the ledge, disappearing from sight.

MAC

We can't let her escape. Come on!

They try to go back inside, but the door is locked! Oh no!

MAC (CONT'D)

Think, Connors. Think!

GOMEZ

This really went to shit, didn't  
it?

MAC

Shit? Shit. Shite? Sheet? SHEET!

He spots a dumpster with a bed sheet hanging out. He tugs on  
it, starts pulling, and pulling...one sheet tied to another  
tied to another tied to another tied to...A LAMP!

MAC (CONT'D)

Eureka!

Mac swings the lamp in circles, looks up to the rooftop.

GOMEZ

What, you're gonna--

MAC

LAMP...UP!

Mac releases the lamp, sending it flying up and over the roof like the grappling hook he always knew it could be.

EXT. BALLROOM, ROOFTOP - DAY

Mac climbs over the roof ledge followed by Gomez.

MAC

The jig is up, White Mama.

Mac points a gun at her. She spins, pointing her gun at him.

LA MADRE BLANCA

I do not like that translation.

GOMEZ

Well get used to it, cause it's gonna be your prison nickname, bitch.

MAC

Why? You were already so rich.

LA MADRE BLANCA

Because I hate the environment, obviously! Are you that obtuse?

MAC

You hate the environment?

LA MADRE BLANCA

When I was a girl, Mother Nature took everything from me. A tsunami killed my parents, my home, everything.

MAC

I am so sorry.

LA MADRE BLANCA

I guess that information didn't make it into my DEA file.

MAC

No, it totally did. It just didn't seem relevant, like, at all.

LA MADRE BLANCA

This earth does not love us. So when I brush my teeth, I leave the water running. When I eat, I use disposable silverware. This faux fur coat? It's not faux! It's fur! Real fur! From Dalmations!

She flashes the inside of her coat to reveal b&w spots.

LA MADRE BLANCA (CONT'D)

When I blow that pipeline, I will coat so many animals in crude oil that no bleeding-heart organization will be able to resist coming here to clean up. And when they do--

MAC

You'll pack their ships with micheladas. We know the plan.

LA MADRE BLANCA

That is disappointing. Regardless--

BRADSHAW (O.S.)

I got this!

Bradshaw flies up to the roof with the jetpack, barreling in, Rosa Barks in his arms.

BRADSHAW (CONT'D)

Woah woah.

GOMEZ

That thing was real?!

La Madre points her gun at Bradshaw.

MAC

Bradshaw, watch your nine!

BRADSHAW

O' clock???

He can't steer and crashes into an antenna, gets knocked out cold. Rosa and the jetpack skid to La Madre Blanca's feet.

She grabs the dog and puts on the jetpack.

LA MADRE BLANCA

Goodbye, agents. I have a pipeline to blow.

(MORE)

LA MADRE BLANCA (CONT'D)  
Remember, señor Connors: the house  
always wins... And also remember, I  
am the house.

MAC  
And I'm the big bad wolf, here to  
blow you down!

GOMEZ  
We'll work on the one-liners.

LMB takes off and flies through the air. It's super janky.  
Only moves in 2 dimensions. Up and down and left and right.  
Super slow. Clearly on wires.

Every time we cut back to her, it's the same shot of her  
flying away, so she's made no progress.

La Madre moves the dog around to throw off Mac's aim.

MAC  
Ahh! I don't have a clear shot!

GOMEZ  
Just shoot! She has the fucking  
nuclear launch codes! I can't even  
believe that's a thing.

MAC  
I'm not killing Rosa Barks!

GOMEZ  
If she blows the pipeline, a  
thousand Rosa Barkses will be  
covered in oil! Think of them.  
Also, THINK OF THE NUCLEAR LAUNCH  
CODES.

But Mac tosses the gun to Gomez. Then looks to the edge of  
the building. MUSIC CUE (same as when he balcony-jumped).

He runs and LEAPS. Gomez boosts him a la Lion King, giving  
him just enough extra so he can grab onto La Madre Blanca's  
legs. The jetpack can't hold them both, starts to sink.

LA MADRE BLANCA  
Get off of me, you worthless  
jagaloon!

She aims the gun at him, but he bites her and she drops it.

MAC  
Gomez! Shoot her!

GOMEZ

I don't have a clear shot! Remember how hard it was when it was just a stupid dog?

MAC

(suddenly calm)

Gomez, this is your field test. You make this shot, no one can ever stick you in the van again.

Gomez breathes, aims FIRES! And hits La Madre Blanca square in the heart. She dies immediately but keeps flying around, hanging limp and dead.

MAC (CONT'D)

You did it! I love you!

GOMEZ

I love you too!

As La Madre Blanca bleeds out, she becomes super slippery. Mac loses his grip. He reaches for the dog. Rosa bites him.

MAC

Ow! Bad d--  
(he plummets)  
--ooooooooooooogggoooooooooooo.

GOMEZ

MAC!!!

SLO-MO as he falls. AYNID plays, all sad and echoey. This is the end. He closes his eyes.

The First Dog leaps from the cold dead hands of La Madre Blanca, soars through the air to certain death.

BRADSHAW

ROSA!!!

Bradshaw runs to the edge of the building, sees a pile of trash in the alley down below. He backs up and dives off the roof, arms behind his back like a skydiver.

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

Haaashawengyaaaaaaaaa mumubeeseebaba!

