

Films of a Professional Terrorist
(The Gig)

by

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EXT. BUSY HIGHWAY - DAY

ED (V.O.)
Hollywood. The source of all
dreams.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SIGN - DAY

ED (V.O.)
The place where the rich and
famous-

EXT. SMALL TOWN MOVIE THEATER - DAY

ED (V.O.)
-produce great entertainment for
the rest of the world.

EXT. CASTING CALL - DAY

A huge crowd waits to enter the casting call.

ED (V.O.)
And where the poor and miserable
attempt to do the same but usually
fail.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

On the walls, a dark movie poster with an eerie creature
on it and the title reading "Really smart new sci-fi film
-Produced and directed by JJ Abrams".

ED (V.O.)
Sometimes you work hard enough and
you make it.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Homeless people in LA read scripts with pencils in their
hands.

ED (V.O.)
But usually... you don't.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

People walk out of an auditorium and discuss whatever they
just saw.

ED (V.O.)
But yet... that feeling of trying
to take over the world.

INT. MOVIE THEATER AUDITORIUM - DAY

A projector is flickering. A crowd watches the screen attentively.

ED (V.O.)
That feeling of creating movie
magic that will change the minds
of millions and make them think
differently. Act more humanly.
Behave like better, more civilized
people and question their
conditions.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A movie theater parking lot gets filled.

ED (V.O.)
That feeling is so special... that
it's worth being miserable in LA
for. It's so special... that
people will risk everything to try
to get to experience it. To try to
make it in Hollywood.

EXT. URBAN STREET BLOCK - DAY

ED, male, 20-30, casually dressed, walks out of a bus.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Ed approaches a door and rings it.

RICHIE, male, 20-30, opens the door.

ED
Are you ready to change the world?

RICHIE
Sort-of.

INT. RICHIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Richie walks around his apartment, taking clothes with him from his closet to his backpack. Ed follows him.

ED

Come on! We've been doing this for 12 years now! You can't stop being excited for it now.

RICHIE

That's exactly the reason I'm getting less excited for it. We've been doing this for twelve years now. Ever since high school.

ED

That's a reason to continue! Not to stop! We have grown tremendously in experience by now.

RICHIE

But we haven't *grown up*.

Ed is disappointed hearing this. He looks at the floor while Richie gets items from his closet.

SARAH, female, 20-30, walks into the room.

SARAH

Ed! Ready to take my future husband to the promised land?

ED

I am! Question is if your future husband is ready to go.

Richie closes the zipper on his backpack and turns around to Ed and Sarah.

RICHIE

No reason I wouldn't be ready.

ED

You know what- now that I think of it, maybe we should take Sarah with us to LA?

Ed smiles, trying to be funny. Richie is not having it.

RICHIE

You know... when Moses went to the promised land with his wife they ended up being attacked by a snake and his wife saved him by performing a circumcision on their son. Sarah- do you know how to perform a circumcision?

SARAH
Not really. But I could learn how
t-

RICHIE
Exactly.

Sarah comes closer to him.

SARAH
(whispering to Richie)
Don't be too harsh on Ed. He
really likes this and you're his
friend after all.

RICHIE
(whispering)
That's precisely why I want him to
stop being excited for this. I
want to help him get a job.

Ed can hear this. His face starts turning red.

SARAH
(whispering)
You know he sends out applications
like crazy. He just doesn't know
anyone. Has no connections. In LA
you at least know that guy... Rob?
Was that his name?

Their conversation slowly concludes.

Richie walks over to Ed with his backpack and suitcase with
him.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Have fun!

Ed nods to Sarah.

Richie and Ed move toward the door.

ED
I... got the train tickets.

RICHIE
I know you did. Let's go.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Izaan, ~25-35, formally dressed, is sitting at his desk
with a phone at his ear.

Across from him, his mother, ~50-70.

IZAAN

(into phone)

Okay. Yes. I understand. 20 percent? We're down 20 percent? Okay. Yes, I will deal with it. Yes, I'll address it. Thank you.

He hangs up the phone.

IZAAN'S MOTHER

So? What did he say?

IZAAN

Our recruitment numbers are down 20 percent. I don't understand this. People join the army all the time to kill people. Why don't they join us?

IZAAN'S MOTHER

Maybe they don't feel convinced in the cause. They need to know that what they're doing is the right thing.

IZAAN

We have outreached to schools, churches and mosques.

IZAAN'S MOTHER

That's not where most people learn what the right thing is. I used to tell you stories. Other moms just sat their kids in front of the TV or put them into the movie theater after a certain age.

IZAAN

What do you mean?

IZAAN'S MOTHER

Everybody knows about Moses but only few know that his wife circumcised their child. You know why? Because the movies never showed that part. It'd have been difficult to get that G rating if they did. My point is, most kids grow up in front of screens. And the screen they pay the greatest amount of attention to is the silver screen. Teachers...

(MORE)

IZAAN'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
 parents... pastors... They mean
 nothing compared to what the
 movies tells them.

IZAAN
 So why not make a movie?

A beat.

IZAAN'S MOTHER
 What are you saying?

IZAAN
 I'm saying... let's do a movie
 promoting MELC.

IZAAN'S MOTHER
 You can't make a movie.

IZAAN
 Says who? I love movies! I just
 rewatched all of Nolans movies
 last week. He's a genius! I
 understand movies! I even wrote a
 script once. "Wush-Cat goes to
 Washington".

Izaan's mother laughs.

IZAAN'S MOTHER
 Don't get me wrong Izaan, but you
 know nothing about what kind of
 movies Americans watch.

IZAAN
 So I'll hire Americans.

A beat. Izaan's mother stops laughing.

IZAAN'S MOTHER
 Whatever you do- just make sure
 you're not the one writing the
 script.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Ed and Richie are sitting in their train seats, waiting for
 it to depart.

ED
 I still don't understand how they
 hired you without any previous
 speaking experience.

RICHIE

They hired me *because* of the lack of speaking experience. They needed a public speaker my age who wouldn't appear scripted.

ED

Ha! That's kind of funny! Since you write scripts!

Richie looks at Ed. A brief beat between them.

RICHIE

You should really review your comedy.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen... We'll be departing in 15 minutes on our route from Chicago to Los Angeles.

RICHIE

Did you bring any new scripts?

ED

Yes!

Ed takes out a laptop from his bag. He scrolls to files.

ED (CONT'D)

So this is a story about two families who have to compete to adopt the same parrot. Here's one about five construction workers secretly being turned into robots and... here's my favorite- a cat becoming President!

Richie stares at this in disillusion.

RICHIE

Wow. That sounds like some *fun* stuff.

ED

Do you have any new scripts?

RICHIE

Yeah. One.

Ed gets interested.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

About a young autistic boy who finds his passion in the military and defends his country against all odds.

ED

Wow. That's... different! I'm intrigued.

Richie smiles.

Richie laughs and takes out a tablet from his bag. They exchange scripts; Richie takes Ed's laptop and Ed takes Richie's tablet.

They get to work, reading and editing them.

CUT TO:

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

We are approaching Los Angeles.

ED

Should we hit up Rob first?

RICHIE

We got to show him those scripts.

ED

Okay. But I want to see "Dunkirk" right afterwards.

RICHIE

Didn't you see it five times already and own the Blu-ray?

ED

Yes, but it's re-re-re-re-released in IMAX and I can't miss that.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

Ed and Richie approach an office with the sign "Mr. Robert Gupta". Ed opens the door and they enter.

INT. ROB'S OFFICE - DAY

ROB, ~40-60, male, is sitting at a desk in a small office and sees Ed and Richie enter.

ROB

There we have them! My favorite two losers! Keeping up with their customs.

ED

LA. Trying to reach the dream. Every year.

They both shake hands with Rob.

ROB

I know! I've gotten your email with the new scripts. I got to say - Richie! That story about the autistic war hero! I love it. And Ed - that chihuahua becoming President... eye opening!

They sit down opposite to Rob.

RICHIE

Did you get anyone for us?

ROB

I'm gonna keep looking. You know... this is a busy summer. Netflix spending millions on crap movies, MoviePass spending millions on movie tickets... There might be a spot for you guys this year.

ED

Really?!?

RICHIE

Well... Ed. Let's not get too excited. Rob, you say that almost every year.

ROB

Yes, but this year I've got proof!

RICHIE

We've been trying this for years. Every year, coming to LA. Spending a week here, networking. Nothing ever worked out. To be honest, Rob, if this year doesn't work... maybe we have to realize that Hollywood isn't for us.

ED
Don't listen to him! Trying
doesn't cost us anything!

RICHIE
Only an expensive train ticket,
lodging costs and a week off work.

ED
Yes, only that!

ROB
Listen, guys! This isn't about
money! This is about cinema! Now,
why don't you guys go and check
out a great film!

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

A semi-big crowd is outside the theater. The poster reads
"DUNKIRK - 4th RE-RELEASE IN IMAX"

INT. IMAX AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The audience claps as the "Dunkirk" credits appear.

ED
It *is* amazing! The bigness of the
screen that's blocked by poor
stadium seating, the sound that
gave me ear damage and the
dialogue I couldn't hear! All
putting together a beautiful and
thrilling true war story!

RICHIE
I have to agree. This was pretty
cool.

Ed looks down at the floor.

ED
You know, maybe you weren't wrong.

RICHIE
What?

ED
Maybe, this is it. Maybe, if we
don't get a gig this time we
should stop doing these trips.

RICHIE

Are you sure? I mean, they mean a lot to you?

ED

It feels like I've just been coming here for the fun. Not for the work. You heard what Rob said. Netflix and shit... they're looking for shit to adapt. We have literally hundreds of scripts out there that he's pushing. If they're not taking them now, maybe it's just that our stuff isn't made for cinema.

RICHIE

Well, it's not that. Just, there's a lot of competition.

ED

That too. Either way, it's been a fun ride! And I honestly don't regret doing it all these years.

RICHIE

Yeah!

A group of ushers, ~20, theater uniform, walk into the auditorium and see them sitting through the credits.

USHER 1

(laughing)

You expect a post-credit scene for "Dunkirk"?

The other ushers, walking by, laugh too.

RICHIE

Hey, shut your stupid mouth! We've paid for the whole show, which includes the credits!

ED

Plus, the score is great!

USHER 2

You're losers.

ED

You're an usher!

USHER 2

I get free refillable cups and sell them on the black market!

Usher 1 turns to Usher 2.

USHER 1
Wait... you do that?

At this point, Ed and Richie attempt to exit the conversation.

USHER 2
Yeah... some extra income.

USHER 1
Why did you never tell me about this?

USHER 2
I didn't think you wanted to-

USHER 1
You monster! You income stealing monster!

Usher 1 starts throwing old popcorn at Usher 2.

Usher 2 retaliated by spilling a half-full soda cup onto Usher 1's face.

Now Usher 2 gets really angry.

Observing this, Ed and Richie slowly start exiting the theater, giving the Ushers some room.

We hear additional screaming but don't see it, leaving the auditorium.

INT. IZAAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Izaan is at his desk, browsing pages on his computer.

His hand on his head, he looks through webpages such as "Loglines 2018, if interested contact agent".

His eyes shine up when he sees- "A Presidential Cat".

He immediately grabs his phone and dials a number.

IZAAN
Hello? Is this Robert Gupta?

