

THE BLACK LIST

DRONE HUNTERS

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Genre: Action & Adventure, Action Comedy, Action Thriller, Heist/Caper Comedy

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EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - MORNING

We track an EAGLE as it SWOOPS and SOARS along the stunning autumn countryside -- an Audubon painting come to life.

A faint HUMMING cuts through the pastoral serenity.

The humming grows louder ... And louder ... Until it CRESCENDOS INTO A ROAR AS:

A DRONE

rockets past the eagle.

The eagle dives off screen and we continue on the DRONE. A rectangular PACKAGE the size of a laundry basket is attached to the drone's underbelly.

The CAMERA PANS across the drone. Splashed on its body:

"SEQUOIA PRIME AIR - 30 MINUTES OR LESS GUARANTEED"

The drone continues its discordant glide through the air, UNTIL...

A BULLET pierces through the humming and one of the drone's propellers is VAPORIZED.

The drone SLINGS off course and enters a DIZZYING SPIRAL. We track the drone as it PLUMMETS toward earth, the ground RACING TOWARD THE SCREEN.

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

The drone CRUMPLES into the earth with a sickening CRUNCH.

STAY ON DRONE as we hear the rumble of an approaching engine, The Black Keys turned up to eleven.

A LAND ROVER squeals to a halt next to the drone.

PRESTON -- late 40s, manly man -- and SOFIA -- 30s, the Michael Jordan of robbing drones -- step out of the vehicle and examine the fallen drone.

PRESTON

Eight-point-five. Beautiful shot.

Preston flips out a SWISS ARMY KNIFE and expertly removes a COMPUTER CHIP embedded in the package.

SOFIA

Bullshit. We were a good 800 yards away. That is a 10 out of fucking 10.

(a beat)

Pull!

Preston flicks the CHIP high into the air. Sofia draws a REVOLVER and FIRES at the chip -- it SHATTERS into a thousand pieces. Skeet shooting, remix edition.

PRESTON

If you want me to start awarding 10's to any run-of-the-mill shot, it's going to ruin the integrity of the entire scale. Devalue the meaning of a perfect takedown. You know, most people would be happy with an 8.5.

Preston detaches the PACKAGE from the drone, tossing it at Sofia. She loads it into the trunk of the Land Rover.

SOFIA

I'm not. With this scale I'll need to no-scope a moving target with my eyes closed, falling backwards, to get a fucking 10.

Preston leers over the fallen drone, brandishing a PUMP-ACTION SHOTGUN, a cheetah salivating over a wounded gazelle.

PRESTON

(shrugs)

Yeah, that would probably do it.

(cocks shotgun)

May I?

SOFIA

All yours. Four minutes.

Preston begins SHOOTING the fallen drone with maniacal ferocity, hurling anti-drone epithets.

PRESTON

SUCK METAL, JUNK BUCKET! EAT LEAD

YOU SHIT BLASTER!

Preston unloads until we hear the CLICK of an empty clip.

SOFIA

You really gotta stop wasting entire clips. Times are tight.

PRESTON

Tried therapy. Not enough violence.

Sofia's watch begins to PING. She taps through a GPS app on her watch and studies it.

SOFIA

Another bogey three clicks to the north, heading southwest. If we move now, we can intercept.

Preston runs to the car... but to the BACKSEAT DOOR.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Preston. Three minutes. Let's go.

PRESTON

Nope. I'm not waiting any longer. Today's the day.

SOFIA

For...?

(puts it together)

Oh for fuck's sake. Not today.

PRESTON

Sandra's been field ready for weeks. She needs to get her reps.

SOFIA

Preston, it's just that ... We've been missing our numbers for weeks. Garza's chomping at our asses. It's not the time to experiment.

PRESTON

It's always some bullshit reason or another...

SOFIA

...Because, do you remember what happens every time we use her?

PRESTON

That's what the upgrades are for. Sofia. Do you trust me?

SOFIA

(exasperated)

I trust you.

Preston THROWS the CAR KEYS to Sofia.

PRESTON

Good. Cause my baby is ready ...

Preston opens the BACKSEAT DOOR to REVEAL:

SANDRA -- A beat-up Sequoia delivery drone rigged with a NET.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

... To motherfuckin' soar.

Sofia rolls her eyes, mildly amused by his gusto.

Preston cradles Sandra and lays her gently on the ground.

SOFIA

Quickly?

Preston grabs a handheld controller and puts on a headset equipped with a screen showing Sandra's POV.

PRESTON

You gotta flutter before you fly,
Sofia. Flutter before you fly.

Sandra's propellers begin to WHIR. She rises, quickly gaining speed, and BLASTS OFF toward the Sequoia Drone.

SOFIA

Well. That's further than last
time.

INT. LAND ROVER - DRIVING CONTINUOUS

Preston carefully navigates Sandra on his controller as Sofia slams on the accelerator.

SANDRA'S POV

The Sequoia Drone is a speck in the distance.

PRESTON

is laser-focused.

PRESTON

Target acquired. Closing in.

SANDRA'S POV

The Sequoia Drone is in range.

PRESTON

Sweat drips from his brow. A lot is riding on this.

SANDRA'S POV

The Sequoia Drone is a FEW FEET AWAY.

PRESTON

can taste sweet victory. He presses a button and --

PRESTON (CONT'D)

Yahtzee!

SANDRA

FIRES a net at the Sequoia drone --

-- the net MISFIRES, directly back into Sandra's PROPELLERS.
The propellers JAM.

Sandra begins an agonizing descent to the earth.

IN THE LAND ROVER

Preston is distraught. Sofia rolls her eyes.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

Go ahead, gloat.

SOFIA

No time for that. Grab the wheel.

Preston leans over and takes the wheel.

BACKSEAT

Sofia grabs a SNIPER RIFLE.

SUNROOF

retracts. Sofia peeks out with the rifle. Finds the Sequoia
Drone in the crosshairs. Takes a deep breath.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Steady.

Ready. Aim. FIRE.

SEQUOIA DRONE

BLAM! A propeller is clipped - it's not a clean hit. The
drone enters a downward spiral and...

...CRASHES into a nearby BARN.

SOFIA AND PRESTON

SOFIA (CONT'D)

I blame you.

PRESTON

Do we go after it?

SOFIA

Don't have a choice. We're way too light this week.

The Land Rover continues toward the barn.

PRESTON (O.S.)

Four out of ten.

SOFIA (O.S.)

Don't you fucking start.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

The drone lies in a blanket of CRUSHED FOLIAGE. Sparks shoot out. Small fires blaze.

The drone speaks in a CELEBRITY VOICE, a promotional tool used by Sequoia (fingers crossed for Bill Nighy):

DRONE

(malfunctioning)

Thank you for choosing Sequoia Prime Delivery. Have a pleasant day. For a limited time only -- Thirty rolls of Charmin for the price of twwwwooo...

The drone is SILENCED by a blast of FOAM from a fire extinguisher.

PAN UP to the face of a seething hillbilly farmer, ZEKE (47).

The CAMERA SWOOPS AROUND ZEKE to reveal the source of his ire -- the barn houses a MASSIVE MARIJUANA FARM. The impact of the drone has trampled a large portion of the marijuana crop.

Zeke SPITS on the drone.

ZEKE

Fuckin' drones. Oil-jizzing shit buckets. I'm going to sue your goddamn balls off, you hear me?

CLICK! A REVOLVER is raised to Zeke's temple -- it's PRESTON.

PRESTON

As much as I agree with your sentiment -- not sure if you want to get involved with the justice system there, chief.

ZEKE

This belong to you?

PRESTON

Nope. I'm just taking it. I'm gonna need you to take a couple of steps back. Slow. Drop the fire extinguisher.

Zeke complies. Preston does a cursory PATDOWN on Zeke.

ZEKE

You're lucky I'm high. Otherwise I'd be goin' Muay Thai all over your arthritic ass.

PRESTON

I'm shaking in my boots.

CLICK! Preston is startled as a RIFLE is cocked behind him -- held by BO, another hillbilly farmer.

BO

Don't move a fuckin' dimple.

ZEKE

Shaking now, funny guy?

PRESTON

Nah. Just stalling until...

A RED DOT appears on Bo's FOREHEAD.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

...That happens.

ZEKE

Well. Looks like we got us a Mexican standoff.

BO

Whoah, brother. I think the proper term is "Latin American Standoff".

ZEKE

Shit, you're right. My bad. I've gotta admit, I'm all nervous.

(MORE)

ZEKE (CONT'D)

It's always been a dream of mine to be in one of these. I've been in the drug business for a long time. All my friends have been in a standoff. Hell, Bo's been in one.

BO

I've been in two!

ZEKE

Always imagined I'd have a gun, though. Kinda disappointing.

PRESTON

As much as I could hear you dumbshits go back and forth all night, I'm going to have to cut you off -- I've got a proposition. One that will let all of us walk out of here happy. And alive. Do me a favor -- See what it says on the side of that drone there? *Sequoia*. Biggest fuckin' company on the planet. It takes six minutes for their backup to arrive after a drone is shot down. We've burned four doing our little circle-jerk here. So any second, there's gonna be four drones, guns blazing, knocking down these doors.

ZEKE

What's the proposition?

PRESTON

There's \$20,000 of electronics in that package. You help us send the Security Drones to the Great Junkyard in the Sky, we'll split it down the middle.

BO

Are they really going to shoot us?

PRESTON

If they see us holding weapons, they're programmed to fire.

ZEKE

Motherfuckers. This is how it all ends. A robot with a gun in your face. 75-25, and you got a deal. If I'm getting shot to death it ain't gonna be by a goddamn drone.

PRESTON
 (no time to haggle)
 ...Fine. Deal.

Preston WHISTLES. The reticule disappears from Bo's groin.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
 (to BO)
 Now you.

Bo lowers his weapon. Preston, in turn, lowers his.

The SIRENS of approaching drones cuts through the morning.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
 Shit. They're almost here.

Sofia jogs into the barn. She hands Preston a GRENADE LAUNCHER.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
 Awwww is this for me?
 (kisses the weapon)
 Sandra?

SOFIA
 She's accounted for. OK gents,
 here's the deal: Four of us, four
 of them. Take them by surprise,
 drop them all at once. If they
 start firing, we're cooked.

BO
 What're they packin'?

PRESTON
 Automatics as primary, rockets as
 secondary.

ZEKE
 Aw, hell.

SOFIA
 Don't worry, we've done this
 before. (To ZEKE) You, take the far
 window. (To BO) You, stay here by
 the door. Preston, other far
 window. I'm going up top. Let's
 return these fuckers back to
 sender. On my whistle.

Everyone moves into position. Sofia scampers up a ladder and settles into a loft above the barn.

Four SEQUOIA SECURITY DRONES line up outside the barn, lights flashing, sirens whooping. These drones are bigger and badder, a menacing 21st century firing squad.

SECURITY DRONE

Warning. You are in unauthorized possession of Sequoia property. Please step away from the package. You have 30 seconds to comply.

Sofia WHISTLES.

IN RAPID SUCCESSION:

SOFIA

FIRES her rifle.

PRESTON

launches grenades.

PRESTON

What can brown do for you, motherfuckers?

ZEKE

pops around the corner, pumps out shotgun shells.

BO

fires blindly around the corner, still behind cover.

BO

(indecipherable yelling)
AHHHHHHHAHAHAHAH!

SECURITY DRONE #1 (SOFIA)

drops from an expertly placed bullet.

SECURITY DRONE #2 (PRESTON)

EXPLODES in a fiery inferno.

SECURITY DRONE #3 (ZEKE)

takes a few hits, but finally drops.

SECURITY DRONE #4 (BO)

is completely unscathed.

SOFIA

peeks over and takes Bo's drone out for him.

The skirmish is over in seconds. Zeke and Bo hoot and holler.

ZEKE

Hell yeah, brother! We nailed 'em!
I'm gonna string mine up like a
pinata and bash it to a pulp!

BO

Did you see me own that fucker!!

Zeke and Bo glance over the destroyed Security Drones.
There's something missing...

ZEKE

Wait a minute. There ain't got no
weapons!

SOFIA

Whoopsie.

Sofia and Preston THWACK Zeke and Bo with the butts of their
guns -- they are knocked out COLD.

Preston detaches the package from the drone. Sofia kneels
next to him and they crack open the package.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

\$20,000 worth of electronics, huh?

Preston takes a HELLO KITTY LUNCHBOX out of the package.

PRESTON

That's gotta be 20 grand somewhere.

SMASH TITLE:

DRONE HUNTERS

INT. OFFICE TOWER - DOWNTOWN DETROIT - DAY

THEO -- 20s, idealistic, restless -- is hunched over a laptop
in a sparse cubicle, plugging away on an Excel file.

Theo PERKS UP as he notices an audible HUM off screen. He
JOLTS his head to see a drone zipping by a window.

Theo gazes after the drone wistfully. His daydream is
interrupted by his boss BRANDON -- 40s, douche in a three
piece suit.

BRANDON
 Ahem... Theo...

Brandon sternly taps the knot of his tie -- code for "where the fuck is your tie"?

Theo grumpily opens a desk drawer. He pulls out a TIE, and pauses --

CLOSE ON: A picture of Theo arm-in-arm with a pretty gal in the drawer. Theo flips the picture upside down.

Theo tightens the tie around his neck. Resume Excel plodding.

The familiar HUM of a drone flyby returns.

Theo JOLTS his head again -- this time, he LEAPS out of his chair and CHARGES at the window ...

... SHATTERING through the glass.

Theo LATCHES onto the drone MID-AIR, HUNDREDS OF FEET above the ground ...

... And RIPS THE DRONE APART with his bare hands.

Theo and the dangling drone bits begin FREE-FALLING toward earth, glass floors WHOOSHING by.

Theo coolly reaches back and pulls the ripcord on a parachute. The chute deploys, and Theo gently descends among the office towers of the Motor City, UNTIL...

DOZENS OF DRONES begin appearing out of the woodwork, flying straight at Theo from all angles.

Theo draws two HANDGUNS and picking off incoming drones like it's a carnival game.

When the handguns run out of ammo, Theo draws a SHOTGUN. An M16. A ROCKET LAUNCHER.

Theo destroys drone after drone, mixing in Matrix-level backflips and wall runs. The stunts get crazier. The explosions get fierier. And then FINALLY...

INT. THEO'S CUBICLE - DAY

Theo is ROUSED AWAKE by his colleague/work confidant RAMESH -- 20s, expert engineer.

RAMESH
 Theo. Theo! You were snoring again.

THEO
Shit. Really?

RAMESH
Don't worry, it was cute. What's
the matter, you drink enough coffee
today?

Theo rattles an empty EXTRA-LARGE COFFEE CUP.

THEO
Trust me. That's not the problem.

RAMESH
Pretty sure you've made your body
immune to caffeine. Next step:
cocaine.
(checks his watch)
Weekly status meeting in 5, let's
make moves.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Theo and Ramesh elbow into a room of professionals clad in
business casual. Brandon stands at the front of the room,
hands on his hips -- his signature power stance.

BRANDON
Settle in everyone, we have a lot
to get through today. Before we get
started, we have a special
surprise. Debra, why don't you come
up to the front?

DEBRA (late 50s) stands up and joins Brandon, unsure.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
It's a very special day at our
company -- moments like this don't
come along very often. It's the
anniversary of the first day Debra
started working at this company.
How many years has it been, Deb?

DEBRA
(modest)
Thirty-five.

BRANDON
Thirty-five years of working at
this very company, ladies and
gentlemen! How about that! Let's
give her a round of applause!

The room gives her a STANDING OVATION. Debra swoons. Brandon presents her with a cheap congratulatory PLAQUE.

CLOSE ON: Theo applauding, less than halfheartedly.

The door opens and a CAKE is wheeled in. Theo's colleagues break out a rendition of "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Ramesh leans over and playfully jabs Theo.

RAMESH

Just thirty more years and that
will be us, buddy!

Theo's head begins to SPIN.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Theo picks at a slice of cake as his colleagues file out. Brandon creeps up, smugness permanently Botoxed on his face.

BRANDON

Gotta love Duncan Hines, huh? My
wife found this amazing kale-
zucchini-sweet potato cake recipe
and I had to bring it in.

Theo barely musters a GRUNT in response.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Listen -- when you're finished up
here, head to the roof. I got a
drone delivery coming in 10.

THEO

(mouth full of cake)
That's not my job.

BRANDON

Excuse me?

THEO

(swallows)
I said, that's not my job. I'm a
project management analyst.

BRANDON

You know, Theo, you've been really
checked out lately. I need you to
check back in. Comprende?

Brandon waits for a response.

THEO

Comprende.

BRANDON

Pick up my delivery. Do you really want me to ask again? And fix your collar, you look like a damn hippie.

The sound of THUNDER rumbles through the building.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Better bring an umbrella.

INT. ELEVATOR - LATER

Theo enters an elevator, clutching an umbrella.

As the elevator ascends, Theo imagines the next 30 years of his life stuck in white-collar hell.

SERIES OF QUICK CUTS (Theo growing progressively older):

- Theo stuck in bumper-to-bumper traffic
- Theo eating a limp sandwich from a brown paper bag
- Theo zoning out in a meeting
- Suited-up Theo signalling a subordinate to wear a tie

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

The elevator opens with a DING. It's pouring rain.

Theo -- clearly on edge -- opens his umbrella and ambles to the DRONE DELIVERY CENTER at the corner of the roof.

Theo braces as a SEQUOIA DRONE descends onto a platform. The propellers SPLATTER him with water as it lands.

SEQUOIA DRONE

(still Bill Nighy)

Thank you for choosing Sequoia Prime Air Delivery. Please state your name for confirmation.

THEO

Theo Corrigan.

SEQUOIA DRONE
Sorry. I didn't get that. Please
state your name for delivery
confirmation.

THEO
(drawn out)
Theo. Corrigan.

SEQUOIA DRONE
Sorry. I didn't get that. Please -

THEO
THEO. CORRIGAN.

A beat.

SEQUOIA DRONE
Sorry--

Theo WALLOPS the drone with the handle of his umbrella.

