

**The Worst Guy Of All Time,  
And The Girl Who Came To Kill Him**

by Michael Waldron

**EXT. DOWNTOWN ATLANTA - DAY (FUTURE)**

SMASH OPEN on the deserted I-85 just outside post-apocalyptic Atlanta. That trademark ominous end-of-the-world ash just hangs in the air. It's disgusting. And probably radioactive.

The future sucks.

SUPER: 2076

A SHOT UP JEEP WRANGLER FLIPS INTO FRAME, landing on its side. It's been blown to shit by a squad of BLOOD GRUNTS, menacing soldiers piloting badass futuristic HOVERCYCLES.

One of the Grunts slings his PARTICLE RIFLE over his shoulder and climbs onto the Jeep's passenger door. He peers through the busted-out windshield, then turns back to his comrades:

BLOOD GRUNT

Did The Duke say what it looks like?

THE BLOOD CAPTAIN, a hulking bruiser with a rhinoceros skull tattooed across his scarred torso, pulls forward on his bike.

BLOOD CAPTAIN

Jesus, Derek, it's a time machine. Just look for glowing blue crystals, or a fancy clock thing.

The Grunt shrugs and bends over to inspect further -- BUT THE WHEELS OF THE JEEP START SPINNING, and soon the Jeep itself IS SPINNING ON THE ROAD, throwing the Grunt backwards--

AND SUDDENLY A FREEDOM FIGHTER WITH A VELOCIRAPTOR PAINTED ONTO HIS MOTORCYCLE HELMET BURSTS OUT OF THE BACK WINDOW.

Raptor CRACKS the Grunt's neck, grabs his rifle, and BLASTS two of the remaining three bad guys.

Only the Blood Captain remains. HE FIRES AT RAPTOR, WHO LEAPS OFF THE JEEP and rolls acrobatically to safety.

The Blood Captain tears at Raptor on his hovercycle and TURNS IT OVER, knocking Raptor's legs out from under him. The warriors get to their feet and BATTLE HAND-TO-HAND, both well-trained and deadly.

(This will get nominated for the MTV Movie Award for Best Fight, but it'll lose to another, even cooler fight sequence from later in this script.)

Finally the Captain gets the upper hand. He grabs a downed street sign and SWINGS ITS CONCRETE BASE AT RAPTOR, cracking his dinosaur helmet. Raptor staggers backward and removes his helmet, REVEALING:

**DIXIE** (20s), a truly bad bitch with a scar across her eye. She's fucking *furious* about her helmet.

DIXIE

Mother *fucker!* This was my favorite helmet, it's got a fucking velociraptor on it! You can't find these anymore, they're--  
*(laughs a little as she lands on this)*  
 They're extinct!

The Captain stares at her in disbelief. He scoffs.

BLOOD CAPTAIN

I can't believe you're a fucking *woman*.

HE SWINGS THE POLE AT DIXIE AGAIN, but she ducks and RIPS IT OUT OF HIS HANDS. SHE VAULTS OVER HIM, then turns and LAUNCHES THE POLE JAVELIN-STYLE at the Captain, IMPALING HIM against a guardrail.

She saunters over and whispers in his ear:

DIXIE

*Believe it.*

But the Captain isn't responsive. Dixie nudges him.

DIXIE (CONT'D)

Oh my God, are you already dead?  
 Did you even hear that??

She checks his pulse. Definitely dead. She KICKS his corpse.

DIXIE (CONT'D)

You pussy! I wasted a great line on you!

She grabs a NONDESCRIPT BACKPACK from the Jeep and throws it on. Inside is a FANCY CLOCK MADE OF GLOWING BLUE CRYSTALS. She hops onto one of the hovercycles and SPEEDS OFF.

REVERSE ANGLE: A fleet of Blood Grunt vehicles and aircraft are hot on her tail.

As she hauls ass down the interstate, headed for a swirling thunderstorm, she pulls an OLD DOG-EARED PHOTOGRAPH from her pocket. She scowls at the picture.

DIXIE (CONT'D)  
We're coming for you, asshole.

REVEAL: Pictured is a MILLENNIAL SHITHEAD flexing shirtless in the mirror, flashing an awful, smarmy grin...

MATCH CUT TO:

### CNN INTERVIEW

THAT SAME MILLENNIAL SHITHEAD, way back in 2018. This is **BARRET** (32), a social media-turned-reality tv star. He sports a bright Hawaiian shirt and a ridiculous mustache, and is as handsome as he is obnoxious.

SUPER: 2018

He's being split-screen interviewed by ANDERSON COOPER.

ANDERSON COOPER  
What, in your estimation, started the whole feud?

BARRET  
She took offense to a tweet of mine, something about Uber drivers.

ANDERSON COOPER  
*(reading)*  
You initially said, "I'd rather drunk drive and kill a bus full of babies than ride with another annoying, poor a-f Uber driver. Grinning Devil Face Emoji, Eggplant Emoji, Splashing Water Emoji. American Flag Emoji."

BARRET  
Right, she got all hot and bothered cause apparently influencers aren't supposed to have opinions? So I clapped back.

ANDERSON COOPER  
"Lena Dunham can eat my ass."

BARRET  
You can say "eat my ass" on CNN?

ANDERSON COOPER

It's permissible in a journalistic context, yes.

BARRET

Sweet.

*(straight to camera)*

Lena Dunham Can Eat My Ass.

ANDERSON COOPER

So I take it you're not here tonight to say you're sorry.

BARRET

For what? I'm not sorry, I didn't do anything wrong!

ANDERSON COOPER

But with your social media reach -- you have millions of fans, many of them teenagers... To be demeaning those less fortunate--

BARRET

--Is super hilarious. Coop, I got famous for inventing the Dab--

*(he DABS)*

--All I care about is getting laid, and getting paid. It's not like I'm running for President or anything.

ANDERSON COOPER

Not yet, at least.

*(then)*

Ever considered it? *President Barret Dukes?*

There's a twinkle in Barret's eye as, for the very first time, he imagines being President.

**MOS:** Taylor Swift's fuck the haters anthem "**Shake It Off**" begins as Barret concludes the interview, standing to REVEAL:

### **I/E. YACHT - DAY**

He's on the bridge of a ridiculous YACHT (named the "Titandic") somewhere in the stunning South Pacific.

Barret POPS A MOLLY, then goes Live on Instagram and SHOTGUNS A BEER. CAMERA FOLLOWS as he steps outside and looks down at the deck, where TOPLESS MODELS AND SYCOPHANTIC BROS are partying in the pool. They see him and DAB in unison.

Barret stretches and DABS BACK, a millennial Gatsby relishing the good life. WE PULL BACK and realize that he's naked from the waist down. He has a nice, tan ass. Fuck this dude.

TITLE APPEARS (in bright neon):

**The Worst Guy Of All Time,  
And The Girl Who Came To Kill Him**

**OPENING CREDITS**

T-Swift sings as we see glimpses of Barret's rise to stardom:

- He's a regular high school kid in his first videos, posted to eBaum's World. The poor quality clips are just immature pranks and *Jackass*-style stunts.
- As he churns out more content, his following begins to grow. The videos on his YouTube channel (handle: **TheDuke69**) become edgier and more slickly produced. He really plays up his bro-y, I-don't-give-a-fuck persona.
- In his biggest viral video, he invents the DAB dance move. It becomes a worldwide sensation and his subscriber count SKYROCKETS. He dabs with rappers Skippa Da Flippa and Migos, and Carolina Panthers QB Cam Newton (the guys who actually invented the Dab and made it famous).
- Barret is now a bona fide social star, with a legion of young fans. He appears in movies, on TV, and in music videos, always flaunting stacks of cash. He even has his own clothing and fragrance line at Urban Outfitters.
- Clips of Barret hosting his dumb, millennial-focused reality TV competition: *The Memeing of Life*.
- "**Shake It Off**" concludes as we arrive back on the yacht. Barret pulls off his shirt, rips a line of coke, and does a NAKED GAINER off the bridge into the pool below.

HARD CUT TO:

**I/E. UBER - TRAVELING - DAY (ATLANTA)**

Barret rides back from the Atlanta airport, suffering from an awful hangover. His Uber driver tries to make conversation.

(By the way: When Barret isn't in front of a camera, he acts and talks more like a real person, less "Yo it's ya boi!")

UBER DRIVER  
Where you coming from?

BARRET  
The airport.

UBER DRIVER  
Well I know that, I picked you up.  
But where'd you fly in from?

BARRET  
*(sighs, trapped)*  
Fiji.

UBER DRIVER  
Fiji, wow! What'd ya do there?

BARRET  
Sex trafficked orphans.

UBER DRIVER  
*(either didn't hear that  
or is choosing to ignore)*  
Never been, I'd love to go. I ask  
cause I actually host a travel  
podcast where folks I pick up  
discuss where they've been, what  
they did, was it fun...

Barret is silent, in hell. But his driver persists, gesturing  
to a microphone on the passenger seat.

UBER DRIVER (CONT'D)  
Whatdaya say, wanna be on?

BARRET  
Sure, I'll do it... But only if  
you'll be on *my* podcast. It's  
where I interview Uber drivers and  
ask what the fuck went so wrong in  
their lives that they had to become  
Uber drivers. It's called "I Hate  
Talking To You People, Either Shut  
The Fuck Up Or Crash Into The  
Median And Kill Me, Please."

The driver stares at Barret, genuinely hurt.

UBER DRIVER  
... You're a dick, man.

BARRET  
Yeah well, zero stars.

UBER DRIVER  
Zero stars for you too--!

BARRET

Oh wow, too bad zero stars means  
way more for a driver than a rider--

UBER DRIVER

Not true, not true, they're both--

BARRET

You'll get banned from the app--!

UBER DRIVER

You'll get banned from the app--!

BARRET

You'll be driving a fucking Vespa  
for Lyft you piece of shit--

**EXT. BARRET'S HOUSE - DAY**

Barret does a BIG JERK-OFF MOTION at the Uber as it drives off. He has a fancy house on a fancy golf course.

**INT. BARRET'S HOUSE - DAY**

Barret makes his way through his big, empty home. He grabs a beer from the fridge and heads downstairs.

**BASEMENT**

On the walls are photos of Barret with other social media influencers: Psy, Grumpy Cat, Salt Bae, the Cash Me Ousside girl, etc. There's also a poster for Barret's reality show, *The Memeing Of Life*, featuring his infamous catchphrase: "You're Unfollowed!"

The centerpiece is a huge, ridiculous painting of Barret's super jacked BITMOJI.

He plops on the couch and checks Twitter. If we're paying attention, we notice that **@TheDuke69's** profile picture is the same photo we saw Dixie holding in the future.

Plenty of folks support him, but Barret focuses only on the negative @ mentions. He carefully crafts his response:

BARRET

"Hey haters: line up behind  
@LenaDunham and eat my ass!"

The @ replies instantly pour in. Barret grins, relishing this stirring of the pot. We see him compose a tweet on screen:



***"Considering actually running for Prez, just to annoy all the losers. The Duke could get some real shit done! #EatMyAss"***

He stares at his phone for a brief moment, contemplating, then hits SEND. He flips on the TV and snickers to himself.

BARRET (CONT'D)

I'm tight.

But we HOLD for an extra, quiet beat, feeling at last what's *beneath* Barret's "tight" public facade:

Loneliness.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN ATLANTA / BARRET'S OLD HOUSE - DUSK (FUTURE)**

Dixie weaves through the abandoned city and across a brown, dead golf course -- the same one Barret lives on in 2018.

She stops at the bombed-out remains of his house, shooing away a few HUGE, GLOWING RADIOACTIVE ARMADILLOS before ducking inside. They snort and slobber, it's gross.

**INT. BARRET'S OLD HOUSE / RESISTANCE HQ - CONTINUOUS**

Some buff FREEDOM FIGHTERS usher Dixie in. Barret's old home has been turned into a SECRET RESISTANCE BASE. The Time Backpack is torn off her and slid across a long map table to:

**GENERAL JACK HARLEY**, leader of the Resistance, played by The Rock. He opens the Backpack, its glow illuminating his face, then turns to Dixie.

GENERAL HARLEY

What Brave Men gave their lives so that you could acquire the Backpack?

DIXIE

... None? I infiltrated the facility by myself, killed a ton of Blood Grunts, took down one of their dragon-shaped drone patrols, hacked my way into the vault, stole the Backpack, and escaped through the laser-guarded sewer system on a jet ski. All on my own. Sir.

GENERAL HARLEY

Ah. You seek to mythologize yourself as the lone hero of the Resistance.

DIXIE

No, that's just what happened, I --  
look, sir, the next mission, the  
Final Mission, I want to--

GENERAL HARLEY

*(mansplaining)*

"Mythologize", it's when somebody  
creates an aura or myth around  
themselves that isn't exactly true--

DIXIE

I know what mythologize means--

But Harley has already blown past her and is heading upstairs  
with his troops. Dixie follows them into--

### **BARRET'S OLD BEDROOM**

Two dozen embattled soldiers surround Harley as he gives a  
speech. Dixie stands in the back with the JANITOR ROBOTS.

GENERAL HARLEY

Gentlemen, today is the day. The  
day of days. Not just the day we  
turn the tide of the war, no, today  
is the day we *lift the tide water  
out of the ocean, and replace the  
sky with that same ocean water!*

The soldiers ROAR their agreement. Dixie makes a face and  
whispers to the Janitor Robots:

DIXIE

The fuck is he talking about?

GENERAL HARLEY

*(overhearing)*

What was that?

The embarrassed Janitor Robots move away from Dixie.

JANITOR ROBOT #1

She was talking, sir.

JANITOR ROBOT #2

It was really rude.

GENERAL HARLEY

Did you have something to add,  
honey?

All eyes on Dixie.

DIXIE

Yeah, just -- how come you get to be the one to go back in time and kill The Duke?

GENERAL HARLEY

You think it should be... you?

DIXIE

*(steps forward and nods, then pantomimes)*

A thousand times I've imagined myself on top of him, legs around his waist and hands around his neck, his face red, eyes closed, struggling, sweating, begging me to stop but I just keep going--

Awkward silence. Cleared throats. Harley cocks a wary eyebrow at Dixie, who suddenly realizes how all that sounded.

DIXIE (CONT'D)

Oh God come on, NO, get your minds of the gutter--

GENERAL HARLEY

Legs around his waist, hands around his neck...

DIXIE

*(flustered)*

Choking him to death!

GENERAL HARLEY

I mean, he was pretty hot when he was younger, but still--

DIXIE

I can't even -- look, *nobody hates The Duke more than me!*

Harley is done with this conversation. He puts on the backpack and sets the date to **July 20, 2018**.

GENERAL HARLEY

Sorry, sweetie -- I'm going back to *kill* The Duke. It sorta sounds like you just want to fuck him.

**BAM!**

HARLEY'S HEAD EXPLODES FROM A PARTICLE RIFLE BLAST FIRED THROUGH THE WINDOW. His headless body crumples to the ground in a bloody heap.

Gore and viscera splatters everywhere, and as the Janitor Robots immediately set to mopping it up--

THE ROOF IS TORN OFF THE HOUSE and a squadron of Blood Grunts REPEL DOWN from hovercopters, surrounding the good guys.

A TOWERING FIGURE leaps from a chopper, landing with his back to Dixie. Save for his face he's ENTIRELY MACHINE, with FOUR BADASS CYBERNETIC LEGS. He turns dramatically, REVEALING:

**THE DUKE** -- AKA the older version of BARRET. He racks his smoking particle rifle and air-jerks Harley's corpse.

THE DUKE

Holy shit, boom, headshot!  
*(to his Blood Grunts)*  
 Round of dabs for your boy, that was tight as fuck!

As the bad guys exchange dabs like morons, Dixie stares daggers at The Duke. Finally he meets her gaze and stops dabbing. He looks at her for a beat, then approaches:

THE DUKE (CONT'D)

I know you.  
*(pause)*  
 I saw the security footage, of you stealing my Time Backpack. What's your name?

DIXIE

Fuck You.

The Grunts look around, uneasy. *Nobody* talks to The Duke like that. But he just starts LAUGHING HIS ASS OFF. So they laugh too, at least until--

DIXIE SPITS IN HIS FACE. A Blood Captain DRILLS HER in the gut with his rifle, doubling her over in pain. Two Grunts drag her to her feet, and the Captain is about to shoot her--

THE DUKE

Dude, what are you doing? We don't just *kill people*.

BLOOD CAPTAIN

*(re: Harley's corpse)*  
 ... But you just killed that guy--

The Duke takes out his revolver and CASUALLY BLOWS A HOLE IN THE CAPTAIN'S HEAD. He turns back to Dixie and runs his hand along her cheek, making her cringe.

