

SEAN AND DEACON: THE TAKI'S GAMES

Written by

Balaniz and Chaloux

Based on THE

Ideal Stoner Snack

INT. TAKIS FACTORY. NIGHT.

Complete darkness... BANG! Worklights illuminate a run down factory- rusted machines, stained windows, and red dust covering the floor. Workers clad in purple hazmat suits enter and set up the machines...

BEGIN MONTAGE :

- Workers unzip bags of raw ingredients
- Pours mixes into rectangular molds
- The molds sent into an oven
- The molds rolled up into the iconic Taki shape
- Machines sprinkle salt and other spices onto the cooked chips
- Metallic tubes shoot red dust onto the newly dried chips
- Workers use metal tongs to pick up the Takis (which are smoldering at nearly one hundred degrees celcius)
- The workers use the tongs to place the Takis into the bags.

On a neighboring assembly line sits an endless supply of briefcases. The workers grab a select number of specific bags with a golden star on them and places them in the briefcases... As they continue down the line...

SUPER: SEAN AND DEACON - THE TAKI'S RACE

INT. SEAN AND DEACON'S APARTMENT. DAY.

In the room 202...

The factory transitions into the clouded fog which emanates from a bong.

DEACON, 21, scruffy and unkept, casually rips from a comically large bong and SCOOPS a handful of Taki's out of a family size bag and scarfs it down. He almost immedietly begins to cry.

DEACON  
(tearing up)  
Jesus Christ.

He looks around desperately for an escape from the pain. As this happens, SEAN, clean, who wears a button down, enters from the bathroom as he applies his clip on tie.

SEAN  
Help me, Deacon.

DEACON  
(mouth still full)  
With what? You seem to have this  
down.

SEAN  
You know how long it took me to get  
this dinner?

DEACON  
A long time and you've never  
mentioned that.

Sean keeps getting ready frantically.

DEACON (CONT'D)  
Why don't you just ask my dad? He's  
the one that hooked you up with  
this.

Sean thinks...

SEAN  
Not a bad idea.

DEACON  
So... you want a hit?

Deacon gestures the bong towards Sean.

SEAN  
Nah dude, I gotta be sober for this  
shit, but after...

Sean pulls out a plastic bag packed with bud, packed so tight  
it is about to burst.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Fucking Wedding Cake.

DEACON  
Fucking Wedding Cake!?

INT. DEACONS PARENTS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It is revealed that the 'apartment' is just a makeshift room  
in his parents house. Sean walks out and down the stairs to  
the family kitchen where we meet... DEACON'S DAD, late 50s,  
wears an expensive polo and freshly pressed khaki's, smiles  
at Seans entrance.

As his dad turns to Sean time freezes and...

SUPER: DEACONS DAD- THE MAN, THE MYTH, THE LEGEND

Time resumes.

DEACON'S DAD

Sean! How the hell are you, you son  
of a fucking bitch?

SEAN

Deacon's Dad! Taking the trip down  
here to ask for some advice before  
my dinner with Mr. Mayhew.

DEACON'S DAD

I've told you this, call me Karl,  
please. Are you nervous?

Deacon ENTERS the scene a little late, presumably so that he  
could take another bong rip. The second Deacon enters  
Deacon's dad's smile completely vanishes and he turns sour.

DEACON

Hey d-

Deacons dad holds up his hands in a 'shush' manner. It works.

DEACON'S DAD

I'm helping son for his big dinner  
tonight.

DEACON

You mean Sean?

Deacon's Dad ignores him.

SEAN

What if he hates me?

DEACON'S DAD

Sean. You are such a strong  
candidate for this internship.  
He'll like you. It's all about  
confidence in being yourself.

DEACON

Maybe you-

DEACON'S DAD

-Not you.

Deacon nods.

SEAN

Alright. I have to get going, I'll see ya'll when I get back.

Deacon's dad forces an embrace and the hug seems to last an eternity.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Thanks for all the help.

Sean EXITS the house. Deacon's Dad turns to Deacon- his face carries such an unpleased demeanor that he looks like he is about to puke.

DEACON

You know whats on my mind, dad?

Deacon's dad visibly considers not answering.

DEACON'S DAD

What?

DEACON

Why would you give an internship opportunity to someone other than your own son?

Deacon's dad lets out a sigh of diaspointment.

DEACON'S DAD

Son, Sean came to me and asked me for some help with his career. You have never done that in your entire life. If you want something, you have to go out there and get it. I wanted you to do that, but you never did. Tomorrow is a new day, I'm sure if you just put yourself out there you'd find a job in no time.

Deacon's Dad, tired of the conversation, grabs the sandwich he's been making and SPRINTS out of the scene, which leaves Deacon alone with his thoughts for a beat.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The atmosphere wreaks of wealth and overpriced wine. MR. MAYHEW, sits underdressed and disinterested, texts on his brand new phone.

SEAN

What are you working on?

MR. MAYHEW

Working on my stock portfolio, some big trades coming my way.

He's on Reddit.

SEAN

Oh nice! I do some trading too, just got some Microsoft, Amazon, and Apple.

MR. MAYHEW

Oh nice. That's cool.

SEAN

Thanks! So what are these big trades you are making?

MR. MAYHEW

Ah, you know, the usual. Some stuff here, some stuff there.

SEAN

Ah...so like Tech stocks? Financials?

Mr. Mayhew looks around, then leans in close to Sean. Sean perks up at Mr. Mayhew.

MR. MAYHEW

You ever heard of... Harambe Coin?

Sean is shocked.

SEAN

No...

MR. MAYHEW

It's this new Crypto... highly volatile... yet highly profitable... you just gotta buy low, sell high. I just entered the dip at one hundred grand. This, this Harambe Coin son... will replace the dollar in five years.

SEAN

(bewildered)

The dollar?

MR. MAYHEW

Your loss man. The most ironic outcome is the most likely.

SEAN  
 (disappointed)  
 What?!

The waiter approaches with the bill. Mr. Mayhew hands him an odd looking card.

WAITER  
 Sir... We don't accept THIS here.

MR. MAYHEW  
 Come here!

Mr. Mayhew pulls the waiter's ear towards his mouth. Mayhew whispers inaudibly.

WAITER  
 Jesus your lips are so wet.

He keeps whispering.

WAITER (CONT'D)  
 Dude. I'm not buying Haramabe Coin.

MR. MAYHEW  
 It's this new Crypto...highly  
 volatile...yet highly  
 profitable...you just gotta buy low,  
 sell high. I just entered the dip  
 at one hundred grand. This, this  
 Harambe Coin son... will replace  
 the dollar in five years.

Sean rolls his eyes. While Mayhew spews this nonsense, Deacon, for some reason, ENTERS from the KITCHEN.

DEACON  
 Ah, is this seat taken?

Deacon gestures to the seat next to Sean. Sean is MORTIFIED at the appearance of Deacon.

SEAN  
 I mean, its just the two of us  
 theres not really an extra seats.

DEACON  
 Oh.

Deacon leaves.

SEAN  
 Ah, thank-

Sean is interrupted by a loud SCREECHING of a metal chair being dragged across the floor. Deacon plops down.

DEACON

Ah, Mr. Mayhew is it? I'm the one who set up this meeting.

MR. MAYHEW

Oh, yea, you're what's his name's boy! Nice to meet you. I was just telling Sean here about this new Crypto-

Deacon BURPS.

DEACON

Harambe Coin?

Mr. Mayhew explodes out of his chair and makes a scene in the quiet resteraunt.

MR.MAYHEW

YES! Finally! Someone who speaks english.

Sean rolls his eyes and takes a sip of his drink. Mr. Mayhew sits back down.

DEACON

Yes sir, I just bought the dip.

MR. MAYHEWW

Now, that's fabulous. You must be one smart kid.

SEAN

One of my greatest friends, truly, but shouldn't you get go-

MR. MAYHEW

-Oh nonsense, we have so much more discussing to do. Tell me Deacon, what did you think of Icecoin?

DEACON

Good but no KittenKoin, read to me more like an OakVine Coin, a momentary investment. By the way how is my buddy doing?

MR. MAYHEW

Oh, great, he was about to buy the dip too.



Sean hesitates.

SEAN

Mhm.

They sit in silence for a few seconds.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Oh... You meant now...

He pulls out his phone.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I don't really have the app for-

MR. MAYHEW

Here give it to me I'll do it.

Mr. Mayhew SNATCHES the phone out of Sean's hands.

DEACON

To celebrate this amazing occasion  
of Sean doing so well I brought you  
all something.

Deacon motions to the staff. Time SLOWS as a waiter walks in  
with a plate of brownies and delivers three to the table.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Brownies!

SEAN

(surprised)

Wow, that's very nice.

DEACON

For you guys!

MR. MAYHEW

I love that ooey gooey slushy  
brownie baby. Reminds me of my  
wife's box.

Mayhew WINKS at Sean.

DEACON

Hm?

He starts to devour the brownie. While he is distracted, Sean  
looks to Deacon.

SEAN

(to deacon)

Why are you here?

DEACON  
To help you?

SEAN  
No you have a real reason for this.  
I just don't know what it is yet.

Deacon shrugs.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Is it 'cause your dad set this up  
with me and not you?

DEACON  
What? Why would I give a shit about  
that?

As they have this personal talk, Mr. Mayhew's hand creeps over the table and steals the brownies from the other guys. He sensually caresses the brownies before taking.

SEAN  
Because you clearly aren't ready  
for something like this.

DEACON  
Am too. We just related on Crypto.

SEAN  
Because all you do is get high and  
read Elon Musk tweets.

DEACON  
Okay Doge was a mistep but he's  
really confident about Harambe-

SEAN  
-Dude. Leave. Please. I don't want  
you messing up what I have going on  
he-

As they argue- Mr. Mayhew's head SLAMS into the table and he passes out. The guys stop bickering.

DEACON  
Uh oh.

Sean picks his head up.

SEAN  
Fuck fuck fuck.

He drops it and it returns to the table.

DEACON  
What just happened?

SEAN  
He passed out, Deacon.

DEACON  
Ruh Roh.

SEAN  
You already said that we nee-

DEACON  
No that was like Scooby saying  
it... Scooby Doo...

SEAN  
Dude your dad is going to kill me.

DEACON  
Why? He's the one who passed out.

Sean looks around frantically.

SEAN  
He's completely unresponsive. We  
need to get him home.

DEACON  
What? How do we even get him out of  
the restaurant?

SEAN  
We could put sunglasses on him and  
prop him up like in weekend at  
Bernies.

Deacon looks around while he talks.

DEACON  
I don't suppose we could just...  
walk out with him?

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

They are carrying a clearly passed out guy out of the restaurant as noticably as possible. Deacon holds the legs while Sean grabs him by the hands. A waiter passes by.

WAITER  
Have a good night.

SEAN  
Yeah take care.

They EXIT the resturaunt.

EXT. MAYHEW MANSION. NIGHT.

Mayhew's feet drags across the concrete as a disinterested Sean pushes him through a massive front door. Deacon assists, by planting one finger on Mayhew as he checks twitter.

SEAN  
Thanks for helping me man.

Deacon's mind is elsewhere.

DEACON  
Whats up?

Sean plops Mayhew onto a prentious couch. Mayhew starts snoring immediatly. The two look around at the impressive estate.

DEACON (CONT'D)  
Damn. I gotta do what this guy does for a living.

SEAN  
Thats...What I'm trying to do. Like thats the reason I applied for his internship. Until you RUINED it.

DEACON  
I will admit that could have gone better.

As Deacon talks, he starts to walk around the house. He looks around out of pure curiosity. Sean follows.

SEAN  
Could have gone better? He almost died at the table. By the way, still have no idea what's wrong with him.

DEACON  
I was there-

SEAN  
What are you doing now?

