

WORST. HONEYMOON. EVER.

by
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INT. WHO THE FUCK KNOWS

BREE has had better days.

She gasps awake. Her face red.

She's the kind of woman movies were invented to show off. Twenty-eight years old, impossible not to fall in love with upon first sight.

But she has had better days.

We know she's had better days because we find her HANGING UPSIDE DOWN. Body bound with rope. TWO sets of handcuffs.

BREE

Shit!

VOICE (O.S.)

Yeah...

She twists her body as best she can. Across the bare white room is A MAN tied to a chair. Attractive in a different way than her. Fit but not too fit, handsome but not a model.

He's wearing nothing but his boxers and a shiny pink birthday hat.

He's also HER HUSBAND, and he's had better days.

SCOTT

This has been the-

Our title SMASHES ONTO THE SCREEN:

WORST. HONEYMOON. EVER.

Bree swings helplessly in the air. Bites her lip.

BREE

It hasn't been that bad, has it?

SCOTT

Can I answer that question with a question?

BREE

Sure.

SCOTT

What's on my junk?

Bree's eyes focus. Sure enough, there are TWO ELECTRICAL WIRES wrapped around Scott's leg, leading from his junk to the UGLIEST FUCKING GENERATOR behind him.

BREE

Let's just say it's nothing, okay?

Scott is beyond depressed.

SCOTT

I am beyond depressed.

BREE

I know babe, but it'll-

SCOTT

You know what should be on my junk right now?

BREE

Um. Me?

SCOTT

Not electrical wires! NEVER ELECTRICAL WIRES!

Bree is quiet. Not used to Scott ever raising his voice. Neither is he.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry B. In my defense, I think I'm about to get some Jurassic Park voltage in my dick and you're tied upside down.

BREE

At least my shirt's hiked up?

Scott reluctantly looks towards her. True enough, her dirty and bloody white shirt has fallen to her bra. Oh, gravity.

Scott almost laughs.

SCOTT

You still look totally amazing.

Bree almost smiles.

BREE

It's going to be okay Scott-

SCOTT

I mean, it's kind of bullshit you're not shirtless too but-

BREE
I know. Now shut up.

Scott obeys.

BREE (CONT'D)
It's probably gonna get wild for a
little bit, but you just need to
trust me, okay?

Scott is quiet. Doesn't quite know what to say.

SCOTT
What's on my head?

BREE
A... pink birthday hat?

SCOTT
A pink birthday hat?

BREE
Yep.

Scott sighs. Why not.

SCOTT
What an interesting day.

Suddenly, a door opens behind Scott and-

A MAN and A WOMAN enter. Mid-twenties. Bizarrely attractive,
almost synthetically so. Dressed identically in tight white
pants and tight white shirts.

They are THE HAPPIEST ASSASSINS IN THE WORLD.

ADAM
Hi Bree! Hello again, young Scott!

ABBY
Hi Bree! I'm Abby!

ADAM
And I'm Adam!

They're like fucking Mouseketeers. Abby holds a wooden
baseball bat. Covered in dark stains.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Hey Scott! It's your birthday
today, right?

SCOTT

What? No-

Adam hits a button on the generator. *SCOTT'S WHOLE BODY PULSES WITH ELECTRICITY.*

BREE

NO! STOP IT!

Adam turns it off. Scott breathes in deep, frantically.

BREE (CONT'D)

Breathe babe-

SCOTT

YA-THINK?

ADAM

Oh, I'm sorry Bree! I didn't think you'd mind if I did that!

ABBY

You can be so inconsiderate sometimes Adam.

ADAM

Ugh. SO TRUE. But I'm getting better at it, right?

ABBY

Totes.

ADAM

TOTES! And I really thought it was his birthday.

Kneels beside Scott.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Sorry Scotty.

Scott is still out of breath. Adam takes off Scott's birthday hat and puts it on.

ADAM (CONT'D)

That's the whole reason we made Bree a lady-pinata.

ABBY

Scott's not-birthday, and so when we hit her candy comes out.

ADAM
And the word "candy" is code for
"secrets"!

ABBY
You're so clever Adam!

ADAM
Awww! Abby! I'm seriously blushing.

He is.

ABBY
Aww, Adam!

They hug each other.

ADAM
You are absolutely my favorite!

ABBY
Now I'm blushing!

She is.

Bree looks at Scott. Scott looks at Bree. **WHAT THE FUCK.**

Adam and Abby part. Smile at each other.

ADAM
How bout we get us some candy!

Abby raises the bat happily.

ABBY
Sounds great!

ADAM
Permission to hit your wife really
hard until she tells us everything
we want to know about everything?

SCOTT
No, you fu-

Adam flips the generator on. *SCOTT SURGES.*

BREE
STOP IT!

ADAM
Thanks Scotty!

ABBY

Thanks!

Abby SPRINTS towards Bree, bat raised!

She SWINGS IT HARD AND-

EXT. SUBURBS - NIGHT

A car door shuts in the middle of the night.

BREE, dressed in a too-big-it's-hot indie band shirt and night shorts, walks from her car up to a nice, simple home.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bree walks through the house, tossing her keys on a stack of cardboard boxes. The only items in the house so far.

When she reaches the back of the house, she's momentarily surprised. She exits through a sliding glass door to-

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

SCOTT is tying a birdhouse onto a tree in the backyard. One of a dozen birdhouses already tied up.

He is still completely dressed, a work shirt with sleeves rolled up and a tie slacked around his neck. Potentially super-drunk.

SCOTT

What are you doing here!

BREE

I live here!

SCOTT

Not yet! Not for another-

He looks at his watch. Gasps.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

It's FOUR A.M.!

BREE

(giggles)

You're drunk.

SCOTT
 We only have seven hours!
 Shiiiiiiit.

He finishes tying the birdhouse and looks at his fiance.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 I am not drunk.

BREE
 Mhmm.

Silence. Scott looks ready to explode. So he does.

SCOTT
 Brendan hired a midget clown
 stripper and she motorboat raped me
 and I'm really sorry please don't
 divorce me.

Bree fakes a terrified gasp. Walks happily past Scott towards
 a hammock.

BREE
 How *COULD* you?

SCOTT
 It was MOTORBOAT RAPE! I was a
 victim! The clown cleavage body
 paint made it look like I snorted
 coke. Midget clown stripper coke.
 It was the worst moment. Of my
 life.

BREE
 And I used to trust you *SO MUCH!*

She flashes her iPhone at him. Complete with picture of
 Scott, miserable out of his mind and screaming, getting
 motorboat raped by a midget clown stripper.

SCOTT
 That son of a bitch.

BREE
 I know how you feel about clowns,
 midgets and strippers. I feel
 nothing but the deepest of
 sympathies for you.

She lays on the hammock.

BREE (CONT'D)
 But it is kind of hilarious.

He takes off his tie, and throws it on a branch.

SCOTT

But you also know how I feel about motorboating.

BREE

I've been informed, yes.

He stumbles into the hammock with her. She squeals as it nearly flips, but thankfully, it does not.

The couple look at each other. Swoon.

SCOTT

Hey there. Insomnia?

BREE

Hiya. Insomnia.

She moves up on him so she's laying flat on him, face to face.

SCOTT

Ugh you're so fat.

BREE

Bitch bitch bitch.

They kiss again.

BREE (CONT'D)

Wanna hear about this dream I had about you?

SCOTT

YES! I had a dream about you too!

BREE

Mine wasn't a sexy dream.

SCOTT

NO! Booooo!

BREE

Buuuut it was our wedding, and I was in the dressing room with the girls, and my parents, and Brendan came in and said there was a problem and you needed to see me.

(MORE)

BREE (CONT'D)

So I followed him and he took me to you, and you were all alone in the dark, and I said, "Scott, what's wrong?" And you said "I have a secret, and it's something I've never told you before." And I said, "That's okay, unless you're gay or you cheated on me. As long as it's not that, we can work through it." And you laughed and said that you could never be gay and you could never cheat on me. And then you said, "I can't marry you, B, because I'm a skyscraper." And as soon as you said that, you were gone, and the room was gone, and I was standing in front of the most gigantic skyscraper I'd ever seen. And it was you. It didn't look like you, but I knew you weren't lying. You were the skyscraper. And I was still in my wedding dress and the only thing I kept thinking was "I love this building. This building is good, and kind, and wants me to be happy and laugh and have babies. This building will keep me safe and never fall." And then I went inside, I don't remember anything specific about the rooms, but I remember waking up in the middle of the night, and not yet realizing I was in my room and not inside that building. And for a few seconds, I was just overwhelmed with how happy I was to be where I dreamed I'd be for the rest of my life.

She nuzzles her head into Scott's chest.

SCOTT

Wow. That's like... Intense dream therapist material.

BREE

I guess. What was your dream?

SCOTT

I feel bad talking about it now.

BREE

Why?

SCOTT

Let's just say, between our two
dreams, mine has a much higher
chance of coming true tomorrow.

Bree's eyes light up.

BREE

You had a sex dream of me!

SCOTT

I totally did!

BREE

It took you long enough!

SCOTT

I KNOW!

BREE

How was I?

SCOTT

EPIC. Like, "Return of the King"
epic!

BREE

YES!

They laugh and kiss.

SCOTT

It was nowhere near as good as the
real deal.

He is being emphatically honest.

BREE

I'd marry you right now in this
hammock if I could.

SCOTT

Sadly, you have to wait seven
hours.

The hammock swings lazily. They look at their new home.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Hey B?

BREE

Yeah?

SCOTT
This is going to be the BEST
WEDDING EVER.

They high five.

**TITLE SMASH: FOUR DAYS BEFORE ABBY, ADAM AND THE COCK ROCKING
GENERATOR.**

EXT. WEDDING CEREMONY - DAY

Bree grins at Scott. Scott cries at Bree.

Married.

EXT. WEDDING RECEPTION - EVENING

A white tent. Golden lights dangle. BREE, looking phenomenal in her wedding dress, dances with her FATHER.

SCOTT, super-dapper, watches with his best man, BRENDAN.

BRENDAN
There's this chick in Indiana who's
been married twenty-three times.

SCOTT
You're an asshole.

BRENDAN
I'm being serious! Think about it.
It-could-be-you.

SCOTT
How many girlfriends have I had?

BRENDAN
Three serious, two not-so-serious.

SCOTT
Okay. So, that's probably not going
to be me.

BRENDAN
But it could be.

SCOTT
Brendan, I bet you my eternal soul
that I will not get married twenty
three times.

BRENDAN
I'll take that.

They shake.

AND THEN!

Bree stands beside a god of man named WOLF STONE while Scott dances with his MOTHER.

FUN FACTS ABOUT WOLF STONE: Yes, that is his real name. Yes, he is Bree's boss. Yes, he probably had the best sex of all time last night.

You know how Jon Hamm is just going to keep becoming more attractive every day for the rest of his life? WOLF STONE is Jon Hamm, age fifty something.

WOLF
Fun fact about your brand new husband: He can't dance for shit.

BREE
Fun fact about his brand new wife: I could give a shit.

They clink their glasses together.

WOLF
You do look amazing.

BREE
Aw! Thanks Wolfie.

A group of girls walk by. He sighs. Cake. Looks at her with puppy eyes.

BREE (CONT'D)
They're not related to me by blood, so by all means, defile and destroy.

WOLF
My assistants should get married more often. Treasury department?

BREE
You're making the world a better, recession proof place.

Wolf laughs and walks away.

WOLF
Have fun on your honeymoon kiddo.

BREE
 (eagerly)
 Do you know where we're going?

He chuckles and walks away. She pouts.

AND THEN!

ANNOYING TEENY BOPPER GURL
 How did you propose?!

SCOTT
 I don't remember. I'm pretty sure I
 was drunk. Or sleep talking. Or
 both.

AND THEN!

BREE
 He mailed a ring to me still
 attached to a severed finger that
 had a note which said "I'll kill
 you if you don't marry me". So I'm
 only here out of fear for my life.

AND THEN!

SCOTT
 She actually asked me.

UNSEEN GUEST
 Really?

SCOTT
 (laughs)
 No, that would be stupid.

AND THEN!

Bree with some girlfriends.

GIRLFRIEND
 So you still don't know where
 you're going?

BREE
 (frustrated sigh)
 Nope.

AND THEN!

SOME DUDE
 I can't believe you still haven't
 told her!

SCOTT
 (exploding with pride)
 I KNOW RIGHT?!?

AND THEN!

GIRLFRIEND #2
 You haven't tried to bone it out of
 him?

BREE
 (INCREASINGLY FRUSTRATED)
 Oh, that was the first thing I
 tried, believe you me.

AND THEN!

The newlyweds dancing in front of everyone. It's a little
 goofy. It's a lot romantic.

SCOTT
 You're such a stud.

BREE
 And you're so pretty.

They beam.

AND THEN!

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT

Zipper undone. Buttons popped. Clothes crumpled. The couple
 lay in bed, crazy-awesome-sexhausted.

They high five. THEY'VE EARNED IT.

INT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT: CUSTOMS - DAY

An annoyed CUSTOMS AGENT sighs.

CUSTOMS AGENT
 Sir, I can't let her through like
 that.

We see Scott has Bree wearing a BLINDFOLD and HEADPHONES. She
 stands patiently, a bemused smile on her face.

SCOTT
 But... okay... see, it's our
 honeymoon-

He holds up Bree's hand, showing off her rings.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Bling! And where we're going is a
surprise!

The annoyed customs agent frowns.

CUSTOMS AGENT
Ma'am, can you hear me?

BREE
...Maybe?

SCOTT
What!

BREE
Yeah, I kinda cheated...

SCOTT
Ugh! Fine!

He takes off her headphones and blindfold. Bree looks around.
Realizes she's in an airport.

BREE
Holy shit!

She pulls Scott out of the customs line, much to his chagrin.

SCOTT
That line was forever long!

BREE
We're going on an airplane?

SCOTT
Like... three of them.

Bree is beyond shocked.

BREE
We're going on three airplanes?

