

OUR WEEK WITH WALLER

by

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"Vacation, all I ever wanted. Vacation, had to get away..."

-The Go-Go's

INT. DARKENED CONFERENCE ROOM - TIME OF DAY: INDETERMINATE

We're in a darkened conference room. Faceless shadows line a long table, the only things visible are hands folded in laps.

Are we in the Pentagon? The United Nations? A scene from MAD MEN?

FLIP.

The lights come on.

Nope, we're in a boring meeting room in a boring tech company in a boring city somewhere in California.

JORDAN JONES, 27.

Devoted.

Earnest.

Lame.

Just finishes up a presentation that no one seems to have been paying any attention to.

JORDAN

In conclusion, ladies and gentlemen, by switching to recycled paper in all bathrooms and breakrooms, QuantEx will be saving an estimated .002 percent a month on all of its supply costs.

(beat)

I made the algorithm myself.

Jordan waits for a round of applause like he just won a goddamn Oscar, but the room stays silent.

Until --

BREWER KEMP, 29, and the polar opposite of Jordan (read: an underachiever and proud of it) leaps to his feet and starts clapping his ass off.

BREWER

Yeah, man, you show that fuckin' recycled paper who's boss!

Jordan turns BRIGHT RED as the other, more civilized people in the room start to fan out and leave.

One older man in his 50's, MR. HARMON, a project manager, is about to leave the conference room when Jordan spots him and rushes after him.

Jordan grabs his boss' sleeve before he can get away --

JORDAN

Sorry to waste your time on this, Mr. Harmon. I just thought that with everything going on, Upper Management might like to see some out-of-the-box-thinking.

Mr. Harmon looks annoyed that he's been caught on the way out, but he buries his real reaction and gives Jordan some corporate jargon to chew on --

MR. HARMON

We're all worried about the layoff rumors, but you don't have to be concerned, Jordan. QuantEx cares about you.

Some of us just like the taste of bullshit sandwiches a little better than others, and, judging by the relief on Jordan's face, he's definitely one of those people.

He visibly relaxes and lets Harmon off the hook until two hands COME CRASHING DOWN ON HIS SHOULDERS FROM BEHIND HIM.

BREWER

Hell of a presentation, JJ, let's go get lunch beers and celebrate that big brain of yours!!

Jordan walks back to his cubicle with Brewer refusing to take his hands off his shoulders.

They go down the hallways looking like the lamest two man conga line this side of San Diego.

When they finally get back to Jordan's cubicle, we see it's so clean and precise it looks like no one even uses it.

Jordan sits and fires up his computer while Brewer helps himself to Jordan's mini-fridge and starts inhaling a Yoplait.

Let's say, Strawberry Banana. That shit is bomb.

JORDAN

I really thought they'd flip for my idea...

BREWER

They totally did, they were doing cartwheels in their heads, Jordy. I bet they make you a project coordinator like me any day now.

JORDAN

I was *already* a project coordinator.

BREWER

Fine, then project *analyst*.

JORDAN

That's what I do *now*.

BREWER

Really?
(genuinely stumped)
Huh.

JORDAN

I just felt kinda humiliated, but someone has to do something or we're all going to be out of jobs soon.

Jordan barely finishes his sentence before LINDA, a rotund woman from Accounting, stops in the middle of her tracks and in the middle of her King-Size Snickers bar.

LINDA

(half-chewing)
Out of jobs? Oh God, did it happen already?!

BREWER

Calm down, I've been here seven years, they've never laid any one off. We're a growth industry. Chill, people.

Linda doesn't know what to believe. She finds what solace she can in her candy bar and trudges on.

JORDAN

(typing)
You're really not the least bit worried? I mean, they could let us go at any second. The company has been doing terribly.

BREWER

Never gonna happen. This place is swimming in cash. Kylie Jenner will be two sex tapes deep before QuantEx goes under.

Jordan's computer PINGS. So does his iPad and so does Brewer's iPhone.

BREWER (CONT'D)

(scooping out the last of his yogurt)

Ugh, another meeting?

Jordan looks like he's going to vomit.

JORDAN

Worse.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. QUANTEX CONFERENCE ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The room is packed to the gills with dozens of people looking like they've just been diagnosed with HPV.

At the front of the room stands CEO RYAN WILLIAMS, a guy about 30 pounds past handsome.

To the left of him is HR HENCHWOMAN DIANE, a stern lady with the best power cut Fantastic Sam's can provide, and to the right is Mr. Harmon, the douchebag from earlier.

RYAN WILLIAMS

I want you all to know we're a family, and that we did our absolute best to stop this from happening. Unfortunately, we couldn't raise the capital we needed to avert the next steps.

LINDA

(already into another candy bar)

So it's true?! It's really happening?!

RYAN WILLIAMS

Chapter 11, yes. I'm afraid so.

A GROAN ripples throughout the room.

Everyone is down in the dumps. Except Brewer who is busy scrolling through Tinder on his phone.

(If one looks closely enough, one will notice every picture Brewer posts of himself has Jordan in it, too.)

MAX, a stringbean from IT, raises his hand like that nerdy kid in Middle School desperate to give the right answer before anyone else has a chance to.

MAX

What about severance packages?
What can we expect to receive?
Some of us have been here a long
time!

Jordan and the others eagerly nod their heads trying their best to picture their "golden" parachutes.

Ryan doesn't know exactly what to say. Before he can put together a half-assed platitude, Diane judo chops her way into the conversation --

DIANE

Unfortunately, QuantEx will not be able to provide severance of any kind. There just isn't enough money to run what will remain of the company and provide for our valued, former employees.

Someone in the back shouts out --

SOMEONE IN THE BACK

Well this fuckin' sucks!

Yes, it really fuckin' does.

And Jordan, slumping into his chair with the others, seems the hardest hit.

DIANE

You've each been given a 25 dollar gift certificate to Buffalo Wild Wings. They're on your desks. Please enjoy lunch on us today as a thank you for service.

(beat)

Oh, and you have one hour to collect your personal effects and vacate the premises.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. BUFFALO WILD WINGS - LATER

MUSIC CUE: "Torn" - by Natalie Imbruglia.

Everyone's favorite cliché break-up song plays on the sound system.

Jordan, Brewer, Linda, Max, and everyone else who has just had their nuts cut off, bury their sorrows in lobster enchiladas and strawberry margaritas.

JORDAN
Is this even legal?

MAX
How can they not give us any warning?

BARRY, a single dad in his 40's, is already slurring his words.

BARRY
Corporate pig fuckers, man. I turned down a job at QualCom three months ago because they told me I'd get promoted if I stayed.

Linda just cries.

BREWER
Look on the bright side, people, at least we got our vacation pay. That's pretty cool, right?

BARRY
Big deal, that just means all that money goes to my bitch ex-wife.

BREWER
Honestly, Barry, after all Same-Sex Americans have gone through recently, you'd think you'd have a little more respect for the sanctity of marriage.

BARRY
Fuck you, I'm taking a leak.

Barry gets up to take a piss and nearly falls down. Everyone else just goes back to moping around.

Brewer looks bored. He partially unwraps a straw and blows the paper across the table into Jordan's face.

Jordan looks up on impact.

BREWER
So how much was your cut?

JORDAN
Of what?

BREWER
"Of what?", he says. Of your vacay
pay. I got a cool four grand.
(beat)
Maybe I'll buy an X-Box.

JORDAN
You got *four* grand? I only got
three. I work *way* harder, too.

BREWER
Easy, lemon squeezy. We all know
that. I'm just longer in the
tooth, what did you expect?

JORDAN
(poking his food)
You're really gonna blow your money
on video games?

Brewer pounds his drink and then flags down KELLY THE
WAITRESS to get him another one. She smiles at him and goes
behind the bar.

BREWER
Thanks, Kelly!

KELLY THE WAITRESS
You're welcome, Kelly!

JORDAN
Why do you always pretend you have
the same name as the server?

BREWER
It's called personality mirroring.
They give you a heavier pour that
way.

JORDAN
Right...

BREWER
Anyway, back to your previous
question.

(MORE)

BREWER (CONT'D)

No, I was kidding, I'm not blowing my vacay pay on video games.

JORDAN

So what are you gonna blow it on?

BREWER

What else?

Kelly shows up with Brewer's drink. He winks at her and pounds it in one extended gulp.

BREWER (CONT'D)

I'm gonna blow it on vacay!

A bolt of lightning strikes Brewer's (meager) brain.

BREWER (CONT'D)

Hey, why don't you come with me?!

JORDAN

On vacation? Dude, we just got laid off. It's not time for us to just pick up and leave.

BREWER

Stop being so responsible. You sound like my asshole dad. We've got *nothing* going on. It's the *perfect* time.

JORDAN

I'm gonna be polite and say I don't quite see your logic here.

BREWER

Jordy, we're still reasonably young men. This is the point in our lives when we're supposed to be having crazy adventurous adventures. Not slowly formaldehyding away in an office.

JORDAN

No way, I need to save what I have.

BREWER

Humor me, at least. Pretend you aren't a total panty hamster for two seconds. Where's the one place you've always wanted to go?

Jordan looks like he's about to answer... But then he thinks better of it and takes a sip of his drink.

BREWER (CONT'D)
Come on, just answer the question.

JORDAN
(barely above a whisper)
Ibiza...

BREWER
Where?

JORDAN
I said Ibiza! I was supposed to go
for Spring Break in college, but I
got Adult Chicken Pox and couldn't
go.

BREWER
I had no idea that was a thing. So
where is that, somewhere in Russia?

JORDAN
It's in Spain. Seriously, how did
you graduate?

BREWER
None of your business, I started
from the bottom now I'm here.

Brewer busts out his phone and brings up a Wikipedia article
on "Ibeeza" because he can't spell because he's a fuckin'
idiot.

BREWER (CONT'D)
Nice, man, look at that beach.
Okay, I'm down.

Jordan looks up again, afraid of continuing this
conversation.

JORDAN
Down for what?

BREWER
For Ibiza. I'm down. Let's go.
We have seven grand between us to
spend. Let's go get our peepes
wet in Spain!

JORDAN
No way, Brewer. That money is too
important. I can't waste it on
some insane trip with you.

Brewer looks like he's actually hurt. Like a guy who's just been told his girlfriend has left and taken the cat.

BREWER

That hurts, man. We've been buds for five years.

JORDAN

And it's been a roller coaster ride the whole time.

BREWER

But you can't stand roller coasters.

JORDAN

Exactly.

BREWER

Ouchies. Big time. Look, obviously we need to work on our relationship, as well. Think of this as a bonding trip, too, then. Besides, do you really want to end up like these people?

Brewer makes Jordan look down the table. Max, Linda, Barry, and the others are all sobbing into each other's shirt collars bemoaning the loss of their dead-end jobs.

Seeing that pathetic, middle-aged cavalcade of desperation is enough for something in Jordan's head to click.

JORDAN

Maybe you're right. I've never actually *gone* on vacation...

BREWER

Right?

JORDAN

And the job market *does* suck...

BREWER

Totally, and you don't have to worry because it'll *still* suck when we get back. We won't miss a beat.

It might be the margarita talking, but --

JORDAN

(almost to himself)
Maybe we really *should* do it, you know?

(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 I'll be 30 before you know it.
 Could be something to tell the
 grandkids.

BREWER
 Now you're talking!

JORDAN
 Fine. Fuck it. I'm in!

Brewer lets out a YEEEHAWWWWW!

BREWER
 Kelly, another round for me and my
 bromigo here!

KELLY THE WAITRESS
 Be right there, Kelly!

She comes over with two full drinks. Jordan and Brewer clink glasses.

JORDAN
 Besides what's the worst that could
 happen in Ibiza?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH FRONT RESTAURANT - IBIZA, SPAIN - AFTERNOON

Beautiful Ibiza, Spain. It kicks Cabo's ass on its worst day. Sprawling beaches, bronzed bodies, the works.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACH FRONT RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Inside, the place is almost as gorgeous as out. Refined DINERS of all ages lucky enough to be able to afford to eat here share tapas and tequila.

But the mood suddenly darkens when --

Four rows of MERCENARY THUGS, standing two by two with matching sunglasses and complementary douchebag haircuts, march in through the front door carrying SUBMACHINE GUNS.

The SERVERS freeze in their places.

One GUY is so scared he refills a CUSTOMER's margarita until it overflows and spills in her lap.

Neither says a fucking word about it.

The Mercs part like the Red Sea until a man emerges from in between the middle of them.

Meet MARCUS WALLER, 40's.

German ex-pat.

Drug kingpin.

Ping-pong enthusiast.

A dangerous looking man no matter what side of the Rhine you're from.

WALLER
(to no one in particular)
What's good here?

When nobody dares answer, Waller points to the plate of an OLDER GENTLEMAN sitting with a YOUNG WOMAN who could be his grand daughter.

If she weren't fucking him.

WALLER (CONT'D)
That looks good. What's that?

OLDER GENTLEMAN
(terrified, stuttering)
Gambas al ajillo, señor...

WALLER
Fantastic. I love garlic shrimp.

Waller snaps his fingers at the nearest SERVER who rushes over to him like a frightened puppy.

WALLER (CONT'D)
Show me and my friends to a nice table.

The Server trips over himself to ready a spot. Waller leisurely trails after him.

Before being the only one to sit down, he sends a slight nod to his Mercs who instantly move about the room and collect every iPhone, Samsung, Android, and whatever-the-fuck in the restaurant.

Terrified diners give up their devices like they were holding onto hot coals.

Once the phones have been taken, the same Server drapes a napkin onto Waller's lap and lays a plate of, you guessed it, garlic shrimp in front of him.

Waller dives into the shrimp, taking one big juicy bite after another and making sure the entire place can hear him chew.

Normally when you can hear people eat, it's fucking disgusting.

In this case, it's just fucking terrifying.

Once Waller has finished, he blurts out a single name.

A statement, not a question.

WALLER (CONT'D)

Sanchez...

A GASP goes out from somewhere in the back. Whoever SANCHEZ is, he's one unlucky fuck.

The diners around this now-doomed soul scoot their chairs as far away as possible trying not to be rude.

Too late.

Waller's thugs grab the man, a paunchy bastard in his 30's with a bad mustache, and drag him to Waller's table.

No one knows what's going to happen. They just know it's going to be muy malo.

WALLER (CONT'D)

Do you know why I'm here?

Sanchez tries to break the tension. Nervously laughing and answering in Spanish --

SANCHEZ

[For the shrimp?]

Waller lets out a loud laugh, guffawing from his belly. He laughs and laughs, until he dabs his mouth with his napkin.

Okay, so maybe he's not so bad.

Wait, spoke too soon.

In one fluid motion, Waller grabs a KNIFE from the side of his plate and SEVERES SANCHEZ'S LEFT PINKIE FINGER!

Blood spurts everywhere. People scream. Sanchez curls his hand up and wails in agony.

WALLER
 (calmly)
 No, don't touch it.

Sanchez freezes in place, about to grab a napkin to staunch the bleeding.

WALLER (CONT'D)
 I want you to *feel* the bleeding.
 That's what it feels like when
 money bleeds from my accounts. And
 do you know *why* money has been
 bleeding from my accounts?