THE DUKE

Sorry about that...

*(reading her name patch)*

... Dixie. Wow, you really put the "dick" in "Dixie", huh?

DIXIE

*(massive eye roll)*

Good one.

The Duke pulls the bloody Time Backpack off Harley and adjusts the date. We don't see what he's changed it to.

THE DUKE

You sure went to a lot of trouble just so you could, I assume, go back in time and kill me before I take over the world?

Instead of answering, Dixie BRUTALLY DISPATCHES the Grunts on either side of her and produces a HIDDEN PARTICLE DAGGER from her boot. SHE CHARGES THE DUKE--

But just as she reaches him, he activates the Backpack and DISAPPEARS IN A FLASH OF BLUE LIGHT. Dixie is left standing there alone--

THEN THE DUKE REAPPEARS BEHIND HER. HE KICKS HER TO THE GROUND and stands over her, grinning that smarmy grin.

THE DUKE (CONT'D)

Guess what I just did. I just went back to Ancient Egypt and stand-up 69'ed Cleopatra, it was very cool.

*(re: her particle dagger)*

So clearly you *do* think you can kill me.

DIXIE

I was born to kill you, Duke.

THE DUKE

Oh, I believe you can kill The Duke. But *Barret*? The old me? That guy's a whole different story.  
*(kneels down)*

Tell me, Dixie: *If* you made it back in time, when the moment arrives... Could you really snuff out an innocent life?

DIXIE

He's not innocent, he's *The Duke*,  
he's a *monster*--!

THE DUKE

Not yet he's not, not really. Back  
then he was still, well... *human*.  
(*thinking*)  
Actually in 2018 I'm pretty sure  
the only criminal offense on his  
record was public urination at a  
Taylor Swift concert, which was  
such a tight night by the way--

Dixie gives no fucks. SHE JAMS HER PARTICLE DAGGER THROUGH  
THE FLOOR, and before anyone knows what's happening, SHE'S  
DRAGGED IT IN A COMPLETE CIRCLE AROUND HER AND THE DUKE.

She nimbly LEAPS onto his metal legs, but he CATCHES HER BY  
THE THROAT. He looks at her, confused... UNTIL THE FLOOR  
CRACKS BENEATH THEM. As he realizes what's about to happen--

THE DUKE (CONT'D)

Oh, Dixie.

THE FLOOR COLLAPSES.

THEY FALL IN SLOW-MOTION through the house. Dixie brings the  
dagger to The Duke's neck. His eyes meet hers in a charged  
moment that seems to last forever...

#### **DOWN IN THE BASEMENT**

THE DUKE SLAMS TO THE FLOOR AND DIXIE LANDS ON TOP OF HIM,  
DRIVING THE DAGGER INTO HIS THROAT, KILLING HIM INSTANTLY.

#### **UP IN BARRET'S ROOM**

The Blood Captains and Blood Grunts crowd around the hole,  
trying to see what happened. One of them calls down:

BLOOD CAPTAIN

Hey Duke! You alright, sir?

#### **DOWN IN THE BASEMENT**

Dixie frantically rips the Backpack off The Duke and puts it  
on, turning the date from **49 BC** back to **July 20, 2018**. She  
can't help herself and calls upstairs:

**UP IN BARRET'S ROOM**

DIXIE (O.S.)  
 The Duke's *dead*, dipshits! I  
 killed him now, and I'm about to go  
 kill him again! Suck my dick!

A beat as the bad guys process this stunning news... then they RAIN LASER FIRE DOWN INTO THE BASEMENT.

**DOWN IN THE BASEMENT**

Dixie flips The Duke's body on top of her, using it as a shield. As his metal corpse is BLOWN APART by laser blasts, she activates the Time Backpack.

There's a FLASH of blue light...

CUT TO:

**EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT (FUTURE)**

A gross 2076 trailer park. AIR RAID SIRENS GO OFF, making the whole tableau seem, if possible, even more apocalyptic.

**INT. MOBILE HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A sunken-eyed 16-year-old fuckhead named **MILLER** and his METH-HEAD FOSTER PARENTS are glued to the TV, watching breaking news coverage of THE DUKE'S ASSASSINATION.

On TV, a photo of DIXIE appears with the graphic:

**"MURDEROUS BITCH ESCAPES VIA TIME TRAVEL, LOCATION/DATE UNKNOWN. ALSO, TIME TRAVEL EXISTS."**

Miller stands up in distress. He runs into his bedroom and SLAMS THE DOOR.

**MILLER'S ROOM**

Miller's room is like a Neo-Nazi Hot Topic, littered with tacky propaganda for The Duke. We see black light posters (with The Duke dabbing in front of an American flag), shot glasses, even a ridiculous yet adorable plush Duke toy.

Miller disappears into his closet, then reappears moments later in a TACTICAL POWER SUIT, loaded up with WEAPONS AND A JETPACK. He closes the final panel on a crude, homemade TIME WATCH on his desk then straps it onto his wrist.

He does a silent, ceremonial DAB to himself, sets the date to **July 20, 2018**, and...

**FWOOSH!** He disappears in a flash of black light.

### LIVING ROOM

Out in the living room, Miller's foster parents have no clue what's happened. They just stare at the footage of The Duke on TV, their eyes glazed over.

FOSTER DAD

He was gonna bring back coal.

CUT TO:

### INT. BARRET'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Back in 2018, Barret is right where we left him: alone on the couch, staring at social media on his phone.

After a moment he sighs, looks around, and opens PornHub. He scrolls for a while before finding the right video. He's finally about to start jerking off when--

THE ROOM FLASHES BLUE AND **DIXIE** FALLS FROM THIN AIR ONTO THE COUCH, SMOKING, COMPLETELY NAKED, SHIVERING BUT SOMEHOW OKAY.

Barret stares, mouth open, able to draw only one conclusion:

BARRET

I'm God.

Dixie steadies herself and stands, regarding Barret with ice cold eyes.

BARRET (CONT'D)

Okay, wow. First off, nice to meet you, I'm Barret. I have a lot of questions. Obviously I'm wondering how you got in here, and why you're nude, not that I mind that, but -- I'm guessing maybe you're a stalker who's also a magician? You must have a background in the occult, and that's how you did the blue flash thing--

Dixie can't speak. Facing down the young Duke, with a chance to fix history... it's the moment she's dreamt of forever.



BARRET (CONT'D)  
 Anyway all that being said,  
 stalking isn't automatically a  
 turnoff, but I do hafta ask: Are  
 you a crazy murderer? Cause if so,  
 again, not necessarily a deal  
 breaker but it is good to just put  
 those cards on the table before--

DIXIE  
*(a wild war cry)*  
 I HATE YOU!!

SHE PUNCHES BARRET IN THE FACE, knocking him to the floor,  
 then jumps on top of him and grabs his throat, THROTTLING  
 HIM, STRANGLING THE LIFE OUT OF HIM!

DIXIE (CONT'D)  
 DIE MOTHERFUCKER!!

BARRET  
*(turning blue)*  
 .... crazy murderer, got it....

Barret struggles, but it's no use. Dixie readjusts, leaning  
 further back on his body. She feels SOMETHING AND JUMPS--

DIXIE  
 What the fu-- is that -- *why do you*  
*have an erection right now??*

BARRET  
*(barely conscious)*  
 .... *why wouldn't I??...*

DIXIE  
 Sick!

#### **IN THE BACK YARD**

Right outside, A FIGURE DESCENDS FROM THE SKY VIA JETPACK.

#### **BASEMENT**

Dixie squeezes tighter. But as Barret's face turns blue, his  
 eyes meet hers... and she ever-so-slightly eases up.

**POW-POW-POW!** PARTICLE RIFLE FIRE RIPS THROUGH THE WALLS,  
 forcing Dixie to tumble off Barret and take cover behind the  
 section couch. There she finds a folded blanket with BARRET'S  
 GRINNING FACE SEWN ONTO IT. She rolls her eyes.

Barret gags, gasping for air. The floor-to-ceiling window EXPLODES as the FIGURE who materialized outside JETPACKS INTO THE BASEMENT. He emerges from the smoky debris, REVEALING:

MILLER, decked out in his power suit, looking heroic as fuck. He goes to Barret and ceremoniously DABS, then KNEELS.

MILLER

Lord Duke. I've come to save you.

BARRET

.... WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?!?!

**WHAP!** Dixie, now wrapped in the blanket with Barret's face on it, CARTWHEEL KICKS MILLER. As they trade blows, Barret hits the deck and Army crawls up the stairs.

Dixie BREAKS BARRET'S BITMOJI PORTRAIT over Miller's head, but Miller responds with a POWER PUNCH that sends Dixie THROUGH THE GODDAMN WALL AND INTO THE POOL OUTSIDE.

#### UPSTAIRS

Barret makes it into the foyer and fumbles his phone out of his pocket. HE GOES LIVE ON INSTAGRAM.

BARRET (CONT'D)

*(hyperventilating)*

Okay 'sup y'all it's ya boi, so some crazy shit is going down, Bieber I donno if this is you pranking me or--

**CRASH!** MILLER JETPACKS UP THROUGH THE FLOOR, landing next to Barret. He offers his hand in friendship--

But then DIXIE BUSTS THROUGH THE FRENCH DOORS TO THE DECK and lassos his neck with a POOL NET. She YANKS Miller toward her and delivers a CRUSHING KICK to his sternum.

REVERSE ANGLE: Barret is livestreaming everything.

BARRET (CONT'D)

See!!? Holy fuck Justin I'm gonna get you back, man--!

Dixie JAVELINS THE POOL NET at Barret's face, missing him by less than an inch. As her violent fight with Miller moves closer, Barret scrambles out the garage door.

#### GARAGE

Barret dives into his stupid matte black Mercedes G-Wagen. The last thing he was listening to, Taylor Swift's "**Look What You Made Me Do**", blares.

HE GASSES IT IN REVERSE, BLASTING OUT THROUGH THE STILL-CLOSED GARAGE DOOR.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Dixie and Miller fight their way out onto the STEEP DRIVEWAY. Miller CACKLES as Barret spins the G-Wagen around--

MILLER

Ha ha! The Duke is too cunning --  
you'll never catch him now that  
he's made his escape--!

But Barret CUTS IT TOO HARD AND FLIPS HIS G-WAGEN, tumbling down the dangerous incline and across the residential street below, finally settling in a mossy gulch.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Oh fuck, no! NO!!

DIXIE

YES!! He's fucking dead! Please  
blow up, please blow up!!

It doesn't. They keep watching and waiting.

MILLER

If he was dead the timeline'd be  
fucked, we'd both be disappearing  
right now! He must be alive!!

DIXIE

Fuck!! Fuck I wanna disappear!!

Miller ACTIVATES HIS JET PACK, burning Dixie with its flames.

HE TAKES OFF BUT SHE GRABS HOLD OF HIS POWER SUIT, coming along for the ride--

THEY FLY ERRATICALLY through the air, climbing and diving and barrel rolling at breakneck speed...

**EXT. MOSSY GULCH - CONTINUOUS**

Barret stumbles out of his wrecked vehicle, T-Swift still blasting. He looks up the hill and sees the FLAMES from Miller's jetpack. He uses his phone to REQUEST AN UBER and takes off into the woods, heading for the main road--

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS**

Dixie and Miller continue their mid-air jetpack fight, arguing as they rise and dip across the neighborhood.

MILLER

You may have murdered The Duke in our time but I won't let you kill him here!

DIXIE

I'm gonna kill him so hard you little dipshit!

MILLER

I'm not a dipshit! I invented time travel that doesn't even burn your clothes off, I'm a fucking genius!

DIXIE

Well your precious Duke invented time travel that sends you back naked so I guess *he's* a dipshit!

MILLER

He's not a dipshit, he just didn't have the right people around him!

DIXIE

His campaign said he was gonna surround himself with the smartest people! So he's a liar!

MILLER

No he's not! That's just what the media wants you to think!

THEY SLAM INTO A MAILBOX but keep right on going.

**EXT. MAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

Barret sprints along the road, trying to get to the gas station where he's meeting his Uber. He checks his phone.

BARRET

C'mon Cassie in a Sonata with 4.93 stars, fucking MOVE baby!!

**EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Barret TUMBLES DOWN THROUGH SOME PRICKLE BUSHES just as Cassie arrives at the gas station.

CASSIE  
For Barret?

Barret SLIDES ACROSS THE HOOD of the Sonata and jumps in the back seat. Up in the sky, Miller's jetpack is getting closer and closer.

BARRET  
Can we get going, please??

CASSIE  
Sure thing, just as soon as you put your seatbelt on.

Fuming, Barret obliges. Cassie starts the trip.

CASSIE (CONT'D)  
Coolio! You need a charger or any--

BARRET  
Please, lady, just drive!!

Cassie mouths "yikes" and slowly accelerates toward the exit, putting on her left turn signal. She misses a long window where she could've made the turn.

CASSIE  
Always tricky to turn left across a 4-lane without a light.

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS**

Miller FISHTAILS his jetpack, slinging Dixie off him and into a parked car.

He does a way-too-long, way-too-realistic version of Barret's AIR-JERK at her motionless body, then finally BLASTS OFF.

**EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Cassie idles, missing yet another opportunity to turn left. Barret looks up and sees MILLER BARRELING TOWARD THEM.

BARRET  
Okay you can go right now--

CASSIE  
No, I don't like the look of that--

BARRET  
You could've gone fifty times!

CASSIE

Not without putting you, myself, or  
my Sonata in danger! I'm a safe--

BARRET

DRIVE GODDAMNIT, DRIVE! GO! GO--!

Spooked, she pulls out and IMMEDIATELY GETS STRUCK BY AN  
ONCOMING CAR. The Sonata spins around, doing a perfect 360.  
After it settles, Barret tumbles out and runs away.

Cassie CALLS AFTER HIM:

CASSIE

You're a bad person!

BARRET

No I'm not, eat a dick--!

MILLER SWOOPS DOWN AND GRABS BARRET. HE SCREAMS IN TERROR as  
they take off and soar through the air, like Woody and Buzz  
at the end of *Toy Story*.

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD / MAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

Dixie struggles painfully to her feet, dusts herself off, and  
looks up at Miller's rapidly disappearing jetpack. She  
trudges to the side of the road where cars are SPEEDING BY.

A MOTORCYCLE approaches. Dixie grabs a DOWNED TREE BRANCH off  
the ground and steps out into the middle of the highway.

**EXT. GOLF COURSE - CONTINUOUS**

Miller circles the golf course and touches down in the middle  
of a fairway. Nighttime sprinklers go off in the distance.

Barret backs away and almost immediately FALLS INTO A BUNKER.

Miller joins him in the sand trap. Barret winces, expecting  
the worst -- but once again, Miller just DABS and KNEELS.

MILLER

Duke -- My name is Miller, and I  
come from the future. I am such a  
huge fan.

BARRET

...

MILLER

I stole my foster dad's guns and traveled across the vast chasm of time to protect you from your enemies.

BARRET

.... Like the naked chick?

MILLER

Yes. That *bitch* also time-traveled -- but her goal is to *eliminate you*, before you can rise to power and bring ORDER to this filthy, disgusting world.

BARRET

.... So *she's* the bad guy.

MILLER

Oh yeah, very much so.

BARRET

And we're the good guys?

MILLER

Totally.

BARRET

*(suddenly pumped)*

Fuck yeah.

Miller stands and DABS. Barret awkwardly dabs back.

BARRET (CONT'D)

Sorry, why do you keep dabbing?

MILLER

You replaced saluting with dabbing when you were elected President.

BARRET

--In the future, *I'm President??*

MILLER

Well, by 2076 you've technically declared yourself Master Chief and Emperor Of The Universe, but everyone just calls you The Duke.

BARRET

.... And am I... a beloved ruler?

MILLER

Oh yes. You are kind, yet firm  
when the situation calls for it.

BARRET

Word, that sounds just like me.

MILLER

Like in 2048, when you quashed the  
rebellion of women, Jews, blacks,  
gays, and other non-whites.

BARRET

.....

MILLER

Or in 2055, when you had all the  
rainforests burned down so you  
could print Rainforest Dollars.

BARRET

..... hmm I donno if--

MILLER

Or in 2072, when you made dogs  
illegal--

BARRET

*(nauseous)*

Okay y'know what nevermind, why  
spoil all my great accomplishments?

Just then DIXIE FLIES OUT OF THE TREELINE ON A MOTORCYCLE.  
She speeds through the sprinklers, TEARING TOWARD the guys.

Miller shoves Barret down into the bunker.

MILLER

Keep your head down!

He levels his particle rifle and FIRES AT DIXIE. She  
ACCELERATES AND WEAVES, dodging one laser blast after  
another.