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Ed and Richie are sitting in the backseat of a cab. Ed's phone rings.

ED
Hello?

ROB
(via phone)
Someone wants to see your scripts!

Ed's eyes open up and he movies to Richie.

ED
SOMEONE WANTS TO SEE OUR SCRIPT!

RICHIE
SHUT THE HECK UP???!!!

They both get excited over the potential opportunity in the cab.

INT. IZAAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Seated, Ed and Richie patiently wait for Izaan in his office.

ED
So... did you do any research
about this guy?

RICHIE
I can't. He didn't give us his
last name. All I know is his name
is "Izaan".

Izaan walks in, with three cups of coffee in his hand.

IZAAN
I am so, so sorry for the delay
gentlemen!

ED
Oh, it's quite alright! Mister...?

IZAAN
Izaan. Just call me Izaan.

They both nod.

IZAAN (CONT'D)
(to Richie)
So you must be Ed?

RICHIE
Oh... no. I'm Richie.

IZAAN

Ah... Richie! Rich name!

Izaan gives both of them coffee and sits down on his chair, opposite to them.

IZAAN (CONT'D)

So... I've read your scripts!
Ed... I loved your heartwarming
story of a cat running for office!

ED

Oh you did!?!

IZAAN

Yes! I actually had a very similar
idea before. Oh and Richie- Your
story of that autistic war hero!
See, that's the kind of story I
need you guys for.

Izaan takes objects away from his desk onto the floor to make room for a large map below them.

IZAAN (CONT'D)

I need a mix of heartwarming cat
story and emotional war drama. I
need a tale about an underdog
being written into the history
books. And I need you folks to
create it. Me and both of you. We
have full creative control over
this thing!

Izaan takes out two notebooks from his desk compartment and hands Ed and Richie one each.

IZAAN (CONT'D)

Here. Take notes.

ED

I'm sorry!

IZAAN

Yes?

ED

You didn't give us a pen.

RICHIE

Yeah... it's kind of hard to write
and take notes without a pen.

Izaan looks around his office but can't find a pen.

IZAAN
You guys didn't bring a pen?

ED
Well, you never told us to bring a pen.

RICHIE
Yeah, Rob never mentioned one.

IZAAN
It's fine... just use your phones to take notes.

ED
Can I record this conversation instead? I'm not a good note-taker.

RICHIE
Hold on Ed, it's probably confidential or something.

IZAAN
JUST LISTEN!

Izaan reaches for his closet, takes out a piece of paper, puts it onto his desk and draws two circles.

IZAAN (CONT'D)
See these circles? They represent two empires.

He puts his finger on one of the circles.

IZAAN (CONT'D)
Over here, that's the good empire, the one constantly under attack by-

Izaan moves his finger to the other circle.

IZAAN (CONT'D)
-the evil one! Now, our hero is a young citizen of that very same evil empire. But he's a shy, unusual person. He realizes he wants to fight for the good empire and then leaves his community and family behind to join it and fight to defend it in a brutal war. If you can, put in some wealthy businessmen who proudly donate to the cause as well.

RICHIE

Hold on... you want us to write a war story?

IZAAN

More than that! I want you to write a story of betrayal! And I want the hero to betray everyone who loves him.

ED

That's an odd thing for the hero to do.

IZAAN

Well... I have two writers here who I think are ready for the challenge. Am I right?

ED

Yes! Yes!

RICHIE

Yes! Absolutely!

IZAAN

Then let's get to work!

Izaan is about to leave.

ED

Hold on... Mister Izaan! What about... compensation?

Izaan chuckles.

IZAAN

Oh... you can ask your friend Robert about that! He has the contract.

Izaan leaves the room.

Ed dials Rob on his phone.

ED

Rob, what's the compensation that Izaan guy promised?

Rob responds over the phone.

ED (CONT'D)

2 MILLION DOLLARS?

They both smile and can't believe what they just heard.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Notebook papers with character descriptions are laid out all over the floor. Ed and Richie are sitting on the sides of their beds.

Richie holding a pencil, brainstorming with Ed.

ED

Let's just go over what Izaan said. So our hero is a young, American outcast.

RICHIE

He doesn't like his parents or his community.

ED

He finds purpose in fighting-

RICHIE

-the enemy nation.

ED

What?

RICHIE

Like Izaan said? The evil empire. The kid gets so frustrated by the oppressive force used by the evil empire, that he joins the good empire to fight it.

ED

Richie...? That's great! I almost wanna join that war myself!

Richie writes all this down while Ed reads over the papers.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY - MONTAGE

- Ed opens a screenwriting software on his laptop and types "FADE IN:"

- Ed and Richie recite lines from their script, both holding their phones.

ED

(reading)

I will join the good guys now!

RICHIE
(reading)
Then you will be expelled from our
home!

- Richie points to something on Ed's computer. Ed nods and starts typing.

- Ed types on his laptop.

ED
(reading)
"And this was the end of the evil
Empire!"

RICHIE
(from afar)
No! Leave it open for a sequel!

ED
Oh! Good idea! Smart thinking.

- Richie types "Fade to Black. End." into the screenwriting software while Ed looks over his shoulder. They smile and high-five each other.

INT. IZAAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Izaan quietly reads a paper copy of the script at his desk while Ed and Richie wait.

While reading, Izaan crosses out a number of items with a pencil and takes notes on the side.

Ed texts Richie's phone. The text reads "I think he hates it!" and an emoji with a worried face.

Richie receives the text on his phone and texts back "Don't worry. We did the best we could."

Izaan finishes reading.

IZAAN
Okay, gentlemen! This was the
absolutely biggest and most
tremendous piece of awesomeness
I've read in a while!

ED
Really?

RICHIE
Really?

IZAAN

Yes, gentlemen! That teen abandoning his parents and country to fight for what he believes... I loved it! And him playing video games! It's so relevant! I'll be making a number of edits and we'll be going into production shortly!

Izaan leaves his chair and walks toward the door.

RICHIE

Uhm... Izaan?

Izaan stops. He raises his head and eyebrows.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Mind if I ask who's directing it?

ED

Yeah... we're just curious...

IZAAN

You have a right to be. The two directors are in this room right now!

ED

Me and you?

RICHIE

Me and you?

ED

Or Richie and you?

RICHIE

Or Ed and you?

IZAAN

Uhm... no. I don't direct. I leave that to the pros. You guys! We'll be in touch soon!

Izaan walks out of the office.

RICHIE

Whoah! This is amazing!

ED

We did it! We did it!

RICHIE

A two million dollar deal!

ED
Our script sold!

RICHIE
ARE WE DIRECTING?

ED
WE'RE DIRECTING!

They leave their chairs. Before he leaves, Richie notices a business card on Izaan's desk. He quickly looks at it and takes it.

RICHIE
Time to celebrate!

INT. IMAX THEATER - NIGHT

Ed and Richie stand in line to see Dunkirk again.

RICHIE
Look at this crowd. Imagine our story gets such a crowd one day.

ED
Well... let's not get ahead of ourselves.

RICHIE
No, come on! Think of it. We're just like Nolan. We're telling a story of war heroes. People who leave home behind to help a good cause. It's just like the kid from our story.

ED
Hmm. I guess you have a point. I wonder what changes Izaan will make.

RICHIE
Actually, don't tell anyone, but I managed to get his business card at the office. It has his last name on it!

ED
Richie, you moron! That's stealing!

They are next on the line. The person checking the ticket is USHER 1 from before. Ed and Richie recognize him.

USHER 1 takes their tickets and smiles.

USHER 1
You guys really like "Dunkirk",
huh? Do me a favor, don't stay
till the rating card. Churchill
won't return.

RICHIE
I'd yell at you right now and
complain to the theater chain but
we just sold a freaking script so
I'm not in the mood. Have a good
one!

ED
Try not to get soda on your hair
again. Don't think it's healthy.

USHER 1
You guys sold a script?!?

They move toward the auditorium.

ED
(from afar)
And we're directing!

USHER 1 becomes confused and jealous of Ed and Richie.

USHER 2 approaches Usher 1 with a large bag of popcorn in
his hand.

USHER 2
What is it you're not telling me
now?

INT. IZAAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Izaan is sitting at his desk. Across him, his mother.

Both reading the script Ed and Richie wrote.

IZAAN'S MOTHER
I don't know how you did it. But
this is the *perfect* movie to
recruit people.

IZAAN
I mean, it's just so well crafted.
The characters and everything. The
kid represents your average
recruit of M.E.L.C.

(MORE)

IZAAN (CONT'D)
and everyone on the story makes
him look rational.

IZAAN'S MOTHER
I literally couldn't have written
it any better. Where did you find
those writers?

IZAAN
Well. Let's just say I have a good
taste! Now we're moving into the
production of this little
masterpiece. The title will be "An
Outsider's Journey". Exactly what
we need!

IZAAN'S MOTHER
Who will direct?

IZAAN
The writers.

IZAAN'S MOTHER
Hold on... the same dumb Americans
who wrote this under the disguise
of it being just another American
film are going to *direct* it? What
if they'll realize this is
propaganda for the Mid-East
Liberation Committee? What if they
realize that their main lead is
supposed to be a terrorist? What
if they'll report all of that to
the freaking government!?

IZAAN
Relax! Those fellows... they're
desperate. They've never sold shit
even though they wrote hundreds of
stories. I've paid them a crazy
sum of money. They'll forget
they're doing work for the devil
by the time they get to say
'Action' and 'Cut'. It's part of
the plan.

Izaan's mother appears unconvinced, but accepts it.

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

LEE, male, 30-50, in a formal suit is sitting at his desk,
looking at his computer.

An ASSISTANT, ~20, approaches him with a piece of paper.

ASSISTANT

Investigator! Do you happen to remember Izaan?

LEE

Ah yes. Izaan. I've been trying to get him behind bars for months now. DOJ won't give me that stupid warrant. Why do you ask?

ASSISTANT

It seems like he's... I don't know how to say this... running a casting call?

The Assistant shows him a piece of paper showing a craigslist ad, with the title "Great Movie Production! Come and work" and the description "Are you an LA filmmaker? Actor? Technician? Has no one hired you yet? Do you want to work on a great movie set? Email me today! Ask for Izaan."

Lee looks up at the Assistant, confused.

LEE

He's making a movie?

ASSISTANT

Apparently so, sir.

INT. PRODUCTION SET - DAY

A large group of people prepare lighting, adjust green-screens, read script papers and set up cameras inside of a set built in a large studio space, about the size of a convention center

INT. CAB - DAY

Seated in a cab just outside of the set, Ed and Richie anxiously look outside.

Ed holds a book titled "How to direct a movie" with a large LA library sticker on it.

ED

I'm super nervous, man!

RICHIE

Me too. But we can do this.

ED
I don't know. I've never directed before.

RICHIE
Me neither but we... we'll just wing it!

ED
Wing it? We're totally unprepared for this! All of the shit we've ever talked about first-time directors will be looked at and called hypocrisy! I'M NOT A HYPOCRITE RICHIE!

RICHIE
No, you're not and you won't be. You know why? Because we are going to do well! We might be first-time directors but we've been writing scripts and watching 'Making Of's' for years. Now come on! Let's do this!

INT. PRODUCTION SET - DAY

Izaan standing in front of a crew and clapping to bring them to turn away from whatever they were doing.