Sanchez may know, but he refuses to answer. He's too busy turning whiter than a sheet.

WALLER (CONT'D)
 Because certain runners don't know
 their place.

Uh-oh.

WALLER (CONT'D)
 And when certain runners don't know
 their place. There is only chaos.
 (beat)
 I am here to *correct* that chaos.

SANCHEZ
 Jefe, please...

WALLER
 Admit you've been skimming from
 your pick-ups and I might let you
 live.

There's a pregnant pause.

Sanchez is dead either way, but maybe there's mercy behind those crazy Kraut eyes...

SANCHEZ
 (defeated)
 It won't happen again!

SANCHEZ'S FOREHEAD EXPLODES OUTWARD IN A SHOWER OF BRAIN,
 BLOOD, AND GORE.

One of Waller's Mercs stands behind him with a smoking gun.

WALLER
 That's all I needed to hear...

Waller rises and throws his napkin on top of the dead body now laid out on the table. He talks to the Merc holding the murder weapon.

WALLER (CONT'D)

See that these lovely people's devices are returned to them.

He then looks around for the MAITRE'D, finding him shaking like a Spanish leaf behind his little podium.

WALLER (CONT'D)

And everyone's meals are on me.

The Mercs spread out, return the phones, and drop cash on each table.

Leaving Waller to briskly walk out the back door of the restaurant without another word...

FADE TO:

EXT./INT. - AMERICAN AIRLINES - ECONOMY CLASS - FLIGHT 601

We rejoin our heroes a couple of days later on their impending flight as they crease, crumple, and cram their bags into whatever overhead compartments are left open.

Brewer is dressed like he's going to Hawaii (complete with stupid sunglasses and straw hat) while Jordan looks like a Mid-Western dad going on vacation with a tucked-in, short-sleeve shirt.

They settle into their seats and wait for take off.

BREWER

Aight, we're all set. Five days in beautiful España!

(reading from a pamphlet)

Our room is booked at the luxurious Hotel Torre Del Mar and we'll be there in a scant 15 hours and 47 minutes.

JORDAN

Too bad the flight is so long, but it'll give me a chance to catch up on some reading.

Jordan busts out a copy of THE FAULT IN OUR STARS and cracks open the pages.

BREWER
(stunned)
What. The. Fuck.

JORDAN
(perplexed)
What? It's a best seller.

BREWER
So is the Quran and you don't
fucking see me reading *that*!
(nervously glancing
around)
Put that shit away before we get
our asses kicked.

JORDAN
(still holding the book)
I really think you're making too
much of a big deal out of this.
It's a universal love story.

Brewer gives up and snatches the book out of Jordan's hands.

He chucks it behind him over his head and we hear the faintest "What the?" from a PASSENGER somewhere further back.

Before Jordan can protest, Brewer then grabs the sleeve of a passing STEWARDESS.

BREWER
Buenos días, Señorita. Can we each
get a double Maker's on the rocks?

STEWARDESS
I'm sorry, sir, you'll have to wait
until we're airborne before we can
serve drinks.

The Stewardess goes to continue up the aisle, but Brewer refuses to let go of her sleeve.

BREWER
I know, Miss, I get that. It's
just... Well, my mother died and
we're heading to her funeral.

STEWARDESS
In Spain?

BREWER
That's where my father met her. He
served there during the war and
fell in love with her.
(MORE)

BREWER (CONT'D)

We thought it would be the best place to bury her after all she went through.

(choking up)

She loved the water there...

Please, a drink would really help ease the pain...

The Stewardess looks heartbroken while Jordan rolls his eyes.

STEWARDESS

You poor thing.

(conspiratorially)

Take mine.

The Stewardess slips Brewer three mini-bottles of Vodka from out of her pocket.

BREWER

(still misty-eyed)

God Bless you, mi amor.

The Stewardess heads up the aisle, wiping sympathetic tears from her eyes.

JORDAN

Your father served in the war? What war? We haven't been at war with Spain since 1898. He'd be a hundred and forty years old.

Brewer pounds two of the mini-bottles of Vodka one right after another.

BREWER

I know that. I'm just afraid of flying.

JORDAN

You could've just taken a Valium like I did.

BREWER

Where's the fun in that?

BING-BONG.

PILOT (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen, this is your Captain speaking. Please prepare for immediate takeoff and thank you for choosing American Airlines.

As the plane starts to taxi --

BREWER
 LET'S GET DRUNK, MOTHAH
 TRUCKAHS!!!!

MUSIC CUE: "**Stay Fly**" - by Three 6 Mafia

BEGIN MONTAGE:

With the plane now in mid-air, Brewer has Economy Class jumpin' like a weekend at Jason Derulo's house.

Everyone is having a fan-fucking-tastic time. Except for Jordan who's zonked out with EAR PLUGS and a SLEEP MASK on, but fuck him.

--Brewer buys drinks for everyone around him. People of all ages pound shots and act a fool.

--Brewer does BODY SHOTS off the sympathetic Stewardess from earlier as some OLDER DUDES up front cheer him on.

--Brewer winds up locked in the bathroom with a MILF twice his age. He sucks on her left ring finger until her WEDDING BAND comes off and they pass it back and forth between their mouths making out like teenagers before the Apocalypse.

In short, this is the best goddamn flight anyone who's never been to First Class has ever flown on.

CUT TO:

EXT. IBIZA AIRPORT - EARLY EVENING

TITLE UP -- 15 hours and 47 minutes later.

Flight 601 lands without a hitch carrying our heroes (one groggy and one buzzed out of his mind) to the Promised Land.

INT. IBIZA AIRPORT - ARRIVAL GATE - CONTINUOUS

Jordan rubs his eyes still sleepy as shit from his Valium.

Brewer, however, is bouncing off the walls. With their bags slung over their shoulders, they move through the crowd trying to find a car to their hotel.

BREWER
 We're here. We're fucking here!
 Yay for Vacay Pay! Say it with me,
 Jordy!

JORDAN
 Yay for Vacay Pay.
 (yawning)
 Let's get to the hotel. I'd kill
 for a shower and some dinner.

They make it outside. Brewer flags down a taxi. It stops in front of them.

BREWER
 Shower, maybe. Dinner? Hell
 fucking no. I don't want anything
 getting in the way of us not
 remembering a damn thing about our
 first night in Spain. THANK YOU,
 QUANTEX!

JORDAN
 (sotto)
 What have I done...

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL TORRE DEL MAR - LATER - NIGHT

Our boys are dropped off in front of one of Ibiza's finest/most affordable hotels.

Jordan, a real architecture buff like the nerd that he is, definitely seems impressed.

He takes it all in --

Until his eyes fall on a beautiful BLONDE WOMAN, built like Charlize Theron on acid.

In her early 30's, she's in front of the hotel and tipping a BELLHOP who's busy grabbing her bags from the back of a super duper sleek sportscar.

A Silver 2016 Maserati GranTurismo, to be precise. The fucking car is almost as hot as she is.

Almost.

Their eyes meet. There's a pause. And a moment.

And most incredible of all --

That moment is mutual.

Jordan freezes in place like Sam Neill trying not to be seen by the T-Rex in JURASSIC PARK.

When it's over, the Blonde Woman heads inside to check in.

Brewer gets out of the car, completely missing what just happened.

JORDAN

Okay, I won't lie. This place looks awesome.

BREWER

Wait until you see the room! We're gonna leave behind so many illegitimate children!

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. WALLER'S HACIENDA - NIGHT

We see a pair of HEAVY BOOTS roam the halls of Waller's hacienda. Portraits of the man's scary Germanic ancestors line the walls going back to when Prussia was still a thing.

Unlike the last time we were here with Mr. Eyeballs, the place is deathly silent.

The boots keep moving until they come upon what can only be the doors of the master bedroom.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

WALLER (O.S.)

(from inside)

Reinkommen [Come in]!

The boots, or rather the person standing in them, opens the door and we get our first full glimpse of --

WALLER (CONT'D)

Kentavious! Come right in.

KENTAVIOUS is a Black dude in his late 30's. Think Craig Robinson.

Looking more like a broken down cable installer, one would never guess this man is Marcus Waller's top enforcer and most loyal friend.

As he enters the room --

KENTAVIOUS

What up, Wall.

Waller, lounging in a fancy robe and matching slippers on a giant bed the size of two California Kings, waves him in.

These two have the casualness of old drinking buddies.

It's oddly unsettling.

WALLER
Care to tag in?

Waller offers Kentavious the PS4 controller he's holding. We then notice he's playing DESTINY on a massive projector screen.

WALLER (CONT'D)
This game is addicting.

Kentavious checks out the screen behind him.

KENTAVIOUS
Nah, maybe later. We just got the call.

Waller instantly turns off the projector. He stands and lights a stogie that would make a frat kid puke just trying to smoke it.

WALLER
Amnesia?

KENTAVIOUS
1 am. Just like he said. There gon' be a lot of people there, you sure it's the best place to do this?

WALLER
We certainly aren't doing it here. But a packed nightclub, in the middle of Ibiza, on a Saturday night? We won't be bothered. Nevertheless, they picked the place. And there's no arguing with they.

Kentavious shrugs. His boss is right. Like always.

WALLER (CONT'D)
Stop worrying, it doesn't suit you.

Waller lets out a few puffs from his cigar and walks over to the mini-bar set-up in the far corner.

Mini is just a metaphor. You could stalk Tao for Memorial Day Weekend with the amount of fine liquor bottles lined up in front of him.

Waller chooses a bottle of very expensive Monkey 47 Schwarzwald Dry Gin and pours himself, and Kentavious, a drink with two limes each.

WALLER (CONT'D)

This is what we've been waiting for, Kentavious. All my years of chasing around runners and mules for spare change will finally be worth it.

KENTAVIOUS

Wouldn't exactly call all this spare change, my dude. Still time to think on this. We gotta good thing here. Why fuck wit dat?

WALLER

You know why. The Fatherland took everything from me. Stripped my family of every last Deutsche Mark.

KENTAVIOUS

What'd you expect with Nazi gold?

WALLER

That was never proven, my friend.
(quickly)
Everything my vater and großvater worked so hard for. Taken by a corrupt and desperate government all those years ago. Raised in rags, and forced to make the fortune rightfully mine off the backs of junkies across all of Europe.

The hint of a murderous gleam crosses Waller's eyes --

WALLER (CONT'D)

And now with the German Chancellor set to visit Madrid this week--

KENTAVIOUS

Ease back, Wall. You goin' down the rabbit hole onemogain. I know all 'bout this.

WALLER

Then you also know there is no going back. And that I pay you quite well.

KENTAVIOUS

Cheers to muhfuckin' dat.

WALLER

Indeed. Tonight, we make that very overdue leap into the large leagues.

KENTAVIOUS

You mean the big leagues.

WALLER

Whatever.

They toast.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL TORRE DEL MAR - JORDAN AND BREWER'S ROOM - LATER

Jordan and Brewer's room is understandably nowhere near as lavish as Waller's house, but this place still beats the shit out of any hotel you've ever stayed in.

Brewer, wearing only a towel, pounds on the bathroom door.

BREWER

Can you hurry the fuck up? You've been in there for an hour! Jerk off *after* you come home alone, not before!

Jordan opens the door. A cloud of steam wafts out of the bathroom so thick it looks like Han Solo was just frozen in carbonite.

He emerges, fully dressed, looking snazzier than any of us ever thought possible.

This dude just might get laid tonight.

JORDAN

What's the rush? I want to look good.

Brewer drops his towel, revealing absolutely everything to a disgusted Jordan, and then pushes his way into the bathroom.

Before closing the door, he turns around --

BREWER

Dude, it's already past 11. I'd like to get there before the place empties out and we're forced to hit on all the leftovers and throwbacks.

JORDAN

Don't be a dick. Girls like that have feelings, too. Besides, they don't eat dinner here till midnight.

BREWER

That better be a goddamn urban legend.

Brewer closes the door, and turns on the shower.

Alone, Jordan spritzes cologne onto both wrists and rubs them together in that annoying way people do.

Looking wistful and thinking about the Blonde Woman from earlier, Jordan pours himself some Skyy and lemonade from his bag and starts drinking like the dickens to loosen up.

JORDAN

(yelling to the bathroom)
What's the name of the club we're going to again?

Brewer opens the door and walks out, somehow fully dressed and ready to go in the span of 30 seconds.

BREWER

Amnesia! It's gonna be tits!

JORDAN

How did you...?

Brewer grabs Jordan's bottle of Skyy right out of his hands, and chugs half of it straight up.

BREWER

I already called the Uber. Let's
oooooooooooooooooooo!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. AMNESIA NIGHTCLUB - 45 MINUTES LATER

Welcome to Amnesia. Winner of four consecutive Best Global Club Titles in 1996, 1997, 1998 and 1999 at the IDMA Awards in beautiful Miami, Florida!

Brewer and Jordan are unceremoniously dumped in front of the club by their angry UBER DRIVER.

After he peels out, they stand up, dust themselves off, and immediately join the massive line outside.

BREWER

Don't blame me, I don't speak
Ibizan.

JORDAN

Spanish. You don't speak *Spanish*.
It's the same language.

BREWER

Either way, it's not my fault the
guy couldn't take directions.

JORDAN

He took directions just fine. He
just didn't like the million high-
fives you insisted on giving him.

The guys then seem to notice they won't be getting inside anytime soon.

The number of hot girls, and the dudes with the money to keep them interested, standing outside with them is sheer ridiculousness.

BREWER

Fuck this. I didn't fly half-way
across the world to stand in line
like a sucker.

Brewer jumps out of line and runs away.

From back in-line --

JORDAN

Brew, don't. Let's just wait our
turn!

BREWER

(over his shoulder)
Live in the now and come on!!

Jordan nervously darts his head around and then, against his better judgement, takes off after Brewer until they stop right in front of the angry BOUNCER guarding the front door.

BREWER (CONT'D)
Greetings from America, muchacho.

Jordan gets ready for the shit to get beat out of them, but instead is shocked when the guy waves them through and into the club.

JORDAN
(stupefied)
How the hell did that happen?

BREWER
Relax, I just gave him like 200 bucks.

JORDAN
Why would you do that?! We need to spend smart, the room alone is costing us--

BREWER
Seriously, dude, relax. It's worth it. Bill Cosby could forget his bag of roofies and *still* manage to pull here!

JORDAN
But, Brewer--

Jordan's whiny bitching is drowned out as the two make it deeper inside the club and onto the main dance floor.

Writhing, sweaty bodies are jam packed next to each other in an orgy of alcohol, drugs, and free love.

This place oozes sex. Every man and woman in the audience should be popping a boner right about now.

BREWER
I'll get us some drinks. You start picking out our prey.

Brewer walks off leaving Jordan looking terrified.

Excited and horny, but also terrified.

Across the dance floor, Jordan suddenly locks eyes with the Blonde Woman from the hotel dancing by herself.

MUSIC CUE: "**Your Love**" - by Nicki Minaj

Dressed all in white now, she moves like a Pussy Cat Doll. When her eyes meet Jordan's, she holds them there again.

There's another spark between them. It gives Jordan more courage than any drink he could possibly slam.

Dancing over to her, Jordan makes contact!

JORDAN
You come here often?

Yikes. The audience should be cringing just as much as Jordan is after hearing what he said.