SCOTT
I have so many pills ready to go.

BREE
Where are we going?

He mumbles something-

BREE (CONT'D)
NO MUMBLING NO FAIR!

SCOTT

Tahiti. We're going to Tahiti.

Bree stares at him. WAY beyond shocked.

BREE

Tell me we're not staying in an overwater bungalow with the openings in the floor where you can watch the tropical fish.

SCOTT

We're totally staying in an overwater bungalow with the fish openings.

She stares at him, jaw literally (not really) on the floor.

BREE

But you're scared shitless of planes, sharks, foreign countries, the ocean, sharks, creatures that are alive inside the ocean, sharks, sketchy architecture-

SCOTT

And heights, I know, but it's what you always wanted so-

BREE

Scott, you're going to be miserable and frightened the entire time!

Scott smiles at his wife.

SCOTT

But I don't mind being frightened with you.

Bree melts.

BREE

You're gonna get SO MUCH head.

SCOTT

OH I KNOW.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

The plane is getting ready to take off. Bree watches Scott with amusement as he LOSES HIS FUCKING MIND.

The plane starts moving forward. Scott clenches his eyes as closed as they can possibly go. Grips Bree's hand with all the strength he has.

BREE

Oh my gosh, it's like you're in labor.

SCOTT

(rapid fire)

"Lost" had two plane crashes which resulted in relatively low casualties and six seasons of wonderfulness *these-pills-aren't-doing-SHIIIIIT*.

BREE

Hey, it's okay. I have your hand in mine.

She whispers in his ear as the PLANE TAKES OFF. Scott almost yelps, but she keeps whispering, rubbing his hand.

Scott cracks into a smile. Peeks his eyes open at his wife.

SCOTT

We are NOT doing that.

She nods, *oh-yes-we-are*.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

It's a packed flight, I'm still recharging, we're on an airplane, in short: nothing about this would be a good idea.

Bree pouts.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Pouting's not gonna get you your way. This marriage is a conversation, not a monologue. That's what Pastor Jim said.

BREE

I want you to know something. We are going to join the mile high club someday. This is not a conversation. This is your wife monologuing at you and you being submissive. Understand?

Scott knows better than to do anything but submissively nod.

BREE (CONT'D)

Good. You're not thinking about the plane anymore, by the way.

Scott realizes she's right.

SCOTT

You're my hero.

She grins. Eskimo kiss.

A BLUE, CLOUDLESS SKY.

A PUDDLE-JUMPER soars past the screen!

TITLE SMASH: TAHITI

TITLE SMASH: THREE DAYS UNTIL THE EPIC SHOWDOWN BETWEEN BREE AND ABBY.

TITLE SMASH: (SPOILERS.)

INT. BUS - DAY

Scott and Bree admire the GORGEOUS Tahiti jungles from their shuttle bus window.

BREE

Where are the dinosaurs!

SCOTT

I was just thinking the same thing!

They kiss. Honeymoons are easy.

She leans her head on his shoulder and closes her eyes. He smiles to himself, and then notices A SIMILAR COUPLE a few rows ahead staring back at him through extra-large sunglasses and smiling ridiculously.

ABBY AND ADAM.

Scott looks away awkwardly. When he goes to see if they're still watching, he finds them pointing excitedly out the windows, arm in arm.

INT. BEACH - DAY

Scott and Bree get out of the shuttle and marvel at:

THE OVER-WATER BUNGALOW RESORT! Twenty-four bungalows on stilts sit over the calm, sky blue ocean. Some can be reached by a walkway. Some can only be reached by little dinghies.

Bree simply absorbs it. Scott simply freaks out.

SCOTT

This is awesome! There are two giant pools mere feet from the ocean! Unnecessary!

PEOPLE mingle about the beach, playing frisbee, snorkeling. Most of them seem to be WATCHING Scott and Bree, who remain relatively oblivious for the time being.

Scott looks at the town at the edge of the beach.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

People live here year round! That's ama-

Bree suddenly grabs her husband and KISSES him. He drops their bags.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Ziiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiing.

EXT. IN A DINGHY - DAY

They row the several feet to their bungalow. Scott eyes the water with fear and loathing.

BREE

You good?

Scott squints at the water. An unspoken rivalry.

SCOTT

For now.

INT. OVER-WATER BUNGALOW - DAY

They check out their AMAZING over-water bungalow!

BREE

Whoa.

The King Size bed has lace curtains hanging around it. Varnished wooden walls and ceiling. A flatscreen.

But the centerpiece is the GLASS WINDOW IN THE FLOOR.

Bree lays on her stomach and slides it open. Scott joins her on the floor and watches as schools of tropical fish swim by.

Bree sighs blissfully. Scott stares at her. Totally worth the flights.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Bree cozies with Scott at a bonfire on the beach. Other couples do the same. A local band plays bad love song covers. It's a cheese fest.

But Bree and Scott's attention lies with A COUPLE IN THEIR SIXTIES, clearly madly in love.

SCOTT

I can't wait to be married for
DECADES.

BREE

What's so wrong with being married
for two days?

SCOTT

Eh. It's so easy. Where's the body
of work?

BREE

We could be a one hit wonder
marriage, is what you're saying.

SCOTT

Totally. Our second single could be
an awful cover song. Also, I'm
going to look AMAZING post-fifty.

BREE

Oh God yes.

SCOTT

I'm gonna be all gray with flowing
hair.

BREE

I'll seriously divorce you if you
don't have a Gandalf beard.

SCOTT

And that's why I married you.

She snuggles into him.

BREE
Bird watching tomorrow?

SCOTT
Bird watching tomorrow.

That was the RIGHT ANSWER.

And again, Scott notices ADAM AND ABBY. Still wearing the sunglasses. Even though it's night.

INT. DINGHY - NIGHT

Super drunk, Bree and Scott try to row their dinghy to their house.

SCOTT
SHHH! Soft paddles! Sharks!

BREE
The dude said there were no sharks!

SCOTT
(a firm non-believer)
There are always sharks.

INT. OVERWATER BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Scott is fast asleep as Bree slips on a night-dress and zombies her way to the bathroom-

But she stops short. Wakes up instantly when-

She sees the door knob being jostled. THE LOCK BEING PICKED.

Her eyes go wide and she steps into the bathroom as-

THE DOOR OPENS. A figure walks inside.

Barely making any sound. HE creeps towards the bed.

Bree hides against the bathroom wall as he passes-

And as soon as he does, she peeks around the side-

Closer to the bed. HE RAISES A SYRINGE-

Notices there's only ONE PERSON in the bed-

And before he can react, he's knocked UNCONSCIOUS BY BREE.

He crumbles to the floor, but she catches him-

TOTALLY FREAKED OUT.

She stares at Scott, waiting for him to wake up.

He doesn't.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bree drags the lug into the bathroom and partially closes the door with her foot.

She turns on the light and we see-

A MAN. Tight black shirt. Tighter black pants. Really excellent haircut.

BREE

The hell...

She takes closer look at THE SYRINGE in his hand.

BREE (CONT'D)

The hell...?

And from the crack in the door way, we see-

The Glass Window in the Floor.

SLIDE SILENTLY OPEN.

Bree unaware.

A hand reaches into the room. Then a second.

And quietly, ninja-like, A SCUBA-MAN LIFTS his body onto the floor.

Bree's ears perk at the quiet sounds of water drops.

The FROGMAN stands-

Bree OPENS the door-

INT. OVERWATER BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

And the two stare at each other. Silence.

The Frogman waves.

Bree, terrified, waves back.

And what happens next happens *REALLY GODDAMN FAST*.

He THROWS a KNIFE at her-

Which she somehow CATCHES BY THE BLADE-

They sprint at each other-

He pulls a second knife and they DUEL.

Fists and knives, all fury and motion and surprisingly very little sound-

A very tiny sword fight.

She gets a few cuts in, and within seconds we begin to understand:

HE IS NO MATCH FOR HER.

And he understands this just as quickly.

Eyes Scott asleep in the bed and makes a choice-

ASSASSIN
(as he attacks)
AHHHHH!

Scott jolts awake in bed!

SCOTT
AHHHHHHHHH!

Sees the ASSASSIN trying to attack Bree!

SCOTT (CONT'D)
AHHHH! BREE!

As Scott leaps from his bed EVERYTHING ABOUT BREE CHANGES.

We see her heart break a tiny bit. She becomes frantic and panicked-

Weaker-

And although the assassin still can't get a scratch in, we realize something else now-

BREE IS ACTING FOR SCOTT.

A WALLET hits the assassin in the face. He and Bree part.

They look down at the wallet, then at Scott, clad only in boxers.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Take it man! My wife's a black belt
and does like... two hours of
cardio a day.

Very slowly, the assassin puts his foot out to the wallet...
And drags it into the water through the opening in the water.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Oh, lame-

THEY RESUME FIGHTING.

Scott looks desperately around the room for something to help
with-

BREE
THERE'S A SYRINGE THING IN THE
BATHROOM!

Scott doesn't even have time to wonder if that makes sense
and charges into the bathroom.

As soon as he's out of sight, Bree LEVELS UP.

But Scott shrieks.

SCOTT
THERE'S A MAN IN THE BATHTUB!

BREE
SYRINGE THING!

Bree full on PUNCHES the assassin in the face. He stumbles
back. Shakes it off, as his eyes clear-

Scott THROWS the Syringe-

It STICKS the Assassin in the cheek!

ASSASSIN
Ahhh! Gross!

He PULLS it out before it injects him and-

Gets TACKLED by SCOTT!

The Assassin falls BACKWARDS, shattering the glass window and
falling into the ocean.

Scott almost follows him in, but Bree reaches out and grabs
him, pulling him back.

They collapse in a heap on the floor.

They stare at the shattered window in the floor, waiting for him to return.

They look at each other. Both breathless.

SCOTT
You-okay?

BREE
Yeah. You?

Scott almost chuckles.

SCOTT
I miss Americ-

KABOOM!

The Bungalow EXPLODES!

We are **UNDERWATER-**

Splintered wood-

Floating sheets-

Scrambling for air-

We **BREAK THE SURFACE!**

Scott flaps desperately in the water.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
BREE! BREEEE!

She breaks the surface ten feet from him. Coughing. They swim to each other.

They try to hug, which proves difficult in fifteen feet of water post explosion.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
You okay?!

BREE
YES! We just had this conversation!

She looks around. Sees a dingy nearby. They swim towards it.

BREE (CONT'D)
Come on!

SCOTT

Why is no one helping us?!

She looks around-

There is no movement from any of the other bungalows.

Which is odd, considering their bungalow's been reduced to floating pieces of wood on fire.

BREE

That... is a fantastic question.

They reach the dinghy and Scott helps her into it first.

As she collapses inside, she realizes-

THE ASSASSIN IS ALSO IN THE DINGHY.

He looks at her, through his goggles.

Scott pulls himself into the boat. Sees the assassin.

SCOTT

Shit.

The assassin THRUSTS his knife at Scott-

Bree grabs his wrist and BREAKS IT.

ASSASSIN

AHHHHH!

SCOTT

AHHHHH! YOU BROKE HIS WRIST!

Still holding his broken wrist, she BENDS IT. He SCREAMS.

BREE

WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO KILL US?!

SCOTT

HOW ARE YOU DOING THAT?!

ASSASSIN

I'M NOT TRYING TO KILL YOU!

SCOTT

YOU BLEW UP OUR OVERWATER BUNGALOW!

ASSASSIN

I DID NOT!

SCOTT
BULLSHIT! LOOK!

They look to where the Honeymoon Overwater Bungalow was.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
IT'S BLOWN UP!

ASSASSIN
I DIDN'T! LET GO OF MY WRIST!

He parries with Bree with his other hand until she lets go of his broken wrist.

Produces ANOTHER KNIFE with his free wrist.

SCOTT
WHY ARE THERE SO MANY KNIVES?!

Before the ASSASSIN strikes again, we see him look past Bree and Scott, out to the ocean.

A scared look.

Scott looks... Bree does not.

Scott trembles.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
(FUCK-MY-LIFE)
There are always sharks.

Sure enough, the DORSAL FIN of a GIANT FUCKING SHARK begins swimming circles around the boat.

The shark NUDGES the tiny boat. It rocks in the water.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Ohhhh baaaaaaad.

The stand off (while sitting) continues.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Truce until we get away from the
giant man-eating shark!

ASSASSIN
Okay Scott!

He swings his knife and yet again, Bree (and Scott to a useless degree) fight him off.

Scott's main concern is stabilizing the boat, which the other two are NO HELP AT.

Bree grabs the Assassin's broken wrist and SHOVES IT INTO THE WATER.

Before the Shark can attack, the Assassin gets out of the very bad situation and the two groups separate again.

The Shark bumps into the boat again. And again. Scott tries to keep the tiny boat steady, trying to resist the urge to close his eyes and failing repeatedly-

When he opens them, he sees PEOPLE ON THE BEACH.

SCOTT

Hey! There are people on the beach!
(to the people)
OVER HERE! HELP!

Everyone looks-

They see the figures point something into the air, and FIRE!

Whatever it is soars high into the air, and then out of sight.

BREE

What was that?

ASSASSIN

A grenade.

SCOTT

To get the shark?

ASSASSIN

Nope.

The Assassin looks for the shark, leaps off the other side of the boat-

SCOTT

WHY DID HE DO TH-

BOOOOOOSH!

Several feet from the boat, the grenade hits the water and **EXPLODES!**

The boat crests on a wave away from it. The shark submerges. The assassin nowhere to be seen.

Ka-thunk! Ka-thunk!

Two more grenades are fired high into the sky!

Scott looks at Bree. Bree looks at Scott. Scott's shaking in terror.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I'm cut, B.

BREE
Me too.

They hold hands. Take deep breaths-

And DIVE!

BOOOOOOOOOOSH!

BOOOOOOOOOOSH!

The boat is OBLITERATED and we are again-

UNDERWATER

They swim as deep and as fast as they can towards the shore, thrown around by the explosions above them.