IZAAN
I would like to welcome our two talented young writers and directors of "An Outsider's Journey", Ed and Richie!

Ed and Richie exit the car and welcome the crew. Its large size overwhelms them.

IZAAN brings a YOUNG BOY, middle-eastern, ~10-15, over.

IZAAN (CONT'D)
Ed, Richie! Here's your main lead!

Ed looks around and notices how a lot of people are of similar ethnicities.

ED
Izaan... doesn't our story play in Kansas? Why is everyone on this set brown?

RICHIE
I'm so sorry Izaan!

IZAAN

No... no! It's quite alright.
We've changed the setting of the
story to India so that we could
sell it to distributors there.

Ed nods to indicate that he's now understanding.

CUT TO:

INT. PRODUCTION SET - DAY

ED

ACTION!

A scene is being shot at a green-screen, crew surrounding it.

The Young Boy stands in front of a parent, ~50, middle-eastern.

YOUNG BOY

I don't want your protection! I
want to fight! I want to be a
hero!

PARENT 1

But we only want the best for you!

YOUNG BOY

This is the best for the whole
world! I need to serve my people,
not just you!

RICHIE

Cut!

ED

That was awesome!

RICHIE

I know... the kid does all this
with so much enthusiasm.

The crew shoots another scene. This time a number of MEN, ~20-50, wearing robes, hand the Young Boy a gun.

MAN WITH GUN 1

Take this! You'll kill all
infidels with this weapon!

YOUNG BOY

Will it make me *holy*?

MAN WITH GUN 2

It will make you holy *and* a hero.
A true warrior!

ED

Cut!

RICHIE

This is some odd dialogue Izaan
added but I like it.

ED

I don't know but it definitely
gives the whole story some exotic
feel!

INT. PRODUCTION SET - DAY - MONTAGE

- A scene is being shot. The Young Boy hands a gun to a
TEENAGER, ~15-25.

- Another scene is being shot. A man with a gun, ~30-50,
wearing robes is making a speech in front of other, younger
men.

MAN WITH GUN 1

Your past is now behind you. We
are your family now. This is your
home!

The men all applaud.

Ed and Richie smile behind the camera.

- A teenage boy next to Richie points to lines in the
script. Richie explains the lines to him. The boy nods and
they laugh.

- Ed, Richie, several actors and crew members watch the
replay of a scene in front of a laptop. Once it's over,
they smile and high-five each other.

INT. PRODUCTION SET - DAY

Super: "4 days later"

Ed and Richie look at a scene being rehearsed by the
teenager and two men with guns wearing robes.

Behind them is Lee. He taps Richie on the back.

LEE

Hello, gentlemen.

They turn around.

RICHIE
OH SHIT!

ED
ARGH!

LEE
I am sorry to have surprised you
like this. My name is Lee.

Lee shakes hands with both of them.

RICHIE
It's quite alright.

ED
We thought you might have been
someone from the studio.

LEE
Oh no. I'm just someone who saw
the casting call and thought I'll
come along and see how this
production is going.

RICHIE
Oh, it's going great! We're the
directors!

LEE
You are?

ED
Yeah! We're filming something very
special!

In the back, the scene is still being rehearsed. Ed, Richie
and Lee turn around.

TEENAGER
I will do what is asked of me!
Even if that means killing people!
After all, death is the only
answer to evil empires! So that
good empires may prosper!

MAN WITH GUN 1
You are a great soldier, my son!

They turn away from the rehearsal.

LEE

Alright. I see. Do you guys happen to know someone by the name of Izaan?

RICHIE

Yeah! He's the producer.

LEE

Really? Did you happen to notice anything unusual about him?

ED

Yeah. He hired us.

RICHIE

No, sir. We haven't.

MAN WITH GUN 1

(in the background)

Today is the day you're becoming a man! No more being a coward! Now you're a machine, ready to kill and defend your true homeland!

LEE

Okay, then. Good luck on your movie.

Lee walks away.

ED

That was weird.

Richie looks at the finished scene rehearsal.

RICHIE

No, that was great! Let's do this again, but with the cameras rolling!

INT. PRODUCTION SET - NIGHT

A scene with the Young Boy is being shot again in front of a green-screen, now among other fighters.

YOUNG BOY

I've made a choice! To fight with you. And I couldn't be prouder. I've found a real family!

ED

Cut! This was excellent. Let's all go home and get some rest. At this pace we'll be done with this in no time!

The cast and crew pack their items together.

The Young Boy takes a copy of his script into his hand and starts rehearsing a scene.

RICHIE

And you thought we couldn't direct? This was amazing! The stuff we shot today was awesome!

ED

Yeah... You know... I am a bit concerned with the stuff Izaan changed. He says the actor changes are for India but all of the war actors have Middle Eastern accents.

RICHIE

Duh! Remember he showed us the map? The empire our hero joins controls territory in the Middle East.

ED

But then why make the Kansas parents Middle Eastern too?

RICHIE

Duh! Izaan is Middle-Eastern! He wants to represent his culture!

ED

In *every single* actor?

Richie's phone rings. He picks up.

RICHIE

Hi Izaan! Yeah, it was great! Okay. Cool! I'm happy too! Thanks!

Richie hangs up.

ED

What did he want?

RICHIE

He says he saw some of the footage we shot today and he's super happy with it! Plus, everyone on the set is saying good things about us!

ED

Duh! They work for us.

RICHIE

I don't know why you're so pessimistic. You were the one who wanted to make these trips more than me! This stuff's great!

ED

I don't know. Just... everything is a bit too great. Everything is going a bit too fast.

RICHIE

Isn't that what you wanted? Wasn't that always the purpose of these trips? To come to LA and make it big within a week? Everything is going great!

YOUNG BOY

(from afar)

THIS IS FOR MY FAMILY!

ED

Yeah but... I don't know. I feel like we're part of some giant scheme.

RICHIE

No, we're not. We're directors, Ed. Filmmakers!

ED

I hope you're right.

YOUNG BOY

BEWARE, INFIDEL!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Richie is on his bed, chatting with Sarah through his laptop.

SARAH

I'm glad you were having a good time.

RICHIE
So... Sarah. I'm gonna have to
stay some days longer.

SARAH
What? But what about your work
schedule?

RICHIE
Well. Rob, remember him? He got us
in touch with a producer.

Sarah's eyes open up.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
And that producer tapped us as
writers and directors... with 2
million dollars in compensation.

SARAH
Are you serious?! Richie... this
is amazing! Wow! Ed must be
super-happy?

RICHIE
He is. Though he seems not to like
that thing we're shooting.

SARAH
What? Why?

RICHIE
Doesn't matter. Point is- we'll
finally get that mortgage we
wanted! This changes everything!

SARAH
I know! This is great! I'm proud
of you!

They smile.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Richie is asleep on the top part of a bunk bed. Ed is on
his laptop.

He looks around the room and finds Izaan's business card.
Quietly, he picks it up and examines it.

It has Izaan's picture on it and his full name- "Izaan
Ayman".

Curious, Ed types "Izaan Ayman" into a google search. "Under investigation for money laundering - Izaan Ayman" pops up as one of the results.

Socked, Ed goes over to Richie's bed and attempts to wake him up.

ED
Richie! Richie!

RICHIE
What? What?

ED
I need to show you something.

Ed shows Richie his laptop with the "Under investigation for money laundering - Izaan Ayman" page.

RICHIE
Okay, clearly this is a different Izaan.

ED
It's the same name from the business card.

RICHIE
Ok, so he did some white collar crimes. Big deal.

ED
You know he is *paying us*, right?

RICHIE
What do you want us to do? Just stop working with him? Ed, this is our chance to make a great film.

ED
We know where his office is, right? Let's go inside, find out more about him and if it is indeed a different Izaan, then we'll move on the same way we did before.

RICHIE
You want to break into our producers office?

ED
We're just going to look at his emails, messages... that kind of stuff. I need to know he's not some kind of drug dealer or

RICHIE
Or what?

ED
Or... animal... abuser.

RICHIE
You care about animal abuse?

ED
Listen, I just want to know where
this guy gets his money from. Our
money.

RICHIE
Who cares where he gets his money
from?

ED
I do! It'll help me sleep better!

RICHIE
Ugh. Okay. If it'll make you sleep
and leave me alone, let's just do
it.

ED
Great!

RICHIE
But don't do any stupid shit!

EXT. OUTSIDE OF IZAAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ed and Richie are at the window going to Izaan's office. Ed has a backpack around him, Richie his phone with flashlight turned on.

RICHIE
This is stupid.

ED
We'll just follow the plan.

RICHIE
What plan? Going into our
producers office, looking through
his desk and emails to then find
clues of him being some sort of
gangster?

ED
Yes, that's the plan! Kudos, you
remembered it perfectly.

Ed takes a hammer out of his backpack. Richie's eyebrows raise when he sees this.

RICHIE

Wait! Ed! Why do you have a hamme-

Ed takes him hammer and throws it onto Izaan's window. The entire window splatters and pieces of it fall onto the ground.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Why didn't you just take the window out in one piece?

ED

This was easier.

They enter into Izaan's office through the now broken window.

INT. IZAAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ed immediately goes to Izaan's computer. Richie walks around the office and looks at the map on Izaan's desk.

Ed attempts to access Izaan's computer. It requests a password.

ED

Darn it! I need his password!

RICHIE

Try getting a hint.

Ed presses on the "hint" button.

The hint appears. It reads "What's your father's last name?"

ED

Gosh! It's asking me for his father's name!

RICHIE

Hold on. I think I know-

ED

What could it be? Isaam?

RICHIE

Ed-

ED
Izaan? Efrac? Richie, come one!
What are some Muslim names?

Ed hastily enters all kinds of names into the password field.

RICHIE
Ed! Don't you think his father's last name is the same as his last name? Ayman?

ED
Oh! I... should have thought of that. Didn't even know they ever give the last name as an option on these secret questions. Well. We have to wait for 15 minutes. I've entered too many wrong ones already.

RICHIE
Great! That's 15 minutes we have to kill.

INT. IZAAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ed is reading a tabloid magazine and Richie is solving a crossword puzzle.

A cell phone alarm goes off. Ed realizes it's time to enter the password.

Ed enters "Ayman" into the password field and gets granted access.

He opens Izaan's emails and sees a number of promotional ones.

ED
Ad. Ad. Ad. Ad. Ad.

RICHIE
Great! We broke into our producers window to see a crowded inbox he never checks.

ED
Hold on. How would someone who launders money communicate?

Richie continues to examine the map on Izaan's desk.

RICHIE
I don't know. He'd use something encrypted.

ED
Exactly! Something like-

RICHIE
WhatsApp.

ED
What?

RICHIE
Isn't WhatsApp encrypted? At least that's what it says.

Ed quickly searches up the browser-version of "WhatsApp" and all of Izaan's messages pop up.

ED
Yes! It's right here! Richie, you're a genius!

RICHIE
I'm not if I helped you break in here.

Ed goes through Izaan's WhatsApp messages.

ED
Okay. This one is to someone by the name of "umi"?

RICHIE
What are the messages about?

ED
(reading)
Izaan- come home with that whore one more time and I'll never let you into my house again!

RICHIE
Who could that be?

ED
Of course! He's a pimp! That's a relief!