The Blonde Woman stops dancing long enough to laugh at him. When she speaks, she reveals a strikingly posh English accent.

BLONDE WOMAN
That can't be your opening line?

JORDAN
(dancing like an idiot)
I'm not very good at this! Let me go again.

BLONDE WOMAN
Go for it.

JORDAN
I remember you from earlier. From the hotel, right? What's your name?

BLONDE WOMAN
That's better. I'm Claudia.

JORDAN
My name's Jordan!

CLAUDIA
Nice to meet you, Jordan.

Wedding bells. Angels singing. The works.

Jordan is in love.

JORDAN
That's a really nice name!

CLAUDIA
Which one? Mine or yours?

Jordan blushes and snort-laughes. This woman has him on a string already.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
You know, you're really handsome.

JORDAN
Me??

CLAUDIA
Yes, you.

Proving it, Claudia grabs Jordan by the shoulders and pulls him in. They dance. It's sexy.

Vibrant.

And utterly foreign for Jordan, but he does his best to keep up with her.

Claudia looks to one of the upper levels. We see her eyes narrow and focus on something, or someone, but we don't know on what yet.

BREWER (O.S.)
Holy fucking fuckballs, what a find!

Here comes Brewer to ruin the moment.

CLAUDIA
I've gotta go. Nice to meet you, Jordan.

She squeezes his shoulder and is out of there ASAP. The mood is totally ruined. Brewer dances over carrying (and spilling) their drinks.

BREWER
I leave you alone for two seconds and you strike oil! Did you hear her accent?? I bet it would make James Bond *cream* in his fucking pants!

JORDAN
You just scared her off!

Brewer shrugs and hands Jordan his giant drink.

BREWER
Tevs. She was prolly a lez anyway.

Jordan sulks, watching Claudia head upstairs.

JORDAN

I totally had her, man... You couldn't give me two minutes to get her number?

(sotto)

Maybe I can find her back at the hotel...

BREWER

(struggling to hear)

What??

JORDAN

Nothing, let's just drink.

BREWER

Good idea! We'll get you someone else to smash, don't worry. Drink up, my good man!

CUT TO:

INT. AMNESIA NIGHTCLUB - UPPER LEVEL BAR - CONTINUOUS

On one of the upper levels, with neon lights flashing everywhere, Waller sits on a roped-off couch looking bored and dressed like a villain from Star Trek.

He's joined by a coterie of eye candy, with Kentavious hovering just a few feet away keeping his eyes out for anything out of the ordinary and constantly checking his Apple Watch.

A DRUNK BIMBO tries to throw herself onto Waller's lap, but he uses her own momentum against her and moves her onto the other side of the couch.

WALLER

Not now, liebchen.

The girl looks disappointed, but Waller's focus is elsewhere.

CUT TO:

INT. AMNESIA NIGHTCLUB - MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Some DRUNK ASSHOLE bangs on a locked stall waiting for whoever is inside to get the fuck out so he can pee.

Inside, on the other side of the stall door, is a YOUNG MAN looking like the creepy dude from MR. ROBOT.

The Young Man - known only as IVANOV - finishes a massive BUMP OF COKE, wipes his nose, and flushes the empty toilet.

From the way his eyes dart around, this isn't a guy who should be doing more drugs.

He leaves the stall before shoulder checking the douchebag milkshake who was banging on the door and leaves the men's room.

INT. AMNESIA NIGHTCLUB - UPPER LEVEL BAR - CONTINUOUS

We follow Ivanov, growing increasingly paranoid, as he heads over to where our Man from Amsterdam Adjacent is still waiting revealing Ivanov --

Is the person Waller has been waiting for.

Without a word, as usual, Waller nods and everyone around him scatters far enough away to give him and his new guest some personal space.

Ivanov twitches and takes a seat across from Waller. A table loaded with thousand dollar bottles of Svedka and orange juice sits in between them.

IVANOV

They send their regards.

WALLER

I am sure they do. Do you have what I've come for?

Ivanov looks around and then answers by removing a compact, MATTE BLACK DEVICE from out of his jacket pocket.

We won't get a better look at it until Waller does.

WALLER (CONT'D)

Hand it over. Inspection time.

CUT TO:

INT. AMNESIA NIGHTCLUB - LOWER LEVEL BAR - CONTINUOUS

Jordan and Brewer are dancing and drinking, more with each other than anyone else, sadly.

They look too afraid to approach any of the stunning women all around them.

JORDAN

Well, when are you gonna make a move? I almost had something going there. What's your excuse?

BREWER

(still dancing)

I'm just waiting for it to kick in.

JORDAN

Waiting for what to kick in?

BREWER

The Molly I put in our drinks, dingus!

JORDAN

You put a Molly pill in my drink?!

BREWER

Of course not.

Jordan breathes a visible sigh of relief.

BREWER (CONT'D)

I put two in your drink. To get rid of that permanent stick up your ass.

At that moment, the club's prerequisite EDM music kicks into a DROP BEAT and the whole place goes bananas.

Jordan holds his hand up in front of his face finally aware of the concentrated MDMA that's currently coursing throughout his veins. He blinks in rapid succession.

JORDAN

What have you done to me, Brewer?!

BREWER

I made sure you'd have a good night! Just ride the wave. Let's go upstairs and post up! There's some major boobage up there.

Brewer, still dancing, leads Jordan up the stairs like a service dog until they reach the upper level...

CUT TO:

INT. AMNESIA NIGHTCLUB - UPPER LEVEL BAR - CONTINUOUS

Waller holds the DEVICE in front of his face.

Using his super-high-tech CELL PHONE (Samsung and Apple can eat a dick, this is the Real McCoy), Waller links it to the item he's about to buy.

While Ivanov sweats it out waiting for Waller's inspection to end, we notice Brewer and Jordan, rolling pretty hard by now, just over Waller's shoulder.

The more eagle-eyed of our viewers will notice Claudia sitting by the bar watching everything while pretending not to.

IVANOV
(more twitchy)
Do we have a deal?

Waller takes a moment to answer, but when he does he seems satisfied --

WALLER
Ja, we have a deal.
(holding out his phone)
Enter your account number and
password and the agreed upon funds
will be transferred to your
superiors immediately.

Ivanov shakily reaches out, and that's when Waller seems to notice JUST HOW MUCH the young man is sweating.

Either Ivanov needed the coke to build up his courage, or whatever he's selling is going to take a lot of substances to forget.

The transfer goes through and the phone BEEPS, but --

A now suspicious Waller casts a warning look to Kentavious before he is suddenly interrupted.

The phone, and the DEVICE still attached to it, are grabbed up by a seriously out of it Jordan.

You know those little moments when your life is about to change forever?

Yeah, this is one of those.

JORDAN
(still fucking rolling)
Oh, man, is this the new 7Plus?
You have no idea how badly I want
one of these! It feels so amazing
in my hands. Everything feels so
tactile.

Waller, for the first time, looks completely confused. Who the fuck is this guy?

Jordan's legs turn to jelly and he tumbles over the couch until he's sitting right next to Waller.

Only ass backwards and completely upside down.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
But what's the attachment for?

Waller then whips out a custom SIG SAUER PISTOL. The grip features an ENGRAVED COBRA COILED AROUND THE HANDLE. Scary fuckin' stuff.

WALLER
You have two seconds to return my property before I make you a eunuch.

Ivanov, now noticeably freaking out, pulls his own gun --

IVANOV
What the fuck is going on?
(to Waller)
Who is this?!

WALLER
I was about to ask you the same.

Waller grabs up both pieces of equipment leaving Kentavious to come clear Jordan away (and presumably beat him to death outside).

Scared of Waller's approaching bodyguard, Ivanov freaks out and turns his gun on the German. His coked-up-trigger finger twitches too hard and bullets ring out missing Waller by mere inches.

WALLER (CONT'D)
No shooting!

BOOM!

THE LIGHTS GO WAY UP IN THE CLUB! THE MUSIC CUTS OUT! AND EVERYONE STOPS DANCING!

DOUBLE BOOM!

DOORS IN THE CLUB BURST OPEN AND ARMED SECURITY RUSHES IN SCREAMING AND YELLING FOR EVERYONE TO FRIIO!

No one does, of course. The whole place ERUPTS INTO CHAOS, Waller's entourage scatters like rats on a sinking ship. He pockets both the phone and the DEVICE in his jacket pockets.

At the bar, and clearly not expecting this, Claudia does her best to hide the anger and disappointment on her face as she calmly melts into the crowd.

Kentavious and Waller make eye contact before Kentavious does the same and slips away, letting Jordan collapse, and pretending to be a drunk guy with blue balls whose night has just been ruined.

JORDAN
(still upside down)
Where's everyone going? The colors are amazing. Everything looks like Infinity Stones. I'm like Thanos up in here.

Poor Jordan flexes his imaginary Infinity Gauntlet like the geek-at-heart that he is.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
(mesmerized)
Whoa, I feel like my head is gonna float away...

Resigned to the inevitable, and knowing it's better to live to fight another day, Waller doesn't resist when the Security Guards jam guns into his and Ivanov's faces.

Ivanov, with eyes bigger than saucers, gets on his knees with his hands behind his head looking up at Waller.

WALLER
I doubt they will be very pleased with what you've done.

Brewer, tripping, but not as hard as Jordan, finally finds his friend in the maelstrom. Reaching down, Brewer tries to drag him upright.

BREWER
Jordy, we gotta bail! Now!

But it's no use.

JORDAN
I can see through time...

Too late. More security closes in and surrounds them.

Police sirens blare outside as an array of guns are locked and loaded and pointed right at --

Waller, Ivanov, Brewer, and what remains of Jordan.

LEAD SECURITY GUARD UP
¡Manos arriba! [Hands up!]

Waller raises his hands, palms next to the sides of his face, and lets out a little, annoyed frown like someone's just burnt his coffee.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICIA LOCAL DE IBIZA - LATE MORNING - THE NEXT DAY

TITLE UP - 12 HOURS LATER

Not everywhere in Ibiza is beautiful. Beginning and ending with the police station Jordan and Brewer find themselves in.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICIA LOCAL DE IBIZA - HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

If you've ever been to jail, they're all pretty much alike.

Jordan and Brewer are crammed into a holding cell with a couple of HOMELESS GUYS, some PARTY BOYS who partied too hard last night, and a BIG DUDE in the corner who probably lives here.

Brewer, wiping fingerprint ink from his fingers and looking pretty ragged, seems tired of waiting for Jordan, passed out on the bench next to him, to wake up.

Brewer kicks him and Jordan finally comes to, looking equally ragged. If not more so.

JORDAN
Whuh?? Whe-- where am I? What happened??

BREWER
Chill, dude, we got arrested.

JORDAN
For what?! I don't remember anything from last night!

Brewer looks relieved Jordan doesn't remember his role in the previous night's events.

BREWER

Uh, yeah yeah, me either. Maybe we were drugged! Wrong place, wrong time, you know?

Jordan, in spite of his pounding headache, looks like he's going to shit a brick. If he hasn't already, but it smells pretty bad in here so it's hard to tell.

JORDAN

That's bullshit. I want to know what happened, Brewer!

Suddenly, the single door to the cell opens and the GUARDS outside it SHOVE a familiar face into the holding cell.

Marcus Waller.

BREWER

Maybe we can ask *him*?

CUT TO:

EXT. IBIZA STREETS - SAME

TITLE UP: SIX BLOCKS FROM LA POLICIA LOCAL DE IBIZA

Cars zoom up and down the busy streets.

Off to the side of the road, dressed like a construction worker with matching orange helmet and vest, a FOREMAN gives his WORK CREW instructions for the day.

The men get to work and power on a MASSIVE PIECE OF MINING EQUIPMENT looking like little more than a giant drill bit with a seat strapped to it.

As we push in --

We notice the foreman is Kentavious, and the "workers" are actually heavily armed foot soldiers in disguise.

Kentavious checks his watch, and then yells out further instructions.

As the area is roped off with caution tape and orange cones, with cars still blowing by the site and *still* paying it absolutely no mind, the drill is pointed straight down --

WHERE IT STARTS CHEWING INTO THE CONCRETE BELOW!

CUT TO:

INT. POLICIA LOCAL DE IBIZA - HOLDING CELL - SAME

Back with Jordan and Brewer. By the looks of it, it's been a while.

BREWER
(whisper-yelling)
You do it!

JORDAN
(whisper-yelling)
You do it! You're the one who
remembers him!

Detente.

The two play a discrete game of ROCK, PAPER, SCISSORS to find out who is finally going to ask the creepy looking German dude now sitting right next to them about what happened last night.

Jordan pulls ROCK against Brewer's PAPER, silently curses his friend, and then turns around to face Waller who is sitting with his hands in his lap and his eyes closed.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
(weakly)
Um, excuse me...?

No response. Jordan asks a second time, this time gently nudging Waller's shoulder.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Did you happen to be at Amnesia
last night..?

The older man's eyes snap open instantly and Jordan about suffers a coronary.

Waller turns his head --

WALLER
You're the young man with the phone
fetish.

Jordan has no idea what he's talking about.

WALLER (CONT'D)
You seemed pretty out of it last
night. Too much fun in Ibiza?

Jordan looks back to Brewer, what the fuck?

JORDAN

Yeah, something like that...
 Anyway, if I can ask, neither of us
 seems to remember what happened
 last night...

Waller turns instantly cold, all of his practiced charm
 melting away.

WALLER

I have some questions of my own.
 Like who sent you to disrupt my
 transaction?

The walls begin to rattle. Slightly at first, almost
 imperceptible, but Waller remains absolutely unperturbed as
 the rattling gets worse.

Jordan is too scared to notice that strange new noise.

JORDAN

I have no idea what you're talking
 about! You have to believe me!
 (looking back to Brewer)
 What should we do?!

Suddenly, the ground -- no --

THE ENTIRE CELL --

BEGINS TO SHAKE LIKE A FUCKING 8.0 MAGNITUDE EARTHQUAKE!

WALLER

I would duck.

The German then wraps himself up into a tiny little ball as --

THE CELL EXPLODES FROM THE BOTTOM UP!

THE GIANT DRILL BIT FROM EARLIER TEARS THROUGH THE FLOOR LIKE
 THE FUCKING TECHNODROME FROM NINJA TURTLES BURROWING UP OUT
 OF THE GROUND!

Kentavious, riding the machine like Slim Pickens riding the
 bomb in DR. STRANGELOVE, pops up through the hole, hauling
 himself into the cell and onto his feet.

Before the dust and debris settles, Kentavious whips out
 double pistols, and KILLS EVERYONE IN THE ROOM.

Except for Waller --

And except for Jordan and Brewer.

Mostly out of pity, shock, and awe, because they're wrapped around each other so tight they could write a new chapter in the Kama Sutra.

Once his astonishment wears off, Kentavious raises his pistols to kill our guys too before Waller lowers his arms with his hand.

WALLER (CONT'D)

Don't. They owe me an explanation for last night.

Kentavious nods as his squadron of CONSTRUCTION WORKER MERCENARY SOLDIER DUDES come pouring up out of the hole behind him.

Outside, an army of COPS POUNDS ON THE DOOR trying desperately to unlock the holding cell and figure out exactly what the fuck is going on.