Deacon continues as he makes his way into...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He randomly opens drawers, which leaves Sean following and closing them.

DEACON  
Just exploring this rich guys  
house.

SEAN  
You shouldn't even be here...

DEACON  
We're bestfriends I'm happy to help  
in your time of need.

Deacon stops and turns. He is, for the first time, focused on something.

SEAN  
The time of need? It happened be-

Deacon holds his hand up- shushing Sean- it works.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
What?

DEACON  
You hear that?

SEAN  
Yeah he's snoring he passed out.

DEACON  
No...

He makes his way to the wall and presses his ear up to it - a slow buzzing is emitting.

SEAN  
Can you stop snooping? This might  
be hard for you to understand but I  
actually see a future here.

DEACON  
No you do not that guy sucked.

Deacon follows the sound through the house until he turns a corner into the...

BEDROOM

Right when they enter they see something eerie... A GIANT painting of a sacrifice. This renders Sean speechless. The strange nature of it all sits for a few beats uninterrupted.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Told you.

Sean WALKS up to it.

SEAN

This is not what I was expecting.  
Points to you.

DEACON

I just thought it was gonna be a vibrator or something.

Deacon follows as they walk up to the painting, it TOWERS over them.

SEAN

Alright man. I'm officially weirded out. This is weird right? Like really weird.

DEACON

Yea man do you think he's a- nah nevermind.

SEAN

A what?

DEACON

Nah, forget it.

SEAN

You were going to say cannibal.

DEACON

Noooo... I don't...why? Do you think he's a cannibal?

SEAN

No come on, no way-

A glimmer of light sparkles under the painting. Metallic in nature. The eerie atmosphere is palpable.

SEAN (CONT'D)

What the hell is that?

The two bestfriends lumber towards it. Deacon turns on his phone flashlight to reveal - a purple briefcase, with gold locks on it.

DEACON

Oh. Well that's lame. Just an ugly  
briefcase.

An ear pericing BEEP startles them.

COMPUTER VOICE

Hello Mr. Mayhew. Welcome home sir.

The Briefcase opens, pressuized air billows up into Sean and Deacon's faces. They wave it away to reveal - a bag of Takis - Feugo flavor.

A beat.

DEACON

Aw hell yes I was craving those.

Sean stops him.

SEAN

Wait- you can't trust those Deac.

DEACON

Fair. It is under a weird ass  
painting of a sacrifice.

They stand there for another beat.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Yeah I think I still want it. Tell  
me you aren't the least bit  
curious.

Sean shrugs in agreement. Deacon snatches the bag and opens it to reveal a ticket that reads...

THE TAKI'S RACE OFFICIAL PARTICIPANT INVITATION.

Under the title reads coordinates: 26°25'07.6"N 97°13'29.9"W

6 AM

DEACON (CONT'D)

This blows where are the Taki's?

Sean SNATCHES it from Deacon.

DEACON (CONT'D)

What do you think it is- like a  
promotional thing?

SEAN

No I haven't heard about it.

DEACON  
Why would this old man have it?

SEAN  
It's clearly an invite for a big  
stakes tournament or something or  
else it'd be in commercials.

Deacon SNATCHES it back.

DEACON  
Yes.

SEAN  
Deacon. No.

Deacon perks up in excitement.

DEACON  
I love it. We got coordinates and  
an invitation. We have to go now.

SEAN  
Deacon. What do you think will  
happen when we show up instead of  
Mr. Mayhew?

DEACON  
We'll probably be thanked.

SEAN  
I'm serious.

DEACON  
I'm serious too. Imagine. We get  
there with all these big wigs- meet  
everyone and win a fucking cumload  
of money.

Sean thinks about it.

DEACON (CONT'D)  
You're thinking about it...

SEAN  
We don't even know what the game  
is?

DEACON  
Don't have to. It says race.  
Remember? I was the 6th grade mile  
Thursday Run winner.

Sean nods.



SEAN  
You got any weed?

Deacon nods.

DEACON  
Brother. I'm high right now. Of course I got some.

SEAN  
Let's smoke it over.

CUT TO:

INT. MAYHEW COMMON ROOM. NIGHT

Mayhew, still passed out on the couch, is joined by our duo, one on each side. Deacon takes a hit from a joint and passes it to Sean.

DEACON  
So bro....aliens?

SEAN  
I mean, given the size of the universe, given the quantity of planets, probably... but I don't believe in Area 51 or any of that crap. I mean little green guys? C'mon. If I spotted one it doesn't matter how advanced he is I'm punting the motherfucker at least 30 yards.

DEACON  
Fair, fair. So what about Bigfoot?

SEAN  
Dude if I barely believe in aliens why would I believe in fucking Bigfoot.

COMPUTER VOICE  
Hello Sir. Are you ready for your late night swim?

DEACON  
Uh...

FLASH - Lights illuminate the backyard through a massive window behind them. A tempting swimming pool calls out to them.

SEAN  
Bro - High Swimming?

CUT TO:

BEGIN MONTAGE :

- Sean and Deacon jumping in slow motion into the pool.
- Mr. Mayhew slumped in a beach chair.
- Sean playing pool basketball.
- Deacon uses an empty gallon jug of water to create a sumbergeable bong device.
- The two having a kaiju battle with inflatable animal rafts

CUT TO :

Sean and Deacon in a hot tub. They have raided the wine cabinet, and poured a nice red into two glasses.

They sit in relaxed silence for a few beats.

DEACON  
What about the Games though?

SEAN  
Huh?

Deacon doesn't respond.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
(Realization)  
Oh fuck the Games!

DEACON  
What games?

SEAN  
The whole reason we got high. We have to be at those coordinates on the ticket by 6 AM.

Deacon starts to perk up.

DEACON  
Wait. You're saying that like...

SEAN  
We're going? I still don't know.

Deacon stands up on the hottub ledge.

DEACON

Sean. Think about it. How many times have we been down and out. Alone on a Friday night. Greening out. Or just plain losing.

SEAN

A lot of times.

DEACON

And who was always there for us?

SEAN

Takis...

DEACON

Yes! Taki's. And here we are. Invited to an exclusive once in a decade tournament where we could win an endless supply. So that we never are sad ever again.

Sean sits up.

SEAN

Okay, yeah. You're right. You're completely right.

DEACON

Are you serious? Don't play with me Sean.

SEAN

Truth is I was never going to get that internship... And now that he passed out there's no way... So we might as well try and win something for us. I fucking love Taki's!

DEACON

Kinda depressing but I love it. How far are the coordinates?

SEAN

How am I suppose to know I'm in the hottub too Deac.

BEGIN MONTAGE

- Them quickly drying off

- Them in the study looking at the computer...

SEAN  
Okay we got six hours.

- They throw Mr. Mayhew's shit in a backpack .

DEACON  
Are you good to drive?

SEAN  
We need keys.

- Mr. Mayhew's sleeping body. Sean slowly creeps up and fondles him around.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Stay sleeping... Stay sleeping....

He fucks with the body too much and Mayhew slowly collapses to the floor.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Shit.

He gives up and stands to look at Mayhew, sees keys on the table.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Oh.

- Car in the driveway gets unlocked.

- Car goes into drive.

EXT. OPEN ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

DEACON  
Woo hoo Taki's Games here we come.

SEAN  
That was right in my ear.

LATER

Deacon SLAMS his fist into Sean's shoulder.

SEAN  
AGHHH! What the fuck man?

DEACON  
Punch buggy bro come on you know  
the rules.

Another beetle drives by. Sean SLAPS Deacon across the cheek.

DEACON (CONT'D)  
OW! That's...fair.

Another one. Deacon BITES Sean on his arm.

SEAN  
Is that really considered a-

Yet another beetle drives by. Sean KARATE CHOPS Deacon in the neck.

DEACON  
AAAAAGH-

They start beating the shit out of eachother.

CUT TO:

CONTINUOUS

JOE ROGAN  
And that's exactly why Marajuna  
cures cancer. Pull up the study  
Jamie.

SEAN  
Damn.

DEACON  
I fucking love this show.

In the back now sits a carseat with a California raisin style  
taki safely secured.

CLAYMATION TAKI  
Me too.

Sean's eyes widen- he gets sent back at the new addition to  
the car.

SEAN  
You see that?

DEACON  
I don't know I'm high.

CONSCIENCE TAKI  
I'm your conscience.

SEAN  
Oh. Thank god.

He lets out a sigh of relief.

CONSCIENCE TAKI  
Kill him.

HARD CUT.

LATER

The guys sit switched to show that Sean got tired of driving. Deacon, now in driver seat- also controls the music.

DEACON  
Oh my god.

He starts to cackle.

DEACON (CONT'D)  
Could you imagine if we listened to like... Call Her Daddy?

SEAN  
Bro eheh that podcast is so cringe bro....

They sit in silence as Deacon begins to play one.

DEACON  
Like isn't she so cringey?

SEAN  
Yeah haha... Keep it on though.

LATER

They sit still listening, very invested. Sean sits Chris crossed in the car seat while he holds his coffee with two hands.

DEACON  
No because what Sofia did to Brently is so fucked up.

SEAN  
Mmmmyeah I knew he was just using her to get with Nessa and Jaden.

DEACON  
He was literally just playing her  
and it's so fucked up.

DEACON (CONT'D)  
Awww shit.

SEAN  
What?

DEACON  
We probably gotta charge this  
thing, right?

SEAN  
What do you mean, this is thing  
electric?

DEACON  
Yea, that Billionaire dude was Musk  
I think.

SEAN  
He was? Ohhhh you're right! That  
was totally him, talking about  
dumbass Crypto shit. That makes  
sense why he used a fake name at  
dinner.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUPERCHARGER STATION

Sean and Deacon pull the Mercedes, very obviously not  
electric, up to a charging port. Next to them, is a blue  
electric SUV.

DEACON  
Sean, why don't you go figure out  
how to plug it in. You're the  
enginerr or whatever.

SEAN  
I'm, in finance, completly  
different feild, but ok.

Sean exits the vehicle, and jams the eletric charger into the  
gas valve.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Yo Deac is it charging?

Deacon is ready to pass out, his head slumps in his seat. He doesn't check.

DEACON

Yep! Just hold it there a little longer.

SLAM! The doors of the blue SUV BURST OPEN. Out steps out a posse of clearly BRITISH lads in their mid twenties, each wears a Chelsea Jersey except for the main lad, MONTY OLIVER, who wears a blue track suit.

MONTY OLIVER

AYO BRUV! Check out this wanker trying to put electricity into a conventional engine!

SAVY QUACKS

He's so STEWWWWPID he kinda reminds me of me uncle Lemmy!

MONTY OLIVER

(unintelligible)

It's a mad 'ting- they must be taking a piss to be payin five quid to be throwing a wobbly into this ugly mug.

Sean looks perplexed. Deacon exits the car and walks around to the drama.

DEACON

Is there a problem he-

Monty SPITS on Deacon almost immediately.

DEACON (CONT'D)

JESUS I didn't even finish my thought- what the fuck?

They don't answer. Monty's spit is PURE brown- which Deacon studies.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Bro why is it brown?

MONTY OLIVER

Huh?

Deacon tries it.

DEACON

Your spit is straight tea. What the fuck is wrong with you?



MONTY OLIVER

I'd love to keep chatting bruv'na  
but me and my Chelsea boys are late  
for something. So keep H'lin 'p 'he  
fooking l'ine yeah?

Deacon and Sean look at eachother, neither understood what he  
said.

DEACON

Heh heh... yeah...

The Chelsea boys trickle out. Deacon and Sean stand in  
absolute shock.

SEAN

Well...

Sean takes a long hit from a blunt, and passes it to Deacon.

CUT TO:

EXT. A DINGEY BAR. NIGHT.

An empty glass of what as once whiskey is SLAMMED onto the  
counter. The Bartender turns around.