Richie realizes something.

RICHIE
Hold on.

Richie takes out his phone to look up a translator app.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
'Umi' means 'mother' in Arabic.
It's his mother.

ED
He lives in his-

RICHIE
In his mother's basement. Yes, Ed.
He's not some badass mob boss.

ED
Isn't that suspicious, though? A
guy with two million bucks to
spend on a movie lives in his
mother's basement?

RICHIE
LA is expensive, man. Let's go.

ED
Hold on! I barely checked any
messages.

Ed continues to scroll through Izaan's WhatsApp. Much of it is in Arabic, so Ed presses rick-click and "translate to English".

ED (CONT'D)
This one just has emojis!

RICHIE
It's probably a sex message.

ED
That- or something he wants to
hide!

The message Ed opens is full of emoji messages going back-and-forth.

One text to Izaan reads a smiley face, four gun and seven money emojis.

Izaan's response reads seven smiley faces, four thumbs up and nineteen heart emojis.

ED (CONT'D)
He sells weapons!

Ed turns toward the map on Izaan's desk.

He notices all the red circles being in one area - the Middle East.

RICHIE

Ok. So do lots of people.

Ed goes to another message thread.

This one to Izaan reads *"Tomorrow we will have conquered our fourth city! We are making progress!"*

Izaan's response reads *"Do you need more flags?"*

A response to him reads *"We have enough flags."*

Izaan's response *"Listen, flags are very easy to produce. We can send some over."*

The response to Izaan *"I told you, we have enough flags! Stop spending money on pet projects!"*

Izaan's response *"Flags are vital to anyone who conquers land!"*

ED

Oh gosh. He's selling weapons and flags!

Ed opens the next message thread.

It reads *"Izaan. Here are our DVD requests. Please send them over if you can. And just use bootlegs the next time. Stop getting them off Amazon."*

Izaan's response *"What do you mean 'No more bootlegs'? MELC is an honorable conqueror! We have a duty to lead by example. We cannot steal movies. We have to pay for them. That way people will look at us and say 'MELC? Those guys conquered my hometown. But they pay for their entertainment! That means they can't be all that bad!'"*

ED (CONT'D)

MELC? What's MELC?

Ed types in "MELC" into a search engine.

The first result is "Montgomery Early Learning Centers"

RICHIE

Oh that makes sense! He's selling movies and weapons to an elementary school in Montgomery. Why did we misjudge him?

Ed looks at Richie as if he's an idiot.

ED
Guns to an elementary school?

RICHIE
Maybe they need them to protect
against potential grizzly's!
Alabama is a red state!

ED
No, dude! Look!

Ed points to the second result. A wikipedia page which reads- "Mid-East Liberation Committee".

Ed clicks on it. The page reads "The Mid-East Liberation Committee is a terrorist organization which first originated in 2016. It has now encompassed 4 villages in Syria, Iraq and Lybia."

Ed turns around and points to the map on Izaan's desk and specifically to its red circles.

ED (CONT'D)
See those circles? They're all in
the Middle East. Syria, Iraq,
North Africa.

RICHIE
Shit.

ED
He doesn't need a story about a
young kid becoming a war hero.

Ed turns around to face Richie.

ED (CONT'D)
He needs a terrorist propaganda
movie!

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ed is next to the window and Richie is on his bed inside of their small hotel room. They're both visibly digesting what they just learned.

RICHIE
I can't believe he didn't tell us
this!

ED

Can you imagine? All the changes he made were supposed to make our film an invitation to evil!

RICHIE

That's why he changed our costumes! Our heroes were supposed to have really cool suits, not these weird ropes!

ED

He was probably also going to take charge of post-production.

RICHIE

Even in terrorist-propaganda the studio has to ruin everything!

ED

I was really getting excited for this.

RICHIE

Me too. This really brings my enthusiasm from 100 to like... 5. I hope the actors won't feel it.

Ed can't believe what he just heard.

ED

You're kidding, right?

Richie doesn't seem to.

RICHIE

You didn't want to just quit the whole thing, did you?

ED

Richie, we're talking about producing terrorist propaganda. Stuff that's gonna get people killed!

RICHIE

Well, we don't know that for sure. You're talking about saying 'no' to 2 million bucks and directing a movie!

ED

A movie which supports terrorism! Listen, we didn't know what we were shooting. You remember that kid? Everything he was saying? How he wants to kill people? That empire he joins was never meant to be fictional. It's real! It's Izaan's organization! He wants to promote it with that movie! Listen, Richie. You're more successful than me. You got a job, I don't. You got a girl, I don't. And you're much, much smarter than me. But even I can see that this movie should never see the light of day!

RICHIE

But it's *our* movie.

A beat.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Come on... you think anyone's gonna see that film and join MELC?

ED

Yes, Richie! That is exactly what I think! Why do you think he's paying us so much money for it?

RICHIE

Listen... we're just going to finish this film, get the money, get the directors *and* writers credit and then we can make all the clean, kosher films we want.

ED

You are willing to work with a terrorist just to advance your career in Hollywood? That's exactly the kind of behavior we always swore *not* to engage in! Not to be like the rest of Hollywood!

RICHIE

You're telling me you came here for 12 years and now you get a chance at something real and you say 'no'? Because you don't want to work with a *bad* guy? Give me a break!

A beat.

Ed takes a suitcase from under the bunk bed and packs his items into it.

ED
 Very well. I'm taking an early train. You go work with the devil. I am *not* finishing that movie!

This stuns Richie.

RICHIE
 You're making a mistake, Ed!

Ed shuts the door and leaves the room.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
 You're making a mistake...

INT. PRODUCTION SET - DAY

Richie talks to an actor, while Izaan approaches him.

The other actor leaves.

IZAAN
 Richie! Where's your buddy Ed?

RICHIE
 He... decided not to come today. I think he got a bit scared over this whole production process.

IZAAN
 Oh. That's... surprising. I hope he's not mad at me or anything. Listen, did you happen to hear anything last night? Some idiot broke into my office.

RICHIE
 No idea.

IZAAN
 I understand. If I find these criminals, it'll be hell on earth for them! Anyways. Keep up the good work!

RICHIE
 (shouting)
 Okay- next scene everyone!

A new scene is being shot on set. The Young Boy talks to a group of people with guns and robes.

YOUNG BOY

What will you do to the families
of the people we kill?

MAN WITH GUN 1

We'll protect them and make sure
they'll see the joy of our
leadership.

YOUNG BOY

Really?

Richie sees this and starts to feel annoyed and uncomfortable.

RICHIE

Cut! Water please!

A CREWMEMBER, ~20-40, carries a water bottle to Richie, who takes it.

He looks at Richie, who is a mess.

CREWMEMBER

Is everything alright? You seem
stressed.

RICHIE

Everything's fine. I just need to
relax.

CREWMEMBER

Maybe catch a movie? That relaxes
me.

Richie looks at the crewmember, who walks away.

RICHIE

Good idea.

INT. IMAX AUDITORIUM - DAY

Richie is sitting in an IMAX theater seeing "Dunkirk" again.

Next to him a MOVIEGOER, wearing a burqa and long skirt.
(22, female)

When a plane drops bombs in "Dunkirk", the Moviegoer shrugs out of fear.

Richie looks at her for a beat.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE IMAX AUDITORIUM - DAY

Richie and the Moviegoer are exiting the auditorium. He holds the door open for her.

Ushers are entering the auditorium.

Richie looks at her walks over.

RICHIE

Are you alright? I saw you were struggling a bit over there.

MOVIEGOER

Oh. It's nothing. Just reminds me a bit of home.

Richie frowns.

MOVIEGOER (CONT'D)

Me and my family just came from Syria a few weeks ago. I started to love the movies they show here! It's a great escape. It's just that sometimes, the action reminds me of home.

RICHIE

I'm sorry.

MOVIEGOER

You don't have to be sorry! The ones that have to be will never feel sorry. When Daesh came in, some of our town joined them. They volunteered after hearing what kind of 'respected soldiers' they'd be. Committing atrocities didn't warrant a second thought after that. Murder. Rape. They hurt so, so many people.

Richie is totally stunned hearing this. He simply stares at her in awe.

MOVIEGOER (CONT'D)

You know... the real evil is what they do with the teenage males. The way they brainwash them. Play to their fears. Make them into killing machines. Into beasts.

(MORE)

MOVIEGOER (CONT'D)

They see their minds as toys to play around with. As tools for terror.

RICHIE

People really *volunteer* to join Daesh?

MOVIEGOER

They line up. After the stories of heroism these kids hear... it makes no difference to them anymore. Whether they kill the good guys or the bad guys. They just want to be part of something. Even if that something is Daesh.

RICHIE

Oh gosh.

MOTHER

Inshallah they'll be fully crushed one day. Crushed so badly that they won't be able to recruit a single new person. Crushed so badly they won't be able to harm another soul or take another life.

RICHIE

Yeah... That would be great.

Richie looks at the ground as she leaves the theater.

He can't focus after what he just heard and just stares at the ground.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Ed approaches the check-in counter. Before he does, he takes out his phone and takes a picture of the view from the train station's window with his ticket in one hand.

He goes to his twitter app on his phone and posts the picture, with the words "Time to leave LA! Probably last trip ever."

INT. HALLWAY OF IMAX THEATER - DAY

Richie takes out his phone and looks at it. He sees a notification. It's a tweet from Ed. The one from the train station.

Without hesitating, he sprints past the theater escalator.

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Ed approaches his terminal. He hears a familiar voice-

RICHIE
Ed!

ED
Richie!

They stand opposite of each other, in the middle of the train station.

RICHIE
I'm sorry!

Ed smiles.

ED
It's ok, man! No script is ever perfect at the first draft!

RICHIE
Let's kick Izaan's terrorist ass!

ED
Let's go!

A number of strangers watch the spectacle. Some take videos with their phones.

ED (CONT'D)
People! Stop filming!

RICHIE
In the rom-coms the airport people never film or stare when people reunite! They just mind their own business!

The strangers continue to take the video, completely unmoved by what Ed and Richie said.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
Let's just go.

ED
The rom-coms lied to us!

INT. IZAAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Izaan is sitting at his desk, looking at his computer when his mother walks into his office.

IZAAN'S MOTHER
Izaan! You have to see this!

Security 1 shows Izaan security camera footage on his tablet.

It shows Ed with his hammer and Richie following him.

IZAAN'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
This is less than 400 feet from
this building.

IZAAN
You're saying the moronic
Americans I offered 2 million
dollars to do a movie figured out
they're working for a terrorist?

IZAAN'S MOTHER
Turns out you're not a genius!
Turns out your plan was shit!

IZAAN
Well... guess I have to do what's
difficult. Let's call security.
And let's finish this masterpiece.

CUT TO:

INT. PRODUCTION SET - DAY

Izaan enters the set. The crew is waiting for him.

YOUNG BOY
Izaan? Where is Richie?

IZAAN
He and Ed are gonna be busy for
some time. I'll be directing!

A new scene is being shot. Soldiers surround the teenager and the Young Boy.

YOUNG BOY
Does it really have to end this
way?

TEENAGER

It was for the better, kid. We fought and we came far.

Both the Teenager and the Young Boy pretend to be shot.

IZAAN

Cut! That was excellent!

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Izaan is sitting in front of his computer, rubbing his hands together.