Inside the cell, everything is calm and controlled.

One of the men throws Waller another custom SIG SAUER PISTOL. With the Cobra grip.

Waiting on Waller's orders, the armed men disperse once they hear --

WALLER (CONT'D)

A-Group: Ivanov is in Interrogation Room 3. The merchandise is in Property Lock-Up.

(beat)

Get both.

The members of A-GROUP nod their understanding.

WALLER (CONT'D)

B-Group: Destroy every electronic file and surveillance record in this place.

B-GROUP nods in the same manner as their counterparts before them. Now that they're all on the same page --

The Mercs move in unison like Seal Team 6, strapping EXPLOSIVES TO THE DOOR --

AND BLOW IT THE FUCK OUT!!

MUSIC CUE: "X Gon' Give It To Ya" - by DMX

KA-FUCKING-BOOM!

Jordan and Brewer cover their ears and scream for dear life.

Any cop standing in the immediate vicinity of the blast is now little more than a puddle of paella.

The rest that survive don't do so for long.

Waller's men pour out of the holding cell and we're in full on Arnold-shooting-up-the-police-station-mode from T1.

Blood and guts everywhere. With his Mercs serving as his vanguard, Waller strides right out of the cell, but not before turning around and addressing Jordan and Brewer.

WALLER (CONT'D)

I'm inviting you two to come with me.

(beat)

I do suggest you accept.

BREWER

(to Jordan)

I think we might be getting kidnapped here.

Our guys look at each other in abject terror and then back at Waller --

JORDAN

Who are we to refuse?

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICIA LOCAL DE IBIZA

TITLE UP -- 60 SECONDS LATER...

With smoke pouring out of every window, and with the sounds of WORLD WAR III still going off inside, the FRONT DOORS of the police station are kicked the fucked down.

Waller's mercenaries run outside and down the front steps creating a corridor to --

A WAITING MERCEDES-BENZ GLK IDLING OUT FRONT.

Every civilian on the street is caught completely off-guard.

The only thing any one knows to do is get the fuck out of the way as fast as possible.

Waller, wearing an intimidating BLACK BALACLAVA to hide his face for the short trip from the station to his ride, heads right up, and into, his waiting car.

Once inside, he ditches the mask and pours himself a drink from the built-in bar as soon as his ass hits the leather.

The rest of the interior looks like a decked-out limo with forward and rear facing seats. A faceless DRIVER sits up front ready to go at a moment's notice.

Outside the car, the police station looks like it's about to collapse in on itself. Any cop lucky enough to be alive shoots at the merc army from any cover they find.

It's a reverse Alamo and it's fucking gnarly.

CUT TO:

INT. MERCEDES-BENZ GLK - CONTINUOUS

Next into the car are Jordan and Brewer (at gun point), followed by Kentavious who uses a leash to drag along some helpless bastard (probably Ivanov) wearing a Gitmo-style BLACK HOOD.

When everyone is inside, Waller reaches out and slaps the side of the door. The GLK takes off down the city streets.

An army of fast-moving sport coupes, filled to bursting with Waller's Mercs, takes off after it.

They leave any remaining police officers behind scrambling to find any cop cars the Mercs haven't torched yet.

CUT TO:

EXT. IBIZA STREETS - ROOFTOP

High above the chaos, and from someone's UNKNOWN POV, we watch the high speed pursuit as it happens below through the city streets.

It's a total clusterfuck and a miracle no one has crashed out yet --

SKRRRRRRBOOMMMMM!!

Scratch that, it's a miracle no one else has crashed out yet besides the lead Ibizan squad car that's just eaten it.

Having seen enough, the Unknown POV gets up from a crouching position and races back across the roof...

CUT TO:

INT. MERCEDES-BENZ GLK - CONTINUOUS

In direct contrast to the chaos outside on the streets, inside the Mercedes sounds like a fucking tea party.

Mellow music plays while Waller continues to enjoy his drink.

Jordan and Brewer sweat bullets waiting for the next pin to drop.

And it does --

WALLER

Do you mind telling who put you up to it?

When Jordan and Brewer, confused as hell, fail to answer, Kentavious cocks his pistol and both boys jump like their nuts have been hooked up to car batteries.

JORDAN

Put us up to what?!

WALLER

Am I supposed to believe you just flopped onto me at the precise moment this--

Waller indicates Ivanov wearing the bag across from him --

WALLER (CONT'D)

--person decided to panic?

JORDAN

I swear, we've never seen that guy before in our entire lives!

BREWER

Not to be a stickler, but he *is* wearing a hood, Jordy. How can you be sure?

JORDAN

You're not helping!

Waller finishes his drink, sets his glass down, and then leans forward pulling the hood off of Ivanov's head.

His mouth is gagged and his face is a mass of welts, bumps, and bruises --

But it's about to get a whole lot worse...

The car jukes and jinks.

WALLER

Perhaps now? Tell me why you helped him. Before my associate here starts getting impatient.

JORDAN

Sir, I can't stress this enough, we aren't working with him! My idiot friend and I are just two losers from America.

BREWER

Harsh much?

JORDAN

(pushing on)

We came here on vacation, and we partied too hard. Please, I don't remember anything after we got to the club. You have to believe me!

WALLER

I don't *have* to do anything.

Waller lets his statement hang there. And then pulls out the MATTE BLACK DEVICE we saw earlier.

WALLER (CONT'D)

And this? How much do you know about it?

JORDAN

We don't know anything about that *either!*

BREWER

He's telling the truth!

Waller slaps the seat next to him with a loud CRACK.

WALLER

Enough. I am growing impatient. How much do you know about Madrid?

Dead air.

WALLER (CONT'D)

Kentavious, show our new friends here what happens to people who do not answer my questions.

Kentavious raises his gun about to shoot when --

BANG!

Blood splatters everywhere.

Brewer and Jordan are covered head to toe in it. They scream and pat themselves down looking for the inevitable bullet hole, but they freeze in place when they (and the viewers) realize --

PULL BACK TO --

Ivanov's head is slumped forward.

And there's a hole punched in it big enough for a golf ball to squeeze through.

JORDAN PUKE-SCREAMS --

JORDAN

I wanna go back to jail!

The car suddenly swerves again. Oh right, we're still being chased!

Kentavious sticks his head out of the window, and doesn't like what he sees --

KENTAVIOUS

We gotta Ghetto Bird, 12 o'clock.

WALLER

(to the guys)

Excuse me for a moment.

Waller pulls Ivanov's corpse off the seat and shoves it onto the floor.

Jordan and Brewer stare at the body as it leaks out leaving Waller to pull up the seat and drag out a giant box.

We aren't sure what language is written all over it -- Russian, maybe? -- but it doesn't matter because --

BAZOOKA IS THE SAME IN ANY LANGUAGE!

Waller raises the massive weapon over his shoulder, stands straight up, and pokes his torso up out of the opening sunroof.

CUT TO:

EXT. IBIZA STREETS - MERCEDES-BENZ GLK - CONTINUOUS

AERIAL POV --

The chase is still on. The only difference is now the GLK looks like a crazy, German JACK-IN-THE-BOX with Waller sticking out of the roof.

Ignoring the cars surrounding him, both foe and friendly, Waller centers himself and takes aim --

At Ibiza's lone surviving police chopper. It's right in his sights. Waller fires off the bazooka. It's missile spirals perfectly, like an underinflated Tom Brady football --

AND CATCHES THE CHOPPER DEAD TO RIGHTS!

The whole flaming fireball comes crashing down onto the street below!

What remains of the cop cars are caught underneath it.

With the slightest hint of a smile --

WALLER

Wunderbar.

CUT TO:

INT. MERCEDES-BENZ GLK

As Waller pulls himself back inside, the GLK speeds off to safety down a long, abandoned side street.

The escorts then peel off one-by-one, their jobs done for now.

Inside, Brewer can't help himself, shouting out --

BREWER

That. Was. Awesome!!

Before he remembers he's about to be next.

Kentavious then hands Waller a new drink. Raising his glass, Waller seems complimented.

WALLER
Proust to you.

Waller downs the second drink, and then looks back to our guys. Realizing he's still covered in a bit of Ivanov's blood, he dabs his forehead with a hanky and gets back to addressing them.

WALLER (CONT'D)
(mulling it over)
I will admit you certainly don't
strike me as the espionage types.
Maybe you really are just two
American losers...

JORDAN
Yes! Yes! I told you. We suck!
Please, just let us go and you'll
never hear from us again!

WALLER
Come now. Even men of limited
intelligence such as yourselves
can't possibly expect a man like me
to have gotten where I am by
showing mercy?

Jordan and Brewer hang their heads, fearing the worst.

CUT TO:

EXT. MERCEDES-BENZ GLK - IBIZA STREETS - SAME

From outside the car --

JORDAN (V.O.)
No, I guess not...

WALLER (V.O.)
I am glad we're in agreement then.
At any rate, I have what I need and
I'm free to do with it as I
intended.

As we listen to Waller pay our guys their last rites, we notice a familiar looking Silver 2016 Maserati GranTurismo now trailing the GLK.

Behind the wheel is A LONE FIGURE wearing a SILVER SPEED SUIT AND MATCHING HELMET...

CUT TO:

INT. MERCEDES-BENZ GLK

WALLER

Normally, I would say "auf
wiedersehen", but since what "auf
wiedersehen" actually means is
"till I see you again", and since I
never wish to see you again, to you
sirs, I say goodbye.

Waller raises the gun. And that's when things get knocked
into 12th gear!

BREWER

Fuck *this!*

JORDAN

Brewer, wait, don't!

BREWER LAUNCHES HIMSELF UP FRONT AND PULLS THE GLK'S E-BRAKE!

Calamity ensues.

The Driver, caught unaware, panics and swerves clipping the
sidewalk. The whole car flips up, forward, and onto its back
in a shower of sparks, screams, and all around nastiness --

Until it skids to a stop. The underbelly then BLOWS UP
leaving the GLK a blazing inferno about to go supernova with
everyone still inside!

Jordan and Brewer, injured but still alive, crawl out of the
upside down wreckage on their hands and knees. They cut
themselves on broken glass, but they don't care.

They don't even have time to.

GROUND POV LOOKING UP AT --

The GranTurismo doing a 360 SPIN until it stops a hair in
front of the guys, with the passenger door open for them.

Inside, the driver RIPS OFF THEIR HELMET revealing --

Claudia. The woman from the nightclub last night.

MUSIC CUE: "**Your Love**" - by Nicki Minaj

Looking up at her, Jordan instantly has a --

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. AMNESIA NIGHTCLUB - LOWER LEVEL BAR

BLONDE WOMAN
That can't be your opening line?

JORDAN
(dancing like an idiot)
I'm not very good at this! Let me
go again.

BLONDE WOMAN
Go for it...

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. MERCEDES-BENZ GLK WRECKAGE - ON THE GROUND

Jordan is in awe. He might not remember shit about last night, but he definitely remembers HER --

JORDAN
Claudia?

CLAUDIA
(hands gripping the wheel)
Come with me if you want to live.

BREWER
(grinning)
No way. She did *not* just say that!!

She did. And it's all Jordan needs to hear. He jumps up off his belly and dives into the backseat.

Brewer is about to do the same, but he looks back at the about-to-explode-car.

BREWER (CONT'D)
One second!!

INT. MERCEDES-BENZ GLK WRECKAGE

Brewer COMMANDO CRAWLS back inside. The place is quickly filling up with smoke.

The Driver up front is dead, practically impaled on the car's gear shift, but Brewer keeps going.

Waller and Kentavious, alive but unconscious and looking beat to hell, stir. Whatever Brewer is up to, it better be quick.

Quietly pawing through all the crap on the floor, Brewer keeps digging --

Until --

EUREKA! --

He finds the MATTE BLACK DEVICE. Except it's clutched in Waller's very bloody fingers.

Brewer opens them up one by one --

BREWER

This little piggy went to market,
this little piggy stayed home...

Until he gets the device free --

BREWER (CONT'D)

Yes!

Stupid Brewer. Way to wake a sleeping giant. Waller comes to and raises his Cobra-handled pistol right in front of Brewer's face.

WALLER

You Americans. Always so greedy.

He pulls the trigger --

CLICK!

But nothing happens.

The gun is empty!

BREWER

(laughing like a maniac)
Haha!! Suck my Red, White, and
Blue dick, fuckstick! I'm taking
this!

Brewer sniffs the device like it's a fucking victory cigar and shimmies out backwards while a still-stuck Waller SCREAMS so hard the car almost blows up right then and there!

CUT TO:

EXT. MERCEDES-BENZ GLK WRECKAGE

Brewer finally emerges, and runs for the waiting GranTurismo. Before he gets there, we hear the ominous sounds of Waller's Mercs in their coupes on the way.

The minions have realized their master is in trouble and within seconds close the gap between them and our heroes amid A HAIL OF BULLETS AND ROCKET-PROPELLED GRENADES.

Not even bothering to find the open door, Brewer JUMPS IN THROUGH A LOWERED WINDOW --

And screams --

BREWER
GO GO GO!!!--

At the top of his lungs!

Claudia PEELS OUT leaving Waller's personal army far, far behind until we see, hear, and FEEL the GLK finally EXPLODE WITH THE FIRE OF A THOUSAND SUNS in the background.

JORDAN
What the hell were you doing back there?!

Brewer flashes the DEVICE.

BREWER
Looky what I got!

JORDAN
(stunned)
You don't even know what that *is*!

BREWER
True, but whatever it is seems to be worth a whole-fucking-lot!

Claudia, looking into the rearview mirror, sees what Brewer is holding.

Her eyes flash with both recognition and satisfaction.

JORDAN
You are *such* an idiot.

CLAUDIA
I wouldn't go that far...

JORDAN
Just wait till you get to know him.

CLAUDIA
We'll have plenty of time for that later. For now --

Claudia twists around in her seat -- AND SHOOTS JORDAN AND BREWER WITH TRANQUILIZER DARTS FROM A SLEEK, SILVER GUN!

They pass out immediately with their heads falling into each other's crotches.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
Try and get some sleep.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. RUN-DOWN HOUSE - POOR NEIGHBORHOOD - PAMPLONA

TITLE UP -- 9 HOURS, 31 MINUTES LATER...

It's nighttime by now.

Jordan and Brewer, still knocked the fuck out, sit tied to RICKETY CHAIRS in the middle of what can generously be called a squatter's wet dream.

Which basically amounts to floorboards, running water, four walls, and a roof.

CLAUDIA (O.S.)
Wake up.

A BUCKET OF ICE COLD WATER follows her words.

The guys snap awake screaming --

BREWER
No more ice bucket challenges,
goddamnit!

JORDAN
Where are we?!

Claudia lights a cigarette, the only thing illuminating the darkness. She walks forward, turning on an OIL LAMP sitting on the lone table in the room.

CLAUDIA
We're at my safehouse in Pamplona.

BREWER
Pamp-where?

JORDAN
Pamplona. That's all the way near
the Northern border...on the other
side of the country.

CLAUDIA
I guess that makes you the smart
one.

She takes a drag off her cig.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
Not that I already couldn't tell.

BREWER
I'm in the room, you know.

JORDAN
How long have we been out??