BARTENDER

Oh? Done with that drink? You don't  
want another, right? You're  
probably about head out to your  
family so like  
(shrugs)  
What's the point, ya'know?

The Bartender slowly inches the bottle twoards this  
msyetrrious customer - DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE, 45, dressed as a  
1950s detective, the brim of his fedora shrouding his face  
in darkness, he ignores physics as he sits in black and white  
with the surrounding room in color.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE

Just leave the bottle, old sport.

BARTENDER

Okay....

The bartender turns to leave but is too late, he is roped in.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE

Now yes, I know what you are  
thinking.

The bartender winces as a new conversation begins.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE (CONT'D)

A young girl has a night out, gets drunk, ends up crashing the family station wagon into the bay. Case closed, right?

Crucible pulls out a metal lighter and lights - a Taki.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE (CONT'D)

Only thing is - they never found the body - they said its because of the tides, the water erosion erasing her from history. Everyone buys it - except for me. They were right on one thing though - she was erased from history - but not by some damn H2O.

He takes an intense SWIG frim the whiskey bottle.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE (CONT'D)

You see - she was too damn pretty to go home alone that night. Eyes as blue as the sky, a head of hair that was as blonde as wheat in a feild. And a gold tooth - she was born without her left incisor, hehe. Oh...and one other thing...she was the winner of the 1949 Takis Race.

He takes an intense bite out of his Taki - the bartender looks mildly concerned. Crucible STANDS and starts to put his coat on as he heads towards the exit.

BARTENDER

I feel obligated to ask- where are you going now?

Crucible stops.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE

I have a game night to crash.

EXT. THE DOCKS - NIGHT

Sean and Deacon pull up to a seemingly abandoned dock, they are the only ones there. Deacon parks and Sean exits the car to look around.

DEACON  
Where is it?

SEAN  
Where's what? The letter didn't  
even say what to look for.

DEACON  
I know- but shouldn't there be a  
limo- or a helicopter?

SEAN  
Or a sketchy van that takes us to  
our murder?

DEACON  
Exaclty.

Deacon gets out to look around. He spots a man on the doc-  
who finally gets revealed through the fog. THE CONDUCTOR,  
40s in old school train conductor garb, stands waiting.

Deacon spots him first and immedietly runs up to him- Sean  
finally spots him.

SEAN  
What are you doing stop?

Deacon ignores him and runs up to the man.

DEACON  
We're here for the games...

The man is unresponsive.

DEACON (CONT'D)  
The Taki's Games? Only happens once  
a century? Ring any bells.

The conductor does not even flinch at Deacon's presence.

DEACON (CONT'D)  
Come on bozo we don't have all  
night.

Sean walks up- he looks like he knows what they need to do.

SEAN  
No no. That won't work.

Sean holds up the invitation.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Is this what we need?

The conductor looks down at it and nods. He then steps back to reveal a tiny paddle boat. Deacon and Sean sit in fear at his response.

THE CONDUCTOR

Welcome to the games. You are late.

Deacon lets out a sigh of relief.

SEAN

When does it start?

THE CONDUCTOR

Start? They are already hunting him.

DEACON

Hunting what?

THE CONDUCTOR

The first challenge. Board and go see for yourself, there is no reason to waste more time.

They nod and get onto the boat- and sail into the darkness.

CUT TO:

ACT 2

EXT. THE ISLAND - DAWN

As the sun rises, which lights up the island - the boys finally reach another dock. The boys step out of the boat and onto the dock- they notice hidden cameras all along.

Deacon walks up to one.

DEACON

Is this a camera?

THE CONDUCTOR

The whole thing is televised- I'd advice keeping your heads low- if I can already tell you two don't belong here... then I won't be the last- and not nearly the strongest.

The conductor starts to pull away. Sean runs to the end of the dock to face the leaving conductor.

SEAN

Wait what was the first challenge?

THE CONDUCTOR

Arrive late and deal with the consequences, I'd find out soon though you're already at quite the disadvantage.

He DISAPPEARS. Our heroes face eachother- Deacon thinks while Sean already LOOKS stressed. A giant roar followed by gunshots echos through the jungle.

SEAN

Where the fuck are we?

DEACON

Cleary a safe place if it's televised! Now let's go we have a game to win.

SEAN

Deacon no this is crazy.

DEACON

Don't be lame he said we were already late.

Deacon turns and sprints towards the forest at the end of the dock.

SEAN  
Deacon- UGH.

He gives up and follows close behind. They hear someone run towards them.

DEACON  
Here we go- we'll just ask this  
guy. Hello, sir!

Deacon flags down a normal looking man- he stops and turns- the man is clearly STRESSED.

DEACON (CONT'D)  
Hello fine sir- me and my friend  
here- his name is Sean, I'm Deacon  
Rappaport from Michigan, and this  
is kind of embarassing-

RANDOM MAN  
(screams at an insanely  
high pitch)  
Hurry what do you want?

Deacon is taken back.

DEACON  
Oh. We were just late and were  
wondering where the first challenge  
was.

RANDOM MAN  
Everywhere.

He runs.

SEAN  
That was embarassing.

DEACON  
Hey! Get back here!

Deacon lunges after him - but immediatly trips and SLAMS into the ground.

SEAN  
Dude are you alri....

Seans voice fades off as he notices what Deacon tripped on - an enourmous Bigfoot Footprint. Deacon gets up to inspect it.

DEACON

Holy shit.

SEAN

It's fucking Bigfoot.

CAMDEN FIELDS (O.S.)

Wow and a crazy start to the games.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

An anchor, CAMDEN FIELDS, STANDS in front of a green screen of the island as he reports.

CAMDEN FIELDS

With all 45 of our contestants left the one true frontrunner for the secret ingredient of the Taki has yet to be found. It is truly anyone's game.

A bell is heard.

He turns to BCAM

CAMDEN FIELDS (CONT'D)

Shit nevermind our first elimination comes from our big game hunter who we unleashed after our contestants at the start of the game.

A picture of GREG GATSBY, a redneck with a rifle and a ford f150 behind him shows on the screen.

CAMDEN FIELDS (CONT'D)

He has claimed his first victory of the day and certainly not his last-stay tuned as the first challenge continues.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Our duo wanders through the forest. Sean leads.

DEACON

What are you doing we clearly aren't going to find that guy again?

SEAN

If we are going to stay here I have a few more questions and that guy knew and refused to tell us.

DEACON

What makes you think he changed his mind?

SEAN

We won't give him the option to not tell us this time.

DEACON

Love this energy.

They come out into a stretch of sand on a beach- here they see the same random man. They stand in the bushes about to pounce.

The man stands stressed as he paces back and forth. Sean is about to yell at him when Deacon hears something and stops him last second.

Slowly, country music is heard as is the roars of an engine, but it comes from an unknown source. As it reaches its peak volume, the random man gets SHOT in the back, again which comes from an unknown source. He falls to the ground, DEAD.

UNKNOWN MAN (O.C.)

Wahooo

The music fades as our duo stands there in complete shock.

SEAN

Is he...?

DEACON

He's fine. It's all for show cameras and such.

Deacon walks up to the man and bends down over him.

DEACON (CONT'D)

See?

He pokes the wound.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Okay yeah he's dead.

Sean puts his hands up to his head in disbelief.



SEAN

What the fuck kind of show is this?  
We have to get out of here man.

DEACON

I feel like it might be too late...

Deacon stands up to calm Sean down.

SEAN

I'm freaking out man. This high  
also is the worst.

DEACON

I am sure it's mostly that, we just  
need to relax and find Bigfoot.

SEAN

How could you possibly be thinking  
about that?

DEACON

Because that guy was just shot to  
death, who knows who that guy was  
and who knows who else is out there  
but I'm willing to bet the winners  
don't get killed. So we just need  
to win.

SEAN

Fuck.

He still cannot believe what is happening.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I knew this was fucked. And what  
did you mean by who else is out  
there?

EXT. ABANDONED CIVIL WAR FORT. DAY.

An impressive millitary compound, dating back to the 1860s,  
comprised of mainly red brick, surrounded by five mammoth  
spires. At the top of one of them, a luxurious breakfast is  
being served to GENERAL CUSTER, 46, a grizzly man who looks  
ripped from The Civil War just like the surrounding  
archetexture, sideburns and all.

SUPER: GENERAL GEORGE CUSTER- DISGRACED CIVIL WAR GENERAL  
CLONED INTO THE SHERIFF OF THE GAMES

GENERAL CUSTER

Waiter! Where are those blueberry muffins?!

WAITER

Sir, you've already had twelve muffins.

GENERAL CUSTER

Silence! I just came out of the cloning machine, you have any idea how hungry that makes you?

WAITER

Yes, I am aware. I myself was just cloned last week. Ah, I remember when I first-

GENERAL CUSTER

Just shut the fuck up and get me my damn muffin!

(beat)

I already messed up last time I will not let the keepers of the games down by not policing the game with integrity and honor.

The Waiter storms off. An iPhone rings on the table.

GENERAL CUSTER (CONT'D)

Shit. How the hell do I answer this damn thing.

General Custer hits the phone on the table, to no avail. The Waiter comes back, and unlocks the phone. Custer swipes it out of his hands, then growls at him.

GENERAL CUSTER (CONT'D)

This is General Custer speaking. Who do I have the honor of speaking to?

(The other person's voice is inaudible)

GENERAL CUSTER (CONT'D)

Oh yea, my boss...right. I am pleased to inform you that the games have started without a hitch. There are these two weirdos I'm going to keep an eye on...but don't worry they won't make it far. And if they do, well, I'm gonna have to intervene....Waiter! Come hang up this damn thing!

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Sean and Deacon are seen following someone closely- it reveals ANGELA, 20s, all dirty from being in the games, as she walks ahead, focused on the challenge.

SUPER: ANGELA- WOMAN

SEAN

Okay so last question- how many challenges are there?

ANGELA

I told you- five. And they aren't challenges they're more like races. Little puzzles that get you to the end. Each one is meant to weed out the crowd. But this one especially.

DEACON

And the end would be?

ANGELA

A secret. But untold riches in the form of Taki's.

SEAN

Form of Taki's?

She stops and turns.

ANGELA

You guys have been following me for the past mile. If you want to stand a chance to win you're going to have to do a little better and figure it out yourselves.

SEAN

Angela we are just a little confused.

DEACON

You've barely told us anything.

ANGELA

That is your own fault you two seem to have such an impressively low understanding of the games I don't even know how you got here. If you manage to be one of the ten to get the clue tied to the neck of bigfoot, and I doubt you will be, you're going to have to try harder.

Country music starts to echo in the distance, this rattles Angela.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Fuck I have to go.

They continue to tail her.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
That music comes from the truck of Gregothy Gatsby, the greatest big game hunter in the world and throughout the games he is sent to hunt us. So if you hear it. Run.

They nod. She turns.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Like now.

They're clearly very high.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Go dipshits.

She vanishes into the woods. It clicks for them and they bolt in the other direction.

Into the scene, after everyone vanishes, barrels GREGOTHY GATSBY as he drives his truck with his shotgun out the window and music blaring. He feezes as...

GREGOTHY GATSBY  
(southern twang)  
Wahooo

SUPER IMAGE: GREGOTHY GATSBY- THE WORLDS GREATEST HUNTER

INT. LARGE BUSH. DAY.

Light stabs through the leaves on an enourmous bush, barely illuminating Sean and Deacon's faces. The music from Greg's truck is heard but fading.

SEAN  
Alright Deac. Tell me everything  
you know about bigfoot.

A grin spreads across Deacon's face.

DEACON

Alright. First things first, he's fast, so running isn't going to do us any good. We're going to need to get his attention.

Sean nods.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Sasquatches have been known to respond to various sounds. We can try wood knocks, stone throws, and voclaiztions. You grab some big sticks, I'll warm up my voice.

