

AGENT THUMB

Written by

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Inspired by the short story "Thumbling"

by The Brothers Grimm

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**INT. CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT**

BRANDI, 22, cheap mascara and slutty clothes, hovers shaking fingers over a glowing cell phone while driving erratically.

SARA  
Ricky's flirting hard! He's pissed you lied to him!

BRANDI  
I didn't lie!

SARA  
He says you tried to trap him.

BRANDI  
Bullshit.

SARA  
Now he's touching some hoes ass!

BRANDI  
WTF?!?!

A photo pops up. RICKY, 23, blond, perv mustache, leans slick against a bar, laughing with a trashy brunette.

Brandi throws her phone onto the passenger seat next to a NEGATIVE PREGNANCY TEST. She looks up at the road.

Swerves to avoid a pedestrian.

**EXT. DIVE BAR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Brandi's rusted 1980s Trans Am SCREECHES into a parking spot. SCRAPES the passenger door on a pole. She opens her door. Beer cans fall to the ground. She stumbles in high heels to the front window of the bar.

Inside, Ricky tells a joke, and the brunette laughs.

BRANDI  
Bitch.

She heads for the door but her high heel breaks.

BRANDI (CONT'D)  
Damn it!

Throws her shoe. Wipes tears from her mascara-streaked face. Looks up. A falling star streaks across the sky...

BRANDI (CONT'D)  
I wish I really were pregnant, then  
he wouldn't be pulling this shit.

**INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT**

The front door flings open. Ricky doesn't flinch as Brandi stomps toward him.

RICKY

Look who it is! My baby momma...  
hah, she wishes! Come to apologize?

Brandi grabs a beer glass, winds up to splash it in his face.

BRANDI

Oh, fuckin' shit!

She doubles over, grabbing her slim stomach in pain.

**INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Crude graffiti covers the walls. A FAT DUDE balances himself while taking a leak in the urinal.

Ricky bursts in with Brandi. Lays her on the dirty floor.

She moans in pain. Hikes up her skirt and spreads her legs.

BRANDI

It's coming!

RICKY

What's coming?!

She grabs hold of a pipe. The Fat Dude stares, slack-jawed.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Dude, get the fuck out of here.

Fat Dude zips up. Washes. Reaches for the last paper towel.

RICKY (CONT'D)

No!

Ricky wrestles for the paper towel and finally wins. Kneels back down between Brandi's legs.

RICKY (CONT'D)

I thought you lied about being  
pregnant!

BRANDI

I did!

She pushes. Hard. Epic yell. Ricky's eyes go wide.

RICKY

Fuck me.

*SPLURP!*

A five-inch-tall naked man squeezes out and lands in the paper towel. Eyes closed, slimy and curled up like a newborn.

This is TOM Thumb.

BRANDI

(breathless)

What is it?

RICKY

I don't know. It looks like a slimy tampon. Are you on your period?

BRANDI

No!

RICKY

Oh God, it's moving! It's like an ugly worm thing. Ewww. So gross.

Ricky tosses it into the toilet.

BRANDI

Ricky!

RICKY

Oh shit, are those eyes? Oh, Jesus, it's a fetus. I'm flushing it.

BRANDI

What?! Let me see!

Brandi scoops the little man from the toilet. It wriggles and blinks lovingly up at Brandi. Brandi's eyes light up.

BRANDI (CONT'D)

It's not a fetus, you idiot. It's a baby. A cute, little baby-man...

Tom hugs her thumb.

RICKY

No bigger than my dick.

Brandi's smitten. Ricky turns and throws up into the garbage.

# **TOM'S EARLY LIFE - MONTAGE - VARIOUS LOCATIONS**

- Young Tom, wearing nothing but a diaper, is sprayed in the face by milk from Brandi's giant nipple.
- Brandi bathes Tom in the kitchen sink. She pulls the plug and Tom is sucked down the drain in a whirlpool.
- Brandi pins Tom's teeny tiny T-shirts on a clothesline.
- Brandi peers into a dollhouse window. Gasps. REVEAL: Tom's naked, thrusting his penis into a Barbie Doll.
- Ricky sends Tom into a men's public washroom. Tom sneaks from stall to stall, collecting wallets from men's pants.
- Ricky dumps a bag of wallets onto the kitchen table. Brandi kisses him. Tom jumps up and down on the table with glee.
- Ricky sits on a milk crate, operating a small marionette puppet with finger strings. It is actually Tom, dancing about. Tourists clap and toss money into a hat. Tom smiles.

END OF MONTAGE

# **EXT. THE GROVE - OUTDOOR SHOPPING MALL - DAY**

Tom rides on Ricky's shoulder at a crowded outdoor shopping mall. Ricky points at a lady's shopping bag sitting next to her on a bench. A jewelry box sticks out.

RICKY  
(whispers)  
Tom, jewelry box, ten o'clock.

Tom gets distracted by a YOUNG BOY receiving a chocolate ice cream cone from a vendor's cart. Tom leaps from Ricky's shoulder onto the cone. The boy licks Tom's head by mistake.

YOUNG BOY  
Ah! There's a tiny man on it!

The boy drops the cone. Ricky turns around. Comes running. Picks Tom up in the palm of his hand.

Tom licks the chocolate ice cream off his arms.

TOM  
Do I look like I ate shit?

RICKY  
Damn it, Tom. We almost had a birthday present for Brandi.

TOM  
It's Mom's birthday?

RICKY  
(sighs)  
I should have flushed you when I  
had the chance.

TOM  
I'm sorry, Dad. Hey, watch this!

Tom runs over to a ground level fountain and jumps in. He  
pops up on the other side, takes off his clothes, and pees  
into the water like a naughty little garden gnome.

RICKY  
Tom! Get back here!

Tourists gather, laughing and taking pictures of joyful Tom.

STRANGER (O.S.)  
What is that?

A STRANGER, wearing a top hat and striped shirt, business  
pants and shoes, sweating profusely, appears on Ricky's side.

RICKY  
What? Oh, *that* is my son. Tom.

STRANGER  
Marvelous. Is it animatronic?

RICKY  
No, he's real. Just small. But a  
huge disappointment...  
(yells to Tom)  
Tom, get over here. NOW.

Tom waves to the cheering tourists, then swims back over to  
Ricky. Ricky picks him up and wraps him in a dollar bill.

Tom notices the strange man watching him closely, mystified.

TOM  
Who's this pervert?

STRANGER  
It talks!

TOM  
I can do more than talk, fat ass!

Tom drops the bill and busts out a raunchy dance move. The  
Stranger smiles devilishly. Holds out his hand to shake.

STRANGER

The name's Weenstain. Talent agent to the stars. Say, boy... How would you like to be in the movies?

**INT. HOLLYWOOD AGENT'S OFFICE - DAY**

Weenstain sits proudly behind his desk. A perfect view of the Hollywood sign through the window behind him.

Ricky signs a contract as Tom stares in awe at autographed headshots of celebrities. Tom is so distracted he fails to notice his dad heading to the door with fat stacks of cash.

RICKY

Good luck. The kid's useless.

Tom overhears. Gasps. Tom watches through the window as his dad runs out to Brandi, who's waiting by the Trans Am.

Ricky hands her the stacks of cash and they both jump with joy, then get in the car, and tear off down Sunset Blvd.

TOM

Mommy? Daddy?

Weenstain appears behind him, like a creep.

WEENSTAIN

Oh, I'll find a use.

**TOM'S RISE TO FAME & FALL FROM GRACE - MONTAGE - VARIOUS**

'THE LITTLEST SOLDIER' MOVIE POSTER: Tom wears a purple uniform and a helmet, holding a rifle and sitting atop a carrier pigeon with a message canister strapped to its leg.

HOLLYWOOD REPORTER MAGAZINE COVER: Tom lounges in a martini glass, surrounded by a pile of cash and diamonds.

PAPARAZZI PHOTOS:

- Tom presses his puny hands into the cement at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Photographers kneel to snap pictures of him.
- Tom parties with Lindsay Lohan at night clubs.
- Tom crawls along sniffing a line of cocaine off a stripper.
- Tom throws up next to a crashed and burning toy car.
- A police officer carries Tom away in his hand.

FOX NEWS HEADLINE: "Pint-Sized Pervert Exposed in Viral Photo." Tom looks wide-eyed at the camera. His tiny hand rests on the bust of a FEMALE CO-STAR's dress. The incriminating photo slowly zooms in on Tom's shocked face...

END OF MONTAGE

SUPER: 10 YEARS LATER...

**INT. JONAH'S CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT**

Tom sits in a mini car seat made out of an egg crate strapped to the passenger seat of a Toyota Prius. Now looking 36, he sports a shitty mustache, floppy hair, and a Hawaiian shirt.

Wallets are littered around him as he counts money.

TOM

Five hundred thirty-six, five  
hundred thirty-seven... decent!

Tom's best friend, JONAH, 30s, overweight and scruffy, drives while smoking a joint.

JONAH

You know, what if we got real jobs  
instead of scamming Uber customers?

TOM

Man, we've been over this. No one  
will hire me, okay?

JONAH

I don't get it. You're a decent  
guy. A small guy, but a decent one.

TOM

People look at me like some fucking  
used toy at a garage sale. Nobody  
treats me like a real human being.

JONAH

You're like a human to me, Tommy.

Jonah tussles Tom's hair with his finger. Tom shoves him off.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Maybe try the acting thing again.

TOM

Yeah, that's not going to happen.



JONAH  
Oh yeah, the sex predator thing.

TOM  
I was fixing her dress!

JONAH  
You should do porn. There's a  
fetish for everything these days.

Jonah checks the time on his phone, which is mounted on the dashboard with an Uber map displayed.

JONAH (CONT'D)  
Let's call it. I'm ready to get  
piss-ass drunk at the party. But  
first, gotta make some room.

TOM  
Same. I gotta pee like a seahorse.

Jonah pulls over and stops abruptly. Tom flies out of his car seat, SMASHES into the glove box, then drops to the floor.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Son of a bitch!

Jonah laughs.

#### **EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - NIGHT**

The landscape of city lights twinkles in the summer heat. A sign reads "Warning - Watch Out for Venomous Spiders."

Jonah sets Tom onto a guardrail at the edge of the lookout.

Tom rubs his sore head. They unzip and piss. Jonah's stream flows thick and strong, Tom's is wire thin and intermittent.

JONAH  
Remind me again why you can't use a  
normal bathroom?

TOM  
I can, I just can't flush.

Jonah laughs.

JONAH  
Why not?!

TOM  
Because I don't wanna fall in and  
drown.

JONAH  
So you never flush?

TOM  
Nope.

JONAH  
So you've used toilets, but then  
you just like, leave your dinky  
mouse poops floating there.

TOM  
When I have to. Yup.

JONAH  
And we're risking a possibly fatal  
spider bite because you're afraid  
you might accidentally flush  
yourself down the toilet.

TOM  
I'd face a spider over a toilet any  
day.

Jonah laughs heartily until it subsides. They keep pissing.

JONAH  
You think I'll get laid tonight?

TOM  
Sure, why not?

JONAH  
Well, I mean, look at me. I look  
like Billy Crystal's neck flab.

TOM  
Have some confidence, man. You're a  
slick-looking dude. No homo.

JONAH  
Really?

TOM  
Fuck no. You look like an  
elephant's vagina.

JONAH  
You look like you were born six  
hundred weeks premature.

Jonah turns to face Tom, splashes urine on his head.

TOM  
Watch it, asshole! Fuck.

Tom slips and falls off the rail.

JONAH  
Shit, sorry.

Jonah laughs, chases Tom with his piss stream.

#### **MOMENTS LATER**

Naked Tom showers under a streetlight as Jonah pours bottled water over him.

TOM  
Get it all off.

Two FEMALE JOGGERS in tights pass by. Tom notices them and mimes jacking his dick at Jonah. They're horrified.

#### **INT. JONAH'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Tom wears a clean long-sleeved shirt that reads "Choking Hazard" with an arrow pointing down to his crotch. Jonah passes the joint to Tom. He inhales long and hard, then exhales -- WHOOSH! -- and disappears into a cloud of smoke.

TOM  
(coughing)  
Smooth.

Jonah grabs the joint from him.

JONAH  
You sure this shit can't kill you?

TOM  
(still coughing)  
I got the lungs of Snoop Dogg.

JONAH  
Snoop's dick is bigger than you.

The Uber app displays a call for a ride, two minutes away.

Jonah reaches to sign out for the night.

TOM  
Wait! Look at this guy. Hollywood  
Hills mansion.

JONAH  
So?

TOM  
So, rich-ass dude equals rich-ass  
loot! I bet he's got a briefcase  
full of cash, or a tiara.

Tom raises his eyebrows.

JONAH  
You're heartless, you know that?

TOM  
I have a heart, it's just really  
tiny.

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION - NIGHT**

The car screeches to a stop outside a vast, well-lit mansion.

THUD!

TOM (O.S.)  
Fuck!

**INT. JONAH'S CAR - NIGHT**

Jonah laughs. Helps Tom back up off the floor.

They spot a BUSINESSMAN in a nice suit waiting for his ride.

JONAH  
Damn. He's fine.

TOM  
Oh shit! Called it. Fucking  
briefcase.

Jonah holds out his fist for Tom. Tom crawls across the seat  
to fist-bump him, then jumps into the back seat and hides.

The Businessman climbs in. Sets the briefcase next to him.

JONAH  
Good evening, can I interest you--

The Businessman waves a crisp hundred-dollar bill in the air.

## BUSINESSMAN

One hundred, if you don't speak a word this entire trip.

Jonah almost responds, then mimes zipping his lips. Drives. Adjusts his rearview mirror to see Tom emerge from the seat and sneak up to the briefcase.

**EXT. VARIOUS STREETS - NIGHT**

Jonah's car descends out of the hills. Crosses Ventura Boulevard. Passes through neighborhoods. Enters an industrial warehouse district.

**INT. JONAH'S CAR - TRAVELING**

Tom struggles with a lock on the briefcase. Kicks it in frustration. CLICK. It cracks open.

The Businessman looks down at his briefcase lying on the seat next to him. Shuts it.

REVEAL: Tom hides prone under the briefcase. The sleeve of his shirt caught in the seam. The car comes to a stop.

Tom tugs at his shirt, but can't get it unstuck. Ducks out of the way as the man's giant hand reaches for the handle.

**EXT. WAREHOUSES - NIGHT**

The Businessman exits the car and hands Jonah the money.