Miller is getting frustrated. Barret looks on, concerned.

BARRET

Hey man so were you gonna try to  
hit her, or--

MILLER

Just... hold... still...



She's almost upon them. Miller, panicked now, unholsters his particle pistol and WILDLY FIRES BOTH GUNS FROM THE HIP--

DIXIE POPS UP INTO A WHEELIE, and the laser blasts strike the MOTORCYCLE'S FUEL TANK--

She GUNS THE NOW-FLAMING MOTORCYCLE and does a MAGNIFICENT SLOW-MOTION BACKFLIP OFF, landing gracefully on her feet. THE MOTORCYCLE CAREENS INTO MILLER, IGNITING HIS JET PACK!

MILLER BURSTS INTO FLAMES. He screams and flails wildly, stumbling dangerously close to the edge of a 20-foot dropoff.

BARRET

.... Shit, this is not tight.

Dixie casually grabs Miller's particle pistol and UNLOADS, blasting his power suit with multiple rounds.

BARRET (CONT'D)

*(over the noise)*

I feel like he's probably good--

*(she TURNS THE GUN on him)*

Hey but you do you, do your thing!

The flaming jetpack shorts out and BLASTS MILLER INTO THE AIR, like Boba Fett in *Return of the Jedi*. He shoots up in a long arc, then crashes down into the woods a few miles away.

Dixie turns and sees that Barret is SPRINTING AWAY FROM HER. He frantically composes a tweet as he runs:

***"Yo somebody send the cops to the golf course***

She takes aim with the pistol, goes to pull the trigger...

But a HUD on the gun reads: **OVERHEATED**. She grits her teeth and HURLS THE PISTOL LIKE A FRISBEE. It spins through the air and DRILLS Barret in the back of the head, knocking him down.

Dixie stomps over, grabs the gun, and CRUSHES BARRET'S PHONE WITH HER BARE FOOT. She levels her weapon at his face.

DIXIE

Sending one of your infamous  
"tweets"?

BARRET

Yeah, trying to tell my fans to  
call the cops on your crazy ass!

*(realizing)*

Although I guess I could've just  
called them myself, I forget that  
thing's a phone.

(MORE)

BARRET (CONT'D)

*(sadly)*

Shit.

DIXIE

Do you know how long I've imagined this moment? Standing over The Duke, gun to his head?

BARRET

... This is about the rainforest dollars, isn't it?

DIXIE

Don't you have *anything* to say for yourself? Don't you feel *some remorse* for all the horrible things you've done??

BARRET

No! No I don't feel any remorse you goddamn psycho, cause *I* didn't do anything wrong!

DIXIE

Yes you did!

*(somewhat conflicted)*

Or, you do, you're gonna be *The Duke*, you're the worst guy of--

*(noticing)*

I'm sorry, why in the FUCK do you still have an erection?!

BARRET

I don't know! I don't know, it's crazy, I can't explain it but--

DIXIE FIRES THE COOLED DOWN PISTOL, delivering a shot that just misses Barret's head. IT BLOWS UP THE GROUND beside him.

BARRET (CONT'D)

..... K, it's gone now.

Dixie holds the pistol to his forehead, and Barret just cowers pitifully. She brings her finger to the trigger...

But then lowers the gun in frustration.

DIXIE

Fuck, you're too pathetic, this is too easy!

BARRET

... Thanks--?

She flips the gun around and CRACKS HIM OVER THE HEAD. **WHAP!**

SMASH TO BLACK.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Miller comes to in a heavily wooded area and painfully extracts himself from his still-smoking power suit.

The particle rifle lies a few feet away, charred and no longer functional. He checks the Time Watch on his wrist -- it's totally wrecked too.

He grabs all his shit and trudges through the woods.

**EXT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT**

He enters a seedy pawn shop.

**INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT**

He drops his future scrap metal onto the counter. The CLERK regards him skeptically.

MILLER

I want to trade all this for a 2018 gun. It's super valuable future tech.

CLERK

... How old are you?

MILLER

*(beat, clearly 16)*  
40.

The Clerk checks out all of Miller's stuff. It *does* look pretty fancy. He stares at Miller one last time, then shrugs.

CLERK

Works for me, what are you looking for?

MILLER

Something tight.

CLERK

How bout an AR-15?

MILLER  
*(smiles evilly)*  
 Yeah. I like the sound of that.

**I/E. BARRET'S G-WAGEN - TRAVELING - NEXT MORNING (PRESENT)**

Barret jolts awake in the passenger seat of his previously wrecked G-Wagen. Dixie drives the beat up vehicle, now wearing chic yet functional combat fatigues.

BARRET  
 Wow. Great outfit, you look like a  
 gd snack--

She grabs her particle pistol and STARTS TO KNOCK HIM OUT AGAIN, but he ducks back against the passenger door.

BARRET (CONT'D)  
 Hey, whoa, you can't knock me out  
 twice, I'll get brain damage!

DIXIE  
 I already had to do it like five  
 times while I was getting your dumb  
 car out of the ditch and stealing  
 these clothes.

BARRET  
 ... I don't remember any of that--

She makes a smug face like: *Exactly, brain damage.* Barret slumps back into his seat and looks out the window. They're on the highway, a few hours out of Atlanta.

BARRET (CONT'D)  
 Where are we going?

DIXIE  
 You'll see.

BARRET  
 Mm, that's fun and ominous, can't  
 wait.

Dixie remains quiet, eyes fixed on the road.

BARRET (CONT'D)  
 I have to use the bathroom.  
*(no response)*  
 I have to take a shit.  
*(she side-eyes him)*  
 (MORE)

BARRET (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's right, I'm gonna doodoo right here in my G-Wagen, it's gonna mush up my back and everything and there's nothing you--

She casually points the pistol at him. He tenses, but:

BARRET (CONT'D)

You wouldn't kill me before, why should I believe you're gonna do it now?

DIXIE

Oh, I'm gonna kill you. What's up for grabs is whether I shoot your dick off first.

BARRET

Go ahead then, blow off my dick--!

DIXIE

I fucking will, I'll blow it off right now!

BARRET

I hope when you shoot my dick off it fucking flies up in the air and puts your eye out--!

DIXIE

I'm gonna catch it and shove it in your mouth--!

BARRET

You're gonna get my dick blood all in your bloodstream, I had gonorrhoea recently too, welcome to the Bug Party sweetheart--!

**WHACK!** DIXIE SLAMS ON THE BRAKES, throwing Barret's skull into the dashboard. She grins as he winces in pain.

DIXIE

We're almost there. I'm gonna show you something that'll make you understand why I have to do this.

BARRET

Oh boy, I bet it's the site of my "greatest atrocity" from when I become President and ruin the world cause I'm fucking Hitler.

DIXIE

*(beat)*

You're not Hitler. You're worse.

BARRET

..... C'mon, I'm not worse than  
*Hitler.*

DIXIE

No, you definitely are. After you,  
people stopped even using Hitler as  
a reference.

For the first time, Barret actually seems affected.

**EXT. CHUCK E CHEESE - MORNING**

Barret and Dixie are parked in a strip mall, outside CHUCK E CHEESE. Barret stares at the big grinning mouse on the door.

BARRET

*Chuck E Cheese* is the site of my  
greatest atrocity?

Dixie DRAGS HIM OUT OF THE CAR and throws him onto the asphalt. She stands over him, growing emotional.

Behind her, a HAPPY FAMILY pulls up with their kids.

DIXIE

By the year 2060, you'd nuked every  
major American city except for your  
capital--

BARRET

Where's my capital?

DIXIE

Panama City.

BARRET

Awesome. K, continue.

DIXIE

Little towns were overrun by  
victims fleeing the radiation.  
Little towns like this one--

BARRET

*Wait, lemme guess: This gross strip mall got turned into an even grosser refugee camp, and that's where you grew up, until me and my stormtroopers came and took you away from your parents and sold you into slavery, where you spent every waking moment for years and years thinking only about killing me?*

Beat. Dixie unholsters her pistol and points it at Barret.

DIXIE

Nailed it.

The Happy Family, seeing and hearing all this, gets back into their van and drives away.

DIXIE (CONT'D)

Any final words, Duke?

Barret summons what little courage he has, trying to buck up.

BARRET

My name is *Barret*.  
*(stands, looks around)*  
And this whole Chuck E Cheese reveal is kind of underwhelming, are you sure you aren't just stalling cause you don't actually want to do this?

DIXIE

Oh you have no idea how bad I--

BARRET

LOOK, "The Duke" may have done some questionable shit but *I* got nothing to apologize for... The only one here who's ever murdered an innocent person is about to be *you*.

She cocks the pistol.

DIXIE

I can live with that.

And poof, there goes the courage. BARRET DROPS TO HIS KNEES.

BARRET

PLEASE DON'T KILL ME, holy shit  
just let me have like another *hour*,  
let me have a last meal like can we  
eat at Chuck E Cheese first?  
Please?? *I got people I gotta say  
goodbye to, have some mercy, I  
swear to God I won't outlaw dogs!*

Dixie watches him beg. She *knows* she should just kill him and end this. The Duke's words ("*When the moment arrives, could you really snuff out an innocent life?*") echo in her head...

CUT TO:

**INT. CHUCK E CHEESE - DAY**

SOME KIDS AND PARENTS celebrate a birthday, singing and dancing along with Chuck E Cheese' animatronic band. They're singing a cover of some early 2000s hit, probably "*Iris*" by The Goo Goo Dolls, I fucking love that song.

Barret and Dixie sit awkwardly in a booth, not speaking. He stares at her, clearly pouting. Finally:

DIXIE

What?

BARRET

Nothing! -- I guess I just always thought my last meal would have a little more... *conversation?*

DIXIE

*(seething)*

What do you want to talk about?

BARRET

I donno, like -- What's your name?

DIXIE

*Dixie.* There, conversation had, conversation over. Now hurry up and order so I can get to killing you.

BARRET

... Wow, you really put the "dick" in "Dixie", huh?

DIXIE

*(massive eye roll)*

Good one.



Then she realizes: That was the same dumb exchange she had with The Duke in the future. Creepy.

BARRET

So, *Dixie*, after you kill me, what's your plan?

DIXIE

Doesn't matter. I won't be here.

BARRET

Oh, so you're gonna split. Well look, in case you haven't noticed, I'm super famous, I'm super rich, I have my own line at *Urban* which means people are gonna be *looking for me*--

DIXIE

*(gestures all around)*

No -- like, I won't be *here*. Now.

*(off his confusion)*

If you die, you never become President, and The Duke doesn't ruin the world, that means I never get orphaned, don't become a slave--

BARRET

Yeah yeah but what happens to the physical you, sitting right there?

She clears her throat, knowing this sounds crazy.

DIXIE

I'll just... disappear, I guess. And wake up in the fixed timeline.

Barret stares at her for a beat, then starts CRACKING UP.

BARRET

Oh my God. You actually believe it's fucking *Back To The Future* rules.

*(can't stop laughing)*

So lemme get this -- literally when you kill me, in the future all the grass just suddenly turns green again, the buildings rebuild, the robins start chirping, and all the dead people just magically come back to life?

She looks down at the table, actually embarrassed.

BARRET (CONT'D)

And you just poof, dematerialize  
and reappear in utopia, with all  
the hurt in your heart healed?

*(being a dick now)*

I'm fucking serious, is that it?  
*Will killing me heal the hurt in  
your heart??*

She absorbs all that. Then she looks up, eyes blazing.

DIXIE

I don't know, asshole. What I do  
know is that in a few years,  
through a series of insane events,  
The Duke, you, take over... Jesus,  
the amount of stupid people that  
bought into your transparent  
*bullshit...* The very *fact* that  
someone like you could get elected  
President -- that was enough,  
society was fucked, and you bled us  
dry like the mosquito you are,  
until it was too late.

*(beat)*

You think I understand time travel?  
Fuck no I don't, I'm a soldier not  
a scientist. The only thing I  
understand is *hope*, cause that's  
all that's kept me alive. When I  
kill you I *hope* the grass turns  
green, I *hope* the robins start  
chirping again. I *hope* I  
disappear, and God I hope the hurt  
in my heart finally heals. But  
most of all? *I hope you put that  
knife back on the table so I don't  
have to blow your brains out the  
back of your skull in front of all  
these kids.*

Long beat... then Barret slowly puts the BUTTER KNIFE he'd  
swiped back on the table.

The WAITER approaches. When he sees Barret, he FREAKS OUT.

WAITER

Daaaamn, you host that Meme show,  
you're the Dab guy!

The Waiter DABS and Barret DABS back. Dixie gags.

WAITER (CONT'D)

Yo is it cool if I get a picture?

BARRET

Of course, anything for my fans,  
cause I'm a genuinely good person.

Dixie watches Barret takes selfies with the thrilled wait staff. THE BIRTHDAY PARENTS AND KIDS come over as well. He's kind and personable, making them all feel special. Dixie has to admit: he *does* seem to truly care about his fans.

She locks eyes with Barret, wondering for the first time if maybe he actually is human. Barret, meanwhile, gets an idea.

BARRET (CONT'D)

Hey you know who else y'all should  
get a picture with?

*(points to Dixie)*

My girlfriend over there, she's  
about to be famous too!

DIXIE

What--? No, I'm not--

BARRET

Yeah she's a SoundCloud rapper, Lil  
DiXXXie, with three Xs--

WAITER

Oh shit, I've heard of you--!

Kids and adults alike swarm Dixie and get her off her feet, handing Barret their phones to take pictures.

BARRET

Alright, all y'all dab for me...

Everybody DABS except Dixie. She's fuming.

BARRET (CONT'D)

C'mon Dix, lemme see you dab! I  
know it's your favorite thing!

An ADORABLE LITTLE GIRL tugs on Dixie's sleeve, urging her to join in. Dixie grits her teeth and does a half-assed DAB.

Barret snaps a pic and everybody CHEERS. Dixie doesn't know what to think of this sort of attention, everybody being nice and wanting to talk to her. She's momentarily swept up...

And that's all the time Barret needs. He comes around her and GRABS THE PARTICLE PISTOL out from the back of her pants. He backs away, gun in one hand, cell phone in the other. He levels the weapon at Dixie and all the kids.

BARRET (CONT'D)  
Yeah that's right, I'm the Captain  
now, bitch! I'm the Captain now!

DIXIE  
Filthy scum, you really are--

BARRET  
The worst, yeah yeah, I heard you  
the first thousand times!

Dixie feigns toward him and he FIRES, blowing the animatronic Chuck E Cheese's head clean off. It keeps singing a grotesque version of its already-bad song. The kids SCREAM AND CRY.

BARRET (CONT'D)  
Now gimme my car keys!  
*(she hesitates)*  
Don't make me shoot another robot  
animal!

Dixie is furious, but she has no choice. She tosses Barret the keys. He misses catching them and awkwardly squats to pick them up while keeping the gun on Dixie.

DIXIE  
Nice catch, dipshit.

BARRET  
My hands are full, dick!

He stands back up and dials 911.

BARRET (CONT'D)  
*(into phone)*  
Yeah, I have a big emergency, I'm  
at the Chuck E. Cheese and there's  
a crazy woman here trying to kill  
me... No she doesn't have a weapon,  
actually right now I have the gun --  
I know, but trust me that's not--

Dixie makes her move. She jumps sideways onto a booth then LEAPFROGS onto Barret. The kids and adults take cover as they struggle for the particle pistol, BLASTING THE CHUCK E CHEESE WITH LASER FIRE.

Dixie slings Barret backward onto the WHACK-A-MOLE. He grabs the mallet and CRACKS HER OVER THE HEAD, then turns and SHOTS OUT THE RESTAURANT'S GLASS WINDOW. He fires blindly as Dixie gives chase, inadvertently BLASTING OPEN THE BALL PIT.

We go SLOW-MOTION (perhaps needlessly but fuck it) as Barret DIVES OUT OF the shattered window and Dixie is swallowed by an AVALANCHE OF COLORFUL PLASTIC BALLS.

(FYI the sequence we're watching right now will *also* get nominated for an MTV Movie Award for Best Fight, but it's not the one that wins.)

#### **PARKING LOT**

Barret jumps into the G-Wagen and fumbles with the ignition.

#### **CHUCK E CHEESE**

DIXIE'S HEAD POPS OUT OF THE BALLS. She's bleeding from the Whack-A-Mole hammer strike, and looks angrier than ever.

#### **PARKING LOT**

Barret throws the G-Wagen into reverse and guns it across the parking lot. He checks his rearview and SEES:

DIXIE, sprinting after the SUV like the fucking T-1000. She makes a CATLIKE LEAP onto the back. Barret SCREAMS and SWERVES, throwing her off-balance.