That felt good.

Theo CONTINUES BASHING the drone until it's a heap of
crumpled metal.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

DING! The elevator doors open.

Theo enters, dragging the Sequoia drone behind him like the
corpse of a fallen enemy.

He's in a sort of nirvana.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Theo marches through the cubicle farm, drone still in tow.

INT. BRANDON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Theo strolls into Brandon's corner office. Brandon doesn't
look up from his laptop.

BRANDON
Took you long enough. You get my
package?

Theo SLAMS the destroyed drone onto Brandon's desk.

THEO
FUCK your package.

BRANDON
What the hell's the matter with
you?

Theo gives him the DOUBLE BIRD.

THEO
I quit.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Theo BURSTS out of Brandon's office -- a butterfly escaping a cocoon.

Begin Theo's SCORCHED EARTH CAMPAIGN:

Theo walks past the rows of cubicles, part relieved, part triumphant... He loosens his tie and SLINGS it behind him... He picks up a box filled with assorted papers and DUMPS its contents on the ground.

Theo peeks his head into his colleague LINDA's cubicle.

THEO
Hey Linda. Fun fact: We can hear
you eat your afternoon apple from
the *other end of the fucking floor!*

Theo grabs the apple off her desk and HEAVES IT... He continues on and readies to admonish his colleague DWIGHT.

THEO (CONT'D)
Hey Dwight. Stop hawking your
daughter's Girl Scout Cookies
around the office. Fun fact: Nobody
eats processed sugar anymore. Tell
the Girl Scouts to go sell some
fucking kale chips!

Theo bumps into another colleague, JOSH, in the hall.

THEO (CONT'D)
Hey Josh... Fun fact: I... I just
hate your fucking guts.

INT. THEO'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Theo enters his cubicle. He begins packing his sparse belongings into the box -- framed picture with his father, headphones, Michigan Wolverines pennant, red stapler...

RAMESH arrives at the cubicle, harried.

RAMESH

What's going on? I got like 10 people pinging me that you're having a meltdown. Oh, and I think you dropped this.

Ramesh returns Theo's tie. Theo HURLS into the distance.

THEO

I'm done with this place.

RAMESH

OK, take a deep breath. Tell me what happened.

THEO

You were in that meeting. Poor Debra. Worked here for 35 fucking years. The prime of her life, spent in these moldy, decrepit, suffocating walls.

Theo and Ramesh do a Sorkin walk-and-talk, entering a...

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Theo punches the parking garage button. The descent begins.

THEO

Can you honestly imagine doing this for the next three decades? Driving to the same office, eating the same lunch, making small talk with the same people? This wasn't supposed to be ...it. There was supposed to be *more*. You expect me to believe that little Ramesh wanted this punch-in, punch-out, Hyundai Sedan of a life.

RAMESH

Little Ramesh did want to be a fighter pilot...

THEO

Aha!

RAMESH

... But he grew up and so did his definition of happiness. Do you even realize how shallow you sound? You are the American dream, personified. J-Crew clothes. Retirement savings. You've slept with more women than I've spoken to -- hell, you just spent a week in Jamaica!

THEO

Fuck Jamaica. Fuck these first world, yuppie ideas of happiness. And fuck this facade of a feudal society we call corporate America. Been there, done that, got the 401K. I'm 25 and single. I can't suppress my destiny any longer. It's time I did something I love.

DING! The elevator opens into a...

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The conversation continues as Theo approaches his Sonata, pops the trunk and tosses the box inside, slamming it shut.

RAMESH

Is your "destiny" to be a minimum wage barista with bad credit?

THEO

You think I haven't thought this through? Give me some respect. I have an in with my uncle -- I'm going to join the family business.

RAMESH

Doing what exactly?

THEO

Probably best if I kept you in the dark about that. Just trust me that it's going to make me happier than I've ever been. I should get going. I'll see you soon, I promise.

Theo jumps into his car and peels out. STAY ON RAMESH:

RAMESH

(calls after him)

Is your LinkedIn profile up to date?

(a beat)

Who will I eat lunch with?!

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Preston opens the Land Rover's trunk -- it's half-filled with a hodgepodge of items. CLOSE-ON each item as it's listed.

PRESTON

Spoils of the week -- eight rolls of toilet paper, two cartons of Goldfish (cheddar), one bicycle helmet, a pair of purple running shorts, one NFL-ready football, one Hello Kitty lunchbox, seven packets of Peet's coffee beans, two dildos, seven volumes of 3D pornography and the grand finale, one iPad.

SOFIA

Fuck. That's really all we got?

(takes the football)

Gimme a football player.

PRESTON

Daunte Culpepper.

Sofia takes out a felt pen and scribbles a forged signature on the football.

SOFIA

Well, the only other thing worth shit is the iPad. And it's broken.

PRESTON

Fear not. I'll have it fixed in a jiffy.

Sofia holds up the iPad. The screen is SHATTERED.

SOFIA

Do your magic.

Preston takes the iPad and opens a vial of glue.

PRESTON

How do you want to split this week?
I'll take two things of toilet
paper and a packet of coffee for my
stockpile.

SOFIA

Thank god you remembered the toilet
paper. It's a relief to know I'll
be able to wipe my ass with
something when we're trapped in
your "doomsday bunker".

PRESTON

(not amused)

Keep making fun of it and see if I
invite you in when the banks
collapse. Or the ocean levels rise.
Or the Chinese invade. Or all of
those at once.

SOFIA

As for people that are *actually* in
need, leave the Goldfish and the
rest of the toilet paper for the
shelter.

PRESTON

You just love playing Robin Hood,
don't you.

SOFIA

Shush. It's a PR move and you know
it. Pack up everything else and
let's move.

Preston turns away. Sofia sneakily swipes the LUNCHBOX.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A bustling warehouse. Boxes are moved around on dollies.
Vehicles are unpacked. Battered drones whizz around, crashing
into walls.

Preston and Sofia enter, pushing a CART filled with their
week's loot.

SOFIA

You know how we shoot down drones
carrying dildos at least once,
twice a week?

PRESTON

The frequency is quite alarming.

SOFIA

Right? Don't you feel like the biggest cockblockers when we shoot those down? Here we have someone who needs a dildo so bad they order it by *drone* of all things, and we're denying them of...

Sofia is cut short by a DRONE WHIZZING TOWARD THEM -- they DUCK just in time.

The culprit stands meekly before them clutching a controller... This is GARZA, 50s, capitalism in a balding, portly man. He's the boss of this drone hunting operation.

GARZA

My bad, guys...

Preston SNATCHES the controller from Garza's hands.

PRESTON

I asked you *very kindly* not to touch those!

GARZA

I was testing out the prototype. You know, the one you promised me would be ready three weeks ago.

PRESTON

It's taking longer than expected.

GARZA

Never forget the first rule of business, Preston: Don't set deadlines you cannot meet.

SOFIA

Does that statement also apply to your weight loss goals, Garza?

GARZA

I've lost 20 pounds since March! Why isn't anyone giving me credit for that?

PRESTON

Because that's the equivalent of removing a drop of water from an Olympic-size pool.

GARZA

The Preston and Sofia Comedy Hour.
Always a delight.

(looks into their cart)

This all you got for me? Alright,
step into my office, you know the
drill.

INT. GARZA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Barbie's Dream CEO Office. Stacks of management and
motivational books. Treadmill desk. Coconut water in a
cooler. Framed picture of Jack Welch.

CLOSE UP: A LEADERBOARD titled "DRONE HUNTER RANKINGS" --
each of Garza's squads is labeled on a slideable tile.

Sofia looks at her and Preston's current position -- it's
smack dab in the middle of the pack. She WINCES.

GARZA

Coconut water? Anyone? This shit
changed my life.

Garza cracks open a carton and takes a LONG PULL. He hops
onto the treadmill and begins a proportional-to-his-weight
power walk.

GARZA (CONT'D)

So, whaddya got for me this week?

SOFIA

I'll be the first to admit we've
had a rough couple of weeks, but
today, we're finally back on track.
We have for you a football signed
by the legendary NFL player, Daunte
Culpepper. Certified authenticity.
We also have freshly roasted coffee
beans from the banks of the Amazon
river. Two top-of-the-line dildos --
featuring built-in vibration with
adjustable intensity settings--
which you can use while watching
these volumes of rare, out-of-print
pornography on this brand new, iPad
14 Plus.

PRESTON

There was minor damage inflicted
during the fall, but I was able to
return it to full operation.

Garza mockingly slow-claps Sofia's presentation.

GARZA

Very well done guys. Very impressive. Although -- Did you forget to mention the bottle of snake oil you have in there too?

Garza hops off the treadmill.

GARZA (CONT'D)

Daunte Culpepper, really?

PRESTON

The man's a legend.

Garza takes the iPad out of its box. Preston's "fix" was completely ineffectual -- it looks even worse.

SOFIA

I can explain...

GARZA

(cuts her off)

Do you guys know Lee Iacocca?

PRESTON

(gesturing at the porn)

The porn star? Is he in one of these?

GARZA

Lee Iacocca once said, "Being honest is the best technique you can use." We had that once. Honesty. You two were the first people to join the operation. I trusted you, you trusted me. It was beautiful. So when you try to pull shit like this, it breaks my fucking heart.

SOFIA

Garza, let me explain...

GARZA

Here's some honesty -- since it's such a foreign fucking concept to the two of you -- I don't care how badly you've been performing. I don't care that you went from 24 weeks straight at the top spot to ... This.

(MORE)

GARZA (CONT'D)
But never, ever lie to me again.
For now, consider this a trust
exercise...

SOFIA
Garza, c'mon. Don't...

Garza slides Sofia and Preston's names to the bottom of the
leaderboard. Sofia CRINGES.

GARZA
Sorry. I have no choice. I'll give
you 200 bucks for the lot.

EXT. GARZA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

TRACK BEHIND A MAN as he approaches the office door.

Sofia storms out of the office and BUMPS INTO THE MAN.

The man TURNS HIS HEAD -- it's THEO.

THEO
Careful, honey.

SOFIA
I'm gonna wrap a twist tie around
your nuts and pull till they pop.

A beat.

THEO
Sorry for bumping into you.

INT. GARZA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Theo raps his knuckles on the open door. Gaza looks up.

GARZA
Theo!

THEO
Uncle Stevie!

Garza gives his nephew a warm embrace.

GARZA
It's... Ahem... Garza around here.

THEO
Right, sorry. So, how's the family?

GARZA

You know how it is, kids grow up so fast. Your Aunt's growing too, just in a different direction. How about you? How's that broad you were seeing? I swear you guys are going to have the most beautiful offspring...

Garza quickly deduces that he should move onto a new topic.

GARZA (CONT'D)

... I still go up to see your dad. Saw him a few weeks ago. He asked about you, misses you.

THEO

I've been trying to find time, but--

GARZA

--It's OK, I know how it is. I tell him you're busy with work. You finally get that promotion?

THEO

Nah. Actually the exact opposite of that -- I got fired. Or, as they call it, "strategic downsizing".

GARZA

Goddamnit. Fuckin' corporate scum. Siphon out your soul and kick you to the curb. So sorry to hear that. You need help finding another gig?

THEO

That's the thing, Uncle-- Garza. I've been looking like a madman, but nobody's biting. I'm either overqualified or underqualified. I'm Goldilocks collecting unemployment. I'll admit it -- the reason I came to visit you... was to ask you for a job.

GARZA

A job? Sorry Theo, I don't really need an assistant or anything...

THEO

No, nothing like that. I... I want to rob drones.

Garza SNORTS with laughter. Theo remains stoic. He's sincere.

GARZA

Oh, you're serious? Theo, are you out of your fucking mind? Do you know what it takes to do this for a living?

THEO

Of course I do. You think plopping me in front of SpongeBob when I was little put me in some kind of hypnosis? You and Dad planned robberies at the damn dining table!

GARZA

Kid, I can't sign you up for something this dangerous. It was like yesterday you were running around in your tighty-whities playing Power Rangers--

THEO

--But now I'm twenty-five fucking years old, and I need you to let me make decisions for myself. Sorry for cursing.

Garza ponders this.

GARZA

You gotta think real hard that this is what you want. Long hours, no vacation -- that means no more trips to Jamaica --

THEO

Again with Jamaica--

GARZA

(continues)

--No insurance, no retirement benefits. People get hurt. Some die. This guy who worked for me, Cash, smacked his Jeep into a tree chasing down a Sequoia drone. Ironic, but tragic.

THEO

Better that than getting DVT sitting at a desk ten hours a day. Every occupation's got hazards.

GARZA

And you're OK with giving two middle fingers to your father's legacy? You do know that he worked his entire life and got 20 years just so you could have better options than he did.

THEO

The last thing he said to me before he went away was that he wanted me to be happy. I'm not happy filing status reports in pleated khakis. I'm meant for something greater. I know this is it.

GARZA

All right, you bull-headed bastard. I'm trying to expand anyway, wouldn't be the worst thing to have someone I can trust at my side. Just make me one promise -- your Dad cannot find out I'm sanctioning this. He'd break out of Jackson in an instant and drown me in a pool of toilet wine. Other than that-- welcome aboard.

Theo jumps up and gives his uncle a BEAR HUG.

THEO

Thank you thank you thank you I love you I love you I love you.

GARZA

Let's lay off on the vocal expressions of love. I'll see you tomorrow, 9 a.m.

EXT. GARZA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Theo steps out of the office. His arms are raised like Rocky on the steps of the Philadelphia Museum of Art.

Theo does a little self-congratulatory dance but has to DUCK as a DRONE nearly decapitates him.

EXT. SHELTER - EVENING

The Land Rover pulls into the parking lot of a shelter for the needy.

Sofia POPS THE TRUNK and gathers her goods for donation.

The shelter's manager, MANDY -- 40s, jovial -- greets Sofia.

MANDY

I swear, if you actually started going to church you'd be on the fast track to sainthood. Thanks again, Sofia, this is incredibly generous.

SOFIA

Hey, no problem! I'm sorry there's not much this week. It's been tough sledding out there recently.

MANDY

Yeah, right, what's this -- only seven packs of toilet paper? Your ass better bring over at *least* 10 next week.

A little GIRL, VIOLET -- six, very shy -- runs up to Mandy and HIDES behind her legs.

SOFIA

Hey, does anyone here want to play drones and robbers?

Violet steps out from behind Mandy's legs, confidently pointing a finger gun at Sofia.

VIOLET

I'm gonna get you.

SOFIA

No!!

Sofia runs around in a circle, doing her best impersonation of a drone. Violet follows, firing finger guns.

VIOLET

Pow-pow-pow-pow!

SOFIA

Ahhhh, you got me!

Sofia collapses. Violet stands over her conquest.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

You shot down the drone! Want to know what's inside?

VIOLET
Yes yes yes yes!

Sofia gives the Hello Kitty Lunchbox to VIOLET.

Violet is ecstatic.

Sofia looks content for the first time since we met her.

CUT TO:

VIDEO FOOTAGE - INT. BARN - DAY

We are watching footage of the incident in Zeke's barn from the POV of the Security Drone.

SECURITY DRONE
You are in unauthorized possession
of Sequoia property. Please step
away from the package. You have 30
seconds to comply.

Preston pops out with a grenade launcher.

PRESTON
What can brown do for you,
motherfuckers?

Grenades FLY at the screen -- KABOOM!

The video fizzles to static.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

INT. CONGRESSIONAL OFFICE - DAY

The video is being projected onto a screen in a literal congressional backroom.

CONGRESSMAN TOM HARVEY (60s) has his legs kicked up onto the table. He's digging into a bowl of cashews like it's his job.

Facing him is Sequoia CEO RUDY DAVIDSON -- well coiffed, shifty. To his right is CHARLOTTE -- 30s, bombshell, dressed to the nines.

The Congressman chuckles as the video ends.

RUDY
That funny to you, Tom?

CONGRESSMAN HARVEY

C'mon, Rudy. You have to admit it's a little amusing--

RUDY

--Do you know how much it cost to make that drone? Ballpark estimate? I'll give you a hint: take what I donated to your PAC last year. Triple it.

CONGRESSMAN HARVEY

Don't think I'm not grateful for your support--

RUDY

--It's OK. I knew you'd laugh. That's the whole point. You laughed because, well, everyone laughs. These drones -- my drones -- my life's work, are a national punchline. Kids don't watch cartoons anymore, they watch Sequoia drones getting shot down. There's a guy from Nebraska with the username -- remind me --
(Charlotte slides over a note)
-- "Dronefuker", who live streams his drone thefts. Over three million views on his YouTube channel. I could go on. Anti-drone sentiment is part of the American consciousness. And you, Tom, along with the rest of the federal government, are doing *nothing* to stop it.

CONGRESSMAN HARVEY

Bullshit. I single-handedly pushed the bill to get FAA approval for your Security Drones last year. Single-handedly.

RUDY

...Equipped with nothing but sirens, smoke grenades and a loudspeaker. They're out there with their balls cut off. You saw the video. Those assholes don't take our Security Drones seriously. And you got me zero support from local law enforcement.

CONGRESSMAN HARVEY

Rudy, think about what you're asking me. This new bill you want me to pass will essentially militarize drones for the use of a private security force.

RUDY

Do I look like a villain hellbent on worldwide domination to you? I just want my drones out there to protect the interests of the American consumer. And they're not "militarized", Tom -- the phrase we've focus-grouped is "enhanced security functionality."

CONGRESSMAN HARVEY

The public will never support "enhanced security drones" -- or whatever the hell you want to call them -- flying around their schools, their homes, their children.

RUDY

They sure as shit seem to be OK with these criminals running around with grenade launchers.

CONGRESSMAN HARVEY

I'm sorry, Rudy. The fact of the matter is, people love these drone bandits, and they hate your drones. If I put my support behind this bill I'll be laughed out of office.

RUDY

Tom...

CONGRESSMAN HARVEY

I'm sorry, Rudy. I truly am.

The Congressman opens the door, gesturing them to exit.