BEGIN MONTAGE :

- Sean gathers sticks
- Deacon drinks from a stream
- Sean gathers large rocks
- Deacon doing yoga

Sean brings all the materials back to Deacon.

SEAN

Alright. Now what?

DEACON

Okay...good sized stones, sticks are little small but they'll have to do.

Deacon picks up one rock and one stick.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Okay, so basically, you hit the stick on the tree, and throw your stone as far as you can.

SEAN

That's it? I do those things and bigfoot will come?

DEACON

Precisley. I will be standing at the top of the ridge over there, doing Bigfoot calls.

SEAN  
 Alright man.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS. SHORTLY AFTER.

Sean is about to hit a stick against a tree when he is interrupted by a BLOODCURTLING SCREAM - making him drop the stick.

SEAN  
 What the-

He turns around to see Deacon emit another scream.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 DUDE! Are you alright?

DEACON  
 YEA! I'm just doing some mating calls! Maybe the bastards horny!

SEAN  
 Okay dude...okay.

Sean gets his bearings and gets ready to hit the tree. He is startled again by another SCREAM.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 Jesus Christ.

EXT. FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

They sit and wait for signs of Bigfoot- Sean looks down at the games GPS and notices a blip approaching.

SEAN  
 Um, Deac? incoming.

DEACON  
 Maybe bigfoot.

Through the shrubs of the forest come MONTY OLIVER and his gang of MERRY MEN.

SEAN  
 ... you?

MONTY OLIVER  
 We thought we heard you nanny boys making yourselves look like fools.

He takes the time to high five all of his boys.

DEACON

How the fuck did you get into the games?

MONTY OLIVER

Me dads the Creator of the Chelsea Chip.

The world freezes, as it is now revealed who Monty is...

SUPER: MONTY OLIVER- HEIR OF THE CHELSEA CHIP FORTUNE

OTHER BRISTISH GUY

The best bean flavored chip in the entire bloody world.

SEAN

What an honor.

MONTY OLIVER

We just wanted to come by and let you all know that outside the games we're favored to win by 500.

DEACON

There are bets? Sick. Where are we?

They start to laugh very obnoxiously. He spits on Deacon again; he is grossed out again.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Fucking again?

MONTY OLIVER

You jersey Boys weren't even an option. Now we got some leads bruvv. Ta ta.

The merry men leave and Sean and Deac are all alone- moral crashed.

SEAN

Well. Those guys are here.

He lets out a sigh. They sit for a few beats. Over the intercom which comes from the trees, echos the voice of Camden.

CAMDEN FIELDS (O.C.)

Hello my beautiful players, with two eliminated the first challenge is off to a terrific start.

(MORE)

## CAMDEN FIELDS (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Just wanted to let you know that the first player has fully encountered bigfoot, but I'm sure the first of many. Top player The Colors Three is now our frontrunner. So go kill that motherfucker.

SEAN

Shit we're already behind. Deac we need something to catch up. Anything.

Deacon looks disappointed.

DEACON

Sorry Sean. I gave all my ideas.

SEAN

Bird calls were all you had? Damn.

He PLOPS down in defeat.

SEAN (CONT'D)

We are going to die here.

Deacon joins him on the floor.

DEACON

Maybe. But we won't die sober.

He holds up a joint, Sean reluctantly takes it.

SEAN

We had a good run.

DEACON

Nope.

He takes a rip.

A beat.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Fuck man. I think this batch is a dud.

SEAN

Yea dude, this weed ain't shi-

ZAP! Their senses are dialied to eleven. A feeling of intense euphoria sweeps over them, the lightbulb lights, the gears turn...



CLAYMATION TAKI  
Light Deacon on Fire.

DEACON  
Holyohmyohmywow this shit is good.

Sean BOLTS up.

SEAN  
Deacon - follow me my brother. I  
know where this ape is.

Sean stretches his hand out to Deac.

DEACON  
Let's...fucking....

Deacon fades off.

SEAN  
Yep.

DEACON  
Yea. Let's go.

CUT TO:

WOODS - MOMENTS LATER.

Sean and Deacon run at supersonic speeds through the woods,  
now suddenly masters of the terrain.

DEACON  
I can't belive we didn't think of  
this before! If you want to find  
Bigfoot - you have to BE Bigfoot!

SEAN  
Right! We gotta engage the trees!  
Be one with the woods!

DEACON  
We have to go find food, water,  
shelter-

SEAN  
Wait- Shelter! Thats it! Where do  
you think this motherfucker would  
hide?

An ominous stone cave, shrouded in darkeness, comes into  
view. Sean and Deacon stop running immediatly.

DEACON

Like that?

CLAYMATION TAKI

(now has an erection)

Let's go in I can't keep this up  
much longer.

Sean and Deacon enter the cave slowly, their eyes pealed for the beast. SLAM! Something hits Sean in the back. He whips around to be hit by more...stones and sticks...

SEAN

Oh fuck...

DEACON

He's here...

At the mouth of the cave stands an enoumous ape, ten feet tall, covered in dark brown fur....BIGFOOT! The creature lets out a BLOODCURTLING ROAR that shakes the entire cave.

SEAN

AAAAAAAGH!

DEACON

AAAAAAAGH!

CLAYMATION TAKI

Oh....yea. (Licks lips)

The boys look pertified. The beast starts to run at the boys when he stops at the sound of an unknown voice coming from the opening of a cave.

THE COLORS THREE (O.S.)

Why don't you pick on a patriot  
your own size.

He turns to reveal THE COLORS THREE, Dressed in the most obnoxiously American costume imaginable, with a giant Superman esc stature that could only be compared to the gods. He brandishes a smile that would inspire hope in anyone.

SUPER: THE COLORS THREE - SUCH A TOOL

THE COLORS THREE (CONT'D)

Ready for round two, old chum?

The beast turns and launches itself at the hero. While the creature was looking down to Sean and Deacon, The Colors Three and Bigfoot are practically the same size.

They begin to engage in hand to hand first fighting which resembles a boxing match. They seem to be landing equal licks. The fight slowly returns outside- the boys who are enamored follow.

SEAN

Who the fuck is that?

DEACON

I don't know but he's kicking Bigfoot's ass. Go new guy!

THE COLORS THREE

I do it for you, young boys!

DEACON

He does it for young boys?

With that he lands a final blow- knocking the ape out right at the boys' feet.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Woah.

SEAN

That was amazing.

THE COLORS THREE

Hello. I am The Colors Three, over ten thousand confirmed kills in Saudi Arabia.

SEAN

Are we even at war with Saudi Arabia?

DEACON

Thanks so much for saving our skins. Everyone here seems to be so mean.

THE COLORS THREE

I am happy to help some young patriots like you. Especially such well mannered boys.

He lets out a guttural laugh. While Sean and Colors talk Deacon sneaks down and takes the first Clue.

SEAN

We were so out of this thank you for saving us.

THE COLORS THREE  
 More people like you and me the  
 better.

SEAN  
 You and me?

Before he has time to abstain from the comment he made-  
 another person enters. One of the Chelsea boys but without  
 Monty bursts onto it.

BRITISH GUY  
 I'm a little lost innut. Could one  
 of you point me in the right  
 longitude? Oh Americans? At least I  
 don't get shot in maffs. At least I  
 don't get shot in Algebra, yeah?

As he talks- The Colors Three's expression very gradually  
 turns darker and darker until...

BRITISH GUY (CONT'D)  
 ...oh And get a load of this bloke!  
 He looks like he's about to put  
 some tea in the bloody ocean!

The Colors Three clenches his fist and asscheeks and grinds  
 his teeth.

BRITISH GUY (CONT'D)  
 I SAID THROW TEA IN THE BLOODY  
 OCEAN!

The Colors Three can no longer take any more disses against  
 America. Out of nowhere he PUNCHES British's Guy's HEAD clean  
 off - blood spurting from the decapitated torso.

SEAN  
 JESUS! WHAT THE HELL MAN!

DEACON  
 I THINK I'M GONNA BE-

The Claymation Taki VOMITS on Sean.

CAMDEN FIELDS (O.S.)  
 Wow and seemingly out of nowhere  
 some unknowns pop into the scene  
 and quickly take the lead.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Camden Fields continues his coverage- under him are a bunch of stats.

CAMDEN FIELDS

Underdog Mr. Mayhew, which is for some reason two college aged boys, has surprised everyone and miraculously taken the lead which is sure to upset some very important people. Followed right behind in the leaderboards is fan favorite The Colors Three. And I am just now getting told that the word has gotten out about bigfoot's death.

Turns to BCAM.

CAMDEN FIELDS (CONT'D)

Sorry PETA.

Back to ACAM.

CAMDEN FIELDS (CONT'D)

Which has caused the rest of the final 25 to flood the sight- including odds on favored to win team of british rich boys Monty Oliver and the Chelsea Boys. Who were third to get the clue to the next challenge.

BROLL OF MONTY OLIVER GRABBING THE CLUE FROM BIGFOOT- HE ADMIRES BIGFOOTS CROOKED TEETH FOR A MOMENT.

CAMDEN FIELDS (CONT'D)

It is now the boys game to lose- can anyone stop these untrained morons?

CUT TO:

INT. ISLAND BASE SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It is now falling to night. Almost all alone, GENERAL GEORGE CUSTER still sits in a seat as he watches wall to wall screens of the different cams. He watches CLOSELY as he replays the only shot he has of the boys- which is when Bigfoot collapses in front of them. The waiter stands behind him, slightly concerned.

WAITER

What are you doing sir?

GENERAL CUSTER

Pull up the invite list waiter.

WAITER

I am your assistant. I served you food only once. But okay.

He pulls out an iPad and hands it to Custer.

GENERAL CUSTER

Thanks, gumdrop.

He starts sliding through it until he finds a Mr. Mayhew.

WAITER

What? I thought the game masters said this was suppose to happ-

He holds up his hand- shushing the waiter again.

GENERAL CUSTER

I know what they said. I'm better friends with them than you are. We went out last weekend where were you? Exaclty. I know this was the plan but... It was not suppose to happen so early. If they keep winning it's going to lose a lot of the betters a lot of money.

WAITER

So..?

General Custer lets out a crazed Joker laugh.

WAITER (CONT'D)

Maybe you should get some sleep.

He turns at barks at Waiter which sends him back.

GENERAL CUSTER

I am a world class general, waiter.

He stands and turns to him.

GENERAL CUSTER (CONT'D)

And all I have to do is make sure they don't keep winning until the game masters intend it. No matter the cost.

He puts on his flamboyant general hat.

WAITER

You aren't going into the game are you?

He nods. He turns and walks out the door where a motorcycle awaits him. He rolls off into the night. The waiter then sighs and lets out a long halted fart. It becomes clear that it was in fact a shart.

EXT. BIGFOOT CAVE - NIGHT.

The Moon bathes the forest in a blueish glow. A figure emerges from the pitch black belly of the cave - Detective Crucible. He walks out of the cave, and over to the unconscious Bigfoot.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE

You know, I've always believed that monsters exist. Hell, I've put away a few myself. But this... This is strange.

Crucible uses all of his might to lift up one of the creature's enormous feet - and drops it immediately to try for a response from the ape.

Nothing.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE (CONT'D)

Yup. Definitely unconscious, just as I figured. Someone would have to be quite the slugger to knock this guy out.

The Detective takes a few steps back to absorb the crime scene.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE (CONT'D)

From the possession of the body, and the tracks in the cave, I recon two numbskulls startled the beast, and a third party interveined. And yes...the only person strong enough to do that would be the colors Three... I didn't know he was in the game. Givin that he probably killed a british guy...

A silver revolver is placed onto Crucible's neck.

GENERAL CUSTER  
WHAT do you think you're-

Crucible SNATCHES the gun and puts Custer in a headlock in the blink of an eye.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?