Dixie, realizing this is untenable, BACKFLIPS off the G-Wagen into the bed of a passing PICKUP. She SWINGS AROUND THE SIDE OF THE TRUCK, hanging on like a frog, and addresses the OLD REDNECK DRIVER through his window:

DIXIE  
I'm gonna drive.

#### **ACCESS STREET**

Barret skids onto the access street, heading for the interstate. Moments later the pickup, driven by Dixie (with the old guy now in the passenger seat, seemingly unfazed), flies out of the parking lot in hot pursuit.

BARRET  
Oh shit oh shit oh shit--

Barret approaches the interstate overpass. He waits until the last second and CUTS IT onto the entry ramp. Dixie doesn't have the time or maneuverability to turn, and BLOWS PAST HIM.

BARRET (CONT'D)  
FUCK YES, The Duke escapes!!

#### **PICKUP TRUCK**

Undaunted, Dixie continues across the overpass and TURNS ONTO THE EXIT RAMP, DODGING A HEAD-ON COLLISION. She looks at the old man, whose casual blank expression has not changed.

DIXIE  
You cool with this?

OLD MAN  
Mm-hmm.

**INTERSTATE / PICKUP / G-WAGEN**

Barret rips down the freeway. He actually breathes a sigh of relief... until he looks at the other side of the highway and sees DIXIE'S PICKUP TRUCK WEAVING BETWEEN ONCOMING TRAFFIC.

BARRET  
ohshitohshitOHSHIT--

Dixie accelerates, TEARING ACROSS THE GRASSY DIVIDE and onto Barret's side of the highway. She comes around the right side of his SUV and RAMS THE PASSENGER DOOR.

Barret redlines it, pushing the G-Wagen as fast as it'll go. He fumbles for the PARTICLE PISTOL in the passenger seat -- but when he finally finds it and POINTS IT AT THE TRUCK--

Dixie is gone, and the old man is driving again, like nothing ever happened.

BARRET (CONT'D)  
What the hell--??

DIXIE SOMERSAULTS OFF THE TOP OF THE MOVING PICKUP, CRASHING THROUGH THE SUNROOF OF THE G-WAGEN. There's a moment of absolute *WTF* as Dixie lands in the passenger seat...

THEN BARRET PROJECTILE PUKES ONTO THE WINDSHIELD.

DIXIE  
EW what the fuck!

The G-Wagen veers across three lanes as they fight over the particle pistol. Dixie finally wrests the gun from Barret and points it at him--

But he SWERVES THE CAR VIOLENTLY, FIRST SHARP TO THE LEFT, across the grassy divide, then SHARP TO THE RIGHT, so that now *he's* the one dodging oncoming traffic.

The second swerve FLINGS DIXIE INTO THE PASSENGER DOOR -- it's KNOCKED OPEN and is CLIPPED OFF BY A PASSING CAR--

They continue their fight for the gun -- Barret overpowers Dixie and FIRES at the passenger dashboard, DEPLOYING ITS AIRBAG AND KNOCKING HER THE FUCK OUT.

She slumps over and FALLS BACKWARD, OVER HALF HER BODY NOW HANGING OUT OF THE MOVING CAR.

Barret looks at Dixie -- she's SLIDING FURTHER AND FURTHER OUT, and an ONCOMING SEMI-TRUCK is seconds away from PULVERIZING HER -- **HONK! HONK!**

She comes to but it's too late -- She's sliding... SLIDING...

**HONK!** Dixie's eyes meet Barret's: THIS IS IT...

BARRET REACHES OVER AND GRABS HER LEG AT THE LAST SECOND. HE SWERVES BACK TO THE LEFT, OFF THE INTERSTATE, SHOOTING DIXIE BACK INTO THE G-WAGEN SO HER LEGS ARE LYING ACROSS HIM.

### **G-WAGEN / FIELD**

They burst through an old FENCE and speed across a field. Barret and Dixie hold each other's gaze until--

DIXIE KICKS HIM IN THE FACE, dazing him. Realizing a crash is imminent, she TUCKS AND ROLLS out the passenger side opening.

It's a rough landing, but she survives. She watches, barely able to move, as the G-Wagen CAREENS INTO A WROUGHT IRON GATE and finally comes to a smoking, violent stop next to a LAKE.

She stares at the car, then at her hands, then back at the car, then back at her hands.

DIXIE (CONT'D)  
Please disappear, please disappear,  
please disappear...

She's not disappearing.

DIXIE (CONT'D)  
Goddamnit!!

### **G-WAGEN**

Barret regains consciousness. He shakes off the cobwebs, shocked to be alive. The particle pistol is nowhere to be found, but he does notice something in the back seat of the G-Wagen:

The Time Travel Backpack.

**FIELD**

Dixie, still on her hands and knees, sees Barret fall out of the driver's side door, HOLDING THE TIME BACKPACK.

DIXIE (CONT'D)

no... NO...

Barret turns and sees Dixie CRAWLING TOWARD HIM, thirty yards away. He crawls too, frantically trying to work the Backpack.

BARRET

Back in time, what's a good date,  
what's a good date, what's a good --  
okay fuck it.

He finally settles on a date and punches it in, but--

DIXIE

Drop it.

Dixie stands by the wrecked G-Wagen, AIMING THE PARTICLE PISTOL RIGHT AT HIM.

He has no choice but to oblige. Dixie staggers over and grabs the Backpack. She reads the date he chose: **June 6, 1969.**

DIXIE (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ, 6-9-69? Seriously?

He holds up his hands, too weak to crack a joke in response. Dixie stares at him.

DIXIE (CONT'D)

Why did you save me??

BARRET

... I don't know.

DIXIE

Why??

BARRET

I don't know... clearly it was one  
of my trademark bad decisions.

Exhausted and delirious, Dixie is growing emotional.

DIXIE

I don't want to do this, okay??

*(beat)*

But I have to.



Barret doesn't say anything. There are POLICE SIRENS in the distance. Dixie takes his SMASHED CELL PHONE from her pocket and tosses it to him. It still works.

DIXIE (CONT'D)

You said you had people to say  
goodbye to. So say goodbye.

(then)

I'm sorry, it's the best I can do.

Barret hesitates. The sirens are getting closer. DIXIE COCKS THE PARTICLE PISTOL -- she won't wait forever.

He opens Twitter and starts typing:

***"What up to all the fans, and even to the haters, I***

He stops. Throws down the phone.

BARRET

Fuck it, it's fucking bullshit. I  
don't have anyone.

The sirens are right on top of them. Barret's eyes well up, but he wipes away the tears, determined not to cry.

BARRET (CONT'D)

Just go ahead and kill me.

Dixie shakes her head. So he *is* human.

Police lights are visible behind her. This is her absolute last chance to kill Barret and right the timeline...

Instead, she throws the particle pistol and the Time Backpack INTO THE LAKE. She puts her hands in the air, and looks at Barret.

DIXIE

Don't run for President.

**MOS:** THE COPS arrive and surround them, guns drawn. They DRIVE DIXIE INTO THE GROUND and handcuff her. When they see Barret, a few of them lower their weapons and DAB.

**INT. POLICE STATION LOBBY - DAY**

**MOS:** Barret answers some questions for the police, but really they just want to take selfies with him.

He catches a glimpse of Dixie, now in an orange jumpsuit, being led back toward the holding cell. She turns and they lock eyes... and then she's gone.

Satisfied with Barret's answers, the cops give him back his keys. He's free to go.

**EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

**MOS:** The G-Wagen is out front, beat to shit but still drivable. Barret gets in, looks back at the police station, then pulls away.

**INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY**

**MOS:** Dixie sits alone in the communal jail cell. Various white trash female CONVICTS encroach with makeshift weapons, vultures circling the fresh meat. Dixie is defenseless.

**EXT. FIELD - DAY**

**MOS:** Barret fishes the Time Backpack and the particle pistol out of the lake. He looks at them, conflicted.

**I/E. BARRET'S G-WAGEN - TRAVELING - DAY**

Barret drives back to Atlanta. He doesn't seem that pumped to be alive. In the wake of the last day's excitement, he looks almost, well, *bored*.

He takes out his cell phone and fires up Instagram Live:

BARRET

Sup fam, it's ya boi, just being tight per usual. Wanted to let y'all know I'm all good, some wild shit went down but nobody got hurt, I'm heading back to ATL now.

*(beat)*

That chick who shot up my house was crazy, wasn't she? I mean like, total batshit, psycho stalker.

*(beat)*

But she was kinda hot too though. Crazy... but hot. Super hot.

*(longer beat, surprisingly honest and heartfelt)*

And kinda cool, too.

Barret stares into the phone camera.

**INT. POLICE STATION / HOLDING CELL - DAY**

A DEPUTY rounds the corner and opens the holding cell door:

Inside, Dixie has KNOCKED OUT most of the other prisoners, and has a crude shiv to the leader's throat. The deputy laughs and whistles for another DEPUTY to come check it out.

DEPUTY

What'd I say? She did the Jason Statham thing! Now pay up.

The other Deputy shakes his head and gives her a five. Dixie has no idea what's going on.

DIXIE

.... Sorry, the Jason what?

DEPUTY

The Jason Statham thing! Where you're surrounded by a buncha hardasses and it looks like they're gonna fuck you up, but then when we come back in you fucked all *them* up. Won me five bucks, thanks!

(then)

Also somebody posted your bail, get the fuck out of here.

**INT. POLICE STATION LOBBY - DAY**

Dixie emerges into the lobby, back in her combat outfit. She's shocked to find Barret waiting for her.

BARRET

Daaaamn there she is, there's my crazy sexy cool girlfriend! We sure got 'em good, right?

Dixie has no idea what the fuck he's talking about. Barret makes a face like *Just go with it!*

DIXIE

... Right?

Barret turns to the blank-faced SHERIFF.

SHERIFF

I just wanna, one more time, to be clear -- you're bailing out a woman you posted a video of destroying your home, called 911 to say was trying to murder you, and led on a dangerous high speed chase -- all because she's actually your *girlfriend*, and it was just one big... "prank"?

BARRET

Yep.

SHERIFF

A prank on *who*?

BARRET

*(beat)*

The whole entire world.

*(then)*

My masterpiece...

*(re: Dixie)*

Our masterpiece.

SHERIFF

*(unsatisfied, but)*

Well -- if you're not pressin' charges, and neither is the Chuck E Cheese...

BARRET

I signed a buncha autographs, I'm paying for all the repairs, and I gave the manager my Brazzers password. We're all good, my dude!

Barret DABS at the Sheriff, who pauses, then finally does a HALF-DAB back. Dixie turns to the Deputy.

DIXIE

Are you sure I can't go back to jail? Like, forever?

### **I/E. BARRET'S G-WAGEN - TRAVELING (I-85) - EVENING**

Barret drives; Dixie rides shotgun. They both have that *WTF are we doing?* look from the end of *The Graduate*.

Barret grabs the Time Backpack from the backseat and hands it to her, then rambles through a somewhat-rehearsed speech:

BARRET

Look, I know this is crazy. This is like that moment when I heroically saved your life by pulling you back into the car, but even more heroic honestly. We may have gotten off on the wrong foot, what with you trying to kill me and all, but I do think that, over time, we've gained a mutual respect for one another. And even though you're a psychotic warrior who hates me with a fiery, Biblical passion, I sorta enjoyed hanging out, and I thought that maybe we could, I donno, keep hanging out, in the absence of the whole you having to murder me thing. Like I could help you get on your feet and start a new life here in 2018.

*(beat)*

Or, if not, you can take the Time Backpack and go live with the dinosaurs or something. Up to you.

He looks over. REVEAL that Dixie is sound asleep, for the first time in God knows how long. Barret smiles a little.

**EXT. BARRET'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

They pull up to Barret's house. He delicately taps Dixie to wake her, but she JUMPS with a violent start.

DIXIE

Ahhhhh--!

*(catches her breath)*

Sorry. Bad dream.

BARRET

... Was it--

DIXIE

About you in the future doing something horrible?

BARRET

Right, was it that?

DIXIE

Yeah, man. It's always that.

BARRET

Damn.

*(then)*

So you dream about me every night?

DIXIE

*(correcting)*

I *nightmare* about you ever night.

BARRET

Hey, I'll take it.

We can't help but notice that things are a little more playful and easygoing between them.

**INT. BARRET'S HOUSE - FOYER/KITCHEN - NIGHT**

They enter the house together. Barret steps forward and ALMOST FALLS INTO THE HOLE WHERE MILLER JETPACKED UP FROM THE BASEMENT--

But Dixie catches his hand and pulls him back, toward her. Their eyes meet. She gestures toward the hole.

DIXIE

That wasn't me. That was the other guy.

Barret looks back at the shattered French doors to the deck.

BARRET

What about the doors?

DIXIE

Ehh, hard to say. Heat of battle, that sort of thing.

BARRET

Right, right.

**UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Barret hands Dixie a pillow and another blanket with his face on it from the closet.

BARRET (CONT'D)

The guest bedroom's at the other end of the hall.

DIXIE

Jesus, how many of these blankets do you have?

BARRET

Oh man, I forgot you were wearing one earlier. After you were naked.

DIXIE

God. I forgot I was naked.

BARRET

Yeah about that, is that just like standard time travel procedure, or did you put in a special request to come through fully nude?

*(she stares at him)*

Kidding, obviously. Why would you want to time travel naked, it would probably burn your, y'know, vagina--

*(digging a ditch)*

K well ANYWAY what a day it's been, I'm pooped, goodnight!

He turns and enters his bedroom, making a *You Fucking Idiot!* face to himself. Dixie lingers for a moment, then turns and disappears into the guest room.

#### **BARRET'S BEDROOM**

Barret lies in bed. He tosses and turns, unable to sleep.

#### **GUEST BEDROOM**

Dixie *also* tosses and turns.

#### **BARRET'S BEDROOM**

Barret rewatches his Instagram Story, just so he can see Dixie kicking Miller's ass in the Barret blanket. He keeps rewinding, screenshotting, and zooming in, trying to catch a nipple slip or something. His efforts are unsuccessful.

BARRET (CONT'D)

Damnit.

#### **GUEST BEDROOM**

Dixie turns on the light and picks up a framed photo on the nightstand: A picture of Barret as a younger guy, not yet playing the character of The Duke. Just smiling. Happy.

And yeah. Pretty hot.

#### **BARRET'S BEDROOM**

Barret sits on the edge of the bed, tapping his leg, suddenly a ball of nervous energy.

**GUEST BEDROOM**

Dixie paces back and forth. Finally she says a mental *Fuck it* and opens the door.

**UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Barret and Dixie come out of their rooms at the same time.

They stare at one another from across the hallway. It's awkward. And cute. Finally:

BARRET (CONT'D)

Were you coming to kill me in my sleep? Cause I'm not asleep yet.

DIXIE

*(hesitating)*

No, I was, um--

*(sees the PHONE in his hand)*

Coming to tell you -- That you need to formally announce you're not running for President. On your phone video thing.

BARRET

*(beat, disappointed)*

Oh. Word. Yeah, I guess I should, uh, do that. To save the future.

DIXIE

Right, to save the future. And all of humanity.

BARRET

Totally. I love humanity.

*(pause)*

Do you wanna film it, or should it be a selfie or--

DIXIE

Yeah I can do it, just show me--

He brings up Instagram Live and shows her how to use it. Their hands brush one another, but they quickly pull away.

BARRET

And you just press "Start Live Video" when you want to--

DIXIE

Got it, got it. Cool.



Barret backs away. Dixie holds up the phone, but doesn't start recording yet. A moment passes.

BARRET

So I'm gonna say this and you're--  
*(snaps his fingers)*  
 Just gone, immediately disappeared.

DIXIE

... yeah I mean I don't know how  
 it'll look, maybe it'll be instant--

BARRET

I wonder if you'll glow, do you  
 think that's part of it?

DIXIE

I donno, I honestly don't know.

Another moment passes. They're both clearly stalling.

BARRET

Well then I guess this is goodbye.

DIXIE

*(beat)*  
 ... Yeah. Guess so.

The tension between them is fucking crackling. Each wants to say more... but they don't. Finally:

BARRET

Alright fire it up, let's get this  
 over with.  
*(to phone camera, deadpan)*  
 Sup y'all, it's ya boi, just wanted  
 to formally announce that I am not  
running for President. Repeat, I  
am not running for President.  
 Presidents are dumb and I don't  
 want to be one. So, yeah. Peace.

He drops out of character and stares at her. Nothing's happening.

BARRET (CONT'D)

You aren't glowing. You're not  
 disappearing.

DIXIE

...

BARRET  
Did you press the button to start  
the video?

