

FULLY WRECKED

Written by

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OVER BLACK

White text CLICKS across the screen, typewriter-style:

DEEP VOICE (V.O.)
In 1984, a secret law enforcement
organization was formed. Codename:
the KAL Directive.

FADE IN:

A CAR MANUFACTURING PLANT

ROLL CREDITS as...

-- ROBOT ARMS weld together a TITANIUM FRAME -- SPARKS fly!

DEEP VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
To take down criminals above the
law, a nearly indestructible
"supercar" was created.

-- A BODY PANEL is bolted to the UNDERBODY -- a ROOF PANEL
locked in place -- the CAR is SPRAYED with black paint...

DEEP VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It was equipped with experimental-
stage Artificial Intelligence...

-- A BLUE COMPUTER CHIP is lowered into the ENGINE.

DEEP VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And a highly skilled operative was
put behind the wheel.

-- In SILHOUETTE, a chiseled AGENT in cool 80's street
clothes JUMPS INTO the car through the driver-side window.

DEEP VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
For two years, the most feared
presence in the criminal underworld
was one man... and one car.

FADE TO:

TITLE CARD. Cue "Maniac" from FLASHDANCE and...

SMASH CUT TO:

A CLOSE-UP OF THE SEXIEST FUCKING SPORTS CAR OF ALL TIME

The 1982 PONTIAC FIREBIRD TRANS-AM, moving at top speed,
engine roaring, poetry in motion:

TIRES -- jet black rubber, power-blasting the asphalt.

HOOD -- onyx black, aerodynamic lines, kissed by the wind.

GRILLE -- emanating a soft electric blue GLOW, PULSING -- as if the car were thinking, breathing...

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

EVERYONE turns to GAWK as the car WHOOSHES by: sunbathing BABES in high-waisted swimsuits; a buffed-out LIFTER, mid-pump; a VOLLEYBALLER in jean shorts -- flips up his shades.

BACK ON the Pontiac, accelerating to over 200 MILES PER HOUR!

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A secluded WAREHOUSE patrolled by armed sentries. A sign reads "MACE SHIPPING & CARGO."

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

WHAM! A stiff punch knocks the AVIATOR SHADES off the face of NICK MARLIN (32, 80's alpha male, a lover AND a fighter). He spits blood, and grins.

NICK

You call that torture? Felt like a rim job from Brigitte Nielsen.

Even tied up and surrounded by HENCHMEN, the guy's a badass.

MARCO MACE (25, muscled-up douche, blonde flat top, mesh tank top, fingerless gloves), cocks back another punch-

But his hand's INTERCEPTED by a meaty paw.

MARCO

But Dad-

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Enough!

Marco reluctantly steps aside...

Revealing his father, DALTON MACE (50's, refined, sadistic).

DALTON

Nick Marlin: hero agent with a big mouth. Tell me why you're here, or Marco gets another crack.

NICK

Where'd that fruit son of yours learn to punch, tampon class?

Dalton levels a nickle-plated Beretta at Nick's head...

NICK (CONT'D)

You know why I'm here. You've been pushing Mexican dope. And I'm gonna shut your ass down.

Dalton laughs, joined by Marco and the other henchmen.

DALTON

How will you do that? There's ten of us. And ONE of you.

A soft, high-pitched WHINE grows louder -- Nick smiles.

NICK

Count again.

BOOOM! Rockets BLAST and the concrete wall EXPLODES!

The Pontiac TURBO-JUMPS through the opening-

Everyone dives. The car's bumper plows into the chest of an UNLUCKY HENCHMAN!

The Pontiac power-slides to a stop, tracking gore.

KAL

(gruff, aggressive)
Hiya, butt-fucks! Nice of me to drop in!

The car's blue grille pulses in rhythm with KAL's speech.

*(*Note: When KAL talks, the lights on his grille will pulse, his volume monitor will bounce, his wipers will inflect. Don't act like you've never seen KNIGHT RIDER.)*

NICK

Right on time, KAL.

Dalton and his henchmen aim their guns at the car.

MARCO

Get your ass out of that piece of
shit. Right now!

KAL's grille light pulses -- pissed.

KAL

Since you asked so nicely...

The car's driver-side window lowers... THE CAR IS EMPTY!

MARCO

What the f-

KAL

Made ya look!

Both car doors SWING OPEN -- knocking Marco and the henchmen
back -- and then SLAM SHUT-

MARCO

The fucking car talks!

THUG

Why would anybody MAKE this?!

The GEAR STICK SHIFTS ITSELF INTO REVERSE!

KAL BACKS UP at full speed, knocking over henchmen like
bowling pins!

ON NICK

Tugging at his restraints...

A Henchman POPS up and CHOKES NICK from behind!

NICK

KAL, gimme a hand!

ON KAL'S DASHBOARD

All SIX HENCHMEN display on screen in 8-bit graphics -- KAL's
PHYSICS PREDICTOR calculates a route.

KAL

One sec! Papa needs some fuckin'
mood music.

KAL's CASSETTE CAROUSEL spins, popping in a tape -- "Playin'
with the Boys" by Kenny Loggins BLASTS from his speakers.

KAL (CONT'D)

Let's dance!

KAL PLOWS through screaming HENCHMEN -- blood and bone spray everywhere.

KAL (CONT'D)
 (singing along gleefully)
 PLAYIN'! PLAYIN' WITH THE BOYS!

ON NICK

SLAMMING his head back -- destroying the Henchman's face.
 Bullets whiz by.

NICK
 Ferchrissakes, KAL! Little help!

ON DALTON

Fleeing for his life. He trips over a body and FALLS.

Marco turns to see KAL racing towards Dalton.

MARCO
 Dad...?!

Dalton looks up just as KAL'S bumper OBLITERATES HIS FACE.

MARCO (CONT'D)
 (horrified)
 DAD!!!

Marco raises a .45 at KAL, hands shaking.

MARCO (CONT'D)
 You son of a bitch...

KAL
 You gonna shoot me, pussy?

MARCO
 Not you.

Marco TURNS, AIMING at NICK still struggling with his ropes.

KAL
 NO!

TIME SLOWS DOWN as Marco FIRES -- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

KAL dives in the way like a Secret Service agent -- too late.

Nick's chest EXPLODES in a pink mist.

KAL (CONT'D)
 NICK!

Marco bolts for the exit, running scared...

KAL drives to Nick, who bleeds out onto the concrete floor.

NICK

Looks like... I'm retiring.

HE GASPS, taking his last breath.

KAL

NIIIIIIICK!!!! NIIIIIIICK!!!!

Off KAL's grief echoing through the warehouse...

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

BAGPIPES drone "Amazing Grace" as MARINES in full dress carry Nick Marlin's flag-draped COFFIN. A gentle rain falls on crowds of WEEPING MOURNERS.

As the Marines lower Nick's casket...

EXT. HILLTOP - SAME

KAL watches from afar, exhaust rumbling heavy with emotion.

KAL

(choked up)

Adios, partner.

KAL wipes the rain-tears off his windshield and drives off into the horizon.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Now, to say a few words, Nicholas' colleague, Dr. Walter Jameson.

EXT. CEMETERY - SAME

DR. WALTER JAMESON (50's, dry, a bit daffy), a distinguished gentleman in turtleneck and blazer, steps up to the lectern.

JAMESON

How do we bury a hero? Because that is what Nicholas Marlin was.

Jameson chokes back tears.

JAMESON (CONT'D)
 Distinguished Princeton graduate,
 Rhodes Scholar, decorated Navy SEAL
 and police officer: Nick Marlin was
 both brilliant and fearless.

HUNDREDS of uniformed POLICE OFFICERS bow their heads.

JAMESON (CONT'D)
 Although he never married, he
 touched many, many lives.

PAN ACROSS a line-up of grieving WOMEN (late 20's, all
 perfect 10's), dressed like they just came from work: a
 SECRETARY, a WAITRESS, a sexy SCIENTIST, TWIN CHEERLEADERS...

JAMESON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 And yet he leaves behind only one
 child: Young Douglas.

LAND ON a pint-sized BOY -- chubby face, gentle eyes --
 stuffed like a sausage into a poly-wool suit: DOUG MARLIN
 (6). His STEWARDESS MOM comforts him.

JAMESON (CONT'D)
 When I started the KAL Directive, I
 knew Marlin was the only man for
 the job. And he proved me right.
 Truth is, there are no more men
 like Nick Marlin.

This sentiment lands hard on young Douglas.

Jameson walks over and solemnly places Nick's Aviators atop
 Doug's nose.

JAMESON (CONT'D)
 You've got big shoes to fill. Make
 your father proud.

Out of Doug's grief forms determination:

DOUG
 I will.

SUPER: Thirty Years Later...

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDTOWN LOS ANGELES - THE PRESENT

GRIDLOCK -- HIPSTERS ON BIKES -- HOMELESS TENTS...

If the 80's were a party, the party is fucking over.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD AND HIGHLAND - DAY

A Police INTERCEPTER pulls up on the curb, clumsily parking.

OFFICER'S BOOTS step out of the car.

HANDS slip into white gloves-

A TRAFFIC VEST is pulled overhead-

And a familiar pair of AVIATORS slide into place. DOUG MARLIN. Thirty years older and even chubbier.

DOUG
(into radio)
Dispatch, I'm here. Let's do this.

He hangs up the radio. Then picks it up again.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Sorry, this is Marlin. Doug Marlin.
Can't remember if I said that
before. Okay. Great. Over.

LATER

A sweat-drenched Doug directs traffic with gusto -- marching along with PEDESTRIANS, whistling to hurry them along. Annoyed DRIVERS honk at him.

IRATE DRIVER
Nice work, dickhead!

DOUG
No need to thank me! Doing my job.

Suddenly, a westbound CAMRY screams up to the intersection-

Doug looks up -- his eyes go wide!

DOUG (CONT'D)
Look out!

He DIVES on top of a PEDESTRIAN as the car WHIZZES BY.

DOUG (CONT'D)
You okay?!

The pedestrian, an OLD MAN, lies unconscious.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Just, uh, keep lying there.

Doug runs to his Interceptor, grabbing the radio handset.

DOUG (CONT'D)
(into radio)
Dispatch, this is Officer Marlin. I
have a five-oh-five, Blue Camry,
California plates. Permission to
pursue? Over.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Negative, Doug. You do not have
clearance. Let this one go.

Doug hesitates, watching the Camry shrinking in the distance.

DOUG
...No. Not this time.

Doug buckles up and fires up the engine.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Doug, seriously! Lieutenant warned
you-... You'll just fuck it up!

DOUG
Tell that to the blood in my veins.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Doug? Doug!

Doug shifts into gear, pulling out for the chase-

And is immediately T-BONED by a STATION WAGON -- WHAM!

A PRIUS swerves to avoid him, careening into a LIGHT POST,
which topples over, SMASHING a line of parked cars!

Doug squeezes out the door, surveying his damaged car.

DOUG
Ah, not again!

He turns, rubbing his neck... and sees for the first time the
MASSIVE CATASTROPHE he's caused.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Ohhhhh, shhhucks.

Sniggering ONLOOKERS point and take pictures.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

...Doug?

INT. POLICE STATION - LT. SADOW'S OFFICE - DAY

Doug sits across from his supervisor, LT. ROBBIE SADOW (40's, burly cockface). Doug's gun and badge rest on the desk.

LT. SADOW

"Do not pursue!" You know what that means, Doug?

DOUG

I know you're angry, Lieutenant, but I can't help but think this suspension is based on politics.

LT. SADOW

Politics is why Captain hired you in the first place. You're being suspended because you're a fuck-up.

DOUG

You didn't have to revoke my driver's license!

Sadow dumps a HUGE file of papers on his desk, grabs one.

LT. SADOW

March, 2011: you crashed into a motorcade escorting a senator. May, 2012: you rear-ended a short bus at a red light. Last June, you backed your squad car into the middle of a fucking McDonald's!

DOUG

Lab results proved that was caused by low blood sugar.

LT. SADOW

I swore an oath to protect and serve. "Protect" means keeping you away from a steering wheel.

DOUG

Please, Lieutenant. I need to make Detective. I was born to do this!

LT. SADOW

My dad was a proctologist, Doug.
But I don't walk around all day
fingering assholes. See what I'm
getting at? It's over.

Crushed, Doug watches Sadow store Doug's badge and gun.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Doug, carrying a BOX of personal items, starts his long walk home... MEANWHILE...

ACROSS TOWN

A black limousine cruises through the city. Windows tinted.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

A LINE of HIP, HOLLYWOOD CLUBBERS smoke, text and Instagram. As the limousine pulls up to the curb, they scoff.

HOLLYWOOD SKANK

Ugh. Who's this asshole?

From the limo, MARCO MACE emerges -- older, grizzled, prison-hardened. But the flat top and mesh tank are unmistakable.

He casually puts out his cigarette on his OWN TONGUE, and struts into the club.

HOLLYWOOD SKANK (CONT'D)

I think that was Mickey Rourke.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Marco strolls through the CROWD, sneering at WAIFS huddled over their SMARTPHONES. TWO HENCHMEN open a door for him...

BACK ROOM

Marco takes a seat at a table of CRIMINALS, GANGSTERS, DRUG-DEALERS and PAID KILLERS.

MARCO

Gentlemen. Glad you could make it.
We have a lot of work to do.

FADE TO:

EXT. BIKER BAR - NIGHT

SUPER: East Los Angeles

A BIKER pulls up to a HUGE SHITHOLE of a BAR. Bare-chested EX-CONS drink, fight, date rape; it's ROADHOUSE on meth.

INT. BIKER BAR - SAME

BOOKIES take bets from a rowdy crowd of SPECTATORS in bleachers surrounding...

A MASSIVE, ENCLOSED CAGE.

The DIRT FLOOR is littered with scraps of metal, and muddy with a dark fluid -- blood?

A RAMP leads into a BACKSTAGE area.

A PROMOTER coolly takes in the raucous crowd with his LACKEY.

PROMOTER
You talk to the champ?

LACKEY
I talked to him. He'll take the
fall in round two.

The Promoter steps into the cage as a MICROPHONE descends from the rafters.

PROMOTER
Ladies and gentlemen! Time for the
main event!
(as the CHEERS subside)
Entering first, weighing in at six
thousand, nine hundred pounds, the
challenger, MEEEEAT HOOOOKS!

CHEERS! A modified BUICK rolls out, tailpipes spitting fire, a war-car from Hell...

Meat Hooks moves to a corner, ready for blood -- its DRIVER's face obscured by a STEEL HELMET.

PROMOTER (CONT'D)
And now, weighing in at a trim five
thousand pounds even...

BACKSTAGE

An ETHANOL PUMP feeds gas into an unseen CAR.

With a BELCH, the car ejects the pump and drives forward.

PROMOTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 You may remember him from his days
 in law enforcement...

The ex-cons BOOOO.

IN THE CAGE -- A blue light pulses through the darkness...

VOICE
 (slurring-drunk)
 Cocksuckers.

PROMOTER (O.S.)
 Your champion, the Keen Automated
 Law-Car... KAAAAAAL!

KAL emerges! Battered, beaten. He takes in the angry crowd as they hurl bottles against the cage, showering him in beer.

KAL
 (to himself)
 Fuck this.

A BAR WENCH circles the ring holding a "Round 1" sign.

PROMOTER
 Let the demolition... BEGIN!

DING-DING-DING! IMMEDIATELY as soon as the fight begins-

VROOOOOM! KAL leaps into the air-

Plowing THROUGH MEAT HOOKS' WINDSHIELD-

VAPORIZING the Driver's head!

Dead silence from the stunned crowd.

PROMOTER (CONT'D)
 (whispering, to Lackey)
 What the FUCK?!

The crowd BOOS loudly as KAL pulls a slow victory lap.

KAL
 Fuck you, white trash! I don't fall
 for anybody!

The Promoter gets in KAL's face, the cage between them.

PROMOTER
Tomorrow, you're getting crushed!
You're dead, KAL! DEAD!

EXT. BIKER BAR - PARKING LOT - LATER THAT NIGHT

The parking lot gate slams shut, locking in place.

Leaving the bar quiet... Empty...

KAL stumbles around the lot, drunk on ethanol.