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - LATER

Rudy and Charlotte descend the steps of the Capitol, flanked by their entourage. They slip into a LIMOUSINE.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Rudy slides into a seat. Lets out a deep exhale.

RUDY

What district does Congressman
Harvey represent?

CHARLOTTE

Ohio's 12th.

RUDY

Make a note to fire 10% of the
Columbus office.

CHARLOTTE

Noted. If they ask for a reason...?

RUDY

Cite that their Congressman is a
"chickenshit backstabbing weasel".
Make it next quarter so they don't
think I'm doing it out of spite.

CHARLOTTE

Consider it done. Can I get you
anything? You look like hell.

RUDY

What do we got in the fridge,
Kombucha? Fuckin' chia seeds?

Rudy grabs a bottle from the fridge and takes a swig.

RUDY (CONT'D)

Christ, I miss the 90's. Back then,
you get your ass reamed in a board
meeting, you head straight to the
nearest fast-food grease pit. Stuff
your face in cheeseburgers, fries
and a milkshake. Made everything so
much better. Now, you get in front
of investors with a sliver of gut
showing, might as well tender your
resignation. Why do you think Steve
Jobs wore all black?

CHARLOTTE

There's a McDonald's right around
the corner. I'll pick you up the
new McQuinoa. With artisanal
Special Sauce.

RUDY

Joke all you want, but that's precisely what we need to be doing. Rebranding. Changing the narrative.

(a beat, for another swig)

You've been with us, what, six weeks now? Have you put together why I hand-selected you to be at that meeting with me?

CHARLOTTE

I presumed it was to titillate the Congressman with my incredible figure.

RUDY

Well, that was part of it. Nice pen drop maneuver, by the way.

CHARLOTTE

Clearly didn't work...

RUDY

Don't worry, I think the fucker has cataracts. Look, I'll be honest with you. I knew the bill was dead the second we sat down. But I went ahead with the whole dog-and-pony show anyway because I needed you to experience firsthand how desperate we are. That nobody has our back in our war against these motherfucking drone hunters. It's us versus them.

CHARLOTTE

Think they're Robin Hoods.

RUDY

Worse, the *public* thinks they're Robin Hoods. Which brings us back to the rebranding. We need to start a war. A PR war. Pretty much the same shit you were doing in the Middle East, without the bodies.

CHARLOTTE

Well, that's no fun...

RUDY

This isn't the 70s, you can't assassinate people anymore without it showing up on Instagram.

(MORE)

RUDY (CONT'D)

I want you to start the campaign in Detroit. That's ground zero for all this nonsense.

CHARLOTTE

Fucking Detroit. Back from economic disaster and they think they're the hottest shit in town.

RUDY

Once we make an example out of Detroit, the rest of the country will follow. You have till start of next year, when Congress comes back after the holidays. Get the public back on our side so we can bring our bill back before that J.C. Penny-wearing pimple-nosed prick and get it passed.

(wipes his forehead with a handkerchief)

I got a billion dollars worth of weaponized drones sitting in a warehouse. One billion. You know what it means if this bill doesn't pass, right? For both of us. So go door-to-door, make cold calls, hand out fliers, organize a pancake fucking breakfast, just GET THIS DONE.

The limo continues through the Washington Mall.

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

What's the carb count on those McQuinoas, anyways?

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Theo pulls up to the warehouse in a brand spankin' new DODGE CHALLENGER with the sticker still on the windshield.

Theo exits his car with action-hero swagger. He's dressed head-to-toe from the Mad Max catalog.

Theo flips on a PAIR OF AVIATORS and steps forth toward his destiny.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Theo struts into the warehouse -- it's dead quiet and empty.

Theo does a few double takes -- is he early? He peruses the warehouse until he hears the FAINT MURMURS of conversation.

Theo tracks the sound to a closed door. He gently opens it to reveal ...

INT. MEETING SPACE - CONTINUOUS

... his uncle GARZA standing before a group of a DOZEN DRONE HUNTERS.

A projector displays a PowerPoint slide against a wall -- titled "ALL HANDS MEETING - SEPTEMBER 2024".

Preston and Sofia are among the crowd, so are DOOGIE (20s) and BISHOP (40s).

The room falls silent as Theo stands in the doorway.

GARZA

There he is. Ladies and gentlemen,
I'd like you to meet my baby
brother's bundle of joy, Theo.
He'll be joining our organization.

Garza pauses for applause/acknowledgement. There is none.

GARZA (CONT'D)

Glad you could finally join us.
(checks his watch)
Only 35 minutes late.

THEO

But... You said...

GARZA

I said to be here at 9 a.m. It's
9:35. What's the matter, got tied
up oiling your pants?

Assorted chuckles in the room. Everyone looks at Theo -- he looks foolish, completely out of place in his outfit. Theo self-consciously retreats.

GARZA (CONT'D)

Jokes aside - don't make it a
habit. Doogie, you remember the
most important rule of business?

DOOGIE

Uh.... I know this one. The customer!

GARZA

Punctuality. I was looking for punctuality. As the great Thomas Chandler Haliburton said, "Punctuality is the soul of business". I can't stress this enough. Every dumbshit out there with a BB gun thinks they can do what we do. You guys have seen it out there - look at Goblin and his band of knuckleheads.

Murmurs of acknowledgement.

DOOGIE

That dude's a joke.

GARZA

What will separate us from the rest of the pack? The little things. Punctuality. Organization. Team-building. Innovation. They don't have that. We do. If we're going to stay competitive in our growing marketplace and continue to push the envelope for what drone hunting is and what drone hunting can be, we are going to need to nail the details that matter. Take a look at these numbers.

Garza CLICKS his handheld remote to flip the slide.

CLOSE UP: A slide of a line graph trending upward.

GARZA (CONT'D)

When we started drone hunting four years ago -- can you believe it's already been four years? -- we were clearing just 15, 20 grand a year -- a pittance. Wasn't nearly enough to quit our day jobs. I was still running books, trading tar. But I quickly realized the growth potential of our operation. I stuck my head down and promised myself that by the end of 2023, we would clear 50 grand from just drone hunting. And we did it!

(MORE)

GARZA (CONT'D)

We made just under 65 grand last year, quadrupling what we used to pull in when we first started. And guess what - we're projected to quadruple that *again* with a quarter million in revenue this year.

Whoops and cheers among the drone hunters.

GARZA (CONT'D)

Do you know what that means? At our current pace, by the end of next year, we're going to become a MILLION DOLLAR OPERATION.

The drone hunters can't help but to rise to their feet and APPLAUD their progress and Garza's vision for the future.

GARZA (CONT'D)

Thanks to everyone that's been working so hard in the past couple years. I couldn't have done it without you. Now as we do, in our monthly meetings, I want to call out a couple people in particular who deserve a little extra recognition. Marking his 100th drone takedown, one of the hardest working men out there, Jughead!

Applause. Garza hands JUGHEAD a PLAQUE. Jughead BEAMS.

PRESTON

(whispers to Sofia)

Do you remember getting a plaque?

SOFIA

Hell no we didn't.

PRESTON

And "Drone Hunter of the Month" for the fourth straight month and the winner of a \$200 Pizza Hut giftcard - this lady cannot be stopped - the one and only Bishop!

Garza hands BISHOP a GIFTCARD. Drone hunters CHEER.

Sofia looks on, FUMING.

INT. MEETING SPACE - LATER

Meeting is adjourned. The drone hunters file out of the meeting room. Preston and Sofia can't leave quick enough.

PRESTON

It's OK, Sofe. I'll take you out to Pizza Hut tonight. All the P'Zones you can eat, on me.

SOFIA

Fuck off. And I'm pretty sure they don't make P'Zones anymore.

PRESTON

Fuck!

Garza is in deep conversation with Theo.

GARZA

I'm sorry, I just have to keep a reputation among the crew. You understand, right? We're cool. Promise not to tell your aunt.

THEO

Yeah, I understand, it's just...

Garza sees Preston and Sofia leaving the room.

GARZA

Sofia! Preston! Can you hang back for a second? Theo, hang tight. I'll catch you up soon.

Theo moseys out. Garza approaches Sofia and Preston.

SOFIA

It's only been a day, Garza, we haven't exactly had the chance to shoot up the leaderboard just yet.

GARZA

This is nothing to do with that - I actually have some great news!

PRESTON

P'Zones are back at Pizza Hut?

GARZA

Huh? Look, I know I was a little harsh yesterday, but I ride you harder than anyone because I know your potential.

SOFIA

It's OK. That's also why we make jokes about your weight. Cause we know your potential. To be less fat.

GARZA

... And I want to show you guys how much I appreciate your hard work and everything you've done for our operation. Do me a favor -- take a look around this place. Bunch of old farts with back problems.

PRESTON

(you talkin' to me?)

Oh?

GARZA

Who's going to be here in 10 years to take our place? The single most critical rule in business is ensuring you have a succession plan in place to continue your legacy. That's why, starting today, I'm giving you two the opportunity to mentor my nephew.

Sofia and Preston are not amused.

PRESTON

You're saddling us with an unskilled, unprepared peon, and you want us to be grateful?

SOFIA

This is a joke. We don't have the time or capacity--

PRESTON

--Or patience--

SOFIA

--To train your snot-nosed nephew, born with a silver iPhone in his pocket.

GARZA

Theo's a good kid. You'll like him. He's incredibly smart. He knows a lot more than you'd think. And I want him to learn from the best in the business!

SOFIA

Best in the business, eh? Have you checked the leaderboard recently?

GARZA

Look at it like the NBA MVP race. Jordan in the 90s, LeBron in the 2000's. Everyone knows they were the best players in the world, but sometimes you gotta give Karl Malone a little love. Plus, you're not going to get MVP once you start resting on your laurels and taking the regular season easy.

SOFIA

Garza. It's not happening.

GARZA

I didn't want it to come to this, but... Do you like working for me?

SOFIA

Oh are we moving onto threats now? There's a dozen warehouses out there that would back up the Brinks truck for a chance to work with me and Preston.

GARZA

... Who don't return half the commissions that I do. So, tell me right now. In or out?

Sofia is not pleased, but knows she can't leave.

GARZA (CONT'D)

(pleased)

Let's go meet the kid.

Garza exits the room. Preston hangs back -- he's distressed.

PRESTON

Sofia, can I talk to you for a sec?

SOFIA

I know exactly what you're thinking. I won't let him. I promise. Do you trust me?

PRESTON

... I trust you.

INT. GARZA'S WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Preston and Sofia tail Garza, walking through the warehouse.

GARZA
Theo, get over here!

Theo jogs over to join the group.

GARZA (CONT'D)
Theo, meet Preston and Sofia. The two best drone hunters in the business.

THEO
No fucking way. In the flesh! You guys are legends! Uncle Garza totally gushes about you at our family dinners. Sofia, didn't you take down 18 drones in a single day? What was that like?!

SOFIA
...It was fine.

THEO
So cool! Oh Uncle, thank you so much! This is incredible!

Preston and Sofia couldn't give fewer shits. Several beats of grueling silence pass.... Finally--

GARZA
Well! This is going to work out just fine. I'm off! I'll be back later tonight. Theo, I want to hear all about your first day.

Sofia and Preston lead Theo through the warehouse.

THEO
Guys, I just want to sincerely thank you for this opportunity. I'm your guy. Anything you guys need, let me know.

INT. PRESTON'S WORKSPACE - CONTINUOUS

The trio arrives at a corner of the warehouse where Preston and Sofia have set up shop.

In one half, there's a desk littered with papers, an overstuffed cabinet, and a gun rack with weapons of all shapes and sizes -- pistols, machine guns, rocket launchers, the works.

The other half is a Frankenstein's Laboratory of drones taken apart and stitched back together with various enhancements -- nets, cattle prods, guns. A beat-up SANDRA sits in the pack.

THEO

Aw, sweet! Are you souping these drones up?

Theo moves to tinker with the drones. Preston SWATS Theo's hand away like a petulant child.

PRESTON

No.

SOFIA

Remember how you said anything we need, let you know? Well...

Sofia pulls out a STACK OF PAPERS from the cabinet. She SLAMS them onto a desk in front of Theo.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

We're behind on our paperwork. Get to it. We'll be back later today.

THEO

Ah, I got it. This is some Mr. Miyagi shit right? Filing these papers is going to teach me the patience necessary to become an expert drone hunter.

A beat.

SOFIA

Something like that.

QUICK CUTS -- WAREHOUSE/COUNTRYSIDE:

We toggle between Sofia and Preston's epic drone takedowns and Theo's mundane office work.

- 1) BLAM BLAM BLAM! Sofia shoots down a TRIO OF SEQUOIA DRONES
- 2) Theo STAPLES A STACK OF PAPERS. The stapler JAMS
- 3) The Land Rover FLIES OFF A JUMP

- 4) Theo's PENCIL LEAD BREAKS. He SHARPENS HIS PENCIL
- 5) Preston fires a GRENADE at a SECURITY DRONE. It EXPLODES
- 6) Theo SPINS AROUND in an office chair
- 7) FREEZE FRAME as Preston and Sofia HIGH-FIVE

INT. PRESTON'S WORKSPACE -- EVENING

Theo is still sitting at the desk, twiddling his thumbs.

Preston and Sofia finally return with a cart of packages.

SOFIA

What about the one where I was leaning out the window? We were at least 500 yards away.

THEO

Whoah! Nice haul. You guys get anything good?

PRESTON

(ignoring)
Please. That was a six at best.

SOFIA

You son of a bitch.

They put their weapons away and lock up the packages without saying a word to Theo.

THEO

Need any help...?

PRESTON

(still ignoring)
You mind if I take the French Press we snagged to the bunker?

SOFIA

Preston, really?

PRESTON

When the world ends, do you really want to be drinking instant?

Theo begins to get the picture.

Garza comes over to check on his nephew.

GARZA

So, good first day? Are these two
the best teachers or what?
Professor Preston and Dr. Sofia!

Theo looks up at Sofia and Preston. He could totally rat them
out right now ...

... But he doesn't.

THEO

It was really good! Yeah, I learned
a ton today.

GARZA

Glad to hear it. Sofia and Preston -
- thanks again. See you guys
tomorrow.

Theo looks momentarily resigned -- but he's not giving up
just yet.

EXT. GARZA'S WAREHOUSE - NEXT DAY

Bright and early. Theo leans against his car -- he's dressed
more appropriately today. A tray of three coffees and a
takeout bag sit on top of his car. Theo is determined to make
a better impression.

The LAND ROVER pulls into the parking lot. Sofia and Preston
exit the car.

THEO

Morning guys! I got coffee and
breakfast sandwiches.

Sofia and Preston walk past him, wordlessly. Theo begins to
follow.

SOFIA

Stay here.

Theo complies, resumes leaning on the Challenger.

MOMENTS LATER

Sofia and Preston return to their car, armed to the teeth and
ready to fuck up some drones. They walk past Theo again.

THEO

So do you want me to hop in with
you guys? Or should I take my own
car and meet you there?

Sofia TURNS to face Theo. She draws her REVOLVER.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

Three direct hits into the COFFEE CUPS. Coffee is SPLATTERED all over Theo's car.

Theo steps back, startled.

Sofia TURNS BACK and heads to her car. Preston hangs back for a moment.

PRESTON
(whispers)
Are those on English Muffins or
croissants?

SOFIA
Preston!

Preston SNATCHES THE BAG from Theo's hands and walks back to his car.

EXT. GARZA'S WAREHOUSE - NEXT DAY

Bright and early. The spot where Theo was parked yesterday is EMPTY.

The LAND ROVER arrives. Preston and Sofia exit. They notice that Theo's car is missing.

SOFIA
Looks like he finally got the
picture.

INT. LAND ROVER - DRIVING - LATER

Preston is driving the car along a country road. Sofia intermittently glimpses at the rear view mirror.

PRESTON
I got an idea. We should come up
with a codename for Sequoia drones.
Something to dehumanize them. Like
how zombies were called "walkers"
in The Walking Dead.

SOFIA
What're you thinking?

PRESTON

Well, you know how the drones make a buzzing sound when they fly? Maybe "Buzzheads"? Oh, oh... How about "Bees"?!

SOFIA

Ooh. Too soon.

PRESTON

Yeah, shit... How about stingers? Or...

SOFIA

Pull over.

PRESTON

Huh?

SOFIA

Pull over, *now*.

Preston pulls the Land Rover to the side of the road.

PRESTON

What's the matter? Cops?

SOFIA

Worse.

Sofia gets out. Theo's CHALLENGER has pulled over a few dozen yards back. Theo exits his car. Sofia approaches.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

You know, a bright red muscle car isn't exactly the best vehicle to tail someone with.

THEO

Maybe I wanted to get caught?

SOFIA

Of course you did.

THEO

I'll stay out of your way. I'm a fly on the wall. I'm just looking to learn from you guys.

Sofia says nothing. She turns around.

THEO (CONT'D)

Is that a yes? I can come?

Sofia walks back toward the car. But first...

... She opens the TRUNK and PULLS OUT A RIFLE.

THEO (CONT'D)

Oh c'mon. You're gonna shoot me?

Sofia aims. FIRES.

POP! A bullet blows out one of the Challenger's FRONT TIRES.

THEO (CONT'D)

(waits a beat)

I have a spare.

POP! She shoots the other FRONT TIRE.

Sofia walks back toward the car. She throws the rifle in the trunk and SLAMS it shut.

PRESTON

(chuckles to himself)

We are such dicks.

EXT. GARZA'S WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Sofia and Preston unload goods from the Land Rover.

A rickety truck pulls into the parking lot. THEO jumps out of the back of the truck bed. He's boiling with rage. Sofia and Preston take a look at ANGRY THEO and double over with laughter.

PRESTON

Check out Mr. Pouty Pants...

Theo STORMS OVER.

THEO

You think this is fucking funny?

SOFIA

(still laughing)

Absolutely, yes.

THEO

Look, I get it -- haze me all you want. Throw all the bitch work you got at me. Just show me some fucking respect.

A crowd begins to form around the altercation.

SOFIA

What makes you think you deserve any of our respect? You haven't earned anything. You're only here because of your fat fucking uncle.