SPLITSCREEN: Mac falling/Gomez screaming/Bradshaw diving/Rosa Barks falling/Carlos trying to give Frisco CPR.

Mac touches his earpiece.

MAC

Cho, looks like your book is gonna have an epic ending after all.

SPLITSCREEN: Cho at oil pipeline/Mac falling

CHO

Connors, I've never told anyone this before, but...I don't really have a book deal.

Cho is sad. A beat...

MAC

Yet.

A single tear rolls down Cho's bloody face.

Mac's life flashes before him. Or, at least, a handful of key scenes from the film.

-Gomez and Mac in the van outside the rubber duck factory.

-Gomez and Mac in the briefing room.

-Gomez and Mac rehearsing on the casino stage.

-Gomez and Mac fighting on the ballroom stage.

He opens his eyes to catch one last glimpse of his one true love, screaming and reaching out to him from the rooftop.

MAC (CONT'D)

Gomez...

Bradshaw reaches out, mere feet away from grabbing the dog. SCREECH! The tour bus pulls into the alley, hits Bradshaw mid-air, sending him flying.

Mac falls perfectly through the sunroof of the bus, landing on a pile of Lucas t-shirts.

Bradshaw SMASHES INTO THE GROUND, shattering all his bones.

Rosa Barks falls onto Bradshaw and bounces off, landing on her feet like a cat. She starts licking blood off his face.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Stevie runs out of the bus and kneels by Bradshaw's body.

BRADSHAW

Stevie! Oh sweet, sweet Stevie.

STEVIE  
Uncle Tad! Are you okay?

Bradshaw uses what little strength he has to grab Stevie's shirt. Bradshaw coughs, flecking Stevie with blood.

BRADSHAW  
Come closer, Stevie. Closer.

Stevie leans in more. Bradshaw pulls at his shirt. Faces inches apart. Bradshaw coughs more blood onto Stevie's face.

BRADSHAW (CONT'D)  
I've never told anybody this before, but...I'm not your uncle.

STEVIE  
You're not?

BRADSHAW  
I'm...your daddy. I'm your daddy, Stevie.

STEVIE  
I thought you were my mom's brother?

BRADSHAW  
Your mom is Sharon, right?

STEVIE  
No. Cathy.

BRADSHAW  
Oh. Shit. Yeah. Then, I dunno.

Bradshaw passes out.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Mac exits the bus. Gomez bursts from the building. They embrace. It's all you've ever wanted.

MAC  
It's true what they say. When you're about to die, the whole movie flashes before your eyes.

GOMEZ  
Movie?

MAC  
Gomez?

GOMEZ

Yeah?

They kiss. YAY! HELICOPTER SHOT! We fly up and away.

INT. DEA HEADQUARTERS, BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

FLASHBULBS! APPLAUSE! The President stands at a podium. Behind him are Mac, Gomez, Cho, and Bradshaw, who has casts on all his limbs and a halo bracing his head and neck.

POTUS

And it is my extreme pleasure--

He tosses a handful of sunflower seeds at his face, sticks his tongue out to catch a few.

POTUS (CONT'D)

--to introduce you all to the new face of the DEA. He'll spend the next two years going from city to city in lavish style, and at each stop, he'll be commended as a hero. Why, it'll be almost exactly like being a pop star. Put your hands together for Agent...

Bradshaw starts so step forward.

POTUS (CONT'D)

...Maclynn Connors. Come on up, son.

MAC/GOMEZ

...Dad?/Absolutely not.

Mac shakes the President's hand. FLASHBULBS!

MAC (CONT'D)

Thank you, Mister President. I appreciate the honor. But I'm going to have to decline.

POTUS

We already printed the tee shirts.

MAC

I think the right man for the job...

Bradshaw moves forward again.

MAC (CONT'D)  
 ...is Captin Glengarry Glen Cho.  
 The best boss I ever had.

POTUS  
 Hell, what do I know?

CHO  
 It would be my honor.

Cho steps forward, shakes the President's hand. FLASHBULBS!!

CHO (CONT'D)  
 Does it come with a book deal?

POTUS  
 Yeah sure whatever.

EPILOGUE MONTAGE!

1. BOOK STORE -- Cho signs copies of: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING ABOUT MY BOOK DEAL AND LOVE TO KILL BAD GUYS.
2. BEACH -- Mac and Gomez are getting married! By Frisco's boat Captain! They exchange rings and kiss!
3. BEACH, LATER -- Mac and Gomez walk through a tunnel of WEDDING GUESTS, who throw birdseed at the happy couple.
4. BEACH, SUNSET -- Mac and Gomez board a jetski and ride off into what can only be described as a LION KING SUNSET.
5. Nemo leaps from the ocean and pauses midair to wink at the camera before splashing back down into the water.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

CREDITS ROLL, OVER: ALL YOU NEED IS DANCE MUSIC VIDEO!

The entire cast is gathered for this dance number. Including the bad guys. And Mac's dead father. And Sugar Ray. And Weird Al. And the Shih Tzu Man and his dog. The backup dancers fly around on jetpacks.

Everybody sings and does crazy awesome dance moves. Maybe a mooning backflip or two? Fans flashing!

Face Tattoo looks off camera, confused, then drops to his knees as his SON runs into his arms.

Face Tattoo raises his son into the air, a la Lion King.

CUT TO: BLACK.