And it's REALLY FUCKING DARK.

Another EXPLOSION separates them, and in the dark, we follow SCOTT.

Doing everything he can to push forward. His face in air-deprived anguish.

A HAND grabs his arm-

Spins him around-

And STABS HIM IN THE ARM!

Scott SCREAMS as the assassin leaves the knife lodged in his arm-

But before Scott can choke-

The Assassin TAKES HIS OXYGEN AND GIVES IT TO SCOTT.

Scott breathes in deep. The blood trails from his arm aimlessly in the dark water.

The Assassin grins and gives Scott a thumbs up-

But Scott SCREAMS AGAIN, abandoning the oxygen and flapping away as fast as he can-

Not from the Assassin-

BUT FROM THE GIANT FUCKING TIGER SHARK BEHIND THE ASSASSIN.

IT BITES DOWN ON THE ASSASSIN HEAD FIRST AS-

SCOTT scrambles up through the water-

Feet finding sand-

And CHARGES-

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Straight onto the beach, gasping for breath and right into the middle of the GROUP OF ASSHOLE ASSASSINS, who point their guns and grenade launchers at him.

Scott bends over, coughing, and holds a finger up to them, asking for a moment.

They oblige.

SCOTT

You guys... are way less scary...
than a Tiger Shark.

ASSASSIN ONE

Where's Brad? And Jim?

SCOTT

Tiger. Shark.

ASSASSIN ONE

Wow!

ASSASSIN TWO

What a baller way to go!

Scott moves his arm and finally remembers there's A FUCKING KNIFE lodged in it.

SCOTT

AHHH! SHIT!

He grabs the knife with his free hand and the ASSASSINS all raise their weapons threateningly.

ASSASSIN THREE

LET GO OF THE KNIFE SCOTT!

SCOTT

SERIOUSLY?!

Scott lets go. Winces.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
HOW DO YOU KNOW OUR NAMES?!

The Assassins grab him and lead him away from the beach. One stays behind, staring out to the ocean. And it's now Scott realizes:

SCOTT (CONT'D)
What did you do with Bree?

ASSASSIN ONE
Tiger Shark?

ASSASSIN TWO
(LAUGHS. DICKHEAD.)
Too soon!

SCOTT
Wait, what?!

They don't answer. And now, Scott freaks out.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
BREE! I'M GONNA KILL ALL YOU SONS
OF BITCHES! YOU MOTHERFU-

Scott takes a RIFLE BUTT to the head-

BLACKNESS

But a split-second later we are-

AWAKE.

RUNNING.

WHAT THE FUCK-

We grab our bearings as SCOTT comes to-

Being PULLED ALONG BY BREE-

SCOTT (CONT'D)
B?

BREE
Come on baby-

Scott wakes up completely. GRABS BREE AND HOLDS HER CLOSE-

SCOTT
OHMYGAWDBREE.

He almost begins crying but there are suddenly **BANG! BANG! BANG!** potholes in the wall beside them.

She grabs his hand and they sprint into-

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

An apartment hallway. Bree suddenly KICKS in a door-

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Bree levels A GUN straight at an OLD MAN in his boxers, watching TV.

SCOTT
WHERE'D YOU GET A GUN?!

BREE
DO YOU HAVE A PHONE!

The Old Man points by the television. A TELEPHONE!

She grabs it and dials, gun leveled at the door.

The Old Man simply looks at Scott. Bleeding, sweating, soaked and only wearing his boxers.

SCOTT
It's my honeymoon?

The old man smiles.

BREE
Echo Dolphin Igloo Aardvark
Patience Bacon Clove.

SCOTT
WHY ARE YOU TALKING GIBBERISH INTO
A PHONE!

BREE
I'm getting help.

EXT. MIDDLE EASTERN DESERT - NIGHT

The oil fires.

A COUPLE cuddle in a blanket, watching. A cellphone rings.

LADY
(subtitled)
Don't get it baby.

He gets it.

WOLF
Yep.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

ALL SHIT HAS GONE TO HELL IN THE TEN SECONDS WE'VE BEEN GONE!

BREE is returning fire from the other side of a kitchen counter as two of the assassin's unload unholy hell into the apartment.

BREE
HELP!

INT. MIDDLE EASTERN DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Wolf STANDS and becomes THE MOTHERFUCKING BEST.

WOLF
I'm all over this kiddo.

He hangs up. Looks at the WOMAN wrapped in the sheet.

WOLF (CONT'D)
(subtitled)
It's been fun, and you're beautiful, but I'm a real cad. It'll never work out.

LADY
(subtitled)
Let me come with you!

Beat.

WOLF
(subtitled)
...I just realized we've been talking to each other in different languages this entire time.

As he walks away, towel around his waist, we see him grab a rope...

Pulling along THREE ARRESTED TERRORISTS who curse loudly in protest. And we're back to-

INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Quiet.

Which SHATTERS as Bree and Scott crash through a second storey window and into bushes.

Scott, BTW, is now wearing shoes and a t-shirt. Bree is still only in her nightie.

Running! Turning corners! Looking for an exit!

They make their way out of the alley way and find a residential parking lot. A COUPLE pull up on their motorbike.

Bree levels her ASSAULT RIFLE at them:

BREE

I hate to be a bitch, but we need your bike!

The couple leap from the bike, totally freaked by the chick in the nightie threatening them with an assault rifle.

SCOTT

Ahhhh this is so-

A car window gets BLOWN OUT by a bullet. The couple sprint away. Bree hops on the bike. Scott nervously climbs on.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Why isn't there a safe option?!

She revs the engine and flies down the road.

BREE

Where did you get a shirt?

SCOTT

I don't know WHERE DID YOU GET AN ASSAULT RIFLE?!

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The motorcycle flies down a thin road, jungle surrounding each side. Scott's eyes are clenched tight, his arms around Bree's stomach.

Suddenly, a JEEP comes up behind them, driving recklessly fast.

Scott looks behind. Sees an ASSASSIN lean out the passenger window, pointing a gun at them.

SCOTT
OH, BULLSHIT!

Bree TURNS the bike out of the way in the nick of time as bullets HIT the ground.

The road ahead has NO TURNS for miles.

The jeep turns the corner. They fire again. Barely missing.

Bree SPINS the bike so she's facing them head on. In so-fast-you-just-came speed, she takes the rifle and fires three shots.

Tire. Tire. Engine.

The Jeep **EXPLODES** as it flips forward!

They watch it like fireworks in the sky.

It crashes and explodes AGAIN a dozen feet from them.

Scott stares shocked at what his wife just did. Bree gets off the bike and tries to get closer to the wreck, but the heat is too strong.

She turns back to Scott. EXCITED.

Finds him staring at her. TERRIFIED.

Her excitement dies. And they both hate this moment.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
You just... like that...

She sees CAR LIGHTS approaching in the distance, and quickly.

She takes the bike and revs the engine, sending it into the jeep. It blows up. **More Explosions!**

SCOTT (CONT'D)
That... what?!

She grabs his hand, and without a word, takes him INTO THE JUNGLE.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

It's wicked dark. But they seem to be safe for now.

And so Scott says the only logical thing to say:

SCOTT
WHAT THE FUCK JUST HAPPENED?!

BREE
I don't know! I was just getting a
drink and then I saw our lock
getting picked and then...

She makes exploding motions with her hands.

Scott looks at her.

And doesn't buy a word.

And then he notices-

SCOTT
Where are your shoes?!

Bree stops and looks at her fucked-up feet.

BREE
Ahhhhh it didn't hurt until you
said something.

She looks around, sits on a nearby log. Picks at her feet.

Scott stares at her, her feet, her assault rifle.

And for two seconds, CRIES UNCONTROLLABLY.

Before she can even say anything, he stops. Sits across from
her and begins untying his shoes.

BREE (CONT'D)
Scotty-

SCOTT
You're not going through the jungle
in bare feet. You could step on-

BREE
Neither are you. I swear to God,
I'm not taking your shoes.

Scott stops. Looks at his shoes.

SCOTT
What happened to the old man?

BREE
What?

SCOTT
The old guy. He gave me the shoes.

BREE
Oh.
(beat)
I didn't see anything happen to
him.

Scott processes this and continues untying.

BREE (CONT'D)
(sternly)
Scott.

SCOTT
(STERNLIER)
WIFE.

They look at each other. Neither backing down.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
You're taking the shoes or you're
piggybacking. I am not moving from
this spot until you agree to one or
the other.

Beat.

BREE
We won't get far if you carry me.

SCOTT
I don't think we're getting far
tonight either which way.
Especially after you sent the
motorcycle you stole into a jeep.
That you then blew up. Which was
logical. In a night full of logic.

BREE
I have one bullet left. And the
bike was on empty.

Scott looks at his wife for a long moment. She stares at her
feet.

He nods, stands up, crouches with his back towards her.

She stands. Accepts. Reluctantly climbs on him.

He turns, and awkwardly but surely, they press on.

AND LATER:

They are huddled against a tree trunk, covered in mud and branches. Jungle noises all around them.

Scott is slipping into shock.

SCOTT

I nearly got eaten by a shark.

BREE

Me too.

SCOTT

Right after I got stabbed, this shark showed up and ate the scuba dude and I saw its eyes roll into the back of its head, and I wondered if it could see its brain when it did that, but that was probably a stupid thought. He's like my guardian angel, but a shark.

BREE

Wait, you're stabbed?!

Scott absently points to his stabbed shoulder. Bree rolls up his sleeve and sees the wound has ALREADY BEEN STITCHED UP.

SCOTT

Right before he got bit, the dude gave me his oxygen, which seems like a conflict of interests since he stabbed me.

(yawns)

And then they knocked me out, and then I woke up with you.

(beat)

I thought you were dead.

She smiles softly.

BREE

I'm not.

He looks at his wife. Completely in shock now.

SCOTT

Are we just aimlessly walking in a jungle?

BREE

No.

SCOTT
Can angels be sharks?

BREE
Maybe?

She lays her head on his shoulder. They are both mostly asleep already.

He stares at her like he's never seen this person before in his life and we go to...

INT. RANDOM ASS TEXAN HOTEL - NIGHT, FLASHBACK 1 OF 3!

A shitty hotel room. But awesomely shitty. "No Country for Old Men" awesomely shitty.

Bree and Scott, very drunk, sit on a bed. Bree takes an empty wine bottle, and spins it. It points vaguely in Scott's direction. They keep laughing.

BREE
Truth or dare?

SCOTT
Dare!

BREE
Take off your shirt!

He does. Sloppily. Quickly.

He spins the bottle. It points to him.

SCOTT
No fair!

BREE
Truth or dare!

SCOTT
Dare!

BREE
Take off your pants! Bitch!

SCOTT
Why am I a bitch?

BREE
Because you are my bitch and I love you.

SCOTT

Yay!

Scott takes off his pants. Instead of spinning the bottle, he simply points it directly at her.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Dare or dare!

BREE

No! That's not how you play!

SCOTT

Bree Holland! I have been waiting for this night to happen for over a year. I am drunk, terrified and totally out of patience.

BREE

Dare!

She takes off her shirt before he can even say anything. Still wearing a bra. Scott still admires.

She takes the bottle from him and spins it.

BREE (CONT'D)

TRUTH OR DARE!

SCOTT

TRUTH!

BREE

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO.

SCOTT

Middle fingers!

He gives her two middle fingers. Tries not to look at her boobs. Willingly fails.

BREE

What are you thinking about me right now? My boobs don't count!

SCOTT

I'm thinking I've never had a sex dream about you!

BREE

Never?

SCOTT
 Have you had one of me?
 (no response)
 Seriously?!
 (no response)
 Was I super hung? I'm instantly
 sober again!

BREE
 Why haven't you dreamed of sexing
 me?

SCOTT
 I DON'T KNOW! It's literally the
 worst thing to ever not happen to
 me.

BREE
 Do you have dreams about me?

SCOTT
 All the time!

BREE
 Like what?

SCOTT
 Spin the bottle!

BREE
 Suck my dick and answer me!

SCOTT
 It's, okay, they're like, you and
 me in like ten years, married,
 playing with our babies.

Scott is embarrassed. Too embarrassed to look at her. Looks
 away. Eyes flicker instinctively to boob.

Bree looks at him. Stunned. Quiet.

BREE
 For real?

SCOTT
 Yea-

Before he can answer, she POUNCES ON HIM, kissing him HARD.

They try talking despite it being exceedingly low on the
 priority list of "things to do with mouths".

BREE
I dare you to-
(kissing)
 MMMM!

SCOTT
*This is my new all time favorite
 memory.*

They make out again. And beyond.

You're welcome for the boners.

*Scott stretches his foot towards the lamp. Almost. ALMOST.
 Kicks it and the light goes out and-*

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

All we see is a RED LASER BEAM.

Scott flinches, covers his eyes as he wakes up.

On the other side of the stream is A FIGURE, holding A REALLY BIG GUN with a laser target, pointed directly at them.

A WOMAN'S HEAVILY ACCENTED VOICE:

VOICE
 Scott Kree-pee-noww-skeee?

SCOTT
 ...No. And you really bombed the
 pronunciation.

VOICE
 Bree Holland?

Scott looks at Bree. Seems still asleep.

SCOTT
 No way.

Bree opens her eyes. Makes eye contact with the woman. Looks down-

HER GUN HAS BEEN POINTED AT THE WOMAN THE ENTIRE TIME.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 She's looking for a Scott
 Kripinoski. Must've been that other
 couple we passed wandering around
 the jungle, heading the opposite
 direction. Hours ago.

BREE
Must've been.

The Woman points her gun more pointedly at Bree. Bree levels it directly at her.

THE WOMAN
(subtitled)
If I wanted you dead, I would've
shot you in your sleep.

BREE
(subtitled)
And if I wanted you dead, I
would've shot you.

A tense pause.

She lowers her rifle. The Woman does the same.

She skips across the stream. Offers her hand to Bree and helps her up.

She's an attractive ASIAN WOMAN in her thirties. Short hair. Black wife-beater. A tattoo of a Brachiosaurus on her forearm, with its neck curved like half of a heart.