GENERAL CUSTER  
AGH! Tresspassers don't get to ask questions!

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
I ask the questions or its your neck...

GENERAL CUSTER  
Fine! Fine. Agh. What do you want to know?

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
I want to know what The Taki Race is?

GENERAL CUSTER  
It's just a fun game themed around damn Takis now please let me go!

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
Ha. I know theres more going on here. Why the fuck are you killing people?

GENERAL CUSTER  
I- I don't know they don't tell me much! I'm just the damn warden who keeps the game going!

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
Who tells you?

GENERAL CUSTER  
Ah shit...I'm gonna have to be re cloned for this...

Custer scratches Crucible and bites him.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
What the fuck.

He then becks him into a tree, freeing himself and evening the fight. They engage in a rough fist fight under the moonlight.



DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE (CONT'D)  
I SAW THE PAINTING.

They continue to brawl.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE (CONT'D)  
WHERE IS THE ALTER?

He kicks Crucible to his knees.

GENERAL CUSTER  
You do not get to know.

He reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a wallet.

GENERAL CUSTER (CONT'D)  
Detective Crucible.

SUPER: DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE- DERIVATIVE 50S NOIR GUY

Crucible winces at him knowing his name.

GENERAL CUSTER (CONT'D)  
You're lucky I'm busy. This is your  
last warning to flee the island.  
Next time I won't be so nice.

He throws the wallet on the ground and runs into the night.

BEAT.

Crucible stands back up and pulls a GPS out of his jacket. It shows a blip running away- he unknowingly placed a tracker on the General.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
Cake.

EXT. OUTSIDE BEACH TOWN - NIGHT

Sean, Deacon and new friend The Color's Three are directly outside a bustling beach town, a drastic change from what was believed to be an empty island. Our duo takes in the sudden change of scenery.

SEAN  
Yo, uh, Colors, where the fuck are  
we?

THE COLORS THREE  
Somewhere near the southern border  
I imagine. A little too close to it  
if you ask me.

SEAN

Uh...what do you mean by that?

THE COLORS THREE

OHHHH Brother don't get me start-

Deacon sees what appear to be either children or extremely short adults run into an alleyway.

DEACON

Yea, I'm gonna go to some investigating until the next challenge begins.

Sean SCOWLS as his bestfriend leaves him with the seemingly racist super soldier.

A beat.

THE COLORS THREE

SO....Son-

The Colors Three GRABS Sean's shoulder.

CUT TO:

ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER.

Deacon sneaks into the alleyway under the cover of shadows. He hears the mysterious individuals chattering in New Zealand accents.

MYSTERIOUS FIGURE #1

Wow, these games really are worth all the fuss huh?

MYSTERIOUS FIGURE #2

I don't know man. That Pimento Grilled Cheese I ate earlier has been givin me the stinkies all day.

FART!

MYSTERIOUS FIGURE #2 (CONT'D)

Oi! Get a whiff of this one mate.

MYSTERIOUS FIGURE #1

YOU DUMBASS! We do not have the digestive tract for something like that-

Deacon LEAPS out, a finger gun drawn.

DEACON

Alright, you guys have been caught  
red-

Deacon finally gets a good look at the mysterious figures to see - ALIEN GREYS, around three feet tall. They wear hawaiian shirts for some reason.

DEACON (CONT'D)

WHAAAAA.....

They change on a dime- now presenting themselves as conventional aliens.

ALIEN GREY #1

OOO Goo Ginga Goo Ginga Go Go Yai.

ALIEN #2

Sooko bondo bondo bonda java.

DEACON

What the fuck? I know you speak  
english I JUST heard you.

ALIEN GREY #1

Oooo Sovanda?

DEACON

Dude.

ALIEN GREY #2

Alright. Alright. He did hear us.  
So much for Galactic Clause #79.

DEACON

Holy shit. Y'all are actually  
aliens. This is so sick.

ALIEN GREY #1

You don't think this guy will be up  
for a Zarbainain Scrounch Rememover  
bub?

ALIEN #2

I don't know, he looks kinda nice.  
What you say?

DEACON

I have no idea what that is, but I  
am SO in. Galactic adventures?

Deacon follows the aliens around a corner.

ALIEN GREY #1  
Well, I hope you have tight ass.

DEACON  
You're losing me.

ALIEN GREY #1  
Sorry mate were we overstepping?

DEACON  
I'm just lost.

ALIEN GREY #1  
Oh we want to probe you dude.

ALIEN #2  
Big fans by the way.

ALIEN GREY #1  
Yeah big fans.

DEACON  
Oh. I'm okay. Probably should get back.

ALIEN GREY #1  
Hey okay good luck out there.

Deacon turns to walk away.

ALIEN GREY #1 (CONT'D)  
If you change your mind we'll be close by- we're docked on the highest point on the island!

INT. DINGY BAR - LATER

LATE- Deacon finds his way into an underground bar with minimal lighting and a ring on the far end of it. In the ring stands ANGELA and a strange looking rich man weilding yoyos, YOYO MASTERMIND, the two fighters sway in a drunken manner.

ANGELA  
Hey ref? He can do that?

The ref is literally DANNY TREJO. He nods.

At the bar sits Sean, a half drincken pitcher of a mysteriously drink in front of him and nearly in tears.

DEACON  
Hey sorry about that I got a little lost.

Deacon takes a seat next to him.

DEACON (CONT'D)  
What's the challenge?

He drops his head and holds up the clue- Deac reads it.

DEACON (CONT'D)  
A drink of death- then you have to  
beat another player in the ring?  
What the fuck? How much do you have  
to drink?

SEAN  
This entire pitcher- which is just  
gonna fuck me up.

DEACON  
Yeah you're not a drinker. Where's  
The Colors Three?

SEAN  
Already moved on- he's way out of  
here.

DEACON  
Damn. We're in second?

SEAN  
Third. Monty already-

In the background a DING is heard- signalling Angela's  
victory.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Fourth.

DEACON  
FUCK. DRINK.

He starts shovelling it in.

SEAN  
No I can't. I'll have to fight the  
next person to walk through the  
door-

The bell by the door rings- as DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE wanders  
into the bar. He looks at his GPS which states that CUSTER is  
near by. He is confused.

DEACON  
Who the fuck is that bozo?

SEAN  
I don't know but he looks serious.

DEACON  
Doesn't matter. DRINK.

He starts shovelling the drink into Sean's mouth.

Crucible sits down at the bar.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
I need something to kill my inner  
storm. Anyhting.

BARTENDER  
We only have the challenge drink.  
The drink of death.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
Music to my ears, pal.

He puts the pitcher up and Crucible CHUGS the entire thing.  
Deacon walks up to Crucible.

DEACON  
Hey bitch. My friend is about to  
destroy you. Your quick chugging  
doesn't scare us.

Sean gags and nearly vomits in the background.

SEAN  
I really don't think this is-

CUT TO:

IN THE RING - LATER

DING DING! The fight has begun. Sean and Crucible. Sean,  
HAMMERED, is barely standing up while facing the detective.  
Crucible is focused.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
Listen kid. I have to talk to you.

DEACON stands on the side of the ring and can't hear  
anything.

SEAN  
(drunk)  
Bog.

He throws one of the SADDEST punches in recorded history.  
Crucible dodges with ease.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE

You're being targeted. There's more  
going on here than what meets the  
eyes.

SEAN

Shog Bog. Quirf ASS.

He laughs at his own joke than starts to kick. It is  
PATHETIC.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE

Come on kid. Don't trust anyone.  
He's right on your tail.

CUT TO:

BAR - CONTINUOUS

Deacon prepares to join the next fight.

DEACON

Yo Ref! I got dibs on next round.

Danny ignores him. Deacon turns to the bartender.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Yo, I need to get drunk fast. Could  
I get like four shots of tequila?

BARTENDERR

Nah we don't have that.

DEACON

Alright just give me whatever  
whiskey you have.

BARTENDER

No we don't got that.

DEACON

Alright I'll just have whatever on  
tap.

BARTENDER

We don't have a tap.

DEACON

Well what do you have?

BARTENDER

We only have The Drink of Death.

The Bartender slams a HUGE antique glass bottle full of mysterious fluid onto the countertop.

DEACON

Why didn't you just - whatever.  
This is the most normal thing  
that's happened today.

Deacon reaches for the bottle when a brown, gloved hand SNACTHES his wrist.

GENERAL CUSTER

That's far enough, Deacon  
Rappaport.

Deacon looks over his shoulder to see a man dressed like a Civil War General. He is noticeably shorter than Deacon.

DEACON

Ha, who are you supposed to be? The  
warden or some shit whos gonna  
scare me into-

WHACK! Custer SOCKS Deacon in the stomach!

DEACON (CONT'D)

Fuck your musty ass!

Deacon TACKLES Custer into the bar, dropping glass, causing a ruckus.

Crucible notices the altercation but is too occupied to stop.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE

See? I'm telling the truth- Custer  
is not in the game and neither am  
I. This is only the beginning. I  
need help finding the altar.

SEAN

Fart-tar

He giggles and punches Crucible square in the face.

This actually makes him bleed- with the red being the only color on him other than the black and white.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE

Kid you don't want to do this...

Sean punches him again.



SEAN

Yuh huh.

Detective Crucible throws an actual punch- Sean is unaffected.

DEACON

(from the other side of  
the bar)

Hell yeah- drunk strength biotch!

GENERAL CUSTER

You all are ruining the Taki's  
Games.

Sean cackles and begins to punch more. Not better. But more. Custer throws Deacon across the room, sending him crashing into the bottom of the ring.

DEACON

Why is this guy so fucking  
annoying?

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE

I'm sorry kid, maybe this will  
KNOCK some sense into ya!

Crucible delivers a flying kick into Sean's chest - which sends him flying off of the ring and into Deacon. BANG!

DEACON

Oh hey man!

Sean struggles to remeber where he is.

SEAN

Hey! Whats up bud? How the hell are  
ya?

DEACON

I'm good man, what about yourself?

SEAN

I'm good! How the hell are ya?

DEACON

Just follow my lead. We've been  
here too long, I don't know why  
that guy hasn't made it over here  
yet.

SEAN

Wha-

Custer SPRINTS towards the reunited best friends. At the last minute Sean and Deacon grab Custer in perfect synchronization, using his momentum to throw him into the ring.

Once he collapses he looks up at CRUCIBLE.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
We have a score to settle Custer.

SEAN  
God this has been a weird day.

Deacon turns to Trejo.

DEACON  
Hey ref, we counting that?

He shrugs and hands the boys the next clue. They high five in excitement.

SEAN  
We're still in this!

DEACON  
Yeah -

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
Get out of here boys!

DEACON  
(ticked)  
Yeah we were about to. Jesus.

They EXIT the scene.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

CAMDEN sits in his same spot- he looks significantly more deranged like he's been trapped there.

CAMDEN FIELDS  
Welcome back to my lovely little home up here to provide updates for all of you amazing people watching.

CAMDEN FIELDS (CONT'D)  
Our final ten is now rounded out!  
Our silly little frontrunners have moved back to the back.

(MORE)

CAMDEN FIELDS (CONT'D)  
I'm sure you all will be happy to  
hear that! But the games are far  
from over-

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - LATER

On the beach sits MUSTARD, a beach bum with a hawaiian shirt  
who sits in front of a large stack of wood.

The Colors Three walks up to him.

CAMDEN FIELDS (V.O.)  
The next challenge is a fun one- a  
challenge to build up a fire twenty  
feet in the air.

The Colors Three smiles even heavier and almost immedietly  
comes up with the fire.

MONTY and his team of Brits come in a close second to view  
the monsterous fire.

MONTY OLIVER  
Alright where's the bloody clue?

The Color Three throws a kerosene lantern onto one of the  
merry men, lighting him on fire.