IZAAN

Alright! Let's edit a movie!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

On different parts of the room, Ed and Richie pack their items into suitcases.

ED

I wonder if you'll ever tell your kids about this.

RICHIE

About what? Working with a terrorist on a movie? It's probably a good lesson.

ED

Yeah... never to trust someone who wants to make your dreams into reality. Suppress your wishes as they could cause great damage. We should write kids books, not scripts!

Someone starts knocking on the hotel room door.

RICHIE

Who is it?

SECURITY 1

We're here to kidnap you.

Richie and Ed appear confused.

ED

(laughing)

Funny joke! No, seriously. Who are you?

The door opens. A number of big men with guns approach Ed and Richie.

SECURITY 2

No, seriously! We're here to kidnap you!

The security punches both Ed and Richie until they're unconscious lying on the floor of their hotel room.

INT. IZAAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Izaan is sitting in front of Ed and Richie, who are stuck to a chair and just waking up.

IZAAN

Good evening!

RICHIE

Bastard!

IZAAN

I wasn't the one who broke into another man's office and destroyed his window!

ED

Another terrorist's office!

IZAAN

Yeah... about that. I'm not really a *terrorist terrorist*. I'm a conqueror! If I have to conquer through love - I'll conquer through love. If I have to conquer through terror - I'll conquer through terror!

RICHIE

You're an evil monster! And we're going to get you into jail!

IZAAN

Jail. Haha. Very funny. Because whatever you did or whoever you told about me- they don't have enough evidence to put me behind bars. And even if they do, I have enough money to get them off my radar. Especially with all the money that film of yours is going to bring us through recruits!

RICHIE

Idiot! We never finished that film!

IZAAN

You didn't, but I did!

ED

You have an assembly cut?

IZAAN

Oh yes! About to be sent into the cloud and shared with dozens of people, where it can never be deleted! And not just that. That little masterpiece of ours sold distribution rights for India, Lebanon, Turkey, Israel and the best of all- the United States of, guess what, motherfucking America!

RICHIE

You sold distribution rights for the U.S.?

IZAAN

I offered it to Netflix and they took it. Anyways, you'll be sent to a camp where you'll be forced to write more of these masterpieces for me. Until then, enjoy my fetish bondages!

Izaan walks out of his office.

ED

Wait... what?

RICHIE

Okay. Ed! Don't touch these handcuffs. I think these are...

ED

This terrorist likes BDSM! No! No! No! I hate this guy! The worst guy I ever met!

RICHIE

I know. But let's focus on how to get out of here...

ED

There is no way. We're stuck. Tied to a chair. Handcuffed.

(MORE)

ED (CONT'D)

It's over, man. Izaan won. The movie is finished. We'll burn in hell.

The office window breaks following a hammer pushing through it! The pieces fall onto the floor.

Lee walks into the office!

LEE

Sorry about that.

ED

Lee!

RICHIE

Lee!

ED

And you used a hammer too! See, Richie! He used a hammer!

RICHIE

Who are you? How did you find us?

Lee takes out an ID card from his pocket.

LEE

FBI. I have been following Izaan for a while now. Thanks to you I have enough evidence to get a warrant for arrest! Thank you!

ED

Sir, do you mind if I write a movie about your heroic life?

RICHIE

When can you arrest Izaan?

LEE

I need to get a warrant first. That might take hours, or weeks or months. Plus, he's constantly moving around. I need to catch him at one spot.

RICHIE

What? You didn't need a warrant to throw a hammer through that window?

ED

Which was the right thing to do,
by the way!

LEE

That was me being a badass and
helping two people in need. I
didn't need a warrant for that.
But I *do* need one to arrest
somebody.

RICHIE

But... but... That movie we shot
can bring thousands to join MELC!
Izaan finished it and is about to
send it into his cloud! Share it
with the whole world!

Lee chuckles.

LEE

Listen. Guys... I know you think
your stuff is great... but one
movie isn't going to kill people.

ED

No! You don't understand the power
of movies! They can make people
think, behave, live their lives
differently! Izaan understood
that. It's why he was about to pay
us so much money to make it.

LEE

Izaan is a terrorist. But also a
bit too much into movies. Either
way- you're free to go. *I'll* deal
with Izaan.

Shock goes over Ed and Richie's faces.

RICHIE

Coward!

LEE

I just rescued you from going into
a terrorist concentration camp.

RICHIE

Coward who did a really nice thing
I'm really thankful for!

Lee goes through Izaan's office, away from Ed and Richie.

ED
Well... what do we do now?

RICHIE
We can't rely on Lee to get that movie deleted. We need to track Izaan down.

ED
The number he always called us from was private. There is no way we can track him down.

RICHIE
We might not know a way. But someone does.

CUT TO:

INT. ROB'S OFFICE - DAY

Rob is sitting, listening to Ed and Richie who are sitting across him.

ROB
Man... I'm sorry to have gotten you in touch with a terrorist. I have his address- sure. But are you really ready to face him?

ED
What do you mean?

ROB
Didn't you say he has security? They might have guns.

RICHIE
All we have to do is get in there and prevent that assembly cut file from being sent into the cloud. We'll arm ourselves appropriately, don't worry.

ROB
I see. You know what you guys are?

They aren't sure what he's talking about.

ROB (CONT'D)
You guys are crazy people.

ED
We know.

ROB

But also heroes. I mean... look at what happened. You realize the importance of film and cinema. You're ready to risk your life so that your work isn't going to lead to harm. That's freakin' heroism right there!

RICHIE

Well... thank you, Rob!

ROB

You know... all these years I thought you were never going to get any of your scripts sold. I thought you were a lost cause.

Silence. Ed and Richie exchange looks.

ED

You did?

ROB

Yeah. I mean... you guys weren't serious. All of your scripts were just a knock-off of whatever was popular at the movies last summer. But this year... you've changed. Ed- your cat story was really funny. And Richie- your war story was really emotional. Not some knock-off. Sure. Those things have led to your potential downfall but at least you guys grew as people!

RICHIE

Thanks... You could have also told us that 12 years ago! So that we could *change* our scripts?!

ROB

Oh well... to be honest I missed whatever came out in the summer so I actually liked reading your work so that I could catch up on what came out in the previous year.

ED

Wait? You used us and didn't critique us because you were too lazy to catch up on summer movies?

ROB
Yeah... sorry about that. Anyways,
here's his location.

Rob hands them a piece of paper with Izaan's coordinates.

ED
You...!

RICHIE
Thank you.

Richie takes the paper.

ED
What?

RICHIE
Thanks for being honest. For once.
After 12 years!

Rob nods, but with a bit of guilt.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Ed and Richie exit a cab and look up to a huge department store from its parking lot. They're smiling as if they're about to conquer the world.

ED
Time to arm ourselves
appropriately!

They both laugh. Richie gives Ed a high-five.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Two huge carts enter the store. Ed and Richie each have one with them and confidently steer them.

Ed puts two baseball bats from an aisle into his cart.

Richie takes five bottles of pepper spray and throws them into his cart.

Boxes of gloves and masks are being thrown into carts.

Spray cans hammers are being kicked into carts one after the other.

Finally, Ed and Richie arrive at the check-out counter.

They start to put their items onto the counter.

The CASHIER looks at all the items Ed and Richie are about to purchase. Pepper spray cans, baseball bats, really sharp hammers and black masks. He tries to stop himself from talking but can't.

CASHIER
Organizing a baseball game?

They look at each other and try to come up with something.

RICHIE
Yeah! A game!

ED
And a barbecue later! That's why we have the hammers! Need to assemble a grill!

CASHIER
And the masks?

ED
It's getting cold!

CASHIER
In L.A.?

ED
It gets windy.

The Cashier nods and hesitantly processes the items.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

With carts full of items, Ed and Richie approach a cab.

They recognize the face of the driver. It's the same Cab Driver who drove them to set before.

ED
Oh! Sir! Hello! How come we meet again here in L.A.!

The cab driver nods.

CAB DRIVER
(in thick Russian
accent)
World is small.

He looks at the many items in their carts. Baseball bats and black masks sticking out.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)
Organizing a baseball game?

They look at each other and try to come up with something.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)
I'm just messing with you! Hop in!

A sigh of relief goes over Ed and Richie. They enter the cab.

INT. CAB - DAY - MOVING

Ed and Richie sit with items crammed between their feet.

In the background, Russian music plays over the radio.

RICHIE
So let's do this one more time.

ED
I've got the pepper spray.

RICHIE
I've got the baseball bat.

ED
And Izaan-

RICHIE
-the terrorist scum-

ED
Has no other choice but to hand
over the movie.

RICHIE
Terrible plan.

ED
It's the best we got.

Suddenly the Cab Driver starts to loudly sing along to his Russian music. This interrupts Ed and Richie.

CAB DRIVER
I am sorry my friends. Here...
wait!

The Cab Driver takes out sodas from a bag next to him and hands one each to Ed and Richie. They take them. Richie puts it aside and Ed starts drinking it.

ED
Thank you!

RICHIE
Yeah, thanks. Listen, you can
listen to whatever you want. We
don't mind.

CAB DRIVER
Are you going to be there long?

Ed and Richie are confused.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)
Where you're going? Maybe I can
pick you up?

Their confusion fades away.

RICHIE
Yes! Yes! Let's do that! Thanks!

Ed notices the paper on the back seat. It's supposed to
show the license of the driver. And it *is* a license- but
that of a woman.

Ed looks at Richie to indicate that he's unsure about the
authenticity of this cab driver.

Richie shrugs. He doesn't care.

Ed's face begins to show anxiety.

ED
What if Izaan does have guards?

RICHIE
Don't worry. We have ourselves.

ED
It's just a movie...

RICHIE
No, Ed! We're doing this! Lee is a
coward. He doesn't understand the
power of cinema. We do. And we're
going to stop this piece of shit!
We're going to stop Izaan!

Ed's face begins to show signs of relief.

ED
Thanks, President Whitmore.

RICHIE
No problem.

The cab stops.

Richie takes out a card and looks out of his window.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
This is it. This is the address
Rob gave us.

Ed and Richie begin to exit the car.

Richie addresses the Cab Driver.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
Can you come back in like 30
minutes or so?

CAB DRIVER
Sure thing!

The cab drives away.

EXT. SUBURBAN BLOCK - NIGHT

Ed and Richie stand before a middle-class house with bags full of items on the floor.

They both put on their masks and each take out pepper spray and a baseball bat.

Armed and ready, they head toward the door.

ED
Okay man!

RICHIE
Here we go!

Slowly- they ring the bell.

Someone opens. It's a IZAAN'S EX-WIFE, ~30, dark hair.

ED
Hand over the movie or we start
spraying!

Ed and Richie are silent for a moment. This isn't Izaan.

IZAAN'S EX-WIFE
I'm calling the cops!

The woman quickly grabs a phone from her house and starts dialing a number

RICHIE

I am so sorry mam. Is this the house of Izaan?

ED

Izaan Ayman?

The woman slows down for a moment.

IZAAN'S EX-WIFE

Oh. That terrorist scum.

ED

You... know him?

IZAAN'S EX-WIFE

I know him too well. I was his wife.

A beat.

IZAAN'S EX WIFE

He's a terrorist swine. Trying to make money of territory. Not a good man.

ED

Agreed!