THE WOMAN/JI YEON
I'm Ji Yeon.

BREE
Bree.

Scott stares at Bree.

SCOTT
You speak asian?

BREE
...Korean.

SCOTT
YOU SPEAK KOREAN?!

Scott picks himself up, brushing the branches off.

JI YEON
Followed?

BREE
No, but-

SCOTT
How did you find us?

Bree and Ji-Yeun look at him. Um.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 (to Ji Yeon)
 Hey, sorry, I'm Scott. But you knew
 that.
 (to Bree)
 The phone call in the old man's
 house.
 (and then)
 You speak Korean.

BREE
 (not looking)
 I took it in college.

SCOTT
 (NO YOU DIDN'T!)
 Oh...

Ji Yeon shakes Scott's hand. Smiles. Her English is shaky,
 but deliberate.

JI YEON
 (shakes his hand)
 I tracked you. Keen... scent.

She laughs. Scott appreciates this.

SCOTT
 Do you just live in the jungle or
 something?

Ji Yeon nods.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 Oh. Wow. That's not weird.
 (confused beat)
 Do you have extra shoes?

EXT. WATERFALL - DAY

Bree is already untying her new hiking boots as the trio
 stand beside a tropical waterfall at its basin.

Scott stares at the water and his wife hesitantly.

BREE
 There's no sharks in here.

SCOTT
I've heard that before, and that
turned out to be bullshit. Sooooo,
I'm good.

Bree smiles sympathetically. Scott turns to Ji Yeon, who
plays with an iPhone.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Whoa! Do you get reception out
here?

Bree and Ji Yeon share a quick look.

JI YEON
Sometimes?

Scott sits beside her to check out the phone.

SCOTT
That's nuts. Is it li-

He stops, as he watches Bree walk into the water. In only her
underwear.

He gazes. We don't blame him.

Ji Yeon laughs.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Dude, I've had a rough night.

Bree turns in the water, out of earshot. Faces them. Washes
the caked mud off her face.

Watches.

Scott fidgets. Freaking out. Not really sure what to do.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I like your tattoo.

JI YEON
Thank you.

SCOTT
What's the story?

JI YEON
(smirks)
Secret.

SCOTT

Oooh, a secret tattoo. Probably shouldn't have put it on your entire forearm then.

She laughs. Pockets the phone. Scott moves his wounded arm, winces.

Ji Yeon stands up, turns her back to Bree. Who disapproves.

And we are CLOSE UP on Scott's lips.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You ever have a honeymoon?

She smiles.

JI YEON

No honeymoon.

SCOTT

I think... I'm having a very unique honeymoon.

They laugh.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Since we're practically BFF's, due to the fact that you have a ginormous rifle with a nightvision laser beam scope and you found me and Bree in the middle of the jungle and you have an iPhone that has reception in the middle of Tahiti while my iPhone barely gets reception in the middle of the capital of the United States, I was wondering if I could ask you a question.

JI YEON

Okay.

Scott leans forward. Quiet.

SCOTT

What the hell is going on?!

JI YEON

I don't-

SCOTT

See, cuz there are all these people that want to capture us, but not kill us, right? Cuz the guy that stabbed me could have killed me. And he gave me oxygen-

Another CLOSE UP on his LIPS.

And we realize: BREE IS READING HIS LIPS.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

But maybe they didn't have Bree and they wanted her? There was this dude she put in a bathtub.

(rubs his head)

And I don't remember what happened after they knocked me out-

JI YEON

Bathtub?

SCOTT

But she was really good. Like... she blew up a truck. And ran around barefoot. And has secret phone numbers with fancy codes. And she said she knew where we were going even though we were walking through the jungle. And now she speaks Korean. But that's probably because she works for the Treasury Department, right?

Ji-Yeon says nothing. And he gets it.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

She doesn't work for the Treasury Department.

Scott takes a moment.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

It's like that moment when you're a kid, and you know in your heart that Santa Claus isn't real, and you've known for a while, but you still keep telling yourself that he is, because it's just a better world that way. Right?

Ji Yeon shrugs again. She's totally lost.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I'm kind of really scared of my
wife right now.

And in the water, Bree's heart breaks.

She turns and submerges her head into the waterfall.

Finds a small cave opening behind it. Cries.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

The trio trudge through the jungle. Ji Yeon leads the group by a little distance, to give them a moment. They're both wearing proper clothes and shoes now.

Scott stumbles, and when Bree reaches out to steady him, he jerks away from her. Instinctively. They both notice.

SCOTT
Nah, I got it dude. Thanks.

BREE
Okay.

SCOTT
Were you reading my lips?

BREE
What?

SCOTT
We were fighting once, and I grumbled "that'll be the day" under my breath from across the room and you blew up at me for bringing The Duke into our shit, which I thought was both hilarious and slightly unusual. So I kept doing it. And you kept knowing exactly what I would say. Even if I just moved my lips without even whispering. Kinda shitty of me maybe, but I always thought it was kinda cool.

BREE
You've never told me that before.

SCOTT
I guess you're not the only one with secrets then.

Bree bites her lip.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
You didn't learn Korean in college.

BREE
...I'm sorry. I panicked.

Scott sighs. Takes a breather.

SCOTT
I'm kinda freaked out that lying to
me about what languages you speak
made you panic over everything else
that happened in the last twenty
four hours.

He looks at her. Can NOT handle this right now. They say
nothing.

JI YEON
We're almost there.

SCOTT
Almost where, exactly?

JI YEON
(grins)
Somewhere pretty... bitchen.

Scott suddenly sees something in a tree. Grabs Bree's arm and
crouches low.

Both women instantly point the rifles expectantly.

SCOTT
No no no! No guns! Look!

He points into a tree. Bree looks through her scope.

Sees the most beautiful bird.

BREE
Oh holy...

She smiles through the scope. A genuine, big, Bree smile.

Scott gets up. Dusts off his knees.

SCOTT
Thought you'd love that.

She looks at him. He tries to smile and starts walking again.

SOMEWHERE PRETTY BITCHEN

The trio arrive at a small clearing. Completely uninteresting.

SCOTT
Wow. Bitchen.

Ji Yeon confidently walks towards a rotting tree trunk-
AND LIFTS IT UP.

Bree and Scott stare at THE METAL DOOR that's just been revealed.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
WOWBITCHEN!

Ji Yeon punches a long series of numbers into a keypad. She waits, and a long series of numbers beep back in response to her.

She enters a second string of numbers, and a dull *THUNK* is heard. She opens the door.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Who built this?

JI YEON
People with money?

SCOTT
Bitchen!

Ji Yeon slings the rifle over her shoulder, hops into the opening, and descends the ladder.

Bree and Scott walk towards this.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
We're about to go inside an underground fort in the middle of the jungle.

BREE
Seems that way.

SCOTT
...That's pretty cool, right?

She smiles. Squeezes his hand.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Ladies first.

BREE
My gentleman.

She hops onto the ladder and starts her descent.

Scott surveys the jungle around him. Enjoys it.

He hops into the passage, and we follow him down...

INT. UNDERGROUND FORT - CONTINUOUS

We see Ji Yeon nearly at the bottom of the ladder, chatting with Bree.

Scott, nervously, takes his time, step by step.

BREE
How you doin' babe?

SCOTT
Oh, ya know. Heights and ladders
and bears, oh my.

BREE
Take your ti-

JI YEON
NO-

KA-BLAM!

Ji Yeon's body SLAMS against the ladder and hits the floor, rocked by the SHOTGUN BLAST.

DEAD.

Scott freezes in terror.

SCOTT
BREE!

Bree starts climbing as fast as she can but-

PFT!

A tiny tranq dart hits her back, and she slowly loses the ability the move. Slips down the ladder.

And in this moment, Scott's fear dissipates.

He SLIDES down the entire ladder until he reaches the bottom. Crashes awkwardly.

He gets to his feet and covers Bree's unconscious body with his own, coming face to face with-

ABBY AND ADAM.

Abby with a shotgun. Adam with a tranq gun.

Their white outfits are DRENCHED IN BLOOD.

ADAM

Hi!

ABBY

You're cute!

They both point their guns at him.

Scott eyes Ji Yeon's rifle, still slung around her body awkwardly. It's an impossible move, and he knows it.

Her eyes are still open.

ADAM

What exactly's your game plan here,
Scott?

ABBY

I'm so curious!

SCOTT

I... don't really know. You were...
You guys were at the resort-

He stops when he sees a bloody mess behind them from another room. A DEAD MAN'S ARM lays in the doorway.

It has a matching tattoo as Ji Yeon. The other side of the dino-heart.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Oh...

Abby and Adam look at the body, then back at each and begin giggling like children. It's horribly unsettling. They suddenly stop and point their guns back at him.

ABBY

Do you have a preference?

ADAM

Bullets or tranqs?

They wait for an answer. Scott chooses his words carefully.

SCOTT
Is that a trick question-

ADAM
Good answer!

Adam SHOTS HIM in the neck with the tranq gun. Scott tries to resist it, but quickly begins falling under...

SCOTT
I'm... gonna kick your dicks off...

He slips on top of his wife and

BLACKNESS.

BUT FOR A LONG TIME.

DEAL WITH IT.

And with a rush of sound, we're back where we started:

INT. WE STILL DON'T FUCKING KNOW

From Bree's point of view. UPSIDE DOWN.

ADAM
How bout we get us some candy!

Abby raises the bat happily.

ABBY
Sounds great!

ADAM
Permission to hit your wife really hard until she tells us everything we want to know about everything?

SCOTT
No, you fu-

Adam flips the generator on. *SCOTT SURGES.*

BREE
STOP IT!

ADAM
Thanks Scotty!

ABBY
Thanks!

Abby SPRINTS towards Bree, bat raised!

And **EVERYTHING SLOWS DOWN**. Ridiculously slow.

We see the bat, barely still in motion, coming straight towards us.

Bree watches it coming. Sees Scott blurred out in the background. And we are-

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT, FLASHBACK 2 OF 3!

The same slow motion. We follow a BORINGLY HANDSOME MAN as he turns a hallway and sees-

BREE. UPSIDE DOWN. TIED IN ALL KINDS OF ROPE.

She smiles, proud of herself. He points to his watch. Exasperated. She sighs. This SUCKS ASS.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

He talks and talks and orders for her. She blankly plays with a pair of handcuffs under the table. Snapping them on, breaking free, snapping them on.

EXT. REVIVAL CINEMA - NIGHT

They pass a line of people dressed up in TREKKIE outfits. The marquee reads "MIDNIGHT FRIDAYS: THE SEARCH FOR SPOCK".

Bree tugs her boyfriend's arm. He rolls his eyes. Are you fucking serious. She nods. He sighs. Caves.

Meanwhile, ABBY'S BAT GETS CLOSER.

INT. REVIVAL CINEMA - NIGHT

Bree sits in the cinema, waiting for it to start, when SCOTT and BRENDAN (in costume) come rolling in, excited out of their minds.

They sit beside her. Polite eye contact.

AND THEN!

Bree stares at the screen. Looks to her boringly handsome boyfriend. Asleep. And that sums it all up.

She miserably turns her attention back to the screen. Spock walks to Kirk.

SPOCK

Jim. Your name... is Jim.

Kirk smiles. Bree BAWLS.

Meanwhile, ABBY'S BAT GETS CLOSER-

As the lights come up in the theatre, Bree wipes her eyes as a pack of tissues appear in front of her. She takes one. Looks over to SCOTT.

Who's smiling. Like he thinks crying at the end of *THE SEARCH FOR SPOCK* is the coolest thing he's ever seen.

Even though that's not what she was crying about whatsoever.

She smiles back at him. Things are going to be better. And they were better.

But today, right now, there is a bat coming towards her face. And she thinks of this memory because what happens next is going to destroy her.

INT. WE STILL DON'T FUCKING KNOW!

Because when slow motion turns to regular motion, the bat stops INCHES from her face.

ABBY

(whispers)

Where in the world is Wolf Stone?

BREE

Who?

Adam flips the switch. *Scott cries out.*

SCOTT

IT-NEVER-HURTS-LESS-

ABBY

We will literally make your husband a bear rug. A Scott rug.

ADAM

I'll read boring novels on it beside our fireplace!

ABBY

And we don't even have a fireplace!
So answer our question-

ADAM

Or I'll put his foot in a blender!

ABBY

We don't have a blender either!

ADAM

But we are crazy good at
improvising!

Bree looks at Scott, who is a complete mess right now.

BREE

I... don't know who you're talking
about.

Scott's eyes go wide.

They flip the switch again. *Scott screams.*

SCOTT

BREEEE!

ADAM

LIAR LIAR PANTS ON FIRE!

ABBY

Is Wolf Stone coming for you? Does
he know why we took you?

BREE

What is Wolf Stone? It sounds like
a cheap college beer.

Adam pulls a gun and STICKS IT TO SCOTT'S HEAD.

SCOTT

Bree! Less jokes! LESS JOKES NOW!

ABBY

Do you wanna know what happens when
he pulls the trigger?

SCOTT

NOPE! BREE!

BREE

Scott, you need to be quiet.

SCOTT

...WHAT?!

ABBY

What happens is-

Bree suddenly sighs THE BIGGEST SIGH OF RELIEF. Everyone stares at her, confused.

BREE

Hey. Abby. Truth or dare!

ABBY

Dare!

BREE

I dare you to hit me with that bat.

ABBY

ACCEPTED!

Abby SWINGS THE BAT AT BREE AND-

Suddenly-

Bree is no longer hanging upside down.

Abby hits nothing but air. Stumbles. Looks behind her and sees-

Bree. Crouched on the floor. Stands up confidently. Breathes in. OH SHIIIIIIIIIT.

**YOU'RE DAMN
RIGHT WE SMASH
CUT TO:**

INT. IHOP - NIGHT, FLASHBACK 2.5 OF 3!

Brendan and Scott sit opposite Bree. Same night as SPOCK.