**INT. JONAH'S CAR - NIGHT**

Jonah rolls the window back up as the man walks away.

## JONAH

Shit, that dude was intense.

Jonah checks the back seat. No Tom.

## JONAH (CONT'D)

Yo. Premie. You can come out now.

Jonah squints at his side-view mirror. Spots Tom hanging from the briefcase as the Businessman heads toward the warehouse.

A BURLY GOON stares menacingly at Jonah from the warehouse.

JONAH (CONT'D)  
Fuck. Sorry, Tom!

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Tom dangles from the briefcase as Jonah's car zooms away.

TOM  
(under his breath)  
Jonah, you dick!

The Businessman approaches a side door to the warehouse.  
Knocks. The door opens and another big goon, DOUG, appears.

DOUG  
Everything good?

The Businessman pats his suitcase, swinging Tom around in mid-air. Doug nods, satisfied.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Two groups of drug dealers face off across a table. On one side is the Cartel, led by BRADLEY Hightower, 30s, a tall, bald, Jason Statham-like Kingpin backed by two CARTEL GOONS.

On the other side are the suppliers, six RUSSIAN MAFIA looking guys. Everyone has very big guns.

A referee-like MIDDLEMAN directs the Businessman to put the briefcase on the table. Tom is flattened underneath. Tom pulls out a miniature Swiss Army knife to cut himself free.

MIDDLEMAN  
Great, now that everyone is here,  
we can begin. First, I'd like--

BRADLEY  
Tell me about this new additive.

The HEAD RUSSIAN MAFIA DUDE sets a duffle bag on the table.  
Unzips it to reveal baggies of white powder.

HEAD RUSSIAN MAFIA DUDE  
It is incredibly strong, and  
incredibly addictive.

BRADLEY

How strong we talkin' here? Like on a scale of 'I enjoyed snorting that' to 'My balls are going to fuckin' explode if I don't get more of this amazing fucking drug.'

HEAD RUSSIAN MAFIA DUDE

We call it 'Ball Supernova.'

BRADLEY

Good man! May we sample it?

HEAD RUSSIAN MAFIA DUDE

Of course.

The Goons smile. Things seem to be going well.

Tom crawls out from under the Cartel's briefcase and dives into the duffle bag of plastic-wrapped drugs.

Bradley opens his briefcase to reveal stacks of money.

TOM

Cash! I knew it! I--

Tom refocusses on the pile of drugs in front of him.

TOM (CONT'D)

Hashtag fucking blessed!

Tom ducks as Head Russian Mafia Dude reaches in and grabs a plastic bag and a bottle of Zen Water.

HEAD RUSSIAN MAFIA DUDE

Colorless and Tasteless.

Tom pokes a hole in another bag using his knife and pulls the powder-covered blade out. Holds it up and snorts a huge pile.

Tom's eyes go wide, his face goes red. He punches the wall of the duffel bag. Then he notices a bulge in his pants...

TOM

Oh shit. Oh shit. My fucking balls!

(snorts more)

What is this? Pure. Wow.

Russian Mafia Dude pokes a hole in his bag with a needle and removes a granular speck. Everyone squints, including Tom.

RUSSIAN MAFIA DUDE

Any more than this really small amount would kill the average man.

TOM

Uh oh.

Tom looks down at his drug powdered shirt. Twitches.

The Russian stirs it into the bottle of water. The powder dissolves instantly. Hands it to Bradley.

BRADLEY

What, do you think I'm crazy?

He shoves the bottle into a DUMB GOON's hands.

The Dumb Goon looks terrified. Just as he's about to drink, something catches his eye in the duffle bag:

Tom, red-faced, and his hair wild, rolls around in a ripped open bag of powder, covered head-to-toe in white.

TOM

Now, this is a party, am I right?

DUMB GOON

What the...?

Dumb Goon stumbles backward in shock.

BRADLEY

What's the problem here?

Bradley's jaw drops as he spots Tom dusting himself off and sweating profusely.

TOM

Wooooo! I gotta hand it to you guys. This shit is gooooooooood.

BRADLEY

It's a plant!

Everyone draws their weapons. Twelve guns cock in unison. All sights aim at Tom. Tom throws his hands up in the air.

TOM

Whoah! What?! I've been called a lot of things, but a frikkin' plant?

The two groups re-aim their guns at each other. It's tense. Bradley stays aimed at Tom. Eyes the Head Russian Mafia Dude.

BRADLEY

I knew I couldn't trust you.



HEAD RUSSIAN MAFIA DUDE  
Hey, the toy man is not ours!

BRADLEY  
You dirty fuckin' rats.

The Middleman, sweating bullets, edges away. A small wire pokes out under his jacket.

TOM  
He's the spy, not me!

Tom points at the Middleman who raises his hands in the air.

MIDDLEMAN  
What?! No, I'd never--

BANG! Bradley fires a bullet into Middleman's forehead. Drops him like a sack. Tom's face goes white. Shit just got real.

BRADLEY  
And you--

Tom runs. Slides down a table leg, riding it like a fire pole. Bradley kneels and reaches out to grab him...

Tom leaps to the floor but lands awkwardly and crumples in a heap. Knocked out. Bradley picks him up in the palm of his hand. Shakes him.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)  
Who are you working for, Pee Wee?

No response. Bradley blows on Tom. A cloud of white powder puffs off. Bradley flicks Tom's face with his finger.

TOM  
(opens his eyes)  
Oh, shit. Where am I? Holy fuck,  
I'm high. Aw, my favorite shirt!  
The sleeve's all ripped. Fuck.

BRADLEY  
Who brought this little turd?

The Businessman shakes his head 'not me.'

DEA AGENT (O.S.)  
FREEZE! DROP YOUR WEAPONS! WE HAVE  
THE PLACE SURROUNDED!

The warehouse door flings open. DEA AGENTS swarm in.

BRADLEY

Fuck.

Bradley drops Tom on the table and grabs his gun.

The Russian Mafia turn to fire at the Agents. The Agents fire back. The Cartel fires at everyone.

Bradley empties the briefcase of cash into the duffle bag. Tom reaches for a baggy, but Bradley snatches it away.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Not a chance.

PEW! A bullet ricochets off the table. Bradley turns to run.

TOM

Wait for me!

Tom jumps and grabs onto Bradley's shirt.

BRADLEY

Get off of me.

Bradley brushes him off onto the floor. Uses the Dumb Goon as a shield and rushes towards a back exit, knocking over shelves and barrels.

Tom chases after them. Dodging danger. All around him bullets ricochet off the cement floor. Casings drop. Muzzles flash.

Bullets riddle the Dumb Goon! Bradley is pulled to the floor. The duffle bag falls open. Drugs and money spill out.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

A little help here!

Doug runs over to help Bradley gather the loot and escape. One baggy falls to the floor.

Tom races toward it. ZING! A bullet hits in front of Tom. He abandons the baggy, scrambles towards a fallen barrel and climbs through a hole.

Bullets spray in all directions, striking Russian Mafia and Cartel Goons down one by one. Bodies hit the floor.

Tom watches from inside the barrel as the smoke clears.

Captain ANGELA Price, 35, a hard-ass DEA Agent, kneels next to the Middleman's corpse, visibly upset and angry.

ANGELA

Maurice. Damn it. I'm sorry.

Special Agent NICOLE Malone, 27, top of her DEA training class but gullible in an adorkable kinda way, checks a goon.

Dead.

NICOLE

Ten dead. Looks like Bradley and one of his henchmen got away.

ANGELA

Where's Stuart Little?

Nicole and another DEA AGENT look at each other, confused.

DEA AGENT

Captain?

Angela places an American flag pin on Maurice's jacket.

ANGELA

The tiny shit that ruined my bust!

NICOLE

I... don't know, Captain. He must have got away with the cartel.

Angela surveys the warehouse. Squints her eyes.

ANGELA

No. He wasn't cartel.

(to the Agents)

Everyone, watch your step. You are on the lookout for a very small man...

DEA AGENT

How small we talkin'?!

Angela holds up her thumb, then changes her mind and holds up her pinky finger. The DEA Agent's eyes go wide, shrugging shoulders in confusion.

Agents look around, high and low, searching for Tom.

ANGELA

Shh. Look.

On the cement floor, a long trail of white powder leads to the roll-up bay door on the opposite side of the warehouse.

Angela draws her weapon and signals for Nicole and several other agents to back her up.

They cautiously follow the white trail to...

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - LOADING BAY - NIGHT**

...where Tom drags the punctured bag of powder across the cement and down a ramp.

TOM  
Come on, come on...

ANGELA  
DEA! Freeze!

Giant DEA agents surround Tom, pointing guns at him.

TOM  
Uh, I can explain, see...  
(to Angela)  
Oh, shit, I think I'm in love--

ANGELA  
Lay down on the ground and put your  
hands behind your back.

TOM  
Ooo. Assertive. I'm down with that.

ANGELA  
Now!

TOM  
So hot. Okay, okay.

Tom slowly kneels on the ground.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Old knees aren't what they used to  
be... Listen, I'm heading to a  
party soon. If you want to come--

Angela holsters her gun. Shoves Tom with one finger until he's flat on his stomach. Pulls out a pair of handcuffs.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Oof. You didn't bring anything  
smaller? How about a twist tie?

ANGELA  
Shut it, you freak.

TOM  
Hey! Whoa. I have a birth defect!

ANGELA  
You are a birth defect.

TOM  
Police brutality! Get this on the  
body cams, fellows! No one talks to  
me that way. I'm Tom Thumb!

Nicole rips a piece of plastic from the powder brick and uses  
it to tie Tom's hands behind his back.

ANGELA  
You have the right to remain  
silent. I hope you use it.

Nicole picks Tom up by the back of his shirt and carries him  
away. Angela takes a moment to compose herself, then follows.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Jonah's Prius pulls up across the street. The window rolls  
down and a cloud of smoke escapes. Jonah watches as the cops  
chuck Tom into the back seat of a squad car and drive away.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Angela spots the Prius. Whispers to an agent.

**INT. UNDERGROUND INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT**

A spotlight turns on. Tom is tied to a chair. Squints against  
the bright light and looks around the featureless room.

The chair has MATTEL printed on the back.

Angela leans over Tom with a penlight aimed at him.  
Absolutely pissed. Nicole, amused, sketches an illustration  
of Tom in a notebook.

ANGELA  
Two. Years.

TOM  
Since you jammed that stick up your  
ass?

Angela flicks Tom over backward in his chair.

TOM (CONT'D)  
You can't do that! I want a lawyer.

Nicole turns her notebook ninety degrees and keeps sketching.

Angela leans over him.

ANGELA

You just ruined a two-year investigation. The biggest drug bust of my career. I could flush you down the toilet like a turd and no one would be the wiser.

Tom's face goes white.

TOM

That's not funny. Wait a second, don't you know who I am?

ANGELA

(mocking)

*Don't you know who I am?* You know how often I hear that around here?

TOM

No, seriously. EVERYONE has heard of me. I'm Tom Thumb. Super famous!

Angela shrugs. Tom looks at Nicole for back up.

TOM (CONT'D)

Help me out here!

NICOLE

(to Angela)

Those insurance commercials...  
Stars Trying to Dance... Celebrity  
Prom Date?

Angela stares blankly.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Oh! I know! He played Snap in the live-action Rice Krispies movie!

TOM

And frikkin' The Littlest Soldier?!  
The Forrest Gump of our generation?

Angela shakes her head.

ANGELA

I don't watch movies.

TOM

You don't watch *movies*?! What the fuck's wrong with you?

ANGELA

You Hollywood people are what's wrong. You rich assholes think you can do whatever you want and not have to face the consequences.

TOM

I want to explore this movie thing more. You've seen Star Wars, right?

ANGELA

Kids are dying on the streets. That's what needs my attention, not a ridiculous world of make-believe.

TOM

Yeah, but Star Wars! I mean, come on! This isn't even about *me* anymore.

ANGELA

You are a worthless junkie, and unless you cooperate, I'm holding you accountable for everything.

Tom crosses his arms like a punk.

TOM

You ain't got nothing on me.

Angela fans out crime scene photographs on the table.

ANGELA

My agent. Dead. Our suspects. Dead. The biggest drug Kingpin in L.A.? Escaped. On top of all that, we found you blasted out of your mind, stealing twice your body weight in drugs from a federal crime scene!

TOM

Is that all?

Angela leans in real close.

ANGELA

No. Turns out you and your sleazy friend Jonah are both suspects in a theft operation run out of his Uber car. With a record of every passenger's ride to match their theft reports! How stupid are you?

TOM  
Well, when you lay it out like  
that...

ANGELA  
Here's the deal. Word on the street  
is that the cartel's looking for  
you. They think you might be useful  
for some godforsaken reason.

Tom's eyes light up.

TOM  
Really?! They said that?

ANGELA  
So, you go undercover for us, or  
we'll turn you over to the LAPD  
with enough evidence to put you  
behind bars for a few decades.

Tom slouches back down.

TOM  
You don't scare me, copper. I ain't  
no rat.

**INT. LAPD HOLDING CELL - NIGHT**

A GREASY CELL MATE molests Tom with a Q-tip.

GREASY CELL MATE  
Huh, huh. The little rat likes it  
in the butt.

Other inmates laugh and cheer him on.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

Tom, disheveled and sore in the rear end, stands on the table  
and struggles to sign a giant "Death and Dismemberment"  
waiver with a giant pen.

TOM  
Couldn't you find a smaller pen?

His signature looks like a five-year-old's.

ANGELA  
Our pens are regulation-sized.  
Let's get started.



Angela snatches the pen and hands it to Nicole.

TOM  
(to Nicole)  
Is she always like this?

NICOLE  
Pretty much.

**EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - SANTA MONICA BLVD. - DAY**

The boulevard is alive with transients and hookers, tour buses and native Los Angelenos, Russian Jews and lots and lots of gorgeous, young, GAY MEN and WOMEN. But mostly men.

**EXT. THE OLD BEVERLY THEATRE - DAY**

Hollywood tourists amble by past a rundown looking theatre.

The box office is boarded up, and the marquee reads "SHOWS CANCELLED PENDING RENOVATIONS."

Nicole carries Tom in her coat pocket and follows Angela past the main entrance. Angela unlocks a side door and enters.

**INT. THE OLD BEVERLY THEATRE - DAY**

Angela and Nicole walk down the aisle of seats in this 300-seat performance theatre. PAINTERS on scaffolding apply fresh paint over some ancient ceiling artwork.