KAL
So this is it. End of the road.

KAL stops at an old, broken down VW JETTA.

KAL (CONT'D)
See ya in the next life, Rachel.

No response.

KAL (CONT'D)
Nothing?
(chuckling, lovingly)
You always were a cunt.

KAL's POV ZOOMS IN on a FUEL TANK next to the bar.

KAL (CONT'D)
Fuck it. My reason for living died
a long time ago. Time to face the
final curtain like a champ.

KAL's engine sputters to life as he drives to the fuel tank.

ON KAL'S DISPLAY -- ACTIVATE SELF-DESTRUCT COUNTDOWN:
60...59...58...

KAL (CONT'D)
So there's this tribe of cannibals,
right? The oldest dude in the
tribe, he's no longer of use, so
they're gonna eat him and make his
flesh into a canoe.

SELF-DESTRUCT COUNTDOWN: 34...33...32...

KAL (CONT'D)
The tribe agrees to give him one
last request. So he asks for a
fork.

(MORE)

KAL (CONT'D)
 Then, this crazy old bastard takes
 the fork... and jabs himself a
 dozen times in the chest!

SELF-DESTRUCT COUNTDOWN: 15...14...13...

KAL (CONT'D)
 The other cannibals are like,
 "What're you doing?" And he yells,
 "Make a canoe outta this, fuckers!"

No reaction from the other cars -- they're cars.

KAL (CONT'D)
 'Cause the canoe... wouldn't
 float...
 (sigh)
 Nick would'a laughed.

SELF-DESTRUCT COUNTDOWN: 5...4...3...

KAL'S POV: a MAN in a SKI MASK cuts the lock off the lot's
 security fence.

KAL (CONT'D)
 ...What the fuck?

SELF-DESTRUCT COUNTDOWN: 2... 1-ABORTED!

KAL activates his SUPER-ZOOM MODE for a closer look:

The Man in the mask picks the lock of a parked CHEVY IMPALA.

KAL (CONT'D)
 My god... Crime...?

The Impala peels out, bursting through the front gate.

KAL (CONT'D)
 NOT ON MY WATCH!

KAL revs HARD and flies out of the lot in pursuit.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Impala HAULS ASS down the empty interstate...

But KAL races forward, EASILY GAINING on the inferior car-

And activates his HYDRAULIC TURBO BOOST for a RAMPLESS JUMP!

KAL
 Lift off!

KAL's two-ton frame FLIES through the air, and...

SLAMS onto the pavement -- right in front of the Impala.

TIME SLOWS DOWN -- the Impala PLOWS into KAL, crumpling --
KAL's polymers absorb the impact without a scratch-

BACK TO SPEED -- the Impala SOMERSAULTS over KAL -- CRAAAASH!

KAL's engine fans WHINE, his exhaust belching black smoke.

KAL (CONT'D)
(puffing)
Jesus, my engine's dryer than a
nun's box.

Gas DRIPS from the Impala's tank. The DRIVER crawls out, brushing himself off.

KAL (CONT'D)
Hands in the air!

The driver approaches KAL, wobbling on shaky legs.

KAL (CONT'D)
I said, "Hands up!"

Strangely, the Driver WAVES cheerfully.

KAL (CONT'D)
Wh... why are you waving?

The driver pulls off his ski mask, revealing...

JAMESON! 30 years older and even daffier. Blood trickles from a cut on his head. He holds up an ad promoting KAL's fight.

JAMESON
I saw your flier!

BOOOOOM -- the Impala behind Jameson explodes!

EXT. ARCO STATION - NIGHT

KAL pulls up to the gas pump, overlooking LOS ANGELES.

Jameson slides the nozzle into KAL's tank and selects the Super-Premium Octane. Fuel flows.

KAL

Ohhh... fuck, that is OUTSTANDING.
It's been years since I've been
pumped like this. Where've you
been?

JAMESON

It took time to find you. But once
I did, I knew you couldn't resist a
reckless chase. Where the devil
have YOU been?

KAL's headlights mist over as he stares into the distance.

KAL

Running...

FADE TO:

FLASHBACK - MONTAGE

-- *KAL wanders through A NEPALESE MOUNTAIN RANGE...*

KAL (V.O.)

...Trying to escape.

-- *Meditates in a MONASTERY...*

-- *Hauls in crab nets on a Korean FISHING BOAT...*

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

...Trying to forget.

-- *In a BURMESE SEX DEN, KAL snorts COCAINE up his tail pipe.*

-- *An exotic HOOKER refuses to service KAL.*

HOOKER

No black car! Too beaucoup!

-- *Another hooker, much THICKER, sees KAL and smiles.*

KAL (V.O.)

Fucking the pain away...

-- *Thick hooker gyrates on KAL's hood as he SWEATS.*

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

Until finally, I hit rock bottom.

-- *SMUGGLERS load a drugged-out KAL into a shipping crate
along with a dozen cowering young women.*

KAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I sold myself to human traffickers
for a measly 8-ball of crack.

-- At the Long Beach docks, the crate is opened. Sunlight pours in, revealing KAL and the girls, shivering. The PROMOTER steps into the light, smiling at KAL.

THE PROMOTER
Hello, gorgeous.

BACK TO:

EXT. ARCO STATION - NIGHT

The pump clicks -- Jameson returns it to its cradle.

KAL
I've been fighting and drinking
ever since, praying for the day my
body finally gives out.

JAMESON
I'm sorry, KAL. Mourning for Marlin
hasn't been easy for any of us.

KAL
You bring me here to wax nostalgic?

JAMESON
You're right, this isn't a social
call. Marco Mace is back.

KAL
How?! He was doing time for Smack
in a Bogota prison. That's a
guaranteed case of Super AIDS.

Jameson squeegees KAL's windshield...

JAMESON
Marco was released years ago, AIDS-
free. He's used his father's
contacts to rebuild the empire. I
can't prove it, but I fear he is
preparing something big.

KAL
Like what?

JAMESON
A massive delivery? A new product?
I can't say. That's what scares me.

KAL

I couldn't stop Marco alone. Maybe if Marlin were here... without him, I'm just a sagging pair of balls with no cock.

Jameson leans on KAL's hood, staring into his windshield.

JAMESON

What if I told you there was... another Marlin?

KAL

...You CLONED him, You SICK FUCK?! WHO ARE YOU TO PLAY GOD?!?!

JAMESON

No! ...No. Remember, Nick had a son? That son is grown up. He's a police officer, just like his dad.

KAL

Just like his dad, huh?

JAMESON

No one else knows Marco like you do. This is a second chance, KAL.

Jameson gently places a hand on KAL's hood.

JAMESON (CONT'D)

Work with Marlin's son, and remind the world how great you are.

KAL

Ya don't gotta fondle my balls if I've already come. I'm in.

JAMESON

Excellent!

Jameson hesitates.

JAMESON (CONT'D)

There is one thing. The world is a different place now. Your tenuous grasp of social etiquette won't win you any friends.

KAL's headlights squint with resolve.

KAL

I'm not here to make friends; I'm here to fuck shit up. Now, let's go get this son of a Marlin.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Doug walks home, dripping sweat, out of breath. He STUMBLES, and his box of personal items spills.

DOUG

Perfect.

Doug picks up a framed picture out of a puddle -- his FATHER, tanned, handsome, leaning on a car. Doug's bloated face reflects in the glass. He sighs.

A TRASH CAN rattles behind Doug -- he spins around.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Hello?

He scans the area -- dark, silent... Then-

POP! Two bright headlights rotate on, BLINDING Doug. He squints into the glare.

DOUG (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Can I help you?

The car engine ROARS to life. Revving...

DOUG (CONT'D)

If you're looking for trouble, you picked the wrong bleepin' guy on the wrong bleepin' day.

GRUFF VOICE

Doug Marlin! Your time has come!

Tires SQUEAL and SMOKE as the car revs harder-

Terrified, Doug backpedals -- the car charges!

DOUG

AHHHHHHH!

Doug RUNS, TRIPPING over his feet. He crab-walks backward -- into a DEAD END.

Doug reaches back and picks up a discarded TWO-BY-FOUR...

DOUG (CONT'D)
That's it! You asked for it!

Doug CHARGES at the headlights and SWINGS -- He WHIFFS badly--
And WHACKS his head on the HOOD of the car.

DOUG'S BLURRY POV -- the face of an OLD MAN peers at him...

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)
"Just like his dad," huh?

BLURRY OLD MAN
I told you not to be so rough!

Doug blinks, fading as the car rolls up... AND TALKS.

KAL/GRUFF VOICE
Come on... He's a fucking faker!

Doug passes out...

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. KAL - MOVING - DAY

Doug, sprawled out in the passenger's seat, slowly revives.
He turns to see Jameson in the driver's seat.

DOUG
If this is a kidnapping, I have
very little money. And I eat at Del
Taco, so my organs are worthless.

JAMESON
You don't recognize me, Doug?
I was your father's employer.

Jameson takes his hands off the wheel with a FLOURISH.

JAMESON (CONT'D)
And THIS... was his car.

KAL
(correcting)
PARTNER. I'm not some field slave.

Recognition dawns on Doug's face.

DOUG
Jameson...?

JAMESON

Indeed!

DOUG

And... this is KAL?

Awestruck, Doug runs his hands along the retro, multicolored DASHBOARD CONSOLE. KAL jerks violently, as if bad-touched-

KAL

Whoa! Easy, handsy!

DOUG

Sorry! ... I guess I'm wondering-

JAMESON

Why you're here? In due time...

KAL heads towards an enormous MANSION, accelerating down a HIDDEN RAMP that opens into the earth.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - ENTRANCE RAMP - CONTINUOUS

KAL tears around the curves at high speed.

JAMESON

You remember these roads well, KAL!

KAL

Like a warm, familiar pussy.

Doug white-knuckle grips his seat, terrified.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

KAL power-slides to a stop in the center of the large room.

All around are massive computer monitors, automotive tools, industrial equipment -- state of the art... thirty years ago.

Doug gets out of KAL, looking around, awestruck-

DOUG

It's the Adam West Batcave.

JAMESON

This was our HQ.

Doug idly pokes at a CONTROL BOARD-

DOUG

Where dad spent all his time.

JAMESON

Please touch nothing. Everything in here was extraordinarily expensive.

Doug snaps a handle off of a control board.

DOUG

That was already broken.

JAMESON

KAL? I brought you a surprise.

A trio of AGING, BUXOM MECHANICS slink into the room -- big hair, press-on nails. Past their prime. THE GIRLS.

DOUG

Yikes.

JAMESON

You remember the Girls?

KAL

Hello, titties. Let's get serviced!

MONTAGE: "Nasty Girl" by Vanity 6

-- GIRL 1 works on KAL with a wrench and the hood up, spreading her legs over the fender for leverage.

-- GIRL 2 cleans KAL's interior, pressing her sagging breasts against the steering wheel.

-- GIRL 3 straddles KAL's hood, rubbing the windows sensually. KAL moans.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - MAIN ROOM - LATER

Doug slouches, icing his head wound with a frozen T-Bone.

DOUG

Could I maybe get a towel? This ribeye is melting.

Jameson hits PLAY on a REEL TO REEL, cueing up FILES on Marco Mace -- surveillance footage of crimes, failed police pursuits...

JAMESON

Marco Mace. The drug lord who killed your father.

DOUG

Why are you showing me this? I'm not a cop anymore.

JAMESON

Neither was your father when I hired him. But criminals like Marco are best caught by men outside of the system. Men like you.

DOUG

There must be someone better suited-

JAMESON

No. There is literally no other person willing to partner with KAL. Your father had a God-given talent for handling that car. My only hope is that even a fraction of that talent is in you, waiting to be unlocked. Work with KAL, take down your father's killer. Then your superiors will have no choice but to make YOU... a detective.

Doug takes a deep breath, weighing the choice before him.

DOUG

...Okay. I'll give it a shot.

KAL (O.S.)

Drink it in, homos.

REVEAL KAL rolling up with a fresh paint job. He opens his doors wide, swiveling like a model. Jameson CLAPS.

DOUG

Let's get started-

KAL

Not so fast!

KAL's doors slam shut before Doug can get in.

KAL (CONT'D)

Ground rules: I will permit you to ride inside of me, and back me up when the job calls for thumbs and legs. But under NO circumstances will you drive. You don't touch the gas pedal, the brake pedal, the steering wheel-

DOUG
So, what, my job is to sit?

JAMESON
Your job will be to work with KAL
to bring a criminal to justice.

KAL
If you can handle that, "Marlin".

KAL air-quotes with his side mirrors.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - EXIT RAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Doug buckles up as KAL spirals back up to the surface.

DOUG
Should I sit in the passenger seat?

KAL
No. I don't want it to look like
we're dating.

DOUG
("what?")
Great point.

KAL TURBO JUMPS through a tunnel opening -- WHOOSH!

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS / INT. KAL - MOVING

WHAM! Back on the surface. Doug mops cold sweat from his
brow. He looks green.

KAL
You puke in me, I puke in you.

DOUG
Just gotta crack a window. So
what's our first stop?

KAL weaves through traffic effortlessly.

KAL (O.S.)
The DA's office. We'll need access
to an informant. Figure out just
what that bastard Marco is up to...

CUT TO:

EXT. NEXT-GEN INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

Moonlight reflects off a secure tech research facility perched above the South Bay.

INT. NEXT-GEN INDUSTRIES - SAME

A SECURITY GUARD laughs at the "My Two Dads" rerun streaming on his computer..

TAP-TAP. He hears a KNOCK at the glass doors.

A WOMAN stands in the shadows, waving coyly.

GUARD
We're closed.

The Woman holds up a package.

The Guard SIGHS, walks over, unlocks the door-

GUARD (CONT'D)
Lady, we're closed-

He STOPS. The Woman's entire face is made of latex! A MASK!

The "Woman" grabs him and CRANKS the Guard's head, SNAPPING his neck! She takes the Guard's KEYCARD and removes her mask, revealing... Marco!

INT. NEXT-GEN INDUSTRIES - CONTINUOUS

Marco and FOUR KILLERS stealthily comb the halls -- firing bullets into oblivious TECHNICIANS.

An ENGINEER walks out of his cubicle, carrying a Red Bull.

NERDY TECHNICIAN
Hey! What are you-

Marco grabs him close and SNAPS his neck.

YOUNG KILLER
Really riding that neck snap, huh?

Marco stares daggers.

INT. NEXT-GEN INDUSTRIES - CONTINUOUS

Marco and his posse BLOW OPEN a MASSIVE, steel door. Revealing a HIGH TECH CHAMBER.

INT. INNER CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

In the center of the room, Marco picks up TWO RED MICROCHIPS... and smiles.

MARCO
Beautiful.

CUT TO:

INT. KAL - MOVING / EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

KAL drives right through a stop sign.

DOUG
That was a stop sign!

KAL
Yeah. And those are trees, and that's a mailbox. We playing "I Spy" now?

DOUG
Can I be honest with you?

KAL
You have no choice. I have voice stress analyzers, so I can tell when you lie.

DOUG
I'm beginning to think you might not be the safest driver-

The sound of YELLING turns Doug's head around-

A pair of small-time ROBBERS run out of a CONVENIENCE STORE with a pile of lottery tickets, chased by a SCREAMING CLERK. They scramble into their KIA FORTE and peel out.

KAL
Looks like Christmas came early.

DOUG
Maybe we should stick to the plan, not chase around petty criminals.

KAL
I can't fight my programming, Doug. I smell crime; I get hard.

KAL JETS after the Kia!

The two cars race side by side.

KAL (CONT'D)
 Alright, Tubbs, your turn.

DOUG
 "My turn" what?!

KAL opens Doug's door.

KAL
 I'll keep it steady, you dive over.

DOUG
 ARE YOU INSANE?! It's too far!

KAL
 It's three feet! Be a man!

Doug takes a deep breath, steeling himself -- he LURCHES forward, but is TUGGED BACK by his seat belt.

DOUG
 Oops! Forgot to unbuckle-

KAL
 Relax, Husky. I'll corral this bronco on the Promenade; should be empty except for a few burn-outs...

DOUG
 The Third Street Promenade? ...No-no-no-WAIT!