RICHIE

Well, we're sorry for disturbing you.

IZAAN'S EX WIFE

Wait! I know where you could find him. He has a caravan he uses to so he wouldn't have to pay LA rent prices. It's near a zombie home downtown. Usually he's there on Sunday nights before he leaves for the airport.

ED

Sunday! That's today!

IZAAN'S EX WIFE

Yeah. Good luck.

IZAAN's EX WIFE slams the door on Ed and Richie.

RICHIE

Wow. We were able to gather a significant piece of information all without making a mess. For a moment I feel like we're actually not losers!

ED

Did you see her though? Gorgeous woman! I wonder why she married Izaan. Is it the money? We need money.

RICHIE

And now I feel like we're losers again.

They walk away from the house.

ED

Without making a mess... We almost pepper sprayed her!

EXT. IZAAN'S SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

An expensive SUV approaches a large abandoned house which only one road leads to.

It's the only house on the block and while the house's windows are covered with wood, a large caravan parks in its driveway with lights beaming inside of it.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Inside, Izaan is on the back seat.

He has a hard drive connected to a laptop with a wire.

The screen on his laptop reads "File 'My Propaganda Movie' is at 20%. Your upload should take approximately 20 more minutes."

His SUV stops. He opens its doors.

EXT. IZAAN'S HOUSE, SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Izaan exits his SUV, carrying his laptop and hard drive. A number of men are waiting for him. It's his SECURITY CREW.

IZAAN

Is the caravan ready?

SECURITY 1

Yes, sir!

IZAAN

Good. Don't start it yet. I need to make sure I upload this file into the cloud with free neighborhood WiFi.

SECURITY 1

Wise decision.

Izaan points to the three security guards standing around his caravan.

He hands them his laptop and hard drive. The laptop's screen is wide open and shines brightly in the night.

IZAAN

You, you and you. Protect this, it's heavy. Don't lose sight of it. Bring it onto the caravan once it reaches 50 percent.

SECURITY 1

You got it.

IZAAN

And don't look at the screen. If I see you watching that movie before anyone else you'd have to sign a NDA. And those can be very long and annoying. Plus then all three of you will have to sign one. And that's extra work just because you couldn't control yourself.

SECURITY 1

Understood.

Izaan walks away toward his caravan.

SECURITY 2 slowly moves his eyes toward the screen before-

SECURITY 1 (CONT'D)

Don't!

SECURITY 2

Don't what? I wasn't-

SECURITY 3

Yes you were!

SECURITY 2

I'm sorry.

SECURITY 1

Don't have it be like last time
when you went through his WhatsApp
and thought he was a pimp.

EXT. SUBURBAN BLOCK - NIGHT

Ed and Richie stand outside Izaan's Ex Wife's house, closer
to the road.

ED

When did that cab driver say he'd
be here?

RICHIE

Any minute now.

Richie gathers his thoughts.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Listen... Ed. I was a real douche
before. But honestly, these trips
weren't all that bad.

ED

What are you saying?

RICHIE

Well. I finally saw Hollywood. Not
the fun, glamorous and smart folks
on late shows. Not the amazing
movies and artists but-

ED

Assholes.

RICHIE

Exactly! Izaan. Rob. Lee. Those
guys suck! But they are the only
ones who we had real dealings with
here in LA. After all these years,
I finally saw the real Hollywood.
A bunch of self-serving assholes.
And I almost became one.

ED

Well. We're about to destroy that
movie. And that's the least
self-serving thing we could do!

Richie smiles.

Suddenly, loud Russian pop music appears.

Their cab approaches. The music continues playing, only even louder.

Ed and Richie enter the cab.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

The loud Russian pop music becomes even more audible to Ed and Richie who struggle to enter the tiny cab with their many bags full of items.

CAB DRIVER

I hope you don't mind the music!

ED

No, no!

RICHIE

No problem, sir!

EXT. IZAAN'S HOUSE, SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Slowly, the cab comes to a stop outside of a Izaan's house, with three guards standing in front of the driveway.

Everything around the driveway is surrounded with large fences except for a tiny entrance which isn't.

The security guard are standing right in front of that tiny opening.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Ed looks out of the cab's window.

ED

Shit! He has guards!

RICHIE

How do you know they're guards?

ED

Just look at them. They all have cheap suits, weird sunglasses and all look like they're pretending to know what they're doing. Tell me any other person who looks that way other than a security guard!

RICHIE

Good point.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, NIGHT - NEAR IZAAN'S CARAVAN

The caravan has one door open.

Izaan exits it and starts to take out his phone.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

ED
That's Izaan!

RICHIE
What is he doing?

EXT. DRIVEWAY, NIGHT - NEAR IZAAN'S CARAVAN

Izaan starts pointing his phone at himself while smiling.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

RICHIE
Is he taking pictures of himself?

ED
Who is he gonna share them with?
He's under investigation.

RICHIE
You forgot all those people on his
WhatsApp?

ED
Oh. Right. Hopefully those are the
only pictures he takes of himself.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, NIGHT - NEAR IZAAN'S CARAVAN

Izaan continues to smile and make funny poses for his pictures.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

RICHIE
This is the time! We have him
right here. We just need to get
him unconscious and then delete
the movie.

ED
How do you plan on going past
these security guards? Look how
bored they are.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, NIGHT - NEAR IZAAN'S CARAVAN

One of the three security guards is putting his finger
inside of his ear. Another one is trying to solve a
Rubik's® cube.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

ED
They'll notice us right away!

Richie is silent for a second. He has an idea.

RICHIE
Not if we split up.

ED
What?

RICHIE
You'll distract the guards while I
get Izaan.

ED
That... could work!

RICHIE
Let's do it!

The cab driver is immersed in his pop music.

Richie takes out a stack of dollar bills from his pocket.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
Here, sir! Thank you very much!

They grab their bags and exit the cab.

EXT. SIDEWALK BEFORE IZAAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The cab drives away. They put their bags on the sidewalk.

Richie takes out a can of pepper spray and a small baseball
bat.

Ed looks at his phone. He types in "Funny jokes to distract
security guards" into a search engine.

Richie turns to Ed.

RICHIE
I'm trusting you man!

Ed nods and slowly walks up to the opening and enters the driveway.

EXT. IZAAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

One of the security guards notices Ed walking toward the driveway.

SECURITY 1
Hey! Sir! This is private area!

ED
I know! I just came to entertain
you!

The security guards look up, confused.

ED (CONT'D)
My name is Ed! I run an
organization called "Comedians
fighting boredom at the
workplace". We focus on security
officers. Do you know how many
security officers fall asleep
every day because of boredom?

SECURITY 2
Not me.

ED
I wouldn't blame you if you did!

SECURITY 3
So how do you plan on entertaining
us?

ED
I have a video to show you!

Ed takes out his phone and opens a video player.

Two of the three guards pay close attention to Ed's phone.
One of them, Security 1, refuses to get distracted.

Ed's phone starts playing videos of odd Russian highway
accidents.

Both security 2 and 3 begin to laugh hysterically!

After a bit, Security 1 can't control himself and also looks over to Ed's phone. He starts to burst out into laughter as well!

SECURITY 1

Look at him! He just came out of nowhere! And he starts cursing in a funny language! Ha! This is awesome!

EXT. DRIVEWAY, NIGHT - NEAR IZAAN'S CARAVAN

Richie holds his can of pepper spray in his hand while he puts his baseball bat aside.

He's around 50 feet from Izaan's caravan. He looks back and sees the security guards laughing. He looks toward the caravan and sees Izaan taking pictures of himself inside of the caravan.

Richie takes a breath, puts his finger on the trigger of the pepper spray can. He sprints over to the caravan-

Izaan takes a picture of himself, turns around and finds pepper spray sprayed into his face by Richie.

INT. IZAAN'S CARAVAN - NIGHT

Richie walks into Izaan's caravan while Izaan screams with his hands over his face.

RICHIE

There you go, scum!

IZAAN

ARGH! Who is this?

RICHIE

Your worst nightmare!

IZAAN

Is this Richie?

RICHIE

Yeah.

IZAAN

(weak)

Richie... please... come closer?

Richie starts to feel bad for Izaan and comes closer to him.

RICHIE

Are you okay? Listen we just wanted that movie to be destr-

IZAAN

Please tell my wife... that if my eyesight vanishes... that I still will never forget-

RICHIE

Hold on, which wife? Because we met your ex and I don't think she likes you.

IZAAN

You know what?

Izaan kicks Richie in his private area. Richie takes a fall. The pepper spray slips off his hands and flied out of the caravan through its door.

Izaan removes the pepper spray from his face.

IZAAN (CONT'D)

You think you can just come here, beat me up, say a well-known catchphrase and get my movie? This isn't like in the movies! Where the good guys win! The bad guys, in the real world, have a shot too!

RICHIE

You think you're the 'bad guy'?

IZAAN

I'm whatever Gotham needs me to be.

RICHIE

Shut up! You're a terrorist! You tied us up and your organization kills people!

Izaan thinks about that for a moment.

IZAAN

Yeah. Yeah. That's true. And you know what? I don't care! People die. People live. Izaan cares about one thing! Money and having fun! Just like every over American. I'm more American than you!

Richie looks over the computer connected to the hard drive. He recognizes the hard drive which he and Ed used for production.

RICHIE

The movie...

IZAAN

Gonna be a great one. Can't wait to see it.

Izaan smiles. Richie's furious. His movie. Being used for Izaan's evil purposes. He gets up, and starts going after Izaan with a fist.

Izaan catches the fist and throws him onto the floor.

Richie responds with a strong hit toward Izaan's stomach.

Izaan grunts and falls toward the front of the caravan.

Before Richie can strike again, Izaan grabs a walkie talkie from one of the caravan's chairs.

IZAAN (CONT'D)

(into walkie talkie)

You braindead idiots! Get over here!

EXT. DRIVEWAY, NIGHT - NEAR IZAAN'S CARAVAN

The three security guards are still laughing at the videos Ed is showing them on his phone.

The video they're currently looking at is of a man cursing in Russian after his truck nearly strikes an army of deer before coming to a stop.

One security guard notices noise at the back of his pocket. It's the walkie talkie.

SECURITY 2

(into walkie talkie)

Sorry sir?

IZAAN

(over walkie talkie)

GET OVER HERE DUMBASSES!

Security 2 turns to the other guards.

SECURITY 2

Boss needs us! Seems urgent.

The guards run toward the caravan while Ed remains standing with funny Russian highway videos playing on his phone.

ED
Guys...? We were having so much fun?

INT. IZAAN'S CARAVAN - NIGHT

Richie lies on the ground while Izaan is out of breath from fighting.

RICHIE
Your security's stupid!

IZAAN
So are my filmmakers!

Richie tries to get up and swing a fist at Izaan when he's being held back by Security 2 who just walked into the caravan.

SECURITY 2
We got you, boss!

Security 2 holds down Richie along with Security 1 and 3.

IZAAN
What took you so long?

SECURITY 3
There was a man showing us funny videos on his phone. It wasn't our fault?

Security 1 puts his hand over his head.

CUT TO:

INT. IZAAN'S CARAVAN - NIGHT

Richie is sitting in Izaan's caravan, his hands tied up behind his back.

Security 1 and 2 bring Ed, who now also has his hands tied, into the caravan and throw him next to Richie.