CAMDEN FIELDS (V.O.)  
The Color's Three maintains first  
place with Monty Oliver in a close  
second.

CUT TO:

LATER.

CAMDEN FIELDS (V.O.)  
Followed closely by Angela Kone.

Angela gets the clue from Mustard.

CAMDEN FIELDS (V.O.)  
Then Oscar Talents, Vox  
Courtneyson, Forskin Bottle, Frost  
Head and Marsupial. With our once  
leaders ready to come back into  
play.

Deacon and Sean show up to the beach with nearly EVERYONE already working on their fires.

SEAN

How long do we have Mustard?

MUSTARD

That's for the flame to decide. But I'd hurry, the fire is sure to attract the hunter.

SEAN

Not helpful.

They go to work on the fire. Sean struggles - Mustard tosses him two sticks.

MUSTARD

Here. Maybe these sticks will get ya goin.

Sean rubs them together to no avail.

DEACON

Here, I got this-

Sean hands the sticks to Deacon, who immediately goes to work.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Now, it's not just the friction we need, we gotta stop the heat from escaping - Mustard you got anything? Also anything with copper or tin in it?

Mustard leans forward, impressed with Deacon's knowledge.

MUSTARD

Well, well, well. Look at you. Knowledge is key, and one who is high in knowledge will reap the rewards.

Mustard pulls out a bag containing the items that Deacon described. A smug grin spreads across Deacon's mug.

DEACON

Let's just say I've had to light a lot of flames in my life.

CUT TO:

CONTINUOUS

A mammoth fire ERUPTS into the sky, at least thirty feet tall.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOTH - LATER

CAMDEN FIELDS

Moving up the leaderboards is Mr. Mayhew and his sidekick. As they climb back to where they once were- our two titans battle it out for dominance.

EXT. BEACH TOWN - NIGHT

The Colors Three stands in a crowd of normal young adults. He stands out in the crowd but looks around... focused.

CAMDEN FIELDS (V.O.)

(Whispered)

Our next challenge has our competitors doing something truly out of their comfort zone - trying to court the female with the next clue.

Monty Oliver stands next to him- they both eye the crowd of patrons at the small beach town.

MONTY OLIVER

Watch and learn- the ladies love the accent bruv.

THE COLORS THREE

Shut the fuck up you stupid bitch.

Monty CONFIDENTLY walks up to an attractive young lady.

MONTY OLIVER

Oi why don't we go back to my place and cook up some beans and toast? Drink something bitter?

He smiles with the worlds most crooked teeth. Sean and Deacon quickly arrive into the outdoor area- they immedietly join the Color's Three.

THE COLORS THREE

Boys!

SEAN

Hey Colors- it's great to see you.  
Surly you're making quick work of  
this.

THE COLORS THREE

Well justice is always sexy.

DEACON

I'll be right back gents, I gotta  
go find a shitter and some toilet  
paper.

SEAN

You mean go to the bathroom?

Sean slips away. The Colors Three slicks back his golden  
blond hair and walks up to the same girl.

THE COLORS THREE

Sorry is this man bothering you?

The woman nods.

THE COLORS THREE (CONT'D)

Ah, I've dealt with the British  
before. Let me geuss, he offered  
you some beans and toast?

She laughs - its working.

WOMAN

He did! That experience just made  
me hate British people haha!

THE COLORS THREE

Right?! It just makes me want to  
rip out his innards, sling em  
around his neck, and squeeze until  
his eyes pop out, Just like I did  
to the commies. All those commies.  
ya feel me?!

(chuckles)

The woman is now visably disturbed and runs away. She takes a  
seat at a bar, next to Sean.

SEAN

Well well, a fella done ya wrong?

Sean gives an awkward smile. She looks him up and down-

WOMAN

You're not my type.

She gets up and leaves - in tears.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
I fucking hate this place!

The Colors Three and Monty join Sean at the bar.

MONTY OLIVER  
Smooth goin, innit?

A BELL DING rings throughout the island, surprising our group.

CAMDEN FIELDS (V.O.)  
A new leader has taken control of  
the game...

They look around at each other like it was one of them.

CAMDEN FIELDS (V.O.)  
Angela Kone is our first contestant  
to move on to our final 5. There  
are four slots remaining. Eat  
each other alive!

SEAN  
Angela?

Angela walks by in the background.

ANGELA  
Sorry! I got a game to win!

SEAN  
At least she's nice.

THE COLORS THREE  
I am a misogynist.

SEAN  
Understood.

MONTY OLIVER  
Sod off you nanny boys. I'm not  
giving up.

Monty disappears into the crowd.

SEAN  
Come on Three- you've been  
dominating this game. You can't  
give up all of that now.

THE COLORS THREE  
I'm terrible with little girls.

SEAN  
Eh? Eh forget it. You cannot let  
Monty beat you. Especially after  
everything...  
(beat)  
The vets did?

THE COLORS THREE  
Yeah...

He starts to get gassed.

THE COLORS THREE (CONT'D)  
For the troops!

He bolts into the crowd.

SEAN  
(to himself)  
Well. Looks like we're going to be  
out Deac.

He turns to see no sign of Deacon.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
YO DEAC! WHERE THE FU-

The Bathroom door is SLAMMED open. Smoke BILLOWS out into the bar area, the smell of skunk replacing the smell of cold beer. Through the smoke, emerges three silhouettes, Deacon, with a girl under each arm, a fat blunt in each of their mouths.

DEACON  
Mr. Mayhew, I got the clue. Ladies,  
I got to bounce, the blunts are on  
me.

They kiss him on each cheek, he strolls out of the bar interlocking arms with Sean.

Monty and Colors cannot believe what they are witnessing-  
Monty looks jealous while Colors looks proud.

EXT. TOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Sean and Deacon leave the outdoor lounge and enter an weirdly empty street. Sean still stands in disbelief at what he just witnessed.



DEACON  
(celebratory)  
I got the clue.

SEAN  
How?

He shrugs.

DEACON  
That american bravato and british  
charm are dated now.

Sean is clearly a little jealous.

SEAN  
Okay well what now.

Deacon looks down to read.

DEACON  
We have to deduce and find the  
oldest establishment on the island.

SEAN  
Huh? How are we suppose to figure  
that out?

DEACON  
Not sure.

He looks at someone unseen.

DEACON (CONT'D)  
Oh but she might know.

They run up to Angela who looks equally conflicted.

DEACON (CONT'D)  
Angela! Any progress?

ANGELA  
Hey boys- you two looked like you  
were in pretty bad shape. Surprised  
to see you.

SEAN  
Yeah yeah yeah we're full of  
surprises, how the hell are we  
supposed to find this thing.

ANGELA

You two seem to be more invested  
but you stil ask dumbass questions-  
Why would I tell you?

SEAN

Because if you don't I'll tell  
Colors Three you're not American.

Her eyes widen.

ANGELA

Okay okay. I'll talk. A sponsor  
sent me this from outside the game.  
It's a brick from the building.

DEACON

A brick?

SEAN

Every brick looks the same. How  
does that help?

THEY EXAMINE IT.

ANGELA

Because you hav to look a little  
closer.

She turns to run away.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Do with that what you want.

She disappears into an alleyway. Sean turns furious.

SEAN

What the hell.

DEACON

That WAS helpful! We just need to  
look at all the surrounding  
buildings with the brick.

They start to walk down the street- Deacon analyzes all the  
buildings while Sean looks upset by something.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Wait....let me see the brick.

SEAN

Deac - its just a regular old  
brick. Its a dead end.

Deacon snatches the brick.

DEACON

If a sponsor sent it, its not just a regular old brick. There's gotta be a code, or a puzzle....or something-

SEAN

Deac it would be much more efficient to just try to find the building ourselves-

DEACON

GOT IT!

Deacon slides some mud off of the brick to reveal two carved initials - C + E

SEAN

What the hell-

DEACON

I don't know...hmmmm...

ANGELA

It looks like something that a couple engraved - two young lovers probably!

DEACON

Right! Now we just have to ask some of the shop owners if they recognize it.

SEAN

Dude that is going to take way too long. Who the hell do you think we are?

DEACON

Hey, theres three of us. We can split up, cover more ground.

ANGELA

Three?

Angela raises her eyebrow.

DEACON

Well yea, we've kind of bonded, a ya know, rag tag group of uh, ya know like a

ANGELA

A team? Yea whatever, I'm just trying to win the games. Thanks for the tip!

Angela SWIPES the brick and sprints away.

SEAN

Well thats great.

DEACON

Ah whatever, who needs her. She was kinda cute doe.

SEAN

WE needed her Deac. She was the only one of us who had functioning brain cells. We're screwed without her.

DEACON

Hey bud, just beacause you haven't been the sharpest at all these challenges doesn't mean-

SEAN

Challenges? These are like the dumbest games ever invented. How does hunting bigfoot require any actualy skill or work?

DEACON

Hey - you should be thanking me for singlehandeldy winning these challenges. Why are you like this man? Wait - I know what you need - you need a blunt.

Deacon whips out a blunt from seemingly nowhere.

SEAN

Really? Smoking at a time like- ah who am I kidding yea that'd be pretty nice.

Sean lights the blunt, takes a big whiff.

A beat.

SEAN (CONT'D)

All I'm saying is we need an actual thought out strategy if we're going to win

Deacon is visibly hurt, he looks down, his long hair covers his eyes.

DEACON

I have been doing strategies man. I thought they were pretty well-

An emouromous hand SLAPS onto Deacon's ass.

THE COLORS THREE

WELL WELL WELL. Look what the immigrants dragged in.

SEAN

Dude, you know it's like not okay to say these things right?

THE COLORS THREE

I found the building. Figured y'all would want one last team up before we have to go against eachother. What do ya say?

DEACON

Hell yeah!

They high five.

THE COLORS THREE

It's the book market.

SEAN

The library!

THE COLORS THREE

The ball buster!

A gutteral laugh explodes from him.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Sean and Deacon enter with The Colors Three right behind.

SEAN

So are we leading?-

THE COLORS THREE

Much like our GDP!

SEAN

Easy.

ANGELA

Almost.

They turn to see a waiting Angela who sits on a table.

THE COLORS THREE

The woman.

ANGELA

Angela.

SEAN

So. The final four.

ANGELA

It appears so...

They wait for a beat.

DEACON

What now?

ANGELA

We wait to see who comes through  
that door.

The ominous energy seems to be getting to the group as they realize how small their group is getting. Sean SEARCHES.

SEAN

Wow...

DEACON

What?

SEAN

I just (beat) thought there were  
more of us.

After a moment. The intense entrance of our fifth member thunders in... MONTY OLIVER.

THE COLORS THREE

Leave. Now. I will murder you.

He pants in absolute fear.

MONTY OLIVER

Bug off mate- he followed me. He's  
here.

SEAN

Where are your friends?

MONTY OLIVER  
Dead. All of them.

They turn to each other.

ANGELA  
What?

Country music begins to blare from outside the library.

Everyone simultaneously come to the same conclusion and break into action.

SEAN  
No not that guy.

The colors Three runs to close the door- Angela jumps to the window.

THE COLORS THREE  
He's been tracking us since the bonfire challenge.

FROM OUTSIDED BLURTS GREGOTHY.

GREGOTHY GATSBY (O.S.)  
Open up. Woo HOOO.

THE COLORS THREE  
Help me!

Deacon and Sean go hold the door. After a beat the door knob gets SHOT off.

Gregothy kicks the door down. He slowly ENTERS the library.

SEAN  
They won't let him kill all of us, right?

He begins to cackle. He spits his dip onto Deacon.

DEACON  
Ah shit.

THE COLORS THREE  
(Studying deacon)  
You aren't jewish are you?

DEACON  
You already asked me that.

GREGOTHY GATSBY

I can kill every last one of you if  
I want.