KAL BUMPS the KIA out of traffic onto...

EXT. THE 3RD STREET PROMENADE - CONTINUOUS

SHOPPERS dive out of the way as the Kia veers around the sidewalk posts, rampaging through the OUTDOOR MALL-

KAL
 When the fuck did they build this?!

DOUG
 Twenty years ago!

KAL maneuvers around a KIOSK of Israeli hair products.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 LOOK OUT!

He SMASHES the AMPLIFIER of a SINGING HIPPIE!

KAL

Hah!

The Kia drives through a HUMAN PYRAMID of JAMAICAN ACROBATS!
KAL BRAKES, swerving around them.

DOUG

Okay, maybe let this go!

KAL

I can't let anything go...

KAL opens a side panel and FIRES a GRAPPLING HOOK and WINCH,
PUNCTURING the back of the Kia!

KAL (CONT'D)

Not with this grip.

KAL's "Super Brakes" ACTIVATE, CLAMPING into the earth-

The line goes TAUT. The KIA jerks to a stop-

THROWING the passenger through the windshield. His bloody
body SKIPS across the sidewalk.

DOUG

You killed him!

KAL

He didn't buckle up.

KAL rewinds the winch. Doug looks back at the damage they
caused with disbelief.

KAL (CONT'D)

Let's take the live one downtown.

DOUG

What about the dead one?

KAL's glove compartment opens, revealing LATEX GLOVES.

KAL

You'll probably want to wear those.
I'd do it, but... No hands.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY / INT. KAL - MOVING

KAL pulls up to the precinct, with the handcuffed ROBBER
awkwardly stuffed next to Doug.

DOUG
This "no backseat" situation is
baffling to me.

KAL
That's why I take no prisoners.

Doug spots Lt. Sadow and some DETECTIVES smoking outside.

DOUG
Look, I know these guys, so please
try to be inconspicuous, okay?

KAL
Sure, I get it. No problem.

Doug gets out, nodding at Lt. Sadow.

DOUG
Excuse me, Lieutenant-

KAL (O.S.)
Look out, assholes! Here comes the
paddy wagon!

KAL pulls up to a circle of COPS shooting the shit.

KAL (CONT'D)
Let's trade yarns. "Best Use of
Excessive Force." Which'a you dicks
wants to go first?

COP 1
Is that a talking car?

COP 2
Yeah, remember? From the 80's?

COP 1
Wow. Good call, Science. My
neighbor's kid has leukemia, but
no, get the talking car done first.

Sadow takes the perp. He shoots Doug a look.

LT. SADOW
We'll talk about this later.

Doug swallows and nods.

ADRIENNE (V.O.)
Doug?

Doug turns -- standing at the entrance of the station is ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY ADRIENNE ALLEN (29, charming, sophisticated, fiercely determined).

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)
Doug Marlin?

DOUG
Adrienne? Wow. Hi!

ADRIENNE
It's been ages! You look great.

DOUG
Me? No. I don't. You do!

KAL
Jesus, be less smooth, Doug.

Adrienne glances around.

ADRIENNE
Who said that?

DOUG
That was my car. It talks.

ADRIENNE
Oh, my god. Is this KAL? I read about him in your dad's case files.

KAL nudges Doug out of the way.

KAL
It's so rewarding to meet a fan.

ADRIENNE
"Fan" might be the wrong word. You murdered a dozen untried suspects before letting your partner die.

KAL
Ha! Sass with an ass: potent combo.

DOUG
KAL, this is Adrienne. She's the Assistant District Attorney.

KAL
Tell me, cupcake, you single?

DOUG
KAL! Please!

KAL
Sorry! Didn't realize you two were
already fuckin'.

DOUG
We're not! I mean... We're good
friends. Adrienne's gotten me out
of a jam on more than one occasion.

ADRIENNE
Ha, try nineteen occasions!

DOUG
(playful)
Nineteen IS "more than one"...

KAL
Yeah, retard! Learn to count.

DOUG
KAL! Sorry, Adrienne. Look, we're
doing some PI work, and we were
wondering if you could help us out.

ADRIENNE
Hmmm... Sounds exciting.

KAL
(whispering loudly)
Look at her nipples hardening.

DOUG
We should talk in your office.

ADRIENNE
(ribbing him)
Sure. Just don't break anything.

DOUG
Hah! YOU'D better not either!

Adrienne leads Doug into the courthouse.

KAL
(calling after them)
Don't forget to pull out! Heh.
(back to cops)
Okay, "Best Whore Bust." Black guy!
You start.

EXT. POLICE STATION - LATER

KAL harangues the considerably thinned-out group of cops.

KAL
 ...so the Mexican child molester
 says to the kid, "No, THIS is a
 churro!" HAAAA-HAHAHA!

The cops, including a FEMALE and a MEXICAN cop, stare aghast.

KAL (CONT'D)
 A churro! Get it?

Doug exits the station and walks over to the group.

DOUG
 (re: the other cops)
 Did I miss something here?

COP #1
 Just your car being racist.

KAL
 How can I be racist? I'm black!

Mortified, Doug hurries into KAL, slamming the door.

DOUG
 Please! Just. Try. To be a little
 more sensitive.

KAL
 Why? Did your sensitivity help you
 finger-blast that DA in there?

DOUG
 NO! We didn't... finger-blast. But
 we are meeting for a drink
 tomorrow. AND she gave me the name
 and address of an informant with
 information on Marco.

Doug holds up a piece of Adrienne's stationery.

KAL
 (begrudging)
 Not bad. What do you got?

DOUG
 His name is Big Nasty. And he runs
 something called a "Side Show"?
 Down in Inglewood.

KAL
 Oh, good, I was running low on
 crack.

DOUG

See, that-... That's what we need
to work on.

PRE-LAP: "Who Run It" by Three 6 Mafia...

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL SHOPPING CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY

Welcome to THE SIDE SHOW -- a cross between a wild-ass block
party and an illegal street race.

ASS and TITTIES everywhere... HOMIES and HOOCHIES dancing,
drinking, and ogling BOUNCING Caddys, Buicks, and Lincolns.

KAL and Doug pull up slowly to the edge of the mob.

KAL

Must be the first of the month.

TWO DRIVERS "ghostride the whip", DANCE-BATTLING alongside
their cars as the vehicles roll forward in neutral.

KAL notices a growing number of the mob eyeing him warily.

KAL (CONT'D)

These assholes look ready for
fisticuffs.

DOUG

Just let me do the talking.

KAL lowers Doug's window. Doug waves at a GROUP OF THUGS.

DOUG (CONT'D)

PARDON ME! Would anyone here happen
to know a "Big Nasty"?

The full mob turns. Stone faced.

DOUG (CONT'D)

He's yay-high, African-American.
Like yourselves.

KAL

(to Doug)

Oh, yeah, you're doing great.

A THUG wanders over, cracking his knuckles.

THUG #1

You smell like a fuckin' pig.

DOUG

A pig...? OH! Hah, no-no. I'm an old friend of his. Knew him back when he was "Little Nasty".

An ESCALADE rolls through the crowd, stopping alongside KAL. The window rolls down, revealing a GANGSTER (30's, lanky, intimidating) -- BIG NASTY.

BIG NASTY

The fuck y'all doin' here?

KAL

Nice minivan. Roomy enough to fit ALL of your illegitimate children.

Big Nasty points at Doug.

BIG NASTY

The fuck you just say?!

DOUG

That wasn't me! It was the car.

BIG NASTY

...Yeah? How's about me and my crew fuck up you AND your talking car?

KAL

Try it, Midnight. We got moves you can't even imagine.

BIG NASTY

...Oh, Y'ALL got moves?

DOUG

Yes, KAL. Do we?

KAL's grille pulses blue.

KAL

Somebody just poked the dragon.

INT. KAL - PARKED / EXT. SHOPPING CENTER PARKING LOT - LATER

Doug sits in KAL, surrounded by spectators. The crowd is already restless, booing.

DOUG

Okay, let's take it slow at first.

BIG NASTY

Ghost ride that whip!

KAL opens his door, ejecting DOUG out.

KAL
Do it, Fatty...

KAL's cassette carousel spins -- a tape locks in place; KAL CRANKS the volume up...

A pulsing pop beat BOOMS -- "CONGA" by The Miami Sound Machine. The crowd looks around, confused... and BOOS!

DOUG
What the heck is this?!

KAL
The Miami Sound Machine! You been living under a rock?!

DOUG
Have you?! They're gonna kill us!

KAL
Start dancing!

As KAL rolls, Doug shuffles alongside, snapping his fingers and shimmying.

KAL (CONT'D)
You look like a Polio victim!

On BIG NASTY, shaking his head, losing interest-

DOUG
I don't know any dance moves!

KAL
Let me search the interweb.

ON KAL'S SCREEN: a status bar loads the Internet at 14.4 Speed -- BEEEP-KSSSSH-BEEEP-BOOP-BOOP-BEEEEEP...

DOUG
Dial-up?!

KAL
(proud)
14.4 modem. State of the art.

The crowd hurls bottles at them.

DOUG
Oh, God, please hurry!

A grainy video of a girl "Twerking" appears on KAL's screen.

KAL
 Boom! Follow my lead.

Using his hydraulics and preternatural rhythm, KAL BOUNCES his back-end frenetically, jiggling his bumper.

The booing quiets...

KAL jumps forward and CLIPS Doug's knee, THROWING HIM onto all fours.

DOUG
 What the-...?

KAL
 Do this, dummy!

Doug throws his ass in the air, shaking it around.

THE CROWD GOES NUTS!

Doug and KAL dance side by side, both shaking their asses like club hoochies.

KAL (CONT'D)
 All right, time for the big finish.

KAL speeds away and turns to face Doug...

KAL (CONT'D)
 I call this the "Pamchenko Twist!"

KAL races toward Doug...

DOUG
 Wait-wait-wait-KAAAL!

KAL fires his hydraulics and JUMPS and TWISTS through the air- JUST clearing a TERRIFIED Doug, LANDING on the other side!

Big Nasty claps, impressed. Suddenly, SIRENS BLARE!

SPECTATOR #1 (O.S.)
 It's the cops!

SPECTATOR #2 (O.S.)
 Five-oh! Five-oh!

The crowd SCATTERS as SQUAD CARS race up, blocking in Big Nasty's Escalade. Big Nasty runs up to Doug:

BIG NASTY
 Let's bounce!

Both men jump inside KAL.

DOUG
Mr. Nasty? Pleasure to meet you.

BIG NASTY
Drive, motherfucker!

They SLAM the doors as KAL takes off.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT / INT. KAL - PARKED - DAY

KAL pulls to a stop, turning off his lights-

A SQUAD CAR races past, chasing a Lincoln.

BIG NASTY
Whooo, that was fucking CLOSE.
Y'all saved my ass, no doubt.

Big Nasty pulls a lighter and a FAT JOINT from his jacket.

BIG NASTY (CONT'D)
Y'all mind if I spark this?

KAL
Just mind the ashes, Cheech.

Big Nasty lights the joint and takes a HUGE hit -- he exhales, filling the car with smoke.

BIG NASTY
Y'all got moves; that gets my attention. The car can talk; that's dope as fuck. So what'cha need?

DOUG
Marco Mace. You've heard of him?

BIG NASTY
Yeah. Hard motherfucker.

Big Nasty offers Doug the joint.

DOUG
Oh... No, thanks.

BIG NASTY
Yo, for real? After all that chase shit adrenalizing you, it'd be unhealthy NOT to smoke this.

KAL
 He's right, Doug. I have a, uh...
 health-o-meter... thingy. Smoke up.

Doug nervously accepts the joint.

DOUG
 Okay. Down the hatch.

Doug takes a big hit. He COUGHS hard, pupils DILATING. He passes the joint back, hands shaking.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 (coughing)
 Good... Good... stuff...

KAL
 HEY! Did you not read the rules?

KAL's sun visor flips down, revealing a sticker: "ASS, CASH,
 OR GRASS: NOBODY RIDES FOR FREE!"

BIG NASTY
 My bad, bro.

Big Nasty sticks the joint into KAL's AC vent. KAL inhales deeply.

KAL
 Yeahhh, that'll take the edge off.
 So what's the deal with Marco?

BIG NASTY
 He's up to something big. Smugglin'
 cocaine in from Mexico alongside
 the Zeta cartel. Dangerous cats.

Doug giggles.

DOUG
 Cats. Hahah!

BIG NASTY
 Right... I don't have the details,
 but I know his supplier. Paco
 Pachulia.

DOUG grinds his jaw, TRIPPING BALLS.

KAL
 Where do we find him?

BIG NASTY

He's got an apartment in East LA.
Where's your GPS?

KAL

...That some kind of street lingo?

BIG NASTY

You don't got satellite navigation?
Yo, my girl has that in her HONDA.
AND her phone.

KAL

No, I do! Uh... Why don't you just
tell me Paco's address?

BIG NASTY

5100 Hubbard Street.

KAL

(Putting on a robot voice)
Uh... "GPS engaged... destination,
Paco's Drug Den."

BIG NASTY

Word. Time for me to roll, fellas.

Big Nasty gets out of the car. Smoke BILLOWS out.

BIG NASTY (CONT'D)

Hope you dig those "Cocoa Puffs."

DOUG

Cocoa Puffs...?

BIG NASTY

That shit we smoked. My own blend.
Weed, Molly, shroom-bits, horse
tranques... y'all drive safe!

Doug watches the door swing shut -- TIME SLOWS DOWN and SOUND
AMPLIFIES. The windows JIGGLE and GLISTEN like soapy water.

DOUG

KAL, I think I'm really high.

KAL's display FRITZES, turning PSYCHEDELIC.

KAL'S POV: The road LAPS his undercarriage like a tongue.

KAL

Holy fuck... I think I am, too.
Let's go before someone sees us.

KAL pulls forward, slowly, unsteadily, starting and stopping-
A beat between KAL and Doug... They LAUGH HYSTERICALLY-

DOUG
(then, very serious)
Punch it.

MONTAGE: "I Wanna Dance With Somebody" by Whitney Houston

-- KAL and Doug fly down a sidewalk, running over parking meters, squealing with joy.

-- KAL pulls doughnut-turns, mulching a Beverly Hills lawn.

-- KAL swerves down Sunset while a NAKED Doug stands up through the sunroof, dancing and singing along with Whitney.

-- Doug and KAL sit on a HIGHWAY VISTA POINT, watching a sunset over the city.

DOUG (CONT'D)
And THAT'S where parallel universes
come in... Dang. Pretty sunset.

KAL
So... beautiful...

INT. MCDONALD'S - NIGHT

CLOSED for the night. Headlights approach-

KAL SMASHES through the glass window, power-sliding to a stop in front of the counter...

KAL rolls down his window.

DOUG
Can we get six burgers... two large
fries, and... a gallon of
milkshake?

KAL
And one Happy Meal toy!

A SCARED Employee pokes his head up, surveying the damage.

FADE TO:

CLOSE-UP - DOUG'S FACE

Grimacing as he wakes up. PULL BACK and ROTATE to REVEAL...

EXT. PAN PACIFIC PARK - CONTINUOUS

Doug and KAL are flipped upside down.

Doug rolls out of the car and VOMITS on the grass.

KAL
(coming to)
Ughhh... Little help here?

KAL rocks back and forth like a flipped turtle.

CUT TO:

INT. TIJUANA WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

PACO PACHULIA (late 20's, pencil thin beard) leads Marco on a tour of the facility.

The HANDS of DOZENS of employees gather WHITE POWDER as it's manufactured -- weighing out piles, wrapping it in plastic.

PACO
We're fully operational and on schedule. My "cocaina," it's the best money can buy.

MARCO
Good. I'll need a whole lot of it.

Paco and Marco walk amongst TOWERING STACKS of coke.

PACO
Supply is no problem, clearly. But border security got tighter since you were gone, Jeffe. Who do you have that can transport this?

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The engine of a JEEP purrs, idling.

MARCO (V.O.)
Nobody knows his name. That's one of his rules. But he calls himself... The Courier.

A MAN (30's, muscles cut from marble) sits motionless behind the wheel. White suit, black shirt, shaved head.

THE COURIER.