ED
I tried, man.

RICHIE
You did good.

Izaan waves at Security 1 and 2, indicating that they can leave the caravan which they do.

Now it's just Izaan and tied-up Ed and Richie in the caravan.

IZAAN

So! My employees! My directors! My writers! They decide to turn on me! What a twist!

RICHIE

You turned on yourself when you started doing that terrorist work!

IZAAN

You know, Richie? I know you and Ed broke into my office. I also know that you showed up to set the next day. Alone.

Richie becomes visibly embarrassed hearing this.

IZAAN (CONT'D)

So while Ed stayed true to his convictions, you didn't give a shit. You continued working on this film, knowing what it was for. You cared more about the money I was going to pay you than the righteousness of the cause. Just like I care more about my money than the righteousness of my cause. So, don't play the hero here, Richie. You're no hero. You're just like me.

ED

He is not like you! He realized that working for terrorists is wrong!

IZAAN

Oh! Ha! You think he's great because he turned? You think I'll turn?

Ed and Richie both nod, indicating that that it would be a good solution.

IZAAN (CONT'D)

You guys... THIS ISN'T STAR WARS! You know why I hired you?

They have no answer.

IZAAN (CONT'D)

I hired you because I needed stupid Americans to write me a stupid story which stupid people will fall for. I looked at your portfolios. Virtually everything you ever wrote was full of stereotypes, tropes... literally everything Hollywood did the summer before.

This is something they've heard before from Rob. It hits them.

IZAAN (CONT'D)

You guys don't think of anything new! The world isn't like in every other Hollywood blockbuster! Real life is different! No, I won't turn! No, I won't spare you!

Ed and Richie look at the hard drive connected to the laptop. It shows "67 percent uploaded". Izaan turns around and looks at it too.

IZAAN (CONT'D)

And NO, this damn movie release will not be stopped!

EXT. DRIVEWAY, NIGHT - NEAR IZAAN'S CARAVAN

Our three security guards are standing outside the driveway again.

SECURITY 3

I can't believe they have these kinds of drivers in Russia.

SECURITY 1

First, it's not just in Russia, you idiot. Second, we almost lost our jobs because of these stupid videos!

SECURITY 3

Sorry.

SECURITY 1

Let's just pretend we know what we're doing!

A cab pulls up near Izaan's house. Our Cab Driver, the one who drove Ed and Richie before, exists the cab.

CAB DRIVER
 (in heavy Russian
 accent)
 Hello gentlemen! Do you happen to
 have seen someone named Izaan?

SECURITY 2
 He's in the caravan-

SECURITY 1
 Why would you say that!? Sir,
 we're not allowed to disclose
 these kinds of things.

CAB DRIVER
 Oh. My fault. I'm sorry. I just
 wanted to talk to him regarding a
 road accident we had.

Security 2 and 3 start to get interested.

SECURITY 3
 A road accident?

CAB DRIVER
 Oh, yes! He said he'd pay for the
 damages because he had no
 insurance.

A brief beat. Security 2 and 3 look at each other.

SECURITY 2
 Where you come from... are there
 lots of those... road...
 accidents?

The Cab Driver smiles.

CAB DRIVER
 Oh! You have no idea! In Russia...
 we have tanks driving on the bus
 lane!

Security 2 and 3 begin to pay their full attention to him.
 Security 1 slowly starts to get interested in what Cab
 Driver has to say as well.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)
 We have so many crazy road
 accidents...

SECURITY 3
 Like a horde of deer on the
 highway?

CAB DRIVER
Like a horde of bears on the
bridge!

SECURITY 2
Whoa!

SECURITY 3
Wow!

CAB DRIVER
Some Russians even made a movie-
"The Road Movie". A compilation of
all those crazy moments on the
road.

SECURITY 2
We can't use our phones at work...

CAB DRIVER
Ah! No worries!

Cab Driver pulls out his phone, hands it to the guards and starts showing the security guards "The Road Movie". Security 2 and 3 start laughing like crazy and 1 slowly joins them as well.

Once all three guards are watching the movie with attention, the Cab Driver slowly walks past them without them noticing a thing.

INT. IZAAN'S CARAVAN - NIGHT

Ed and Richie, still tied up next to the caravan's doors, see someone slowly walking past the caravan. Someone familiar.

Richie takes note of this.

Izaan is on his phone playing games.

RICHIE
Hey... Izaan. I think there's
someone outside for you.

Izaan puts focus from his phone onto Richie.

IZAAN
What?

Izaan exits the caravan.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, NIGHT - NEAR IZAAN'S CARAVAN

Our three security guards are laughing like crazy at what they're seeing on their phones. Not noticing Izaan, who approaches them.

IZAAN

Hey!

Security 1 turns around right away. His eyes open up. He's shocked to see his boss there.

SECURITY 1

(quietly)

Shit.

The other two guards start to turn around as well. Slowly, once they do, the smile they had from "The Road Movie" disappears.

Izaan is standing in front of them and they exchange a beat while the sound from "The Road Movie" is still playing, specifically the sound of a Russian man in the movie cursing loudly.

IZAAN

Don't look at me like that!

The guards all put their heads down in shame.

IZAAN (CONT'D)

What exactly am I paying you minimum wage for? Huh? To do the minimum amount of work?

SECURITY 1

I'm sorry sir, we were distract-

The three guards put their heads down in shame.

IZAAN

Distracted! I hired you so you won't be distracted! I hired you so you'll prevent people from getting into my caravan-

Our security guards continue to have their heads down through Izaan's entire disciplinary rant all while they're both missing something- our Cab Driver slowly moves toward the caravan behind Izaan.

Security 2 puts his head up and sees our Cab Driver moving.

SECURITY 2

Boss! Look! Behind you!

Izaan turns around but doesn't see anyone. The Cab Driver was quick.

IZAAN
What?

SECURITY 2
There... was a guy there...

A confused Izaan clutches his eyebrows together.

IZAAN
I want all of you in front of that caravan. Where I can see you!

INT. IZAAN'S CARAVAN - NIGHT

Still having his hands tied up, Richie tries to move so that he may get the hard drive but without any success.

Ed feels he's lost it.

RICHIE
ARGH! I can't reach this darn thing!

ED
Forget about it. We'd need a miracle now.

Izaan enters the caravan.

IZAAN
He's right. Forget about it! We've tied you well together.

RICHIE
You'll pay for this!

IZAAN
How exactly? You think someone else will appear here and save you?

ED
Maybe!

IZAAN
And *maybe* someone will make a movie out of your heroic mission! Ha! I know what movie *is* getting made. And it's being uploaded right there!

Richie turns to Ed. They're both helpless and exchange a beat.

They take a look at the laptop. The file continues to upload and is at "76 percent".

RICHIE

I'm sorry man. We shouldn't have done this film. It's gonna ruin lives.

ED

We've come this far! Don't give up hope.

IZAAN

Hope! Is there anything more useless?

Izaan's face turns to to Ed and Richie.

IZAAN (CONT'D)

You can't do a thing with it!
Anger- that you can use in battle.
Hate- that too. But hope? Useless!
Big time!

EXT. DRIVEWAY, NIGHT - NEAR IZAAN'S CARAVAN

Someone approaches our security guards outside of Izaan's caravan.

The caravan's door is open and everything is visible inside of the caravan. Ed makes note of this and taps Richie on the shoulder. Izaan is still focused on his rant in front of Ed and Richie.

INT. IZAAN'S CARAVAN - NIGHT

IZAAN

Hope doesn't make you rich!

EXT. DRIVEWAY, NIGHT - NEAR IZAAN'S CARAVAN

The man outside the caravan is the Cab Driver! He approaches our security calmly and seems to be explaining things to them.

INT. IZAAN'S CARAVAN - NIGHT

Richie looks out of the open caravan door.

RICHIE
(whispering)
Is that our driver?

IZAAN
Hope doesn't conquer! Hope doesn't
win wars!

EXT. DRIVEWAY, NIGHT - NEAR IZAAN'S CARAVAN

The Cab Driver now even takes out a piece of paper and shows it to the guards. They look at it carefully and nod, seemingly agreeing.

INT. IZAAN'S CARAVAN - NIGHT

IZAAN
Hope doesn't kill your enemies!
Hope doesn't rescue you in moments
of peril!

EXT. DRIVEWAY, NIGHT - NEAR IZAAN'S CARAVAN

The Cab Driver and the security guards laugh among each other.

INT. IZAAN'S CARAVAN - NIGHT

IZAAN
Hope does NOTHING for you!

EXT. DRIVEWAY, NIGHT - NEAR IZAAN'S CARAVAN

The Cab Driver is now approaching Izaan's caravan with a piece of paper in his hand.

He drops his Russian accent completely.

CAB DRIVER
Mr. Izaan Ayman! You are under
arrest!

INT. IZAAN'S CARAVAN - NIGHT

Izaan turns around and sees the Cab Driver approaching him. He quickly grabs the door handle and smashes it into his face, then locks it.

IZAAN
Not interested.

RICHIE
You're trapped!

IZAAN
I'll call people who'll take care
of him later.

Izaan walks over to the laptop and hard drive with the movie.

ED
What are you doing?

IZAAN
Protecting what I spent millions
of dollars on.

RICHIE
You're not getting that movie!

IZAAN
Oh really? Who's gonna stop me?

The laptop screen now shows "Transfer 84 percent complete"

Izaan is standing in front of the laptop, tapping on it's desk out of lack of patience.

IZAAN (CONT'D)
Once I'm done with this shit I'm
gonna go and have a blast. IMAX!
Dunkirk re-release!

This gets Ed and Richie by surprise. They look at each other.

ED
(whispering to Richie)
I have an idea!

Ed turns his head toward Izaan.

ED (CONT'D)
You know we saw that movie just a
couple of days ago! It's very
emotional!

IZAAN
Really? What do you mean?

ED

Well... the British and French troops are trapped by the Nazi's. The death of thousands of young soldiers and virtually the entire British army is imminent.

IZAAN

I know the setting...

ED

But we start with three different characters! One family on a private pleasure boat, a father, his son and a young boy who volunteers to help them. Then a soldier on land who tries to escape and a pilot trying to kill Nazi planes.

RICHIE

The father already lost a son to the war. They take a traumatized soldier onto the pleasure boat. He ends up killing the young boy who attempts to help them, but by accident. The father's son is furious, but since the soldier regrets it, he lies to him and says that the boy will be alright.

IZAAN

He lies to the soldier who killed the boy? Just so the soldier won't feel like a monster?

ED

Yeah! The boy really wanted to be written in a newspaper so that his community would see him there. So the father's son does so and gets an article with his face and name on it printed, titled "hero at Dunkirk".

Izaan starts to get emotional. His voice indicates tears.

IZAAN

Really? The young boy gets into the paper as a hero?

RICHIE

Yes! He only wanted to help the poor soldier.

IZAAN

I know! It's beautiful! What happens to the pilot?

ED

He kills a bunch of German planes including a crucial one, which prevents thousands of soldier from being killed right before the evacuation. He gets captured by the Germans.

RICHIE

He flew his last fuel into Dunkirk to-

IZAAN

-to save his fellow soldiers!

Ed and Richie look at each other. This is working!

ED

And our soldier ends up escaping with other men from Dunkirk. They are on a train to England and fear to be spit at on the streets. However the people welcome them with open arms.