THEO

Is that what this is about? Nepotism? Good god -- *Everyone* does it. Nepotism rules the world. Look who's fucking president right now.

SOFIA

Oh, believe me, I know. Doesn't mean I have to put up with it.

THEO

(gets in Sofia's face)
All I'm asking for is a CHANCE.

SOFIA

I so, so, wish you hadn't just violated my bubble.

Sofia **SHOVES** Theo.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

You **DON'T** get a chance. You're dead fucking weight. A strand of toilet paper that I just can't seem to shake off my foot. Go back to your pencil-pushing, corporate-dick sucking life and leave us the fuck alone.

That strikes a nerve. Theo **SHOVES** Sofia back.

Big mistake.

Sofia **SOCKS** Theo in the jaw. **TKO**.

Preston steps in and **HOLDS SOFIA BACK**.

PRESTON

Alright, that's enough of that.

GARZA appears, investigating the commotion.

GARZA

What the name of the good Lord is going on here? Theo, are you OK?

Theo lies face-first in the gravel, immobile.

THEO

Yes. OK.

GARZA

Sofia, I can't believe this. You're breaking my heart. I entrusted my nephew to you... And this?

SOFIA

I didn't mean to knock the little prick out. He got in my space.

GARZA

I'm going to try one last Hail Mary management technique. The first rule of business is: Teamwork is the key to success. I'm assigning the three of you a mandatory team building exercise. You're going to the bar, you're going to get fucked up, you're going to talk about your feelings, and you're going to come to work tomorrow, arm-in-arm, singing Kum-bay-fucking-ah, or don't bother ever coming back.

CUT TO:

INT. O'HARAS - NIGHT

Irish pub. Wooden paneling. Low chandeliers. Pool tables. Plastic pitchers of beer. Two stars on Yelp.

It's KARAOKE NIGHT. Doogie stands alone on stage, mic in one hand, Coors Light in the other. He's belting a rock ballad -- probably Meat Loaf's "Bat Out of Hell" -- which plays throughout the scene.

Preston, Sofia and Theo crowd in a booth. Theo hold a beer against his shiner. Preston sips a scotch, Sofia, coffee.

BISHOP observes them from a table over.

A few beats of silence pass. Nobody wants to be the first person to speak.

Bishop, exasperated, approaches their table.

BISHOP

This is fucking depressing. Will one of you just say something?

PRESTON

I think Theo's jaw hurts too much to talk.

THEO

(groaning)
It's true.

SOFIA

We all said something. Happy?

BISHOP

You guys are hopeless.

Bishop storms away. More silence.

SOFIA

Hey, let me take a look at that.

Sofia gently examines Theo's wounds.

THEO

That's actually the first time I've ever been punched. Felt kinda good.

PRESTON

Let me guess. You're an indoor kid?

THEO

Not at all. I'd always take the other guy out before he had a chance.

Sofia and Preston's eyes light up, surprised.

Bishop returns to the table with a TRAY OF TEQUILA SHOTS.

BISHOP

Drink.

HOURS LATER

The booth is littered with empty shot glasses. Everyone is wasted.

THEO

Seriously, every Thanksgiving. My uncle mops up every last bite. There's not a single leftover the next day, not even a slice of pie.

Preston, Sofia and Bishop howl with knowing laughter.

SOFIA

And not a soul was surprised.

BISHOP

He's a fatty.

THEO

Look, I know you've been giving me all this grief because you hate my uncle. But I assure you, we are very, very different people.

BISHOP

No, we don't *hate* Garza...

SOFIA

He can be a bit demanding sometimes...

PRESTON

All the time.

BISHOP

We rip on him to let out our frustrations. We all know he's a fundamentally good dude. And he's making us a lot of money. A lot more than we were at the start, that's for sure.

THEO

OK... So then what the hell is your problem with me?

Preston and Sofia SIGH -- guess it's time to address the elephant in the room.

SOFIA

Guess I'll go first. Let's travel back in time to London, 2012.

THEO

You were in the Olympics??

SOFIA

Not quite. Do me a favor, Google Becky Levine.

Theo furtively taps on his phone.

THEO

Olympic gold medalist? Women's 50 meter air rifle.

SOFIA

There was one spot left on Team USA. Her dad was a senator. Mine was a carpenter. She made the team. I didn't.

THEO

Jeez. I'm so sorry. I had no idea.

BISHOP

And who do you think was the better shooter? That Gold Medal belongs to Sofia here.

SOFIA

Now she's shackled up with some Brazilian volleyball hunk of meat in Rio. And I'm stuck in this shithole with you lunkheads. No offense.

THEO

I get it. If that happened to me, I would hate me too. I just... I can't help it. I don't know what else to do. I don't have anything else to do. I quit my job, burned all my bridges. I only did that job in the first place because my dad pushed me to go to school, get an honest job, and finally break the cycle of crime for generation after generation. But I can't help it. It's gotta be in my genes. The minute my uncle set up shop for drone hunters, I knew that's what I was meant to do. I can never go back to that corporate soul-sucking lifestyle. I can't. Does that make sort of sense to you guys?

BISHOP

It does. And being a mature, intelligent woman, Sofia won't hold her past against you anymore and will give you a fair shot. Isn't that right?

SOFIA

Sure. Fine. All of that.

THEO

I appreciate that, Sofia. I really do. But what about you, Preston? What's your beef with me?

PRESTON

Me?

Preston pauses. He's not about to tell anyone the truth.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

... I'm just a dick.

Everyone murmurs in agreement.

SOFIA

I guess... Welcome to the team. Officially.

Everyone RAISES A SHOT for a toast -- immediately putting the shots BACK DOWN without drinking.

THEO/BISHOP/PRESTON

There's no way I can/ I'm about to yak/ For the love of god, no more.

SOFIA

Alright, Theo. We've bared our souls, now it's your turn. You got a girlfriend? Boyfriend? Japanese sex pillow?

THEO

... No. Not anymore.

PRESTON

As we presumed. You're too on edge to be getting laid on a consistent basis.

SOFIA

There's actually one final test you have to pass before you can come drone hunting with us tomorrow.

THEO

Yeah? Shoot.

SOFIA

See that girl up there?

Sofia nods to a STUNNING BRUNETTE sitting alone at the bar.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
Go get her number.

THEO
Oh, I'm not really the type of guy
to hit on...

Preston BOOTS Theo out of the booth.

PRESTON
Now!

Theo stumbles to his feet. He composes himself and drunkenly approaches the bar.

The BRUNETTE faces the bar, sipping a glass of RED WINE.

THEO
Is this seat taken?

The Brunette turns to face Theo -- IT'S CHARLOTTE.

CHARLOTTE
All yours. I was beginning to think
I wouldn't have any company for the
night.

THEO
I'm pretty sure you're way too hot
to be in a bar like this alone.
Everyone probably thinks it's a
trap.

CHARLOTTE
Aw, you think I'm hot! You're
sweet. Let me buy you a drink.

Theo turns and gives his table TWO BIG THUMBS UP.

As he continues flirting with Charlotte ...

... The DOOR SWINGS OPEN.

Standing in the foyer is GOBLIN -- tatted, roided bro -- with
his crew of drone hunters -- NASH (right hand, mullet),
GUSTAV, CASHEW, and CAUCASIAN KARL.

Preston, facing the door, sees them entering.

PRESTON
Good God. It's--

SOFIA

(without turning)

-- Goblin and the fuckabilly gang.
I know. You don't just forget the
scent of Crossfit sweat and Miller
High-Life.

Goblin and his boys glower and glare through the bar,
stopping just short of whipping their dicks onto a table.

Nash blitzes the KARAOKE STAGE, where Doogie is still in
Celine Dion-mode. Nash WRESTLES the microphone from Doogie's
hand and takes over the stage.

Goblin and crew approach an occupied table.

GOBLIN

Caucasian Karl?

Caucasian Karl -- former NFL lineman -- lets out a menacing
GRUNT. The table clears and the crew plops down.

Goblin WINKS at Sofia from across the bar. Sofia burrows her
head in her arms, avoiding her nightmare personified.

THEO AND CHARLOTTE

THEO

So... Don't you want to know how I
got this black eye?

CHARLOTTE

I figured you'd bring it up
eventually. Lo and behold...

THEO

Well, me and the boys back there
got into a scrap over who got the
chance to talk to you. Totally
worth the beauty mark.

CHARLOTTE

(laughs)

You're such a cheeseball! I love
it.

BACK AT THE TABLE

Goblin approaches Sofia and crew, two beers in hand.

GOBLIN

Hey, Sofia. Bought you a beer.

SOFIA

Thanks, but I'll have to pass. Left my test strips in my other purse.

GOBLIN

(undeterred)

No worries -- Mind if I join you?

Goblin squeezes into the booth before anyone can respond.

GOBLIN (CONT'D)

It's been a while, Sofia. You're looking sexy as always.

SOFIA

Thank you, Goblin. You're looking juiced up as always.

GOBLIN

A steroids joke? C'mon, we both know these puppies are all-natural.

Goblin lifts up his shirt to reveal a 12-pack.

PRESTON

Hubba hubba.

THEO AND CHARLOTTE

CHARLOTTE

So Theo, what exactly do you do to hang out with such a rough crowd?

THEO

Well, I'm still new to it, but... Wait, no. I shouldn't tell you.

CHARLOTTE

Oh c'mon. Now you *have* to tell me. Don't leave a girl hanging...

SOFIA AND GOBLIN

GOBLIN

So, how's business? Still shoveling shit for Garza? The second you're ready to dump that lard bucket, Sofia, come find me. Offer's still on the table. Straight partners, fifty-fifty. You can even bring your minions along.

SOFIA

Gonna have to pass, Goblin. Again. Business is actually booming -- we shot down a box yesterday, and it was filled with dozens of diamond-studded dildos. The best part? I checked the address -- it was going to your mom's house.

GOBLIN

...Really? That's how it's going to be?

Goblin gets up to leave, dejected.

GOBLIN (CONT'D)

Are you really this nasty to all your exes, Sofia?

Preston and Bishop's faces light up at the word "exes" -- this is news to them!

SOFIA

Hold on a second...

GOBLIN

Here I am, trying to be nice, buying you a drink, trying to catch up, offering you a fucking job, and wouldn't you know it, it's the Comedy Central Roast of Goblin.

PRESTON

Can we rewind back to the park about you two being exes...?

SOFIA

Let me set the record straight. We never have, nor ever will be, girlfriend and boyfriend. It was four dates, dumbshit.

GOBLIN

It was only four because you never called me back!

THEO AND CHARLOTTE

THEO

So the old man over there, that's Preston. He's great. He's like my grumpy old mentor type. The chick with the permanent scowl is Sofia...

CHARLOTTE
Wow, this is all so interesting...

SOFIA AND GOBLIN

SOFIA
You were moving too fast!

GOBLIN
What was too fast? Bringing
flowers?

SOFIA
Who brings flowers to a booty call?

THEO AND CHARLOTTE

Theo notices the altercation between Goblin and Sofia.
Charlotte sees him slipping away and springs into action.

CHARLOTTE
So... What do you think about
continuing this conversation back
at my place?

THEO
(does a double take)
At your place?

CHARLOTTE
Oh yeah. I want to hear you talk.
All. Night. Long.

Theo pauses to think -- this is the hardest decision he's
ever had to make.

THEO
Will you give me a minute? Just
one. I promise I'll be right back.

SOFIA AND GOBLIN

GOBLIN
You said you wanted to stay
friends!

SOFIA
Nobody actually means that!

GOBLIN
I would have provided for you!

Theo has wobbled his way back to the table.

THEO
(to Goblin)
Hey! Those are my friends! Hands
off, you CAD!

Theo WALLOPS Goblin with a NASTY RIGHT HOOK.

The room FREEZES. A few beats of stunned silence pass.
THEN...

We ERUPT INTO A BAR BRAWL:

CAUCASIAN KARL

tackles Theo into the ground and braces to pummel his face.

THEO (CONT'D)
Not in the face! Please!

Caucasian Karl begins punching his stomach.

THEO (CONT'D)
(amid punches)
Thank you.

SOFIA

flattens Cashew and rushes over to rescue Theo. But she's
knocked to the ground by...

GOBLIN

Fully recovered from the sucker punch. He grabs a glass from
the table and SLINGS it at Sofia.

PRESTON

rises to his feet.

PRESTON
That was 30-year old scotch you
SHITHEEL!

Preston SLAPS GUSTAV with the back of his hand.

BISHOP

holds Cashew in a headlock. Gives her a wet willie.

SOFIA AND GOBLIN

Are locked in hand-to-hand combat, tossing chairs, glasses,
ketchup bottles, anything they can get their hands on.

JUGHEAD

storms through the frenzy, twirling and thwacking a pool stick like he's Darth Maul.

DOOGIE AND NASH

duel on the stage. Nash twirls the mic like a lasso, Doogie charges at him using the stand as a lance.

CHARLOTTE

watches with amusement between sips of wine. She DUCKS as a bottle is thrown at the bar. That's her cue to leave.

THEO

sees his newfound damsel, in distress.

THEO
I'll save you!

SOFIA AND GOBLIN

Are still at it.

SOFIA
(between punches)
This. Isn't. Fair. I'm. Really.
Wasted!

THEO

stumbles to the bar... But Charlotte is GONE.

SOFIA AND GOBLIN

Sofia grabs a pool cue and PINS IT against Goblin's throat. With their faces inches away from each other...

... Goblin LEANS IN and gives her A PASSIONATE KISS.

Sofia -- after longer than you'd expect -- recoils.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
What the fuck!

GOBLIN
I thought ... You gave me a sign!

SOFIA
Ew, no! What sign? Smashing a
Heineken across your face?

Goblin steps back, flabbergasted. He WHISTLES. Everyone stops fighting.

GOBLIN
Let's roll out, broskis.

Goblin and company file out of the bar.

The bar is wrecked. The remaining patrons chip in to pick up the place; sweeping glass, rearranging tables.

Preston and Sofia check in on Theo. Preston gives Theo an atta-boy slap on the back. Theo grimaces with pain.

PRESTON
You punched out Sofia's boyfriend.
I couldn't be prouder.

SOFIA
Say boyfriend again and I'll
personally set fire to every barrel
of bourbon in Kentucky.

Preston walks away, cackling. Theo gives Sofia a look.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
(shrugs)
... He's good at smooching.

Doogie stumbles onstage.

DOOGIE
Who wants to keep this party going?
Whooooooooo yeah! Let's go for a
drunk drone hunt!

Doogie runs out the door, alone. Nobody follows him.

THEO
Should we stop him...?

BISHOP
That's his thing, don't worry. I'll
go pick him up in a few hours.

EXT. O'HARAS - CONTINUOUS

Doogie stumbles out of the bar. He begins a solitary chant.

DOOGIE

What do we want? DRONE HUNT! How do we want it? DRUNK!

PAN TO:

INT. CHARLOTTE'S BMW - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte sits in her BMW with her second-in-command, JAMIE -- California cool, great hair. Charlotte pulls off her BRUNETTE WIG. Doogie's chant continues offscreen.

CHARLOTTE

See what I mean? These guys are a fucking joke. Bunch of rejects just sober enough to hit a moving target.

JAMIE

I don't know what Rudy's worried about. This will be a piece of cake.

CHARLOTTE

Cake? Cake is fucking impossible compared to this. This is a half-off day-old cinnamon raisin bagel at the bodega. Pull one thread on this ugly Christmas sweater they call an operation and the whole thing will unravel.

JAMIE

And once the sweater's undone?

CHARLOTTE

House in the Trousdales. Our own boutique mercenary company. Bye-bye to your student loans.

JAMIE

And my dad said a communications degree was a death rattle...

They lean in for a KISS.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(pulls back)

Should we be trailing his drunk ass?

CHARLOTTE

No. Not tonight. I had a couple glasses of wine at the bar. Kinda in the mood for something else...

JAMIE

Oh yeah?

Jamie moves in for the kill. Charlotte swats him away.

CHARLOTTE

Not in the car. I'm not replacing these suede seats again.

EXT. GARZA'S WAREHOUSE - NEXT DAY

Theo enters the warehouse. He's very hungover, very bruised, very sore, but very pleased.

Various DRONE HUNTERS light up as they notice Theo. He's greeted warmly... Doogie playfully PATS HIS BACK... Bishop RUFFLES HIS HAIR.

Theo is glowing from all the attention.

Preston hands him a CUP OF COFFEE.

PRESTON

You looks like you need this.

Theo reaches his corner -- Sofia is leaning against the desk, TWIRLING HER KEYS.

SOFIA

Wanna go for a spin?

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - LATER

A Sequoia PACKAGE lies in the grass. Preston kneels over the package, SWISS ARMY KNIFE in hand, leading a tutorial. Theo observes intently.

PRESTON

Sequoia sticks a tracker chip in every package. You gotta eyeball, 10 centimeters from the top, five from the sides. Double that for bigger packages. Run your fingers right about here.

Theo does as instructed.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

You feel that? It's subtle, but you can find it. Take the knife, jab it in, and kind of slice around it in a rectangle to flip it out. Think you got it?

THEO

Yeah. Totally. Easy enough.

Theo takes the KNIFE. He traces his fingers over the package, feeling out the location of the chip.

Theo JABS the package with the knife and begins cutting through. He extracts the chip and presents it to Preston.

THEO (CONT'D)

Is that it?

PRESTON

Wow. OK... Good job! First try. I honestly thought it would take longer. I cut my hand the first time I tried that.

THEO

I think I got it. Pretty easy.

PRESTON

OK great -- we can move ahead to our next lesson then. This will be a lot tougher. Time to learn how to drive the Land Rover. Warning: that puppy's in manual.

THEO

Oh, I can drive manual. Do I look like a soccer mom?

PRESTON

Fuck. I had a whole obstacle course set up and everything.

SOFIA

It's OK. We can move onto target practice. Unless...

Theo shrugs, guilty.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Fuck me.

THEO

I grew up with Garza and my dad!
I've had a gun in my hand since
before I could crawl. What did you
expect?