In a moment of TREMENDOUS SUSPENSE, he holds up his shotgun.  
Time CRAWLS

The lights SHUT OFF. After a moment a bullet shot is heard  
and the return of the lights reveals GREGOTHY GATSBY'S BRAINS  
poured out onto the floor.

The door slams closed and locks. Everyone, shocked, looks at  
eachother. Angela gos for the door- it's locked.

Monty and The Color's Three look unbothered.

CAMDEN FIELDS (V.O.)

Well well well. Our final five.  
Here is our semi finalists. Sadly  
only three of you will move on to  
our finals. Your challenge? Find  
the murderer.

The remaing contestents lock eyes - Sean, Deacon, Angela, The  
Colors Three, and Monty.

THE COLORS THREE

Well I recon it was the British pig  
fucker.

MONTY OLIVER

Oi! It was probably you, I'm not  
the one from a country with CRIME!

SEAN

Alright, none of you are right. Now  
there's got to be a way to sort  
this all out.

DEACON

Alright...I'll just get it out of  
the way...

The room tenses up.

DEACON (CONT'D)

I...I am not the killer. Now, you  
guys go.

ANGELA

Well that really clears things up.  
Thanks Deacon.



DEACON  
You're welcome! Anything for you-

ANGELA  
No.

MONTY OLIVER  
Well I mean, none of us are. Or  
none of us will like admit it.

THE COLORS THREE  
Yea, I just assumed we would all  
claim to be innocent L O L.

DEACON  
Bruh did you just say L - O -

COMPUTER  
FIVE MINUTES REMAINING. IF THE  
KILLER IS NOT FOUND NOBODY MOVES  
ON.

MONTY OLIVER  
ALRIGHT YOU BLOKES WHICH ONE OF YOU  
IS IT?! I'LL GUT YOU LIKE A FISH  
RIGHT NOW!

SEAN  
Okay come on guys there has to be a  
very easy, non biased way to do  
this! They wouldn't have designed  
it to be impossible.

THE COLORS THREE  
Heh. Bootlicker.

SEAN  
You're kidding right?

COMPUTER  
FOUR MINUTES!

SEAN  
What the fuck that wasn't even four-

THE COLORS THREE  
OH COME ON it's obviously the  
fucking Brit...He has blood on his  
hands for chirst sakes!

Blood slowly drips from Monty's right sleeve.

DEACON  
Wait a minute...

SEAN  
Holy shit he does.

THE COLORS THREE  
WHY is there blood on your hands  
Monty?!

MONTY OLIVER  
WELL ACTUALLY its me friends blood!  
From whomst you killed earlier!  
Youuuuu fucking wanker...

THE COLORS THREE  
I haven't killed your friends.

MONTY OLIVER  
How do you not remember this?

SEAN  
You haven't washed it by now?!  
COMPUTER! I think we got our guy!

COMPUTER  
ARE YOU SURE?

Deacon takes a hit from his blunt.

DEACON  
Wait a minute. Isn't that the same  
computer voice from the dudes house-

THE COLORS THREE  
YES WE ARE SURE!

COMPUTER  
Okay.

SLAM! A hidden door opens right behind Monty.

MONTY OLIVER  
Well fellas...

Monty DASHES through the new door.

SEAN  
FUCK!

ANGELA  
AFTER HIM!

THE COLORS THREE  
LETS GET HIS ASS!

The group BOLTS after Monty- through rows upon rows of books - going deeper and deeper into the library.

ANGELA

Sorry boys, the prize is mine.

SEAN

Where the hell are we-

THE COLORS THREE

Old Library. Probably Civil War Era.

DEACON

YO - This is so sick. Sean - take this.

Deacon hands Sean a long, thick, wooden object.

SEAN

YO! Is this a-

DEACON

Yes.

Deacon pulls out his lighter, igniting the object - A TORCH!

THE COLORS THREE

Y'all never seen a torch? This is a waste of time I'm gonna go catch the killer.

The Colors Three SPRINTS away.

SEAN

Fuck man. Angela and Colors are WAY faster than us. We're gonna fuckin lose man.

DEACON

No no no. We are NOT losing this. Just let me-

Deacon takes a huge rip from his blunt.

SEAN

Dude. Weed is not the answer to everything.

DEACON

Weed is definitely not the answer to everything. But smoking it is.

A loud, British SCREECH.

SEAN  
Shit they got him.

DEACON  
Fuck. GO!

Sean and Deacon dash in the direction of the scream. They find Angela pinning Monty into a headlock.

MONTY OLIVER  
Let me go you female wanker!

ANGELA  
Back away Mayhews.

She SOCKS Monty in the face, knocking him out.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Now...the clue should be on him  
somewhere...

She searches his pockets, clothes, and crevices at a lightning pace.

SEAN  
Maybe it's in his pocket?

ANGELA  
That was the first place I-

She stops. It's not on him.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Wait a minute.

DEACON  
What?

ANGELA  
You too have been oftly weird the  
whole game. You're not even  
supposed to be here.

DEACON  
Okay why does everyone keep saying  
that-

SEAN  
Yea, I'm tired of this  
discrimination. Maybe the killer is  
YOU Angela. You were the one to  
capture this guy - maybe pin it on  
someone else.

THUD. The Colors Three walks up.

THE COLORS THREE  
Ah, so you beat me to the bastard.  
Allow me to do the honors.

The Colors Three places his boot onto Monty's head.

ANGELA  
What are you doing? We're not  
supposed to kill the killer.

THE COLORS THREE  
Oh right.

He takes his boot off Monty's head.

DEACON  
And also Colors, it's not him.

THE COLORS THREE  
Huh?

ANGELA  
He doesn't have the clue on him.

Everyone eyeballs eachother.

SEAN  
Alright, whoever has the clue, just  
give it up now, we can sort this  
all out-

ANGELA  
Isn't that what the killer would  
say?

THE COLORS THREE  
Riiight. But - isn't THAT  
something the killer would say?

The Colors Three GRABS Angela by the throat.

SEAN  
Hey WAIT-

Deacon takes a massive RIP. Time slows to a grinding halt -  
SLOW MOTION.

Deac focuses in on The Colors Three - He is transported back  
to the bigfoot hunt from earlier. The Colors Three punches  
one of the Chelsea Boy's heads clean off.

Deacon keeps replaying through the past scenes. He notices how Colors has been constantly helping them.

He flashes back to moments earlier - Gregoathy Gatsby kicks open the door - the lights go out, when they come back on he is dead. But Deac notices something new - his head was completely sepreated from his body.

Deacon is transported back to the present - he looks up to the Color's Three

DEACON

Colors... Greg's head was punched  
clean off - just like Monty's back  
at the Bigfoot cave.

Our four finalists all turn to look at the Color's Three.

His smile holds.

THE COLORS THREE

What are you talking about, son?

ANGELA

He's right... And you were the  
closest to him when the lights shut  
off.

The mood suddenly shifts as everyone turns on the big hero.

THE COLORS THREE

Are you calling me a murderer?

SEAN

It all makes sense... You've been a  
secret hired gun for the Government  
your whole life. The gamemasters  
must've come to you...

As Sean talks- for the first time in the entire film- The Color Three's smile dissipates as he grows completely serious.

THE COLORS THREE

If you want a clue from me. You'll  
have to take it from my corpse.

He THROWS Monty over a table and runs at Sean and Deacon.

SEAN

Fuck!

DEACON

Fuck!

Angela KICKS Colors in the groin.

THE COLORS THREE  
Ah you bitch!

Colors DRIVES his elbow into her thigh.

ANGELA  
AGH!

SEAN  
Dude! That was so uncalled for.

DEACON  
Give me the fuckin-

Deacon rushes Colors, but is thrown aside immediately.

DEACON (CONT'D)  
How the hell are we supposed to get  
this guy?

SEAN  
Hell if I know!

Sean manages to CLOCK Colors in the chest - no affect.  
Colors GRABS Sean's hand and CRUSHES it.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
AGH!

DEACON  
Just hold him! I'm gonna do the  
Weed Splosion!

SEAN  
Got it!

Sean grabs Color's face and points it towards Deac.

Deacon lights a blunt on fire, completely engulfing it in  
flames. He LAUNCHES it into Colors face, erupting in a  
WEEDSPLOSION.

THE COLORS THREE  
What in the hell...

The Weed fully enters his body, his mind slowly fades away...

THE COLORS THREE (CONT'D)  
Oh fuck.

The Colors Three stumbles back into a book shelf.

He collapses, then the bookshelf SLAMS down - onto The Color's head - decapitating him.

No one reacts.

SEAN

This would've been a lot tougher  
for me yesterday.

DEACON

And we're high.

They stand for a few beats.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED CIVIL WAR BASE - NIGHT

Right at the top of the spire stands Custer as he inspects the ocean. The waiter enters from behind.

WAITER

Well it all went as expected- just  
like you said. They are our  
finalists.

GENERAL CUSTER

I knew it. Never doubted it for a  
second.

WAITER

Sir are you ready to admit you  
should not have intervened. It's a  
delecate system.

GENERAL CUSTER

They needed correcting. Now?  
Everything is falling right into  
place.

WAITER

They are heading here now for our  
final challenge.

GENERAL CUSTER

Great. Tell the gamemasters to get  
here. He'll be chosen soon.

WAITER

That's not really my job.

MEANWHILE



EXT. MIDDLE OF THE BASE - CONTINUOUS

In the middle of the base- surrounded by spires- sits a giant altar. Detective Crucible, hidden in the bushes, looks at his GPS- then up at Custer on the spire.

He waits a beat- then gets up and runs to the altar.

He inpects. After a moment he bends down and digs his hands into the dirt. After a second- he uncovers a skull.

Eyes glassy- he fixates on the golden tooth.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
Golden tooth. Eve.

After a moment he looks up at the spire and can finally make out the words that Custer says.

GENERAL CUSTER  
Our two finalists are exactly what they intended at the start.

WAITER  
When is their arrival?

Crucible's eyes widen. He turns- before he can break away two civil war officers APPEAR at of nowehre and cuff Crucible.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
What are you doing? STOP.

Custer turns and starts laughing like the Joker again.

GENERAL CUSTER  
You think you can save the boys?  
You think that would bring Eve back?

He looks enraged.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
Someone has to stop you. I figured it out. The secret ingredient. It's been-

GENERAL CUSTER  
The soul of your wife... Yes. But not for long. By the end of these games we will have our replacement.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
You can't do this. They're innocent. These games are a trap.

GENERAL CUSTER

Yes. You're too late to save them  
and now you've gotten yourself  
killed. Put him away.

They drag him away- leaving Custer and his guys. The skull  
falls to the ground, the golden tooth glimmering. Custer  
picks up his phone.

GENERAL CUSTER (CONT'D)

Yep. It's time. Bring him in.

CUT TO :

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT.

Ocean waves crash onto the moonlit beach. Camden Feilds  
adjusts his outfit.

CAMDEN FIELDS

And here we are folks! Just before  
the final challenge, the  
contestents get so see a beloved  
friend or family memeber.

Sean and Deacon walk onto the beach. A small boat, not  
disimilar to the one that brought them to the island, emerges  
from the shoreline.

SEAN

Who....

DEACON

Oh no.

Out steps - DEACON'S DAD.

DEACON'S DAD

Sean! And uh...Deacon!

He runs over to hug them both.

DEACON'S DAD (CONT'D)

Sean...I'm so sorry that this had  
to happen to you. What Deacon did  
at that meeting was not okay.

DEACON

Hey - I'm right here man.

DEACON'S DAD

You have some explaining to do sir.

DEACON

Jesus. I thought this was supposed to be a fun reunion type thing and you're already tearing into me.

DEACON'S DAD

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I know I've been too tough on you. I love you son...but that Mayhew thing was way too far.