Worn red curtains hang on the walls.

Tom pops out of Nicole's pocket and takes it all in.

TOM  
The fuck is this?

As they approach the stage, Tom notices a group of THESPIANS rehearsing a scene. They nod at Angela as she approaches.

TOM (CONT'D)  
You don't watch movies, but you're into the arts? God, women are confusing.

ANGELA  
It's obviously a cover.

The thespians continue as Angela walks straight towards the stage. Nicole bends to open a trap door, revealing stairs leading under the stage.

Tom is transfixed by the thespians on stage.

SOLDIER THESPIAN

I must get this message to the other side! The future of America depends on it. I only wish Felipe had survived so he could share in the glory of saving our country.

WAR GENERAL THESPIAN

Felipe was a fine pigeon, of that I'm sure. Never met one braver. If his body should ever be recovered, it shall be stuffed and displayed in the Smithsonian museum.

SOLDIER THESPIAN

I will find it, sir. But first, I have a mission to accomplish.

Tom watches with amazement. Piano music plays as the Soldier Thespian looks wistfully offstage.

TOM

Wait a second...

The thespians disappear from Tom's view as he is carried down the staircase.

#### **INT. BENEATH THE STAGE - DAY**

Chairs, rusty instruments, and props scattered around.

Angela steps onto a square area marked off with red tape.

TOM

What play did you say that was?

ANGELA

I didn't.

Nicole presses a button on the wall and rushes to join them in the red square. CLUNK! Suddenly the square section of floor descends like an elevator, taking the trio along...

**INT. BASEMENT - DAY**

The floor locks into place in a small dirty room with heavy metal doors and a tablet mounted on the wall.

Nicole stands in front of the tablet. BEEP! The Facial ID display reads APPROVED: SPECIAL AGENT NICOLE MALONE.

TOM  
You gotta be kidding me!

It scans Angela's face. BEEP! The display reads APPROVED: DEA CAPTAIN ANGELA PRICE.

Angela holds Tom's face up to the camera. BEEP! The display reads APPROVED: EX-CHILD STAR AND FAILED THESPIAN THOMAS MENUDO THUMB.

NICOLE  
(smiling)  
Menudo?!

TOM  
My mom loved Ricky Martin.

Angela shakes her head. The doors slide open.

**INT. DEA BASE OF OPERATIONS - DAY**

Angela, Nicole and Tom emerge onto the second-floor balcony of a dirty, repurposed storage space the size of a warehouse.

ANGELA  
Welcome to the DEA.  
(under her breath)  
*Hollywood Division.*

A railing blocks Tom's view.

TOM  
Uh, a little help, please?

NICOLE  
Oh, right.

Nicole lifts Tom onto the railing. Employees work in various sections on the floor below:

**SURVEILLANCE STATION**

A circle of video monitors on c-stands. SURVEILLANCE AGENTS sit in director's chairs, watching security footage from multiple locations, wearing headsets with microphones.

SURVEILLANCE AGENT

Let's try again, but this time,  
really let the anger come through.

An UNDERCOVER AGENT gives a thumbs up to the camera.

**WEAPONS TESTING**

A WEAPONS AGENT fires a gun into a rubber dummy. They retrieve the bullet, remove their goggles and inspect it.

WEAPONS AGENT

That's a wrap. Er, match.

**FIGHT TRAINING**

STUNT MAN AGENTS jump off trampolines, flip into the air, and slam each other down hard onto a mat below. A bell rings.

FIGHT INSTRUCTOR AGENT

Alright, back to ones, everybody.

**BACK AT THE RAILING**

Tom is amazed.

TOM

Bad. Fucking. Ass.

Angela swipes him off the railing and proceeds downstairs.

TOM (CONT'D)

Whoa! Easy there, Angie!

ANGELA

Price. You will address me as  
Captain Angela Price at all times.

TOM

You got it, Pricey. And you can  
call me... Agent Thumb.

Angela frowns.

ANGELA

I will never, ever call you that.

**AGENT THUMB'S TRAINING - MONTAGE - VARIOUS**

- On a table at an indoor gun range. Tom wraps his arms around a small Derringer gun, squeezes the trigger - POP! Tom and the gun both fly off the table. A light bulb shatters.
- Tom walks cautiously through a dimly lit target practice house, a sewing needle drawn and ready. A cutout of a HOSTAGE CHILD pops out. Tom screams like a girl and runs away.
- Tom runs along the shore, surrounded by the bare legs of other DEA Agents in training, running alongside him. The tide rolls in and sweeps Tom away in a wave. Nicole rescues him.
- Tom stands in praying mantis pose on a beach. He performs a pathetic jump kick. A seagull swoops down, snatches Tom in its beak and flies away. Angela shoots it down.
- Angela and Nicole sit at an outdoor cafe looking like serious undercover spies in sunglasses. Tom eats ice cream like a child. Face and sunglasses covered in chocolate.

NICOLE

Plan B?

Angela nods.

END OF MONTAGE

**INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY**

Monitors sit on C-stands like an on-set editorial suite.

Nicole sets Tom on the table and sits in a director's chair with the name "Agent Malone" embroidered on the back. She uses a computer to queue up images on the screens.

Angela paces.

ANGELA

Here's what we know.

Nicole clicks. An image of Bradley the Kingpin appears.

TOM

Hey, I recognize that dude!

ANGELA

Bradley Hightower, the biggest drug dealer on the west coast.

TOM

Dude's taller than Taylor Swift.

Images of stacks of cash and cocaine bricks.

TOM (CONT'D)

Come to Tommy!

Nicole shakes her head 'no.'

ANGELA

We've been monitoring Bradley for eighteen months. He runs a brutal, but traditional drug operation. Our intel shows that he's after a highly addictive new substance.

The image switches to a baggie of white powder.

TOM

Ball Supernova.

ANGELA

Yes. We believe Bradley plans to use Ball Supernova in his product to solidify his grip on the west coast, but we have no idea who manufactures it, and it has yet to show up on the streets.

An image of DEA Special Agent Maurice graces the screen.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Maurice worked his way up to be Bradley's right-hand man and tipped us off about the warehouse deal. The suppliers would be present along with Bradley and the drugs.

Image of the warehouse where the drug deal went down.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

We were this close to shutting the whole operation down, but then you showed up and ruined everything.

TOM

You must learn to let go of the past. Only then can we begin the healing process.

Nicole shakes her head 'no' again, this time faster.

ANGELA

So, with the suspects dead, our mole dead, and Bradley free, we're back to square one.

TOM

Sounds like you're fucked. What can I do?

ANGELA

Well, since Bradley seems to think you might be useful to him, the first step is to let him find you.

Nicole queues up footage of a swanky night club.

NICOLE

This is a well-known Cartel hang out. Just go inside, order a drink, and wait for contact. And whatever you do, do not piss Bradley off.

TOM

How can you be sure he'll find me?

NICOLE

Because you stick out like a sore--

TOM

--a sore thumb, right. Cool. Do I get a weapon?

ANGELA

No. Your job is to meet with the Cartel and hear what they have to say. That's it. Nothing else.

Nicole sets Tom on a table covered with all kinds of spy gadgets. Mics, cameras, watches, etc.

TOM

Cooooool. I didn't know they made microphones this small.

He struggles to lift a lavalier microphone. Sings into it.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Havana, ooh na-na--

Angela pulls the mic away from him.

ANGELA  
Stop it. That's not for you.

Tom runs over to a watch.

TOM  
A giant spy watch? Whoah.

He looks up as his face appears on a huge TV monitor. He stares back into the watch and mugs for the camera.

ANGELA  
That's a Fitbit. Can we focus?

Tom spots a ballpoint pen on the table. Runs over to grab it. Holds it like a cannon.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Drop it!

TOM  
Why? Does it shoot explosives?  
Inject poison?

ANGELA  
No, it's my pen.

Angela pulls it away from him. Pockets the pen.

TOM  
You're really serious about pens.

Nicole presents a small piece of cloth shaped like a diaper.

NICOLE  
This special cloth can pick up  
sound vibrations and transmit them  
using a built-in radio.

TOM  
A diaper?! Couldn't you have made  
baggy pants? Or a cool jacket?  
Maurice didn't wear a diaper.

ANGELA  
Which is why he's dead. This is the  
last item of clothing you'd have to  
remove while undercover.



Tom winks at Nicole.

TOM  
More like the first thing, know  
what I'm saying?

Angela shoves the diaper into Tom's hands.

ANGELA  
Wear the diaper, little man.

**INT. JONAH'S CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT**

Tom rides next to Jonah in awkward silence. He's strapped into the mini car seat again, this time with the added safety of a zap strap holding him down.

JONAH  
Did you at least get a super cool  
spy name, like The Penetrator or  
Agent Deepthroat?

TOM  
Nah...

JONAH  
C'mon. What is it?!

TOM  
(embarrassed)  
*Thomas Nubbins.*

Jonah laughs.

JONAH  
You pissed her off, didn't you?

TOM  
I can't help who I am.

JONAH  
Oh shit, we're here.

Jonah slams on the brakes. Tom's inadequate car seat flies up and SLAMS into the windshield again.

TOM  
Goddammit!

Jonah laughs, cuts Tom's zap straps with scissors.

**INT. SWANKY NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT**

Tom stands on a bar dressed in a slick clubbing suit. Bobs his head to the dance music. Checks out the crowd. He winks at two random clubbing girls who laugh and turn away.

Tom leans over to sip beer from a full shot glass. Makes sure no one is looking then speaks towards his crotch.

TOM  
No action so far.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Talk to your crotch a lot?

Tom turns around to see LEENA, 28, tall, blonde, stunning. She has an amused smile that could disarm anyone.

TOM  
Hey there.

LEENA  
Is this seat taken?

Leena doesn't wait for an answer. She plops down on the bar stool in front of Tom. Her impressive cleavage is right at his eye level. Tom awkwardly tries to look away.

LEENA (CONT'D)  
Oh, you weren't waiting for someone else were you?

TOM  
I... No. Well, I was, but I don't think they're going to show.

Leena eyes Tom up and down and licks her lips seductively.

LEENA  
I like your suit.

TOM  
Toys R' Us. Stole it off a James Bond action figure.

Leena giggles.

LEENA  
You're funny. What's your name?

TOM  
Nubbins. Thomas Nubbins.

LEENA  
Hi, Thomas Nubbins. I'm Leena.

TOM  
Leena. I wanna... *be in ya.*

Tom's pants bulge slightly.

LEENA  
Is that a grain of rice in your  
pocket, or are you just happy to  
see me?

Leena's breasts jiggle as she laughs. Tom is mesmerized.

**EXT. SWANKY NIGHTCLUB - SAME**

A hot pink TOPLESS MAIDS van parks across the street from the club. A seductive blonde model decorates the side. A small camera iris opens like an eye where her nipple should be.

**INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME**

Angela, Nicole, and several other DEA AGENTS sit in the back of the surveillance van, wearing headphones and watching the club's security cameras.

ANGELA  
What the hell is he doing? That's  
Bradley's girlfriend.

NICOLE  
I heard he goes off-script a lot.

ANGELA  
God, I hate actors.

Nicole spots Bradley and his goon entourage exiting a jacked up Hummer on her monitor. They approach the club. A HEAVY GOON roughly shoves a drunk patron out of Bradley's way.

NICOLE  
Incoming.

**INT. SWANKY NIGHTCLUB - SAME**

Leena pours beer down her front as Tom, barely visible, motorboats between her breasts. Leena laughs, clearly enjoying herself, when suddenly something catches her eye.

Her demeanor changes on a dime to abject fear.

LEENA

Tom. Get out.

TOM

What?! No way, I'm in heaven!

Leena puts her beer down and tries to yank Tom out from her cleavage, gripping his runty legs and pulling.

LEENA

Hurry!

TOM

I'm stuck! The suction!

PLOP! Tom pops out and slides down the bar, knocking over a drinking glass that flips over and traps him underneath.

A large, hairy hand SLAMS onto the glass.

It's Bradley, and he looks PISSED.

BRADLEY

Bartender. Get me a bottle of  
tequila. Hold the worm.

The BARTENDER, scared shitless, does as he's told.

TOM

(to himself)  
*Showtime, Agent Thumb.*

**INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME**

The signal turns to static. Angela drops the headphones.

ANGELA

We've lost contact. Let's move.

**EXT. SWANKY NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT**

Angela leads the DEA Agents through the crowds and past the bouncer to enter the club.

**INT. SWANKY NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT**

The DEA agents scatter throughout the club looking for Tom.

The Bartender curses to himself as he wipes up the bar.

Angela and Nicole approach and flash their badges. Angela holds up a photograph of Tom, looking like a goof.

ANGELA

Have you seen this boy -- er, man?

The Bartender shakes his head no, but subtly points to the exit where Tom, drowning in a bottle of Tequila, screams for help as Bradley carries him out the back door.

Nicole turns to two male agents.

NICOLE

What are you waiting for? Get him.

Angela holds them back.

ANGELA

No. We need to see where they're taking him. Back to the van.

#### **INT. JACKED UP HUMMER - TRAVELING**

Bradley slams the bottle of Tequila down onto a center armrest in the back seat. Tom sloshes around inside, treading alcohol. He spits out a mouth of Tequila.

BRADLEY

You went too far.

LEENA

You're not threatened by *five inches*, are you?

TOM

(muffled)

Six!

Tom's voice is barely audible through the Tequila bottle.

BRADLEY

What'd you say?

TOM

I said I'm six inches tall... when excited.

Tom winks at Leena. She giggles. He hiccups.

Bradley uncorks the bottle and pours Tom into a tumbler.

Tom catches his breath and coughs. Licks Tequila off his arm.

BRADLEY  
A little wet rat.

Tom staggers to his feet and grabs the rim of the glass.

TOM  
(slurring)  
Leeeena... wanna be in ya.

She looks away.

Tom struggles to remain on his feet as the Hummer swerves and the Tequila sloshes in the glass. Squints up at Bradley, who looms tall over him.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Hey! I know you. You're the  
frikkin' coolest dude.

Tom clumsily climbs out the glass and lands on the armrest.

TOM (CONT'D)  
You're not trying to horn in on my  
lady, are you?

Tom puts up his fists in a boxing stance. Then doubles over and passes out. Bradley looks over at Leena. Laughs heartily.

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREETS - NIGHT**

The Hummer blows by a crowd of tourists, followed a moment later by the Topless Maids surveillance van.