RICHIE

They are surprised that home hasn't abandoned them but welcomes them!

ED

After all, its tiny boats and ships saved them. It was all from home.

RICHIE

So goes the tagline of the movie. "When 400,000 men couldn't get home-

IZAAN

"home came for them!" I LOVE IT!

Izaan now has a number of tears on his cheeks already.

RICHIE

The movie ends on a great note! With Churchill's famous speech!

ED

We shall defend our island,
Whatever the cost may be - we
shall fight on the beaches, we
shall fight on the landing grounds

RICHIE

We shall fight in the fields and
The streets. We shall fight in the
hills; we shall-

IZAAN

never surrender! We shall never
surrender! And even if, which I do
not for a moment believe,

RICHIE

(whispering to Ed)

I'll go smash into him. You go
disconnect the hard drive.

IZAAN

This Island or a large part of it
were subjugated and starving, then
our Empire beyond the seas,

ED

(whispering to Richie)

What do you mean, 'smash into
him'?

RICHIE

(whispering to Ed)

I mean using my head!

Ed's eyes open up. He can't believe what he just heard!

They both look at the laptop screen Izaan is in front of
now. It now reads "94 percent uploaded".

IZAAN

Armed and guarded by the British
Fleet, would carry on the
struggle, until, in God's good
time, the New World, with all its
power and might, steps forth to
the rescue and the liberation of
the old.

Beats.

IZAAN (CONT'D)

I LOVE IT! I LOVE IT! I LOVE
NOLAN! I LOVE CHURCHILL!

(MORE)

IZAAN (CONT'D)
I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE IT IN IMAX!
Thanks for that. You guys are
great storytellers, I have to tell
you!

Izaan's face is filled with a large smile. He looks outside the window.

At that moment, Richie gets up and quickly, with his hands still tied behind him, runs his head into Izaan's stomach.

Richie and Izaan now lie on the other side of the caravan.

RICHIE
Ed! GO!

Izaan grunts and tries to push Richie away, but he struggles due to the blow to the stomach he just took.

Ed, with his hands still tied, goes over to the laptop.

He attempts to remove the wire connecting the hard drive to the laptop by pulling at it near the USB cord with his teeth.

His teeth hold on to the wire and attempt to disconnect it from the laptop but it just won't go.

ED
The wire is not letting loose!

RICHIE
What?

IZAAN
You idiots! Everybody knows a USB
wire is almost impossible to
remove!

Izaan starts to get up but Richie kicks him into his private parts before he can.

RICHIE
There you go! What goes around,
comes around!

Izaan grunts.

Ed continues to struggle with the wire.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
Listen, Ed! If you can't remove
the wire the normal way... you
gotta bite it!

Ed stops for a second.

ED
Bite it?

RICHIE
Come on, man! That movie can't
exist! Do it for the world!

Ed lets loose of the wire's end and grabs a random point of the wire and starts biting.

Izaan is still in the back of the caravan, lying out of pain.

IZAAN
NO! IT'S BAD FOR YOUR TEETH, ED!
DON'T DO IT!

Ed tries to bite it. The wire becomes thinner and thinner.

The screen reads "97 percent uploaded".

RICHIE
Come on! Don't let it get to 99
percent! That's basically 100!

The screens turns to "98 percent uploaded".

At that moment, Ed's teeth finally do it! The wire breaks and the laptop screen turns dark.

IZAAN
NOOOOOOOOOO!

RICHIE
YES! Thank you, Churchill!

Ed runs over to the door and pushes the handle down with his head.

It opens, our Cab Driver swiftly enters the caravan along with multiple police officers.

They run over to Izaan and arrest him while reading him his Miranda rights.

IZAAN
You American losers! I was beaten
by American losers!

Ed and Richie stand in the corner and smile.

The Cab Driver walks over to them.

CAB DRIVER
(in heavy Russian
accent)
Hello guys!

Ed and Richie's faces shine up in shock. They have no idea what just happened.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)
I came here to stop the evil
terrorist!

ED
You did?

CAB DRIVER
Yes! It's what Russian brat'ya do!

The Cab Driver starts laughing hysterically.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)
(without the Russian
accent)
Ha! I love doing this!

Now confusion overruns Ed and Richie.

RICHIE
Who are you?

CAB DRIVER
My name is James. Nice to meet you
guys.

James stretches out his hand but Ed and Richie still have theirs tied.

JAMES
Oh! Of course!

From his pocket, James takes out a small knife. He walks over to Ed and Richie and cuts them free.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Here you go!

He shakes their hands.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I work with Investigator Lee! He
tasked me to collect any evidence
I can get with you. And we did.

RICHIE
What do you mean you collected
evidence?

JAMES
Look at your wrist.

Ed and Richie lift up their shirt on their wrist and see a tiny microchip on it.

RICHIE
How did you?

JAMES
We're the FBI, Richie.

Richie turns to Ed with a large smile.

ED
But how did you know Izaan would
be here?

Rob and Izaan's ex-wife walk into the caravan.

RICHIE
Rob?

ROB
I felt bad. So I did what was
good!

Izaan's Ex-Wife walks over to Izaan.

IZAAN'S EX WIFE
I told you I'd have my revenge
some day!

IZAAN
You! I... forgot your name.

She smiles and slaps him.

EXT. IZAAN'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY, NIGHT - NEAR IZAAN'S CARAVAN

Ed, Richie, Rob, Izaan's Ex-Wife and James are standing outside of the caravan. All smiling, proud to have accomplished a great thing.

In the corner, our three security guards are sitting on the floor surrounding a small phone and laughing at what they're seeing. We can hear Russian curse words and car noises coming from the phone.

Ed holds the hard drive with the movie in his hand.

He hands it to Richie.

ED
I'll give you the honor!

Richie smiles, takes the hard drive and smashes it onto the floor with all his might.

Rob goes to Ed and Richie.

ROB
You know... all of what you did today was pretty amazing. I might know someone who'd like to adapt your experiences into a motion picture.

Ed and Richie smile.

ED (V.O.)
Hollywood. The source of all dreams.

EXT. SMALL TOWN MOVIE THEATER - DAY

A movie theater with a large, classic marquee is in the middle of a small-town block full of small businesses.

A MAN ON A LADDER puts up letters on the marquee.

ED (V.O.)
The place where the rich and famous produce great entertainment for the rest of the world.

The letters he puts onto the marquee are not visible.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF RICHIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

A cab stops in front of a large apartment building.

Ed and Richie exit it. Both have bandages on their heads from their fight with Izaan and both hold a suitcase.

Their faces read disappointment.

ED (V.O.)
And sometimes the poor and miserable attempt to do the same and often, they fail.

INT. RICHIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Richie walks in with his suitcase and Sarah, smiling, swiftly greets with a wholehearted hug.

His and Ed's disappointment immediately exits their faces.

She turns to Ed and hugs him as well.

SARAH

You guys did the right thing! And nothing could make me prouder!

ED (V.O.)

But sometimes they don't fail.

EXT. SMALL TOWN MOVIE THEATER - DAY

The man on the ladder steps down.

The marquee now has words on it. It reads "Films of a Professional Terrorist - Now Playing!"

A person walks up to the box office.

A poster on the side of the theater displays actors dressed as Ed and Richie.

ED (V.O.)

And then- they spread the movie magic that will change the minds of millions and make them think differently. Act more humanly. Behave like better, more civilized people.

A few people walk up to the box office.

ED (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That feeling is so special... that it's worth being miserable in LA for. It's so special... that people will risk everything to try to get to experience it. To try to make it in Hollywood.

EXT. IZAAN'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY, DAY - NEAR IZAAN'S CARAVAN

Ed and Richie are taking a photo of capturing Izaan. Izaan is laying flat on his stomach with his arms handcuffed. He looks up. Richie has his foot on top of Izaan's back. Ed and Richie are smiling.

ED (V.O.)

We never got a huge paycheck or to direct a great movie. But we got to do something better- we got to live it.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

In a wide courtroom, Izaan and his mother are sitting along with an attorney. The room is packed audience members and press taking pictures of them.

ED (V.O.)

Me and Richie were able to do something which we could only dream of before. We were able to change the world for the better.

Investigator Lee, James and Ed are sitting in the courtroom audience and smiling

ED (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And that's really what movies have always been about. Not the paycheck or the honor. But the good that comes with your work. I remained unemployed but got a pretty great internship with investigator Lee.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - NIGHT

A large audience is listening to someone on a podium.

ED (V.O.)

After Richie and Sarah got married, he continued to work as a speaker.

The person leaves and the audience starts clapping to a well-dressed Richie walking onto the podium.

ED (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But not just any speaker- his speaking gigs now went for much more than they did before.

EXT. MIDDLE-EASTERN TOWN - DAY

Izaan's Ex-Wife is in a burka talking to women.

ED (V.O.)

Izaan's ex-wife took much of his wealth and started a charity to restore some of the places M.E.L.C. destroyed to the way they were before.

INT. ROB'S OFFICE - DAY

Rob is sitting across another person in an office and pointing something on a piece of paper out to the other person.

ED (V.O.)

Rob had that movie based on us made- which made him a top-agent. He started being honest with people.

He's shaking his head and crossing out things on the paper with pencil.

ED (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Sometimes a bit too honest.

ROB

It's total crap. Seriously. Work on it.

ED (V.O.)

And our trips to LA- well. They never stopped.

EXT. OUTSIDE IMAX AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

A poster with two men and a caravan on it reads "Films of a Professional Terrorist - A story of two American patriots"

INT. IMAX AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

A scene in "Films of a Professional Terrorist" is playing on the screen. It's Rob talking to Ed and Richie.

ROB

(in the movie)

You know... all of what you did today was pretty amazing. I might know someone who'd like to adapt your experiences into a motion picture.

Ed and Richie are sitting in their seats and watching the story unfold.

Credits roll and the light goes on.

People clap and slowly leave the auditorium.

With smiles all over them, Ed and Richie look around the theater at the many people who they've just inspired.

RICHIE
Man, I love IMAX. It brings out every single frame.

ED
Yeah. I've never seen my teeth on such a big screen before.

Richie looks at all the people who sit in the auditorium, discuss the movie and smile.

Ed turns around and sees the same.

Richie turns to Ed.

RICHIE
I think we did it.

ED
I think we did it!

They smile.

Cut to black.

The End.

TAG 1:

INT. IMAX AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Usher 1 walks into the auditorium.

USHER 1
Our two heroes! I am so proud of having you in our theater! Watch as much of the credits as you'd like!

RICHIE
And we're proud to have you as our Usher! You know, we dedicated a post-credit scene to you!

Usher 1 is surprised.

Ed and Richie walk past him.

Usher 1 looks at the screen. His eyes start to move as he begins to read something but we don't get to see it. His face appears surprised after reading a bit.

TAG 2:

"Dear Ushers: we appreciate the hard work you do of cleaning up after our mess, and we hear you. But we also ask that you hear us. Please, let us watch the credits peacefully. We don't want to fight. We just enjoy watching the credits. They're part of the movie. Even without a post-credit scene, the credits include custom music and sometimes information about production. So please, just let us watch the credits till the end. We paid for them too, you know. Oh and to the Usher who decided to make fun of us for reading the credits: HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW?"