CLAUDIA
I'll ask the questions here.

Claudia sits back on the table and crosses her legs.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
Who are you guys? NSA? CIA?

JORDAN
What? Neither! We're unemployed!

BREWER
Who are *you*?!

Claudia calmly gets up, walks over to Brewer, AND PUTS HER
CIGARETTE OUT ON HIS HAND!

BREWER (CONT'D)
Agghhhh, I was just curious, you
British bitch!!!

JORDAN
I'm telling the truth! I'm Jordan
Jones, he's Brewer Kemp. We've
just been laid off from a company
called QuantEx in California. We
flew American Airlines here! We're
staying at the same hotel as you.
Look it up!

Claudia raises her cigarette. About to burn Brewer's other
hand when Jordan screams out --

JORDAN (CONT'D)
We're just fucking civilians!

Claudia comes over. Looks Jordan in the eyes.

There's that hint of the spark they shared earlier, but right now Claudia is all-business. And it's pretty fucking scary.

CLAUDIA
Give me a minute.

Claudia goes back to the table, and opens up a LAPTOP that looks like it could survive an A-Bomb buried inside a falling meteor.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
Date of births?

The guys's frantic words trip over each other as they try to tell her what she wants.

After a minute --

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
I can't believe this. I thought you were just a pretty face with a dumb friend.

Jordan smiles, despite his present circumstances. Brewer STAMPS ON HIS FOOT.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
Then I saw you at the club. And then I find you riding shotgun with Marcus Waller.

BREWER
Marcus who?

CLAUDIA
Marcus Waller.

Blank faces.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
The Wall of Berlin?

Blanker faces.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
I shouldn't be telling you any of this.

Brewer chafes his wrists behind his back, emphasizing the fact that he and his best friend are presently tied up PULP FICTION-style.

BREWER

I would say whatever the fuck is going on pretty much involves us by now anyway. Care to share?

JORDAN

Uh, Brewer, pretty sure the less we know the better here.

CLAUDIA

Normally, your friend would be absolutely right. But I need to know what you know.

BREWER

Quid pro quo, honey.

JORDAN

What the fuck are you talking about?

BREWER

I dunno, I saw it on Law & Order once.

JORDAN

(to Claudia)

We've been arrested in a foreign country, imprisoned with a psycho-killer, and have no money, passports, or ID's to get back home even if we could legally do so.

(bluffing)

You help us get tthe hell out of Spain, and we'll tell you everything we know.

CLAUDIA

Deal.

FADE TO:

EXT. SELF-STORAGE LOT - NIGHT

Alive, but beat to hell and twice as angry, Waller and Kentavious go up and down a STORAGE UNIT YARD looking for a particular garage.

KENTAVIOUS

Yo, thanks for draggin' my ass out back there. 'Nother minute and I woulda been Wesley Snipes-level Black.

Waller continues to keep his eyes on the numbers they pass, reading them as they go along.

WALLER
You've done the same for me.

KENTAVIOUS
True dat. Remember Vienna?

WALLER
I try not to.

Waller comes to a stop, right outside of Garage 138.

WALLER (CONT'D)
Here we are.
(beat)
Open it up.

Kentavious pats himself down. Shit.

KENTAVIOUS
No keys.

BANG!

Waller answers by blowing the lock off the roll-away door with his now-reloaded pistol.

WALLER
How about now?

Kentavious shakes his head at his boss' recklessness, but does as he's told. He rolls up the door revealing --

-An ARSENAL OF WEAPONS (automatic rifles, shotguns, and explosives of all kinds).

-Survival supplies (rations and water).

-Several changes of very expensive clothing.

And most importantly --

-A crimson 2016 Jaguar XF.

Waller walks inside and immediately starts changing into something a little-less charred and blood-drenched.

Putting on a silk suit and matching tie, he says --

WALLER (CONT'D)
Load up the car. We need to get to the helicopter.

KENTAVIOUS

Where in the fuck is we taking it to?

Knotting his tie, Waller takes out his space-age phone revealing a GPS tracking system the likes of which we've never seen.

WALLER

Pamplona.

CUT TO:

INT. RUN-DOWN HOUSE - POOR NEIGHBORHOOD - PAMPLONA

It's now later in the night. The guys have been untied. They share a simple meal of carnitas and tortillas with Claudia as she opens up about what's going on.

BREWER

So you're a rogue agent? That is so fucking cool.

JORDAN

Shut up, Brew, will you?

CLAUDIA

No, technically he's right. INTERPOL suspended me when I couldn't let the death of my partner go...

JORDAN

And this Waller killed him?

CLAUDIA

Absolutely. But there was no proof. Waller has a way of avoiding unnecessary exposure. As far as my superiors were concerned, Tom was corrupt and took his own life rather than be found out.

JORDAN

But you knew better?

CLAUDIA

Of course I did. He was framed for getting too close.

Claudia chews thoughtfully, considering what she's about to say next.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

Tom and I weren't just partners.

(beat)

We were lovers. And that kind of thing is frowned upon where I work.

BREWER

"No fraternizing with fellow employees." They said the same bullplop at our last gig. Working for the man sucks. Amiright?

Jordan rolls his eyes.

JORDAN

Not exactly the same thing there.

(turning to Claudia)

Please, go on.

CLAUDIA

When I wouldn't let the case go, my superiors tried to put me on another one. I couldn't say the reason I wanted to stay was to avenge Tom and nail Waller, so they thought I was being shortsighted, obsessive.

(beat)

And unprofessional.

JORDAN

Sounds like you really cared about the guy.

Claudia wipes away a single tear.

CLAUDIA

I did. Once. But it's been about Waller for so long, all I can think about is bringing him to justice. Tom was onto something. Something big, but my bosses wouldn't prioritize taking down a simple drug lord. Until this came--

Claudia takes out the MATTE BLACK DEVICE and sets it on the table.

BREWER

Hey, that's mine!

Brewer reaches for it, but Jordan slaps his hand away.

BREWER (CONT'D)
I didn't see either of you
Backdraft your way into that
flaming car for it.

CLAUDIA
You have no idea what you're
dealing with here.

BREWER
No shit. This is the part where
you tell us.

CLAUDIA
(to Jordan)
Either you shut him up or I will.

BREWER
I'm just saying, some info would go
a long--

THUD!

Brewer's heads bangs into the table falling face-first into
his food.

Claudia holds her smoking tranquilizer gun again.

CLAUDIA
He'll be fine in a few hours.

Trying to make light of the situation --

JORDAN
A little alone time couldn't hurt.

Claudia flashes him a smile, and then quickly stifles it.
Jordan picks up the device and moves it from hand to hand,
trying to figure out what it is.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
So what are we looking at here?
Why is this thing so important?

The question hangs heavy in the air until Claudia is ready to
answer.

CLAUDIA
This is a micro-nuke.

JORDAN
Come again?

CLAUDIA

A miniaturized nuclear tactile device. Think of it as a hand grenade with enough destructive force to make Nagasaki look like a wet sneeze.

After the importance of her words hit him, Jordan instinctively tosses her the device like a hot potato.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

Relax, it can't be detonated without the proper encryption key.

(beat)

And the key is missing. All I know is that it's somewhere in the country.

JORDAN

Madrid...

CLAUDIA

What?

JORDAN

Waller mentioned something about Madrid back in the car. I guess he figured since he was going to kill us anyway he didn't have to keep his mouth shut. And he seemed in a huge hurry to get there...

CLAUDIA

Oh my God, Torvald Utne...

JORDAN

The German Chancellor?

CLAUDIA

(impressed)

You know your stuff. He's paying an official visit to President Ferrara. In Madrid at the Palce of Moncloa. In two days.

JORDAN

So Waller wants to blow up the whole city?

CLAUDIA

I wouldn't put it past him. His family was stripped of their money and exiled before the German Reunification.

JORDAN

Lemme guess. The guy has a few
Nazi skeletons in his closet?

CLAUDIA

Perhaps, but it was never proven.
Either way, the man's held a grudge
against the German government for
decades.

(thinking)

And I bet the key he needs is in
Madrid, too. Along with whoever
was going to sell it to him.

JORDAN

Who would sell this psycho a
nuclear bomb?

CLAUDIA

That's the part I'm trying to
figure out. The only thing I know
for sure is that there's a shadow
organization out there. It's
called The Genesis Group.

JORDAN

A shadow organization?

CLAUDIA

It's exactly what you think it is.
And for whatever reason, they
decided to get in bed with Waller
because their interests must be
aligning. It's the only reason
such a meticulous organization
would involve a combustible element
like Waller.

Meanwhile, Brewer blows drool bubbles into his salsa. Jordan
turns his friend's head sideways so he can breathe, but still
leaves him bobbing in his dinner.

JORDAN

What next?

Claudia picks up the micro-nuke and stashes it before
lowering the lamplight.

CLAUDIA

I go to Madrid.

JORDAN

You've already got the bomb. Why
not just go back to your superiors?

CLAUDIA

Because I have no idea who to trust. Genesis has its fingers in everything. It's even possible they were behind my reassignment. But as long as I have this--

Claudia indicates the micro-nuke in her right hand --

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

Waller can't do anything with it. And I'm not taking it back to Interpol without his German head to go along with it.

JORDAN

Where does that leave Brewer and I?

Both look at Brewer, still passed the fuck out on the table.

CLAUDIA

Believe it or not, you two have been helpful so far.

Despite the harrowing circumstances, Jordan swells with pride being of use to this beautiful-but-deadly woman.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

I'll drop you off at an American Embassy along the way. Anonymously of course. But we should get some rest for now. There's blankets and a pillow on the couch.

BREWER

(asleep, hazy)
Yeah, baby, work that pinky...

CLAUDIA

Just handle your friend before you go to sleep.

JORDAN

Meh, he's fine.

They stand up. Claudia heads for the single bedroom. Before she leaves, Jordan, mustering up all his courage, asks her --

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Hey, one more thing.

Claudia pauses. Turning around, looking like an absolute angel in the pale orange glow from the lamp.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

What was with those looks you gave me earlier? At the hotel and the club? I felt...*something*.

Claudia walks slowly over to him, like a predator stalking its prey.

CLAUDIA

You...reminded me of someone.

With that, she blows out the lamp. Leaving the safehouse in total darkness...

FADE OUT:

TITLE UP - SIX HOURS AND 34 MINUTES LATER

FADE IN:

INT. RUN-DOWN HOUSE - POOR NEIGHBORHOOD - PAMPLONA - MORNING

A little past dawn. Claudia remains asleep in the bedroom while Jordan still dozes on the couch.

At the dinner table, Brewer is surprisingly the first man awake. He picks his head up and rubs it, still groggy from the tranquilizer.

BREWER

I *really* wish she would stop doing that.

Noticing his face is covered in food and drool, Brewer gets up to stretch and let out a morning fart.

Scratching his ass, he heads for the lone bathroom when all of a sudden --

CRASH!

Something CYLINDRICAL hits the floor and spins a few times before stopping.

Unsure of what he's seeing, Brewer walks up to it like one of the monkey people facing the monolith in 2001 --

CLAUDIA (O.S.)

Cover your eyes and ears!!

Too late --

FLASHBANG!!

The room goes bright white! Jordan is up and awake, but like Brewer he can't see or hear shit.

MUSIC CUE: "**Burst!**" - by Peaches

EVERY WINDOW IN THE SAFE HOUSE EXPLODES INWARD, ALONG WITH THE FUCKING FRONT DOOR!!

WALLER'S MERCS flood into the safe house with guns, knives, and fists a-blazing.

Claudia already has her service pistol out. From the doorway to the bedroom, she picks off 1, 2, 3 Mercs in a row while Jordan throws himself over the couch.

Brewer, running high on adrenaline and a tranquilizer hangover, decides the best course of action is to fist-fight the MERC right in front of him.

Bad idea.

He gets two good hits in before the guy stomps his foot with his steel-toed boot. The asshole almost seems happy about it...at least until he's blown the fuck off his feet by Claudia's expert shot to the dome.

More Mercs run in!

BREWER

How many of these fucking guys are there?!

CLAUDIA

Run!!

Jordan and Brewer, struggling to see and hear, don't understand what she's saying.

But there's plenty of context clues adding up to MOVE IT!!

Even when you're deaf.

Before they make it outside, Claudia throws a backpack over her shoulder and then hurls a second one at Brewer.

Still behind the couch, Jordan watches as a new wave of MERCS rush in.

Panicking, Jordan doesn't have time to think. Acting on instincts he didn't know he had, he grabs a modified SMG from one of Claudia's victims, stands up, and SCARFACES all over these mother fuckers!!

Claudia and Brewer duck while Jordan unleashes the whole fucking clip. Merc after Merc drops dead to the floor.

There's a momentary lull in the invasion.

Claudia is shocked silent at Jordan's capability.

Brewer is just fucking impressed --

BREWER
Was that you?!

With his hearing coming back, Jordan just shrugs.

JORDAN
Fight or flight, I guess?

OUTSIDE --

RAPPEL LINES ARE DROPPED FROM SOMEWHERE ABOVE THEM --

And that's when all three become aware of a TERRIBLE NOISE beating down on the safehouse.

Wonder who that could be...

CLAUDIA
MOVE!

The three load up as fast as they can and head out the back door into the neighborhood streets --

CUT TO:

EXT. RUN-DOWN HOUSE - POOR NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Now out in the full light of day, they finally see just what's making that BOOMING sound above them --

IT'S AN APACHE AH-64A!

A FUCKING FOUR-BLADE, TWIN-TURBOSHAFT ATTACK HELICOPTER!

Kentavious is at the helm with Waller hanging half-way out of a cargo area vomiting Mercs like a runway model after dinner at Boa.

BREWER
How the fuck are we supposed to beat that?!

CLAUDIA
We don't!

Claudia takes off running down the narrow street. She lays down covering fire behind her while Brewer and Jordan take off after her.

They run and run and run some more with bullets flying all around them like angry mosquitoes.

Turning a corner, the mayhem behind them gets farther and farther away.

But there's no time to rest.

The second our heroes think they're safe is the same second they find themselves in a whole new heap of trouble.

The bleating of the Apache is quickly replaced by the pounding of what can only be described as a thunderstorm drawing nearer and nearer to them.

BREWER

What now?!

CLAUDIA

Not today...

JORDAN

What not today?

No answer.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

What not today?!

CLAUDIA

(backpedaling)

Listen, don't let anyone ever tell you your trip to Spain was boring.

Claudia begins running -- BACK THE WAY THEY CAME!

JORDAN

We just came from there!

Jordan takes off after her.

BREWER

Wait, why the fuck are you running *backwards?!*

Because BULLS that's why!

The street is suddenly overwhelmed by a village of HYSTERICAL PEOPLE --

And the SIX ANGRY BULLS chasing after them!

It's the RUNNING OF THE BULLS! A proud (and violent) Spanish tradition.

Everyone get the fuck out of the way!

BREWER (CONT'D)
Fuck you, Spain!!!!!!!

Brewer takes off after Jordan and Claudia, staying a mere few inches in front of the LEAD BULL's very sharp horns!

With the entire city running behind him, Brewer runs back the way they all came until --

He finds Claudia and Jordan ducking behind any kind of cover they can get to and pumping bullets at the remaining Mercs.