ANGELA (O.S.)  
I thought the microphone we  
equipped Tom with was waterproof.

NICOLE (O.S.)  
We didn't test Tequila.

**EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT**

The Hummer pulls into an empty lot behind a laundromat.

The surveillance van parks safely down the street.

Bradley, Leena, and Doug exit the Hummer and enter the laundromat through the back door.

**INT. LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT**

Leena closes the blinds. Bradley dumps the unconscious Tom onto a stack of clean towels on a table.

BRADLEY  
Search him, Doug.

Doug tries to pat Tom down with his pinky fingers.

TOM  
Here, let me help.

Tom strips down to his underwear.

BRADLEY  
Are you wearing a... diaper?

TOM  
These are my party pants. Why waste valuable drinking time constantly running to the bathroom?

Leena flips through an AMERICAN MINIATURIST magazine.

Bradley paces back and forth.

BRADLEY  
I've been looking for you, Mr. Nubbins. Or shall I say, Mr. Thumb? Famous movie star.

TOM  
In the flesh. Hey listen, sorry about the motorboating, if I knew--

BRADLEY  
Forget about it. No real man could resist such fantastic tits.

Tom glances at Leena. She rolls her eyes.

TOM  
Uh... great, whew! I was kinda worried you were gonna kill me for a second there.

Bradley laughs. Nods to Doug.

Doug pulls a Littlest Soldier ACTION FIGURE from his pocket.

It's only two inches tall.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Oh, shit! You've got my action figure!

Doug opens a front-loading dryer and tosses the action figure in. Inserts a laundry card and hits START. The action figure tumbles around in circles, banging loudly as it falls from the top to the bottom, over and over.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Hm, that's a weird thing to do.

BRADLEY  
Doug's a weird guy.

TOM  
I'll say. That's got to be worth like twenty-five bucks on eBay.

DOUG  
Dollar fifty at the thrift store.

TOM  
Oh.

BRADLEY  
Tom, I want to make you an offer.  
How would you like to work for me?

Tom jumps to his feet.

TOM  
Hell yeah! What do I have to do?

BRADLEY  
Not so fast. First, a little test.

Bradley presents a wooden tray with three lines of coke and a rolled up dollar bill.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)  
One of these lines is White Power Willie's Hot Damn Devil's Dick, one is Lil Skeezy's Cold Ass Hoe, and the other is my finest product, Pure Bliss Angel Jizz.

Bradley offers the dollar bill to Tom.

TOM  
Never say no to blow, that's my motto.



BRADLEY  
Tell me which line is mine.

Tom narrows the dollar bill and snorts.

TOM  
(twitches)  
Hot!  
(shivers)  
Huh-h-h-h... Cold...  
(eyes bulge)  
Wooo! That's the good stuff!

Tom gets on his knees, finishes the entire third line, then licks the residue like a kitten drinking milk from a saucer.

Meanwhile, the action figure melts and bangs in the dryer.

Bradley nods to Doug. Doug opens the dryer and throws in a KNIFE, then presses "Start" again. Now the action figure tumbles around with a knife that knicks it over and over.

TOM (CONT'D)  
That's a really strange hobby.

DOUG  
That's what'll happen if you turn out to be a snitch.

Tom gulps.

TOM  
I ain't no snitch! Want to search me some more?

Tom pulls his diaper down and points his butt at Doug.

Leena peers over her magazine. She smiles, amused.

BRADLEY  
That won't be necessary.

Tom pulls his diaper back up.

TOM  
So where do we start? Got any more drugs you want me to try?

BRADLEY  
You just snorted enough coke to kill a normal man.

TOM

I ain't no normal man. My life as a  
child actor prepared me for this.

His diaper falls down. Tom quickly pulls it back up.

BRADLEY

Don't worry. What we have planned  
for you won't be nearly as  
demeaning as child acting.

**INT. DRUG PACKAGING ROOM - NIGHT**

Tom stands in a condom-like diving-suit, facing the backside  
of CHESTER, a huge, hairy bear of a man.

Doug hands him a balloon of drugs and a re-breather mask.

BRADLEY

You need to get this way up inside  
of Chester here, champ.

Chester leans forward, nervous.

TOM

You can't just shove it in with a  
finger?

BRADLEY

That won't get the drugs up high  
enough to evade strip searches. You  
gotta pack them in nice and deep.

Chester lets out a long, worried squeak fart. Tom puts on the  
breathing mask and pulls a condom hood over his head.

TOM

(muffled)

Don't worry, Chester. Just a quick  
in and out. Try to relax.

**INT. MEL'S DRIVE-IN DINER - BOOTH - NIGHT**

A brown substance is smeared all over Tom's face.

He swirls his tongue around, attempting to lick it off.

Angela watches with disgust.

REVEAL: Tom scoops chocolate ice cream from a banana split  
with his bare hands.

TOM  
Sure you don't want some?

ANGELA  
No, thank you.

A CRABBY WAITRESS arrives at the table with a large spoon.

CRABBY WAITRESS  
Ma'am, would you like a child seat  
for your son?

TOM  
Excuse me?!

Angela stifles a laugh.

ANGELA  
No, but, we'll take some crayons.

The Crabby Waitress grabs a handful of crayons from her apron  
and dumps them on the table with a coloring sheet for Tom.

TOM  
Hilarious.

The waitress stares at him.

ANGELA  
Thank you. That will be all.

The Crabby Waitress 'humphs' and walks off. Tom mindlessly  
colors in a picture of a donkey with a black crayon.

TOM  
People can be so ignorant.  
(to the waitress)  
I'm like thirty-six in Thumb-years!  
Okay?!

Angela shakes off her grin, remembering she's mad at him.

TOM (CONT'D)  
What? Something on my face?

Tom wipes the one clean spot on his face on a napkin.

ANGELA  
You completely disobeyed my direct  
order about laying low--

TOM  
It worked, didn't it! I'm in.

ANGELA

And then you lost our cutting-edge  
microphone technology in some drug  
mule's colon!

TOM

Definitely not living my best life.

Tom lifts his ass to release a long, high-pitched fart.

TOM (CONT'D)

(laughing)

What? I'm breaking the tension!  
Also, I'm lactose intolerant.

Angela whips out her cell phone.

ANGELA

I can't work with this. You'll blow  
your cover for sure.

TOM

Hey! Wait a minute, Pricey, I  
didn't want to climb in a butt. I  
did that for you. Listen, I've got  
a new plan. You're gonna love it.

ANGELA

Not interested.

Angela drops money on the table and gets up as a nervous  
COMIC BOOK NERD approaches, grinning from ear to ear.

COMIC BOOK NERD

Excuse me, but can I have your  
autograph?

TOM

Yeah, of course, dude. Here.

Angela lingers as Tom signs the coloring sheet with the  
crayon.

COMIC BOOK NERD

O-M-G, thank you! I'm a huge fan of  
your work.

TOM

Thank you. Thanks, man.

Tom holds out his hand. The nerd shakes it with two fingers,  
then walks away, floating on cloud nine.

Angela sits back down. Sighs.

ANGELA  
This had better be good.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

A large penis and balls reflect in a mirror.

REVEAL: Tom stands on a marble bathroom counter with a magnifying makeup mirror pointed down at his crotch.

TOM  
Oh yeah. Who's huge? You're huge.

He shaves with a giant razor. Splashes aftershave on his naked body. Screams.

He opens a small gift box labeled "*Agent Thumb. TOP SECRET.*"

Inside is a pair of leopard print underwear and a note.

*"Had this new mic specially made. Just don't get it wet."*

TOM (CONT'D)  
Oh, I'll be getting it very wet.

Tom exits. Several wee poops float in the toilet.

**INT. CLASSY RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Lights low. Classical music plays. The restaurant is empty except for Tom and Leena, at the best table in the joint.

Tom relaxes on a mini chair on the table, with his own miniature table, and sips from a doll-sized champagne glass.

Leena sits across from him in a low-cut evening gown.

TOM  
...And so I said '*If the snail  
shell's a rocking, don't come a  
knocking!*'

Leena laughs. Charmed.

LEENA  
Has anyone ever told you that you  
look like Mr. Conductor from  
Shining Time Station?

TOM  
Ringo Starr version, or George  
Carlin version?

LEENA

Oh, George Carlin all the way. He was so hot.

TOM

I know, right? Comedians are so ugly now.

A FANCY WAITER places a teeny set of utensils in front of Tom. A second waiter brings miniature salt and pepper shakers. A third waiter presents a little cutting board with the world's smallest loaf of bread on it.

FANCY WAITER

Will there be anything else, sir?

TOM

Top me up, please.

The Fancy Waiter grabs a full-sized bottle of champagne from an ice bucket and carefully holds it above Tom's petite glass. Slowly and nervously, he tips the bottle until a single drop pours out, filling Tom's glass. Wipes his forehead and joins the others huddled by a plant nearby.

Tom looks around, anxious.

TOM (CONT'D)

Are you sure this is a good idea?  
What about your tall-ass boyfriend?

LEENA

Relax, we've got the whole place to ourselves. Besides, you deserve a nice meal after a day of crawling up--

TOM

A toast!

Tom raises his glass. Stands up and walks across the table to Leena. She raises her glass.

The Fancy Waiter appears with a pocket-size menu for Tom.

Another tops off Leena's drink.

TOM (CONT'D)

Not now.

They scurry away with the menus and bottle of champagne.

Tom's face screws into a seductive point.

TOM (CONT'D)  
To Leena. A shining light--

An OPERA SINGER suddenly appears at the table and starts belting out a song, interrupting Tom's speech. Loud and in their face. Tom is horrified. Leena is amused.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(under his breath)  
*Fuck this.*  
(to Leena)  
Do you wanna have sex with me?

LEENA  
What did you say?

TOM  
LEENA, WILL YOU HAVE SEX WITH ME?!

The Opera Singer stops abruptly. Dead silence. Leena smiles.

LEENA  
Yes, I will.

The five waiters and Opera Singer applaud loudly.

#### **INT. LEENA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Leena poses in bed wearing lingerie. Coyly bites her thumb.

Tom stands at the end of the bed wearing a t-shirt and his sexy leopard-print underwear. He stares in awe.

LEENA  
I think you are getting taller.

TOM  
Told you. It's my special ability.

LEENA  
Get over here, you little goofball.

Tom struts toward her, full of confidence. As he approaches, her scale changes until she looms over him. His confidence leaks away, and he slows down.

LEENA (CONT'D)  
What's the matter?

TOM  
Nothing.

Tom climbs up and awkwardly attempts to unhook Leena's bra.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Sorry, I'm all thumbs. Goddammit.

Leena sits up and leans close to inspect him.

LEENA  
Oh, you poor thing. You are afraid.

TOM  
No I'm not. I do this all the time.  
I've been with thousands of women.

LEENA  
You haven't, have you?

Tom shifts uncomfortably.

TOM  
Well... My cousin gave me a thumb  
job once under the table at  
Christmas dinner. But technically--

Leena gasps.

LEENA  
You're a virgin!?

**INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT**

Nicole stares at the speaker with her jaw agape.

Angela scoffs proudly.

ANGELA  
I knew it.

**INT. LEENA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Leena picks Tom up and holds him close to her face.

LEENA  
But why?

TOM  
Look at me. I'm microscopic. What  
can I do for a woman?

Leena chuckles.

LEENA  
Oh, Tom. Size doesn't matter. It's  
what's in here...



She reaches out with her tongue and licks Tom from toe to head. His shirt slips off, leaving him in just his underwear.

TOM  
What? How did you--

LEENA  
There's a lot this tongue can do.

Tom's eyes go wide as her fingers curl around his body.

LEENA (CONT'D)  
How long can you hold your breath?

**INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT**

Angela and Nicole react as the microphone suddenly goes muffled. A deep, wet rhythm plays over the speakers.

**INT. LEENA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Leena moans in pleasure on the bed.

Tom is nowhere in sight...

LEENA  
Oh my God, yes! That's the spot! No one's ever reached it before!

CLICK. The bedroom door handle turns. Leena jumps. She quickly pulls up the silk sheets as Bradley enters the room.

BRADLEY  
Now, this is what every man dreams of coming home to!

LEENA  
Bradley!

Unaware of what's happening, Tom continues inside Leena...

LEENA (CONT'D)  
Oh!

She bites her fist, hiding her orgasms.

BRADLEY  
Oh, you're ready for big bad Brad, aren't you?

Leena squirms.

LEENA  
Oh, yes, baby...

Bradley removes his suit jacket and tosses it aside.  
Unbuttons his dress-shirt.

BRADLEY  
You know just what I needed.

Bradley tosses his shirt. It lands on a nightshade. He grabs  
Leena's face in his hands and kisses her. She pulls away.

LEENA  
Um. Yeah. You'll have to give me a  
minute to... refresh.

BRADLEY  
Do whatever you need to, babe. I'll  
be right here.

Bradley lies on the bed, ready and waiting.

Leena wraps herself in a sheet and awkwardly walks to the  
bathroom, letting out little moans and gasps as she goes.

#### **INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Leena reaches down and pulls Tom out - POP! Sets him on the  
counter. He's slick from head to toe.

TOM  
How'd I do?

LEENA  
You were amazing, but now you have  
to go.

TOM  
Wait, let me in again. I can do  
better.

Bradley knocks on the door. Tom jumps.

BRADLEY (O.S.)  
You okay in there?

The handle rattles. Leena strains to open a window, but it's  
stuck. She groans with the effort.

LEENA  
Ungh!

**INT. LEENA'S BEDROOM - SAME**

Bradley frowns.

BRADLEY  
I'll give you a minute.

He hits a remote, and loud CELINE DION music plays. Turns to pose in a mirror, admiring his tall physique.

A giant tattoo of a WOLF covers his entire back.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)  
Who's huge? Fuckin' Bradley.

He grabs a condom with an image of a giant on it. Smiles.

**INT. BATHROOM - SAME**

Leena finishes toweling Tom off with a wet wipe and sets him on the window ledge above the shower.

TOM  
Wait!

He grips her hand and kisses her finger.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Next time, I'll let you suck my thumb.

Leena laughs. Tom disappears out the window. Leena sighs. Touches herself up in the mirror, then exits the bathroom.

**MONTAGE - VARIOUS**

A) INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - Tom suits up and plants more balloons of drugs into Chester. They have a good repertoire now. Bradley times Tom with a stopwatch. He becomes increasingly impressed with Tom's unique abilities.