BRENDAN

You're a what?

BREE

An amateur escape artist.

BRENDAN

Why?

BREE

Cuz no one pays you to escape anymore.

BRENDAN
Did they ever?

SCOTT
Are you good?

She looks at him with all the cockiness in the universe.

BREE
I'm the best.

They smile at each other.

RETURN BITCHES!

Bree twirls the chain that hung her from the ceiling.

Adam laughs. Not sarcastically. But a genuine, *this is hilarious!* laugh.

ADAM
How'd you-

Bree FLICKS the chain out-

SMACKS THE GUN OUT OF HIS HAND. CENTIMETERS FROM SCOTT'S FACE.

SCOTT
BREEEEEE!

BREE
The cuffs were really tricky!

Abby is back on her feet. Bat raised. Her and Adam circle around Bree.

BREE (CONT'D)
Alrighty.

Have you ever seen a fight involving a five foot piece of chain?

IT'S. FUCKING. AWESOME.

Abby charges with her bat raised-

Bree whips the chain out, lasoing it around the bat, and PULLS VICIOUSLY-

The bat is ripped from Abby's hands and sent flying-

INTO ADAM. He crashes to the ground. Sees his gun.

Bree whips the chain around his ankle as he makes a leap for it.

Drags him down-

Abby begins punching at Bree. Bourne-level crazy shit.

Bree wraps the chain around her knuckles and DECKS Abby in the nose.

AND THEN!

The door swings open and THREE MORE ASSASSINS appear.

They survey the situation. Bree holding a chain with Adam stuck in it. Abby bleeding on the ground. Scott completely useless.

The three assassins reach for their guns and-

Bree frees Adam. Brings the chain down on one of their faces like a whip.

She inflicts as much damage as possible before any of them can even get their guns out of their holsters. Clinical.

They crumble. All unconscious.

Adam reaches for his gun. Almost there.

Scott sees this, and with the all the strength he has, TIPS HIMSELF onto Adam. A gross crunch.

Before Bree can help Scott up, Abby SPRINGS from nowhere, tackling her to the ground-

She has THE SYRINGE GUN in her hand. Keeps trying to push it on Bree's temple, but Bree's able to knock it away.

Adam pushes Scott off of him. They watch the women fight.

ADAM
Wanna beer?

SCOTT
...Kinda-

ADAM
Psyche!

Adam kicks Scott in the gut.

SCOTT
UGH!

Adam pulls Bree off of Abby in a choke hold. His fingers crunch into her throat like fingers in crushed ice.

ADAM
OH! WHAT NOW BREE HOLLAND!

ABBY
WHAT NOW BITCH!

Abby punches Bree in the stomach over and over. Adam turns back to Scott, excited.

ADAM
WHAT NOW YOUNG SCOTT!

SCOTT
I SAW ADAM KISSING A TAHITI-AN.

Abby and Adam stare at him for a split second.

ADAM & ABBY
NOT TRUE!

Scott gives them a bloody smirk.

SCOTT
...psyche.

And in the split second she lost their attention, Bree OWNS them.

She BREAKS ADAM'S NOSE-

He lets go of her-

She UPPERCUTS ABBY-

Who is sent through the air-

Bree whips her chain around Abby's waist. Over and over. Ties it.

Hangs her on the ceiling hook, unconscious and upside down.

Adam tries to get up, but she PUNCHES HIM BRUTALLY in the nose again. Out like a light.

Bree stands there, catching her breath. Five bodies crumpled around her. Looks to Scott.

Who begins freaking out, trying to get out of the chair. She rushes to him.

BREE
It's okay. I'm here-

SCOTT
No no nono-

He coughs hard. She holds his face in her hands.

BREE
Baby it's okay-

SCOTT
Nononono!

BREE
Baby, shh, trust me-

SCOTT
I don't! I don't!

She looks at him. Gets it. Strokes his hair. Wants to say something but can't think of a thing to say.

But before anything can happen-

The sound of running coming towards them.

She looks at him. Hates herself.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Oh you're not serious-

BREE
I'll be right back. Probably.
Ideally. I promise.

SCOTT
Don't you leave me.

She looks at him. Can't say it.

Runs from the room-

SCOTT (CONT'D)
BREE!

But she's gone.

And we stay on Scott's trapped face while his wife throws down outside.

For an entire motherfucking minute.

He tries to free himself. Or at the very least, free the electrical wires from his balls.

But he is relatively useless.

At every grunt and scream heard outside, he flinches. Trying not to cry. Trying to be brave.

Trying to be a man.

But it's hard when your wife is suddenly a chain wielding badass and you've received more volts than pussy on your honeymoon.

AND THEN.

A grunt in the room.

Scott looks and sees ADAM stirring awake.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Ohhhh please nooo.

He tries harder to free himself, just making more noise.

Adam sits up. Holding his head. Feels his nose. Horrified.

ADAM
Did she break my nose?

He looks at Scott. The answer is very much yes.

SCOTT
It's not that bad.

ADAM
Is it broken in a manly way at least?

SCOTT
Uh...

ADAM
I'm going to kill your wife. I know that's really mean, but *honestly*. I was *really* attractive.

He gets to his feet gingerly. Sees Abby.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Ugh! And she stole our pinata idea!

He begins hobbling over to Abby. Taps her.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Hey. Wake up, snickerdoodle.

Scott watches all of this with complete and utter WHAT THE FUCK TERROR.

Abby stirs, doesn't wake up just yet.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Hey you.

ABBY
Rmrr.

ADAM
I'm gonna go fry Scott's balls out the back of his head now, okay?

Abby smiles in her sleep.

ABBY
Mmmm. I wuv wou.

They kiss. It's almost romantic, until Adam begins walking towards Scott.

ADAM
It's really nothing personal.

ABBY
Kinda is...

ADAM
Yeah, I guess it kinda is.

He ruffles Scott's hair.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Your wife kinda sucks for leav-

BREE (O.S.)
Truth or dare!

ADAM
(instinctively)
Truth! Oh-

KA-SHUNK!

Adam is sent CRASHING into the wall with a motherfucking HARPOON THROUGH HIS LEFT SHOULDER. Pinned there. In shock.

BREE stands at the door, wielding A HARPOON GUN.

BREE
 Only person who touches my
 husband's dick is me, comprende?

ADAM
 IS THAT A HARPOON!

BREE
 You bet your ass it's a harpoon.

ABBY
 Where'd you get a harpoon gun!

BREE
 We're on a boat, bitch. Get with
 it.

(AND NOW WE KNOW WHERE THE FUCK WE ARE.)

SCOTT
 Why are we on a boat?!

Bree doesn't answer him. Walks straight to Adam.

BREE
 Where are we heading?

ADAM
Meowch! The tables turned so
 quickly!

She grabs the harpoon. Twists.

ADAM (CONT'D)
 AGH! THAT HURTS LIKE WHOA!

ABBY
 THINK HAPPY THOUGHTS BABY!

ADAM
 I ONLY EVER THINK OF YOU,
 SWEETHEART!

BREE
 SHUT UP! WHO WANTS ME AND WOLF?

ADAM
 Justin, duh.

At the simple mention of "Justin", Bree becomes instantly
 terrified.

BREE
 Oh crap.

She turns and SPRINTS to Scott. Unties him as fast as she can.

And meanwhile, Adam begins to SING. (Over the Rhine's "RHAPSODIE" would be a good choice because that song is DOPE).

ADAM
*And I... couldn't love you...
 anymore... than I do... right now.
 Than I do...*

Abby joins in.

ADAM & ABBY
 RIGHT NOW!

Bree frees Scott and gets him the hell out of there-

ADAM & ABBY (CONT'D)
 AND IF YOU SHOULD EVER LEAVE!

INT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS

As Bree helps Scott through the boat, we see the absolute DEVASTATION she wrought. Bodies everywhere. MOANING bodies everywhere.

We continue to hear Adam & Abby non-diagetically. More fucked than funny (but still funny).

ADAM & ABBY (O.S.)
 THEN I WOULD LOVE YOU FOR WHAT YOU
 NEED!

INT. TOPSIDE - CONTINUOUS

They get TOPSIDE. We're on a small YACHT. Smoke pours from a control room. They run to a tiny life raft, get in and lower themselves.

There's no land anywhere to be seen.

ADAM & ABBY (O.S.)
 I COULD STILL TELL YOU THAT I...
 COULDN'T LOVE YOU ANYMORE THAN I DO
 RIGHT NOW! THAN I DO RIGHT NOW!

They speed away as fast as fucking possible.

INT. LIFE RAFT - DAY

Scott lays in the raft. Exhausted. Looks at his wife. Not her biggest fan right now.

SCOTT
They killed Ji Yeon's boyfriend.

Bree looks at him sadly. Scott doesn't really have a follow up thought.

Bree looks through a pair of binoculars and SEES the coast.

BREE
Oh. Oh no.

Scott groans. Of course she'd say "oh no" now.

SCOTT
Is it Rape Island?

Bree sighs. This is their fate.

BREE
Worse. It's-

TITLE SMASH: BELGIUM.

TITLE SMASH: AKA THE WORST COUNTRY IN THE UNIVERSE.

TITLE SMASH: SEVEN HOURS UNTIL SHIT GETS REAL.

EXT. DOCK - EVENING

Bree helps Scott out of the raft at a small wooden dock.

SCOTT
How the hell did we get to Europe?!

BREE
I can't answer that without sounding like a smartass.

SCOTT
Well, maybe try?

BREE
I'm guessing after they knocked us out they threw us on a private jet.

SCOTT
Then why were we on a boat?

Bree has no answer.

Scott sighs. Leans against a light pole, completely out of strength.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Awesome. And what's so bad about Belgium?

BREE

Everything. Every single thing. Minus chocolate, waffles, and some ales.

SCOTT

I know it's the most boring country ever but-

She stops him. Deadly serious.

BREE

Belgium's not boring. Not even a tiny bit. It's SATAN. If Hitler's soul was re-incarnated as a country, that country would be modern-day Belgium.

SCOTT

Really? It wouldn't be 1940's Germany?

An old man walks by. Bree pulls Scott down to avoid being seen. Scott gasps in pain, grabbing his groin.

BREE

There's a safe house about ten miles from here.

SCOTT

(weakly)

How do you know... where a safe house in Belgium is?

BREE

I know where a lot of safe houses are.

SCOTT

Avoidance answer.

BREE

Because it's my job, Scott.

SCOTT
Your job as a SPY?

BREE
I'm not a spy.

SCOTT
Assassin?!

BREE
No, Scott.

SCOTT
COMMUNIST?!

BREE
What? Stop.

SCOTT
Is it really your job at the
Treasury Department? With your
boss, Wolf Stone?

BREE
(slowly nods)
I help him. With what he does.

SCOTT
And he's a spy? But you're not?

BREE
Not... yet.

SCOTT
So you're basically MoneyPenny.

Bree shrugs. Fine.

Now's not the time. And Scott gets that.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Well two things. One, your safe
houses suck ass and two, I'm not
walking ten mi-

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

SCOTT
Been waaaaaaay more than ten miles.

Bree helps a badly limping Scott walk through the middle of a
busy sidewalk. She still limps a little too, so they just
look fucking awful.

Bree looks at every passing person like they might be the antichrist.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You know those people who blow their hands off with fireworks on the 4th of July and they always show the injuries on the news to encourage people not to get fireworks? That's what my dick feels like. Right now.

Bree cringes, kind of laughs.

BREE

We're here.

Scott looks around. Ahead of them is a simple store front with a name in Dutch: "SALLY'S STUEKEBOEK WUNDERLAND!"

SCOTT

That doesn't say "Sally's Safehouse Wonderland", does it?

BREE

Not quite.

Bree looks around to see if they're being watched. Doesn't seem like it, and so they enter-

INT. SALLY'S STUEKEBOEK WUNDERLAND - CONTINUOUS

A SCRAPBOOKING STORE.

Empty besides the OLD LADY knitting behind the counter. She recognizes Bree. Nods.

Bree helps Scott to the back of the store.

BREE

You ever see anyone in a scrapbooking store? And wonder how so many of them survived the recession?

SCOTT

I just figured they were drug fronts, but yeah, this makes way more sense.

She smirks, opens a back door to a-

INT. DARK CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Without turning on a light, she feels against a wall-
Removes a panel, revealing all manner of scanners and
keypads.

SCOTT
Wow. Bitchen.

BREE
Hush you.

She does her thing, and after a moment the wall slides apart,
revealing another room.

SCOTT
Wow. Bitchen.

They enter.

INT. SCAN ROOM - NIGHT

The door quickly slides shut and all is black. And then the
walls light up, a soft BLUE light. Non-threatening.

SCOTT
Your safe house is sponsored by
Virgin America.

BREE
I wish.

The light turns GREEN. Then ORANGE. Scott looks like hell.

SCOTT
If this turns out to be some
Belgian fetish dungeon nightclub
I'm gonna be really pissed.

The lights fade and an ELEVATOR opens. They get inside.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Fine. I'd be kinda into it.

As the elevator closes.

BREE
Me too.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

The elevator doors open and standing on the other side is a BEAR OF A MAN.

Fifties? Sixties? Irrelevant as he is a pure MOUNTAIN of a man, all muscle and destruction. White hair in a pony tail. A terribly unkempt white beard.

THREE LONG LACERATIONS scar his entire face. Whatever happened TOOK OUT AN EYE. A glass one sits in its place.

And all he's wearing are jean shorts (hereto referred to as jorts).

He sees Bree and you'd swear he almost starts to cry.

AVNER

Bree?

BREE

Av.

She rushes to him and hugs him. He hugs her back tightly.

Scott walks out of the elevator and, as is often the case with poor Scott, is totally bewildered.

And they just keep hugging.

SCOTT

I don't want to be rude, but I could really use some ice.

Avner looks up at him. Practically growls.

AVNER

Who are you?

BREE

He's my husband.

Avner looks at Bree with surprise, then back at Scott.

SCOTT

And I could reallllly use some ice.