SOFIA

I put down a \$100 deposit at the
gun range and everything...

PRESTON

You overqualified asshole.

THEO

Guys, I'm sure there's a lot I can
pick up. I would love to go through
the rest of the training with you.

PRESTON

You really mean that?

THEO

Yeah! I'm touched you went through
the trouble. Let's do this shit.

INT./EXT. LAND ROVER - LATER

Theo SHIFTS INTO GEAR and peels through Preston's obstacle
course like he's motherfucking Steve McQueen.

INT. GUN RANGE - LATER

A PRINT-OUT of a drone is pinned to a gun range target.

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM!

Six shots directly into the belly of the drone.

Theo admires his accuracy, giving his pistol barrel the old-
cowboy blow like he's motherfucking Charles Bronson.

EXT. GARZA'S WAREHOUSE - DUSK

The day ends. Preston, Sofia and Theo return to the
warehouse, sipping on Extra-Large Slurpees.

FREEZE FRAME: Theo and Sofia High-Five!

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY - CROSSHAIRS POV

A drone zips through the sky. The crosshairs track the drone, until ... BANG!

The sniper rifle is lowered to reveal the shooter -- it's CHARLOTTE!

CHARLOTTE

Right in the gut. Still functional?

Jamie sits next to her, on his laptop controlling the drone.

JAMIE

Yeah, I have complete control.

To demonstrate, he has the drone do a LOOP-DEE-LOOP.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Goddamnit babe, that shot was so fucking sexy. Right on the money.

CHARLOTTE

Keep it in your pants. For now. OK, brace for landing.

The drone bobs in the air... Jamie taps a key... and the drone begins PLUMMETING toward the ground!

JAMIE

Target locked. You know, I only need one hand to control the drone... And that shot you just made got me a little... excited.

CHARLOTTE

Learn how to turn it off sometimes. Push it a little left. Left! Jamie, fucking left!

JAMIE

I'm trying!

The drone swings left...

...and CRASHES into the ground. Right where she wants it.

PAN UP to see the drone lying among monkey bars and swing sets... It crashed into a PLAYGROUND.

CUT TO:

NEWS ANCHOR

NEWS ANCHOR

Earlier today, a Sequoia Prime Delivery Drone crashed into the playground of Edison Elementary School. No injuries or fatalities have been reported -- the children had reconvened to their classrooms following afternoon recess only moments prior to the accident.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - NIGHT

NEWS REPORTER #1

Police and firefighters rushed to the scene to clear the smoldering wreckage. But they arrived there only to find the true first responders -- Sequoia's own Security Drones.

INSERT: Grainy cell phone footage of the Sequoia Security Drones stamping out the small fire with fire extinguishers.

NEWS REPORTER #1 (CONT'D)

Police Chief Foley believes this accident to be the handiwork of the so-called "Drone Bandits" -- evidenced by a high-caliber bullet found lodged in the drone's body.

CUT TO:

WOMAN ON THE STREET

I saw that drone fallin' through the sky and I was like shit... Here come the Chinese...

CUT TO:

JUGHEAD

(should I be doing this?)
No comment... Uh, I mean... I think drone hunters are great! They're pillars of the community. Fighting the man. That's right, FUCK SEQUOIA!

FREEZE FRAME ON JUGHEAD. Pull back to see...

INT. MEETING SPACE -- LATER

A screen projecting the frozen image.

Garza has pressed pause on a clip being played in front of Jughead and the rest of the drone hunters. Garza's face is that of a thousand disappointed fathers.

JUGHEAD

I live around the block! I was just doing investigative work, recon... You saw what a dime-piece she was, you tell me you're going to say no to that?

GARZA

Enough. You're on probation. As for the rest of you, read my lips: No URBAN SPACES. I've said from the fucking beginning. You want all this to go away because of a few greedy schmucks that couldn't stay outside city limits? I don't care if it was any of you, Goblin's shit squad, or the Maha-fucking-rajah of Timbuktu, this is a zero tolerance policy. Everybody understand? Good.
(pulls out a clipboard)
With that, I'm still looking for volunteers for our pumpkin-carving team building event next week...

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The Land Rover -- adorned with skulls and spikes like the War Rig in "Mad Max" -- SCREECHES to a halt.

The trio piles out, in costume -- Theo as Mad Max (rocking his first day at work garb), Sofia as Furiosa, and Preston as Immortan Joe.

Sofia hands Theo the sniper rifle.

SOFIA

You think you got this?

PRESTON

Just make sure you say a clever catchphrase as you shoot.

THEO
Trick or treat, crumpetfuckers!

BLAM! Theo's first drone takedown is a SUCCESS.

PRESTON
Bravo, Theo! Ten out of ten!

Sofia angrily jumps on Preston's back, puts him in a headlock and begins jabbing at his side.

SOFIA
I hate you I hate you I hate you.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Theo pries open the package for the drone he just shot down. His face falls as we...

CLOSE ON: The package contains hundreds of CANDY BARS.

SOFIA
Not sure what else we were
expecting.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - EVENING

Halloween in a middle-class cul-de-sac. Parents lead their kids from door-to-door, decked out in various costumes.

A SEQUOIA DELIVERY DRONE flutters over the street and drops off a large PACKAGE.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
Sequoia gave the city of Detroit a true Halloween surprise this evening, delivering boxes of candy to neighborhoods across Macomb county. Critics have called this a blatant PR move for Sequoia, presumably with a mouth full of free Skittles.

The package is cracked open. KIDS REJOICE at this incredible windfall of chocolate.

INT. PRESTON'S WORKSPACE - LATER

Preston is hunched over SANDRA, putting her back into place. He's holding a circuit with tweezers. Theo watches intently.

PRESTON

And you attach the circuit board like so... Snap the hatch shut... And voila! My baby is reborn. You want to do the honors?

THEO

Let There Be Flight!

Theo presses Sandra's launch button. She's ENGULFED IN FLAME.

INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

Sofia walks past Garza's office. She peeks at the Drone Hunter Leaderboard -- still rocking the power #7 position. She "accidentally" knocks the board to the ground, spilling the tiles across the floor.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOFTOP - DAY

Charlotte, sniper rifle in hand, scampers across the edge of a high-rise rooftop, stride-for-stride with a drone zipping by.

She pulls up... Crouches... Aims the rifle... BLAM!

CUT TO:

VIDEO FOOTAGE - EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

A mob outside City Hall, protesting the Drone Hunters -- signs include "BAD TO THE DRONE" and "REGULATION NOW".

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Citizens of Detroit are up in arms tonight as the once-admired Drone Bandits continue to terrorize our community. Tonight's protests were ignited by the robbery of a Sequoia Drone delivering an organ intended for a six-year-old child at Sinai Grace.

INSERT: Helicopter footage of a Medevac Chopper landing on the hospital roof landing pad. Jamie jumps out, holding a cooler and SPRINTS to the exit.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 Fortunately, Sequoia's Drone
 Recovery Task Force was able to
 recover the package and deliver the
 organ just in time, saving the
 child's life.

NEWS DESK

NEWS ANCHOR
 Police Chief Foley has sent out a
 statement to these Drone Bandits --
 "The fun is over. Please stop."
 Police are currently pursuing
 suspects, and they are confident
 that the perpetrators will be
 brought to justice.

CUT TO:

INT. JUGHEAD'S APARTMENT - DAY

SMASH! A DOOR flies off the hinges.

Jughead, sunk into a trash-strewn couch playing a video game,
 turns his head to investigate the commotion. A bong that
 could smoke up a battalion rests at his side.

A POLICE SQUAD storms into the apartment. Jughead returns to
 the TV, too blazed to register the action.

POLICE OFFICER
 Albert Moon. You're under arrest
 for the possession for goods stolen
 from the Sequoia corporation.

JUGHEAD
 Come on in guys, the edibles will
 be ready in a few minutes.

The officer tears Jughead off the couch and SLAMS him onto
 the floor.

POLICE OFFICER
 (putting on handcuffs)
 You think this is fucking funny?
 You almost got a kid killed out
 there, you psychopath.

JUGHEAD
 Huh?... I haven't even left my
 apartment! Check out the stain from
 my ass sweat on the couch!

POLICE OFFICER
Shut the fuck up. Let's move.

JUGHEAD
(screaming bloody murder)
WAIT. Just wait. Hold on a second!

The room freezes.

JUGHEAD (CONT'D)
Can you pick up that controller and
scroll down to "Save Game"...

The officer BASHES Jughead for his sass and drags him out of
the apartment. As they EXIT...

... CHARLOTTE slips into the apartment. She whistles a merry
tune, strolling through the apartment like she's at an open
house. Charlotte scans a bookcase. Her eyes catch Jughead's
100-Drone Takedown PLAQUE.

CUT TO:

CABLE NEWS SHOW

Two sweaty white men spittle hard facts.

TALKING HEAD #1
After this near-catastrophe, I'll
say what I've said for years.
Commercial drone usage needs to be
abolished.

TALKING HEAD #2
I completely disagree. Drones don't
kill people. People kill people.
This an act of terrorism by a small
group of people -- people that are
treated like heroes among our
community. What we need is the full
weight of Congress behind
additional security and self-
defense functionality for Sequoia's
drones so they may continue to
serve the American people.

INT. CHARLOTTE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte and Jamie watch the panel squabbling from her
living room, a space highly adorned with decorative pieces.
Either she's incredibly rich or incredibly in debt.

Charlotte lies across a white satin sofa, paired with a hearty glass of wine. Jamie massages her feet.

CHARLOTTE

Holy hot damn, am I good at my job.
Can you get my ankles?

JAMIE

(obeys)
You're amazing, babe.

Charlotte raises her wine glass and takes a long GULP.

CLOSE ON: Jughead's PLAQUE, being used as a coaster.

CHARLOTTE

Ankles, Jamie. Ankles. Do you know
what an ankle is.

Jamie is too pretty to know basic anatomy.

JAMIE

So, I was thinking, you need a
reward for all this killer work
you've been doing...

CHARLOTTE

Yeah, you think so?

Jamie moves in for the kill. Charlotte cuts him off.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Not on the Massoud. Your back gets
so sweaty.

INT. PRESTON'S WORKSPACE

Theo wipes the soot off of Sandra with a rag from the previous accident. Preston picks at her innards -- a gob of multicolored wires.

PRESTON

Aha! Found it. Wires were fucked
up. She'll be good to go now.

Preston snaps the hatch shut. Hands the controller to Theo.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

Want to do the honors?

Theo is reluctant after the previous test-run debacle.

THEO

You know... I don't know if...

PRESTON

(on the same page)

Yeah, couldn't hurt to hold off.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

The kind where bad decisions are made under 30-watt bulbs.

Charlotte sits at the bar, alone. The BARTENDER sets a glass of wine in front of her. Charlotte swirls the glass and takes a sniff -- it's unpleasant.

CHARLOTTE

(to bartender)

Excuse me, where do you source your wine from?

VOICE (O.S.)

In a place like this...?

Charlotte swivels around to reveal... GOBLIN!

GOBLIN

... I'd wager on Château de Toilet Bowl, second stall from the right. 1997.

CHARLOTTE

(checks her Rolex)

Wow. You're actually on time.

GOBLIN

You kidding? I never keep a lady waiting on a first date.

CHARLOTTE

This isn't a...

GOBLIN

I know. Relax. I'm actually surprised you picked this place. Classy lady like you.

CHARLOTTE

I usually go for wine bars, but I figured your... "ensemble" wouldn't make it past the bouncer.

Charlotte scans his outfit -- muscle tee and board shorts.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Thanks for proving me right.

GOBLIN
(deeply frustrated)
Wanna know what I did this morning?
Got up at five a.m., hit the gym.
Same routine every day for the last
15 years. Wanna know why? So hot
girls like you would give me the
time of day. Now look at me.
(lifts up shirt to reveal
12-pack)
300 pounds to three percent body
fat. Yet I'm still getting shit
from hot girls. Why the fuck do I
even bother...

Charlotte SLAMS an thick envelope on the bar.

CHARLOTTE
I'll give you an extra grand if you
please, for the love of God, shut
the fuck up right now.

Goblin takes the envelope and opens it. He flips through the
substantial stack of cash.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
We clear on what you need to do?

GOBLIN
Yeah, yeah, got it. So, now that I
got this fat wad of cash, can I
take you out for dinner?
Afterwards, I promise I won't do
much talking...

Charlotte KICKS the bar stool from underneath Goblin. He
collapses onto the floor.

CHARLOTTE
Too bad you can't do crunches to
get rid of that douchebag flab.

Charlotte exits.

GOBLIN
I gotta stop going to bars.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

BLAM! BANG! PING!

Three drones are shot down in rapid succession.

EXT. CLEARING - LATER

A Sequoia Delivery Drone lies in a clearing, inert. Car doors SLAM as Theo, Preston and Sofia exit the Land Rover.

Theo sprints to the drone, and slices out the computer chip.

SOFIA

Pull!

Theo flicks the chip high into the air... Sofia aims -- BANG! -- exactly like the opening scene, but faster.

PRESTON

Well, I'm officially useless. When can I expect my severance papers?

THEO

I could use some pointers on my extraction technique, I'm still a bit wonky on the entry...

PRESTON

Oh, please. Your technique is perfect. Please don't pander to me.

Theo sneaks an "I tried" shrug to Sofia, thinking Preston won't catch it -- but he does.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

What was that?

SOFIA

What was what?

PRESTON

The shrug! Sofia, did you tell him?

SOFIA

... He needed to know!

PRESTON

That's not your fucking place! You promised me!

SUDDENLY -- they hear the BUZZ and SIRENS of incoming Security Drones.

THEO

Already?

SOFIA
(checks her watch)
Something's wrong. It hasn't even
been a minute.

Preston and Sofia move to unload the heavy artillery from the Land Rover. Preston is still upset.

PRESTON
What exactly did you tell him? Poor
old Preston, got laid off cause of
the drones. Poor old Preston,
afraid of being replaced again.

Sofia tosses a shotgun to Theo.

SOFIA
Can we fucking talk about this
later?

FOUR SEQUOIA SECURITY DRONES descend to swarm the trio.

PRESTON
Fine. But I'm not letting it go.

SECURITY DRONE
You are in unauthorized possession
of Sequoia property. Step away from
the drone.

Sofia, Preston and Theo cock their guns in unison.

Just as they are about to unleash a hailstorm of bullets onto the Security Drones...

... Sofia abruptly raises a closed fist and lowers her gun. Theo and Preston stand down.

SOFIA
You hear that?

Theo and Preston focus intently -- we hear the roar of approaching vehicles, and it's disturbingly close by.

THEO
Cops?

PRESTON
Can't be...

The trio train their weapons toward the treeline, in the direction of the incoming vehicles.

The rumbling of burning rubber and death metal SURGES AS...

A CONVOY CRASHES THROUGH THE TREELINE -- two Jeep Wranglers and an F-150.

The cars screech to a halt. Goblin, Nash, Gustav, Cashew and Caucasian Karl exit the vehicles, guns trained on the trio.

Another fucking standoff.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

This is certainly getting old.

SOFIA

Ever heard of "No Means No",
Goblin?

GOBLIN

Ha. Good one. No, as round and
supple and pillowy as your package
is, I'm here for *that* one.

SOFIA

You're here to rip us off? That's
breaking our code. Even a dumbfuck
like you knows that.

GOBLIN

The code? Fuck the code. This is
the wild, wild, Midwest, baby. And
I'm Jesse motherfuckin' James.

THEO

This is such bullshit.

GOBLIN

What you're going to do is, put
your guns down, let us take the
goods and we'll all walk away safe
and sound.

PRESTON

You seem to lack the negotiating
power necessary for such a
declarative statement. Last time I
checked, there were guns aimed at
your face.

NASH

Five on three isn't enough
negotiating power for you?

SOFIA

See, it's not quite five. Fatty McFat Fat over there's about to keel over just from stepping foot out of the car.

CLOSE ON: Caucasian Karl, taking heavy breaths.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

(re: Cashew)

The chick can't shoot a gun. She's just there for eye candy.

CASHEW

That's sexist!

SOFIA

Not when I say it. That leaves--

(re: Gustav)

-- The four-eyed University of Phoenix alum, and--

(re: Nash)

--your right-hand cock masseuse, who, I've seen pick his nose on multiple occasions. And finally, you, the Big Bad Wolf -- but you're not going to do diddly squat. Because you're *in love with me*.

GOBLIN

You're pretty much right. Except for one tiny detail...

Goblin nods to Gustav, who reveals a CONTROLLER.

Gustav thumbs few knobs. A Security Drones descends, creeping within INCHES OF THEO'S FACE -- If it wasn't clear, Gustav is in control of the Security Drones.

THEO

Son of a bitch.

SOFIA

You're working for them!?

GOBLIN

It's just business, honey. So, you want to wait around for the cops to show up? I'm OK with that. We'll get bailed out. You'll... probably get waterboarded till you gave up the entire operation. Or do you want to walk away with everyone's balls intact?

Sofia ponders this for several beats.

SOFIA
Guys... Drop em.

PRESTON
Sofia, no...

SOFIA
Just do it.

Sofia, Preston and Theo lower their weapons. Cashew and Caucasian Karl collect their weapons, cackling in victory. Cashew gives Sofia a quick jab for the earlier dig.

Goblin stares at Sofia, doe-eyed.

GOBLIN
Just know that we could have done
this, together. Keys?

Preston hands Goblin the keys, who tosses them to Nash.

Nash pops the trunk and begins scavenging in the back.

SOFIA
Whatever they're paying you, I hope
it's worth it. You know this is
going to go away for all of us.

GOBLIN
After you rejected me, there's a
quote I kept telling myself to get
over you. Applies to your current
situation as well. "Better to have
and lost, than never had at all."

Nash finds SANDRA in the back of the Land Rover.

NASH
Hey look guys. Check out this hunk
of junk.

PRESTON
Hey! Put her down!

NASH
Her? Oh, is this your special
friend? Whoopsie--

Nash "accidentally" drops Sandra onto the ground.