B) INT. LEENA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - Leena covers Tom from head to toe in KY Jelly, Leena laughs while the teensiest cum drops sprinkle her face, Leena wears an Ilsa the She-Wardon costume and holds a Barbie down while Tom humps it, Tom tosses a tiny condom into the toilet, Leena flushes it.

Bradley comes in and out of the scenes, almost catching them, but Tom always finds inventive ways to avoid being seen.

Angela cringes by what she overhears. Nicole cracks up.

C) INT. CHANGING ROOM - DAY - Bradley's TAILORS fit Tom for a tuxedo. They use a miniature measuring tape.

D) INT. CASINO - NIGHT - Tom stands on a craps table. Leena blows on Bradley's dice. He throws, accidentally knocking Tom onto a pile of chips on the table. The DEALER rakes Tom back.

E) INT. SPA - DAY - Jonah soaks in a mud bath with cucumbers over his eyes. Tom sits in a mini tub, one cucumber slice covering his entire face. A fart bubble breaks the surface.

F) EXT. SWANKY NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT - Tom rides on Bradley's shoulder, the bouncer lets them bypass the line. All the customers inside yell 'Hey Tommy!' Tom performs various tricks to impress the ladies, like tying a cherry stem in a knot with his hands. Everybody cheers.

In the background, Bradley keeps a close eye on Tom.

END OF MONTAGE

**EXT. BIG ASS YACHT - SANTA CATALINA ISLAND - DAY**

A gorgeous, extravagant yacht floats in sparkling blue water off the beach of Santa Catalina Island.

Leena suntans in her swimsuit on deck. Tom sleeps on Leena's stomach wearing his leopard skin underwear.

LEENA

Tom. Wake up.

Tom stands up, realizes he's left Tom-shaped tan lines.

TOM

Oops. Sorry!

LEENA

Bradley's back.

Tom rolls off of her in a somersault move. Knocks his head against a bottle of beer and spills it. Leena covers herself with a cardigan as Bradley appears at the top of the steps.

BRADLEY

Ah, there you are!

Bradley kisses Leena. Notices Tom on the deck.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Let's talk business.

TOM

Great, I have this idea on how we can fit even more drugs up the guy's bums. See, you take a broom handle, right--

BRADLEY

We've tried that. Listen, this is much more important. Leena.

He motions Leena to leave. Annoyed, she heads to the bar.

Bradley picks Tom up and puts him on the ship's railing.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

I've been watching you, and I have to say, I'm very impressed.

TOM

Thanks, boss.

Tom struggles to keep his footing on the railing. Glances nervously down at the ocean. A small shark swims by.

BRADLEY

It's time for the next phase. There's just one little snag, and I need you to take care of it.

TOM

That's why I'm here! What is it?

BRADLEY

Do you know what the DEA is?

Tom gulps.

**EXT. WATER - SANTA CATALINA ISLAND - DAY**

Angela and Nicole in a boat, wearing headphones and holding binoculars to watch Tom. They gulp too.

**EXT. BIG ASS YACHT - DAY**

Tom looks visibly shaken.

TOM

Uh, yeah, like, the FBI, right?

BRADLEY

They're the pests that ruined our deal with the suppliers.

TOM  
Oh, them bitches. Word.

Tom sits down and grips the rail nervously.

BRADLEY  
Apparently, they have a secret  
hideout under the Old Beverly.

Tom slips and nearly falls off the boat, but Bradley grabs him just in time. Sets Tom down on a table of snacks instead.

Tom sits on a sausage.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)  
Are you alright? Seasick?

TOM  
No, no. Thought I saw a seagull.  
So, what do you want me to do?

BRADLEY  
I want you to blow it up.

TOM  
I, uh -- what?

BRADLEY  
We've planted a big ass wad of  
explosives above the stage, see,  
but their regular EMF sweeps would  
catch any electronics. So, we need  
you to sneak past the metal  
detectors, insert this teeny tiny  
detonator, then BOOM!

Bradley slams his fist on the table. Tom bounces. Cheese, crackers, and olives fly everywhere. Bradley laughs.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)  
No more DEA.

Leena blends a margarita at the bar, glaring at Bradley.

TOM  
I don't know.

BRADLEY  
Tom. You were born to do this job.  
It's your fucking calling!

Tom looks at Leena, who shakes her head 'no, don't do it.'

Bradley catches the sly exchange.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)  
Whoa, whoa! What the fuck was that?

TOM  
Nothing. I didn't--

LEENA  
There's innocent actors in there.  
Just let them rehearse their play.

Bradley's face darkens. He seems to grow menacingly as he approaches Leena at the bar.

BRADLEY  
Innocent? Nobody within a mile of  
those DEA fucks could be innocent!

TOM  
When do I start?

BRADLEY  
(smiles)  
Fantastic! The job's tonight.

Bradley reaches over the bar and grabs... The margaritas.  
Sets one before Tom. He picks Tom up by the collar.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)  
But first, we drink.

Bradley drops Tom into the blended drink, laughs jovially.  
Tom pretends to laugh along. Splashes around in the slush.

TOM  
Wee!

BRADLEY  
To loyalty. Without it, we might as  
well be dead.

They drink. Leena finishes blending a third margarita.

#### **INT. BOAT BATHROOM - NIGHT**

The sink faucet runs like a shower.

Tom removes his margarita-soaked clothing. He checks that  
he's alone then holds up his soggy underwear and talks to it.

TOM  
Angela? Nicole? Did you get that? I  
have to do this.  
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)  
They'll be watching my every move.  
Man, I hope this microphone's  
margarita-proof.

Tom drops the underwear and steps under the sink shower.

**INT. JONAH'S CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT**

Tom sits in the passenger seat as Jonah drives. Instead of a car seat this time, he's tethered to the seat belt with a bungee cord. Both of them stare straight ahead in silence.

Doug and the Heavy Goon sit in the backseat, guns resting on their laps.

JONAH  
I sucked a guy's dick last night.  
We both came at the same time. What  
do you think that means?

TOM  
It means you're gay.

JONAH  
No. I don't think that's it.

TOM  
It totally is. In what world does  
that not mean you're gay?

JONAH  
Maybe I'm like a reverse lesbian.

The goons exchange glances, incredulous at the conversation.

TOM  
Shut the fuck up and drive.

JONAH  
You ever blow INTO a guy's ass?

TOM  
What the fuck!?

JONAH  
It's called bag piping.

SCREECH! Jonah slams the brakes as the car pulls up in front of the Old Beverly Theatre. Tom flies out of the seat, ALMOST hits the windshield, then gets pulled back by the bungee cord and lands in Doug's lap with a THUD.



TOM  
Goddammit!

Tom dusts himself off and releases the bungee cord. Doug opens the door. Tom hesitates, then turns back to Jonah.

TOM (CONT'D)  
You're my best friend. If I were  
gay, we'd be gay besties together.

Jonah smiles. Tom hops out. Jonah eyes the rearview mirror.

JONAH  
Can I offer you fellas a Zen water?

The Heavy Goon goes to accept, Doug shakes his head no.

**EXT. THE OLD BEVERLY THEATRE - NIGHT**

Spotlights illuminate a ginormous pigeon balloon in the sky.

The exterior of the theatre is bright and clean, nothing like the dirty, rundown shambles it was just a week prior. A flyer taped to the window reads 'SORRY, TICKETS SOLD OUT!'

The marquee is lit up and reads:

THE LITTLEST SOLDIER, THE MUSICAL! - ONE NIGHT ONLY!

A SECURITY GUARD blocks several PATRONS from gaining entry.

SECURITY GUARD  
It's sold out! No ticket, no show!

Photographers wait along a red carpet. Tom walks the carpet and looks up at the sign.

TOM  
What in the fuck?!

PHOTOGRAPHERS  
TOM! Over here!

Tom stops to pose for pictures, then waves goodbye to the photographers as he approaches the Security Guard.

SECURITY GUARD  
Evening, sir.  
(whispers)  
*Sorry, I have to do this.*

The Security Guard kneels to hold a metal detector against Tom's body. It beeps and flashes red.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)  
What's in the bag?

TOM  
The world's smallest handgun?

SECURITY GUARD  
Cute. Go on in.

The Security Guard opens the door. Tom enters the lobby.

TOM  
This is America.

**INT. THE OLD BEVERLY THEATRE - LOBBY - NIGHT**

The lobby is empty save for an old man running the concession stand. Posters for THE LITTLEST SOLDIER adorn all the walls, featuring a full-sized man dressed in a soldier's uniform, standing next to a ridiculously large fake pigeon.

TOM  
O. M. G.

**INT. THEATRE - NIGHT**

Tom enters. The lights are down, seats filled with people. A spotlight illuminates actors on the stage, which is now completely designed with WWI battlefield scenery.

TOM  
(to his crotch mic)  
Shit, this place is packed. What's wrong with you guys?

The Soldier Thespian lies on a mound of dirt next to a giant PIGEON prop. The pigeon is bloody and wears a message canister strapped to its back.

SOLDIER THESPIAN  
Don't go into the light, Felipe.  
Please! You hear me, buddy?

The soldier strokes the fake bird's feathers, then looks at his bloody hands and bursts into tears.

TOM  
Oh God. This is bad.

Tom notices an AUDIENCE MEMBER wiping tears with a hanky.

TOM (CONT'D)  
You gotta be kidding! That's not  
acting!

AUDIENCE MEMBER  
Shhhh!

Orchestral music starts.

Tom runs down the aisle towards the orchestra pit. Remains  
undetected as he climbs a red curtain and ends up on...

### THE SCAFFOLDING ABOVE THE STAGE

He spots several bricks of C4 planted amongst studio lights.

SOLDIER THESPIAN  
I'm so alone. I have no wings and  
cannot fly. Damn those Nazis for  
shooting you out of the sky!

The soldier shakes his fist to the sky -- and for a moment,  
locks eyes with Tom on the scaffolding above.

TOM  
Shit.

Tom dives into a pile of ropes to hide.

The Soldier resumes his performance without missing a beat.  
He removes the message canister from the giant pigeon's back  
and straps it onto his own.

SOLDIER THESPIAN  
Alright, I'll do it. For America!  
And for my best friend, Felipe!

Tom snorts.

TOM  
What a putz.

Tom pulls out a contraption with two wire prongs and a small  
digital watch counter. Shoves the prongs into the putty.

Pushes the single button on the display.

It lights up, reading "5:00."

TOM (CONT'D)  
Five minutes!? What am I, The  
Flash?

Tom shouts down his pants.

TOM (CONT'D)  
You'd better clear this place  
quickly. Here it goes!

Tom pushes the button: 4:59... 4:58... 4:57...

On the stage below, the curtain closes. Stagehands rush in to cart the giant pigeon away. The Soldier Thespian grabs a bottle of Zen Water and practices lines. He punches the wall.

Tom leaps onto the top of the red curtain and slides down -- but suddenly the curtains re-open, and Tom falls to the...

# **STAGE**

Landing center stage with a THUD.

SOLDIER THESPIAN  
What the...?

The spotlight locates Tom.

AUDIENCE MEMBER  
Look, it's the Littlest Soldier!

All eyes are on Tom. The crowd murmurs, then cheers!

AUDIENCE MEMBER (CONT'D)  
It's Tom Thumb! The real Tom Thumb!

Tom looks around in fear as hundreds of pairs of eyes are all on him. Just... like... he... always... wanted...

He turns around coyly and smirks.

TOM  
Who, me?!

More cheering.

AUDIENCE MEMBER  
Give us a scene, Tom! C'mon!

Tom looks up at the bomb, then back to the adoring crowd.

3:45... 3:44...

TOM  
A scene? Well, I, uh, don't really  
... it's been so long... Oh, okay!

Tom clears his throat. Holds his hand on his heart.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Friendship! I thought I knew the  
meaning of the word. What a fool.  
But Felipe, Felipe knew the true  
meaning of friendship, and he  
proved it that fateful day.

The audience hangs on Tom's every word.

TOM (CONT'D)  
What is bravery?

3:10... 3:09... 3:08...

Tom paces back and forth on the stage, looking the front row audience members in the eye as he speaks.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Is it brave to leave a fellow  
wounded soldier to die? No!

The audience jumps.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Is it brave to comfort your best  
friend's wife, father her chicks,  
move into his nest and carry on his  
legacy? No!

Tom wipes a tear from his eye.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I'm not brave. Not even a man. Just  
a common soldier, trying to finish  
the job my best friend, a pigeon,  
started. Is that so wrong?!

The audience is silent.

The Soldier Thespian huffs with anger off stage.

SOLDIER THESPIAN  
Dear God.

Tom looks out at the theatre awaiting a response. Crickets.

TOM  
(to himself)  
*Come on... I'm killing it...*

Offstage, a female hand hits the play button on a boom box. A popular 80s song fills the theatre.

The audience looks around in confusion.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I, uh... uh... Ah, fuck it.

Tom busts out a raunchy dance move.

No reaction...

Tom thrusts his puny pelvis in a circular motion, throws in a couple more popular 80s moves.

Still no reaction... then...

The crowd goes fucking WILD! They stand and clap!

TOM (CONT'D)  
Yeah. You like that?

Tom pulls his shirt off and throws it into the crowd -- it lands in an audience member's drink. She holds up the itty bitty T-shirt in confusion, then showers Tom in dollar bills.

2:10... 2:09... 2:08...

Tom humps the stage, twerks his bum around, flosses, etc. It's Magic Mike all up in here, and the crowd loves it.

1:30... 1:29...

TOM (CONT'D)  
All right, Tom. Time to sail away.

Tom grabs a dollar bill and holds it above his head like a parachute. Steps to the edge of the stage and aims toward the orchestra pit. He runs and jumps...

...sails high above the heads of the orchestra...

TOM (CONT'D)  
Everybody run, it's a bomb!

The audience laughs, thinks he's referring to the play.

...he plunges to the...

## **FLOOR**

Tom lands in a heap among the standing audience members. The dollar bill lands on top of him. He struggles to his feet. Dodges a forest of legs as the audience searches for Tom.

AUDIENCE MEMBERS  
Encore! Encore! Where'd he go?!

**EXT. THE OLD BEVERLY THEATRE - NIGHT**

Tom runs out between the Security Guard's legs. Stops.

TOM  
There's a bomb in there! Run!

The Security Guard turns and heads inside.

TOM (CONT'D)  
No! Wrong way, you idiot! Agh.