PACO (V.O.)
He's good?

The Courier slides on a pair of BLACK DRIVING GLOVES.

At PRECISELY 8:03:19pm-

He SLAMS into gear and HAULS ASS toward the edge of the roof!

MARCO (V.O.)
The best.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - SAME

THREE SECURITY GUARDS push through the exit, escorting the
PRESIDENT OF BOLIVIA to his LIMOUSINE-

ON THE ROOFTOP

The Courier drives for the roof's edge, watching his SPEED...

At EXACTLY 51 miles per hour-

He LEAPS out, ROLLING away from the speeding Jeep-

Which SMASHES through the railing, ARCING through the air...

LANDING RIGHT ON TOP OF THE LIMO -- KA-BOOOOOOSH!

EXT. PARKING LOT ROOFTOP / INT. JEEP - SAME

The EXPLOSION reflects in the Courier's sunglasses.

INT. RITZ CARLTON ANTWERP - SUITE 2415 - DAY

Female MOANS of ecstasy pierce the air...

CLOSE ON the Courier, thrusting with brutal efficiency. His
face frozen neutral, showing neither pleasure, nor effort.

A KNOCK on the door -- the Courier freezes mid-pump. An
ENVELOPE slides into the room.

ON THE ENVELOPE

The Courier opens it, revealing a FAT STACK of CASH, a PLANE
TICKET to LAX, and a MAP of the California/Mexico border.

He crosses to the closet, passing the FOUR GIRLS lying on the bed disheveled, still quivering from orgasms.

CUT TO:

EXT. PACO'S APARTMENT COMPLEX / INT. KAL - DAY

BINOCULAR POV: sweeping across a FORTRESS-LIKE apartment building, patrolled by intimidating GUARDS.

Parked across the street in KAL, Doug lowers the binoculars.

DOUG

Place is crawling with Paco's thugs. No way we can get in there!

KAL

Not with THAT shitty attitude. All you need is a positive mindset. And a pair of Glocks. Then kick down the door, and deliver 'em to Jesus!

DOUG

ORRR... we wait until Paco shows up or leaves, then grab him.

KAL

Ugh. That sounds like a stakeout.

DOUG

Yep! My FIRST stakeout! I even brought some entertainment.

Doug presses play on his iPhone-

In a slow, monotonous narrator's voice:

IPHONE (V.O.)

AudioBooks presents, The Sun Also Rises, by Ernest Hemingway.

KAL

Are you fucking kidding me?

DOUG

C'mon. It'll help pass the time. And you could use a little culture.

Doug opens a KING SIZE bag of pizza-flavored COMBOS.

CUT TO:

SUPER: FIVE HOURS LATER

The empty bag of Combos rests on the dashboard. Doug sits slouched down, cheeks smashed into his palms.

IPHONE (V.O.)
 "...policeman in khaki directing traffic. He raised his baton."

KAL
 (groans)
 I'm so bored!

DOUG
 SHHH!

IPHONE (V.O.)
 "'Yes,' I said. 'Isn't it pretty to think so?' ...The end."

KAL
 THAT'S the end?

DOUG
 Maybe it would be more poignant if SOMEONE hadn't kept interrupting!

KAL
 God, you're lame. I cannot believe you share DNA with Nick.

That strikes a chord. Doug nods, suddenly lost in self-pity.

DOUG
 Well, that makes two of us.

KAL
 ...Are you crying?

DOUG
 All I've ever wanted was to be a little bit like my dad. But I can't shoot, I can't fight, I can't drive... You don't know what it's like to be a failure, KAL.

KAL's emotional sensors register Doug's sadness.

KAL
 Look, you think when I was first manufactured I was this awesome? No. It took training. Practice. And now, I can do shit like this.

KAL's side panel flips open revealing a mini-rocket LAUNCHER.

DOUG
 THAT. Is awesome. Can I try?

KAL
 Wait-

Doug pushes the green button on KAL's panel and fires-
 Launching a mini-rocket straight into an ASTROVAN! BOOOOOM!
 The van EXPLODES in a ball of fire, landing with a crash.

KAL (CONT'D)
 I said "wait!" Now you done woke
 the baby.

Doug turns toward the apartment building to see-
 Paco and his THUGS at the entrance, raising weapons.

DOUG
 Our cover's blown! What do we do?

KAL
 What I do best...

KAL's DASHBOARD TARGETING DISPLAYS the SIX HENCHMEN. He
 calculates optimum trajectory-

KAL (CONTD) (CONT'D)
 Put on my dancing shoes.

DOUG
 What does that mean?

KAL's cassette carousel cues up "Highway to the Danger Zone",
 maxing out the VOLUME.

KAL kicks into gear, evading heavy gunfire as he plows
 through THUGS screaming in agony-

<p>KAL (singing along) HIIIGHWAY TOOO THE DANGER ZONE!</p>	<p>DOUG ARE YOU CRAZY?! YOU CAN'T JUST RUN OVER PEOPLE!</p>
---	---

KAL zeroes in on Paco, gaining on him with lethal velocity...

KAL
 Come to papa, Paco...

DOUG
 Wait, we need him alive!

KAL hydraulically LOWERS his frame and runs through Paco-
Paco flips over the car and lands in a heap!

DOUG (CONT'D)
You killed him!

KAL
Nahhh. He'll live.

Doug looks back -- Paco writhes in pain.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Doug ties a THICK rope around KAL's rear bumper.

KAL
As long as you don't puss out,
he'll talk.

DOUG
I still don't see why we had to
undress him.

REVEAL -- Paco, NAKED, rope around his neck, unconscious.

KAL
It's called, "Intimidation."

Doug squats down and shakes Paco, who awakes with a START.

PACO
Who the fuck are you?!

DOUG
My partner and I are gonna ask the
questions. I recommend you answer.
I'm a nice guy, but him? He's
unstable. Who knows what he'll do.

KAL REVS, the blue light on his grille PULSING.

PACO
Your partner's a car?

KAL
DON'T test me, asshole!

DOUG
What do you know about Marco Mace?

PACO
(smiling, defiant)
...Who?

DOUG
KAL?

KAL yanks Paco off his feet! He lands hard on his back!

Doug stands over the groaning Paco. He opens a can of soda and takes a sip.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Mmm, cream soda. Hits the spot. I'm happy to share... if you are.

PACO
(rising to his feet)
Fuck. You. Bitch.

DOUG
Listen, Paco. I like you. You have cool facial hair. It's well groomed, and it looks great.

KAL
But if you don't talk, I'm gonna RIP YOUR FUCKING HEAD OFF!

KAL REVS, tugging the rope taut.

PACO
(choking)
SHIT! Alright, yes, I provide Marco with certain resources.

DOUG
And by resources, you mean drugs?

KAL
Of course, stupid.

PACO
I'm just a cog in the wheel. I don't know what he's planning!

KAL
YOU LIKE JERKING US AROUND?! Two can play that game, hombre!

PACO
No, wait-wait-w-

KAL YANKS Paco back out of frame-

Doug watches patiently as KAL drags a screaming Paco back and forth in the distance...

DOUG
Okay. That'll do. Reel him in.

KAL stops short -- Paco SMASHES face-first into KAL's bumper, instantly unconscious.

KAL drags a nearly-unconscious Paco back to Doug's feet.

DOUG (CONT'D)
You were saying?

PACO
(weakly)
Marco hired a guy to deliver some big fuckin' load of drugs. This guy, the Courier, he's the key to Marco's plan.

KAL
WHERE DO WE FIND HIM!

PACO
He flies into LAX tomorrow. But you can't beat this guy. You're a FAT sack of crap, and your car is an ancient piece of shi-

KAL opens his side panel, and shoots TASERS right into Paco's dick. ZAP! Paco CRUMPLES, unconscious, crotch smoking.

KAL
I think our work here is done.

Doug covers his nose.

DOUG
Ugh, smells like hotdog water.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

Doug stuffs Paco, bound and gagged, inside KAL's tiny trunk.

INT. KAL - CONTINUOUS

Doug slides in behind the wheel, buckling up.

KAL
Hey, nice work back there.

DOUG
You mean it?

KAL
Yeah. I get it wet, you stick it in
and finish.

DOUG
Gross. But thanks. Seriously.

KAL
There's something important we need
to do before the Courier arrives.

Off Doug's concerned reaction...

EXT. SAFETY TOWN USA DRIVING SCHOOL - DAY

Teenagers hesitantly HAND SIGNAL as they drive through a
driving course mocked up to look like Anytown, USA.

Doug grips the steering wheel of a beat up STUDENT CAR with
sweaty hands. KAL's parked next to him.

DOUG
This is a really bad idea.

KAL
You said you couldn't drive. We're
doing something about it. Now, ease
off the clutch nice and slow-

Doug POPS the clutch. The car JERKS and stalls.

DOUG
Shit! I'm terrible.

BEEP! A PERSIAN TEEN in a BMW honks at them.

PERSIAN TEEN
Can you please move?!

KAL reverses and SLAMS into the BMW.

KAL
One more word, Mohammed, and the
only thing you'll be driving is an
electric wheelchair!

The BMW delicately reverses, waiting patiently.

KAL deftly maneuvers directly behind Doug, like a father
holding the seat of his son's bike.

ON KAL'S DISPLAY: "Activate Bumper Lock-On"

KAL (CONT'D)

We're gonna take this nice and slow, okay? I've got a hold on you, so nothing bad can happen.

DOUG

You promise you won't let go?

KAL

I promise.

Doug pulls forward, KAL trailing -- the gears grind angrily.

DOUG

Dang, this is hard...

KAL

You got it! Now, shift clean...

KAL'S DISPLAY: "Disengage Bumper Lock". Doug picks up speed.

DOUG

Are you watching me? I'm doing it!

Doug goes faster, speeding ahead...

KAL

You're doing great, but you need to turn-turn-turn-turn-BRAKE!

The car stalls and-

WHAM! -- Doug smacks into a light post. His airbag EXPLODES. KAL rolls up to see BLOOD SMEARED on Doug's face.

KAL (CONT'D)

Well. You can't make an omelette without fuckin' a chicken. Again!

CUT TO:

Doug drives slowly, while KAL deftly spins around him.

KAL (CONT'D)

Clutch-gas... clutch-gas! Eyes up, eyes up, don't look down!

Doug stalls.

KAL (CONT'D)
 ...Better. Again!

CUT TO:

Doug steers and brakes clumsily. KAL idles in the background next to a TEENAGE SEXPOT waiting for her lesson.

KAL (CONT'D)
 After you're done, how 'bout we
 celebrate with a naked test drive?

GIRL
 ...I'd probably have to ask my dad?

KAL
 I get that. Dad, whaddaya think?

REVEAL the girl's father sitting next to her, outraged.

In the background, Doug loses control and stalls.

KAL (CONT'D)
 (calling out)
 Awful! Again!

CUT TO:

Doug drives along in third gear, avoiding the cones...

KAL (CONT'D)
 (impressed)
 Hey... Yes! Now, open it up!

The two cars race side by side!

KAL (CONT'D) DOUG
 YEEEE-HAAAA! YEEEE-HAAAA!

At the finish line, KAL power-slides to a perfect stop.

Doug pulls on the e-brake, and steers into a skid --
 screeching to a clumsy halt!

Doug looks over at KAL, all smiles.

DOUG
 That was awesome!

KAL
 Nice job, junior! A little sloppy
 on the dismount, but nice.

DOUG
So you'll let me drive you now?

KAL
Hey! Don't get greedy. You took off the bra, sure, but keep your dick in your pants. You keep up that driving, though, you just might make Detective.

Doug, smiles, looking at KAL in a new light.

Doug's phone BUZZES -- CALENDAR REMINDER: "Date w/Adrienne"

DOUG
Oh, shoot! I totally forgot about my date with Adrienne.

As Doug gets in KAL...

KAL
Let's go get you ready. Hair, clothes, groom your man parts...

DOUG
Listen, this date is important to me. So, just for tonight, could you be a normal car? No talking?

KAL
Yeah, of course, buddy. You pre-program my autodrive, and I'll activate my Sleep Mode. My brain will be off. It'll be like I'm not even there.

CUT TO:

INT. ADRIENNE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

DING-DONG. Adrienne opens the door to reveal Doug, wearing a THICK turtleneck, sharkskin jacket, and tight leather pants. A chubby copy of Nick.

DOUG
M'lady.

ADRIENNE
Wow, you look... warm.

Doug tugs at his turtleneck, already SWEATING.

EXT. ADRIENNE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Doug leads Adrienne up to KAL, but she hesitates.

ADRIENNE
(re: KAL)
Are you sure this is a good idea?

DOUG
Of course. KAL's in Sleep Mode.
Tonight, it's just a man, a woman,
and Bartles & James.

Doug holds up wine coolers. Adrienne smiles, relieved.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY VISTA POINT - NIGHT

The same spot where KAL and Doug watched the sunset; the lights of the city twinkle.

Adrienne and Doug sit in KAL, drinking and laughing. He studies a PHOTO on Adrienne's smartphone.

DOUG
Wait, this little fatty in a cop
costume was you?!

ADRIENNE
Yep, sadly. Thirty pounds ago.

DOUG
What happened, cancer?

ADRIENNE
NO! Puberty.

DOUG
What kind of little girl wants to
be a cop?

ADRIENNE
I guess I blame TJ Hooker.

DOUG
Shatner was so cool, right?!

ADRIENNE
The coolest.

DOUG
So what happened?

ADRIENNE

My dad got sick. He always wanted to be a lawyer, which meant he always wanted ME to be a lawyer.

DOUG

So you outgrew the whole cop thing?

ADRIENNE

I guess I just... did what I was supposed to do for so long that I gave it up. Though I am jealous of all of your adventures.

DOUG

Well, you could probably come with us sometime. But you'd have to wear that cop uniform.

She laughs. He does too, snorting.

ADRIENNE

That I definitely outgrew.

DOUG

Well, um... I think you'd make a very sexy police officer.

ADRIENNE

Oh, you do, do you?

He wipes his sweating forehead.

DOUG

You could arrest me any time.

They draw closer together, a kiss imminent -- sweat drips from Doug's hair and nose.

ADRIENNE

Sure you don't wanna take off that jacket? It's eighty degrees out.

DOUG

It's an ensemble. KAL says the sum is greater than the parts.

ADRIENNE

Be careful with him, okay? You two are making progress, but I don't want you to end up like your Dad.

KAL GRUMBLES -- Doug smacks the dash, silencing KAL.

DOUG

Truth is, I'm not my dad. And
neither are you. Maybe if we help
each other, we can both start
living our own lives.

A tender moment between them -- real understanding. They pull
together and KISS.

Softly at first, then more intensely, scrambling to disrobe
themselves and each other.

Adrienne pulls off her top -- very sexy bra.

Doug pulls off his turtleneck -- sweat-MATTED chest hair.

Adrienne struggles to pull off Doug's TIGHT leather pants.

A rumbling MOAN is heard. Adrienne pauses.

ADRIENNE

I love how vocal you are.

DOUG

That wasn't-

ADRIENNE

Shhh... it's okay. I like it.

She climbs on top of him, and they begin to rock. Faster.
Building speed. When-

The sexy saxophone intro of "Careless Whisper" by WHAM! plays-

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

Did you turn on the radio?

KAL

Shhh... Do what feels right...

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

OH, MY GOD!

DOUG

GAH!

Adrienne JUMPS back; Doug full-body-twitches as he COMES.

DOUG

Unnnhhhhh!

CUT TO:

EXT. CVS / INT. KAL - LATER

Doug sprays and wipes KAL's upholstery with cleaning product. Adrienne stands behind him, not amused.

DOUG
(to Adrienne)
Sorry again about this.

KAL
Apologize to ME! I'M the one you
shot your man juice all over. It
smells like mushrooms in here!

DOUG
What happened to Sleep Mode?!

KAL
I was trying to set the mood!

ADRIENNE
PLEASE just take me home.

KAL's monitor flashes with an incoming urgent message-

A FAX prints out slowly and noisily.

KAL
No time for that. Doug, I just got
a hit on an LAX security camera of
a suspicious figure, 98% match for
the Courier. We gotta bolt!

Doug grabs the fax.