DIXIE  
(beat)  
No.

BARRET  
(beat)  
Why not?

DIXIE  
(beat)  
I don't know.

BARRET  
(beat)  
Do you want me to show you how,  
again--?

DIXIE  
No.

They both step forward and--

She kisses him.

He kisses her back.

*Finally!*

Dixie wraps her legs around Barret and he presses her against  
the wall. It's clear where this making out is headed...

**EXT. BARRET'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Outside, MILLER emerges from the dark treeline, decked out in  
camo paint like Arnold in *Predator*. He now wields an AR-15.

He sees lights on inside and just *knows* Dixie must be in  
there, preparing to kill The Duke.

MILLER  
Don't worry, Duke. I'm coming for  
you.

He climbs a tree on the side of the house and draws his  
weapon, ready for battle. But when he looks into the bedroom  
he SEES:

*Barret and Dixie fucking.* We're talking passionate, CTB-lit  
80s movie-style lovemaking, a la *Top Gun* or *Terminator*.

MILLER SLIPS AND FALLS OUT OF THE TREE, gagging, shocked and disturbed. The Duke sleeping with the rebel scum sent to kill him? Miller's whole world has been turned upside down.

**EXT. STREETS OF ATLANTA - NIGHT**

Miller, face paint wiped off, wanders through the city, hopelessly lost. He drops the AR-15 into a trash can and stumbles into a public library.

**INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT**

He sits down at one of the public-use computers and stares at Google. Finally he searches:

*"Community for lonely, purposeless, politically-minded, gun and freedom-loving, high-testosterone young men*

He thinks, then adds:

*who also HATE WOMEN!"*

CLOSE ON HIS FACE as he reads the results. He clicks, and we see that he's discovered 4CHAN. His eyes light up.

MILLER

Whoa.

**INT. BARRET'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING**

For the first time in a long time, Dixie doesn't wake with a nightmarish jolt. Instead she wakes to the smell of something delicious cooking downstairs.

Barret is gone, but on the edge of his bed is a pile of his old clothes and a note that reads:

*"Vintage, Worn By The Duke™ Himself!"*

**INT. KITCHEN - MORNING**

Dixie comes downstairs in sweatpants and a Garth Brooks concert tee. Barret cooks breakfast. She marvels at the food.

BARRET

What do you usually have for  
breakfast in the future?

DIXIE

We don't really eat it. One time on Christmas morning we sucked on the heads of dead rats.

BARRET

*(appalled)*

Cool, this is bacon and eggs.

**AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE**

They eat in morning-after-sex silence. Finally:

BARRET (CONT'D)

You're on the pill, right?

DIXIE

Excuse me?

BARRET

I figured yes, since you sorta aggressively took the wheel last night--

DIXIE

Wait, aren't you on the pill?

Barret stares at her blankly.

BARRET

I can't tell if you're kidding -- the pill is for women.

DIXIE

No, where I'm from there's only a pill for men because *someone* banned female birth control.

BARRET

Well here the pill for guys hasn't been invented yet. I do love that idea though, you can't trust girls to take that shit responsibly.

*(then, realizing)*

Oh. That "someone" was me, huh?

Dixie glares at Barret. He clears his throat.

BARRET (CONT'D)

It would've been good to have a fuller grasp of this situation before--

DIXIE

Before you fucked me without a contraceptive? Yeah, no shit!

BARRET

Oh right, cause *everything's* my fault--

DIXIE

Yes! Literally everything's your fault! Including now me potentially being knocked up with The fucking Duke's kid--!

BARRET

Oh boo hoo at least The Duke is rich, and famous, you'd be lucky to have his demon seed in you--

DIXIE

SICK! Don't say seed!

BARRET

Seed! Seed seed seed--!

DIXIE

Oh fuck this!

SHE GRABS HER FORK AND MAKES LIKE A CAT ACROSS THE TABLE, knocking over their plates. SHE THRUSTS THE FORK AT BARRET but he CATCHES HER WRIST. They struggle--

BARRET

You don't get to just casually remember that your mission is to kill me every time I piss you off!

He tries to overpower her but SHE FLIPS FORWARD, landing so she's straddling him on his chair. She has the fork pointed centimeters from his eyeball. Both are breathing hard.

DIXIE

Sorry, you were telling me what I can and can't do?

BARRET

Go ahead then, do it! Kill the father of your unborn devil child--

DIXIE

Don't fucking tempt me--!

HE KISSES HER HARD, AND SHE KISSES HIM EVEN HARDER BACK. They fall onto the table and tear each other's clothes off.

BARRET

Do you want me to get a condom or something--

DIXIE

No fuck it give me your demon seed--

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Barret and Dixie are wrapped in each other's arms downstairs on the pool table. They've been going at it all day. She closes her eyes and presses her forehead against his.

BARRET

What is it? Were you just remembering something horrible I did in the future?

DIXIE

No, I was remembering something horrible you did five minutes ago.

BARRET

Oh yeah. Not apologizing for *that*, either.

*(they grin, then)*

There's something else though.

Dixie sits up. Sighs. She puts her hand on his cheek.

DIXIE

You still need to announce that you're not running for President.

BARRET

Why? I feel like everybody already thinks that was a joke--

DIXIE

But it's not a joke. And it must still happen, because...

BARRET

You're still here.

Beat.

BARRET (CONT'D)

What if we just -- held off? For a little while longer?

DIXIE

Barret...

BARRET

I mean if I did do it, and you disappeared -- would you even remember any of this? Of *us*?

She stares at him, unsure.

BARRET (CONT'D)

Dixie, you've spent all this time worrying about fixing the past to save the future... But wouldn't it be nice to just, for once, enjoy the present?

*(pleased with himself)*

Wow, that was a good line.

Dixie can't help but laugh.

DIXIE

One more day.

BARRET

One more day.

They kiss again, and this time it's as emotional as it is physical -- the kind of kiss that happens when two people might be falling for each other. And off that we...

FADE TO BLACK.

**EXT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT (A FEW MONTHS LATER)**

We're in the future -- the "a few months later" future.

MEDIUM SHOT of Barret and Dixie outside a nice restaurant, both scrolling Instagram on their phones. Time has passed -- Dixie is all cleaned up now, her style contemporary and hip.

DIXIE

Did you see the one of the honey badger dancing to the rap song?

BARRET

Yeah, that's pretty old content.

DIXIE

*(mocking him)*

"That's pretty old content."

BARRET  
 (re: his phone)  
 What the fuck is this dude doing?

DIXIE  
 Do *not* be a dick to him, you're  
 always so mean to these guys--

An UBER pulls up on the curb and finally we REVEAL:

Dixie is fucking pregnant! At least 4 months along.

Barret starts to get in. Then he remembers and holds the door open for Dixie. She feigns flattery. He rolls his eyes.

DIXIE (CONT'D)  
 My goodness, what a gentleman!

**I/E. UBER - TRAVELING - NIGHT**

They ride in the back, listening to their cowboy UBER DRIVER's country music cover of Migos' "Bad and Boujee". Dixie acts interested; Barret wants to die.

DIXIE  
 This is so good.

BARRET  
 COUGH-cultural appropriation--

UBER DRIVER  
 Thank ya ma'am, I got a whole Instagram where I do these country covers of rap songs--

BARRET  
 Here we go...

UBER DRIVER  
 Hey man, think maybe you could shout me out sometime? Would be great exposure--

BARRET  
 Nope--

DIXIE  
 He'd be happy to.

She glares at Barret. They argue with their faces until she takes his hand and puts it on her pregnant belly. Checkmate.



BARRET  
... What's your username?

**INT. BARRET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Barret and Dixie lie in bed, facing each other.

DIXIE  
I gotta tell you, it's so nice to have a normal, boring life. No more running, no more fighting, and especially no more time traveling...

BARRET  
*(not quite convincing)*  
Totally.

He goes in for a steamy kiss, clearly trying to initiate sex... but then she accidentally BURPS in his face.

DIXIE  
Sorry, your demon seed is giving me gas, can you go get the Pepto?

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Barret trudges into the kitchen and goes to grab the Pepto.

DIXIE (O.S.)  
*(from upstairs)*  
Can you bring up some toilet paper too?

BARRET  
*(dead inside)*  
Hell yeah!

His gaze drifts to the half-open basement door.

**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Downstairs in the (fully repaired) basement, we see various photos from Barret and Dixie's relationship: amusement parks, sporting events, camping trips, etc. On the wall hangs a new Bitmoji portrait, this one of Barret and Dixie kissing.

It seems like they have a genuinely happy life together, except...

Right now Barret is in the dark closet, stealthily digging through some boxes. Finally he finds what he's looking for.

**MOMENTS LATER**

He's stripped naked and is putting on the TIME BACKPACK. He sets the date to **June 6, 1969**, and, with the confidence of somebody who's done this before, ACTIVATES IT.

**WHOOSH!**

CUT TO:

**EXT. EMPTY FIELD - EVENING (1969)**

Barret drops onto the empty plot of land where his house will be built decades from now. He gets up, dusts his naked body off, and starts walking.

**SIDE OF THE ROAD**

He's walking along a dirt road when a VW BUS pulls up. HIPPIES adorned in flowers and tie-dye stick their heads out the windows, unfazed by Barret's nudity.

HIPPIE  
Hey man, need a ride?

BARRET  
(shrugs)  
Sure.

**EXT. WOODSTOCK MUSIC FESTIVAL - DAY**

Barret is in the crowd at Woodstock, beard grown out and a crown of flowers on his head. He's dancing to Jimi Hendrix, out of his mind on acid.

He's offered a joint but somebody bumps into him, knocking the J onto the ground. Barret WILDLY THROWS A PUNCH, starting a fight that turns into a VIOLENT HIPPIE MOSH PIT.

CUT TO:

**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT (PRESENT)**

He drops back onto the floor in the present.

BARRET  
God I love time travel.

CUT TO:

**BARRET'S TIME TRAVEL ADVENTURES**

QUICK GLIMPSES of Barret going on adventures through time, each populated with fun, unexpected cameos:

**FORD THEATER, 1865**

Everybody else is watching the play, but Barret's eyes are focused on the balcony box where ABE LINCOLN is sitting.

BARRET (CONT'D)  
(to the MAN next to him)  
ohshitohshitohshit here it comes--

MAN  
Sir, I'm trying to watch the--

JOHN WILKES BOOTH APPEARS BEHIND LINCOLN AND SHOOTS HIM IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD, KILLING HIM. EVERYBODY SCREAMS!

BARRET  
OH, FUCK! Oh shit, Fuck! DAMN!

**MOVIE THEATER, 1976**

A long line of people are out front of a multiplex, waiting to see *Star Wars* on opening night. Barret walks up and yells into a megaphone:

BARRET (CONT'D)  
Vader is Luke's dad!

He gives the DX crotch chop to the crowd and runs off into the night, cackling like a hyena. Nobody in line even knows what he meant (yet).

**THE CHATEAU MARMONT, 80s**

Barret does a fuck ton of coke with seedy Hollywood-types at the Chateau. He's strung out and rambling incoherently as he chops lines with a BOWIE KNIFE.

A SUIT tries to do some of the coke and Barret PUTS THE KNIFE to his throat. His hands are shaking with intensity.

BARRET (CONT'D)  
You wanna fuckin die, right here,  
right now?  
(MORE)

BARRET (CONT'D)  
 I'll fuckin cut your throat, I'll  
 drink your blood motherfucker, I'LL  
 DRINK YOUR--

CUT TO:

**INT. BARRET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)**

Barret reenters the bedroom and tosses Dixie a roll of toilet paper.

DIXIE  
 Did you bring the Pepto?

BARRET  
 Shit, I forgot.

He walks back out.

CUT TO:

**70s DANCE CLUB**

Barret leads the club in a spectacular choreographed disco dance straight out of *Boogie Nights*.

**MIDCENTURY SUBURBAN HOME, 1962**

Barret is at a *Mad Men*-style dinner party, dressed like a well-to-do midcentury dad. He sips scotch and smokes cigarettes while his friends and neighbors crowd around the TV, distraught over the Cuban Missile Crisis.

BARRET (CONT'D)  
 (*arrogantly*)  
 It's nothing to worry about.  
 You're all getting worked up for no  
 reason.

JANE, one of the women, turns back, tears on her cheeks.

JANE  
*But how can you know for sure,  
 Barret?*

BARRET  
 (*casually*)  
 Because, Jane. I have a great mind  
 for geo-political conflict.

The rest of the guests murmurs their agreement.

BARRET (CONT'D)

Also: Tom's sleeping with Martha,  
Deke's sleeping with Lois, and  
Jane, I'm sorry to reveal, is  
dicking down with the mail man.

Barret coolly lights another cigarette as the dinner party devolves into a HUGE, EMOTIONAL, VIOLENT FIGHT.

#### **ARMY RECRUITMENT CENTER, DECEMBER 1941**

Barret enters a recruitment center. We watch through the glass window as he sits down and speaks to an officer.

#### **BOOT CAMP, 1942**

He's getting his ass kicked in boot camp. He collapses during drills, but RANDY, a good-natured goober and fellow recruit, lifts him up off the ground--

RANDY

I got you, man.

#### **NIGHTCLUB, 1943**

Barret and Randy, now best pals, wearing their dapper formal uniforms, dance and twirl some beautiful girls at the club.

DOT, the most beautiful of them all, falls into Barret's arms. They *should* kiss here, but...

BARRET

Lousy luck for you, sweetheart -- I  
got a girl waiting for me back  
home.

*(points to Randy)*

But my pal Randy there, on the  
other hand...

HE TWIRLS DOT TOWARD RANDY, AND *THEY KISS*. Barret grins.

#### **DEPLOYMENT, 1944**

Barret and Randy are about to ship out. Randy shares a tearful goodbye with his now-wife DOT and their young DAUGHTER. When they finally pull away, Dot hollers at Barret:

DOT

You take care of him, Barret!

BARRET

*(a tip of the cap)*

I got you, ma'am.

Barret and Randy do the double high-five that Maverick and Goose do in *Top Gun*.

#### **D-DAY, 1944**

Barret and Randy are in a plane over France, about to parachute into the D-Day battle. Barret loses his nerve and backs away from the door, but Randy grabs him.

BARRET (CONT'D)  
... I donno -- I donno if I can...

RANDY  
I got you, man.

Randy takes Barret's hand. Galvanized by his friend's courage, Barret steels himself and they leap out of the plane, together.

#### **FOREST, 1944**

Barret and Randy trudge through a dark forest. A Nazi steps out from behind a tree and aims at Barret--

But Randy pushes Barret out of the way and TAKES A BULLET TO THE HEAD, DYING INSTANTLY!

BARRET  
RANDY, NOOOO--!!!

Barret rips the bloody dog tags off his dead friend's neck and stares into his lifeless eyes.

BARRET (CONT'D)  
... I got you, man.

#### **TRENCH, 1945**

Barret shivers in a snowy trench, mortars EXPLODING all around him. He clutches Randy's dog tags to his chest.

#### **TRAIN (NEW YORK CITY), 1946**

Barret, finally back home, rides the train out of New York City. He stares blankly out the window at the Statue of Liberty.

#### **RANDY AND DOT'S HOUSE, 1946**

Dot cries gently as Barret presents her with Randy's dog tags. He kneels down to address their toddler DAUGHTER.

BARRET (CONT'D)  
 Permission to shake the hand of the  
 daughter... of the bravest man I've  
 ever met.

She shakes his hand... then he just starts CRACKING UP,  
 crying laughing, it's the funniest thing in the world to him.

DOT  
*(so goddamn confused)*  
 Why are you -- what's funny...?

BARRET  
*(through laughter)*  
 It's the line! The line from the  
 end of Armageddon, with the guy,  
 and Bruce Willis' daughter--!  
*(can't even catch his  
 breath)*  
 I did the whole thing just to tee  
 up that one moment and it worked  
 out perfectly, holy shit...

He falls onto his ass and just keeps laughing. Dot and her  
 daughter back slowly into their house, both scarred for life.

BARRET (CONT'D)  
 It's such a specific bit, I know,  
 but I swear to God it's hilarious--

CUT TO:

**INT. BARRET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Barret once again reenters, this time holding the Pepto  
 Bismol. He gives it to Dixie and gets under the covers.

DIXIE  
 Goodnight.

But he's already asleep. Dixie looks at him, suspicious.

**INT. KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING**

Dixie tries to make breakfast but, still not understanding  
 modern cooking, pours half a bottle of oil on a hot pan and  
 starts a grease fire.

Barret comes downstairs as she's putting it out with a towel.

BARRET  
Smells delicious.  
*(kisses her cheek)*  
I'll grab something at the office.