Tom thinks about following but then turns to flee. Jumps off the curb. Waves in an attempt to catch the attention of Jonah, who is flirting with two cute guys.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Yo! Start the car!

KABLOW!

Behind Tom, the front of the theatre explodes in SLOW MOTION.

Windows shatter. A fireball mushrooms out the front door.

The shock wave knocks Tom off his feet, sending him sliding across the red carpet towards Jonah.

The cute guys run away, screaming.

Tom looks back. Debris rains down and smoke pours from the building. Bloody bystanders stagger around the sidewalk.

The marquee EXPLODES! Letters drop to the sidewalk.

The pigeon balloon breaks free and floats off into the sky.

A ONE-ARMED PHOTOGRAPHER carries his severed limb.

ONE-ARMED PHOTOGRAPHER  
Help... I need a doctor...

Jonah scoops Tom up from behind. Carries him back to the Prius. Tom's ears ring. Wailing audience members pour from the front entrance. A man runs around with his shirt sleeve on fire. A lost child calls for his mother.

**INT. JONAH'S CAR - NIGHT**

Jonah stares in shock. Doug fist bumps the Heavy Goon.

JONAH

Holy shit! That guy's arm just blew off! Oh, Jesus.

Sirens approach.

DOUG

Drive.

Jonah looks in the rearview mirror at Doug, then at Tom, who shakes his head and rubs his ears.

JONAH

Wait -- did you do this?! Oh fuck.  
This has gone too far. Nah, son.  
No. Tell me you didn't do this!

Tom buries his head in his hands. Jonah bangs on the wheel in frustration. Red and blue lights appear. Tom looks up.

TOM

Drive!

Jonah puts the car into gear and drives away. He looks back in the rear-view mirror at the flames. Turns the corner.

**EXT. THE OLD BEVERLY THEATRE - NIGHT**

A BLOODY MAN staggers through the crowd of wounded patrons.

BLOODY MAN

Oh, what a world! In that sleep of  
death what dreams may come  
When we have shuffled off this  
mortal coil--

ANGELA (O.S.)

Cut!

The overacting Bloody Man shuts up under the scornful stare of Angela as she exits the theatre. She rolls her eyes.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Too much, Max. You need to find  
your own voice.

Angela claps her hands and the injured people stand up and start to brush themselves off.

NICOLE

That's a wrap, people. Give  
yourselves a round of applause.



The actors all cheer and pat each other's backs. The armless man re-attaches his prosthetic arm. Costumers provide robes, and production assistants offer bottles of water.

ANGELA

Nice save with the boom box. I thought he'd never leave.

NICOLE

Thanks. You think they bought it?

ANGELA

We're about to find out.

Nicole chugs a bottle of Zen Water. Punches a wall.

NICOLE

Damn, that's some good water.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - PENTHOUSE SUITE - DAY**

The luxuriously large room buzzes with life as Gangsters celebrate the demise of the DEA. Champagne bottles pop. Drugs flow. Dance music pounds.

Tom sits on a piano, sulking.

Bradley dances with Leena who looks upset.

BRADLEY

We did it, baby. We're on our way to being the biggest coke dealers in America.

LEENA

And the biggest terrorists.

BRADLEY

So what?! We're the best! We won! Come on, give Big Brad a kiss.

Bradley smacks Leena's ass. She storms off to a bedroom.

Tom drinks whiskey with cupped hands, clearly not enjoying himself at all. What has he done?

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Tommy!

Bradley tops off Tommy's drink.

TOM

Hey, boss.

BRADLEY  
Haha, "boss." You little fucker.  
You're the big man tonight!

TOM  
Sure.

BRADLEY  
I mean, look how far you've come!  
From planting drugs in assholes to  
planting bombs for assholes!

Bradley laughs at his own joke.

TOM  
You didn't tell me all those people  
were going to be there.

BRADLEY  
Tommy! I didn't know it was opening  
night of The Littlest Soldier, the  
musical! If I had, I would have got  
us front row seats!

Bradley raises his glass to Tom.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)  
Come on. What you've done changes  
everything. Tomorrow, the Russians  
deliver a massive supply of Ball  
Supernova and you'll be my wingman!

TOM  
Uh, yeah, sure, whatever.

Tom slides down the piano. Disappears into the crowd of legs.

**INT. PENTHOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME**

Leena sits at a desk angrily snorting lines of cocaine.

KNOCK KNOCK. A very faint knock at the door... Leena opens  
it, lets Tom slip inside and sits back down.

TOM  
Hey.

Leena snorts another line.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Everybody's so happy.

LEENA

You're the man. Bradley's big hero.

TOM

So why do I feel three inches tall?

Leena picks Tom up and sets him on the coke mirror.

TOM (CONT'D)

I tried to warn the people in the theatre, but nobody took me seriously. Nobody ever listens to me. I'm just a puny piece of shit.

LEENA

I listen to you.

TOM

I love you, too.

LEENA

Huh?

TOM

Oh, I just realized... nevermind.

LEENA

I want out. Let's leave.

TOM

Okay. You wanna get a taco or something?

LEENA

No, let's leave Los Angeles. I'm sick of this shit. Come with me.

TOM

Where? Like Hawaii?

LEENA

Yeah, one of the small islands. We could get one of those tiny houses.

TOM

What about Big Brad?

LEENA

What about him?

Leena smiles. Tom sports a ~~tiny~~ large erection.

TOM

Oops...

LEENA  
Come to mama.

Leena pulls off Tom's shirt and pants. He stands in his leopard print underwear.

LEENA (CONT'D)  
Is this the only pair of underwear  
you own?

TOM  
You know what? I'm going commando.

Tom pulls off his underwear and shouts at them.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I don't need THESE anymore!

Tom runs over to the window and throws the underwear out.

LEENA  
(laughing)  
You're so weird.

Leena leans down and kisses Tom on the lips--

BRADLEY (O.S.)  
Baby, have you seen--

Bradley enters the room, catching them in the act.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)  
What the fuck is going on here?

LEENA  
Bradley!

TOM  
Oh, shit.

Tom covers himself with a make-up pad. Bradley looks at Leena. Realizes what's been going on. Eyes well with tears.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Fuck, he's not gonna cry, is he?

BRADLEY  
What does Tom have that I don't?

TOM  
I wonder that myself...

A crowd has gathered at the doorway, including Doug.

LEENA

Tom is ten times the man you are!  
In *and* out of the bedroom!

BRADLEY

That's not physically possible!  
He's only five inches tall!

TOM

*Six...*

LEENA

Size isn't everything, Brad.

Bradley's face grows red.

BRADLEY

Yes, it is!

LEENA

Tom's touched me places you  
couldn't even imagine.

Tom backs away from Bradley. Puts his hand on Leena's arm.

TOM

Leena...

LEENA

You're a cold-hearted killer.  
Blowing up the DEA. Getting  
millions of innocent people hooked  
on drugs!

TOM

Um. Has anyone seen my underwear?

The crowd leans in, listening.

BRADLEY

Watch what you say, Leena.

Leena feels the eyes on her. She addresses the crowd.

LEENA

Don't drink the water! Don't drink  
the water!

The crowd is confused. One partygoer looks at her glass of  
water and throws it against the wall. It shatters.

Bradley slams his hand over Leena's mouth. Pulls her up.

BRADLEY

That's enough! Doug, squish Tom.  
But first, make him wish he was  
never born.

Doug shoves the onlookers out and locks the door behind him.  
Bradley drags Leena to the other side of the room.

DOUG

Say goodnight, little soldier.

Doug stomps towards Tom, cracking his knuckles. Raises his  
mighty fist.

TOM

Wait, I--

CRASH! Glass shatters in the other room. Screams. Chaos.

BRADLEY

Go see.

Doug heads into the...

#### **INT. PENTHOUSE - OTHER ROOM - SAME**

The glass windows have been shattered. A canister of tear gas  
on the grand piano pours out clouds of smoke. Partiers run  
around in a blind panic, gagging and choking.

HEAVY GOON

I can't see. My eyes!

WOMAN

Let's get out of here!

Pandemonium.

#### **INT. PENTHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Doug returns, tears streaming from his eyes.

DOUG

We have to go. Now.

Bradley looks at the desk. No Tom. The window is open, and a  
curtain blows in the breeze.

BRADLEY

Fuck.

Bradley drags Leena with him as the three escape.

**EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT**

Tom grips tightly to the railing outside the window.

He looks down. Almost slips.

TOM  
Where's a giant pigeon when you  
need one?

Tom notices the pigeon balloon floating away in the distance.

Suddenly, a hand reaches out and grabs him. Pulls him into  
the window of the room next door.

ANGELA (O.S.)  
Gotcha!

**INT. HOTEL - NIGHT**

Tom tries to wriggle free from Angela's grip.

TOM  
Put me down!

ANGELA  
Why? Got something else you need to  
screw up right now?

TOM  
You were supposed to stop the bomb!  
All those people--

Angela sets Tom down.

ANGELA  
Actors.

TOM  
Actors are people too! And I killed  
them...

ANGELA  
We're DEA - *Hollywood Division*,  
Tom. We staged the whole thing so  
you could prove loyalty to Brad.

Tom sits down. Confused. Legs spread. Still nude.

TOM  
But... Why The Littlest Soldier?

Angela tosses him a tissue to cover up with.

ANGELA

I told the team to pick a play no one would ever want to see to avoid attention.

TOM

Well, that's where you were wrong, because it sold out!

ANGELA

Actually, we just filled the theatre to make it more impressive to the cartel when you followed through. In a way, you could say it was a smash hit.

TOM

Why didn't you tell me?

ANGELA

I didn't tell you because I don't trust you. Looks like I was right.

Angela spreads her thumb and forefinger to Tom's height.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

We were this close, Tom! Bradley was finally ready to let you in. We could have exposed the whole operation, and the first thing you do is get naked with the Kingpin's girlfriend with him next door?!

TOM

Wait, but, I got a clue! Something about the water!

Angela looks briefly intrigued. Then...

ANGELA

What water? And why hasn't the Ball Supernova hit the streets?

TOM

I'll find out. Brad will take me back. You have to trust me.

ANGELA

No way. There's probably a million dollar price on your head now.

TOM

I'm still valuable. I can sneak in--



ANGELA

No, Tom. We're done. I never should have involved you in this. I'm sorry. You're no good to us now.

Tom's face drops.

TOM

I'm not useless.

ANGELA

Right, you're worse than useless. You're a liability.

Angela pulls out a pair of zip ties.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Sorry to do this, Tom, but--

She looks up. Tom's gone. A breeze from the open window flaps the curtains. She sighs.

**INT. BACKSEAT OF BRADLEY'S HUMMER - TRAVELING - NIGHT**

Bradley stares at a goofy photograph of Tom.

BRADLEY

One, two, three, four... I declare a thumb war.

He sets the photograph on fire and watches it burn.

**INT. CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT**

Tom sits on the dashboard of a car next to the Uber light.

He stares heartbroken out at the city lights as the car travels up Mulholland Drive. It slows as it crests the hill.

RANDOM UBER DRIVER

This the spot?

TOM

Yeah. Thanks.

**EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - NIGHT**

Tom stares out over the lights of the valley below. Wipes sweat from his brow.

Spots a half-empty Zen Water bottle. Drinks the rest then kicks it over the hill. It tumbles down into the canyon, bouncing off rocks. He punches the guard rail in frustration.

TOM  
What is my purpose here? Please,  
just give me some sign.

Tom stares at his reflection in a puddle. His body transforms into a giant turd with eyes. He sighs.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Dad was right. He should've flushed  
me when he had the chance.

Tom notices two antennae growing from the turd's head.

TOM (CONT'D)  
That's...weird.

He spins around. A giant BLACK WIDOW SPIDER bares its fangs.

Tom leaps back.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Shit! Uh. Nice spidey...

Tom grabs a stick.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I will smack the shit out of you!

The spider inches closer, growing in size as it does. Tom backs up towards the road, waving the stick around.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Fuck off!

The spider lunges! SMACK. Tom whacks it. The spider squeals.

Tom drops the stick and grabs his left arm in pain.

TOM (CONT'D)  
What the--

Suddenly he drops to the ground, paralyzed.

The spider retreats into the grass, leaving Tom for dead in the middle of the street.

The two Female Joggers in tights from earlier come around the corner and stop just short of stepping on him.

FEMALE JOGGER

Oh my God, it's that stunted  
pervert man! Is he okay? Come on,  
we gotta get him to the hospital.

They scoop Tom up and carry him away.

CUT TO BLACK.

**OVER BLACK**

The sound of babies crying.

Beep. Beep. Beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeep...

**INT. HOSPITAL NURSERY ROOM - DAY**

Tom awakens in a baby incubator, surrounded by several other  
babies, swaddled in cots.

Various tubes are attached to his body and up his nose.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

(German accent)

Mister Thumb.

TOM

God?

Tom opens his eyes to see a DOCTOR's massive Hitler-looking  
head looming over the incubator. Tom FARTS in surprise.

Tom notices the tubes. Takes in his surroundings.

TOM (CONT'D)

What... What happened?

DOCTOR

You've suffered a mild heart  
attack. If those girls hadn't found  
you, you might not be alive now.

TOM

What girls? Were they hot?

The Doctor consults his charts.

DOCTOR

Yes. Your undersized heart cannot  
handle any more drugs. You must  
quit completely if you want to live  
to see your next birthday.

TOM

Are you sure it wasn't a spider bite?

DOCTOR

Vee found enough cocaine in your system to kill an elephant.

Tom ponders this.

A NURSE enters. Tom watches in disgust as she removes one of the baby's diapers. It's loaded with bright yellow baby poop.

TOM

Yeah, I've been trying to cut back.  
Can I get out of this trophy case?

The Doctor checks a few machines.

DOCTOR

Your case is very interesting. Vee will need to keep you for a few more days for studies...

The Doctor looks back up. Tom is gone.

#### **INT. DEA BASE OF OPERATIONS - DAY**

A 'WRAP PARTY' banner hangs across a whiteboard.

A crew boxes up papers and equipment. Angela watches solemnly as the operation shuts down. She carefully removes a poster of a crazy-eyed cat, captioned "This is your cat on drugs."

#### **EXT. PINKBERRY FROZEN YOGURT SHOP - SUNSET BOULEVARD - DAY**

Tom, still in his hospital smock, uses a plastic fork to fend off dogs from his sample-sized cup of frozen yogurt.

DOG OWNER

Haha, sorry! He never does this!

TOM

Get your fucking dog away from me!