It's a goddamn cacophony of chaos, and it only gets worse when Waller's Apache joins the fucking fray in the sky above them!

In the streets below --

People are gored! People are shot! And EXPLOSIONS go off everywhere from hand grenades dropped by Waller from above like he's fucking fishing with dynamite --

BOOM!

BOOM!!

BOOM!!!

CLAUDIA
(still shooting)
We have to get out of here!

JORDAN
(also still shooting)
Be my guest and lead the way!

Knowing it's a lost cause, and that retreat is their only viable option, Claudia looks down a side street and sees an old 1956 Packard Clipper 4-Door rusting away.

It's ugly as fuck and in terrible condition, but it's their only option.

CLAUDIA
Follow me!

Claudia grabs a SMOKE GRENADE from her backpack and drops it in front of her.

If you thought the bulls were angry before, just wait till you see how pissed they get running in smoke.

Claudia uses the cover to take off after the car. Jordan is right behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. PACKARD CLIPPER - FRONT SEAT - CONTINUOUS

Throwing herself into the front seat, Claudia gets to work hot-wiring it. She tears out wires and starts sparking them together.

Just like in the movies.

JORDAN
(jumping in the passenger
seat)
Wait, where's Brewer?!

CUT TO:

EXT. POOR NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - SAME

Brewer is in the eye of the hurricane. Surrounded on all sides by bulls, villagers, and mercenaries.

Oh my.

BREWER
This is not how I pictured my
vacation!

MERC #1
You there! Don't move!

Brewer is now pinned against a wall. He gets the message and immediately crosses his hands behind his head.

BREWER
I won't try anything! Just please,
don't kill me!

Merc #1 rallies his buddies - MERCS #2 and #3 - with a cool hand signal right out of CALL OF DUTY. They form up on the lead Merc's flanks.

MERC #1
Hand over the package!

BREWER
What package?!

The Mercs raise their guns all at once, aimed right at Brewer's balls.

BREWER (CONT'D)
Ohhhh, you mean the little black thing?

They lower their guns a bit as they close in.

BREWER (CONT'D)
I don't have it!

Whoops, the guns come right back up.

Merc #1 radios in to someone we have to believe is Waller.

After a BURST OF CHATTER, Merc #1 nods.

And it is.

MERC #1
Boss says to frag your ass!

Knowing he's about to die, for real this time, Brewer just shuts his eyes and screams out --

BREWER
Not the face!!

When from out of nowhere --

ROARRRRRRRR!!!!

THE MERCS ARE MOWED THE FUCK DOWN BY A RUNAWAY BULL AND THE VILLAGERS CHASING IT!!

Brewer opens his eyes, seeing the Mercs trampled like yesterday's road kill and the galloping bull's ass responsible for saving his life.

BREWER (CONT'D)
(disbelieving)
Dios Mio...

Brewer's reverie is cut short when the busted down Packard HONKS ITS LA-CUCA-ROCHA HORN from down the same side street from earlier.

Brewer turns to see Claudia behind the wheel, and Jordan standing up inside it frantically screaming for him to come join them.

Cutting through the mounting smoke, Brewer dodges both man and beast running to the car as the Apache circles overhead.

CUT TO:

INT. APACHE HELICOPTER - SAME

Kentavious works the yoke, yelling over his shoulder to an irate Waller who is fresh out of grenades and mercenaries.

KENTAVIOUS

Yo, we got company on the radar!
Two bogies en route, probably
Spanish government!

Waller, for the first time, briefly loses his cool. He jumps up and down screaming in German --

WALLER

Scheisse, scheisse, scheisse!!

KENTAVIOUS

Calm down and think! We gotta be
up outta here like now as fuck!
Say the word!

Down below, the smoke begins to billow away --

CUT TO --

ECU ON: WALLER'S EYES --

His line of sight falls on the Packard. He zeroes in on it amid the bullshit clusterfuck below him.

He watches as Claudia drives her and the guys the fuck out of there in the beat-up, old car handling it like she's behind the wheel of a fucking Aston-Martin.

CUT TO --

Kentavious's radar screen. Two very noticeable BLIPS are only getting more noticeable, more blippier.

Waller makes a reluctant decision.

WALLER

Take off. There'll be another
time.

KENTAVIOUS

What about our guys on the ground?

Waller turns to Kentavious in the cockpit, screaming so loudly we can see the spit fly from his lips.

WALLER

I said take off!! Schnell!!

KENTAVIOUS

(to himself)

This Drivin' Herr Daisy shit is
gettin' pretty old.

Kentavious turns to face forward, throwing the Apache into a forward dive so hard it would suck your guts right out of your goddamn butthole if you were unlucky enough to be on board.

It takes them out of Pamplona so fast whoever was approaching will never know they were there.

You know, except for all the destroyed buildings and shit.

KENTAVIOUS (CONT'D)

Where we going?

WALLER

Madrid.

CUT TO:

INT. PACKARD - SPANISH HIGHWAY - LATER

When the dust has settled, literally and figuratively, we join our heroes out on the open road --

In the busted down shitbox Claudia was able to steal.

CLAUDIA

(slapping the wheel)

How could I have been so stupid?
Of course the bomb has a fucking
tracker in it.

In the back seat, Jordan's ears perk up like a dog being told it's time to go to the vet.

BREWER

Bomb?

(grabbing Jordan's
shoulder)

Did she just say bomb?

CLAUDIA

What exactly do you think you stole from Waller?

BREWER

I don't know! I thought it was a jewelry box or some shit. I stole a bomb?!

JORDAN

A MICRO-NUKE apparently. Well done.

Brewer plops backwards into his seat.

BREWER

Fuck me.
(beat)
So what do we do now?

CLAUDIA

First thing's first--

With one hand on the wheel, Claudia fishes out the MICRO-NUKE. She takes a mini-USB cord from out of another pocket and connects the bomb to her phone.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

We have to disable this thing's GPS.

Trying to work both her phone *and* the car at the same time clearly isn't working. When they almost SWERVE INTO A SEMI-TRUCK --

JORDAN

Why don't you let me figure it out?
I analyze software for a living.

Claudia looks at Jordan. Despite herself, she's impressed again with the way he's stepping up. Handing it over, Jordan gets to work --

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(eyes on the phone screen)
Here we go.

Jordan clicks a few buttons and --

JORDAN (CONT'D)

It's off.

BREWER
(maybe a little jealous)
Shit, and I can't even turn off
facebook notifications.

Can anyone?

BREWER (CONT'D)
At least now that psycho can't find
us. I mean you saw the way he was
dropping grenades back there. Did
he not give a single shitfuck that
he could've blown us *all* up?

CLAUDIA
(interrupting)
The bomb doesn't work that way. It
can't be set off in a blast.
There's a complex chemical reaction
inside that can only be triggered
by the activation key. Which we're
going to go get.

BREWER
(with a glazed look)
Say what now? "We're going to go
get?"

JORDAN
(matter-of-factly)
We're heading to Madrid.

BREWER
What the effing fuck for?!

CLAUDIA
Because we don't have a choice.
Waller has to be heading there,
too. Our only hope is to get there
before he does.

BREWER
Uhh, did you not just see him go
all Black Hawk Down back there?
I'm pretty sure he can beat us
anywhere in that thing.

CLAUDIA
But he doesn't know that I know
about Madrid. He'll be wasting his
time trying to chase us, not
anticipating where we're headed.

BREWER

Okay, fine, great, but I'm pretty sure this is the part of the ride where we get off.

CLAUDIA

There's no time for that.
(looking only at Jordan)
Besides, you handled yourself pretty well back there.

Jordan FLUSHES in spite of his every attempt not to.

JORDAN

Well, you know, I just acted.
Didn't really have time to think...

Brewer becomes aware of the chemistry slowly building between these two and quickly grows sickened of it.

BREWER

You've got to be kidding me.
(leaning forward)
Jordy, there's plenty of other ways to get laid without risking *both* our lives.

Brewer might not be the smartest person in the car, but he's right.

JORDAN

Hey, you're the one who wanted to have "adventurous adventures" as I recall.

BREWER

I meant like letting a local girl eat my ass out, not join Spain's Most Wanted!

CLAUDIA

No more arguing or you get the tranq gun again.

Yeah, that shuts him up pretty good.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

New plan. We get to Madrid. I get the key. Then I get Waller. After that, I'll get you back home like I promised. But only after my mission is accomplished, and not before. There's no time. Do we have a deal?

JORDAN

Deal.

Both turn to look at Brewer until he caves...

BREWER

Deal...

CLAUDIA

Good. There's only one man in Madrid capable of brokering the deal.

JORDAN

Who is he?

CLAUDIA

That's on a need to know basis. For now, settle in. It's going to be a long drive.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARNICERÍA DEL BASTIAN - MADRID - AFTERNOON

Now hours later, the Packard pulls up in front of BASTIAN'S BUTCHER SHOP in the heart of Madrid's meat-packing district.

Claudia and Jordan get out.

When Brewer makes to follow them, Claudia kicks his door shut, looks him right in the eyes, and tells him to --

CLAUDIA

Stay and watch the car.

By this point, Brewer knows better than to argue. He does as he's told.

Even if he does it sarcastically with a fake military salute.

BREWER

Yes, ma'am.

Satisfied, Claudia heads inside with Jordan acting as her "muscle".

CUT TO:

INT. CARNICERÍA DEL BASTIAN - CONTINUOUS

Inside, the place is a ghost town. There's meats of every kind lining the walls and in refrigerated glass cases, but no customers to be seen anywhere.

Claudia and Jordan walk-in, triggering a doorbell that doesn't even phase the owner who is presently behind the counter, sitting on a stool, and reading a copy of VEGETARIAN TIMES MAGAZINE.

This is none other than BASTIAN, butcher and black marketeer.

In his 50's and with a thick mustache, he looks like the Spanish version of Super Mario...

Which is pretty much the same thing as the Italian version of Super Mario, but that's neither here nor there.

CLAUDIA

Long time, no see, Bastian.

If the doorbell didn't get his attention, that *voice* certainly did.

Bastian looks up, and pales like he just saw a ghost.

BASTIAN

(heavily-accented)

They said you were dead. Killed in the Philippines.

CLAUDIA

Lucky you, I don't kill that easy.

Bastian folds the magazine and stands up.

BASTIAN

No, I don't suppose you do. Who's your friend?

Jordan opens his mouth to answer, but Claudia raises a hand and makes him stay quiet.

CLAUDIA

My new boyfriend.

Jordan looks at her like, "really?!", hiding the hope/desperation in his eyes.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

What does it matter? I came for something. Something very important.

BASTIAN
 (putting on his apron)
 I recommend the lamb in that case.

IN A FLASH --

Claudia reaches out and grabs a handful of Bastian's apron. She pulls it, and by extension his face, down onto the counter.

Following it all up with her pistol pressed up hard against his prone temple.

CLAUDIA
 Don't play games with me, Bastian.
 We've come a long way. You have
 five seconds to give me the
 activation key.

BAST
 (still on the counter)
 I don't know what you're talking
 about!

Claudia answers by throwing the MICRO-NUKE right in front of his face. Bastian's eyes go wide like saucers.

BASTIAN
 (stuttering)
 Oh, *that*. Why didn't you say so
 earlier? Come in back...

Claudia lets him up, and Bastian leads the way back into his stock room.

CUT TO:

INT. CARNICERÍA DEL BASTIAN - STOCK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bastian immediately begins looking through the GIANT FREEZER humming in the corner. Lifting whole, FROZEN RACKS OF RIBS --

BASTIAN
 It's here somewhere.

Jordan pokes around the stock room. By the look on his face, it's pretty hard to tell just what animal most of this stuff came from --

Except for the SEVERED PIG'S HEAD grinning back at him.

CLAUDIA
(to Jordan)
Don't touch anything.

JORDAN
(turning green)
That won't be a problem.

Bastian keeps digging.

BASTIAN
You have to understand, I can't
tell you who gave this to me.

CLAUDIA
Genesis. I already *know* who gave
it to you. I also already know you
were planning to fence it to Marcus
Waller.

Bastian freezes in place. No use continuing the charade. He
turns around, somehow more confident than before.

BASTIAN
I didn't realize you knew so much.

Claudia raises an eyebrow at him.

CLAUDIA
You should know better than to
underestimate me.

BASTIAN
Indeed. Come. The key is at my
home with my wife. I will give it
to you there.

CLAUDIA
Fine, but we need to make this
quick. We're on kind of a ticking
clock.

BASTIAN
Is that bomb humor?

CLAUDIA
Nothing about this is funny,
Bastian. And I'm warning you: try
and pull anything and my friend
here will make sure you *and* your
wife will never sell another steak
to anyone. Ever again.

Bastian nods having heard every threat in the book already. He goes to change out of his apron, leaving Claudia and Jordan by themselves for a moment.

JORDAN

You really think it's safe to just go walking into this guy's house alone? I mean, he's literally a butcher.

CLAUDIA

I'm touched by your concern, but I can handle him. Having said that, I need your help.

Claudia stuffs the MICRO-NUKE into his hands along with a wad of Spanish cash.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

There's a motel a few blocks north of here. The Atlantico. It's cheap. Take the car, get a room, keep this safe, and wait for me to come back.

JORDAN

How will I know you're okay?

CLAUDIA

With this.

Along with the cash and the MICRO-NUKE, Claudia whips out a BURNER PHONE and hands it to Jordan.

He takes the phone, but not before Claudia pounds her number into it.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

I'll text you.

Jordan looks at the phone like it's the fucking Holy Grail.

It might not be under the best of circumstances, but he finally got a hot girl's number in Spain!

JORDAN

I--I won't let you down.

CLAUDIA

Good. Now get moving.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASTIAN'S HOUSE - WELL-TO-DO NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

Bastian drives with Claudia riding next to him. They pull up to his house in a spotless Range Rover. The place is well-taken care of, but inconspicuous.

They park and Claudia runs her hand along the car's leather --

CLAUDIA

Looks like the butcher business pays pretty well. I wonder, what else are you up to, old friend?

BASTIAN

Nothing that concerns you, Claudia. Or your friends at INTERPOL. Can we just get this over with?

CLAUDIA

After you.

They both get out of the car and walk up the narrow driveway to the front door.

Just before Bastian puts his key in the lock --

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

One more thing. What do you plan on telling Waller when he inevitably shows up?

Bastian opens the door and steps inside before answering her question. When they're both in the house--

BASTIAN

I don't know. Why don't we handle that part now?

Bastian holds out a hand showing Claudia into the living room where, on the couch sits --

MARCUS WALLER!

Cross-legged, and with his Cobra-handled pistol in his lap.

Claudia reluctantly gulps.

WALLER

I believe this is the part where I tell you you've made a terrible mistake, Fräulein.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. MOTEL DE ATLANTICO - LATER

Jordan and Brewer, following Claudia's orders, are holed up in a motel substantially less nice than the room they left back in Ibiza.

In the bathroom, Jordan grabs some ALKA-SELTZER.

JORDAN

All this stress is gonna give me an ulcer.

Jordan takes a tablet and paces the room.

BREWER

This might take your mind off of things. What the H do you think this is?