He starts out. She hesitates, then:

DIXIE  
Hey.

BARRET  
*(turns)*  
Yeah?

DIXIE  
Did you go on an epic time travel  
adventure last night when you went  
down to get me Pepto Bismol?

BARRET  
*(beat)*  
Psh, no... why?

DIXIE  
I donno, you look more tired than  
normal.

BARRET  
Probably stress? We are having a  
baby.

DIXIE  
*(skeptical)*  
Yeah... I just know it was a  
problem for you, early on, and it  
*is* addicting, but it's really not  
something I'm okay with--

BARRET  
Dix, if you're so worried about it,  
why do you keep that thing in the  
house?

DIXIE  
You know why. If it ever fell into  
the wrong hands--

BARRET  
*(holds up his hands)*  
Um, The Duke here. Aren't these  
literally the worst hands?



DIXIE  
*(starting to feel bad)*  
 I hope not, not anymore.

BARRET  
 Well. I've been trying. I haven't  
 tweeted at Lena Dunham in months,  
 so... not sure what else I can do  
 to prove it to you.

DIXIE  
*(beat)*  
 You're right. Have a good day.

They trade smiles and he exits. Dixie stares at the door,  
 feeling guilty, missing the asshole already.

**INT. THE MEMEING OF LIFE TV STUDIO - DAY**

Barret is on the hipster-chic boardroom set of his reality  
 show, *The Memeing Of Life*. Cameras roll as he talks tough to  
 the collection of millennial contestants.

BARRET  
 Some okay stuff in today's  
 challenge. Dogs Humping To Trap  
 Music and Sad Mister Rogers in  
 particular could be real viral  
 sensations. But there was a lot of  
 crap, too, and now, one of you  
 losers is going home.

He pauses for dramatic effect, then points at DUSTIN, a surf  
 bro wearing a Mason Ramsey (the yodeling cowboy) tank-top.

BARRET (CONT'D)  
 Dustin, you're unfollowed! Get the  
 fuck outta here!

An intense and upsetting laser show plays as Barret air-jerks  
 and dabs at Dustin, who cries when he leaves the stage.

**INT. BARRET'S PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY**

Barret reclines on his couch, watching a YouTube video of  
 ANDERSON COOPER INTERVIEWING LENA DUNHAM.

ANDERSON COOPER (INTERVIEW)  
 What would you say finally settled  
 the feud?

LENA DUNHAM (INTERVIEW)  
I'd like to think he did some much-needed self-reflection, and realized he was being a jerk.

This does not sit well with Barret.

BARRET  
Bull *shit*, it's just cause Dixie made me!

ANDERSON COOPER (INTERVIEW)  
Did he reach out privately to apologize?

LENA DUNHAM (INTERVIEW)  
Oh no, no way. He just stopped tweeting at me to eat his -- Can you say it on CNN?

ANDERSON COOPER (INTERVIEW)  
(*sighs*)  
It's permissible in a journalistic context, yes.

LENA DUNHAM (INTERVIEW)  
(*straight into camera*)  
"Eat my ass." Wow, that felt good.

Barret slams his laptop shut, beyond frustrated. His ASSISTANT pokes her head into the office:

ASSISTANT  
Mr. Dukes, somebody's here for you.

BARRET  
I want to respond with a joke but I'm too pissed off to think of one, who is it?

ASSISTANT  
He says he's your campaign manager?

**INT. LOBBY - DAY**

Barret emerges into the lobby. There waiting for him is...

**MILLER**, wearing a PEPE THE FROG t-shirt. He DABS at Barret.

MILLER  
Lord Duke -- I've come to save you.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY**

Barret HAULS ASS out of the building and across the parking lot, trying to get away. But Miller is hot on his heels.

MILLER  
2018 isn't all that bad!

BARRET  
Don't care--

MILLER  
Clearly immigration and women's rights are still problems but I've made a fortune off Crypto--

BARRET  
Stop talking to me--!

MILLER  
And online communities like 4Chan have been incredibly welcoming -- I actually just got promoted to mod, everybody there loves you by the way, I think their support will be very influential in The Duke's election--

Barret reaches his G-Wagen and spins to face Miller.

BARRET  
Look, Miller, I appreciate your rabid fandom but you need to split. The Duke is *evil*, and I'm--

MILLER  
The Duke.

Beat. Barret has no choice but to absorb that.

MILLER (CONT'D)  
Seducing the shrew sent to kill you was a brilliant chess move--

BARRET  
(*reluctantly*)  
Thanks, I agree with you there--

MILLER  
But the fun is over -- she can no longer stand in our way. History tells us your feud with Lena Dunham is the catalyst for your election.  
(MORE)

MILLER (CONT'D)  
If that conflict truly dies,  
*everything* is at risk.

Barret runs his hands through his hair, super stressed out.

BARRET  
Dude. If Dixie finds out you're  
here she's gonna be *furious*, and--

MILLER  
So she's made a cuck of you.

BARRET  
... What? No--

MILLER  
The Duke, my childhood hero, is a  
blue pill, soy boy cuck!

BARRET  
Dude, I'm NOT a cuck--

Miller makes like a chicken, pecking and squawking.

MILLER  
*Cuck-a-doodle-doo!*

BARRET  
Okay, fuck you, goodbye.

He gets in his G-Wagen.

MILLER  
Did she tell you what happens to  
The Duke?

Beat. Barret doesn't shut his door.

MILLER (CONT'D)  
Your future... Did she tell you how  
you die?

Barret turns back to Miller. Now he's listening.

#### **EXT. BARRET'S HOUSE - EVENING**

Barret pulls into his driveway later that evening. From the dark look on his face, we can tell something has changed.

**INT. BARRET'S HOUSE - EVENING**

Barret enters a seemingly empty home. All the lights are off, save for a soft glow coming from the basement. He heads down.

**BASEMENT**

Waiting for him by the couch, surrounded by candles, in the exact spot where she first appeared, is Dixie.

She wears a Barret's face blanket, the Time Backpack, and NOTHING ELSE.

DIXIE

Hi.

BARRET

*(beat)*

Why are you wearing the Backpack?

DIXIE

I wanted to recreate the night we met. Minus the whole me strangling you bit.

*(playfully)*

Unless you want me to strangle you a little.

He steps into the room so they're face to face. Orange candlelight flickers between them.

DIXIE (CONT'D)

I thought about, um, everything. And I'm sorry for accusing you of using the Backpack, I shouldn't -- because you *have* changed, and -- I know we never say it, I set the tone, I think the first thing I ever said to you was "I hate you" but... I don't.

*(beat)*

I--

He cuts her off before she can say, "I love you."

BARRET

Did you kill me, Dixie?

Beat. She holds his stare. Barret waits for an answer. Things intensify quickly from here.

DIXIE

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

BARRET

Before you came here, in the future, right in this basement. November 30, 2076.

DIXIE

Where is this coming from--?

BARRET

Tell me you didn't stab me in the neck like at the end of *Gladiator*--

DIXIE

Don't reference movies I haven't seen because I'm from the future, you know I hate that--

BARRET

Well *I* hate being told that my girlfriend murdered me before we even met!

Beat.

DIXIE

... Told by who?

BARRET

Remember that kid, "Miller"? With the jetpack? He stopped by the office today--

DIXIE

Oh, God, I thought for sure he was dead -- Barret, he worships *The Duke*, he's dangerous, he's *evil!*

BARRET

Yeah, you made your feelings abundantly clear when you set him on fire--

DIXIE

Because he was trying to--

BARRET

Protect me from you!

Frustrated, Dixie starts up the stairs.

DIXIE

Just let me put some fucking clothes on and then we can talk--

Barret follows her up.

BARRET  
I need to see it--

DIXIE  
*No, it doesn't matter--*

BARRET  
It does to me--!

He grabs the Backpack and they struggle over it. Finally Dixie loses her cool and THROWS HIM DOWN THE STAIRS AND AGAINST THE WALL, ripping their Bitmoji portrait in half.

DIXIE  
Don't fuck with me, Barret.

Barret looks at her from the floor, furious and humiliated.

BARRET  
I *did* use the Backpack last night.  
I do it all the time, it's like  
porn but better because it's time  
travel.

(beat)  
I go back and just troll the past,  
I get fucked up, I'm a dick to  
people and then I leave.

DIXIE  
... Why?

BARRET  
The same reason I told Lena Dunham  
to eat my ass, because it's fucking  
hilarious! Because I'm *bored!* I  
haven't changed, are you kidding?  
No matter how much we play house,  
no matter how much you make me  
pretend to be good, I *like* being an  
asshole.

(then)  
But at least I didn't kill you and  
keep it a secret. So tell me,  
Dixie, who's *really* the worst  
person in this relationship??

Beat. Dixie rips off the Backpack and throws it at him.

DIXIE  
You wanna watch? Go ahead.

He looks at the Backpack, surprised she relented.

BARRET  
... What's the best vantage point?

DIXIE  
*Seriously??*

BARRET  
I mean you were there!

She grits her teeth and points to the door leading outside. Barret walks over there and takes his shirt off.

BARRET (CONT'D)  
Can you turn around?

Dixie complies, seeing red. Once he's undressed, Barret puts on the Time Backpack and steps outside. Dixie walks over and stands on the other side of the door. They look at each other for a moment, then...

**WHOOSH!** Barret disappears.

Dixie just stands there, trying to hold it together.

**EXT. BARRET'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FUTURE)**

Barret appears outside his bombed out house. He JUMPS at the sight of a radioactive armadillo foraging through trash. But then his attention is drawn to a window--

Inside, the CEILING COLLAPSES AND DIXIE FALLS THROUGH, ON TOP OF THE DUKE, AND DRIVES HER PARTICLE DAGGER INTO HIS THROAT.

BLOOD SPRAYS EVERYWHERE AS SHE STABS HIM REPEATEDLY, really fucking going for it.

Outside, Barret's skin goes ghost white. His mouth opens wide and he activates the Time Backpack, DISAPPEARING--

**I/E. BARRET'S HOUSE - NIGHT (PRESENT)**

BARRET REAPPEARS OUTSIDE AND PUKES ALL OVER THE DOOR.

Dixie bursts through, leaping over his vomit, and tries to go to him. But Barret BACKS AWAY from her, toward the pool. He's legitimately terrified. As he puts his boxers back on--

BARRET  
Stay away! God it was ten thousand times worse than I thought it'd be, Jesus Christ, holy fucking shit I just watched myself *die!*



DIXIE

Barret...

Dixie doesn't know what to say. Barret pulls on his jeans and, in his panic and fury, an idea, a cruel, horrible idea, comes into his mind. He takes out his phone.

BARRET

I could announce right now I'm not running for President, and you'd...

He doesn't say it, but he doesn't need to. Dixie would disappear -- and so would their unborn child.

Absolutely gutted, Dixie's trembling hand instinctively goes to her pregnant belly. That's enough to melt Barret and snap him out of it. He puts down the phone, crumbling.

DIXIE HOWLS AND RUSHES HIM. She delivers a violent UPPERCUT to the jaw and rips the phone out of his hand. Using strength we didn't even know she had, she literally BREAKS THE PHONE IN HALF, THEN ROUNDHOUSE KICKS BARRET INTO THE POOL.

Dixie stands there by the pool, shattered. Finally Barret surfaces, blood pouring from his mouth. Neither can believe what's just happened.

BARRET (CONT'D)

*(reeling)*

I'm never gonna apologize for all that shit I didn't do. And you're never gonna forgive me for it, not really. So what the hell are we doing, Dixie?

Beat. She puts on the Time Backpack and adjusts the date. She stands, turns to leave, then looks back at him one last time.

**WHOOSH!** Dixie disappears.

Barret treads water, waiting for her to return.

But she doesn't come back. And she isn't going to.

**INT. BARRET'S HOUSE - VARIOUS - NIGHT / MORNING**

Barret wanders around his empty house until sunrise, finally landing in the basement. He stares at the torn Bitmoji portrait of he and Dixie, a painful realization dawning on him.

He opens up 4Chan on his phone. He surfs for a little bit, visibly distraught by what he sees.

**INT. THE MALL - DAY**

Barret comes down the escalator at the mall. Waiting for him at the bottom, wearing a shirt depicting Morpheus holding out the red pill, is MILLER.

They see each other and DAB. Miller goes to Barret.

MILLER

Did you--

BARRET

Shh, I'm in charge now. I kicked that raggedy ass future bitch right the fuck out of my life. I am no longer a cuck, got it?

MILLER

*(so proud)*

Got it.

BARRET

It's time to 69 America, with me on top. The Duke's ascent starts today.

MILLER

How do you want to announce your candidacy?

Barret gives Miller his phone.

BARRET

Film me coming down the escalator there, looking tight.

Barret turns and heads back up, his back to Miller. Despite his bluster, the conflicted look on his face makes you wonder whether he actually believes in any of this bullshit.

Alan Parsons' Project's "**Time**" begins and plays over the following sequence:

**NEWS FOOTAGE**

Barret comes down the escalator, DABBING at the camera.

Headlines read: "**BARRET DUKES RESIGNS FROM REALITY SHOW, ANNOUNCES 2020 PRESIDENTIAL BID**".

BARRET

Lena Dunham can eat my Presidential ass! Let's fucking go!

**EXT. PREHISTORIC JUNGLE - DAY (65,000,000 BC)**

Dixie walks through a prehistoric jungle, naked, pregnant, and exhausted. She emerges into a clearing and looks across the lake at a family of DINOSAURS. She trudges on, alone.

**INT. CAMPAIGN OFFICE - DAY**

Barret and Miller unbox tacky red, white, and blue hats and shirts featuring The Duke's campaign slogan:

**DAB** - *"Damn, America's Badass!"*

They high-five, loving how clever they are.

**EXT. PREHISTORIC JUNGLE - NIGHT (65,000,000 BC)**

Time has passed. Dixie, her bump growing larger, SPRINTS THROUGH THE JUNGLE, being hunted by a pack of VELOCIRAPTORS. She leads them toward her cave shelter...

**REAL TIME WITH BILL MAHER**

Barret and Lena Dunham argue during a round table discussion.

LENA DUNHAM

... I think your rhetoric is divisive, and gross--

BARRET

How bout this?

HE RIPS A LOUD FART into his microphone.

BARRET (CONT'D)

What if you ate my ass after that, would *that* be gross--?

LENA DUNHAM

Okay you know what that's fucking ridiculous, you're a piece of--

BILL MAHER has to get between them. Miller watches from the audience, hooting and hollering, egging it on.

**I/E. DIXIE'S CAVE - NIGHT (65,000,000 BC)**

Dixie grabs a makeshift spear and shield and brilliantly fights off the raptors, earning their respect. The biggest one approaches her and she gently touches its snout.

**VARIOUS PRESIDENTIAL RALLIES**

Barret holds a series of rallies, and each time the venue and crowd has doubled in size. Behind him is a mural of a bald eagle in Oakleys dabbing.

An older Duke SUPPORTER is interviewed by local news:

SUPPORTER

I like him cause he's a straight shooter. And he's gonna surround himself with great people.

A picture of Lena Dunham is shown and the crowd loses its mind. They start a rabid chant: *Eat His Ass! Eat His Ass!*

**EXT. CLEARING - DAY (65,000,000 BC)**

Dixie, now queen of the dinosaurs, rides on the back of a sprinting velociraptor. They come up alongside a pack of triceratops and Dixie HURLS her spear, taking one down.

She lets loose a primal cry and the raptors echo her call.

**INT. AIRPLANE - SUNSET**

Barret travels first class. Miller leans back and shows him a New York Times headline: **"BARRET 'THE DUKE' DUKES: LOVE HIM OR HATE HIM, HE COULD BE YOUR NEXT PRESIDENT"**

Barret nods his acknowledgement and looks out the window at the beautiful sunset. There's an empty seat beside him.

**EXT. CLIFFSIDE - SUNSET (65,000,000 BC)**

The sun sets over a spectacular prehistoric vista. Dixie, her belly huge now, watches alone. She sets the Time Backpack on an empty rock beside her.

**CNN INTERVIEW**

Barret sits across from Anderson Cooper, just as he did when we first met him. But now he's wearing a suit and tie, actually trying to look Presidential.

ANDERSON COOPER

People say you're a real threat to actually win the Presidency. How do you feel about that?

BARRET

I'd say I'm a real threat to make people say, like they used to, in the old days: "Damn, America's Badass!"

ANDERSON COOPER

A year ago you sat there and told me you weren't running for President. What changed your mind?

BARRET

*(considers this, then)*

I saw an opportunity to make a difference.

ANDERSON COOPER

*(digging deeper)*

So that's why "The Duke" is running -- to make a difference?