DOG OWNER

A dog's mouth is cleaner than most human mouths.

TOM

His breath literally smells like shit. He's a shit eater, isn't he?

DOG OWNER  
It's just a phase!

Offended, the owner pulls the dog away. Tom eats his drool-covered Froyo in anger.

A Mercedes with a "Namaste" bumper sticker pulls out of a Whole Foods parking lot. Swerves, narrowly missing a mother pushing a stroller.

The Angry Mercedes Driver throws an empty bottle of Zen Water at the mother, then punches the ceiling in a fit of rage.

ANGRY MERCEDES DRIVER  
Fuck you, lady!

The bottle rolls over and spins to a stop in front of Tom.

Tom drops his Froyo. Leena's voice echoes in his mind.

LEENA (V.O.)  
*Don't drink the water!*

He looks over at a massive industrial building that sticks out like a sore thumb on Sunset Boulevard. Across the top is a large "Zen Water" logo. Tom slaps his forehead.

TOM  
Zen Water!

Looks around, then spots a cell phone behind the counter. Tom sneaks over while another customer distracts Pinkberry's teen employee. He dials.

#### **INT. JONAH'S CAR - TRAVELING - DAY**

A sweet grandmother and granddaughter ride in the backseat.

Jonah finishes a swig of Zen Water. Answers the phone.

TOM (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
Yo, Jonah! I need your help.

JONAH  
Suck my dick, you murderous cum-filled cat's asshole. Just take it all the way in and gag on it till you die.  
(mimes choking on a dick)  
Unggh, uhh, ugh. Gargle.

Jonah hangs up. The passengers stare in shock.

**EXT. PINKBERRY FROZEN YOGURT SHOP - SUNSET BOULEVARD - DAY**

Tom stares at the phone.

TOM

Dick.

Across the street, he notices a familiar face -- Chester, eating a taco on a bench by a Mexican food truck.

TOM (CONT'D)

Sweet lady luck. Chester at a food truck.

**EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - DAY**

Chester finishes his taco while playing Centipede on his cell phone. He suddenly straightens up. Tom pops out of Chester's shirt collar by his ear.

TOM

Don't move. It's Tom.

CHESTER

I thought your ass was fired?

TOM

That was all an act. See those police across the street?

Tom points at two overweight police officers ordering Froyos.

TOM (CONT'D)

They're actually DEA. They've tracked your phone. Just get up slowly and start walking.

Chester drops his cell phone in a trash can and tries to casually stroll away, sweating.

TOM (CONT'D)

You got a load up your butt?

Chester nods. Whispers.

CHESTER

Where you been? They had to use the broomstick. I hate the broomstick.

TOM

I'm on a mission for Bradley. He wants me to check on the operation.

As they pass a park area, Tom notices a public washroom.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Quick, in there!

Chester ducks inside.

**INT. PUBLIC WASHROOM - DAY**

Two YOUNG BOYS run screaming with laughter into the washroom, shooting each other with water pistols, having a blast.

TOM (O.S.)  
I can only hold my breath for two  
minutes, so move fast!

The boys stop dead in their tracks, jaws drop at the sight:

Tom stands with his hands up in the air like a diver, covered with a condom. Chester squats over him with his pants down.

The boys' MOTHER calls from outside the bathroom.

MOTHER (O.S.)  
Don't forget to wash your hands!

Chester sits. Tom disappears.

The two boys drop their water pistols and run away.

CHESTER  
Welp, they're traumatized for life.

**EXT. ZEN WATER BOTTLING PLANT - DAY**

Chester waddles towards the iron gates of the bottling plant.

**INT. ZEN WATER BOTTLING PLANT - DAY**

A FEMALE SECURITY GUARD swipes a key card, opening a door.  
Escorts Chester down a long hallway to a locker room.

**INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY**

Chester strips naked. He holds out his arms as the Female Security Guard checks under pits and between butt cheeks.

DOUG (O.S.)  
That's enough.

Doug holds a gun on the guard. She raises her hands.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Tom's gone rogue. Could be  
anywhere. If you see him, call me  
immediately. Now get to work.

Chester nods. Grabs his clothes and rushes into another room.

**INT. COLON - SAME**

Tom squirms next to a balloon of drugs, struggling to hold his breath. He panics. Punches the walls. The condom rips.

TOM  
Breach!

**INT. JANITORIAL BREAK ROOM - DAY**

Chester squats down over a mop bucket and pushes extra hard.

BLART!

Tom falls out with the bag of drugs, hits the rim of the bucket and falls to the floor.

Chester gets dressed in clean janitorial work scrubs.

TOM  
Phew. I thought I was a goner.

Tom staggers to his feet and wipes himself clean.

CHESTER  
Hey, Tom? You're not really working  
for Brad, are you? I didn't rat,  
but if Doug finds out...

Chester picks up the bag of drugs.

TOM  
He won't. Listen, thanks for your  
help, but I'll take it from here.  
Just keep working and you won't get  
in trouble. Where do the drugs go?

CHESTER  
In the water supply.

TOM  
I knew it! Okay, just act natural.



Chester watches Tom scuttle out of the room.

**INT. ZEN WATER BOTTLING PLANT - HALLWAY - DAY**

Tom scampers down the corridor, peering through the glass walls as he goes. Each room holds glimpses of wonderment.

- A Scientist gives water to a mouse. It headbutts the wall.

- Scientists experiment with beakers of water. One bursts into flames. They put it out with a fire extinguisher.

- Another Scientist injects water into a cow brain. It's still, then starts to twitch! He smashes it with a hammer.

Tom hears voices approaching, ducks behind a potted plant.

An entourage of hippies in business suits follows a GURU with long yellow hair and beard, wearing a flowery gown.

A FEMALE ASSOCIATE reads from a printed report.

FEMALE ASSOCIATE

...The latest numbers indicate a surge in sales. Marketing hasn't--

GURU

No explanation is necessary. People thirst for a path to enlightenment.

The group enters the "Meditation and Discovery Room."

Chester enters the corridor. Mops his way past Tom. When the coast is clear, Tom sneaks over to the door and squeezes in.

**INT. MEDITATION AND DISCOVERY ROOM - DAY**

The Guru and his entourage all sit cross-legged in a circle around a phallic sculpture. Water flows gently from the tip, down the shaft, and into a shallow pool.

Business suits replaced with yoga clothing. Each person poses in a different slightly sexual position except the Guru, who sits cross-legged. His long hair obscures his face.

GARY, a tall guy with a Bob Ross afro, finishes his report in a downward facing dog pose.

GARY

...reaching maximum market penetration.

(MORE)

GARY (CONT'D)  
We're now refocusing our efforts  
deep into the southern regions.

GURU  
Awesome. Thank you, Gary.

The Guru splashes water from the sculpture onto Gary's face.

GURU (CONT'D)  
Water is life!

EVERYONE  
Water is life.

MARY, a hippie woman in a splits position, holds up a chart.

MARY  
After taking a pounding in Columbia  
last year, we're now on top and  
creaming the competition.

GURU  
Wonderful, Mary. Hey, Mary and  
Gary, that rhymes.

They bow. Guru splashes water in her face. A few extra  
splashes. Then picks up a bowl, fills it, and dumps it on her  
head. She laps it up like it quenches her dying thirst.

GURU (CONT'D)  
Water is life!

EVERYONE  
Water is life.

The Guru runs his fingers through his flowing hair, exposing  
his face for the first time to Tom, who hides in the corner.

TOM  
Holy fuckin' cow testicles. DAD?!

Everyone turns to see tiny Tom looking up at Guru/Ricky.

RICKY  
Tom?!

TOM  
No, another five-inch tall dude  
that exists. Yes, Tom. What the  
fuck, Dad?!

RICKY  
Uh, take five everybody. I'll meet  
you in the bottling room.

The hippies file out, leaving Tom and his dad alone.

**INT. ZEN WATER BOTTLING PLANT - BOTTLING ROOM - DAY**

Giant, overly complicated equipment fills bottles with water.

Chester mops by a large vat while the hippies gather across the room to discuss business. When they aren't looking Chester empties a small bag of drugs into the water supply.

The door opens. Chester jumps. He looks up to see Bradley, Doug, Leena, and several more THUGS stomping towards him.

Bradley carries a large black duffel bag. Yanks Leena by the wrist. The goons follow, rolling a large plastic barrel.

BRADLEY  
Any sign of Tom?

CHESTER  
No, boss.

The hippies notice the intruders. Gary approaches Bradley.

GARY  
Hey, man! Do you have a pass?

Bradley laughs.

BRADLEY  
Sure, it's right here.

Bradley snaps his fingers. Doug grabs Gary by the collar and hurls him into a stack of bottles which crash to the floor.

**INT. MEDITATION AND DISCOVERY ROOM - DAY**

Ricky splashes water on his face. Runs water through his hair. He rubs the water into his skin and blinks widely, bracing himself for a conversation he never wanted to have.

Ricky sits cross-legged on the floor, closer to Tom's level.

RICKY  
So. How are you? It's been a while.

TOM  
Since you sold me to a Hollywood  
pervert? Really fucking great.

Ricky sighs.

RICKY  
I deserved that.

Ricky pats Tom on the head.

RICKY (CONT'D)  
So, we good now?

TOM  
Uh, no! You told me I was  
worthless. That you wished you'd  
flushed me down a fucking toilet.  
That seriously messes a kid up!

RICKY  
Really? How?

TOM  
Well, I can't flush for one thing.

RICKY  
So, what, you just leave it  
floating in there?

TOM  
Yes! Fuck. Can we move on?

Ricky drinks a long gulp of water from the fountain.

RICKY  
If it makes you feel any better,  
you're not worthless, Tom. You're  
the reason I'm a zillionaire.

**INT. ZEN WATER BOTTLING PLANT - HALLWAY - SAME**

Bradley, Doug, and his goons escort the hippies back toward the Meditation and Discovery room. Bradley dodges as a SHORT LAB TECHNICIAN rolls a cart of bottles into the hallway.

BRADLEY  
I'm starting to really *hate* short  
people. Doug, break his dick.

SHORT LAB TECHNICIAN  
What?

Doug pulls the Short Lab Technician into a side room. Bradley smiles at the following scream.

**INT. MEDITATION AND DISCOVERY ROOM - SAME**

Ricky looks at a framed photograph on the wall of him cutting the grand opening ribbon on the Zen Water Company.

RICKY

When I sold you to Weenstain, he  
got a hundred percent of your  
profits, but I got the  
merchandising rights. Check it out.

Ricky pulls out a Tom action figure.

TOM

You made these?!

RICKY

Pretty sweet, huh? Who knew  
something so small could be worth  
so much?

TOM

You son of a--

The door flings open and Bradley bursts in.

BRADLEY

Well, well, well. The great Zen  
hippie guru water goddess. Talking  
to himself like a crazy person.

Ricky looks around. Tom is nowhere in sight.

RICKY

Who are you? This room is only for  
the enlightened.

BRADLEY

Oh, I'm enlightened as fuck. See?

Bradley flashes a charming smile. White teeth sparkle.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Doug, bring 'em in.

Doug and the goons enter, escorting the frightened, yoga pants-clad board members and Leena.

Bradley points at the phallic fountain, all smiles.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

That will look nice in my office.

RICKY

Now look, you can't just--

Doug punches Ricky in the face. Hard.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Ouch. God. That really hurt.

Bradley drops a duffle bag at Ricky's feet.

BRADLEY

So! Let's talk business. Been feeling Zen lately and decided to acquire my own water company. Go ahead and look inside. I think you'll find my offer very generous.

Ricky bends over to unzip the bag, holding his throbbing jaw. Reaches in and pulls out a single dollar bill.

Tom steps out from behind his dad.

TOM

Surprise, asshole!

BRADLEY

Tom.

TOM

Yeah, Tom! The guy you tried to squish with your giant, floppy clown shoes. You freak. And now you're fucking with my family.

Bradley looks back and forth between Tom and Ricky who both have the same hair color. He laughs.

BRADLEY

You're hippie spawn? That makes so much sense! Is your mom a pixie?

TOM

Laugh all you want, Bradley. I'm about to bust your shit wide open.

BRADLEY

Oh, really? Please, do explain.

Tom paces the floor like a classic detective.

TOM

It was you who gained control of the Hollywood drug scene, then jacked up prices as far as they could go. But was that enough? Oh no...

Tom paces faster, his voice raises.

TOM (CONT'D)

You wanted more. You've been smuggling Ball Supernova into the Zen Water supply. Your plan is to get people addicted to water! And you won't stop until people are drinking it every day!

Tom turns away from Bradley with dramatic disgust.

TOM (CONT'D)

You're a monster.

Bradley shakes his head, amused and disappointed.

BRADLEY

Tom. People already drink water.

HIPPIES

Water is life!

Doug points a gun at the hippies. They jump in shock.

TOM

But, the drugs. You had Chester adding it to the water supply.

BRADLEY

I don't care about water. It's a gateway. As soon as the population is addicted to Ball Supernova, I'll cut them off. Then they'll pay anything get their fix from my ultimate cocaine blend, Jizz Apocalypse.

RICKY & THE HIPPIES

Cocaine?!

TOM

But, why innocent people? You have enough customers as it is.

BRADLEY

Low-level dealers dilute my product  
with so much crap these days, my  
customers are dropping like flies.

RICKY

That is so sad.

Everyone takes a moment to reflect on this realness.

While they do, Tom sneaks under a desk. He slowly pulls a  
phone out of view and dials...

Bradley removes a contract from his bag and clicks a pen.

BRADLEY

Sign this, and full control of the  
Zen Water company transfers to me.

RICKY

You can't do this! I built this  
company from the ground up with  
only the millions I got for  
exploiting Tom.

#### **UNDER THE TABLE**

Tom whispers into the talking end of a landline telephone.

TOM

Angela? Angela, it's me, Tom! Come  
to Zen Water bottling plant!  
Bradley's here!

Suddenly, a HAND reaches down and grabs Tom. It's Doug.

BRADLEY

Sign the document or Doug will  
flick Tom's head off.

Doug squeezes Tom's body until his eyes bulge.

TOM

Ow! Don't do it, Dad!

RICKY

Oh, thank God you said that.

TOM

Wait, what?

RICKY

Oh, you weren't serious?



TOM  
No, I was, but, come on, Dad. I'm  
your son.

RICKY  
Yeah, no, totally.

BRADLEY  
Shut up!

Doug gets his fingers ready to flick. Tom gulps.