PRESTON
Stop that this instant!

Nash picks up Sandra.

NASH
Stop what?

Nash begins dry humping Sandra. Preston can't stand it.

GOBLIN
Nash, cut it out.

PRESTON
I'm warning you!

NASH
Gustav, get over here!

Gustav begins dry-humping Sandra from the other end.

Preston's rage burns like a billion circles of hell.

PRESTON
Theo... Will you do the honors?

THEO
Let There Be FLIGHT!

Theo SLIDES the controller out of his sleeve -- hits LAUNCH.

Sandra is ENGULFED IN FLAME.

NASH AND GUSTAV

scream with pain. Drop Sandra.

SOFIA

charges at Goblin. TACKLES him to the ground.

PRESTON

disarms Cashew. Sticks a gun in her face.

THEO

leaps up, grabs a Security Drone from it's midsection and uses his strength to SLING it at Caucasian Karl.

Goblin and company are scattered across the field, in various stages of pain. Sofia picks up the grenade launcher.

SOFIA
Sorry, Goblin... I just think we should see other people.

SHUNK - SHUNK - KABLAM! The convoy EXPLODES.

Sofia, Preston and Theo leap into the Land Rover and flee the scene. Goblin -- oblivious to the smoldering wreckage and the agony of his squadmates -- watches them leave, wistfully.

GOBLIN

She wants me so bad.

INT. MEETING SPACE - DAY

Garza stands in front of the room, arms akimbo. All drone hunters are in attendance -- though their numbers have noticeably dwindled.

GARZA

Has anyone seen the most recent polls? They finally got the public against us. Sequoia's PR campaign is running train on our sorry asses. You can bet your ass the moment Congress comes back from their holiday recess, they'll have an intern running up those steps with the enhanced security bill in hand. And we'll be kaput for good.

DOOGIE

So we hit 'em back.

BISHOP

With this skeleton crew? That's not even David versus Goliath. That's David versus Godzilla.

Theo has his hand raised, ever the dutiful schoolboy.

PRESTON

This is an open forum, kid, don't stand there like a schmuck.

THEO

We don't just strike back. We innovate. Steve Jobs once said--

Scattered GROANS throughout the room.

THEO (CONT'D)

--He once said, "Innovation distinguishes between a leader and a follower". We can't just keep going out there playing Big Buck Hunter with drones anymore.

(MORE)

THEO (CONT'D)

If we want to hit Sequoia back and make it count, we need to invest in technology. Fight drones with drones.

PRESTON

What do you think I've been trying to do? Not that easy.

THEO

No offense, Preston, but we need to bring in some help.

GARZA

What're you thinking, Theo?

THEO

I got something in mind.

EXT. CORPORATE TOWER - DAY

RAMESH sits on a bench alone, eating a SANDWICH.

THEO plops down next to him, BEAMING.

THEO

Chicken salad?

RAMESH

Tuna.

THEO

That's right! Tuna Tuesdays. How could I forget.

(a beat)

So, how you been?

RAMESH

Fine. Good.

THEO

C'mon, grouchy pants. I thought you'd be at least a little happy to see me.

RAMESH

We work together for *five years* and all of a sudden, you drop off the face of the earth. Stopped answering my texts, e-mails, Facebook pokes.

THEO

I know, I'm sorry. Things have been fucking insane at my new gig.

RAMESH

Of course. Busy. Everyone's busy. You know, I listened to you bitch about work every single day since we met at orientation. "Brandon's being too mean," "Linda chews her apples too loud," "My girlfriend dumped me," boo-hoo, wah, wah, wah. But I did it happily. Because I thought we were more than colleagues. I thought we were *friends*.

Ramesh puts his sandwich away and begins to pack up.

THEO

Ramesh, c'mon, I'm sorry. We are friends. I miss you too. That's actually why I'm here. I need you. I want to get the band back together. C'mon, Ramesh and Theo! The Wonder Twins.

RAMESH

We've never, ever referred to ourselves as the Wonder Twins. But I appreciate the sentiment. So what, is this a headhunting mission? You got an opening for me?

THEO

...Something like that.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - LATER

Theo and Ramesh stroll along the frosty Detroit River. Theo has just wrapped up explaining the ABC's of drone hunting.

RAMESH

This is completely idiotic. And illegal. But mostly idiotic. You're waging war against the one of the most powerful organizations in the history of civilization.

THEO

Doesn't that sound like fun to you?

RAMESH

I really don't know, man.

THEO

Ramesh, I need you. You're the Wozniak to my Jobs. I don't want to do this alone. I can't do this alone. It's not even your expertise -- I want one of my best friends, by my side, to share this experience with.

RAMESH

It sounds like you want to propose to me.

THEO

If it means you joining us, I will put a ring on that beautiful finger of yours. So you're in?

RAMESH

Do you guys have dental?

THEO

Dental? You don't need dental. Look at those pearly whites.

RAMESH

I actually have a rare gum disease that requires me to make monthly visits to a periodontist--

THEO

--We'll get you dental.

INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

Theo and Ramesh walk into the warehouse. PAN ACROSS the bustling warehouse -- drones, packages, weapons -- as Ramesh soaks in his new adventure.

THEO

No time for a formal tour. Let me show you where you'll be working.

INT. PRESTON'S WORKSPACE - CONTINUOUS

Theo and Ramesh arrive at the drone laboratory -- it's uncharacteristically spick-and-span as Preston does some last-second tidying.

Preston approaches Ramesh confidently, and shakes his hand.

PRESTON

Name's Preston. These are my drones. I would like you to know that I am, in no way, scared that you are here to replace me. I recognize the fact that I need help and a new mind to tackle new challenges. Thank you for joining us. See you around.

Preston leaves. Ramesh stands in silent befuddlement.

THEO

Trust me. This is less weird than my first day.

INT. PRESTON'S WORKSPACE - LATER

Ramesh throws a final drone onto a pile of Sequoia drones in various stages of destruction. Sofia, Theo and Preston crowd around, taking instructions.

RAMESH

Unfortunately, these aren't going to cut it. I can't reverse engineer drones once they've been... so violently maimed. I need you guys to get me a drone. Fully intact.

SOFIA

Fully intact? Piece of cake.

RAMESH

Excellent! I'll begin preparations.

As Ramesh departs, Sofia speaks in a panicked whisper.

SOFIA

How the fuck are we gonna do that?

EXT. FIELD - LATER

BLAM! A drone is shot and begins falling to Earth.

SWISH-PAN to below the falling drone -- Preston and Theo hold a MASSIVE TARP underneath.

THEO

You sure this will hold?

PRESTON
Industrial strength, brother.

THEO
I see it! Behind you!

Preston swirls to see the drone falling. They rapidly shuffle to its approximate landing spot.

PRESTON
Here's good. Now, you want to leave
some slack so the drone doesn't--

The drone RIPS through the tarp and SMACKS the ground.

EXT. FIELD - LATER

A drone skims across the horizon.

THEO (O.S.)
Hang right!

SWISH-PAN to below the drone -- Theo is SURFING ON TOP OF THE SPEEDING LAND ROVER.

Preston leans out the passenger window, offering support.

Theo is attempting to reach up and grab the drone while maintaining a precarious balance.

THEO (CONT'D)
It's too high up!

PRESTON
Get on your tip-toes! Jump if you
have to!

THEO
I'm not going to fucking jump!

PRESTON
Do it! Wussy!

Theo doesn't work well under peer pressure -- he tries a tiny HOP -- only to SLIP OFF THE CAR...

...GRABBING THE EDGE OF THE BACK just in time.

IN THE LAND ROVER

SOFIA
Let's try Plan C.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - LATER

A Sequoia Delivery Drone gently lands on the front porch of a prim-and-proper McMansion.

The door opens to reveal a shirtless, dad-bod SUBURBAN DAD.

SEQUOIA DRONE

Thank you for choosing Sequoia
Prime Air Delivery. Please state
your name for confirmation.

SUBURBAN DAD

Brad--

TWO FIGURES IN SKI MASKS rush the porch and throw a TARP over the Delivery Drone -- we know them to be Sofia and Theo.

THEO

Mind the hole...

Theo bundles up the drone in the tarp and throws it over his shoulder.

SUBURBAN DAD

Hey! What the hell?! I need that!

SOFIA

You don't need any more dildos!

Sofia and Theo flee the scene.

EXT. PRESTON'S WORKSPACE - LATER

Ramesh is soldering a machine gun to the side of a drone.

Sofia and Theo unfurl the tarp to reveal the prize. Ramesh is extremely pleased.

RAMESH

Excellent.

INT. RAMESH'S COMPUTER LAB - NIGHT

Ramesh posts up at a professional-grade three-monitor setup, fingers doing a machine gun rat-a-tat on the keyboard as code flies past him like The Matrix. Theo sits in solidarity, trying to follow along, asking questions.

INT. PRESTON'S WORKSPACE - DAY

Preston and Ramesh stand over SANDRA'S broken body. Preston looks distraught. Ramesh raises a POWER SAW...

... But he's stopped by Preston, who can't imagine his girl being mutilated.

PRESTON
No. Wait. I can't let you.

RAMESH
It's OK. It's for science.

Preston CRINGES as Ramesh lowers the saw and sparks fly.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Preston, Theo and Ramesh are at a makeshift shooting range. A target is pinned against a fence. One of Ramesh's drones with a machine-gun attachment whirs a few yards off the ground.

Theo aims the machine gun at the target -- BRRRATTTTTT -- the target is shredded to pieces.

INT. RAMESH'S COMPUTER LAB - NIGHT

Ramesh is still firing away at the code, though noticeably fatigued. He pounds his fist on his desk in frustration. Theo walks over to his station and drops off a bag of takeout. He leans over to discuss the issues Ramesh is encountering.

INT. GARZA'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

Garza, Theo and Sofia stride through the warehouse.

GARZA
Theo -- that speech you gave a couple weeks ago got me excited. I went back to my roots and read the gospel of my idol, this guy named Jack Welch. He had this quote that always stuck with me -- "Buy or Bury the Competition".

THEO
What do you mean?

GARZA
I bought the competition...

The doors to the warehouse SWING OPEN. GOBLIN enters, a gleeful scowl ear-to-ear.

SOFIA
Oh hell no.

GARZA
He did have one condition before
joining with us...

THWACK! Goblin drops Theo to the ground with a nasty hook. He steps over Theo to give Garza a firm handshake.

GOBLIN
I'm excited to be here.

Goblin winks at Sofia. Garza helps Theo to his feet.

GARZA
Sorry kid. It's just business.

INT. RAMESH'S COMPUTER LAB - NIGHT

Ramesh is still in the coding trenches. It looks like he hasn't slept in days, and probably hasn't. Theo walks over to his station.

THEO
Hey man, let's call it a night.

RAMESH
Just one more second... And we're
money!

Ramesh spins around in his chair, grinning victoriously.

THEO
It works? You are the fucking man!
Let's pop the champagne.

High-fives and bro-hugs are exchanged.

RAMESH
Look, Theo, as much shit as I gave
you for quitting, you were right.
This is the most fun I've ever had.

THEO
I'm glad, man. Thank you for
trusting me.

Ramesh ejects a USB drive from the computer.

RAMESH

The first rule of coding -- Always back up. I keep an extra backup at my apartment. You know, in case a pre-pubescent kid in Pyongyang decides to hack up my shit.

Ramesh slips the USB into a cigarette box on his desk.

INT. PRESTON'S WORKSPACE - DAY

A giddy Ramesh leads Preston into the drone lab. A tarp envelopes an object on the main table.

RAMESH

You ready? Close your eyes and count to three.

PRESTON

I will do none of the sort.

RAMESH

No problemo.

Ramesh sweeps the tarp aside with a flourish, revealing a glistening, decked-to-the-nines SANDRA.

RAMESH (CONT'D)

I want you to meet Sandra II.

A solitary tear dribbles from Preston's eye.

PRESTON

She's... Beautiful.

EXT. SEQUOIA FULFILLMENT CENTER - TREELINE - DAWN

BINOCULARS POV

A warehouse the size of 20 football fields. The logo reads "Sequoia Fulfillment Center".

SWISH-PAN to the loading dock, where HUNDREDS of delivery trucks idle as they are being loaded with packages.

PAN to an enormous, bright-orange LOADING-DOCK DOOR.

SOFIA

Lowers the binoculars. She's lying prone in a snowbank along the treeline. Preston -- wearing a SANTA HAT -- lies to her side. Sofia hands him the binoculars.

SOFIA

Orange door. From the floor layout Ramesh pulled, that's our pot of gold.

PRESTON

(looking through the binoculars)

Better call it Santa's Workshop. Good to keep things thematically consistent.

MOMENTS LATER

Sofia and Preston trudge through the snowy woods. They arrive at-

EXT. CLEARING - WOODS - CONTINUOUS

A small encampment set up in a clearing. Dozens of vehicles are parked. Theo and Doogie drink coffee by a fire. Bishop and Jughead clean their rifles. Ramesh does some last-minute tinkering on a line of homemade drones.

SOFIA

Everybody listen up!

The drone hunters drop what they are doing and circle around Sofia and Preston.

PRESTON

Happy Christmas Eve, everyone.

(a beat)

I fucking hate Christmas Eve. 22 years I drove around that shit-colored delivery truck. That's 22 Christmas Eves spent lugging around trucks of last-minute presents ordered by deadbeat parents for their spoiled bastard children from morning till midnight. Sure, delivery trucks got replaced by drones. Drones will be replaced by... I dunno, fuckin' teleportation. But I can promise you one thing, from now to eternity. The deadbeats won't disappoint. Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Operation Grinch.

SOFIA

At 0600 hours -- the precise second the FAA permits these grubby little flying shitcans to fly in our airspace -- we're expecting hundreds of drones to launch out of that warehouse. We're going to post up at the treeline and pick off as many of those flying sphincters as we can. It's a three pronged attack -- Preston will hit the skies with Sandra and our brand spankin' new drones. Ramesh will trigger his subroutine to hack into their drones and land them at the rendezvous. As for me, I'm kicking it old school with a box of bullets because quite honestly I don't think any of this fancy tech is going to succeed.

(a beat)

I know this is the biggest thing anyone of us has ever pulled off. But I'm confident in each and every one of you. Any questions? Good. Let's go steal fuckin' Christmas.

EXT. SEQUOIA FULFILLMENT CENTER - TREELINE - LATER

Sofia checks her watch, restlessly.

CLOSE ON: Sofia's watch -- 5:59 and 45 seconds...

BINOCULARS POV

The loading-dock door hasn't budged.

TREELINE

PAN ACROSS the treeline to see the drone hunters racked with anticipation -- this could be the end of the line.

SOFIA'S WATCH

It's 15 seconds past the hour.

SOFIA

Nothing. Maybe we overestimated...

PRESTON

Give it a second, Anxious Annie.

BINOCULARS POV

After several grueling beats of nothingness, the loading dock door CREAKS OPEN. We hear a faint buzzing as a drone trickles through the door ... Followed by another pair... And another... Then more and MORE until HUNDREDS OF DRONES SWARM THROUGH THE SKY.

SOFIA AND PRESTON

The pair shares a triumphant smile.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
It's a Christmas Miracle!

Sofia WHISTLES--

-- Cue Johnny Cash's rendition of "Little Drummer Boy".

SERIES OF SHOTS IN SLOW MOTION:

- Sequoia drones being pierced with bullets
- The fiery muzzle of a sniper rifle
- Sandra II successfully firing her net at a Sequoia drone
- Preston's gleeful face at Sandra's victory
- Cartridge ejecting from Bishop's sniper rifle
- Theo thumbing a controller in intense focus
- Jughead leaning out of a car and retrieving packages
- Ramesh struggling on his laptop, extremely upset.

LATER

The drone hunters rapidly pack up and pile into getaway cars.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
Sequoia is gonna be *pissed*.

SOFIA
Greatest day of my life.

THEO
Anyone seen Ramesh?

Theo peeks around the area -- he's nowhere to be found.

Theo steps deeper into the woods. He finds Ramesh, sitting against a tree, on the verge of tears.

THEO (CONT'D)

There you are! Why the sad face? We crushed it out there!

RAMESH

Maybe you did. The subroutine didn't work. I let everyone down.

THEO

What are you even saying? Nobody noticed that. Besides, those were *your* drones out there. Did you see them in action? It was incredible.

RAMESH

No, but the hack...

THEO

Forget the hack. You're the fucking hero of the day. But hey, we really need to go. I'll buy you a couple drinks and you'll be fine.

Theo helps Ramesh to his feet. They dart away.

EXT. SEQUOIA FULFILLMENT CENTER - HOURS LATER

Charlotte arrives outside the facility. Hundreds of destroyed drones lie in the outer field like corpses on a battlefield. Charlotte surveys the damage.

RING! Her phone is getting a call -- it's RUDY.

Charlotte doesn't want to pick up. But there's no point in delaying the inevitable.

CHARLOTTE

Rudy! Great to hear from you. Merry Christmas. How's Big Bear?

RUDY

Cut the shit. You're a smart girl. I don't need to spell it out for you. I'm just... so disappointed. I'm going to have to retool our anti-bandit strategy.

CHARLOTTE

Look... I...

RUDY

Here's the thing -- I'm a firm believer in not firing people over the holidays. Fucks up my karma. Let's just say you should go ahead and update your LinkedIn profile. Merry Christmas to you too!

Rudy HANGS UP.

Charlotte throws her phone onto the ground. She draws her pistol and EMPTIES A CLIP into the phone.

INT. SHELTER - CHRISTMAS MORNING

Theo and Sofia are dressed as Santa Claus. They each have a sack of presents around their shoulder. Preston is wearing a reindeer costume. He's clearly upset.

SOFIA

It's not my fault they didn't have your size. Now smile.

The trio enters a room of pajama-clad children.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Ho ho ho! Merry Christmas!

The children squeal with delight as presents are doled out.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - LATER

Charlotte sleepily pushes a shopping cart through the aisles of a wholesale liquor warehouse. She grabs a bottle off the shelf and tosses it into her cart.

