

LOOPHOLE

FADE IN:

INT. LUXURY CONDO - DAY

YOUNG ARNIE, 30, stares at a vast, futuristic city outside.

JUSTIN (O.S.)
Why do you keep it?

YOUNG ARNIE
Reminds me I'm not a god.

JUSTIN, 12, eyes a handsaw, mounted above a fireplace.

JUSTIN
What's it like being old?

YOUNG ARNIE
It hurts.

JUSTIN
Tell me again.

Young Arnie laughs, takes a drink.

YOUNG ARNIE
We built a ramp at the bottom -- to
go up, not out. Damn thing was a
hundred and twenty meters tall.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

ARNIE, 76, sits behind the wheel. He's facing nearly straight down (as is the whole car), his body held in place by a five-point harness, the kind you'd find in a fighter jet.

In the passenger seat next to him, GUS, 77, hangs similarly against the gravity.

YOUNG ARNIE (V.O.)
It took us over two years to get
that thing up there. Piece by
piece. Never once got spotted.
Thank God. Damn drones.

Arnie pulls a set of goggles over his eyes.

ARNIE
You know this is a bad idea, right?

GUS
Yep. Walk through this again?

Arnie checks his watch.

ARNIE

Sure. Pull the tarp. Start the car.
I turn for the arrow and you light
the fire. When the fuel runs out,
we should be in position.

GUS

Don't know if we'll be conscious.
But, we will be in position.

ARNIE

Sorry. When we're in position --
and conscious...

He points to two sections of rope near the roof of the car. Each spans a cut to the uprights on each side of where the windshield used to be. The rope is the only thing holding this old roof to the vehicle.

ARNIE

... We pop the top.

GUS

Don't forget your harness. Once
unhooked, we toss the chutes, which
rip us free of the car...

ARNIE

... And, we blissfully float into
the ever-loving arms of the people
who hate us.

GUS

Sounds right.

ARNIE

You think the rumors are true?

GUS

Would I be sitting on six hundred
pounds of fuel if I didn't?

ARNIE

Good point.

Arnie checks his watch again.

ARNIE

Any minute. Six hundred, huh?

GUS

Three front. Three back.

Arnie shakes his head.

ARNIE

This is an even worse idea than I
thought it was.

A HUMMING sound draws close. Arnie puts his finger to his
lips: SHHHH.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A drone skims along the treetops, approaches a clearing.

There's a tower. A long, severely-sloped ramp sweeps from the
top to the ground before turning upwards.

It's a ski jump.

An object hangs suspended at the top, covered with a tarp.

The drone passes close, but doesn't stop.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The sound of the drone fades.

ARNIE

You got the key for this thing?

Gus holds up a handsaw.

ARNIE

Let's do this.

Arnie reaches out the window and pulls the tarp.

EXT. SKI JUMP - NIGHT

The tarp flutters to the ground, exposing a rusting Toyota
Corolla, hanging by multiple ropes at the ramp's head.

Only, this Corolla looks like a bad science project -- with a
small rocket engine mounted to each side.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

In the moonlight, the men can see the full ramp. At the end,
there's a handmade extension, painted with an arrow that
points off the right edge -- a target for their launch angle.

After putting in earplugs, Gus saws at a bundle of ropes that extend through the cabin.

The ropes break and the car releases down the jump. Arnie turns for the arrow as they shoot down the ramp.

ARNIE

Light it!

Gus hits a button on the dash and the jet engines FIRE. The men jerk back in their seats as the G-forces take over.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

The Corolla shoots from the ramp, twisting and turning like a child's bottle rocket let loose.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The men fight to breathe as the car spins wildly. Gus quickly blacks out and the handsaw drops from his hand.

Arnie watches as a large, walled city comes into view.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Multiple drones close on the flying Corolla.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The rockets go silent -- burned out. The change in force throws both men forward, against their harnesses. It also flings the handsaw to the floorboard.

Gus shakes awake as the car begins its downward arch.

ARNIE

The saw! We gotta pop the top!

Arnie unsnaps his harness, reaches for the handsaw.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

The drones open fire on the vehicle.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Arnie looks out. The city grows closer with every second.

ARNIE

Running out of time here, Buddy.

The car bounces with the hit of a drone shot. The hit knocks the saw from Gus's hand.

Arnie's eyes go wide as something large looms ahead.

It's too late now.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

The car slams into a building -- an explosion of glass.

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

The car skids across an open office, slams against a pillar, and whips to a stop -- a pile of twisted metal.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

ARNIE

We did it, Gus.

Arnie unclips his harness.

He looks at Gus, broken and battered. The handsaw is embedded in his friend's chest, but, he's still alive.

YOUNG ARNIE (V.O.)

If it weren't for this city's rules...

INT. LUXURY CONDO - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT DAY

YOUNG ARNIE raises his glass.

YOUNG ARNIE

... Your Uncle Gus would be dead. Because, in New Lake Placid, the law states: Everyone in the city gets the serum.

Justin smiles to a man, YOUNG GUS, 30, on a nearby couch.

YOUNG GUS

They just didn't think we could get in.

FADE OUT.