RICKY  
Okay, I'll do it!

Ricky signs the paper.

BRADLEY  
There, was that so hard?

RICKY  
You are not enlightened.

BRADLEY  
No, but I am thirsty.

The hippies squint in confusion.

**INT. ZEN WATER BOTTLING PLANT - FACTORY FLOOR - DAY**

Ricky hangs by a hook over a large vat of swirling water with Tom strapped to his chest with duct tape. They sweat.

TOM  
Well Dad, looks like I'll finally  
get flushed after all.

The hippies are tied together on the floor below.

Bradley drags Leena up the stairs onto the platform with the controls for the hook. She sees Tom in trouble.

LEENA  
Let him go!

Bradley laughs.

TOM  
Big mistake, Brad! I'm with the  
DEA! This place is surrounded!

BRADLEY

Ha! You don't even know what DEA stands for.

TOM

The Department of... Eating Ass?

BRADLEY

Doug, dump it all in.

Doug and a Goon dump a barrel of Ball Supernova into the vat.

Bradley pulls a lever -- CLANK CLANK -- the chain lowers, dipping Ricky's feet into the water.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Any last words?

TOM

Fuck you, Brad.

RICKY

This is the path chosen for me.  
Water is life, and water is death.

HIPPIES

Water is life, and water is death!

TOM

Shut up, you idiots! Jesus, Dad.  
When did you go from being a petty thief to a stupid hippie?

RICKY

I was tripping on acid at the fair one night and a fortune teller told me to put everything I had into water. At first, I thought she meant literally. Lost my Nintendo, two controllers and like twenty games to water damage. But then I realized what she meant.

CLANK CLANK -- the chain lowers another few feet. The water reaches Ricky's waist.

TOM

What about mom?

RICKY

Ran off with the fortune teller.

TOM

Good choice.

RICKY  
Yeah, totally.

Leena lunges for the control panel. Bradley grabs her again.

BRADLEY  
We're done here.

Bradley hits the release button. SPLOOSH! Tom and Ricky plunge into the water and sink.

LEENA  
You're a big, fat, son of a bitch!

Leena sobs uncontrollably. Doug starts to walk away.

BRADLEY  
Wait. He's good at holding his  
breath.

DOUG  
Not without the re-breather, boss.

Bradley holds up a finger, signaling to wait.

The water is still.

#### **UNDERWATER**

Tom and Ricky struggle against the restraints. Tom gasps, taking in water along with swirls of the additive.

His face goes red. Veins bulge...

#### **ABOVE WATER**

Still water... then, Tom bursts out! Broken restraints clutched in his fists.

TOM  
Raaargh!

Ricky surfaces and swims to the edge.

BRADLEY  
Grab 'em!

LEENA  
Get out of there, Tom!

Tom reaches a small metal grate, yanks it off and disappears into a clear pipe.

Bradley watches as Tom's body shoots through the pipe in all directions, pushed along by water pressure above their heads.

The Goons run back and forth, trying to gauge where Tom will pop out. Back and forth, back and forth, like a tennis match.

Finally, the pipe disappears into a wall.

BRADLEY

Find him and squish him like a bug!

Doug and the Goons chase after him.

Bradley drags Leena along out of the room.

LEENA

Tom!

Ricky rests at the edge of the water vat. Alone.

RICKY

I'll just wait here then?

**INT. ZEN WATER BOTTLING PLANT - GARDENS - DAY**

Sun shines through a glass ceiling. A sparkling waterfall cascades down a sculpted rock face, splashing into a series of pools below. Parrots flutter around the vast interior of this beautifully landscaped Zen garden.

TOM (O.S.)

Shiiiiiiiiiiiit!

Suddenly, Tom explodes out of a pipe in the rock face, flies across the gardens and lands in the canopy of a broad-leaved tropical tree. Tom holds onto a leaf and looks down as Bradley, Leena and the goons enter through a door below.

LEENA

Let me go!

Bradley drags Leena across a rock meditation labyrinth and shoves her down. Ties her arms and legs so she can't move.

BRADLEY

I can't believe you chose that  
little turd over me. After  
everything I've given you.

Tom quietly makes his way down the branches of the tree.

LEENA

Tom gave me something you never could.

BRADLEY

The world's smallest hickey?

Tom scurries along a branch. A parrot lands in front of him.

TOM

Fuck off.

The parrot tilts its head at him.

PARROT

Fuck off!

TOM

Shh...

Bradley looks up to search for the voices.

MANY PARROTS

Fuck off! Fuck off! Fuck off!

BRADLEY

Tom? Is that you, little buddy?

BANG, BANG! Bradley fires two random shots upward.

Tom hides.

Bradley scans the room. The rock garden is surrounded by higher pools and streams of water. He walks over to an emergency panel and smashes the glass to get an ax.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Let's see how much your new boy toy really cares.

Bradley chops into the retaining wall of one of the pools. The rock facade cracks and water pours into the rock garden.

Leena struggles as the water reaches her and starts to rise.

Tom spots a branch leading to an open window and freedom.

LEENA

Go, Tom! Save yourself!

Tom starts toward the window.

The water reaches Leena's mouth, and she sputters. Lifts her neck to stay above water.

Tom stares down at the swirling water. An image of a toilet bowl briefly superimposes over it. Tom shakes his head.

TOM  
Ah, fuck it.

Tom claps his hands above his head and dives.

Down, down, down... SPLASH!

### **UNDERWATER**

Tom plunges and slams into the rocks. Struggles to orient himself.

### **ABOVE WATER**

Tom surfaces and gasps for breath. Swims over to Leena, who is now almost entirely submerged with only her face and breasts above water. He climbs onto her breast island.

BRADLEY  
You two deserve each other. Too bad  
your life expectancies just got cut  
drastically... short.

Bradley cackles to himself. Doug shrugs. Doesn't get it.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)  
Short. Like Tom? Come on!

CRASH! Shattered glass rains down from above as DEA agents repel into the gardens.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)  
Let's get out of here!

The Goons head for the exits, firing guns as DEA Agents splash into the pools of water below, firing back. Angela lands feet first on the white sand next to a Buddha statue.

TOM  
Sweet agent Angie!

Bradley turns and fires a shot at Angela -- just misses!

ANGELA  
DEA! Stop right there!

Chester hits a button for SECURITY LOCKDOWN ALARM from an office overlooking the gardens. Suddenly, all doors lock, trapping everyone inside.

CHESTER  
Save her, Tom!

Meanwhile, Tom struggles to keep Leena's head above water.

TOM  
Hold on, Leena. Help is on the way.

The water spills into Leena's mouth. She coughs.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Guys? Over here! We need help!

LEENA  
Tom. I--

Her face submerges. Tom struggles to lift it.

TOM  
Leena! Someone help us! I can't do  
shit, I'm too small!

Tom looks at the chaos surrounding him. DEA agents battle  
goons. Hippies scream. Bradley climbs a banana tree  
attempting to escape Angela. Nobody's coming to help Tom.

Leena's voice echoes in Tom's mind.

LEENA (V.O.)  
*Size doesn't matter, Tom. It's how  
you use it. It's how you use it...*

TOM  
Dammit.

Tom takes a deep breath then dives underwater.

BANG BANG! Bradley fires at Angela -- she ducks behind a  
footbridge -- bullets explode through the wood right next to  
her face.

ANGELA  
Your plan to spike the water is  
over, Brad!

Bradley almost loses his footing. Clings to a branch and  
searches for an escape route.

BRADLEY  
Fuck. That little shit screwed  
everything up.

ANGELA  
(smiling)  
As he does.

### UNDER THE WATER

Tom swims to Leena's legs and works on untying giant knots. He notices the view between Leena's legs -- gazes for a moment -- then shakes his head and redoubles his efforts.

Meanwhile, Leena struggles to hold her breath underwater.

Tom struggles with the knots, but still can't untie them. Then he sees it -- a shiny GOLD LEVER labeled FLUSH!

He swims down, grabs the lever, and pulls with all his might!

Nothing happens. Tom yanks down again, and again, but still nothing.

### ZEN GARDEN

All of Bradley's goons are either dead or captured. Several more DEA AGENTS join Angela, guns pointed at up at the tree.

ANGELA  
Time to give up, Bradley.

BRADLEY  
Never!

Bradley aims his gun at Angela and fires. CLICK. No bullets.

ANGELA  
Come down now, or I'll shoot you.

Bradley drops his gun.

BRADLEY  
You wouldn't shoot an unarmed man.

BANG! Bradley grabs his shoulder in pain.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)  
You shot me!

He loses his balance and falls to the sand. The Agents quickly turn him on his stomach and cuff his hands.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)  
Damn you, Tom Thumb!



Angela looks around. Where *is* Tom?

#### **UNDER THE WATER**

Tom's face turns blue. Leena's voice echoes.

LEENA (V.O.)

*Size doesn't matter... atter...  
atter...*

He closes his eyes and pulls down as hard as he can -- a bubbly scream escapes his mouth.

Suddenly, a drain on the pool floor pops open! A swirling torrent of water sucks him down and pins him to the grate.

#### **ABOVE WATER**

The water rapidly drains. Leena's face appears above water, then the rest of her still body.

ANGELA

Spread out. Someone find Tom!

Angela rushes over to Leena, straddles her and does chest compressions. Water spills from Leena's mouth, but she still doesn't breathe.

Nicole spots Tom's limp, wet body on the drain.

NICOLE

Tom! Tom, can you hear me?

Angela looks over, concerned but still doing chest compressions on Leena.

ANGELA

How is he?

Nicole pokes his chest with her finger. Water shoots out of Tom's mouth. Tom opens his eyes. Barely conscious. He looks over as Angela rips Leena's shirt open and continues compressions. Then leans down for mouth to mouth...

TOM

So hot...

Tom's eyes roll into the back of his head.

FADE TO BLACK.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

A small group of DEA agents and law enforcement wearing official police uniforms, stand around a tiny tombstone.

A GRAVEDIGGER uses a small spade to dig a tiny hole. He gently places a six-inch long coffin into the hole.

PRIEST

Today we lay Tom Thumb to rest. To many, he was the Littlest Soldier, but his heart was far from small.

Jonah wails uncontrollably. Drops to his knees.

JONAH

Why God, why?!

Chester puts an arm around Jonah who blows into a hanky. They embrace, comforting each other... then passionately make out.

Nicole kneels down and throws one clump of soil onto the coffin, completely covering it.

She looks up and slyly smiles at a black SUV parked nearby.

**INT. SUV - DAY**

Leena holds Tom up to the window to watch the ceremony.

TOM

I thought there'd be more people.

Angela sits in the passenger seat, wearing sunglasses.

ANGELA

We had to make it look real.

TOM

What happens to my dad?

ANGELA

Free and clear.

TOM

Bradley?

ANGELA

Jail.

TOM

So, that's it?

A TV mounted to the back of the front seat flips on. It plays news footage of the CEO of a Russian pharmaceutical company and his henchmen arrested for selling opioids.

TOM (CONT'D)

Nice.

ANGELA

Good job... Agent Thumb.

Angela holds out her hand. Leena moves Tom over and he shakes one of Angela's fingers. They smile, mutual appreciation.

LEENA

And we get to start a new life in Hawaii! Yay!

TOM

Leena, give her the thing.

LEENA

Oh, right.

Leena pulls a thumb drive from her purse, hands it to Angela.

ANGELA

What's this?

TOM

Just a little something to remember me by. It's a thumb drive. Like my name. Thumb. You know, because--

ANGELA

I get it.

Leena straps Tom into a tiny car seat in the center console.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Driver, take us to LAX, please.

The car takes off. A hand SLAPS the back window. They stop abruptly and Tom flies out of his car seat and smacks the windshield.

TOM

Son of a bitch! Who do they get to crash test these fucking things!

The passenger window rolls down. Ricky, long hair pulled back in a ponytail, black suit, shoves his face into the SUV.

RICKY

Tom, wait!

TOM

Dad?!

RICKY

I just wanted to tell you, well...  
I'm glad I didn't flush ya down the  
toilet.

TOM

Thanks, Dad.

RICKY

Bye. Water is life. Bye.

The window rolls back up. Tom struggles to hide his emotions.

TOM

Nerd.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

Ricky watches the car drive away, then rejoins his group of hippies. They mount a five-person bicycle and ride away down the road.

FADE OUT

**INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT - OVER CREDITS**

Bradley hides under a sheet on his cot, shaking with fear.

The Greasy Inmate that molested Tom earlier appears hovering above him, holding a plunger. He turns it around so the wooden handle is pointed at Bradley's rear end and grins.

**EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - GAY BAR - NIGHT - OVER CREDITS**

Jonah wears a T-shirt that reads 'I LIKE DICK' and holds hands with Chester in the lineup for a club.

They kiss and caress each other. Jonah is beaming.

In the background, the pigeon balloon crash lands on the street, causing several cars to drive into each other.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - OVER CREDITS**

The thumb drive is inserted into the side of a laptop.

Angela rests on a couch, hair down, wearing pajamas, eating popcorn and watching The Littlest Soldier.

On-screen, a younger Tom Thumb in a WWI soldier's costume says a heart-wrenching goodbye on an ocean pier.

TOM  
Damn you, Felipe. Why'd you have to  
be such a goddamned hero?

Tom spreads Felipe's ashes into the wind. Felipe's pigeon face appears superimposed in the sky. It COOS softly.

Tom looks up and smiles.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I will, Felipe. I will.

Angela wipes tears from her eyes.

#### **INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - OVER CREDITS**

A sweaty Leena sits up in a hospital bed, legs spread wide, a DOCTOR at her feet. She screams in pain!

DOCTOR  
One more big push!

Leena squeezes Tom's body in her left hand. He's beet red.

TOM  
You... got... this...

DOCTOR  
I see the head!

TOM  
Is... it... normal?

DOCTOR  
Yes! It's normal-sized.

Leena strains and screams again. One more push...

SLURP! She collapses back to the pillow, releasing Tom.

He catches his breath.

TOM  
Oh, thank God.

LEENA  
Can I see him?

DOCTOR  
(concerned)  
Uh...

Leena squeezes Tom again.

TOM  
Doc? Show her the fucking baby!

DOCTOR  
I've never seen anything like it...

The Doctor reveals Tom and Leena's baby in his arms: A normal-sized baby head, perfectly cute in every way...

...attached to a tiny, Tom Thumb-sized body that dangles below. It looks like a bobblehead.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Congratulations?

Tom screams.

CUT TO BLACK.