CLOSE ON: The shopping cart, a sea of assorted wine bottles.

INT. CHARLOTTE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Charlotte gulps an entire glass of wine. She refills the glass until the bottle is empty.

Charlotte looks at her phone -- 15 Missed Calls from Jamie.

Already drunk, Charlotte spills the wine on her couch. She smashes the wine glass in frustration, cutting her hand. Charlotte wipes off the blood on the couch.

INT. O'HARAS - NIGHT

A New Years Eve bash -- banners, silly hats, champagne.

Theo wades through the throngs of debauched drone hunters, speaking on the phone to Ramesh.

THEO

Just get your butt over here, now!

RAMESH (O.S.)

Thanks for calling. I just have some work I need to finish.

THEO

Would you stop beating yourself up about the hack? The operation was a success!

RAMESH (O.S.)

I'm just not in the mood to celebrate. I hope you can understand that. Happy New Year.

Ramesh HANGS UP. Theo is worried. Preston hands him a SHOT.

PRESTON

You tried your best. Just try and have a good night.

Theo grumpily throws the shot back.

Garza grabs the mike on stage.

GARZA

Hey, I'm going to duck out early.

Everyone BOOS.

GARZA (CONT'D)

I got kids, assholes... Drinks are on me?

Everyone CHEERS.

GARZA (CONT'D)

I want to thank each and every one of you for what you've done this year. Keep fighting the good fight. Happy New Year, kids.

As Garza steps off stage, Theo pulls him aside.

THEO

I just wanted to say... This has been the best year of my life. Happy New Year. Thanks for everything. I love you. *Uncle Stevie*.

GARZA

I love you too, you little shit. I'll see you around, buddy.

Garza slips out. Doogie rushes the stage and grabs the mic.

DOOGIE

It's time! 10 - 9 - 8...

The bar chants the New Years Countdown in unison.

DRONE HUNTERS

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Everyone looks for a partner to kiss. Preston and Theo do a quick scan of the room and see only dudes.

THEO

New Years Resolution: Reduce gender inequality in our line of work.

PRESTON

I hear that.

Goblin taps Sofia on the back. She turns around and he SWOOPS IN for a passionate kiss.

DOOGIE

Alright everyone, who's ready for a NEW YEARS DRONE HUNT!

Doogie sprints out the door. Nobody joins.

THEO

I don't think--

BISHOP

It's worse if we don't let him try.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Light snowfall. The night sky glitters.

A JEEP pulls to the side of a country road.

A VERY DRUNK DOOGIE stumbles out of the car.

Doogie opens the trunk, takes out a SNIPER RIFLE, NIGHT-VISION GOGGLES and a BOTTLE OF BOURBON.

Doogie selects a song from his phone and presses PLAY -- something festive, like Prince's "1999".

Doogie settles in with his bourbon and rifle. The drunkenly sings along to the lyrics.

DOOGIE
When I woke up this
mornin' / Coulda sworn it
was judgement day...

We hear faint RUMBLING coming from afar.

Doogie is overjoyed -- a drone is on its way!

DOOGIE (CONT'D)
Ah shit! We got incoming!

Doogie taps the RADAR APP on his WATCH. Nothing.

Doogie puts on the NIGHT-VISION GOGGLES and begins scanning the distance for signs of a drone. The rumbling grows LOUDER.

Doogie continues to scan. Nothing. The rumbling CRESCENDOS. Then it STOPS...

... CAR DOORS SLAM SHUT.

DOOGIE (CONT'D)
Hey! Who's out there? Bishop?

We hear the CRUNCHING of FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNOW.

DOOGIE (CONT'D)
(panicking)
Who's out there! Answer me!

Doogie trains his rifle into the void.

The crunching grows louder and louder until it's only a FEW FEET AWAY.

Doogie's heart is POUNDING.

CLOSE UP: A pair of LOUBOUTIN HEELS pierce the fresh snow.

PAN UP: It's Charlotte. Jamie trails closely behind.

CHARLOTTE
Knock, knock! It's a couple of old acquaintances from Sequoia!

DOOGIE
Sequoia? Psshh. You had me scared
for a minute.

Doogie lowers his rifle.

CHARLOTTE
What're you doing out here?

DOOGIE
What's it matter to you? You can't
arrest me. Gonna issue me a stern
warning?

CHARLOTTE
Shit, Jamie. He's right. We can't
arrest him.

Charlotte DRAWS A GUN ...

... And SHOOTS DOOGIE IN THE CHEST.

Doogie collapses. Blood seeps into the snow.

Charlotte struts over to Doogie's wheezing body.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Look at that! Only 25 minutes after
midnight and I've already started
on my New Year's Resolution! And
I'm always so bad at keeping those.

JAMIE
What's your resolution, babe?

CHARLOTTE
To wipe these fuckers off the face
of the planet.

Charlotte STOMPS on Doogie's THROAT with her HEEL.

Charlotte steps back and looks at her bloodied shoes.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Fuck. I got blood all over.

JAMIE
You still look beautiful, babe.

Jamie hands her a Kleenex. Charlotte leans over to wipe the
blood off her shoes.

CHARLOTTE
Remind me our employee discount?

JAMIE

Somewhere around 18%.

CHARLOTTE

Be a dear and have a drone drop off a new pair of heels at my place.

JAMIE

You got it. What color?

Charlotte ponders this for a beat.

CHARLOTTE

Red.

INT. THEO'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Theo is sprawled across his bed, snoring. Half-eaten Jack-in-the-Box sits next to his face.

RING RING! Theo is startled awake by his phone. Groggy, and hungover-as-hell, Theo looks at his phone -- it's RAMESH. He picks up the phone.

THEO

Even though you didn't go out, you have to respect the New Year's hangover courtesy period.

RAMESH

(frantic)

Hey, I'm at the warehouse. Can you get down here as soon as you can? I need you to see something.

THEO

You fixed the code? That can wait.

RAMESH

It's not that! I was working all night, and your uncle showed up this morning, and... I can't really explain over the phone.

THEO

Dude, is everything OK?

RAMESH

I don't know. Please hurry.

CLICK. Ramesh hangs up. Theo has no idea what's going on.

THEO
People gotta start taking days off.

EXT. GARZA'S WAREHOUSE - LATER

Theo pulls his Challenger into the parking lot. It's empty, except for Ramesh's Hyundai and Garza's Tesla.

Theo takes a few steps toward the warehouse.

It EXPLODES.

Theo is THROWN BACK.

INT. LAND ROVER - DRIVING - LATER

Theo wakes up in the back of the Land Rover.

Sofia, fighting back tears, reaches back and holds his hand.

SOFIA
They got Doogie, too. We're being
hunted.

Theo takes a few beats to process this. Still in shock.

THEO
Where are we going?

PRESTON
My bunker.

THEO
We need to make a stop first.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - LATER

Theo gets out of the car. Checks to see if the coast is clear. He scurries up the steps to the apartment door.

Theo picks up an idol of Ganesh and slips out a key from behind his elephant trunk.

INT. RAMESH'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Theo enters Ramesh's home office. He scans the messy workspace, spies the cigarette box, and pockets the USB.

As Theo turns to leave, he notices a framed picture on the mantelpiece -- the only picture in the entire apartment -- of he and Ramesh at Rockefeller Center. Theo crumples into a ball and begins bawling.

INT. LAND ROVER - DRIVING - LATER

Preston drives Sofia and Theo along a country road. It's silent, except for the familiar ripples of mourning.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

The Land Rover pulls into a stop in front of the woods.

Preston and Sofia get out. Preston looks up and down the road, ensuring the coast is clear.

Preston removes part of a bush, revealing a hidden dirt path.

EXT. DIRT PATH - CONTINUOUS

The Land Rover navigates through the dirt path.

The car's HEADLIGHTS illuminate the outline of a building in a clearing ahead.

As the car pulls into a full stop, the building becomes clear -- it's a decrepit, ramshackle cabin.

INT. LAND ROVER - CONTINUOUS

PRESTON
Welcome home.

SOFIA
This... this is your doomsday
shelter?

Sofia and Theo's eyes switch to tears of joy as they BURST OUT with uncontrollable laughter.

PRESTON
You fuckers want to sleep in the
car?

EXT. PRESTON'S SAFEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sofia, Preston and Theo get out of the car. Preston lights the path ahead with a FLASHLIGHT.

PRESTON

Stay behind me. Do not - I repeat,
do not stray.

THEO

Why, am I going to step on a land
mine or something?

PRESTON

... Precisely.

INT. PRESTON'S SAFEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It's a far cry from the post-apocalyptic bunker Preston has
been boasting. Used furniture, stacks of toilet paper, guns,
logs, books and magazines.

Preston stacks firewood. Theo flips through a 2015 issue of
the Economist. Sofia scavenges through the cupboards - cans
of black beans, other vegetables. A few boxes of macaroni.

SOFIA

Is this actually it? This will last
us a couple days, max.

Preston drops the kindling in a huff.

PRESTON

Sorry this isn't the Four-fucking
Seasons, your majesty. If you have
another idea for a secret location
to comfortably lay low while a hit
squad sponsored by the world's
biggest corporation is
systematically wiping out our
friends, I'm all ears. No? Then
grab a can of beans and shut the
fuck up. I'm making frijoles.

INT. PRESTON'S SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

Preston tends to a makeshift fireplace. Sofia shivers,
wrapped in blanket. Theo picks at his food.

THEO

Sorry for the teasing, Preston.
This really is an amazing place.

PRESTON

It's OK. I'll admit I've put more
money into bear traps than
furnishings.

THEO

Is anyone else joining us here?

SOFIA

Still working it out. We need a safe way to reach out to Bishop.

THEO

Gotcha. Preston, where does one...

PRESTON

There's a outhouse in the back. Half-finished, but I know you're too much of a sissy to shit in the woods. Listen closely -- Three paces out, turn right, seven more.

THEO

Three, turn right, seven. Got it.

Theo slips out the back to relieve himself.

PRESTON

Safe, you doing OK?

SOFIA

This was... This wasn't supposed to happen. We were fucking around with what we thought was a hornet's nest but really ended up being a fucking bear cave--

AN EXPLOSION ROCKS THE HIDEOUT.

PRESTON

Did that shithead step on--

SOFIA

--No. It came from in front.

They've got company. Preston and Sofia mobilize, grabbing whatever's in arm's reach. They hit the deck as BULLETS SPRAY into the shack.

PRESTON

(yells out back)
Theo! You alive?

THEO (O.S.)

I'm OK!

SOFIA

Theo, stay in the shithouse! Don't get caught in the crossfire!

Sofia drags herself to a window. She peeks out and takes a few potshots. BLAM! Another landmine. Bloodcurdling SCREAMS.

A SEQUOIA GOON bursts through the front door. He catches a SHOTGUN BLAST from Preston, knocking him across the room.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
I can't see anything out there!

PRESTON
Night vision is in the car...

THEO (O.S.)
DON'T COME BACK HERE!

Sofia reflexively jumps to her feet to save Theo -- but immediately dives for cover after another round of bullets.

SOFIA
THEO! We're coming!

THEO (O.S.)
IT'S A TRAP!

SOFIA
Preston, cover me. I'm going to get him back--

She's cut off by the THUNK of two smoke grenades that have been tossed into the cabin. Smoke begins to HISS OUT...

Sofia SPRINTS to the exit -- but Preston yanks her down.

PRESTON
If we go out there, we'll be slaughtered. We'll get him back, Sofe. I promise. I promise. Now hold your breath.

Smoke continues to percolate through the cabin as we...

CUT TO:

OVER BLACK - THEO'S POV

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)
Hey there pretty boy.

A hood is pulled off Theo's head. Blurry, Theo glances around to gather his surroundings. He's handcuffed to a chair. There's a hardwood desk, filing cabinets, mini-fridge, motivational posters. Worse than a prison cell, he's in a...

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE

Charlotte leans against the desk, glowing in her victory.

THEO
You... You're...

CHARLOTTE
The hottie from the bar. I get that a lot.

THEO
You killed my friends!

CHARLOTTE
Relax, sissy. Orders were to extract you. Your friends are fine. Though I can't say the same for my men you mutilated. Who puts out fucking bear traps?

THEO
Where are they? Where am I?

Charlotte puts a finger against Theo's lips.

CHARLOTTE
Hush. This isn't my first kidnapping rodeo. Where are you? Who am I? Are your friends OK? All will be revealed shortly. In the meantime, can I get you anything? You must be parched. Abduction really drains those electrolytes. Let's see what we got here.

Charlotte leans over to open the mini-fridge.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
You like this coconut water shit?

She hands Theo a carton. As much as Theo wants to exercise civil disobedience, he's too fucking dehydrated. Theo takes a sip, and his senses awaken...

His eyes comb through the familiar titles of the management books stacked on a table... There's a picture of Jack Welch perched on a wall... Theo spies a board tucked away against the wall. It looks an awful lot like ...

VOICE (O.S.)
I see you've finally joined the Cult of Coconut Water...

Theo jerks his head around to REVEAL --

GARZA

Alive and well, standing in the doorway.

Theo bursts into tears.

THEO

I thought you were...

GARZA

I'm OK, Theo. I'm here. Charlotte,
do you mind?

Charlotte unlocks Theo's handcuffs.

Theo leaps out of the chair and into his uncle's arms. He's
nine years old again, comforted in a familial embrace.

THEO

(choking back tears)
Ramesh was in the warehouse ... I
thought you were there... Preston
and Sofia are in trouble...

GARZA

I know. It's all going to be OK.

Theo snaps out of his melancholy -- and into pure rage.

THEO

(to Charlotte)
You! I'm going to kill you!

Theo LUNGES at Charlotte -- but he's held back by Garza.

CHARLOTTE

Watch it. Probably a bad idea to
assault your boss on the first day.

THEO

Boss? The fuck is she...?

GARZA

C'mere. I gotta show you something.

Garza leads Theo to a window...

GARZA (CONT'D)

This is what we call a golden
parachute.

... Overlooking A MASSIVE SEQUOIA WAREHOUSE.

We PAN ACROSS the dozens of aisles. The shelves are a hodgepodge of items -- sporting goods mixed with outdoor equipment mixed with electronics mixed with sex toys.

GARZA (CONT'D)

I should explain. Charlotte and her goon squad showed up at the warehouse a couple days ago. Made me an offer. You and me buddy, we're set for life.

CHARLOTTE

You boys get to keep up your drone hunting shenanigans, under my supervision -- just at a quota that's tolerable for my superiors. I get to keep my job, Sequoia rids itself of a pesky problem...

GARZA

... We get to keep our jobs...

THEO

... And the public is none the wiser. They still think we're anti-establishment outlaws.

CHARLOTTE

Smart *and* handsome.

THEO

You sold us out!

GARZA

You think I had a choice? Did you really think this was going to last forever? If it wasn't this legislation, it would be the next! Sequoia was ready to throw as much money as it would have taken to stamp us out. I cashed us out on top. Both you and me. You should be grateful!

THEO

I should be grateful that you *killed Ramesh??*

GARZA

Ramesh... was an accident. There wasn't supposed to be anyone at the warehouse. We needed to cover our tracks, start fresh.

(MORE)

GARZA (CONT'D)

It was rigged to blow New Years Day because everyone would be home. I'm so sorry about that.

Garza reaches over to console Theo -- Theo shoves him away.

THEO

Fuck this. Fuck this. I'm not going to be a part of this. You tried to kill Sofia and Preston.

(address Leaderboard)

And you brought this? You needed a fucking commemoration for all the lives you ruined?

GARZA

Alright, I've had enough of your yammering. You don't know a goddamn kernel of the truth. Charlotte over there wanted to kill your friends.

CHARLOTTE

I did.

GARZA

I convinced her to grab you without killing them. *I saved their lives.* As for this...

Garza picks up the Leaderboard and hangs it on a wall.

GARZA (CONT'D)

This is a tribute to my management genius. I'll let you in on my secret. Preston and Sofia were *always* number one. By a long shot. But I knew how competitive Sofia was and leveraged that to keep her working harder. Smart, huh?

An EXPLOSION ROCKS THE WAREHOUSE.

CHARLOTTE

I wonder who that could be...

INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Smoke strews out of a hole punched into the far side of the warehouse. Sofia, Preston, Bishop, Goblin and the rest of the drone hunters BOLT through the opening, flanked by an army of SANDRA and the makeshift drones.

The squad grabs cover behind a collection of HEAVY MACHINERY. Sofia begins barking orders.

SOFIA

Find Theo. Kill any motherfucker that gets in your way. Man or machine.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Theo RUNS TO THE WINDOW. He bangs and yells, hoots and hollers, catching the attention of...

INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Sofia -- she cracks a smile at Theo's quick thinking.

SOFIA

That was a freebie. Preston -- we got eyes on Theo. Keep pushing!

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte rips Theo away from the window.

CHARLOTTE

(to Garza)
Be a better babysitter.
(then; into watch)
Jamie. Get your men on the ground.
Deploy Wave 1. Repeat, Wave 1 only.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jamie stands by in a room strewn with computer terminals, monitors and a heavily armed Hit Squad.

JAMIE

You got it, babe. Looks like the guppies took the bait. Move out!

INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Jamie hits the floor, leading a dozen SEQUOIA GOONS. Security Drones ZOOM past them, sweeping the area.

JAMIE
 (into watch)
 Hey babe, after all this settles --
 I'll crack into my dad's bottle of
 Château Margaux. If you promise to
 wear that purple slip of yours.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CHARLOTTE
 Of course. Hey -- be careful out
 there. I... I love you.

INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Jamie is momentarily startled -- she's never said those words
 to him before. But they ENERGIZE HIM like nothing else.

JAMIE
 I love you too.
 (to his squad)
 Let's kill these bastards!

Bullets spray across the warehouse as Goblin leads the push
 through the floor. Bishop provides sniper cover.

Sofia slides through the carnage, speedily silencing pockets
 of resistance like the motherfucking ninja assassin she is.

Preston and Gustav pilot the custom drones -- SANDRA stomps
 through the Security Drones like King Kong swatting biplanes.