INT. SAFE HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

An icepack on Scott's crotch. The trio sit at a table.

The kitchen is IMMACULATE. Like Betty Draper's kitchen.

SCOTT
I've never been more thankful to
have blue balls.

Neither Bree nor Avner laughs.

Avner finishes filling a syringe, and offers it to Scott.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
(fuck no)
I'll shove that in your eye.

BREE
Scott!

Avner suddenly pulls a PISTOL on Scott.

BREE (CONT'D)
Avner!

AVNER
I'm a good guy.

SCOTT
(DOES NOT CARE)
Your actions are super good guyish.

AVNER
Your thigh.

Scott mulls this over.

AVNER (CONT'D)
You'll get high.

Scott takes the syringe and jabs it into his thigh. Tosses it on the table, where Avner wraps it in a protective sheet and throws it in the trash.

SCOTT
Are you a spy?

AVNER
No.

SCOTT
Are you a fifties housewife?

AVNER
No.

BREE
Scott, let's-

He holds up a finger to Bree. Surprises her with his rudeness.

AVNER

Don't do that.

Scott lowers his finger and addresses Avner.

SCOTT

Can I level with you?

AVNER

No.

SCOTT

Today is like... day three or something of my honeymoon, man. I've been stabbed, shot at, been in exploding overwater bungalows, hunted by a shark and the cast of Glee, had my balls electrocuted, had my wife let me get tortured by the same psychopaths that MURDERED MY COOL NEW FRIEND, only for my wife to suddenly take down an entire boat of crazy-ass-assassins single handed and shoot a psychopathic kumquat in the chest with a HARPOON GUN, and then bring me to what seems like the repressed housewife's sixties American Dream. IN BELGIUM. Which is apparently worse than every country in the Middle East combined. A few hours ago I was in Tahiti and I thought my wife worked for the Treasury Department. And now all I know is that my wife, who I seem to barely know at all, is being hunted by some dick wad named Justin-

Avner INSTANTLY looks at Bree. Scared. She nods.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

See! That's all I want to know! Why does that happen any time someone says JUSTIN.

Avner SLAMS his giant fist on the table, cracking it-

AVNER

STOP SAYING THAT NAME!

Scott raises his hands. Bree puts her hand on Avner's arm. Scott watches as Avner almost instantly cools off.

Avner stands up. Straightens himself.

AVNER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for scaring you. Excuse me.

He walks out of the kitchen, leaving the couple together.

SCOTT

I'm guessing you're not gonna tell me what that was all about. Or if you did, it would just be another lie, right?

Bree looks at her hands and says nothing.

Scott opens his mouth to keep fighting, but instead, just gives up.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I'm going to bed. Wake me up if something crazy happens with scarface. Or don't.

He leaves her there.

INT. SAFE HOUSE DEN - NIGHT

Bree enters a small den where Avner sits at a wooden table. He sees her come in. Offers her his hand.

She takes it and he smiles. He's almost giddy about her.

AVNER

I'm happy you're here.

Bree sits with him.

BREE

How you holding up, old guy?

Avner leans back in his chair. Seems to struggle over every word. Until he settles on:

AVNER

Don't really want to talk about that.

She squeezes his hand. Okay.

AVNER (CONT'D)
Want to see my new eyes?

BREE
Definitely.

Avner grins boyishly and opens a display case of GLASS EYES. We see similar cases lining bookshelves.

The eyes range from normal looking eyes to the bizarre. Such as:

AVNER
This one's new. It's a disco ball.

Bree laughs, rolls it in her hands.

BREE
It's so smooth.

AVNER
I found this guy in Poland, he was a glass blower, um... His wife had an eye removed. Cancer. He started making her eyes. Got real into it. Anyway. She passed and... kept making 'em. Figured why stop. So I keep buying 'em.
(a thoughtful pause)
We're penpals.

Bree picks up a black one.

AVNER (CONT'D)
That's my favorite.

He taps it, and a green laser shoots out. Bree laughs. He touches it again and it becomes a strobe.

BREE
Oh boy.

Avner chuckles, delighted with himself.

AVNER
This one...

He picks up another eye, much more gently. Reverently. It's a normal looking eye, brown.

AVNER (CONT'D)
I ordered it before... Sometimes I wear it. I guess it's... weird.

BREE
No. It's beautiful, Av.

AVNER
Mmm.
(another pause)
I clean a lot.

BREE
I noticed.

They smile.

AVNER
Your husband doesn't like me.

BREE
He doesn't like me either.

Bree sets her chin in her hands.

BREE (CONT'D)
He's gonna kick my ass.

Avner chuckles. Bree blows the hair out of her eyes.

BREE (CONT'D)
And he has every right to.

AVNER
Is he good to you?

BREE
Oh my, too much so.
(sighs)
He's a librarian, and he does these
story times for kids, with all the
different voices, ya know? And he's
soooo good at it and the kids
worship him.
(laughs)
I'm never more hated than when I
tell the single mothers there that
I'm his fiance.
(adjusts)
Wife.

She lays her head on the table. Quietly. Guiltily.

BREE (CONT'D)
When he was asleep in the jungle I
thought about leaving him there.
And again when he was tied up in
the boat.

(MORE)

BREE (CONT'D)
 (sincere)
 I'm the worst person I know.

Looks at her hands. Realizes.

BREE (CONT'D)
 Them fuckers took my rings.

Avner lays a large hand on her shoulder. She holds it.

INT. SAFE HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bree enters the bedroom, finding Scott sitting on the bed, his back to her. It's done up in a very fifties ideal style.

A quiet moment.

BREE
 How ya feeling?

SCOTT
 Are we real?

BREE
 What?

He sniffles. Been crying.

SCOTT
 Are we real? Or am I some kind of... mark to help your cover or something. And is your real name Bree, and are your family all actors? And-

BREE
 Scotty.

He stops. Sniffles again. She kneels behind him on the bed.

BREE (CONT'D)
 We are very, very real. My name really is Bree Anne Holland Kripinoski, and my family are really that obnoxious.
 (beat)
 And I adore you so.

Scott says nothing.

BREE (CONT'D)
 Do you wanna talk?

SCOTT

No. I'm afraid if I hear your backstory and it features words like "recruited", "confidential" and "for your own safety" or a single acronym, I might go ballistic.

(quieter)

I might go ballistic anyways though.

She tries to touch his back, but he springs from the bed. Starting to lose it.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I feel inadequate, like this whole goshdarn honeymoon, is, ah! I'm sorry I'm not a professional badass like you and that I don't deal with wikileaks bullshhhh and knowing how to break wrists and fire assault rifles and get out of ridiculous effing bondage situations!

(sad beat)

Cyclops lied. I didn't get high. AT ALL.

Bree purses her lips together. Kind smile.

BREE

I love that you never cuss when we fight.

Scott almost softens, turns away.

SCOTT

Shut up.

BREE

I appreciate it. And it's cute.

SCOTT

I don't care. You didn't have to lie to me. I don't care if you were ordered by the President. I'm your husband and your best friend and you don't ever lie to me.

(stares at his feet)

You turned our skyscraper into a sandcastle.

Bree exhales as if she's been punched. Has no reply.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 I'm not even sure who I'm married
 to, dude. Or if I even wannabe.

And that's way worse. Bree does everything she can to keep
 calm.

BREE
 What... um. What do you wanna do?

SCOTT
 I want to go home. And a week ago.

Bree swallows. Okay. Long, awkward, sucky pause.

BREE
 I'm gonna brush my teeth.

She gets up and enters the bathroom. Before she closes the
 door-

BREE (CONT'D)
 I never said we were a skyscraper.
 I said that you were.

He watches as she closes the door quietly.

INT. SAFE HOUSE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bree starts the shower. Stares at herself in the mirror.

INT. SAFE HOUSE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Scott stands in the middle of the room. Not really sure what
 to do or where to go or what just happened.

INT. SAFE HOUSE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bree leans over the sink. Composes herself.

Looks at herself again. Runs her hands through her hair and
 STOPS.

Notices something on her inner arm. A red mark. Like a bug
 bite.

But this is no bug bite.

Suddenly, an EARTHQUAKE-TYPE RUMBLING shakes the bathroom-

INT. SAFE HOUSE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

And the bedroom.

SCOTT

Bree?

The lights all go off and super-scary RED ALERT LIGHTS COME ON.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

BREE?

INT. SAFE HOUSE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

And it all clicks for Bree.

She groans. This is gonna suck *so much ass*.

KA-BAAAAAAM!

And naturally, the bathroom wall explodes.

INT. SAFE HOUSE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Scott is sent flying on to the bed by the blast.

THE ENTIRE WALL HAS BEEN BLOWN OUT.

But he's up in record time. Sees the bathroom door cracked and dislodged.

Sprints and crashes through it-

INT. WHATSLEFTOFTHE SAFE HOUSE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Just in time to see ABBY wrap her arms around an unconscious Bree.

She blows Scott a kiss that turns into a middle finger, and is pulled by a line connected to his waist straight into the sky, and towards the awaiting HELICOPTER.

Scott watches them go, powerless.

And this is when everything changes in Scott Kripinoski's life.

SCOTT

That BITCH.

He turns around and walks with purpose out of the bathroom.
We hear yelling and gun fire and Scott doesn't give a FUCK.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

He opens his door to find a GOON about to come in. Scott glares at him. Clenches his hand to a fist and KNOCKS HIM THE FUCK OUT.

Avner appears, SLAMS an assassin against the wall with his hand. WRECKS HIM. Runs to Scott.

AVNER

Bree?

SCOTT

They took her.

Avner growls. Hands Scott a gun.

HE MOTHERFUCKING TAKES IT.

Just as a hail of bullets blast around them. Avner throws Scott back into the bedroom-

INT. SAFE HOUSE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Avner slams the door closed with his foot, leaps over the bed with Scott.

The door gets BLOWN TO SHIT. Scott and Avner return fire.

Avner reloads. Sees the entire wall blown out of the building. A couple janitors from the glass office building across the street staring blankly.

Scott goes to fire, and instead sees a goon roll a grenade towards them.

SCOTT

Oh fu-

Avner grabs Scott and LEAPS with him out of the open wound in the building-

EXPLOSION!

The blast thrusts them so hard that THEY CRASH THROUGH THE WINDOWS OF THE OFFICE BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET.

INT. BELGIAN OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Avner, seemingly indestructible, throws Scott over his shoulder and gets the hell away from the windows. Pass a janitor, who looks like he shit himself.

SCOTT
By... the way... Your safe
houses... suck.

INT. BELGIAN PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

They seem safe. Ish. Until Avner POINTS HIS GUN AT SCOTT.

AVNER
Take off your clothes!

Scott points his gun at Avner-

SCOTT
WHAT?!

AVNER
They tracked her.

SCOTT
BUT YOU SCANNED US!

AVNER
I have no idea how that shit works!

Scott holds his stance. Relents and pulls off his shirt. Then pants. Avner checks him over.

SCOTT
You have that app right?

AVNER
App?

SCOTT
That you can track Bree with?

AVNER
My phone's at home.

SCOTT
Ah! Dude! You're a shit spy!

AVNER
Not a spy.

Avner finds a tiny bug bite mark on Scott's arm.

AVNER (CONT'D)

Hrm.

Avner takes a step back. Thinks. Notices a shard of glass lodged in his thigh. Pulls and tosses it like it's nothing.

Scott quickly puts his clothes back on.

SCOTT

Can you hotwire a car?

AVNER

Wolf will take care of it.

SCOTT

Do you know where they took her?

AVNER

We have about ninety seconds until they find us.

SCOTT

All the more reason to start hotwiring shit.

AVNER

You will die.

SCOTT

I don't care!

Avner holds up a hand, tries to slow Scott down.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I told her I wasn't sure we should've gotten married.

Scott can't even look at Avner. He hates himself.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

There's girls and there's love and... and then there's Bree.

(looks at Avner)

She's proof of God, man. And if something happens to her and I'm just sitting in a parking garage in BELGIUM... I'll never forgive myself.

Avner considers this.

EXT. BELGIAN STREETS - NIGHT

Fire trucks hose off the building that was the safe house when-

TWO MOTORCYCLES SCREAM PAST THEM.

SCOTT'S NOT WEARING A HELMET. HE'S BREAKING SPEED LIMITS.

LIKE HE GIVES A FUCK.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Bree, unconscious, with a hood over her head, sits beside ABBY. Who paints Bree's nails happily.

INT. BELGIAN WILDERNESS - NIGHT

Scott FLYING by on the bike-

EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT

The chopper lands and Bree is carried off by FOUR GUARDS. She's shackled every way you can imagine.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Scott fills the motorbikes with gas. LITERALLY the last thing he wants to do right now. He fidgets anxiously.

Avner walks out of the gas station, holding AN ARMFUL OF GUNS. Scott simply watches as Avner loads his bike with them. Like it's no big deal.

SCOTT

Best country ever...

AVNER

Almost there.

SCOTT

Almost where exactly?

THE ANSWER IS:

EXT. A MOUTHERFUCKING CASTLE - NIGHT

They park their motorcycles downhill from a MAGNIFICENT OLD SCHOOL CASTLE.

Avner begins handing Scott various weapons as sees at it.

SCOTT
That's some Frankenstein shit right there.

AVNER
Billionaires. Lose their minds. Buy castles.

SCOTT
Resurrect the dead?

AVNER
No.

Avner looks up at the castle at last. It's a viscerally emotional moment for the giant man.

Starts walking towards it.

AVNER (CONT'D)
She always saved you.

SCOTT
What?

AVNER
Didn't have to. Could've ran.

Scott thinks about this. Becomes more determined.

AVNER (CONT'D)
They'll know we're coming.

SCOTT
Will they kill her?

AVNER
Horribly.

SCOTT
Well that's that.

Avner checks his guns. Scott pretends to know what he's doing and does the same.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Why's Big Bad want to kill everyone, anyway?

Avner walks for a few seconds before answering. Scott jogs to catch up.

AVNER

Some hunters kill pheasants. Gets easy. Move up to deer. Gets easy. Bears. Lions. Elephants.