DOUG
He must have got in early! We've
gotta go after him.

ADRIENNE
Wait, THE Courier?

DOUG
You've heard of him?

ADRIENNE
He's an international terrorist
wanted in fifteen countries. If
you're going after him, then I'm
coming with you!

Doug sees an opportunity.

DOUG

Yes! This is her case-OUR case! All three of us. She has to come along.

KAL

FINE! God, you're whipped.

KAL powers up.

KAL (CONT'D)

Alright, tits. Let's go over the ground rules-

ADRIENNE

Will you please drive already?!

KAL

I see why you two get along. You both have loads of spunk.

KAL activates TURBO-BOOST and TAKES OFF like a bullet.

KAL (CONT'D)

But bark at me again, and I'll eject you out the fucking roof.

INT. KAL - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

KAL blitzes through side streets. Adrienne attempts to navigate on her smartphone GPS.

IPHONE (V.O.)

Left turn ahead.

DOUG

Left turn, KAL!

KAL swings right.

KAL

That bitch is crazy. NEVER take Overland after 5 pm.

Adrienne smirks.

EXT. LAX AIRPORT - NIGHT

The Courier exits the terminal, heading for an MLK Mercedes.

INT. KAL - SAME

Adrienne spots the Courier.

ADRIENNE
That's him! Slow down!

KAL
No need. He's got this.

Doug awkwardly leans out his open door, preparing to leap when -- his SWEATY PANTS SLIP against the door-

DOUG
Dang it!

Doug FLIES from the car-

And LANDS ON THE COURIER, taking the brunt of the fall. The Courier quickly gets back up-

DOUG (CONT'D)
(from the ground)
Freeze...

The Courier SWINGS a huge BOOT into Doug's ribs.

KAL (O.S.)
Outta my way, lady!

THE COURIER'S POV: A long-haired SURFER DUDE dives out of the way as KAL plows through his SUITCASES and-

WHAM! KAL slams into the Courier, knocking him unconscious.

INT/EXT. KAL - MOVING - NIGHT

MUSIC BLASTS. The Courier, head covered in a black hood, sits in between Doug and Adrienne, who sing along with the radio.

DOUG, KAL, AND ADRIENNE
(singing)
YOU'RE THE BEST!

ADRIENNE
(fully into it)
AROUUUUND!

DOUG
NOTHIN' -SOMETHIN' -SOMETHIN', KEEP
YA DOWN!

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

KAL SCREECHES to a stop in front of Lt. Sadow and his detectives. Doug jumps out, full of piss and vinegar.

DOUG
Hey, Sadow!

He muscled THE COURIER out of the car, ripping off the hood.

DOUG (CONT'D)
I got Marco Mace's drug courier.
HOW DOES MY DICK TASTE?!

KAL
(to Adrienne)
They grow up so fast.

Lt. Sadow reluctantly waves a few COPS over to the Courier-

LT. SADOW
Take him to interrogation.
(to Doug)
Lucky break.

DOUG
I'll lucky break your face.

CAPTAIN LOWE (60's, barrel-chested, regal) heads for Doug.

CAPTAIN LOWE
Marlin?

Doug turns around, at attention. Lowe offers his hand.

CAPTAIN LOWE (CONT'D)
I'm big enough to know when I've
misjudged someone.

Doug shakes it, smiling.

DOUG
Wow, thank you, sir.

CAPTAIN LOWE
Why don't we head in, chat about
your future?

DOUG
Great! Let me grab KAL.

CAPTAIN LOWE
Oh, why ruin the moment?

KAL watches as Lowe and Doug head inside, laughing, slapping each other on the back.

ADRIENNE

I gotta head in. You okay out here?

KAL

Me? Fuck, yeah. I'm always okay.

She nods, walking away. KAL sighs. All alone.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The stoic Courier sits in front of a camera; Adrienne paces.

ADRIENNE

It doesn't add up. You've killed world leaders, transported nukes. You're not a drug mule.

THE COURIER

And yet, here we are.

ADRIENNE

What's the shipment?!

He smiles.

THE COURIER

Forget about the "what". Worry about the "how".

A DEFENSE ATTORNEY (40's, balding) barges in...

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

My client's done talking-

ADRIENNE

What are you talking about?!

The Courier smiles.

THE COURIER

A game-changer, Ms. Allen.

EXT. POLICE STATION / INT. KAL - SAME

KAL follows the conversation with his surveillance equipment.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (V.O.)
That's enough! You want to
interrogate him, you can do so
after we confer-

KAL
(thinking)
...son of a bitch...

EXT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Doug walks out of the station, whistling. KAL rounds the corner, SCREECHING to a stop in front of him.

DOUG
Whoa! Hey, buddy.

KAL
While you were in there fingering
Captain's asshole, I got us a tip --
the Courier says Marco is planning
some kind of game-changer. We have
seven days to figure this out.

DOUG
Jesus. We gotta get back to base
and regroup.

KAL
Agreed.

Doug tries the door handle -- locked.

DOUG
KAL?

KAL lowers his window.

KAL
You're a big hero. Time for you to
jump in.

DOUG
C'mon, KAL.

KAL
YOU c'mon! You wanna be like your
Dad? It starts right here, right
now! Now, jump in.

DOUG
This is so stupid.

Doug steps back, runs, and throws one foot up into the open window, MASHING his nuts against the frame. He groans.

KAL
Ooh, right in the vagina slit, huh?

Doug backs his ass into the car, but his bulk catches in the window, his head and one foot sticking out.

DOUG
I think-... I think I'm stuck.

KAL shifts and rolls forward.

DOUG(CONT'D)
What are you doing?

KAL
Fixing the problem.

Doug struggles as KAL accelerates to full-speed...

DOUG (CONTD)
STOP-STOP-STOP-STOP-STOP!

Doug screams as KAL drives off...

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Doug still hangs out the window as KAL power-slides to a stop in front of Jameson. Doug tumbles into the car awkwardly.

KAL (CONTD)
There. You're in.

Shaken, Doug stumbles out of the car-

DOUG
What the HECK was that?!

KAL
Teamwork.

DOUG
Listen, jerk-

KAL
You're out of line, Junior! I'm gonna cool off before I do something you'll regret. Girls!

KAL follows the milf-y mechanics to the repair shop.

DOUG

What is wrong with that car?! All of a sudden he gets violent and moody for no reason!

JAMESON

He can be... mercurial.

DOUG

Also, the whole "sex drive" thing? Seems really weird and unnecessary.

JAMESON

To understand KAL, you have to know where he came from.

Jameson stares wistfully into space. Doug looks confused.

JAMESON (CONT'D)

As a young engineer, my dream was to change the world...

CUT TO:

INT. JAMESON'S MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT / FLASHBACK

YOUNG JAMESON stands at a gravestone...

JAMESON (V.O.)

My wife had just died-

DOUG (V.O.)

She was murdered? And you were motivated by her memory and thirst for revenge?

JAMESON (V.O.)

God, no! She was an emasculating shrew who died of lupus. But I had a lot of time on my hands.

Young Jameson lies in bed, watching David Hasselhoff on TV. He suddenly grabs a pen and scribbles.

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

The idea came to me during a Knight Rider marathon.

INT. MILITARY WAREHOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Young Jameson strolls through the aisles, marking items.

JAMESON (V.O.)
I procured state-of-the-art
technology to fulfill my vision.

DOUG (V.O.)
Was that legal, copyright-wise?
Ripping off "Knight Rider"?

JAMESON (V.O.)
I don't know. What am I, a lawyer?

EXT. JAMESON'S MANSION - DRIVEWAY - FLASHBACK

Young Jameson proudly watches KAL take his "first steps".

YOUNG JAMESON
Good, KAL!

KAL
(robotic monotone)
Thank you, sir.

JAMESON (V.O.)
I knew there was something missing.
KAL needed to learn to be an
officer of the law.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - FLASHBACK

Young Jameson pulls down a screen and cues up a projector.

JAMESON (V.O.)
I taught him the same way any
American parent teaches their
child. With television.

*KAL's light pulses bright as he drinks in a LOOP of police-
themed TV shows and movies.*

ON SCREEN:

*-- Clint Eastwood in SUDDEN IMPACT indiscriminately
slaughters bad guys.*

-- Sylvester Stallone in COBRA, same deal.

-- Tom Selleck in MAGNUM, PI, forcefully KISSES a WOMAN.

JAMESON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 KAL did learn loyalty and bravery.
 But he also learned to be violent,
 misogynistic, and sexually
 aggressive. His experimental-stage
 Artificial Intelligence took these
 lessons to their extremes.

YOUNG KAL
Fuck... yes...

Young Jameson frowns.

JAMESON(V.O.)
 He needed a partner. Someone to
 round him out, to make him better.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - FLASHBACK

NICK MARLIN in his prime struts up to KAL: the first meeting.

Car and Driver regard each other warily... and smile.

MONTAGE: "Drive" the Theme from HARDCASTLE & MCCORMICK

-- Nick joyrides in KAL, chasing after MASKED BANK ROBBERS.

-- Nick PUNCHES the lights out of a THUG -- KAL runs over the Thug's legs. Nick gives a thumbs-up.

-- Nick makes love to LONI ANDERSON -- KAL RECORDS a SEX TAPE. Nick gives a thumbs-up to camera.

-- In the HOSPITAL, Nick poses for a PHOTO with his NEWBORN SON, Baby Doug. But then his WRIST COMMUNICATOR buzzes -- crime alert! Nick hands Doug to his MOM and runs off... Baby Doug wails. Outside the hospital, Nick JUMPS INTO KAL.

BACK TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT - THE PRESENT

Jameson stares off into the next room, where KAL giggles and moans as he's serviced.

JAMESON
 Perhaps you will be the one to help
 KAL fulfill his potential.

DOUG

He'd better fulfill it soon. The Courier says Marco is planning a game-changing move.

Jameson turns, concerned.

JAMESON

What do you think he means?

DOUG

I was hoping you'd know. The FBI is transporting Paco and the Courier into a maximum security facility for interrogation. Maybe we'll get our answers there.

JAMESON

Accompany the police escort and ensure this transfer goes smoothly.

Doug nods, heavy with responsibility. Turns back.

DOUG

So can KAL actually HAVE sex?

JAMESON

No. He has no penis.

DOUG

Right. Must be frustrating.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A cadre of heavily-armed COPS shove Paco and the Courier into the back of a police TRANSPORT VAN.

COP 1

Lot of trouble for two assholes.

THE COURIER

I agree.

The Courier smiles; it's chilling.

Doug and KAL watch on...

DOUG

Listen, KAL... I'm sorry I lost my cool at the command center. You're only trying to teach me, in your own misguided, hostile way.

KAL

Have you learned nothing? Real men NEVER say they're sorry. They say, "Fuck you," and, "Go fuck yourself," and, "There were bullets in that fucker when I found him!"

The police van shifts into gear and pulls out onto the road, led by a BLACK SUV -- KAL brings up the rear...

DOUG

If we're ever gonna make it back on the force, you need to get in line.

KAL

Uh huh. I'm guessing this has something to do with you and the Captain's secret circle jerk?

DOUG

That's what this about? Can we please talk about this?

KAL jacks up the radio -- "Too Shy" by Kajagoogoo.

KAL

WHAT'S THAT?! CAN'T HEAR YOU!

The convoy moves onto the...

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS / INT. KAL - MOVING

Doug shouts over the radio:

DOUG

Okay, I'll admit. It felt good to get recognition for once!

Doug's seat flies all the way back.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Oh, REAL mature!

Doug re-adjusts his seat.

KAL

You didn't have to Milli Vanilli me! A decent person would give credit where it's due.

DOUG

Because you're always so selfless?!

Nobody notices a FLATBED TOW-TRUCK, carrying a TESLA RIMAC 1, racing toward the intersection...

KAL

After everything I've done for you?
Marlin would've never left me
holding my dick.

DOUG

You HAVE no dick-

WHAAAAAAM!

The Tow Truck SLAMS into the side of the lead SUV, knocking it off the road -- KAL swerves.

DOUG (CONT'D)

What was that?!

INT./EXT. POLICE VAN / INT. KAL - SAME

VAN DRIVER

Whoa-SHIT!

THE COURIER

Gentlemen. That's my ride.

The Police VAN DRIVER slams on the brakes. Paco and the officers tumble.

The Courier leaps up -- BRUTALLY dispatching the cops with his ELBOWS and FEET.

He grabs a set of keys, unlocks his cuffs, and hops out the van door. Paco follows cautiously-

The Van Driving Cop waits, gun aimed-

VAN DRIVING COP

Move and you're dead, asshole!

THE COURIER

On the contrary.

BLAM! A bullet pops the Cop's skull. The unseen TOW TRUCK DRIVER aims from his window-

ON KAL

Doug watches as -- BLAM! -- a second bullet RIPS through Paco's skull.

KAL
Ambush!

DOUG
(gagging)
Oh god, his brains...!

Doug VOMITS all over KAL.

KAL
God damn it, Doug!

ON THE COURIER

Jumping into the Tesla driver's seat as the truck bed lowers.

INT./EXT. TESLA - CONTINUOUS

The TESLA starts with a WHINE, reversing off the flatbed-
Both vehicles speed forward.

INT. KAL - MOVING - SAME

As KAL gives chase, Doug grabs the CB:

DOUG (INTO CB)
Calling all units, this is-

KAL turns the CB off.

DOUG (CONT'D)
What are you doing?!

KAL
Crutches are for cripples! We can
handle these assholes ourselves.

The Tesla SCREAMS past the tow truck, blitzing down the road.

KAL (CONT'D)
Oh, fuck. He's fast-

DOUG
We have to split up.

KAL
Here, stay in touch with this.

KAL pops opens a compartment from his dashboard, revealing a
MASSIVE WRISTWATCH COMMUNICATOR.

DOUG
Jesus, this thing's so heavy.

KAL
Maybe if you piss sitting down!

KAL accelerates, pulling up alongside the flatbed...

KAL (CONT'D)
I don't know, do you think you can
make that jump?

DOUG
I don't know, do YOU think you can
catch that Tesla?

KAL
I don't know, do YOU think you can
hurry the fuck up?!

Doug unbuckles... leans out, preparing-

DOUG
On the count of three-

KAL
(quickly)
One-two-three-jump!

DOUG
No-wait!

KAL bucks toward the tow truck, flinging Doug across the gap!

Doug falls short! He grabs a RESTRAINT STRAP, dangling from
the truck over the speeding road.

DOUG (CONT'D)
KAL!

KAL revs hard, lagging behind the nimbler Tesla. His engine
belches black smoke. A warning gauge FLASHES on his monitor.

KAL
Keep it together...

ON THE COURIER

Flitting through the opposing traffic with ease, modern
electronics plotting his path...

ON DOUG

Pulling himself up onto the flatbed of the tow truck.

DOUG
 (into wrist-communicator)
 You left me hanging!

KAL (V.O.)
 I got my own shit to worry about!

Doug crawls towards the truck cab.

The Ski Masked Driver YANKS the wheel, FISHTAILING!

Doug's thrown from side to side. He digs in, riding a bronco.

ON THE TESLA

As it cuts across the highway, moving with traffic again.

ON KAL

Gears grinding, engine screaming in protest-

KAL (CONT'D)
 You want moves? I got moves!

KAL tries to activate his turbo jump! Warning indicators flash: low power, low fuel.

KAL (CONT'D)
 Fuck!

ON DOUG

Losing his grip when THE FLATBED LOWERS!

DOUG
 Ohhh, CRUUUUD!

Doug LEAPS! He BOUNCES off a car, thrown to the shoulder.

ON KAL

ALL of his warning gauges beeping LOUDLY.

KAL
 Don't tell me no!

KAL HITS the turbo jump again. It MISFIRES!

KAL flips out of control, RICOCHETTING off cars like a 3 ton pinball. He comes to a stop and...

WHAM! The Tow Truck SLAMS into him!

KAL'S POV -- SLOW MOTION -- the world flipping and turning. Cars crashing into each other. The Tesla pulling away.

KAL comes to a rest, smoking, hissing, leaking fluid.