There are casualties on both sides -- NASH is taken down --
 but Sequoia loses three for every drone hunter. The drone
 hunters are cruising through the battle -- whittling Jamie
 down half his men and nearly all his bullets.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 We're getting killed out here! We
 need to launch the backup!

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte rapidly loads a pistol.

CHARLOTTE
 Not until they enter the kill zone.
 Do you hear me? Wait until they
 enter the kill zone.

She hostlers the gun in her waist, revealing that she's ARMED TO THE TEETH with the Holy Trinity of guns, knives and grenades.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
 (hands Garza a gun)
 Can I trust you to watch over your bratty little demon-spawn?

GARZA
 I got it.

Garza aims the gun at Theo.

CHARLOTTE
 Good. Cause I need to go kill some crumpetfuckers.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte shimmies down a flight of stairs and enters...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte watches the battle, splayed across control room monitors and the ceiling-length windows looking out onto the adjacent floor. Jamie and his men retreat further and further back. Goblin and the drone hunters hungrily plow forward. They're now over halfway across the warehouse floor.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Garza aims the gun at Theo, hand trembling.

THEO
 Can you stop being a fucking maniac for one second? Look at who you're pointing a gun at. I'm your nephew!

GARZA
 I gave up everything for this. For us. I won't let you take it away.

THEO
 It's not too late to stop this. We can *save our friends*.

GARZA
 Friends? Those were my employees. Never mix business with friendship. First rule they teach you.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte watches the battle rage on through the monitors.

JAMIE (O.S.)
They're in the kill zone. Repeat,
in the kill zone.

CHARLOTTE
Finally. Backup imminent.

Charlotte types commands into the prompt, leading to...

INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

A garage door on the far side of the warehouse -- near the drone hunters' point of entry -- CREAKS OPEN.

Drones begins ZOOMING OUT... but these aren't just regular Security Drones... These are

WEAPONIZED DRONES

Complete with miniguns, rockets and a license to kill.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte cracks a malevolent smile.

CHARLOTTE
Y'all fucked now.

INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The Weaponized Drones rain bullets on the attacking drone hunters. Sofia, Preston, Bishop and Goblin grab cover.

CASHEW turns the corner, but is cut down.

BISHOP
What the fuck?!?

GOBLIN
Who gave them guns?

PRESTON
What do we do?

Sofia gathers her surroundings -- she scans the shelves for something, *anything*.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
Sofia, what the fuck do we do?

Sofia SNAPS into action.

SOFIA
We do what we do best...

Sofia picks up a BASEBALL BAT from a shelf.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
...Fuck up drones.

Sofia turns the corner and SWINGS the bat -- catching a WEAPONIZED DRONE with an ALMIGHTY THWACK!

PRESTON
I'd call that a triple.

SOFIA
You want one too?

WEAPONIZED DRONES

are ripping Ramesh's homemade drones to pieces.

PRESTON

tears the controller out of Gustav's hands.

PRESTON
Gimme that.

SOFIA AND GOBLIN

SOFIA
I need to find a way to shut down the drones. I'll head to the control room. Got my back?

GOBLIN
Always.

As Goblin turns to protect his lover... he's SMACKED IN THE ASS by Sofia.

SOFIA
(winks)
Good luck.

SANDRA

engages a mob of drones, under Preston's control. The drone-on-drone action is valiant, but the Sequoia's forces are too much. Sandra is DESTROYED in a spectacular kamikaze blaze.

PRESTON

wipes away a tear -- but he's not about to let his girl go quietly. He spies a BOX and pulls it off the shelf.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Theo paces the office, tempestuous at being unable to help his friends in battle. Garza nervously stands guard.

INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

PRESTON

dumps the contents of the box onto the ground with a clatter.

GOBLIN

rips off his jacket to reveal a belt of GRENADES. He drops back like a quarterback and CHUCKS THE GRENADE at a Sequoia drone in a perfect spiral -- KABOOM!

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte watches as her Weaponized Drones do their handiwork. She spies Jamie taking cover behind a crate.

JAMIE (O.S.)
I'm pinned, babe. I need your help.

CHARLOTTE
Drones coming your way.

As Charlotte turns to send Jamie backup -- BLAM! -- Jamie is sniped in his carefully toned chest.

Charlotte lets out a harrowing shriek. She wipes away tears and SPRINTS to the door to avenge her lover...

... Just as SOFIA BURSTS IN.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Theo surveys the carnage from the window. He watches as...

JUGHEAD

LEAPS OFF A SHELF and jams two golf clubs into a drone. As soon as he lands on his feet, he's riddled with bullets.

THEO

pounds his fists against the glass in fury. He turns to confront Garza, who's keeping his distance from the combat.

THEO

Our friends are dying out there!

GARZA

Theo, I'm sorry. I didn't want it to happen like this. She promised me nobody else would die.

THEO

Nobody... else?

GARZA

I said nobody. She promised me nobody would die.

THEO

...You were at the warehouse that morning. I remember now. Ramesh said he saw you at the warehouse right before he was killed....

GARZA

Theo, stop.

THEO

What were you doing there, huh? Did Ramesh see something he wasn't supposed to?

GARZA

Theo, calm down. I wasn't...

Theo CHARGES at Garza and knocks the gun out of his hands. He grabs a framed poster off the wall and SLAMS it on Garza's head. Garza's head tears through, poking out of the poster like a defeated groundhog. The poster is captioned "SUCCESS."

Theo handcuffs Garza and grabs his gun. He doubles back to pick up RAMESH'S USB from the desk, and skedaddles.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte and Sofia's duke it out, throwing punches, kicks, elbows and headbutts with supreme ferocity. Every time one reaches for a gun, the other SWATS it away.

Finally, Charlotte sweeps Sofia's legs -- she hits the ground with a THUD. Charlotte LUNGES for a gun, snagging it and SPRAYING BULLETS back at Sofia. Sofia DIVES for cover behind a desk near the exit. She takes a long look at the door -- does she make a run for that? Fuck that. Sofia draws a pistol of her own and returns fire.

INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Goblin takes cover from a volley of drone machine gun fire.

GOBLIN

I could use some help, old man!

Preston sits cross-legged on the floor, prudently putting parts together as bullets and shrapnel whiz by.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte trades fire with Sofia from behind a cabinet. Sofia reloads -- but she's down to her last clip.

CHARLOTTE

I hate to give away my hand, but you're trapped. There's a drone waiting right outside that door.

SOFIA

You're bluffing.

CHARLOTTE

Only one way to find out...

CRUNCH! THWACK! Sofia's attention is drawn to the scuffle right outside... The DOOR BURSTS OPEN. Theo poses in the entrance, clutching a hatchet. A drone lies at his feet, hacked to pieces. Sofia YANKS Theo down just as Charlotte shreds the door frame to pieces.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Toldja!

SOFIA

Theo! -- Thank God. We need to shut the drones down.

THEO

(reveals the USB)
I'll do you one better.

SOFIA

Excellent. Get to a terminal. I'll cover you. Be careful... She's a fucking lunatic.

Sofia nods. She leaps to her feet and FIRES at Charlotte's position. Theo takes the cue to sneak around the desk and SPRINT to a row of computers.

INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Goblin gasps for breath, pinned by three drones firing at him as if they unlocked an unlimited-ammo cheat code. Goblin fires blindly around the corner until we hear the familiar CLICK-CLICK-CLICK of an empty cartridge. Panic sets in.

BRUM-BRUM-BRUM-BRRRRRRR -- we hear the ROAR of a chainsaw revving off camera. WHIP-PAN to reveal PRESTON wielding a rumbling chainsaw, eyes glinting with revenge.

Begin the Sequoia Chainsaw Massacre:

Preston bows his head and CHARGES -- sparks and scraps of metal fly as he gleefully dismembers the trio of drones.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Theo attempts to log into a terminal, covertly -- but Charlotte quickly spies his fiddling and puts it together. BANG! -- CRASH! Charlotte blows the plasma out of the computer screen. BANG! There goes another one.

THEO

Shit shit shit SHIT!

Charlotte continues executing computer screens down the line. Theo is unarmed and helpless. Sofia needs to act fast.

WHIP-WHIP-WHOOSH -- CRASH! The HATCHET FLIES by Charlotte's head, lopping off a clump of her hair before SMASHING the window behind her. Before Charlotte can gather her bearings -- SMASH! -- she's TACKLED out the window by Sofia.

Theo scurries down the row of terminals, praying for signs of life -- but they're all shot to pieces. Theo mashes keyboards out of desperation, hoping for something, anything, until finally -- BEEP BEEP BEEP -- a screen lights up!

Theo settles in and plugs Ramesh's USB into the terminal. Back in front of a computer, Theo has a moment of terror -- can he even complete the hack? That was Ramesh's expertise!

Theo closes his eyes, takes a deep breath, and picks the recesses of his memory, all those sleepless nights watching Ramesh do his magic. Theo's eyes then open, locked in.

INTERCUT WAREHOUSE FLOOR/CONTROL ROOM

We cut between the swelling action and Theo's hack:

- Sofia and Charlotte's duel spills out onto the warehouse floor. Anything they grab off a shelf becomes a weapon -- guitars, bike chains, George Foreman grills.

- Preston disembowels drone circuitry with his chainsaw.

- Drones discover the sniper's nest and OPEN FIRE, forcing Bishop to flee.

- Theo is hunched over the terminal, frantically typing. His screen shows two columns -- one listing the weaponized drone ID, the other listing its status. The statuses are all RED.

- A drone trains its sights at Sofia -- Goblin BLASTS it out of the sky. As he winks at Sofia -- BRRRATTT -- Goblin goes down. Sofia moves to check on him, but Charlotte pulls her back into the melee.

- A quick PAN across the floor reveals that all our drone hunters are pinned, out of ammo, or shot to pieces.

There's no chance our heroes are walking out alive, until...

COMPUTER SCREEN

A bundle of drones blip from RED to GREEN -- A fleet of Sequoia drones is now under Theo's control!

THEO

Yahtzee!

WAREHOUSE FLOOR

A squadron of weaponized drones -- under Theo's control -- dive and duck, zip and zoom through the aisles of the warehouse like an X-WING, blasting enemy drones to bits.

Preston sees the turning of the tide and REVS his chainsaw.

PRESTON

Once more unto the breach, dear friends! Once more!

- Theo's drones obliterate their foes into scrap metal.

- Caucasian Karl grabs two drones and SMASHES them together.
- Preston carves out drone guts.
- Bishop SMACKS a drone with the butt of her rifle, turns and BLAM -- shoots another drone out of the sky.

Sofia and Charlotte's duel reaches a frenzied climax: Sofia SLAMS Charlotte against a shelf. She DODGES as a BOX dislodges from the top shelf and it's contents CLATTER onto the ground. Knives, of course. Charlotte grabs the biggest fucking Crocodile Dundee knife out of the spill and HACKS and SLASHES at Sofia like they're the final throes of her life. Which they are -- Sofia KICKS Charlotte, grabs Goblin's gun and...

BANG! Charlotte's body collapses on a pile of drones.

INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

WHIRRRR -- CRASH! A Sequoia drone is demolished. THEN -- Silence. That was the last of the them.

The battle-worn trio of Sofia, Preston and Theo converge at the focal point of the destruction. Theo patches up Sofia. Preston embraces a ruined Sandra.

PRESTON

Hot girl?

SOFIA

Dead. Who did we lose?

PRESTON

I can't even bring myself to tell you. We'll have to mourn later. We need to get out of here.

SOFIA

I'm not leaving until we get our dead out of here.

PRESTON

Sofia, we'll get -- LOOK OUT!

CHARLOTTE

still alive, FIRES HER GLOCK AT SOFIA.

PRESTON

shoves Sofia aside and TAKES THE BULLET.

SOFIA

rifle in hand, jumps backwards, shoots Charlotte square in the forehead without a scope.

Sofia drops to her knees, sobbing. She cradles Preston's head in her lap.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

9.5 out of 10. Your eyes were open.

On cue, Preston's eyes close. Sofia's wails intensify. Theo attempts to console her.

SOFIA

Where is he? Where's Garza.

THEO

Sofia--

Sofia pulls a gun on Theo.

SOFIA

WHERE THE FUCK IS THAT FAT FUCK
UNCLE OF YOURS.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Theo leads Sofia into the office. Garza hasn't budged, remaining a pathetic, crumpled mess on the floor. Sofia holds a gun against his temple, hand trembling, primed to fire.

SOFIA

Preston. Doogie. Ramesh. Do you know how many friends I have lying dead on the floor out there?

GARZA

Believe me. Please. I didn't know it would come to this.

THEO

Sofia, I know you're mad. But he's my family. I promise you, he didn't mean for all these people to die.

SOFIA

These people? They were my friends. We were a *family*. Your uncle was supposed to watch our backs -- instead he pawned us off to the fucking execution squad.

GARZA

I fucked up. I ruined the lives of people I loved. Don't think that's not going to stay with me for the rest of my life. But please -- I have kids. I'm begging you, don't kill me.

Sofia takes a long hard look at the ball of chub weeping and quivering on the ground. Oh good god how she wants to shoot this Eggs-Benedict Arnold-with-Extra-Hollandaise ass in his flabby forehead... But she doesn't. Sofia holsters her gun.

SOFIA

Let's get out of here. With your cholesterol levels, Garza, you have what, a year left? Two, maybe. If I ever change my mind about killing you I'll just take you to the Hardee's drive-thru.

Sofia and Theo turn to leave the office.

GARZA (O.S.)

First rule of business...

REVEAL -- Garza pointing a GUN at Sofia.

GARZA (CONT'D)

... Never turn your back on an enemy.

An excruciating pause. IN A FLASH:

Sofia grabs a tile off the table -- SPINS -- RAMS IT in Garza's throat. Garza drops to the floor, dead. Sofia takes a look at the tile and sticks it on the empty Drone Leaderboard in the #1 spot.

CLOSE ON: A tile reading "Sofia/Preston" covered in blood.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Barbie's Dream Beach House. The living room is empty, but someone left the 110-inch TV on, playing the news. A large screen door shows the waves crashing into the sand.

NEWS ANCHOR

Sequoia CEO Rudy Davidson has issued a statement, identifying last week's deadly events at the Sequoia Fulfillment Center as the actions of Charlotte Richards, an extremely disgruntled former employee. After being fired for criminal activity, Ms. Richards was attempting to break into facility with a gang of hired guns, until the night took a violent turn. Her body was found among nearly a dozen others, along with millions of dollars of damage to the facility.

Stay on the living room -- careful viewers will now see a speck in the corner of the frame rapidly approaching from outside the screen door, growing bigger and BIGGER UNTIL...

SMASH! A drone bursts through the screen door. The home alarm begins to WHOOP.

We track behind the drone as it scans the living room, slides through the hall into the study, and stops at a SHIMMERING TROPHY CASE. The drone scans the case, until it finds--

AN OLYMPIC GOLD MEDAL.

The drone retracts a claw and SNATCHES the medal.

Stay on the trophy case as the drone zips out. The sounds of the alarm, shouting, and police sirens SURGE as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The Land Rover ripples along a quiet road, in hot pursuit.

CLOSE ON: The driver's seat -- SOFIA is behind the wheel. PAN DOWN to the GOLD MEDAL strung around her neck. Sofia clutches the medal with admiration.

PASSENGER'S VOICE (O.S.)

Shiny and distracting as that is--

SWISH-PAN to reveal Sofia's co-pilot -- it' PRESTON, alive and well. Apart from a gigantic cast on his right arm.

PRESTON

--Let's not crash into a ditch on my first day back.

SOFIA

Please. I've been doing solo runs for weeks now, I'm the multitasking fucking master. I'll drive, shoot, and make you a goddamn grilled cheese sandwich.

PRESTON

Look, you can drop the lone wolf facade. I know how much you missed me. You practically begged me to come out of retirement because you were so lonely--

(Sofia punches his cast)

Fuck! I took a bullet for you. That buys me a lifetime of shit-giving.

(a beat)

Remind me what we're chasing today?

SOFIA

You know what, I don't even remember. Let's double check with the man in charge.

Sofia punches a number into her phone. RING RING--

INT. OFFICE - SAME TIME

A large office chair swivels around to REVEAL--

THEO

I told you not to call me at work!

INTERCUT - LAND ROVER/OFFICE

SOFIA

Theo darling! Be a dear and remind me what's in today's jackpot?

THEO

(in a hushed voice)

A 3-D printer.

SOFIA

Could you speak up a bit? You're on speaker.

THEO

A 3-D printer!

SOFIA

Excellent. Good work. Preston says hi, by the way.

PRESTON

I do not.

SOFIA

Ignore him. He's still sore because he thinks you "sold out".

PRESTON

Sorry I think it's a little fucked up that your ran off to work for the company that killed our friends...

SOFIA

That wasn't Sequoia. Charlotte went rogue.

Theo fiddles with a desk placard reading "CHIEF OF DRONE SECURITY".

THEO

Trust me, I made sure. Charlotte went bonkers. Sequoia's a great company -- they have a pool table, Taco Thursdays, a massage parlor -- and nobody is crazy enough to say no to the offer they made me--

SOFIA

Ahem--

THEO

--Except Sofia, who we all know is a fucking lunatic.

PRESTON

Can't argue with that.

SOFIA

Plus, he's feeding us intel on high-value packages. As long as we keep our numbers at an acceptable level.

THEO

Everybody's a fucking winner. Did you really need to call me to explain all this? I got shit to do. But do me a favor, would ya? Pull back around Washtenaw County?

(MORE)

THEO (CONT'D)

You guys are really pushing the quota. Two over is OK. Ten over is not.

SOFIA

Copy that, commandant.

THEO

Alright I gotta run to a meeting.
Safe hunting, kids.

SOFIA/PRESTON

Fuck off!/Adios, shithead!

Theo hangs up and gets out of his chair. On the way out, he catches a glimpse of himself in a mirror. Theo leans in for a better angle... smiles... and straightens his tie.

CUT TO BLACK

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