And that seems to be that.

SCOTT

So. J-u-s-t-i-n is a bored hunter?

Avner shrugs. Scott can't quite tell if he gets it or not.

AVNER

I haven't... been outside in a year.

Scott listens.

AVNER (CONT'D)

We had a mission and... Justin caught... Alex. Returned him in pieces.

(struggles)

I don't... remember the last thing I said to him. I remember breakfast. Asking what a seven lettered insect was. Cricket. But everything at the end. Don't remember. And when I saw him he was more... He was just a doll made of plastic.

Scott is momentarily speechless.

SCOTT

I'm so sorry, Avner.

Avner appreciates this.

AVNER

If I see him, I'll kill him.

SCOTT

I support that.

(beat)

Nothing like a gentle push to get you outside again.

And Avner actually chuckles. Scott pumps his fist.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Yes! I WIN!

AVNER
Quiet, boy.

Scott shuts up and follows the big man. Who smiles to himself.

But then Scott hears something. Looks behind.

Nothing but the night.

Until, slowly, he sees SOMETHING RUNNING TOWARDS THEM in the distance.

SCOTT
Avner! Avner! Dog!

Avner looks. Sees. Points his gun.

AVNER
Not a dog.

Scott is horrified.

SCOTT
No! You can't shoot the dog!

AVNER
It's not. A dog.

SCOTT
Then what is it?

And that's when THE BEAR ROARS AT THEM.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Okay, shoot it.

Avner aims and-

THE GUN IS SHOT OUT OF HIS HANDS.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
OH SHIT!

AVNER
(inconvenient)
Snipers.

Avner grabs Scott as a hail of bullets SMACK into the ground where they stood. And then FOLLOW THEM AS THEY RUN.

They see the old school CASTLE ENTRANCE. And its drawbridge.

Which begins to close.

SCOTT
Closing! CLOSING DRAWBRIDGE!

The bear ROARS, WAY CLOSER.

Another bullet HITS inches in front of them.

The drawbridge RISING.

Over a MOAT. Filled with WATER.

AVNER
Don't get in the water!

SCOTT
Great advice Chewie!

Scott LEAPS and GRABS ONTO THE DRAWBRIDGE AS IT RISES. Avner does the same.

The Bear STOPS short of the road in front of the drawbridge. It roars angrily.

BULLETS PIERCE the water beneath them. Scott raises his feet as high as he can-

When he notices GATORS swimming in the water below.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Billionaires!

Avner takes a GRENADE from his belt, bites the pin and tosses it over the drawbridge-

Grabs Scott's gun, aims it the top of the castle, and FIRES.

The grenade EXPLODES-

The shooting STOPS AS THE SNIPER FALLS-

The Bear CRIES-

The bridge is almost closed when Avner LOFTS himself over the bridge, and starts SHOOTING.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Oh. Oh. Great.

With difficulty and a decreasing amount of time, Scott lifts himself over and SLIDES NOT A SECOND TOO SOON INTO-

INT. THE MOTHERFUCKING CASTLE - NIGHT

He tumbles in awkwardly, coming face to face with the hell that Avner wrought. A giant crater where the grenade hit. Sprinklers raining down. Ten bodies lying about the room in various states of pain or worse.

The castle is as beautiful and arrogant as you'd expect. Tall ceilings and gorgeous stair cases leading to various floors.

But we don't have a chance to admire it because-

AVNER

Scott! Let's go!

Avner takes off running down a corridor. Scott follows, running around the grenade crater and trying not to step on any of the bodies that Avner dropped.

He slips, falls, gasps and-

INT. PRESUMABLY ALSO THE CASTLE - NIGHT

Bree gasps awake. Her face red. Music plays from a vinyl. And we slowly pull back...

She's not hanging upside-down this time, so that's a start. Head bandaged. She's in a gorgeous white dress. Shackles at both of her feet. A shackle around her neck.

Her arms behind her back, fingers connected by the five most fucked-up metal Chinese finger traps in the history of cinema.

BREE

Shit!

JUSTIN (O.S.)

Really, what are the odds that the best Chinese finger traps in the world are made in America? It's gonna be a real bitch breaking out of them, huh darling?

Bree wiggles her fingers. The look on her face says he's right.

She looks up, and sees the room-

It's UNREAL. Stone and oak, a roaring fire place. Expensive art adorning the walls. Luxurious couches.

And leaning on said couch is a PLUMP, BALD BRITISH MAN. Lex Luthor with a food fetish.

The one and only: JUSTIN.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Hey kid.

Bree sighs. Bullshit.

Behind him she sees ABBY AND ADAM. They wave happily, even though they both look like shit. Adam especially, his arm in a sling and his nose in a brace.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Welcome to my home. It's a castle. How great is that! I'd offer a tour, buuuuut you're so slippery. I'd rather you just stay put for now, okay?

(leans in, ecstatic)

I totally have a fossil museum downstairs, so if tonight goes off without a hitch, I'd LOVE to show it to you!

BREE

Awesome.

JUSTIN

So how ya been?

BREE

Oh, pretty good. Got laid a total of once on my honeymoon. So. There's that.

JUSTIN

Breeeeeeee, don't be grumpy! I'm reallllly sorry I screwed up your honeymoon. REALLLLLLY sorry. Buuuuuuuuuut I needed you and had to be selfish. You like the boat fake-out?

BREE

No, I actually kinda hated that too.

JUSTIN

I was worried you would've caught on to that wicked fast, and been all like-

(Sweet Valley High accent)

(MORE)

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

"O-M-F-G, this is too easy to break out of! He must be using me to find the hiding one eyed grizzly bear, oh noz!"

Abby and Adam look at each other. Not entirely thrilled with hearing they were played.

ADAM

Hey, that's not very ni-

Justin raises a plump finger for their silence. Adam reluctantly obeys.

Justin holds up an iPhone happily to Bree.

JUSTIN

Guess who finally left his cave?

BREE

I don't know. Gollum. The Yeti. Batman. Wait. Wait, I'll get it.
(gasps, gets it)
Is it the one eyed grizzly bear?!
Shiiiiit Justin. You're so baaaaad.

ADAM

Ding ding ding!

ABBY

Bree wins!

Justin stares daggers at Abby and Adam. Seething. Then snaps back to Bree, 100% different and super nice and grandfatherly.

JUSTIN

So here's how I see tonight playing out. Wolf either comes from the stairs or the door, and I'm-
(moves there)
Behind you with a gun to your head, and then he melees with these dildos-

ABBY

Ew-

JUSTIN

Kills them-

ADAM

Unnnnnlikely-

JUSTIN

And then! He can't get a shot off at me! He's too afraid he's going to hit his intern-that's-like-a-daughter-to-him or whatever you are-

BREE

Jeez, I'm not an intern-

JUSTIN

And then I-
(moves)
Pull out a second gun! BANG!

BREE

I'm still pissed about the intern comment-

JUSTIN

(grandiose)
Here lies Wolf Stone! The hardest man to kill in the world, killed!

BREE

Ugh. I wish you two would just bone and get it over with already.

Abby laughs.

Justin furiously SWINGS A GUN TO ABBY'S FACE. Abby and Adam glare back at him.

JUSTIN

You open your mouth again and I'll put a bullet in it.

Returns to Bree. Gun lowered.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

A-

BANG.

Bree gasps.

A moment of painful realization passes briefly on Justin's face.

And then he falls over. DEAD.

Revealing Adam, holding the smoking gun.

ABBY

Adam!

ADAM
No one threatens you beeb.

ABBY
We're not gonna get paid now!

Adam is quiet.

ADAM
We were getting paid?

ABBY
I... I actually never thought to ask.

Everyone looks at his body. Abby touches Adam gently.

ABBY (CONT'D)
You are always SO thoughtful.

ADAM
Who's my girl?

ABBY
Um. ME?

ADAM
YOU BETCHA.

They kiss.

GUARD (O.S.)
HEY?!

They turn and find A GUARD staring at JUSTIN, shocked-

GUARD (CONT'D)
Wha-

Both Abby and Adam SHOOT THE GUARD. Passively.

ABBY
I just thought of something.

ADAM
I bet it's the same thing I thought of.

ABBY
(to Bree)
We're so in sync, it's disgusting.

ADAM
It's true. We're fantastic at
finishing each other's-

ABBY
Orgasms.

They laugh. Bree doesn't.

ADAM
So anyway, did you think: what
should we do with Bree now?

ABBY
I TOTES DID.

They look at her. Start laughing devilishly.

INT. CASTLE / CORRIDOR - NIGHT

SCOTT AND AVNER ARE RUNNING FOR THEIR LIVES.

Scott's a little faster. Holds two pistols in his hands.

SCOTT
I HATE THIS PLACE! THIS IS THE
WORST PLACE EVER! STUPID MANIACAL
BILLIONAIRES AND THEIR STUPID
CASTLES!

And then Avner DISAPPEARS THROUGH THE FLOOR.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
AVNER?!

The TRAP DOOR where Avner fell is completely sealed again.

And Scott realizes he's now completely alone in HELL.

He hears approaching guards yelling in Belgianese and has no
choice but to high tail it the fuck out of there.

Turns a corner-

IS SHOT AT BY APPROACHING GUARDS-

Turns another corner quick!

Takes a grenade Avner gave him. Bites the pin and throws it
backwards wildly.

He turns another corner and THE BLAST ROCKETS BEHIND HIM.

He jumps and pumps his fist victoriously. **SPLIT SECOND FREEZE FRAME.**

ET THEN!

INT. CASTLE / THE TOWER - NIGHT

Scott enters the room where Bree was being held with his gun raised. It's empty.

Besides a shit ton of dead bodies on the floor. Including Justin's.

Scott creeps through the room quietly. Freaked the fuck out.

Sees a stairway. Hears a strange noise coming from above...

Runs up the stairs, opens the door and is-

EXT. CASTLE TOP - CONTINUOUS

On TOP OF THE CASTLE.

A HELICOPTER is preparing for take off. Scott shields his face from the wind, and moves out of the wind stream.

And then.

He sees BREE.

Tied up OUTSIDE OF THE HELICOPTER. But still connected to it.

And she sees him.

They just look at each other for a moment. Breathlessly.

AND ALL IS LOVE.

He points to himself.

Then to his heart.

Then to her.

She laughs. Nods.

He creeps towards her and before he can say anything THE HELICOPTER BEGINS TO RISE.

Scott's eyes go wide and he grabs onto Bree, holding her down.

But the chopper keeps rising. Three feet, four, five-

Scott grabs his gun. Shows Bree.

She rolls her eyes. Nods.

Puts the gun against the line tied to her.

They close their eyes and brace themselves.

HE FIRES-

THEY DROP-

HARD-

He turns his body so he takes the fall-

OOOF.

Bree rolls off of Scott instantly as he gingerly pulls himself up. She looks up at him uselessly, her hands still clasped behind her back, her feet bound with rope.

He stands. Looks down at her. Forces a smile.

INT. CASTLE - NIGHT

Scott carries Bree, limping, through the tower room, into the hallway-

A guard sees them-

GUARD

HEY!

SCOTT & BREE

SHIT.

Scott skips across the hall, opens a door and-

INT. CASTLE / BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Slams the door behind him. Finds a luxurious bedroom with a king size bed.

He tosses her on the bed and locks the door. The guard tries to open it from the other side-

SCOTT

Before you shoot bullets through the door you should know that it cost twenty thousand dollars and Justin will cut your head off.

Silence.

GUARD (O.S.)

Dammit...

Scott runs from the door to the opposite side of the bed. Bree slides off and joins him on the floor-

SCOTT

I can't believe that worked-

BREE

What are you doing here?!

SCOTT

SAVING YOU!

BREE

THAT'S SO NOT SMART!

SCOTT

I know! Where were they taking you?

BREE

Nowhere! They just wanted to screw with the bear!

SCOTT

It chased me but I survived! Who's "they"?

She begins wriggling her legs. Refusing to make eye contact with him.

BREE

Abby and Adam. They killed Justin.

SCOTT

Seriously?! Shit. Is that good or bad?

He notices she's not looking at him. Wiggling her ankles.

BREE

I really don't know. I need a knife to get these finger traps off and cut this ro-

He puts his hand on the rope that binds her ankles.

BREE (CONT'D)
Stop, you can't-

SCOTT
Double figure eight knot, otherwise
known as a dragon knot.

She looks up at him. He smiles as he begins to untie what looks like an utter bitch of a knot.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
When you told me you were an
aspiring escape artist, I really
wanted to impress you so I took
like, six books on escapism and
knots out of the library and
practically memorized them.

He has the knot more or less untied, but she's still just staring at him.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I figured maybe if we ever dated
and you got stuck in one of your
crazy knots, I could swoop in and
be all, "baby, I can untie one of
the most difficult of all knots,
because I...
(completely untied)
Am really impressive."

He smiles at her.

BREE
I don't deserve you.

SCOTT
Hush you.

She almost laughs. Teary eyed.

BREE
No, you hush. Please.

He obeys.

BREE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. For everything.

Scott is quiet. Lets her talk.

BREE (CONT'D)

It was really selfish of me to marry you. And sure I signed a ton of shit that made it so I couldn't legally say a word to you, but that's really just an excuse dressed up as a reason. I mean, you build me birdhouse neighborhoods and learned to untie knots for me. I didn't want to lose you. I waited my whole life for just one person to look at me like you did.

SCOTT

Like what?

She cries, though she doesn't seem to notice.

BREE

Like I was cool. Like I said things worth listening to and had ideas worth thinking about and was different from other girls in ways that were special and not disappointing. You made me feel like I was safe, and home, and I wasn't something fake, and scary, and surprising in terrible, deceitful ways. And if you don't want to be married I und-

SCOTT

Seriously. Shut up.

He wipes the tears from her eyes since she can't. Lifts her chin.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

If I'm some skyscraper and I don't have you then I'm just a really useless empty building. Okay?

She nods.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I still think you're cool.