The Tow Truck and the Tesla escape in the distance as SIRENS approach, growing LOUDER...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - HOURS LATER

SQUAD CARS and AMBULANCES are everywhere. PARAMEDICS attend to the DOZENS of injured BYSTANDERS.

Adrienne pushes through the crowd, searching for...

ADRIENNE

Doug?!

She turns to see Doug and runs up to embrace him.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

Jesus! What happened?

DOUG

It was an ambush. A second driver who knew our exact route and timing. The Courier, he... escaped.

Adrienne pulls back, but Doug hangs onto the hug.

ADRIENNE

How? We had SWAT response teams standing by.

Doug looks past her at KAL limp-driving through the PRESS.

DOUG

KAL convinced me not to call it in. Man, I needed this hug right now.

She pushes him off with force.

ADRIENNE

Doug! How could you be so dumb?

DOUG

Please, I tried-

ADRIENNE

It's not the 80's! And you're not your dad! There are rules!

DOUG
I promise, we'll make it right.

ADRIENNE
I need you to stay out of this
case... and stay out of my life.

She walks off, leaving him alone.

ON KAL

Arguing with Sadow.

LT. SADOW
You wrecked half the city and let
the prisoner escape!

KAL
Me? You had rookies in the back of
that van playing dick-swords!

DOUG
I need to talk to you.

As Sadow walks away....

LT. SADOW
We're not through!

KAL
I'M HARD JUST THINKING ABOUT IT!
(to Doug)
Can you believe that joker? He
actually thinks I fucked up-

DOUG
Adrienne broke up with me.

KAL
I'm sorry, but she was bringing us
down. Plenty of cooze in the sea.

DOUG
My life is ruined, and it's because
YOU messed it all up!

KAL
Way to throw the car under the bus.
Especially after that crack about
my dick. You KNOW I'm sensitive
about that. If your Dad could see
you now, he'd WEEP with
embarrassment.

DOUG

But he can't, can he? And whose
fault is that?

KAL's grille flashes blue. That one stung.

Doug turns away, thinking.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Captain Lowe offered to make me
detective today. I'm gonna accept.

KAL

Good, makes our job official.

DOUG

Not US. Just me. He says you're a
liability. Maybe he's right.

As Doug walks away...

KAL

Good! I've been carrying you long
enough! You're gonna fall on your
ass! You hear me?! You're gonna
crash and BURN!

KAL reverses, and limps away, engine CLICKING, leaking oil.

MONTAGE: "How Am I Supposed to Live Without You?" by Michael Bolton

-- Doug straightens his tie, dressing for work. He notices the WRISTWATCH COMMUNICATOR and angrily throws it in a DRAWER.

-- Doug steps onto the city bus. He jams himself between an UNWASHED, TWITCHING SCHIZO and a SLEEPING FAT GUY. He sighs.

-- KAL drinks deeply from an ETHANOL PUMP... and enters a STREET RACE, driving past all the far more advanced vehicles.

-- A VIN DIESEL-WANNABE sniggers at KAL, pointing -- others join in; furious, KAL RAMPAGES into the fleeing crowd.

-- Sadow drops a MOUNTAIN of PAPERWORK on Doug's desk, giving Doug the finger as he walks away.

-- Doug sits in his still-fucked up squad car, eating lunch alone. He hits the SIRI BUTTON on his iPhone -- BA-DOOP!

DOUG

SIRI, tell me about the benefits of
an oriental massage.

SIRI
I'm sorry. I don't understand.

DOUG
"Handjobs." You're supposed to say
handjobs.

SIRI
Okay- ...Doug. I know that now.

Doug sighs -- it's just not the same.

-- KAL rolls to the edge of an OCEAN CLIFF, pondering death.
As Michael Bolton breaks into the chorus, KAL SINGS ALONG.

-- Doug, in HIS APARTMENT, calls Adrienne...

-- A PICTURE of Doug posing awkwardly pops up on Adrienne's
PHONE -- she hits "IGNORE." She turns back to Marco Mace's
CASE FILE, comparing a RECEIPT found on The Courier to an
ADDRESS for an old Dalton Mace company. There's a match -- a
SOFA CLEANING COMPANY located in EAST LA. A huge break!

-- KAL TILTS UP and SPRAYS a stream of OIL on a fire hydrant.
A POWER-WALKER slows to look.

KAL
(slurring)
Fuck's your problem, Fanny Pack?!

KAL passes out in front of the hydrant, SNORING LOUDLY.

-- A plus-sized parking enforcer (OFFICER PAM) steps out of a
tiny METER-MOBILE, sizing KAL up.

-- A PARKING BOOT clamps on KAL's wheel. He startles awake.

KAL (CONT'D)
What the FUCK!

OFFICER PAM
Section 21, Code 3. You parked in
front of the wrong fire hydrant.

KAL
(sweetly)
C'moon... Don't you know who I am?

OFFICER PAM
Yeah. An old-ass hoopty with a
court date.

Officer Pam slaps a ticket on KAL's windshield.

KAL windshield-WIPES it off.

KAL
Oops. It fell.

She replaces it. Wipe. Replace... Wipe-

OFFICER PAM
Don't MAKE me bring you downtown.

KAL
Try it, Kool Aid.

Officer Pam JUMPS on KAL's hood, hanging on as he bucks.

OFFICER PAM
(into radio)
OFFICER REQUESTING BACKUP!

KAL
YOU CAN'T TREAT ME LIKE THIS! I'M A
FUCKING LEGEND!!!

As SIRENS approach...

CUT TO:

INT. MEXICAN DRUG WAREHOUSE - DAY

Marco follows the SOUND of WELDING...

To a COVERED WORKSTATION where MECHANICS are hard at work.

MARCO
We go tonight. Everything on
schedule?

LEAD MECHANIC
Señor. There could be some
unexpected delays in-

Marco whips out his gun and FIRES into the Lead Mechanic's chest. He aims at another quivering mechanic.

MARCO
Finish that?

NEW LEAD MECHANIC
(terrified)
-Managing the weight of the cargo
at high speeds...

MARCO
 (gesturing with the gun)
 But...?

The Mechanic glances at the corpse at his feet:

NEW LEAD MECHANIC
 It won't be a problem. We finish
 tonight.

Marco gently tussles the Mechanic's hair with his gun.

MARCO
 Que bueno!

HIDDEN behind a PACKING CRATE, Adrienne stifles a scream. She scrambles for her phone, texting Doug-

THE COURIER (O.S.)
 Roaming charges can be killer.

Adrienne turns -- The Courier! -- WHAM! He slams her face into a packing crate. Marco runs over.

MARCO
 That fucking D.A.!

The Courier aims his pistol at Adrienne's face-

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
 Stop.

Marco and the Courier turn to a MAN hidden IN THE SHADOWS.

MAN IN THE SHADOWS
 We'll need a hostage. After the
 first shipment... then she dies.

Marco and the Courier obediently nod; THIS guy is the boss.

INT. POLICE STATION - DOUG'S OFFICE - DAY

Doug reaches Adrienne's voicemail. He THROWS down his cell phone and charges out to Sadow.

DOUG
 I've tried ADA Allen fourteen
 times. She's definitely missing!

LT. SADOW
 Should I round up the whole force
 'cause you're having problems with
 your girlfriend?

DOUG
Some detective you are: She broke
up with me yesterday!

LT. SADOW
Leave me alone, Marlin.

DOUG
I'm telling you, Sadow, something
is wrong. And I think you know it!

LT. SADOW
(he does, but-)
Take it up with Captain Lowe.

DOUG
Yeah, I will! Where is he?

LT. SADOW
In interrogation. With Marco Mace.

Doug's eyes go wide.

INT. INTERROGATION - MOMENTS LATER

Doug BURSTS in, trailed by Sadow. Captain Lowe is shaking
hands with a LAWYER and MARCO.

DOUG
What the hell is he doing here?!

CAPTAIN LOWE
Easy, Detective Marlin...

MARCO
Ah, you must be the son of the
legendary Nick Marlin.

DOUG
Oh, you mean the guy you killed?

MARCO
Ancient history. I served my time.

CAPTAIN LOWE
Mr. Mace came in voluntarily when
he heard he was a person of
interest in the Courier's escape.

MARCO
I wish I could help. But the truck
used in the escape was stolen from
me five days ago.

Doug leans over and sniffs Marco. Sniff sniff.

DOUG
I smell something. You smell that?

The Captain gives him a questioning look.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Smells like BULLSHIT!

Doug jumps in Marco's face. Sadow pulls Doug back.

CAPTAIN LOWE
What the hell are you doing?!

DOUG
ADA Allen went missing, and this sack of crap know why!

MARCO
I'm not the man I once was. I would never harm a representative of the law. Especially one as lovely as Ms. Allen.

Doug burns.

CAPTAIN LOWE
Get back to your desk, Marlin.

As Doug stands-

MARCO
We're not so different, you and me. Working so desperately to escape the long shadows of our fathers.

Marco leans in close...

MARCO (CONT'D)
(whispering)
The difference is, I'm succeeding, and you're going to fucking fail.

Doug WALLOPS MARCO in the face, knocking him down. Sadow drags Marco out while Captain Lowe holds Doug back-

DOUG
YOU LYING BASTARD! WHERE IS SHE?!

As the door slowly closes, Marco rises, smiling at Doug.

MARCO
Bye, Doug. Best of luck.

INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE - LATER

Captain Lowe reams out Doug.

CAPTAIN LOWE
You trying to get suspended?!

DOUG
Chief, he's a scumbag!

CAPTAIN LOWE
"A scumbag"? Listen to you. That
guy's guilty of nothing but bad
fashion. His alibi is airtight.
Thirty employees in his Culver
factory put him in the office
during the Courier's escape.

DOUG
We need to search that factory!

CAPTAIN LOWE
Slow down. We've got procedures-

DOUG
Your procedures are letting that
greasy shit splash all over our
white porcelain bowl.

CAPTAIN LOWE
You're out of line, Marlin-

DOUG
No, YOU'RE out of line! Wipe your
pussy and let me do my job!

The Captain stands and jams a finger in Doug's chest.

CAPTAIN LOWE
That car got to you, just like it
got to your dad.

DOUG
That car and I are Adrienne's only
hope.

CAPTAIN LOWE
Not anymore.

SADOW
KAL threatened a police officer.
He's been impounded and set for
destruction.

DOUG
What?! On whose orders?!

CAPTAIN LOWE
Mine. KAL is a blight on this city.
He corrupts everything and everyone
he touches. Let it go... and get
back to your paperwork.

DOUG
I quit.

Sadow watches Doug storm out, wondering if he misjudged him.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Doug digs up his wrist communicator, and turns it on.

DOUG
(into wristwatch)
KAL! Come in, KAL! This is Marlin!

Static. Silence.

DOUG (CONT'D)
KAL, are you there? I need you!
Adrienne's in trouble!

KAL (V.O.)
(drunk)
Nick? I'll be seeing you soon.

DOUG
No, it's Doug... what do you mean,
"You'll be seeing me soon?"

KAL (V.O.)
Do me a favor, Nick. Tell Doug -- I
shouldn't have been so hard on him.
He was right about me. I was born a
fuck-up; now I'll die a fuck-up.
(singing Meat Loaf)
OH, IT'S COLD AND LONELY IN THE
DEEP, DARK NIGHT... I CAN SEE-

DOUG
KAL?!

EXT. POLICE IMPOUND LOT - SAME

KAL enjoys a last meal of JET FUEL, resigned to death.

KAL
 (singing)
 -PARADISE BY THE DASHBOARD LIGHT!

DOUG (V.O.)
 KAL! Listen to me, I apologize-

KAL ends the call. Sadow approaches somberly, flanked by a HALF-DOZEN OFFICERS.

LT. SADOW
 It's time.

CAR-CRUSHER - CONTINUOUS

KAL is escorted onto a conveyer belt ending in a monstrosity of grimy pistons and oil-covered metal, belching black smoke.

KAL
 Sadow... you think God made a
 heaven for cars?

LT. SADOW
 Sure, pal.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A cop with HAT PULLED LOW -- it's DOUG! -- follows a group of detectives into the station. As he passes security, Doug shows his badge quickly.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Doug uses a key to open the ARMORY.

INT. ARMORY - CONTINUOUS

Doug pulls out a DUFFEL BAG... and spots a BEAN BAG GUN on the wall rack.

DOUG
 Yahtzee.

EXT. POLICE IMPOUND LOT - NIGHT

A death panel of cops somberly strap KAL to the conveyor belt. Captain Lowe moves to the controls.

CAPTAIN LOWE
Any last words?

KAL
Yes. You're all cocksuckers.

CAPTAIN LOWE
Thirty years ago, you were a failure. Now? You're just irrelevant.

Lowe flips a switch. The metal wedges slam together -- PISTONS SCREAM, GEARS GRIND -- the Car-Crusher strains against KAL's mighty frame.

KAL
That all ya got?!

KAL's frame crumples an inch. His voice distorts.

KAL (CONT'D)
(distorted)
Feels like...a hug...from a retard...

PLUNK! All heads turn to the SOUND of...

A METAL CANNISTER BOUNCING off a car -- spitting SMOKE.

PLUNK! A FLASH GRENADE skips across the ground.

LT. SADOW
Son of a-

CAPTAIN LOWE
-Bitch!

BANG-FLASH! The Officers stagger, momentarily blinded.

BLAM! The FRONT GATE blows open.

DOUG EMERGES FROM THE SMOKE -- dressed head to toe in TACTICAL GEAR.

DOUG un-holsters a shotgun and RACKS IN a beanbag-round.

DOUG
I'm cancelling this decommission.

Doug aims at Sadow -- CLICK! Doug looks at his gun, confused.

KAL
...safety... dummy...

DOUG
Right, here we go-

Doug FLIPS THE SAFETY OFF and aims at Sadow-

LT. SADOW
Wait-

DOUG
SUCK MY BAG!

Doug blows SADOW off his feet with a WHIZZING BEAN BAG.

Doug UNLEASHES a volley, dropping the cops nearest him.
Captain Lowe retreats behind cover and draws.

CAPTAIN LOWE
What do you think you're doing?!?

DOUG
Consider this my resignation.

Doug empties the beanbag clip.

CAPTAIN LOWE
You already resigned, idiot!

Captain Lowe returns fire -- Doug dives behind salvage.

CRACK! KAL's windshield spiderwebs, the crusher still going.

KAL
....fuck....

Doug draws his twin pistols... Love conquers fear.

DOUG
I'M COMING FOR YOU, KAL!

In SLOW MO, Doug sprints for the Crusher's POWER SWITCH, guns out John Woo-style, spraying rubber bullets as he runs.

BLAM! A bullet SLAMS into his KEVLAR VEST! Doug falls, fighting for air. Through his blurred vision, he sees the Crusher squeezing KAL, mere feet away.

Captain Lowe emerges, gun trained on Doug.

CAPTAIN LOWE
You'd trade your family legacy for this THING?

DOUG
That thing IS my legacy!

KAL CRIES OUT as his blue light fades out.

CAPTAIN LOWE
Son of a legend? What a joke.

LT. SADOW (O.S.)
And here's the punchline.

WHAM! Sadow COLD COCKS the Captain. The OTHER COPS reach for their weapons until Sadow trains his gun on them.

DOUG
What are you-

LT. SADOW
Goddammit, you save that car before
I change my mind!

Doug nods and SPRINTS to the crusher. He pulls a lever, reversing the machine.

The steel jaws slowly open... revealing a mangled KAL.

DOUG
KAL!

Doug jumps on the conveyor belt. He touches KAL's hood, checking for any signs of life. Nothing.

LT. SADOW
How's he doing?!

DOUG
He's... gone.

Sadow lowers his head. Devastated, Doug drapes himself across KAL's hood. Heartbroken.

DOUG (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry I fucked this up, KAL.
(tears falling)
You're the best friend I ever had.

Doug's cheek grows warm -- KAL's engine sputters to life!

KAL
(weakly)
...Doug...

DOUG
...KAL?!

KAL
...You're... so... gay...

Doug sighs. Some things never change.

DOUG

KAL, listen to me. Marco has Adrienne at his factory. He's using her as a hostage in his plan.

KAL

You figured all that out yourself?

DOUG

You were gone. I had to.