Brewer examines a STRANGE STAIN on the sheets wrapped around one of the room's twin beds. As disgusting as it may be, Jordan welcomes the distraction and goes in for a closer look.

JORDAN

I have no idea.

BREWER

Me either, but this stain is gnarly. What's the over/under on bodily fluids in it? I'm gonna say three.

JORDAN

Three, yeah, whatever.

BREWER

And is it me or does this thing kinda look like Angelina Jolie? I mean, it's even got her mega lips and weird cat eyes.

Jordan resumes his pacing, ignoring Brewer and his inane observations.

BREWER (CONT'D)

Seriously, take another look.

That's it. Jordan snaps.

JORDAN

Doesn't it bother you that it's been like three hours and we have no idea what happened to Claudia?!

BREWER

Relax, dude. She's a secret agent. She's fine. Maybe her and her butcher buddy are catching up on old times, trading war stories, and shit over brandy.

JORDAN

Yeah, I doubt that. I'm genuinely worried.

(beat)

I'm gonna text her.

Jordan types out a little, "How is everything?" and hits send. Brewer is still obsessed with the stain by the time the phone PINGS back with a response.

Jordan eagerly checks the message, only to see a simple -- "Answer me" in response.

Confused, Jordan doesn't have long to remain that way before the burner phone starts RINGING.

BREWER

(setting the stain aside)

Dude, put it on speaker!

Jordan does as he's told, and lets out a nervous-sounding --

JORDAN

Hello?

CLAUDIA (O.S.)

Jordan?

JORDAN

Yes, Claudia, it's me! Where are you?

Suddenly, Claudia's voice is replaced with a different one.

Male. And one heavily-accented in German.

WALLER (O.S.)

Guten Tag, my little freund.

Jordan and Brewer look at each other in terror, each simultaneously mouthing the word FUCK! at the same time.

Jordan panics and covers the receiver.

JORDAN

What do I do??

BREWER

You gotta talk to him, I don't know! Say something!

JORDAN

(into the phone)
Yes, this is he.

WALLER (O.S.)

I assumed so. You know, I really should have just killed you two back in our cozy, little cell.

JORDAN

Yeah, well, uh, everyone makes mistakes?

WALLER (O.S.)

Indeed they do. Which is why I'm going to rectify mine by killing this woman I have here. I've been enjoying the pleasure of her company, but I'm sure you know from experience, she can become a little...tedious.

In the background --

CLAUDIA (O.S.)

Jordan, don't listen to him!--

A rough PUNCHING SOUND can be heard and Claudia goes quiet.

WALLER (O.S.)

I am calling to make you a deal. You and your friend are incredibly inconsequential, but the device you're holding - *my* device - is the opposite. The girl for the bomb. What do you say?

JORDAN

I say how do I know you won't kill *all* of us once you have what you need?

WALLER (O.S.)

The lion isn't concerned with the flea.

BREWER

(sotto, stifling a laugh)
Seriously?

JORDAN

Meaning?

WALLER (O.S.)

I don't care if you live or die,
but if getting what I want means
you get to keep living for however
long your natural lives last then
so be it. I ask again...

(beat)

Do we have a deal?

Jordan looks at Brewer. Brewer looks at Jordan. Brewer just shrugs his shoulders, clearly out of his element.

But to Jordan, this is the most important decision he's ever had to make in his life. And he doesn't make it lightly.

JORDAN

We have a deal. The bomb for the
girl. Where are you?

WALLER (O.S)

And they say Americans are stupid.
Meet me at Paseo del Pintor
Rosales, the park, in an hour. I
shouldn't have to remind you what
will happen if you contact the
authorities of any kind.

Nope, that part is pretty much clear.

WALLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Come alone and bring the device.

Click. The phone goes dead. Brewer wastes no time --

BREWER

Okay, now call the cops!

JORDAN

Didn't you just hear what he said??

BREWER

Every kidnapper fucking says that,
dude! What choice do we have?!
There's no way in hell I'm walking
into a war zone like that.

Jordan starts getting ready, putting on his shoes and calming his nerves.

JORDAN

Claudia risked her lives to save us. We can't abandon her now.

BREWER

Speak for yourself, I'm still fucking woozy from all the tranquilizers she pumped into me.

JORDAN

Maybe you wouldn't be if you just learned to shut the fuck up once in a while and stop pissing the wrong people off.

BREWER

And just *what* is that supposed to mean?

JORDAN

You *know* what it's supposed to mean. And besides we wouldn't be in this mess if you never came up with this stupid Ibiza trip in the first place.

BREWER

Oh, pardon me for trying to make your humdrum life a little less depressing.

JORDAN

(snapping)

I was perfectly *fine* with my humdrum life. I had a good job, I had a future!

BREWER

A good job?? Are you listening to yourself? QuantEx threw us out like yesterday's garbage.

JORDAN

Yeah, because of people like you. Did it ever occur to you that the company would have been just fine if you and the others didn't just coast and do the absolute bare minimum? Don't you ever wonder why I started two years after you and got two promotions while you kept the same entry level job for seven years straight? You're a loser, Brewer.

Pissed, Brewer slowly gets right up in Jordan's grill until they're staring each other down mano-a-mano.

BREWER
(eyes narrowing)
What'd you say to me?

JORDAN
(coldly)
I said: you're a loser.

That's it. The gloves are off! Brewer takes a swing at Jordan and clips him on the chin. Jordan retaliates and before long the guys are punching, kicking, and clawing each other as they roll around in a ball on the floor.

BREWER
Take that back!

JORDAN
Never! It's the truth!

The guys keep fighting until Brewer rolls face first into his favorite stain from earlier. Some of it gets in his mouth. Both guys look disgusted.

They pull apart to catch their breath. Huffing and puffing --

JORDAN (CONT'D)
I'm an idiot for agreeing to this stupid vacation from hell! I never should have come!

BREWER
It must be lonely up there on your fucking pedestal! I'm sorry if I don't measure my happiness by my lame ass job title. And you're lucky I even invited you! I felt sorry for you. You're 27 years old and you've never lived a day in your life.

Jordan stands up, stuffing the MICRO-NUKE in his pocket. Ready to end this stupid argument, he goes to open the door --

JORDAN
Yeah, well, thanks to you I probably won't get to live another day anyway. But I'm going to save Claudia.

BREWER
 (from the floor)
 Are you even listening to yourself?
 How the fuck do you plan to do
 that?

JORDAN
 I have no idea, but I have to try.

Jordan opens the door to leave.

For the first time, we see Brewer's tough guy facade fade away. And what remains behind is the face of a very frightened child.

BREWER
 Jordan...what about me?

JORDAN
 I don't know and I don't care.
 Someone's life is on the line.
 I've gotta go.

Jordan walks out into the hall, leaving Brewer behind in the door way.

CUT TO:

EXT. PASEO DEL PINTOR ROSALES - LATER

We're at the meeting place. Or damn close to it. Actually, the meeting place lies just beyond where Jordan stands. In between it and him, however, is the --

TELEFERICO DE MADRID.

The Spanish capital's beloved CABLE CAR SYSTEM where locals and tourists alike can gain an aerial view of this beautiful city.

Steeling himself, Jordan buys a TICKET from a vending machine and waits for a cable car to appear.

When one stops in front of him, Jordan opens the door and puts one foot inside the tiny two-person space.

It's literally now or never --

But on the other end of the cable system waits Waller...and the life of the woman he can't stop thinking about. That tears it --

In Jordan goes.

CUT TO:

EXT. PASEO DEL PINTOR ROSALES - OTHER END OF THE CABLE SYSTEM

Unfortunately for Jordan, Waller accounts for everything.

From down below in the Paseo del Pintor Rosales, the German drug lord stands with Claudia who has a nasty bruise over one eye.

Waller is behind her. The activation key in one hand, and his Cobra-handled pistol in the other, jammed into the small of Claudia's back.

WALLER

At some point I assume I'll get tired of always being right. But that point has yet to come.

Standing in front of Waller --

CLAUDIA

You really are crazy. You're willing to take out an entire city just for revenge?

WALLER

I wouldn't expect you to understand.

(into his sleeve)

Send a car down.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. CABLE-CAR OPERATIONS CENTER - SAME

On the other end of Waller's SLEEVE RADIO is Kentavious. The *real* CABLE CAR OPERATOR lies crumpled at his feet.

KENTAVIOUS

(pushing a button)

Comin' in hot. Let's get this shit and leave already.

CUT TO:

EXT. PASEO DEL PINTOR ROSALES - SAME

WALLER
Patience, my friend.

Another CABLE CAR pulls up, ready to depart a few feet from them. Waller pushes Claudia forward, and the two get on ready to meet an unsuspecting Jordan halfway across the massive RAVINE that lies below the cable system.

Ready? Because shit is about to get tense. The cars move toward each other...

This moment should be drawn the fuck out, suspense city.

CUT TO:

INT. WALLER'S CABLE CAR

When the cars are about to pass each other, Waller speaks into his sleeve again with a simple command --

WALLER
Full stop.

And the cars halt their trip. Side by side, and facing in opposite directions, they SWING FROM THEIR GATHERED MOMENTUM.

From the POV of WALLER'S CAR, we see Jordan in his looking every which way trying to figure out why he isn't moving.

When he turns to face Waller and Claudia in theirs, he blanches for the briefest of moments before figuring out he's been set up.

We see him take out the burner phone --

And then Claudia's starts ringing.

Watching Jordan from inside Waller's Car, the drug lord forces her to answer and hand him the phone.

JORDAN
I've got what you asked for. Now
how do we do this?

Claudia overhears Jordan, and with a worried look on her face, once again tries to stop him --

CLAUDIA
Jordan, get the hell out of here!!
Millions will die if you give him
what he wants!

Waller tightens his kung-fu grip on Claudia's arm, twisting it harder behind her back.

Almost to the breaking point.

WALLER

Be quiet, my dear. Mantalk.

(into the phone)

Throw over the device, and I'll throw over the woman.

JORDAN

I swear to God if you hurt her...

WALLER

Yes? What's the end of that sentence? I'm very curious.

Jordan answers by pulling the MICRO-NUKE out of his pocket. Waller shuts up immediately.

Trying to open the door to give it to him, Jordan can't get the lock open.

Damn safety measures.

JORDAN

(into the phone)

It won't open.

Looking up, Jordan gets an idea. Namely, the EMERGENCY ESCAPE DOOR located on the top of the car.

Popping it, Jordan hauls himself up to, and through, the roof until he's standing up on top of the car, one hand wrapped around the stanchion keeping it connected to the cable system.

Don't look down. Don't look down. Don't look --

Too late. Jordan looks down --

And instantly wishes he never did. After the pre-requisite Hitchcockian zoom, Jordan musters all the balls he can and says into the phone --

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Better join me up here before I get second thoughts and drop this thing where you'll never find it.

Annoyed, Waller pops his own hatch and forces first Claudia and then himself onto the roof of their own car.

Hero and villain face off a thousand feet above the ground.

Jordan holds the bomb and Waller holds the girl.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
One for the other, right? I give
you what you want and you take off?

WALLER
You have my word. I won't kill
either of you.

Jordan meets Claudia's eyes. Everything behind hers SCREAMS
for Jordan not to do what he's about to do.

But he does it anyway.

Jordan TOSSES THE DEVICE across the gap between the cars.
Waller catches it in one hand, looking at it like he's Old
Kate Winslet in TITANIC and it's the Heart of the fucking
Ocean.

As the cars still swing --

JORDAN
You got what you want! Now let her
go!

WALLER
(smirking)
Very poor choice of words.

WALLER THROWS CLAUDIA OFF OF THE ROOF!

JORDAN
Nooooo!

Claudia SCREAMS on the way down. It's fucking horrible.

Throwing himself onto his hands and knees, Jordan looks over
the edge desperately scanning for what remains of Claudia.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
We had a deal you son of a bitch!!

WALLER
(taunting)
We still do. I said I wouldn't
kill you. Gravity, on the other
hand, is a harsh mistress.

Waller raises his Cobra-handled pistol and SHOTS ONE OF THE
CABLES HOLDING JORDAN'S CAR UP. The tram slumps to one side,
dangerously off-kilter.

WALLER (CONT'D)
 Friendly advice. Always pay extra
 for Mercury tipped bullets.

After Waller signals with his hand, the cars start moving in opposite directions.

As they get farther apart, Waller lets out a FRUSTRATED YELL when he, and the audience, --

Become aware of someone, say a rogue INTERPOL agent, dangling from the bottom of Jordan's damaged tram car.

It's Claudia! She's fucking alive! And holding on for dear goddamn life!

CLAUDIA
 (from below the tram)
 Uh, little help?

Jordan, shocked by what he's hearing, scrambles forward finally seeing where Claudia is.

JORDAN
 Gimme a second!

CLAUDIA
 (dryly)
 Sure, take all the time you need.
 I'll just hang around.

Waller aims his pistol, trying to take Claudia out. But he keeps missing the further the cars get away from each other.

On the roof, and dodging bullets of his own, Jordan spies a length of cord wrapped around the stanchion. Tying off one end, he grabs the other and throws it down to Claudia when --

A SECOND CABLE SNAPS!

Waller stops shooting, knowing they're done for and there's no way for anyone to survive the fall that's coming..

JORDAN
 Quick! Climb up!

Moving faster than a ring-tailed lemur, Claudia shimmies up the rope and throws herself onto the roof next to Jordan.

Once she recovers her breath, Jordan helps her to her feet.

And that's when she fucking wallops him upside the head!

CLAUDIA
 How could you give that psycho the
 nuke?! I told you to leave me
 behind, you stupid kid!

JORDAN
 That wasn't an option!

CLAUDIA
 (still slapping him)
 Why the hell not?!

JORDAN
 Because I--likeeee--you, okay?!

Claudia stops slapping Jordan.

CLAUDIA
 You do?

JORDAN
 Yes, alright! And it's not just
 because you're the sexiest woman
 I've ever seen. It's
 because...you've made me feel more
 alive in the past two days than I
 ever have in my entire life.

Claudia seems taken aback.

Maybe she feels a little bit the same, but she's a
 professional agent. Now is not the time and certainly not
 the place to get into this.

CLAUDIA
 I guess on some level sacrificing
 an entire country for someone *is*
 pretty romantic.

JORDAN
 See?

CLAUDIA
But it's also incredibly selfish.
 You're basically an accessory to
 mass murder now.

JORDAN
 Not necessarily. Waller is in for
 a little bit of a surprise...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MOTEL DE ATLANTICO - HALLS

Jordan leaves Brewer behind in the room, and pulls out the BURNER PHONE. Pairing it to the device via BLUETOOTH, we see Jordan, tech-whiz that he is, hard at work fiddling with both devices --

FLASHFORWARD TO:

EXT. JORDAN'S CABLE CAR - ROOF

CLAUDIA

You installed a firewall?

JORDAN

You're damn right I did. The bomb is useless, even *with* the activation key.

(beat)

For the next sixty minutes, at least. Before its self-correcting software detects what I've planted and reboots itself.

Overwhelmed, Claudia pulls Jordan in close and KISSES HIM LIKE HE'S NEVER BEEN KISSED BEFORE.

It's so good, his knees fucking go weak.

Probably not a good idea, considering he and Claudia are still atop a shaky tram car.