Barret takes a beat. He looks Anderson Cooper in the eyes and answers, truthfully:

BARRET

The Duke is running because he has to.

**END MUSIC, END SEQUENCE.**

CUT TO:

**I/E. UBER BLACK SUV - TRAVELING - DAY**

Barret and Miller are in the backseat of an Uber Black, on their way to The Duke's biggest rally so far. Barret reads the speech Miller has written for him.

BARRET

*(finishes reading)*

Damn. Do I really need to go out of my way to say Native Americans "had it coming?"

MILLER

I think that's *exactly* what The Duke would say.

Their UBER DRIVER weighs in.

UBER DRIVER

I always like it when politicians tell a personal story, something--

MILLER

*(cold)*

What do you do?

UBER DRIVER

... Huh?

MILLER

You had a note on my speech, you wanted a personal story. Perhaps it could be a personal story about you. What's your vocation, sir?

Barret just watches all this play out, curious. He's never seen someone else go at it with an Uber driver.

UBER DRIVER

Well, I'm actually a musician--

MILLER

What kind of musician?

UBER DRIVER

All kinds, I played in Jimmy Buffet's band for a while, actually--

MILLER

*(losing his patience)*

What do you now, what kind of music do you play now?

UBER DRIVER

Now I mostly do scoring for films--

MILLER

Oh, like for *Star Wars*?

UBER DRIVER

No, that's John Williams, he's the--

MILLER

So where would we have heard your work?

UBER DRIVER

*(becoming embarrassed)*

... Well I haven't actually done anything that--

MILLER

So you're not *actually* a film composer--

UBER DRIVER

It depends on your definition of--

Even Barret is growing uncomfortable with this.

BARRET

How bout we just ride in awkward  
silence the rest of the way--?

MILLER

*(won't let it go)*

My definition of a film composer is  
a person who composes music for  
film for *money*, is that your job?

UBER DRIVER

*(finally breaking)*

No, I guess--

MILLER

And do you *play* music at all for  
money?

UBER DRIVER

I used to but not anymore--

MILLER

Then I ask again: What Do You Do?

UBER DRIVER

..... I drive Uber.

MILLER

*(exploding)*

THEN DON'T FUCKING TELL ME HOW TO  
WRITE MY SPEECHES.

Long beat. The Uber Driver is devastated.

UBER DRIVER

It's up here on the right.

Barret and Miller get out at the stadium, where fans are  
already beginning to line up. Barret watches the Uber pull  
away, disturbed.

BARRET

Hey, that was pretty--

MILLER

Awesome, right? I studied how much  
you used to hate Uber Drivers and  
would bully them. It was a real  
inspiration.

CLOSE ON Barret, realizing he created this monster, and, looking at all his fans, probably a whole lot more of them.

MILLER (CONT'D)

No apologies, Duke. Remember?

Barret reluctantly waves to the crowd and follows Miller inside, unsure.

BARRET

... Yeah. No apologies.

### INT. STADIUM - DAY

The stadium doors aren't open yet. On stage, KID ROCK rehearses for his rendition of the National Anthem. Barret and Miller watch from the wings.

BARRET

I can't believe we had to get Kid Rock for the National Anthem, this guy fucking licks! What happened to Taylor Swift?

MILLER

Well, I inquired but it turns out Lena Dunham is in her squad. She said you can "fuck off and die."

Barret frowns and turns away, bummed -- and runs right into a BLACK OPS-STYLE SQUADRON OF EVIL-LOOKING MERCENARY SOLDIERS.

MILLER (CONT'D)

This should cheer you up -- our very first Blood Grunts!

BARRET

*(a little put off)*

Who are they?

MILLER

Basically all the guys who have been kicked out of various militaries for killing innocent children. Your protection for the evening.

The Blood Grunts DAB in salute to The Duke. Miller ushers them over to a merch table.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Let's get you guys into some Duke merch!



BARRET  
... Protection from what?

MILLER  
After tonight, you take the lead in  
the polls and never look back. If  
there was ever a time for *her* to  
return and try to finish her  
mission...

BARRET  
*(definitive)*  
She's not coming back.  
*(then)*  
But -- *if* she does -- you tell them  
she's not to be harmed.

MILLER  
Of course, Lord Duke.

Barret turns and listens to the end of Kid Rock's National Anthem. Kid Rock holds the last note forever, it just keeps going and going.

Miller turns to one of the Blood Captains and nods evilly.

**EXT. FIELD - DAY (65,000,000 BC)**

Dixie trots through a field on her velociraptor, flanked by other raptors. She's cloaked in armor made of thick scaly dinosaur hide, and adorned with a triceratops skull crown.

She rests her hand on her now-huge baby bump. Things are quiet, peaceful until...

AN ALBERTOSAURUS (basically a smaller T-Rex) bursts through the tree line and DEVOURS two of her raptors. She unsheathes a bow and LAUNCHES ARROWS at the giant lizard, but all that does is piss it off.

The Albertosaurus turns and GIVES CHASE to Dixie. She kicks her raptor, urging it to run faster, but the Albertosaurus is gaining... GAINING...

**ROAR!** A FUCKING TYRANNOSAURUS-REX CRASHES OUT OF THE JUNGLE AND LUNGES AT THE ALBERTOSAURUS' NECK, KILLING IT WITH ONE BRUTAL SNAP OF THE JAWS.

Dixie and her raptor keep running, not looking back to see what happened, but then:

VOICE (O.S.)  
DIXIE!

She stops. That voice... it can't be. She turns and sees, wearing a Time Backpack and riding atop the T-Rex that saved her...

**The Duke.**

(That's right -- The Duke that she killed way back at the beginning of our story.)

THE DUKE

Hey Dixie, it's me, The Duke! AKA Barret!

DIXIE

..... What the *fuck*?

**EXT. LAKE - SUNSET (65,000,000 BC)**

Dixie and The Duke let their dinosaurs drink from the lake like horses while they talk.

DIXIE

I don't understand -- *I killed you.*

THE DUKE

Yeah, floor collapses then knife to the throat as soon as I get back, right? Tight.

DIXIE

... When -- *how...?*

THE DUKE

Wouldn't a convoluted sci-fi explanation of how I got here just be a lame disappointment and sorta ruin our magical reunion?

DIXIE

What reunion? You *just* met me -- and how did you know how I kill--  
(*realizes*)  
Oh, God.

Dixie hunches over, suddenly dizzy. The Duke confirms her suspicion:

THE DUKE

Yep, this has all happened before. Time is an infinite loop, blah blah, et cetera et cetera.

DIXIE

... I don't feel well...

THE DUKE

On the one hand, knowing that everything is premeditated means existence is pointless and horrifying. On the other hand, wasn't it already?

Dixie falls into a seated position. The Duke clangs over with his four metal legs and kneels down beside her.

THE DUKE (CONT'D)

Two years before I ran for President, you appeared in my basement and tried to kill me. Well, not *you* -- *my* version of Dixie. We fought, I ran, I made hilarious jokes that warmed her icy heart, I saved her life, she kept checking out my ass--

DIXIE

I -- she did not, she had no interest in your ass--

THE DUKE

Oh if I remember correctly which I DO she had a *lot* of interest in my ass... And then things were good for a while.

*(he looks at Dixie's pregnant belly)*

Until it all got fucked up.

Dixie looks at him.

DIXIE

You mean you fucked it all up.

THE DUKE

No, I was just being polite actually, pretty sure *you* fucked it up--

DIXIE

Oh my God even now you *still* can't take any blame for -- y'know what, no. I'm not doing this anymore.

Dixie stands and grabs her velociraptor to leave.

DIXIE (CONT'D)

You need to leave and go get killed by me before I kill you here and *really* fuck up the timeline.

THE DUKE

*(laughs)*

The fucking "timeline"...

*(she turns, he holds up the Time Backpack)*

The moment I got elected President, I started developing this technology. It's all I thought about for 56 years.

DIXIE

Why? So you could go stand-up 69 Cleopatra?

THE DUKE

No -- although that is a good idea...

*(becoming serious)*

It was so I could go find *my* Dixie.

DIXIE

... And did you?

The Duke stares at her, the younger version of the woman he fell for, his heart breaking.

THE DUKE

No. I lost her across time. She's probably off on some grand adventure, the sort of thing people make sequels about.

*(choking up)*

But I never got to tell her--

DIXIE

Don't.

She stops him before he can say, "I love you."

DIXIE (CONT'D)

I'm not her.

He nods, understanding. He starts to reach for her belly but stops, asking permission with his eyes. She hesitates, then nods. And for the first time in over half a century, The Duke touches his child -- *their* child.

THE DUKE  
*(hand still on her belly)*  
 I didn't want this, Dixie. Every  
 speech I ever gave, I kept looking  
 at the door, hoping you'd appear  
 and stop me. But I just thought,  
 if I didn't go through with it...

**INT. STADIUM - BACKSTAGE - DAY (PRESENT)**

**MOS:** *Our* Barret watches Kid Rock, who is improbably *still* singing the last note of the National Anthem. An immense and painful burden glistens in his eyes.

THE DUKE (V.O.)  
 ... If I *didn't* become The Duke,  
 and the timeline didn't play out  
 exactly as it was supposed to...

**EXT. LAKE - SUNSET (65,000,000 BC)**

Now The Duke and Dixie are face to face, looking right into each other's eyes.

THE DUKE  
 ... Then I never would've met you,  
 and our baby--

DIXIE  
 Wouldn't exist.

He nods. Their foreheads are nearly touching.

DIXIE (CONT'D)  
 So The Duke's reign, the literal  
 apocalypse -- is all *my* fault?

THE DUKE  
 In the most romantic way  
 possible... yes.

THEY KISS, long and good. It's a kiss that could easily become more, but Dixie tears herself away. They talk quickly to cover up the awkwardness.

DIXIE  
 You should go--

THE DUKE  
 You're sure you don't wanna--?

DIXIE

No, I know we're the same people  
but it feels like cheating--

THE DUKE

Yeah, it does sorta I guess--

DIXIE

*(re: his cyborg torso)*

Also I mean do you even have a dick  
anymore--?

THE DUKE

Oh yeah, it's a giant metal robot  
dick, you'd love it.

She bursts out laughing. She sounds, in a way, relieved.

DIXIE

... You're still Barret.

He adjusts the Time Backpack and backs slowly away from her.

THE DUKE

I always was.

*(then)*

This is like the end of *Ghost*.

DIXIE

I haven't seen it.

THE DUKE

Just trust me, it is.

*(beat)*

See ya.

DIXIE

... See ya.

BARRET

... Now just say "bye" and it'll be  
exactly like--

DIXIE

Nope, not doing it.

BARRET

K, peace.

***FWOOSH!*** He disappears in a flash of blue light, leaving Dixie  
there alone with the raptors and the T-Rex.

**EXT. CLIFFSIDE - NIGHT (65,000,000 BC)**

That night, Dixie sits around a fire with the dinosaurs. Her raptor, the biggest one, approaches and they have a COUGH-TALK conversation (translated from dinosaur in SUBTITLES):

RAPTOR

*What are you going to do?*

DIXIE

*Every other version of me has done nothing.*

RAPTOR

*But you're the only you. And you have a choice.*

*(beat)*

*In our culture, we have a saying: "Sometimes you have to break a few eggs to protect the pack."*

DIXIE

*You're saying I should go back and kill Barret--*

*(re: her belly)*

*And basically time-abort our baby? To save all of humanity?*

RAPTOR

*That's certainly one choice. Depends on who you consider your pack.*

*(then)*

*Why do you care for him so?*

Dixie considers the question, maybe for the very first time. Finally:

DIX

*He makes me laugh.*

Beat. The raptor nods toward The Duke's abandoned T-Rex, who is off eating alone. She COUGH-WHISPERS:

RAPTOR

*I'm gonna fuck the T-Rex.*

DIXIE

*Oh, girl, you totally should.*

RAPTOR

*I know I shouldn't, I know it doesn't make sense, but I don't give a shit. I want him.*

Dixie watches as her friend starts flirting with the T-Rex, thinking about Barret.

Then she feels a kick in her belly. She stares up at the stars, her heart and mind racing toward a decision.

We hear PRE-LAP THUNDEROUS FEET STOMPING AND APPLAUSE....

**EXT. STADIUM - SUNSET (PRESENT)**

Barret's followers cheer and stomp their feet outside as they wait to be let into the stadium. There's an almost carnival-like atmosphere in line -- The Duke has inspired a movement!

**INT. STADIUM - SUNSET (PRESENT)**

Barret stands at the podium, pantomiming waving and dabbing. Then he begins to run through his speech:

BARRET

If you're here tonight, it's  
because, like me, you're sick of  
being governed by pussies.

His words echo in the silent arena.

BARRET (CONT'D)

You want your President to be a  
tough, rich guy who clangs and  
bangs in the gym, beds beautiful  
babes, and most of all, loves guns.  
*(really milks the moment)*  
You want The Duke.

Miller, watching from the wings, claps like an idiot.

BARRET (CONT'D)

Tonight, I'm going to lay out my  
Presidential vision. So unless  
somebody wants to try to stop me...

He stops and looks down the middle aisle, holding for an extended beat, hoping, we know, that Dixie will appear and stop him. But finally he accepts it: She ain't coming.

BARRET (CONT'D)

That's what I thought.



**EXT. STADIUM - LOADING AREA - SUNSET**

Three BLACK OPS GUYS (AKA two BLOOD GRUNTS and their BLOOD CAPTAIN) stand guard at an underground entrance to the stadium. They tote assault rifles and wear The Duke t-shirts with dabbing bald eagles on them.

BLOOD GRUNT 1  
Is your shirt kinda itchy?

BLOOD GRUNT 2  
Yeah, it's just the shitty regular material.

BLOOD GRUNT 1  
I hate that, I don't know why everybody doesn't do tri-blend--

The Blood Captain BARKS at them:

BLOOD CAPTAIN  
Y'all shut the fuck up! You're mercenaries, you don't have to have humanizing bit conversations. Just do what the kid said: If you see that pregnant bitch, kill h--

**THUMP!** DIXIE, wearing the coolest tactical maternity fatigues you've ever seen, backflips down in front of them.

The Grunts all raise their guns. The Blood Captain smirks.

BLOOD CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
I can't believe the bitch actually showed...

THEY FIRE but Dixie CARTWHEELS OUT OF THE WAY, sprinting toward the Captain and GRABBING THE PISTOL from his holster.

She FIRES at the two Grunts, killing them point-blank, then SNAPS the Captain's leg and BLASTS A ROUND through his gut.

She GRABS HIS HEAD from behind and pulls him close:

DIXIE  
Believe it.  
(then)  
Did you hear that?

The life is draining from his eyes, but he nods.

DIXIE (CONT'D)  
Fuck yes, such a good line!

**CRACK!** She snaps his neck.

She starts into the stadium, then feels something. She takes the Time Backpack off and sees that it CAUGHT A BULLET. It's destroyed -- there's no going back now.

She drops it and keeps going.

**INT. STADIUM CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Dixie walks steadily down the corridor, now armed with pistols and an assault rifle. Two GRUNTS see her but it's too late -- **BAM! BAM!** They fall over, dead.

Dixie never slows down.

She emerges into a larger hallway crawling with Blood Grunts. They try to attack but it's useless, she's too fast. Some are cut down with bullets, others with knives, others with her bare hands.

At one point Kid Rock comes around a corner holding a coffee and **BAM!** He gets shot in the face too.

Dixie is fucking superhuman, it's the coolest action sequence you can possibly imagine, it's like *John Wick* but even tighter cause she's pregnant!

(Which is why *this* is the scene that wins the MTV Movie Award for Best Fight.)

**BENEATH THE STADIUM**

Dixie finds herself in a wide open atrium. From out of nowhere, TWO DOZEN GRUNTS AND CAPTAINS appear and surround her. She's never been this outnumbered.

BLOOD CAPTAIN  
Now what are you gonna do?

DIXIE  
(without hesitation)  
The Jason Statham thing.

BLOOD CAPTAIN  
... What's that?

Dixie just grins.

**INT. STADIUM - MAIN ARENA - EVENING**

Barret is building toward his rehearsal's grand finale.

BARRET

... And if you ask me, the Native Americans had it coming!

Miller laughs his ass off. Barret sighs to himself.

BARRET (CONT'D)

America is the tightest country in the world... and I'm the tightest guy in America. *And neither one of us should ever have to apologize for that!*

A bald eagle "Damn, America's Badass" graphic appears on the giant video screen behind him. But when Barret glances backstage, he sees Miller checking his earpiece, a sudden look of concern dawning on his face.

BARRET (CONT'D)

*(hesitates)*

... So in closing, I guess there's only one thing left to say--

A VOICE SPEAKS UP FROM THE BACK OF THE STADIUM:

DIXIE (O.S.)