KAL

You hear that? Like two cashews falling into a coin purse? I think your balls just dropped. Now, let's go get this motherfu-uh-uh-

KAL grinds his gears and stalls.

DOUG

Jesus... What's happening?

KAL restarts and STALLS again.

KAL

My auto-drive... It's busted!

The bad news hits Doug like a gut-punch.

INT. TIJUANA WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The Courier finishes duct taping Adrienne to a swivel chair.

ADRIENNE

Very "Fifty Shades". Do you need a safe word?

MARCO

When did women get so mouthy?

The LEAD MECHANIC appears.

MECHANIC

Señor. It's finished.

Marco smiles.

MOMENTS LATER

Marco and the Courier push Adrienne's chair through a parting sea of mechanics, killers and drug dealers.

They arrive at a plastic sheet covering two large MASSES.

MARCO

Today I settle my father's affairs.

ADRIENNE

Your father had affairs? No wonder you're so dicked up.

MARCO

Clever. I can see why the fat degenerate likes you.

He BACKHANDS her.

MARCO (CONT'D)

But you WILL NOT ruin my big moment.

The Courier duct tapes her mouth shut.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Let's begin.

The Lead Mechanic pulls off the sheets and flips a switch. The ground rumbles. TWO ENGINES START WITH A ROAR!

The mechanics all back away, whispering in fear.

The Courier's jaw slowly drops.

THE COURIER

They're... beautiful.

Out of the shadows, TWIN SUPERCARS emerge. Angular, mechanical beasts ripped from a H.R. Giger nightmare. Crammed with state of the art electronics, hydrogen super-engines, an arsenal of gleaming ballistics... and the RED A.I. MICROCHIP Marco stole. KAL just became obsolete.

Marco steps up to the cars.

MARCO

Why were you created?

BRIGHT RED panels THRUM as the cars speak in MONSTROUS, ROBOTIC DRONES. Like Satan smoking Marlboros.

EVIL SUPERCAR #1

WE WERE BUILT TO SERVE.

EVIL SUPERCAR #2

PLEASE ENTER COMMAND.

Adrienne's eyes widen with fear.

MARCO

Today is for you, dad.

PAN UP to a dark office, where the shadowy MASTERMIND smiles.

PRELAP:

DOUG (V.O.)

Okay, try it now!

EXT. IMPOUND LOT - NIGHT

KAL squints, concentrating. He JERKS forward, then stalls.

KAL

Goddammit!

DOUG

Have you tried Jameson?

KAL

Fifty fucking times! No answer. He probably realized Captain Lowe was right. I am worthless.

DOUG

Keep it together, KAL...

KAL

It's true! I'm a relic, with obsolete electronics and a personality disorder. I used to drive down the road, girls would jump from windows to catch a glimpse. Now, even the fatties laugh in my face.

DOUG

You're not the most sensitive creature, but you can adapt.

KAL

Everything made sense in the 80's, Marlin. The dude with a weird ethnic name was the bad guy. Now he's the President. Back then, we had the Soviets -- fucking awesome enemies, right?! Now, we fight a buncha unarmed goat herders. I don't have a place in this world.

DOUG
Don't say that, KAL.

KAL
Why not?

DOUG
Well, because it's horribly racist.
But also... because... you still
matter to me. A lot.

KAL
You told me you hated me.

DOUG
We were fighting. It happens. But
KAL:

(singing)
AS LONG AS WE GOT EACH OTHER...

KAL
Don't you do it, damn it-

<p>DOUG WE GOT THE WORLD SPINNIN' RIGHT IN OUR HANDS, BABY! RAIN OR SHINE, ALL THE TIME-</p>	<p>KAL You know "Growing Pains" is my Achilles' heel-</p>
--	---

KAL's headlights cloud over with emotion.

DOUG AND KAL
(singing in harmony)
WE GOT EACH OTHER, SHARING THE
LAUGHTER AND LOVE!

KAL's windshield fluid leaks tears, which he wipes away.

KAL
Thirty years of burying the hurt...
It feels good to cry.

Doug wipes away KAL's tears with a rag. He leans in close.

DOUG
KAL, I need to ask you the biggest
favor I ever have. I need you to
let me drive you.

KAL quickly recovers.

KAL
I beg your pardon?!

DOUG

We're running out of time! We need to get to Adrienne!

KAL

Tell you what. You can drive me if you bend over and spread your butt cheeks while I ram my tailpipe into your asshole. Cause that's just about what you driving me would feel like!

DOUG

You still don't think I have what it takes?

KAL

Clearly.

Doug sets his jaw.

DOUG

...Lower the window.

KAL

What? Why?

DOUG

Do it.

KAL's driver side window slowly rolls down.

Doug SPRINTS toward KAL... JUMPS...

And SLIDES IN clean, a perfect "Dukes of Hazzard" entrance!

KAL

I'll be damned.

DOUG

You ready to do this?

KAL

Um, do you have protection?

Doug nods, sliding on a pair of driving gloves.

KAL (CONT'D)

Just go slow...

Doug eases into gear-

KAL (CONT'D)

SLOWER...

DOUG
Shhhh... it's okay...

KAL stops short.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Stop fighting me! I care about you.
I'm not going to hurt you. Okay?

KAL
Okay.

Doug eases KAL forward, cruising around the lot in big loops.

DOUG
There. Not so bad, right?

KAL
Kinda feels good.

DOUG
I knew you'd like it.

Doug slides on his sunglasses.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Now, let's go fast.

Doug DOWNSHIFTS and peels onto the road at full speed.

KAL
AHHHHHHH!

EXT. LA FREEWAY - DAY

Doug drives with purpose, gripping the wheel tightly, cutting through traffic.

INT. EAST LA WAREHOUSE - DAY

Bustling chaos, as WORKERS prepare the two drug transport cars for their trip.

EXT. EAST LA WAREHOUSE / INT. KAL - MOVING - NIGHT

KAL rams a wall, GOING AIRBORNE...

LANDING with his TIRES against the warehouse wall...

And DRIVING UP THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING!

DOUG
Spider-man, eat your heart out!

KAL
Please, shut up!

EXT. EAST LA WAREHOUSE - ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

KAL scales the roof, landing clumsily on top of the building.

DOUG
WHOOOO! What a rush. How you
feeling?

KAL
A little sore.

DOUG
Your sonar working?

KAL
Fuck yes. Let's see what this girl
has up her skirt.

With a sonar PING, KAL EMITS a PULSE BLAST of DIGITAL BLUE LIGHT -- on his monitor appears a RETRO 3-D IMAGE of the warehouse, revealing ARMED CARTEL GUARDS EVERYWHERE.

KAL (CONT'D)
Shit. It's like a quinceñera in
there. If you want to bust the
piñata, you gotta go in solo.

Doug STRAPS ON his enormous wrist-communicator.

DOUG
You guide me on the wrist-comm.
And... if anything goes wrong in
there, tell Adrienne I love her.

KAL
You do realize if you die in there,
she's dead, too.

DOUG
Oh, my God, you're right...

KAL
FOCUS! The plan is solid: I'll call
the plays, you hail the Mary's.

Doug gets out of KAL, and KICKS open the door to the...

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Doug hauls ass down the steps-

KAL (V.O.)
Okay, Marlin. Down two flights...
what's that sound?

Doug wheezes hard -- from the nerves and cardio exertion.

DOUG
Sorry... all that jumping.

KAL (V.O.)
What a fuckin -- WAIT!

Doug jumps back.

DOUG
What?

ON KAL

His radar screen lit up by a SWARM of bad guys.

KAL
The room between you and Adrienne
is packed like a Swedish gangbang.

DOUG
Swedish? Do the Swedes-

KAL (V.O.)
Love gangbangs. Big time.

DOUG
So what do I do?

KAL (V.O.)
You're gonna have to run.

DOUG
Run?

KAL
I got it all worked out. I'm
sending you a trajectory path now.

BEEP-BEEP -- Doug receives a BLUEPRINT and TRAJECTORY PATH on
his wrist-communicator. The route is INSANELY COMPLICATED.

KAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Do exactly what that map says and
go fast and you'll be fine.

DOUG
This will work?

ON KAL'S MONITOR

WHIRRING, running the analytics... "Calculating..." Then,
"Chance of Success: 12%"

KAL
Yep. But you'll want to go fast.

ON DOUG

In ready position -- he SPRINTS AROUND THE CORNER--

GASPING when he sees the SCORES of BAD GUYS, all staring at
him. They raise their guns--

But Doug keeps SPRINTING in CHARIOTS OF FIRE SLOW-MO --
BULLETS EXPLODE all around him!

Doug GRIMACES as a CRAMP rips through his side--

THROUGH THE PAIN, he sprints along KAL's trajectory path--

Doug SLIDES through a steel door, SLAMMING it behind him.

KAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Next right, second door on the left--

INT. WAREHOUSE LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Doug moves cautiously into the cavernous, darkened room.

DOUG
It's quiet...

KAL (V.O.)
Careful. This whole thing stinks
like rotten snatch...

DOUG
(spotting)
Adrienne!

Doug runs over -- Adrienne moans and struggles against her
bindings. Doug finds the ROPE KNOT, fumbling with it--

DOUG (CONT'D)
What kinda Boy Scout bullcrap...?

Doug tugs -- Adrienne moans louder, in pain.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Don't move. I'm gonna look for
scissors...

Doug turns back and runs SMACK into-

DOUG (CONT'D)
Jameson!

He helps up the quivering Jameson from the floor.

JAMESON
Thank goodness you're here! They
grabbed me from HQ. Are you alone?

DOUG
No, KAL's on the roof.

JAMESON
Good. I knew you'd make it. So I
brought friends.

DOUG
What?

ON KAL

His radar depicting TWO MOVING OBJECTS closing in on-

KAL
Doug! Look out!

IN THE WAREHOUSE

Like a bullet, EVIL SUPERCAR #1 rockets out of the darkness-
Doug dives out of the way, but can't escape-

EVIL SUPERCAR # 2 as it SMASHES into him -- Doug's body
tumbles over the hood like a rag doll.

ADRIENNE
(muffled scream)
DOUG!

JAMESON
Surprise!

The Courier and Marco step out of their cars. Doug rolls on
the ground, gripping his knee in pain.

ON THE ROOF

KAL lurches forward using his hydraulics, positioning himself-

KAL
(straining)
Come on, goddamit!

IN THE WAREHOUSE

Jameson leans down and pulls out Doug's gun.

DOUG
Jameson... what is this?!

JAMESON
KAL and your father ruined my
life's work. I couldn't be
remembered as the engineer who
built a flop. I needed someone
with deep pockets to finance my
newest creations.

Jameson points to the cars. Marco smiles.

JAMESON (CONT'D)
With Marco's funds, I've created
better supercars: obedient,
unstoppable drug transport
machines.

DOUG
But why dig up KAL? Why hire me?

JAMESON
You know the shame I felt after
that car and your father fucked me?
I knew you two would mess this case
up spectacularly. And everyone
would see that KAL and his drivers
were the real failures. Not me.

DOUG
You know what would be cheaper?
Therapy.

Marco backhands Doug.

MARCO
But this is more fun.

DOUG
You're forgetting something. I've
got KAL backing me up.

JAMESON
Counting on KAL to save the day?
Ask your father how that turns out.

EXT. ROOF - SAME

KAL's grille light boils with anguish turning to anger.

KAL
(to himself)
Jameson... You son of a bitch!

KAL strains with all his might and ACTIVATES HIS LASER. Blue light slices the roof, cutting a wide circle around himself.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

The Courier grabs Adrienne and drags her to a car.

JAMESON
Throw her inside!

He shoves her into Evil Supercar #1.

Marco KICKS Doug hard in the stomach. Doug groans.

MARCO
That was for my dad.

EXT. ROOF - SAME

KAL finishes cutting the laser circle. NOTHING HAPPENS.

KAL
Come on! COME ON!

Using his hydraulics, he STOMPS in frustration... KRRRRCK, the ceiling starts to give... STOMP! STOMP! STOMP!

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

The Courier looks up... did he hear something?

Marco pulls out his PISTOL...

MARCO
But this is for me.

And aims down at Doug...

Jameson and Adrienne look up, too -- but Marco is too focused on Doug to notice.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Goodbye, Marlin.

KRRR-KRRAAAACK! Marco looks up as the CEILING CAVES IN-

MARCO (CONT'D)
You gotta be fucking kidding m-

Doug rolls out of the way a split-second before -- SPLAT! --
MARCO IS CRUSHED BY THE FALLING ROOF!

The dust settles -- KAL is perched on top of the debris.

KAL
Hiya, butt-fucks! Nice of me to
drop in!

JAMESON
KAL!

KAL
That's right, dickhead. Now, smell
my ass!

KAL activates his SMOKE SCREEN -- clouding the room. Jameson
and the Courier claw through the smoke, gagging.

Jameson calls out to the Courier.

JAMESON
You take the girl. I'll handle the
shipment!

The Courier JUMPS into a supercar -- he REVERSES through the
smoke, disappearing with Adrienne.

Doug locks eyes with Jameson entering the other supercar.

DOUG
You're a traitor!

JAMESON
No. An opportunist.

Jameson's car ZOOMS out of the warehouse.

KAL jerks over to Doug, opening his door.

KAL
Get in!

Doug hoists himself into the car and starts the engine.

DOUG
Hey -- nice work.

KAL
No time to jack ourselves off. We
gotta stop Jameson.

DOUG
But first, we save Adrienne.

KAL
So what're we waiting for?

Doug smiles and SLAMS THE GAS, SQUEALING out onto...

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Doug weaves KAL through EAST LA. KAL locates the SUPERCAR,
smashing through TRAFFIC.

KAL
There!

DOUG speeds ahead.

INT. COURIER'S SUPERCAR - CONTINUOUS

Adrienne sits with hands tied in the passenger seat as The
Courier spots KAL in his rearview.

THE COURIER
It seems we have tailgaters. Get
rid of them.

SUPERCAR
AS YOU WISH.

TWIN CANNONS pop out of the car's rear bumper, BLASTING ARMOR
PIERCING ROUNDS!

EXT. FREEWAY - SAME

The bullets RIP into KAL.

KAL
FUCK! Get us out of here!

DOUG
I'm trying! The traffic is crap!

KAL
You drive, I'll pick the route.

A DIGITAL READ OUT DISPLAYS over KAL's windshield, Terminator-style. Text crosses the display, HIGHLIGHTING obstacles:

-- Asians in a Hyundai

-- Teenage girls packed into a VW Bug

-- Old Jews in a minivan

KAL (CONT'D)
Shit, we got hazards!

DOUG
Really?! "Old Jews"?

KAL
Save it, Oprah. Drive!

Doug SLAMS the accelerator, WHIPPING around the obstacles.

INT. EVIL SUPERCAR 1 - MOVING

The Courier spots a road sign -- DODGERS STADIUM.

THE COURIER
Car, exit here.

The car LEAPS off an overpass, speeding toward the crowded stadium lot.

INT. KAL - MOVING - SAME

Doug WHIPS KAL around to follow.

KAL
Looks like it's game day.

They speed ahead, driving under a MASSIVE ELECTRONIC BILLBOARD -- "TONIGHT: MONSTER TRUCK MOTO-X MADNESS!!!"

EXT. - STADIUM PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

THE COURIER tears through the packed parking lot. KAL blitzes after him, sending TAILGATERS SCRAMBLING!

INT. KAL - MOVING

Doug sees KAL leaking fluid from the bullet holes.

DOUG
We need to get out of this lot!

KAL
I never run from a fight!

DOUG
We're not. He'll follow.

KAL brings up the stadium schematics. Pinpoints an entrance.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Hold on!

Doug YANKS the wheel, WEAVING to evade the gunfire and FLYING down a VEHICLE LOADING RAMP.

INT. EVIL SUPERCAR 1 - MOVING

As KAL vanishes below the stadium, the Courier POWER-BRAKES-

THE COURIER
A game of Cat and Mouse? Meow.

Adrienne rolls her eyes. The Courier WHIPS the car around.

INT. ENTRANCE TUNNEL - SAME

KAL speeds through the pitch black tunnel-

INT. KAL - MOVING

Doug downshifts-

DOUG
Where do I go?