CLAUDIA

Let's go get that bastard then.

Jordan is in heaven. Until a THIRD CABLE SNAPS under the weight of the car and the tram goes swinging again, this time with more momentum than it was ever built to handle.

After all that, this may indeed be the end of the line anyway...

JORDAN

I guess there's worse ways to go...

Just then, FROM OFF IN THE DISTANCE, another TRAM CAR is about to pass them. Jordan and Claudia look to it for help, until the top hatch pops open --

AND BREWER STICKS HIS FUCKING HEAD OUT!

BREWER

I totally saw that! You better
have used tongue, Jordy!

As the cars close in on each other --

JORDAN

Brewer! What the hell are you
doing here?

BREWER

Saving your ungrateful ass, queef
cookie!

CLAUDIA

And just how do you plan to do
that?

BREWER

Like so.

Brewer starts rocking his tram back and forth, trying to get
it to swing as close to Jordan and Claudia's car as possible
as they close in.

Timing it just right, the cars almost touch just as they pass
each other letting Claudia and Jordan JUMP FOR DEAR LIFE --

And stick the landing like a couple of exhausted Gabby
Douglases!

Reunited and it feels so good.

At last second, the support wires snap and the cable car
PLUMMETS into the ravine in a devastating crash. After a
moment --

BREWER (CONT'D)

See? Nothing to it. Now let's go
nail that German asshole!

CUT TO:

EXT. MONCLOA PALACE - UNIVERSITY CITY - MADRID

The Spanish CAPITAL BUILDING, located in the heart of the
Ciudad Universitaria, is overflowing with POLITICIANS,
SECURITY GUARDS, CIVILIANS, and TOURISTS.

Everyone present is abuzz with the news that GERMAN
CHANCELLOR TORVALD UTNE has landed and is about to meet with
SPANISH PRIME MINISTER LUIZ FERRARA before addressing the
nation.

The day should go off without a hitch. Little do they know...

CUT TO:

EXT. PASEO DEL PINTOR ROSALES - PARKING LOT - SAME

Now back on solid ground, Jordan, Claudia, and Brewer race back to the Packard.

CLAUDIA

We have less than an hour to make it all the way to Moncloa Palace before Utne makes his speech.

BREWER

Shouldn't you be letting your INTERPOL buddies know there's a terrorist on the way with a bomb right about now?

Claudia looks at Brewer pointedly.

CLAUDIA

You were asleep in your salsa when we covered this. I don't know who to trust. And the last thing I want to do is set off a national panic about a rogue bomb in the city. We handle this my way.

JORDAN

Just playing peacekeeper here, but this is all talk we could be having on the way there. We need all the time we can get.

Jordan runs up to the rusted-out Packard and grabs the door handle --

Before noticing the sleek 2015 Maserati Quattroporte parked nearby. No doubt belonging to some rich fuck-knuckle tourist with money to burn.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Unless...

Walking up to it, Jordan channels the INNER BAD-ASS slowly coming out of him and SMASHES THE DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW with his elbow.

The glass SHATTERS, but the alarm starts BLARING making Jordan realize --

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Whoops, forgot I still don't know
how to hotwire a car yet...

CLAUDIA
(flatly)
I'll drive.

CUT TO:

EXT. MADRID STREETS/INT. 2014 MERCEDES-BENZ C-CLASS COUPEE

Behind the wheel of an equally slick car, Kentavious drives a very focused Waller to his meeting with destiny.

Though he tries to keep his tone almost casual, the seeds of doubt begin to form in Kentavious's voice.

We aren't sure if Waller notices or not, but it's clear he doesn't care.

KENTAVIOUS
Ain't there easier ways to blank
out a diplomat? I mean, I got a
sniper rifle in the trunk. One
word, I'll merc this Utne dude and
we can jet off.

Waller looks at Kentavious, almost disappointed.

WALLER
Ja, but where's the fun in that?
Germany took everything from me.
I'm going to take everything from
them.

KENTAVIOUS
You realize we in Spain right?

WALLER
Nothing like a little nuclear
fallout to start a nasty little
war. Genesis will make sure German
covert agents in open rebellion
against the CDU are assigned the
blame.
(beat)
Deutschland will not have a pot to
urinate in or a window to throw it
out of. And they will know what
it's like to start from scratch.

Kentavious turns his eyes from Waller to the road.

KENTAVIOUS
 Whatever you say, man.

He steps on the gas.

CUT TO:

INT. MONCLOA PALACE - UNIVERSITY CITY - INNER OFFICE

Torvald Utne arrives in the flesh, joined by his GERMAN ENTOURAGE. Everyone looks pretty dour, even for a friendly visit like this one, but, hey, they're Germans, remember?

Greeted by Luiz Ferrara in person, this initial meeting takes place behind closed doors.

PRIME MINISTER FERRARA
 Welcome to Madrid, Mr. Utne. We haven't had the pleasure of hosting the German Chancellor since Señora Merkel last visited.

CHANCELLOR UTNE
 The pleasure is mine, Mister Prime Minister. I expect this visit to go just as well.

PRIME MINISTER FERRARA
 The sentiment is mutual. If you'd like some time to rehearse your speech, you are welcome to it.

CHANCELLOR UTNE
 Most appreciated.

CUT TO:

INT. MASERATI QUATTROPORTE - MADRID STREETS

Claudia REDLINES the sports car harder than Danica Patrick!

Which isn't saying much in retrospect because she's managed to win about one race, but who's counting?

Brewer hangs on for dear life in the back seat while Jordan does his best to side-seat drive.

JORDAN
 We're almost there. I can see the capital building from here!

CLAUDIA
 (calmly)
 Hang on.

SHE SLAMS ON THE GAS!

Pulling onto the side of the road.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
 We run from here.

JORDAN
 But we're about two miles away?

CLAUDIA
 You really think we can just valet
 in front of a national address?

JORDAN
 Good point.

They ditch the car and, together, run the rest of the way.

Claudia and Jordan manage to make it, but Brewer looks sweaty as fuck trying to keep up and not die from a mutant asthma attack.

When they get to the front of the building, they bleed into the massive crowd being let in through the main gates.

Before they can be stopped at SECURITY, all three know they have a big fucking problem.

Just like back at Amnesia, they aren't on the list.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 What do we do?

The line is getting shorter.

Brewer looks around.

And realizes *this* is his moment.

BREWER
 Jordy, you still got that alka-
 seltzer from the motel?

A confused Jordan does as he's told and hands the half-empty packet to Brewer. Who dry swallows the tablet, and within moments --

HE'S FOAMING AT THE MOUTH!

JORDAN
 (catching on)
 Oh, uh, oh my God, he's having a
 seizure!!

Brewer falls to the ground and flops around like a caught bass. Allowing Claudia and Jordan to blend into the crowd...

And right through the fucking front gate.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONCLOA PALACE - UNIVERSITY CITY - MAIN DAIS

Just in time, too.

With the gathered crowd waiting in anticipation, everyone breaks into applause when Chancellor Utne takes the stage.

Walking to the MAIN PODIUM with Prime Minister Ferrara by his side, the two seasoned politicians take in the moment and politely wait for the adulation to die down.

CUT TO:

INT. MONCLOA PALACE - UNIVERSITY CITY - FIRST LEVEL - SAME

Moments before the dignitaries reach the podium, Waller strides right into the building, clipping a forged CLEARANCE BADGE provided him by Genesis onto his jacket pocket.

No one gives him a second glance. Genesis is that fucking good at what they do.

Speaking into his sleeve, Waller talks to, who else? --

WALLER
 Keep the engine running.

We hear a muffled --

KENTAVIOUS (O.S.)
 You got 10 minutes.

WALLER
 (sotto)
 More than I need...

Sneaking off into a SIDE ROOM, Waller brings up a VIDEO FEED of the main stage on his phone and sets it on a table watching it and waiting for the precise moment to activate the bomb and begin the countdown.

Utne and Ferrara reach the podium like before.

After being introduced, Utne begins his speech --

CHANCELLOR UTNE (V.O.)
The strength of the European Union,
now more than ever, depends greatly
on international cooperation--

Ignoring the words, Waller unfocuses his eyes, slips the activation key from one pocket and the MICRO-NUKE from the other --

And joins them together!

WALLER
"To the last, I grapple with thee.
From Hell's heart, I stab at
thee..."

WOMP WOMP.

The MICRO-NUKE lets out a cute, little two-note rejection beep.

Something's wrong.

So much so that a frowning Waller fails to notice the door behind him open. He's too busy trying to engage the countdown that won't begin.

JORDAN (O.S.)
Very poetic. I love WRATH OF KHAN,
too.

Jordan and Claudia come in, guns pointed at him. Waller spins around, whipping out his SIG Sauer.

WALLER
You?! How?!

CLAUDIA
We English survived the Blitzkrieg.
What did you expect?

Ignoring their taunts, Waller aims the gun and steals a glance at the MICRO-NUKE's display finally noticing the FIREWALL Jordan has slipped onto it.

WALLER
(frenzied)
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY WEAPON?!

JORDAN

I locked you out of it.
 (cocking his gun)
 Never fuck with a software engineer
 on vacation!

Booyah!

But in the next moment, we see the calculated mental discipline Marcus Waller has cultivated for a lifetime crumble into tiny, little pieces.

No longer a measured man content with meting out his revenge, what is left behind is pure animal hate.

WALLER

Ich werde euch töten! [I'm going to
 kill you!]

WALLER STARTS FIRING!! JORDAN AND CLAUDIA THROW THEMSELVES
 OUT OF HARM'S WAY BEHIND ANY PIECE OF FURNITURE THEY CAN
 FIND!!!

BUT IT'S GODDAMN TIGHT IN CLOSE QUARTERS!

Still, Claudia, the fucking pro that she is, takes out
 Waller's knee-caps from behind an overturned desk.

ONE, TWO!!

And clips him in his gun arm to das boot!

Waller goes down in a heap. Jordan presses the advantage,
 racing out from his cover and stepping on the hand holding
 the Cobra-embossed pistol.

Pinning it down.

Together, with Claudia now standing over Waller, too, they
 both aim their weapons at his face.

With one of them prepared to fire immediately --

CLAUDIA

This is for Tom...

About to squeeze the trigger, Jordan stops her.

JORDAN

You don't want to do this. You
 kill him now and you're no better
 than he is. And this asshole was
 just about to nuke an entire
 goddamn city. Think about it.

Claudia's eyes fill with tears. Her head fighting her heart.

WALLER

(weakly, wheezing)

Listen to your friend. I'm more valuable to you alive than dead...

CLAUDIA

(relenting)

Give me everything you have on Genesis, and *maybe* you'll spend the rest of your life in a secure supermax buried somewhere far away from everyone else.

Waller considers his options.

Dying here and now. Sans revenge.

Or life in a concrete box.

After a moment, he chooses the box. Like the coward he is.

WALLER

Agreed.

Jordan scoops up the MICRO-NUKE, making damn sure the firewall is still active. It is.

WALLER (CONT'D)

And I can start right now. You should know this about Genesis--

A HOLD-OUT PISTOL instantly shoots out from the cuff of Waller's uninjured arm! He aims it squarely at Claudia's head --

WALLER (CONT'D)

--they never give up!!

BLAM!

But it's not Waller's gun with a smoking barrel.

It's Jordan's.

And the bullet launched from it is now firmly planted right between Waller's fuckin' eyeballs.

His body collapses and goes slack.

Dead as a fuckin' doornail.

And not a moment too soon.

CLAUDIA

Jordan.
 (beat)
 You just saved my life.

JORDAN

Just returning the favor...

He looks down, realizing he's just taken another life. And also realizing he had no choice.

CLAUDIA

Unemployed, huh?

JORDAN

That's right.

CLAUDIA

Not for long I bet...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MONCLOA PALACE - UNIVERSITY CITY - MAIN DAIS

Jordan and Claudia limp out of the building just as Chancellor Utne finishes his address without a hitch.

Not a single soul on the stage or in the crowd has any clue just how close they all came to utter annihilation.

On the edges of the audience, Jordan and Claudia find Brewer under a medical tent being tended to by TWO PARAMEDICS who refuse to believe he's okay.

The pair walks up to him.

BREWER

Jordy! Did we save the day?!

The paramedics look at each other thinking Brewer's starting to hallucinate.

JORDAN

Yeah, man, everything is gonna be just fine.

He and Claudia share a knowing look.

BREWER

Oh, fucking, phew. Okay, now get me out of here.

Brewer tries pulling an IV out of his arm. Jordan looks at Claudia, enjoying letting Brewer twist in the wind.

BREWER (CONT'D)

(waiting)

Dude, for the love of Buddha, tell these people I'm not epileptic! You know I don't have health insurance!! Fucking QuantEx!

Jordan takes a moment before answering. Seeing the speech continuing on as peacefully planned, Jordan looks to the lead medic and says --

JORDAN

Better keep him overnight for observation.

He puts his arm around Claudia, and the two walk away leaving Brewer behind to scream --

BREWER

Nooooooooooooo!

-- off in the distance.

CLAUDIA

How long do you think before he figures out Spain has Universal health care?

JORDAN

A good while.

CLAUDIA

I'll have my people get him to the Embassy in a few hours.

JORDAN

You're coming clean to INTERPOL then?

CLAUDIA

With the evidence we have? I'll get a promotion.

(looking wistful)

And an apology...

It's a heavy moment.

JORDAN

Hey, listen, I'm sorry about Tom. I'm sure he was a great guy. But at least he can rest easy now.

Claudia pauses to look Jordan in the eye.

CLAUDIA
Yeah. I think I can too, now.

Her eyes then fall on Kentavious, waiting in a line of cars in the C-Class coupee sporting diplomatic plates (also courtesy of Genesis).

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
On second thought...

Claudia pulls her gun, rushes up to the car, and sticks it into the passenger window.

Kentavious looks down the barrel --

KENTAVIOUS
Ya'll got him, huh?

CLAUDIA
You're goddamn right we did.

KENTAVIOUS
Good.

Claudia, and Jordan coming up behind her, are shocked by his answer. Raising his hands and almost relieved --

KENTAVIOUS (CONT'D)
So whatchu wanna know about Genesis?

CLAUDIA
Everything.

SMASH TO BLACK:

THE END

TITLE UP -- Just kidding.

Epilogue!

EXT. INTERPOL HEADQUARTERS - LYON, FRANCE - DAY

TITLE UP - 3 MONTHS LATER

Brewer, looking happy and healthy after his brief stay in a Spanish hospital, is in the middle of a group of 12 INTERPOL RECRUITS going through a rigorous training course outside.

Looks like someone has found themselves a new job!

...but on closer inspection, we notice Brewer is wearing a different colored jumpsuit from the other recruits...

Beige, not blue.

INTERPOL TRAINER (O.S.)
Back to work!

BREWER
(startled)
Sorry, sir!

He hops on the back of a nearby RIDING MOWER and cuts the grass while further up the field --

INTERPOL-AGENT-IN-TRAINING-JORDAN, holding an ASSAULT RIFLE, and looking as confident as we've ever seen him --

NAILS THE HEART OF A TARGET BOARD 30 yards away with his live-fire training coach by his side.

It's Claudia.

And she couldn't be more goddamned proud!

THE (REAL) END