She laughs. He kisses her. **EPIC.**

The sound of the lock being picked becomes very loud. She tries to stop the kiss.

BREE

Babe-

SCOTT
I've been working on that line
since you got abducted-

BREE
It was so awesome-

SCOTT
I KNOW-

BREE
But they're breaking in-

He looks to the door. Hears the sound.

SCOTT
I love your ninja ears.

BREE
That's great but-

But Scott's up, creeping towards the door, his gun drawn-

BREE (CONT'D)
Scott, bad pl-

He unlocks the door. Finds the GUARD caught holding two
picks.

The Guard REACHES FOR HIS GUN, but Scott HITS THE GUARD in
the head with the butt of his gun, trying to knock him out-

But The Guard moves his head, and Scott winds up BREAKING HIS
NOSE.

GUARD
ADFGSDFGSFH!

SCOTT
AHHH! Why did you move your face?!

GUARD
Because-!

Scott tries to knock him out again, but The Guard
instinctively moves again-

GUARD (CONT'D)
AADGFDHSFGHDFGH!

SCOTT
STOP MOVING!

GUARD
 YOU-ARE-DOING-IT-WRONG!

SCOTT
 ...Really?

GUARD
 Yeah!

BREE
 Hit his temple!

SCOTT
 But he keeps moving!

GUARD
 (crying)
 Why are you doing this?

SCOTT
 Hold still! Don't cry! You took my
 wife! HOLD STILL!

GUARD
 Give me the gun, I'll do it my-

Scott HITS him again, this time KNOCKING HIM OUT.

Scott stands up and is grossed out by the flecks of blood on his white outfit.

SCOTT
 Ewww.

Turns and sees Bree standing, staring at him, a mix of horror and humor.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 Let's pretend this whole thing
 ended with my awesome line that
 restrengthened our marriage.

BREE
 Deal.

ET THEN!

INT. CASTLE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The duo sprint down the hallway. Scott's gun is raised.

SCOTT
 Hey B?

BREE

Yeah?

SCOTT

...Sometimes I lie too.

She smiles at him. He smiles back.

BREE

Maybe we can work on it together.

SCOTT

But if you like, need to keep something from me or else Wolf will be ordered to assassinate me, you can just tell me that.

BREE

Okay, but I'm quitting-

SCOTT

But *AHHH*-

Scott tackles Bree behind a column as TWO GOONS begin unloading at them. Chunks of the column gloriously explode around them. Scott tries to fire back but the onslaught is too intense.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

FUN FACT: I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT I'M DOING!

BREE

SHOOTING'S GOOD!

Bree looks behind her back and sees the finger traps.

BREE (CONT'D)

How much ammo do you have left?

Scott laughs desperately.

BREE (CONT'D)

Okay. So we need their guns.

SCOTT

Hold up a second while I go get them.

Bree looks, sees the two Goons before they fire towards her face.

BREE
When they reload, make them stick
it up.

SCOTT
And what are you gonna do?!

BREE
Kick ass babe.

SCOTT
YOU HAVE NO HANDS-

BREE
TRUST ME.

Scott regards his wife with her bound hands.

SCOTT
You got it B.

There's a pause in the shooting. Bree looks at the Goons who are reloading and-

SHE'S UP, SPRINTING AT THEM. HANDS TRAPPED BEHIND HER BACK.

Scott levels his gun at them:

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Hands up, cockbags!

The two Goons ignore him and are almost done reloading when Bree TAKES THEM BOTH ON. WITH NO HANDS.

It is pretty much THE BEST THING EVER.

Every punch the Goons throw misses, or is used to throw them off balance, while every knee or head-butt or kick Bree delivers is pure devastation.

She's The Angel of Death. If the Angel of Death was fucking hot.

She kicks a Goon in the stomach, and then upper-cuts him unconscious with a kick-

Which she brings around to trip the second Goon and send him crashing to the floor. She knocks him the fuck out WITH HER KNEE.

Stands up. Kicks the guns towards Scott, who simply watches her in awe.

BREE

How did everyone in Tahiti have
like, six knives and no one here
does?

SCOTT

Because Belgium is the worst
country ever.

Bree grins at him. They start running again.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Also that was the hottest thing
I've ever seen. And I've had sex
with you.

BREE

Ugh can we have sex A-S-A-P?

SCOTT

UM YES PLEASE.

She pecks him on the cheek and they turn a corner, straight
into-

A FIST. INTO SCOTT'S FACE.

Bree gets taken by the THROAT-

By ABBY.

She pushes a knife under Bree's jaw.

BREE

Ahhhhh found the knife.

Scott gets up and points his gun at ADAM.

ADAM

WHAT UP SCOTT!

ABBY

This has easily been the most fun
we've had in years!

ADAM

I'd add "with our clothes on", but
we have SO MUCH FUN with our
clothes on.

Scott points the gun at ADAM'S HEAD.

SCOTT

I don't know how to use this but if I accidentally shoot you in the head I won't give a shit.

ABBY

If you shoot him, what do you think will happen to your wife?

Scott knows the answer.

SCOTT

Why are you guys such assholes?

Abby and Adam begin descending the stairs backwards. Scott follows.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Seriously! You don't even need us anymore!

ADAM

But you're just too much fun!

SCOTT

You know what I think?

BREE

Easy Scott...

ABBY

I'm all ears!

SCOTT

I think you guys have a really shitty marriage! I bet it got boring really fast and you kept trying to find the new thrill and as soon as you burned it out you moved on to the next! You're not psychopaths! You just need a divorce!

BREE

I'm pretty sure you're both a little bit psychopathic though.

ABBY

An interesting theory!

ADAM

And what about you and your wife!
Has she told you about the time in
Helsinki that she broke into a tank
and took out everyone inside?

ABBY

Or the incident in Argentina?

SCOTT

OBVIOUSLY NOT! And why would there
be a tank in Helsinki anyway?!

Everyone looks at Bree, wondering the same now that it's been
brought up.

BREE

(sighs)

Remember two minutes ago when you
said to let you know if I couldn't
tell you something?

SCOTT

((!))

BREE! I meant if telling me would
get me killed, not if it would help-

KABLAAAAAAAAM!

Everyone looks downstairs where they watch AVNER FIRING A
ROCKET LAUNCHER out of view. Fire ROARS out of the room,
lighting everything it touches. He takes cover and fires back
at unseen assailants.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

So I found Avner.

ABBY

Why are castles so flammable?

ADAM

A question for the ages!

ABBY

Speaking of questions!

ADAM

Would you die for her?

SCOTT

GUYS. I stormed a castle to save
her and my job is doing story times
in D.C. Public Libraries. Do the
math, retards.

ADAM
You do story time?

ABBY
So do we!

ADAM
Here's a story!

ABBY
Once upon a time there were Scott
and Bree.

ADAM
And Bree got thrown out a window!

Abby HURLS BREE THROUGH A WINDOW.

ABBY
THE END!

SCOTT
BREE!

And we BLAST INTO *EPIC INCEPTION-BONER-WORTHY SLOW-MOTION*.

Scott SHOOTS ADAM in the shoulder-

Who TUMBLES DOWN THE STAIRS.

Abby THROWS THE KNIFE AT SCOTT-

STABS HIM IN THE SHOULDER.

Scott DOESN'T EVEN NOTICE.

EXT. CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

EPIC WIDE SHOT: Bree falling from the castle like a snowflake.

RETURN INSIDE:

SCOTT BODY CHECKS ABBY INTO THE WALL. She gives him hell, punching his face, slamming him back into the wall, beating him like a feral animal. She THROWS him to the ground-

LEAPS on him while he's down-

Scott KICKS HER OFF-

She tumbles down the stairs and-

Scott rises. HEROIC.

FUCK YEAH SCOTT KRIPINOSKI!

Looks out the shattered window-

Sees the SPLASH IN THE MOAT FOUR STORIES BELOW.

And does the only possible thing that makes any sense at all.

He JUMPS OUT OF THE WINDOW.

EXT. CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

AND WE FOLLOW HIM DOWN AND

SPLASH **UNDERWATER-**

And it's REALLY FUCKING DARK.

Eventually, Scott REACHES THE SURFACE.

SCOTT
BREE! BREEEEE!

Nothing. The sound of gunfire in the castle is the only response.

Scott takes a deep breath and-

DIVES.

SWIMS.

DEEPER AND DEEPER.

Something we can't make out BUMPS INTO HIM.

But Scott KEEPS SWIMMING DEEPER, FURTHER.

SEARCHING.

ALMOST OUT OF BREATH WHEN-

Something else BUMPS INTO HIM.

And AGAIN.

Scott EXHALES.

Something SLAMS INTO HIM-

He hits HIS HEAD against the wall of the moat and-

FALLS UNCONSCIOUS.

Drifts down.

And down.

And down.

Beat.

When.

TWO HANDS REACH DOWN AND GRAB HIM!

And we follow them TO THE SURFACE AND-

EXT. CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

Bree and Scott are lifted out of the water by AVNER.

Bree is by Scott's side, crying, trying to wake him up. Her fingers free of the traps. Avner tries CPR.

But he's not responding, no matter how hard Avner tries.

And as Bree cries we are-

INT. BREE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT, THE FINAL FLASHBACK.

Bree kisses Scott, finally getting home from work. It's Christmas time, as evidenced by a tree and big winter coats.

BREE

Today was GNARLY.

SCOTT

I love it when you use the word gnarly.

BREE

I did it just for you.

Takes off her coat. Sits at her table. Starts rooting through her mail. Finds a small package. Tears it open passively.

BREE (CONT'D)

And how was your day babe?

SCOTT

Oh, it was aight.

BREE
*I love it when you say aaight. In
an-*

She pours the package onto her hand:

A HALLOWEEN SEVERED TOY FINGER. She laughs.

BREE (CONT'D)
What is this-

*And then notices the DIAMOND RING on it. Looks up at Scott.
Quiet.*

*He hits a remote and romantic music begins playing. He takes
off his coat, revealing a suit.*

He walks the few steps to her and gets down on his knee-

BREE (CONT'D)
Oh, obviously yes.

She gets on her knees too. Smiling ear to ear.

SCOTT
(faux appalled)
You just stole my moment!

BREE
Do you care?

SCOTT
Hell no.

*She takes his face gently in her hands, leans forward to kiss
him and we SMASH CUT REALLY FAST
TOOO-*

EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT

Scott gasps awake, coughing up water!

Bree cries in relief. Goes to him, but Avner holds her back.

AVNER
Let him breathe.

She relents.

BREE
Scott?

Scott looks around. Out of it. Totally confused.

SCOTT

What...

AVNER

You hit your head. Underwater.

SCOTT

Ow...

He lays there, taking deep breaths.

Looks at them, the smoke pouring out of the castle.

And Bree. Waiting. Hoping. Drenched.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You...

(coughs and spits)

Should always wear wet white dresses.

Bree laughs and reaches out for him.

THEY HUG. It's better than kissing.

BREE

You stormed a castle for me.

SCOTT

You came back for me. Every single time.

THEY KISS. HARD. AND IT'S PERFECT. IT'S SO MUCH BETTER THAN HUGGING.

Avner gets up to give the couple a moment and finds a sports car pulling up to the castle.

Out steps WOLF STONE. Sees the castle on fire.

Sees a bear fucking with an alligator in the moat.

Sees Avner.

Sees Bree and Scott.

WOLF

Well, shit.

INT. PRIVATE JET - NIGHT

Wolf sits across from Bree and Scott, and beside Avner, drinking a scotch.

WOLF
So he just killed Justin?

BREE
Yep.

WOLF
I have such mixed feelings about
that. What happened to them then?

Bree, Avner and Scott look at each other. Huh.

INT. BELGIAN DINER - NIGHT

The patrons of the small diner stare in shock as ABBY AND ADAM eat. They are bruised, burned, bloody and look like they don't really mind any of these things yet.

Abby pauses for a moment and sets down her fork.

ABBY
Do you know what I'm thinking?

ADAM
If it's that I need to finish these
pancakes fast so I can knock you
the hell up, then yes, I believe I
do.

She sighs.

ABBY
We are so meant to be.

They grin at each other. Adam begins eating very fast.

RETURNING TO THE PRIVATE JET...

WOLF
Nevermind. I'm sure that won't come
back to bite us in the ass.

BREE
Also. I quit.

SCOTT
Also. She wants a promotion.

Bree looks at Scott. Surprised. Wolf whines.

WOLF

But good assistants are so hard to
fiiiiind-

SCOTT

Don't be a dick, man!

BREE

Thaaaaaat's it.

Bree stands, grabs Scott's hand and pulls him up.

WOLF

Where are you going?

BREE

It's my honeymoon, bitch!

They both limp down the aisle. Pass by three annoyed
terrorists who frown disapprovingly.

Bree swings open the bathroom door-

SCOTT

What the shit!

BREE

Is that a jacuzzi!

SCOTT

Yeah! This is nicer than our
bathroom at home!

Bree enters. Scott stands outside, incredulous at the
apparent splendor of the private jet's bathroom.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

We can't do this! This is so cheati-

Her hand grabs him and pulls him into the bathroom.

The door shuts. Locks.

EXT. HOME - NIGHT

TITLE SMASH: WASHINGTON D.C.

**TITLE SMASH: EIGHT DAYS SINCE THE WEDDING, THE HONEYMOON, THE
CASTLE SIEGE, BREE'S PROMOTION AND LOTS OF BULLSHIT
DEBRIEFING AND PAPERWORK.**

Bree and Scott get out of a government vehicle. Check out their house. Hold hands and head towards it, still limping a bit.

TITLE SMASH: HOME.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

They head straight for the hammock. Climb in. She lays on top of Scott, and he covers them with a blanket.

The night summer breeze pushes them back and forth. Quiet.

SCOTT

Well that was fun.

Bree jabs him in the rib, and he holds her closer.

They play with their hands. Still ringless.

BREE

Ya wanna get ring tattoos?

SCOTT

Yeah, I could be into that.

She smiles down at him.

They eskimo kiss and we-

END.