KAL
Straight ahead. Follow the sound of cheering rednecks.

Doug looks uncertain as he drives into...

INT. DODGER STADIUM - ARENA - SAME

The CONTROLLED CHAOS of a MONSTER TRUCK JAM:

-- The SCREAMS of THOUSANDS of drunk spectators mix with HIGH DECIBEL HAIR METAL as...

-- FOUR huge MONSTER TRUCKS pop off a RAMP OF CRUSHED CARS, flying over...

-- A DOZEN MOTOCROSS RIDERS BACK-FLIPPING off vertical ramps.

Doug and KAL zoom into fray.

KAL

Lookout!

Doug CUTS OFF a MONSTER TRUCK!

DOUG

SORRY!

The Monster Truck CAREENS into a wall, EXPLODING IN A CONCUSSIVE FIREBALL!

THE CROWD GOES NUTS!

DOUG (CONT'D)

I crash, they cheer?

KAL

Motorsports. God bless America.

The Courier FLIES into the arena, SLAMMING into a MOTOCROSS RIDER, separating him from his bike.

AUDIENCE

OOOOOOOOOOH!

INT. ANNOUNCER BOOTH - SAME TIME

Two PUZZLED, grizzled announcers flip through papers.

ANNOUNCER #1

These two aren't in the schedule!

ANNOUNCER #2

Wait... I know that car.

BELOW -- KAL jumps a rail, entering the RACE.

The Announcer flips on his microphone.

ANNOUNCER #2 (CONT'D)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THE LEGEND OF LAW ENFORCEMENT IS BACK! THE ONE, THE ONLY... KAAAL!

INT. ARENA - SAME

The crowd ROARS!

The Evil Supercar PULLS UP behind KAL.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
AND HE'S BEING FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER
SUPERCAR... IT LOOKS EUROPEAN.

The crowd BOOS!

INT. EVIL SUPERCAR 1 - MOVING

The Courier loses his temper.

THE COURIER
Car! They're mocking us.

EVIL SUPERCAR 1
SHALL I DESTROY THE ONE CALLED KAL?

THE COURIER
Yes.

Adrienne screams! The Evil Supercar FIRES its turbo boosters, racing through the muck.

INT. ARENA - SAME

The Courier REAR ENDS KAL, ramming him into a MONSTER TRUCK.

DOUG
I'm boxed in!

The Courier activates HEATED LASER CUTTERS, SHEARING into KAL's bumper. Sparks fly!

KAL
Ah! It fuckin' burns!

DOUG
I got it, buddy!

Doug flips a switch. KAL's suspension DROPS, SPRAYING mud. He pulls forward UNDER the truck, hiding from the Courier.

THE COURIER
COME OUT AND PLAY!

INT. KAL - MOVING

The Evil Supercar pulls up beside KAL...

DOUG
We gotta get Adrienne outta there!

KAL
This car knows my entire playbook!

DOUG
So let's go off-book.

KAL
What do you mean?

DOUG
The Pamchenko Twist.

KAL
Goddammit, kid. You're singing my
song.

Doug SLAMS his BRAKES, SKIDDING to a stop as the monster truck speeds off.

The Courier SPINS around -- the two cars facing each other HEAD-ON. Their engines REV.

DOUG
A Mexican standoff.

KAL
Oh, now who's racist?

DOUG
THAT'S WHAT IT'S CALLED!

INT. EVIL SUPERCAR 1 - SAME

Adrienne sees Doug sticking his head and arm out the window, waving at her... A signal?

She rolls down her window.

THE COURIER
(ignoring her)
And so it ends.

ADRIENNE
You said it.

The Courier shifts -- and CHARGES!

Doug shifts -- and charges right back!

Both cars speed forward, LAUNCHING off huge ramps-
TAKING FLIGHT -- in SLO-MO -- on a mid-air collision course!

DOUG

NOW!

KAL groans as he body twists and rotates, FLIPPING into the Pamchenko Twist-

KAL passes OVER the Evil Supercar- Doug LEANS OUT his window.

DOUG (CONT'D)

ADRIENNE!

Adrienne LEANS out as far as she can, REACHING-

DOUG reaches out, GRABBING onto Adrienne's wrist-

He pulls with all his might and YANKS her inside KAL!

JUST before KAL FIRES his LAST MISSILE into the Supercar's exposed belly...

Striking the gas tank -- the Evil Supercar EXPLODES, CRASH-LANDING in a fiery heap!

KAL's thrown back, sloppily rolling to a stop.

THE COURIER emerges from his car, FACE BLOODIED. He smiles.

THE COURIER

You played well, but I always wi-

The STEEL JAWS OF THE GIGANTIC TRUCK-O-SAURUS CLAMP down from above. The Courier disappears in a BLAST of FLAME.

THE CROWD GOES BERSERK! KAL smiles, revelling in the victory.

KAL

WHOOOOOOOO!

INT. KAL - SAME

Doug realizes with horror he's GROPING ADRIENNE.

DOUG

I am SO sorry!

He quickly pulls away. She grabs his hands and places them BACK ON HER BOOBS.

ADRIENNE

Don't be.

They KISS! IT'S MAGICAL! The Jumbo-Tron catches the moment, PROJECTING Doug and Adrienne on the "Kiss Cam."

KAL

Well. I've got a boner.

The two pull apart.

ADRIENNE

You were incredible. Both of you.

DOUG

KAL, you okay, buddy?

CROWD

(chanting)

KAL! KAL! KAL! KAL!

KAL

(soaking it in)

...Never better.

KAL slowly drives them out of the stadium, savoring the adoration of their cheering fans.

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

As KAL pulls out of the parking lot, Doug's CELL PHONE rings.

DOUG

(into phone)

Hello.... Where?! ...Okay.

He hangs up.

DOUG (CONT'D)

That was Sadow. Jameson's heading for the border in the other supercar.

ADRIENNE

If he crosses, we can't pursue!

KAL

That twisted geezer's gonna build a master race of those cocksucking cars. We have to stop him!

DOUG

We're too late.

KAL
What do you mean, "Too late"?!

Doug drops his shoulders.

DOUG
We came close. But his car is too fast. It's over.

KAL
God dammit, I can't believe you're gonna make me do this...

KAL opens his glove compartment.

KAL (CONT'D)
Reach in there.

Doug hesitates.

KAL (CONT'D)
Just DO IT.

Doug reaches in, finding a WORN PHOTO taped to the inside-

ON THE PHOTO: young Nick at the hospital, holding his chubby, newborn son. Nick stares lovingly into baby Doug's eyes.

DOUG
I've never seen this before.

KAL
Before every mission, your dad would look at that picture to remind himself what he was fighting for. To make the world a better place. For you. If he could see you now, he'd be proud as hell at the man you've become.

Doug fights back tears. Adrienne puts a hand on his shoulder.

KAL (CONT'D)
Probably embarrassed about your enormous love handles... but proud.

ADRIENNE
You can do this, Doug. For your father. For yourself.

Doug wipes snot from his face.

DOUG
Okay. I'm in.

Adrienne kisses him on the cheek before stepping out of KAL.

ADRIENNE

Be safe.

DOUG

No, YOU be safe!

ADRIENNE

Doug, I'm not trying to banter here. Don't die. Please.

Doug waves awkwardly. He starts up KAL.

Doug pulls up Jameson's location on KAL's display. A fast-moving 8-bit blip jetting towards the border.

DOUG

Look how fast he's going!

KAL

Sweet Jesus...

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA FREEWAY - NIGHT

A police HELICOPTER swoops past, but can't keep up with...

EVIL SUPERCAR 2 -- blitzing down the freeway at TOP SPEED. Scores of FEDERAL and LOCAL cop cars try to keep up.

INT. EVIL SUPERCAR 2 - MOVING - SAME

Behind the wheel, JAMESON smiles.

JAMESON

Car? Are you recording all of this?

Multiple camera angles pop up on the HUD display.

EVIL SUPERCAR 2

YES, MASTER.

Jameson checks his mirrors -- THREE COP CARS on his tail..

JAMESON

Good. Let's show the world what we can do.

Jameson FLIPS an AUTODRIVE switch.

His car shifts, heading right into two oncoming cop cars!

Jameson's car automatically power-slides to a stop. The cop cars overshoot... colliding with each other!

Jameson's car POWER JUMPS clear of the wreckage!

JAMESON (CONT'D)
Excellent work!

EVIL SUPERCAR 2
THANK YOU, MASTER.

JAMESON
I hope you brought your passport.

EVIL SUPERCAR 2
YOUR HUMOROUS REMARK IS NOTED.

They race towards...

EXT. US/MEXICO BORDER CROSSING - SAME TIME

A handful of BORDER PATROL AGENTS crouch behind cars, clutching assault rifles, hands shaking with fear.

In the distance... kicking up dust...

The Evil Supercar appears, barreling towards them.

INT. EVIL SUPERCAR 2 - MOVING

Jameson sees the border ahead.

JAMESON
At last.

He GUNS the ENGINE, pushing the speedometer past 150 mph.

WHEN OUT OF NOWHERE, a SCREAMING BLACK VEHICLE CHARGES into his REARVIEW.

Jameson turns to see...

KAL, pulling up beside them, BLUE LIGHT PULSING!

KAL
Hola, fuckface!

Doug YANKS the wheel, knocking into Jameson's car.

Jameson PULLS back, righting himself.

JAMESON
 (yelling out the window)
 What do you think you're doing?!

DOUG
 Putting an old man to bed!

Doug swings KAL into the EVIL SUPERCAR. KAL bumper locks -- the two cars race side by side.

Jameson GRINDS HIS CAR against KAL. SPARKS FLY.

JAMESON
 You're an embarrassment to me! I wish I'd never created you!

KAL
 DON'T YOU FUCKING SAY THAT!

ON KAL/DOUG

Racing up to the FORTIFIED BORDER CROSSING -- A warning light on KAL's display FLASHES.

DOUG
 If we don't get out of here soon, we're gonna crash.

KAL
 Let me kill this son of a bitch!

DOUG
 KAL, no! We have to pull back!

KAL DISENGAGES BUMPER LOCK-ON, falling back-

ON JAMESON

JAMESON
 Shoot them!

The Evil Supercar PEPPERS KAL with bullets. Doug spins KAL, dodging the rounds.

DOUG DRIVES KAL IN REVERSE, SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE EVIL SUPERCAR! KAL GROANS with effort.

EVIL SUPERCAR 2
 SURRENDER IMMEDIATELY.

KAL
 LICK MY ASSHOLE!

BOTH CARS RACE FOR THE BORDER! BUT ONLY ONE LANE IS OPEN!

ON JAMESON

GRABBING the WHEEL tightly and PUNCHING the gas...

JAMESON
Faster, car!

ON KAL

Huffing and puffing...

DOUG
Come on! We need more speed.

KAL
I... I can't. I'm fucking done.

DOUG
There's gotta be something-...
(eureka!)
The missile launcher!

KAL
I'm all out of missiles!

DOUG
We don't need 'em! Just fire
backwards! All six barrels!

KAL
But-

DOUG
KAL...

Doug puts a hand on KAL's dash...

DOUG (CONT'D)
Trust me.

KAL drops the MISSILE LAUNCHER and EMPTY-FIRES backwards-

The force ROCKETS KAL forward, pushing Doug back into his seat -- they RACE past Jameson into the one open lane!

ON JAMESON

Wide-eyed as KAL forces him to VEER off-course into the STEEL GUARD BOOTH!

JAMESON
NO!

EVIL SUPERCAR 2
WE ARE DEFEATED-

The EVIL SUPERCAR SLAMS into the Guard Booth at full speed.
The Car is THROWN into the air, flipping spectacularly and-
SLAMS into a full roll, bouncing on its frame before-
LANDING IN A SMOKING HEAP!

Doug power-slides to a stop next to the totalled supercar.

KAL
NEVER fuck with the original.

Jameson crawls from the wreckage, tears in his eyes; the full collapse of his legacy evident.

EVIL SUPERCAR 2
(voice distorted)
MAZZZTER... I... APOLOGIZZZZE-

JAMESON
You've failed me. You've all failed-

BAM! Doug reverses into him, knocking him to the ground.

KAL
You killed him!

Jameson twitches.

DOUG
Nahhh. He'll live.

SIRENS approach...

DOUG (CONT'D)
Ohhh, shhhucks...

SQUAD CARS pull up to the scene, surrounding them. Officers pop out, guns pointed. Doug slowly raises his arms.

KAL
It's been a good ride, eh?

DOUG
Fuck yes.

CAPTAIN LOWE stomps over to them, pissed.

CAPTAIN LOWE

Marlin! You have any idea what you've done to your career today?

DOUG

It's okay. I'm ready for prison. As long as I can share a cell with my friend here.

CAPTAIN LOWE

What fucking prison would accept a car? You're not going to jail. I'm sending you someplace way worse.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA DMV - DAY

SUPER: "One Week Later..."

KAL waits outside the ENTRANCE, Adrienne sitting nervously in the passenger seat.

KAL spots THE SAME PERSIAN TEEN from the Driving Course, license in hand, celebrating with his OBNOXIOUS FRIENDS-

KAL

HEY!

PERSIAN TEEN

Oh, shit.

KAL pulls up to him.

KAL

I wanted to apologize for the racist comments the other day. But if I see you so much as run a stop sign, I WILL crush your fucking legs.

The Persian Teen NODS FURIOUSLY and bolts.

DOUG (O.S.)

Well, you were right, KAL...

Doug walks up.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Any idiot can get a license.

He proudly lifts his new LICENSE. Adrienne gives him a kiss.

ADRIENNE
Congratulations, Detective Marlin.

KAL
Yeah, congratulations. You've proven yourself as capable as a sixteen-year old girl. Now, Johnny Football Hero will definitely finger you at prom.

ADRIENNE
KAL, can we work on turning the misogyny down, like, five percent?

KAL
God you have a pretty mouth.

They both get into KAL. Doug takes the wheel.

KAL (CONT'D)
Easy, handsy. I'm driving. Why don't you two hop in the back seat for a little celebratory fuck? It'll be like I'm not even here.

ADRIENNE
WE'RE GOOD.

As KAL pulls forward...

DOUG
Maybe next time...

SUDDENLY, KAL stops short -- a DOZEN BLACK SEDANS pull up, surrounding him. A GOVERNMENT AGENT in BLACK SUIT and SHADES steps from the nearest car -- AGENT FOX.

KAL
What the hell is this?

AGENT FOX
Detective Marlin. KAL.
(flashing a BADGE)
Agent Fox, Homeland Security.

DOUG
If this is about the Cocoa Puffs, I swear KAL made me smoke those!

KAL
Nuh-uh, he wanted to!

AGENT FOX

Stop! We've been monitoring your exploits, and we think you show promise as a federal, two-man task-force. The President agrees.

Doug and Adrienne share a beat... Is this for real?

DOUG

I don't know what to say...

KAL

(to Agent Fox)

Let's talk benefits. On a scale of one to ten, how slutty are your female mechanics?

SMASH TO:

MAIN CREDITS

Then...

FADE TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTER - BATHROOM - DAY

Doug checks himself out in the mirror. Adrienne pops up from behind, helping him straighten his new suit and tie.

ADRIENNE

Looking good, Agent Marlin.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - HALLWAYS - MOMENTS LATER

Doug walks through the renovated Command Center, admiring the improvements, courtesy of federal tax dollars.

DOUG

(calling out)

KAL?

The sound of LOW RUMBLING pulls Doug into the...

INT. COMMAND CENTER - GARAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

It's dark. Too dark. Doug flips on a light... and sees-

KAL in the corner, struggling, as someone SCREAMS AND CURSES inside of him.

DOUG

KAL!

Alarmed, Doug runs over, ripping open the door, REVEALING-
OFFICER PAM, THE METER MAID, straddled naked on the shifter
as KAL shifts back and forth, engine revving.

DOUG (CONT'D)

OH, MY GOD!

PAM jumps off, SCREAMING and clutching her breasts.

KAL

Oh-ohhh-ohhh... can't stop it!

DOUG

NO!

Doug falls back as KAL's hood pops and SPLOOGES OIL all over
Doug's face.

KAL

...You might wanna get tested.