I forgive you.

DIXIE staggers down the center aisle like Nicole Kidman at the end of *Moulin Rouge*, bloodstained but, somehow, upright.

Barret stares at her as she comes closer.

DIXIE (CONT'D)

For everything. Everything you did, and everything you will do. I forgive you.

Barret melts a little. Miller charges onstage, panicked.

MILLER

Don't listen to her, Duke -- the timeline, you have to preserve the timeline--

DIXIE

Fuck the timeline and fuck you too, you little piece of shit. Why do we all just assume we can go back and actually change the future by "fixing the past"? Cause that's how it worked in some stupid movie? No. It's dumb, I call bullshit. Nobody's disappearing.

(MORE)

DIXIE (CONT'D)  
*(holds her hand out to  
 Barret)*  
 You don't have to become The Duke  
 to save our family. You just have  
 to come with me.

Miller grabs Barret's arm, actually raising his voice:

MILLER  
 You have a responsibility, a  
*destiny--!*

Barret turns toward Miller, who cowers beneath his glare.

BARRET  
 Dixie, how many guys did you have  
 to kill to get in here?

DIXIE  
 Like at least 75. Probably closer  
 to 100 by the end.

BARRET  
*(to Miller)*  
 I told you she wasn't to be harmed.

Miller backs away, suddenly very afraid of Barret. Barret reaches out and GRABS HIM BY THE THROAT, fire in his eyes.

BARRET (CONT'D)  
 The Duke would kill your ass right  
 here...

He finally decides.

BARRET (CONT'D)  
 ... But I'm not The Duke.

Miller meets Barret's gaze. His hero... his idol...

MILLER  
 ... You're right. You're not.

**BAM! BAM!** Miller fires two rounds from a PARTICLE PISTOL into Barret's gut.

DIXIE  
NO!

Barret tumbles backward, off the stage. Dixie goes to him and applies pressure to the gushing wound. Barret looks up at Miller, shocked.

BARRET

What'd you do, go through my closet  
and steal that gun?

MILLER

Oh I went through *all* your closets,  
I wore all your shit too!

BARRET

So... fucking... creepy--!

Miller studies his arms. He grins evilly at Dixie.

MILLER

I'm not disappearing so I guess  
you're right -- *he* doesn't have to  
become The Duke.

*(working it out in his  
head)*

But if we're both still here, that  
means *somebody* does...

*(realizing)*

Somebody like *me*.

Dixie rises and clenches her fists.

DIXIE

Oh, you're gonna disappear--

She goes to leap on the stage--

But instead SHE LURCHES FORWARD IN PAIN.

She stumbles and FALLS ONTO HER ASS, holding her lower belly.

DIXIE (CONT'D)

*(struggling to breathe)*

The baby... I think the baby's  
coming...

BARRET

*(also struggling to  
breathe)*

Holy shit, this is not good  
timing...

Miller LAUGHS at their predicament. Then he feigns an earth-shattering epiphany:

MILLER

Oh my God -- do you know what I  
just realized? She's pregnant with  
*your* baby -- *and I was an orphan...*  
so do you think that means...?

BARRET  
*(mind blown)*  
 ... You're our *kid??*

Miller grins and shrugs.

MILLER  
 Let's find out!

HE SHOOTS DIXIE IN THE CHEST. She crumples, mortally wounded, dying even quicker than Barret.

BARRET  
WHAT THE FUCK, DUDE!?!?

Miller preens across the stage, loving it. *This* is the worst guy of all time.

MILLER  
 You may not be my father,  
 "Barret"... But you made me who I  
 am.

That hurts.

Barret crawls to Dixie, leaving a trail of blood behind him. He lies beside her and squeezes her hand. She's fading fast.

DIXIE  
*(somehow manages a smile)*  
 I came to kill you... and I finally  
 did.

BARRET  
 No you didn't... you saved me.

Miller jumps down from the stage and stands over Barret. He cocks the particle pistol.

MILLER  
 Any last words?

Barret looks at Dixie, the love of his life, as they both bleed out. And finally, with tears in his eyes, he says it:

BARRET  
 I'm sorry.

When he utters the words, a small, invisible TIMEWAVE radiates outward, causing Miller to lose his footing.

BARRET (CONT'D)

I'm so, so sorry Dixie... I'm sorry for all the shit I did that ruined everything, for fucking up the world and fucking up us and causing all the hurt in your heart...

A BIGGER TIMEWAVE BLASTS MILLER CLEAN OFF HIS FEET.

Barret and Dixie both realize what's happening. With what little strength she has left, she grabs his phone from his pocket and puts it in his hand.

He turns over onto his back and GOES LIVE ON INSTAGRAM.

BARRET (CONT'D)

*(into camera)*

Sup y'all, it's ya boi...

**EXT. STADIUM - CONTINUOUS**

Outside the stadium, all of Barret's supporters in line open their phones and watch his livestream.

BARRET (V.O.)

Giving it like a second so y'all can all get your phones out -- okay cool, so...

**INT. STADIUM - CONTINUOUS**

Miller gets back up and points the gun at Barret--

BARRET

I just wanna say right now, to all of you, all across the world:

I'm Sorry.

ANOTHER TIMEWAVE knocks the gun out of Miller's hand.

MILLER

*WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENING--??*

Barret keeps going, and as he does, TIMEWAVES continue to thwart Miller.

BARRET

I'm sorry for fucking, *everything*. I'm sorry to all the people I was a jerk to, God I was an arrogant, ignorant bully...

(MORE)

BARRET (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to Tami, my old  
babysitter, for the time I peed on  
the kitchen floor, it wasn't an  
accident I did it on purpose just  
to be a dick...

**INT. TAMI'S HOME - CONTINUOUS**

TAMI, now a middle-aged mother, watches the livestream from  
her kitchen.

TAMI

Yep, knew it.

**INT. STADIUM - CONTINUOUS**

BARRET

I'm sorry to all the people I  
offended and made fun of on  
Twitter, if you have to act tough  
online you're actually a pussy and  
I am, I'm a huge pussy, any time I  
was tweeting I was just doing it  
cause I was bored and so *alone*...

The Timewaves keep Miller at bay, but Dixie's breaths are  
becoming more and more shallow. She's running out of time.

BARRET (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for running for President  
because I'm not -- you don't want  
me to be President, I'm too  
selfish, I'm too insecure, I just  
wanted people to like me and so I  
started playing this *character* and  
never knew how to stop...

*(his voice breaks)*

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry...

The Timewaves are gradually getting smaller and less  
effective. Miller crawls toward the particle pistol.

Barret looks to Dixie, not knowing what else to say. She is  
close to death, but whispers:

DIXIE

*... the Uber drivers...*



BARRET

Oh fuck, yes, the Uber drivers --  
I'm especially sorry to y'all, I  
was always an asshole to you and I  
don't even know why, I mean I guess  
it's cause I was paying for the  
service and you intruded on my  
personal -- anyway I'm sorry!

Miller manages to grab the gun. Barret looks at him.

BARRET (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to you, Miller -- I  
shouldn't have been your hero, or  
anybody's, I'm not a role model.  
I'm a bad guy. I'm the worst.

There's a final Timewave, but Miller shrugs this one off. He  
levels the pistol at Barret...

Barret takes Dixie's hand and closes his eyes.

Miller pulls the trigger...

At the very last second Barret yells into his phone:

BARRET (CONT'D)

And Lena Dunham I'm sorry for  
telling you to eat my ass!

**BAM!** MILLER FIRES -- BUT THE PARTICLE BLAST JUST FREEZES IN  
MID-AIR, INCHES FROM BARRET'S HEAD...

THEN DISAPPEARS ENTIRELY.

Barret, Dixie, and Miller can't believe it.

Our triumphant John Williams score begins...

**EXT. STADIUM - CONTINUOUS**

After the Lena Dunham apology, everybody in line says fuck  
this and leaves the stadium.

**INT. STADIUM - CONTINUOUS**

Miller drops the pistol and begins to tremble. He knows  
what's happening.

MILLER

NO... NO NO NO!!

The trembling becomes VIOLENT SHAKING. His body glows blue.

Barret looks at his stomach. His wound heals itself, as if it never happened.

MILLER'S FEET DISAPPEAR, THEN HIS LEGS...

MILLER (CONT'D)

Oh God I'm disappearing, it's happening, it's fucking ha--

**BAM!** A HOLE IS BLOWN IN MILLER'S HEAD.

What's left of him slumps over, then DISAPPEARS TOO.

Dixie sits up beside Barret, holding the smoking particle pistol, her wound also healed. The scar over her eye has disappeared as well.

DIXIE

Was that excessive?

BARRET

I mean he *was* already disappearing from existence.

THEY EMBRACE. He looks into her eyes and places her hands on her stomach, feeling the light inside her.

**INT. BENEATH THE STADIUM - CONTINUOUS**

The 75 to 100 of Blood Grunts who died violently by Dixie's hand come back to life. Heads and limbs reattach to bodies. Even Kid Rock is revived.

**EXT. STADIUM - CONTINUOUS**

Outside, the destroyed Time Travel Backpack glows blue and DISAPPEARS.

**EXT. ATLANTA - CONTINUOUS (2076)**

Post-apocalyptic Atlanta miraculously heals itself, just how Barret joked about at Chuck E Cheese:

The dead grass turns green.

The destroyed buildings are rebuilt.

The robins start chirping.

And the streets fill with living, happy people.

**INT. STADIUM - CONTINUOUS**

Barret and Dixie stand. She begins to glow blue, and they both understand what's coming. He takes her head in his hands. She's crying.

DIXIE

... You healed the hurt in my heart.

They laugh through the tears and he hugs her tight, the greatest hug in the history of cinema, then he looks her in the eyes and finally says what he should've said a long time ago:

BARRET

Dixie, I l--

BUT HER HEAD DISAPPEARS FIRST, FOLLOWED BY THE REST OF HER BODY.

Our music abruptly ends.

Dixie is gone.

BARRET (CONT'D)

--ove you....?

Barret is left there alone, arms outstretched where Dixie was seconds before. He looks around, shocked.

BARRET (CONT'D)

What the fuck? *WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK??* When does somebody's HEAD disappear first!? THAT'S NOT HOW THIS SHIT IS SUPPOSED TO WORK! THAT'S NOT HOW IT WORKS IN THE MOVIES, THE HEAD DOES NOT GO FIRST! FUCK!!!

He just stands there, not knowing what to do.

Finally his eyes drift to his phone on the ground.

**EXT. STADIUM - NIGHT**

Barret walks across the now-empty stadium parking lot. AN UBER pulls up to the curb. The driver rolls down the window.

UBER DRIVER  
Hey, for Barret?

**I/E. UBER - TRAVELING - NIGHT**

Barret rides in the back of the Uber. The driver, a nice guy around Barret's age, isn't talking.

WE HOLD ON BARRET for a long beat.

Then, without warning, he starts to really, truly, cry.

He cries hard, weeping, wracked with grief and joy and exhaustion and heartbreak all at once.

After a moment the driver looks back.

UBER DRIVER  
Hey man, you okay?

But Barret can't even speak. The driver pulls over and puts his hand back on Barret's knee. Barret leans over and hugs his arm, sobbing.

The driver touches his head with gentle, honest compassion.

UBER DRIVER (CONT'D)  
It's alright, man. It's gonna be alright.

Barret cries and cries.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY**

OVERHEAD SHOT of a large political rally being held in Central Park. A familiar voice booms over the PA:

BARRET (O.S.)  
Not sure if y'all remember but five years ago, I was running for President. God, can you imagine? Coulda been the end of the world.

The crowd LAUGHS.

**ON STAGE**

Barret, four years older and considerably more "adult" looking, speaks at the podium.

BARRET (CONT'D)

In fact, it was such a bad idea that a woman was sent back from the future to kill me and stop me from getting elected!

HUGE LAUGH. The truth plays like a great joke. Barret smiles.

BARRET (CONT'D)

Seriously though, I *was* a bad guy, and I don't care what anybody tells you, bad guys make bad leaders.

He looks out at the crowd.

BARRET (CONT'D)

But y'know what? I turned it around. I'm not perfect but I'm a little less bad, and I'm trying hard to be a little bit better every day. So what changed?

Pause.

BARRET (CONT'D)

Somebody taught me how to say I'm sorry. I learned that apologizing doesn't make you weak, it makes you strong. *It makes you human.* It makes a difference -- bigger than anybody can really know.

APPLAUSE.

BARRET (CONT'D)

And I'm proud to say that all started when I apologized to my now good friend, and the next President of the United States... ladies and gentlemen, *Lena Dunham!*

The crowd erupts! Barret welcomes LENA DUNHAM to the stage and they embrace like the close friends they've become.

**MOS:** Lena Dunham begins her speech. WE HOLD ON BARRET off to the side, watching and listening. He's smiling, proud of who he's become.

**EXT. BARRET'S HOUSE - DAY**

Barret gets out of an Uber back from the Atlanta airport. He turns and waves to his driver. He's holding their HEADSHOT.

BARRET

Thanks for the headshot, I'll totally pass it along to, um, famous people!

UBER DRIVER

Thank you so much, I really appreciate it.

BARRET

No problem. Five stars.

UBER DRIVER

Five stars for you, too! You're a good guy.

The Uber drives off. Barret watches it disappear, taking those words to heart.

**INT. BARRET'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY**

Barret comes down into his basement. The social media totems have been replaced with various framed articles and awards commemorating his philanthropic work.

He loosens his tie and plops down on the couch. It's clear he still lives alone. He glances across the room, where the repaired Barret and Dixie Bitmjoii portrait hangs.

He gives it a little smile, as if he were smiling at Dixie.

After a few moments of boredom, he opens Pornhub on his phone. As he scrolls through the various options...

***FWHOOSH!*** The room flashes blue.

And someone appears behind him.

Heart suddenly pounding, Barret sets down his phone and stands. He turns.

**Dixie is there.**

She's naked, and wearing what looks like a HUGE TIME TRAVEL CHAIN NECKLACE. Five years older herself. Beautiful as ever.

Barret looks at her, and she looks at him. It is absolutely the happiest moment of either of their lives.

BARRET

... Dixie?

DIXIE  
*(beat, re: his erection)*  
 You have another, um--

BARRET  
*(looking down)*  
 Oh -- shit, sorry--

DIXIE  
 Is that cause of me or the porn you  
 were about to watch?

They both LAUGH.

BARRET  
 ... If I'm being honest -- which I  
 pretty much always am now, or at  
 least I try -- it's from both. But  
 obviously the longer I'm looking at  
 you, the higher the percentage of  
 my erection is for--

She takes a step toward him. He comes around the couch.

BARRET (CONT'D)  
 Is that a... time travel chain?  
*(she nods)*  
 Still can't send you back with  
 clothes on, huh?

DIXIE  
 No, it can.  
*(beat)*  
 This was a personal choice.

They smile.

BARRET  
 ... How? How are you -- how can--

DIXIE  
 Do you want to meet your daughter?

BARRET  
 ..... I have -- we have -- we have  
 a daughter?

DIXIE  
 We have a daughter.

BARRET  
 ..... Is she...?

DIXIE

Evil?

He nods.

DIXIE (CONT'D)

No. Not yet at least.

They laugh. Dixie lifts the Time Travel Chain and places it over Barret's neck too. He pulls her close.

BARRET

We're not gonna like, appear right in front of her, right? I just don't want to--

DIXIE

No, Barret, I'm not gonna let our kid see me naked.

BARRET

Good, right, totally. That's ideal, I can meet her after and--  
(overwhelmed)  
I knew you'd come back -- I don't know how I knew, but I knew.

She looks around the basement, at his many accomplishments.

DIXIE

I'm so proud of you.  
(then)  
Are you ready?

He still can't wrap his head around all this.

BARRET

God, time travel is so stupid. I mean, none of this makes *any sense*. It's just one big giant plot hole, there's no actual rules, nothing tracks logically--

DIXIE

Kinda like falling in love.

Beat. That's a good enough explanation for him.

BARRET

That night -- what I said as you disappeared...

DIXIE

I heard it.



BARRET  
*(brightening, beginning to  
cry)*  
You heard it across time?

DIXIE  
*(also beginning to cry)*  
I heard it -- I felt it across  
time.  
*(then)*  
Say it again.

BARRET  
I love you.

DIXIE  
I love you too.

They kiss, a kiss for the ages, a kiss for all time.

Norah Jones' cover of "**Unchained Melody**" begins.

The Time Travel Chain activates...

***FWOOSH!***

... And they disappear in a blue flash, traveling across  
time, together.

Forever.

**The End**