SEAN

Wait a minute, back up - what Mayhew thing?

DEACON

I don't know what the fuck he's talking about. Why did you have to be the vistor of all people?

DEACON'S DAD

Oh really? You don't remeber Deacon? Probably because you were high as fuck like usual.

He makes a gross noise and puts his fingers up in a fingering motion.

DEACON'S DAD (CONT'D)

You're a real finger up my ass Deacon.

DEACON

Hey - I actually rememeber most things when I'm stoned.

DEACON'S DAD

Like DRUGGING Mr. Mayhew during the dinner meeting?

DEACON

I didn't-

SEAN

Deacon! Is that true?

(beat)

Tell me the truth. Or this team is done.

DEACON

I didn't think he would go unconcious and all, aha. But like, that guy was a dick anyway. Let's just-

SEAN

He was a dick, but he was also my best chance at breaking into the industry. And you fuckin ruined it - WHY!?

DEACON

I was just trying to help man, you know in my own way.

SEAN

Well, your own way FUCKING SUCKS. YOU fucking suck man. You're the whole reason we're fucking here right now!

DEACON'S DAD

Sean - I am so sorry for all of this. I'd take you home, but you both are in a contract now. You gave consnt when you got on that boat.

SEAN

OHHHH Great. That's just amazing.

DEACON

Hey man - we can still fucking win the game.

SEAN

Of course thats what you're thinking about-

DEACON'S DAD

Well, look on the bright side kids. The prize money could be worth it.

SEAN

What prize?

DEACON'S DAD

Oh you didn't know?! Two hundred thousand dollars, cash money prize baby.

SEAN

Holy shit - that could be like, tutiotn for my masters or something...

DEACON'S DAD

Yea, its a great oppurtunity. I'm glad you guys already figured out who's going to get it.

DEACON'S DAD (CONT'D)

Well, there can only be one winner obviously, didn't you two know that? I mean it makes sense, Sean is the clear choice-

DEACON

Nah man, fuck that.

DEACON'S DAD

He's just better than you are, man.

DEACON

That is terrible.

Deacon's Dad shrugs.

DEACON'S DAD

Either way I wish you luck in the finals...

He disappears into the dark of the forest.

Deacon is speechless.

DEACON

Fuck you man. We're gonna win anyways.

SEAN

You don't get it, do you.

DEACON

Whats not to get? We're still doing this, right?

Sean starts to walk away.

SEAN

You're unbelievable.

DEACON

Hey get back here.

SEAN

You SERIOUSLY think I'm going to work with you after that whole conversation.

DEACON

Yea man, I admit drugging Mr. Mayhew was a mistake. We're a good team man, come on...

SEAN

No. I am a good team. We have only been winning because of my strategies. All you do is get high and sit on your ass, just like back home.

DEACON

Well FUCK YOU man. Elitist asshole.

SEAN

Having a life does not make me elitist. Some people actually have to work man.

DEACON

Why do you always act like you're so much better than me man? You haven't even graduated college and you act like you're a fuck CEO or some shit. Well I hate to break it to you, you're just a PATHETIC stoner like me, or you wouldn't be here otherwise. You live in my parents house too!

SEAN

I'm not a pathetic!-

DEACON

Oh really? How did we end up here?

A beat.

SEAN

Because of your fucking mistakes. And you still don't get it man. You never did, you never will.

DEACON

Well fuck this man. I quit. You can go win the challenge yourself. Win win win, like you always do. And I'll go get high, and sit on my ass like a loser. Have it your way.

SEAN

Fine.

Deacon storms off.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna fucking win this thing  
myself.

He turns.

CAMDEN FIELDS (V.O.)  
Wow breaking news-

CUT TO:

INT. BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Camden looks like he is in BAD shape. His mascara is smeared  
and he looks as if he's been trying to escape something.

CAMDEN FIELDS  
This just in- Angela Kone was just  
found communicating with an outside  
sponser to get ahead in the games.  
She has now been disquailified.

The leaderboard pops up with only two contestants remaining.

CAMDEN FIELDS (CONT'D)  
With that we are brought to our  
final two contentors for the recipe-  
Mr. Mayhew who has had a rocky game-  
and favored to win Monty Oliver.  
Anything can happen as these games  
come to its thrilling finale...

He stands for a few beats in horrifying silence.

BACK TO:

FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Sean sprints through the forest.

SEAN  
(to himself)  
How dare he.. I knew he was  
sabotaging me.

CLAYMATION TAKI  
Who knows how long he's been doing  
that for. I'm a way better best  
friend.

SEAN  
Thanks Taki.

CLAYMATION TAKI  
I told you that you should have  
killed him.

SEAN  
Yeah a few times.

CLAYMATION TAKI  
What now?

SEAN  
We meet Monty at the location for  
the finale. And take our victory.

SEAN is OFFICIALLY off the deep end.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
He's just terrible. I could kill  
him.

CLAYMATION TAKI  
I mean that's a little much.

INT. CIVIL WAR JAIL CELL - MEANWHILE

Detective Crucible sits behind the bars of a cell- hands on  
the bars as he eagerly watches for an escape.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
(shouts)  
Custer.

He drops his head. Defeated.

After a beat- he spots the waiter walking by.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE (CONT'D)  
Kid come here.

The waiter WATCHES.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE (CONT'D)  
English?

The waiter NODS.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE (CONT'D)  
Phenominal. Can you get me out?



He turns and runs into the darkness. Crucible winces at the loss of hope.

For a few beats he waits in defeated darkness as he thinks.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE (CONT'D)  
You really did it this time  
Dontralax Murphey Crucible.

He kicks the dirt and COLLAPSES to the ground. He lights a match stick.

WAITER (O.S.)  
Listen, guy.

He looks up.

WAITER (CONT'D)  
I don't want them to kill you.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
Well I would hate to die.

WAITER  
But I also can't trust you.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
You don't need to trust to save a  
life.

WAITER  
Listen I don't have much time. Word  
is the Mayhew duo split.

Detective raises his eyebrows.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
No.

WAITER  
And one is on his way off the  
island. If I free you, you have to  
promise to take that boat off the  
island wiht him, save yourself.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
You have my word as a P.I.

WAITER  
What value does that have?

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
More than none. And if you don't  
then my life is on your shoulders.

The waiter contemplates.

EXT. TOP OF THE ISLAND - MEANWHILE

Deacon, hands in pockets, reaches the top of an enormous mountain where he overlooks the island.

He scowls, which shows his zero remorse.

DEACON

UGH.

He turns his back on the view which reveals what he really faces, a giant FLYING SAUCER.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Hey spaceshits. Let's get this show on the road.

The Alien from earlier departs out of the mouth of the space craft.

CHIEF GUNGA

I'm a little surprised to see you buddy.

DEACON

Well I'm here. I want to see eternity.

CHIEF GUNGA

Well we mostly handle intergalactic financials and accounting but we can certainly try.

DEACON

Juat take me as far as possible.

CHIEF GUNGA

Well it won't really matter we'll mostly be probing you. I know that's what they do in the movies but we actually do it.

(beat)

That's actually how we got the idea.

Deacon takes a deep breath.

CHIEF GUNGA (CONT'D)

Come along hoss.

The alien disappears into the ship.

Deacon holds than continues to make his way.

In a DRAMATIC walk up to the ship, he begins to take his final step onto the platform of the ship. At last second- he is absolutely BODIED off of the platform and back onto the earth by an unknown interference.

Once he SLAMS onto the grass he looks up pissed.

DEACON

You again? Leave me alone dude.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE saved him at last minute.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE

You're not going to space.

DEACON

And why is that random black and white guy? Cause I'm. high?

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE

NO. Your friend is in more danger than you think.

As he talks- Deacon stands and wipes the grass off of his shirt.

DEACON

Not my friend. He seems to have handled the games fine by himself.

Up on the platform returns Chief Gunga.

CHIEF GUNGA

Are you coming or not mate? We got the probe ready.

DEACON

I'm coming. We're done here.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE

No we're not.

DEACON

How'd you even find me?

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE

Top of the mountain- can see it for miles.

ANGELA (O.S.)

STOP being a child. They're trapping Sean.

Angela is revealed by GREGOTHY GATSBY'S TRUCK.

DEACON

(UPSET)

Oh great you brought her. How long have you been standing there?

ANGELA

Long enough. We have to save him. I know you guys just fought but his life is in the balance.

DEACON

Jesus. You have no idea what's even going on.

ANGELA

Oh but I do. You guys have been bickering this whole time. That does not take away from the fact that he has always just wanted the best for you. He even helped you sneak into the games just so he could win for you. That's the only reason he came here.

Deacon thinks.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE

You don't understand, kid. He's being set up. The games. Everything. It is all a trap to get Sean by the sacrificial altar.

Deacon thinks back to the painting

FLASHBACK

The painting in Mr. Mayhew's room- the sacrificial altar sits with a TAKI in the middle.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Deacon stands back.

DEACON

What? We weren't even suppose to be here. We're stow-aways.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE

You don't think they intended that? This whole thing is so much more intricate than you think.

ANGELA

Once he beats Monty in the finals  
the Gamemasters will have their  
sacrifice and it will be too late.

It starts to set in.

CLAYMATION TAKI

He's already gotten to the Lava.

DEACON

Who the fuck is this?

CLAYMATION TAKI

Oh, I'm Sean's conscience, I left  
him though he was saying some CRAZY  
things about you dude. I just  
couldn't even stand to stay around  
that kind of negativity.

DEACON

Oh, okay, welcome.

He turns back.

DEACON (CONT'D)

So what the fuck do we do?

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE

We have to think of a plan to get  
him before it's too late.

DEACON

Wait - what do u mean by sacrifice?

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED CIVIL WAR BASE - MEANWHILE

Sean and Monty wait in a massive courtyard, surrounded by  
fifty foot walls on each side. A sour feeling is in the air.

MONTY OLIVER

So....this is it mate.

SEAN

Yea. This is it.

Cloaked figures EMERGE on the fifty foot walls. They stand in  
a line as they watch the final contestants. General Custer  
marches over to the contestants.

GENERAL CUSTER  
 Alrighty lads. This is it. The last  
 challenge.

SEAN  
 Where's the reporter guy?

GENERAL CUSTER  
 He uh - he had something, uh, a  
 detsnist apointment or something.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP OF THE ISLAND - MEANWHILE

Deacon, the claymation Taki, Angela and The Aliens surround  
 Curcible like a teacher reading to their students

DEACON  
 Wait a minute - why isn't the  
 reporter there?

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
 Some things are just too dark to be  
 streamed, even to the Dark Web. Its  
 so sinister, not even the bottom  
 barrels of the deepest darkest  
 corners of the interwebs have the  
 stomach to-

DEACON  
 Crucible - what happened to him?  
 And whats going to happen to Sean?  
 Please - no riddles.

CHIEF GUNGA  
 Yes. No riddles please.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
 Alright alright. I'll tell you  
 what's really going on here.

CUT TO :

EXT. CIVIL WAR BASE. CONTINUOUS

GENERAL CUSTER  
 Now lads, for the final challenge,  
 there is a flag hidden on this  
 base.

(MORE)

GENERAL CUSTER (CONT'D)

The first person to find it, and bring it back to the starting position here, wins. Simple as that.

MONTY OLIVER

Whats the rules on like biting and stuff?

GENERAL CUSTER

This is the final challenge so, anything goes!

SEAN

What the hell dude. You planning on biting me?

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP OF THE ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

DEACON

PLEASE CRUCIBLE. Just tell us.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE

Alright old sport, alright. From my findings, It can be surmised that the reporter, Camden Feilds, was most likely used as a practice.

DEACON

For what?!

CUT TO:

EXT. CIVIL WAR BASE. CONTINUOUS

GENERAL CUSTER

Now get ready. I'm gonna count to three, and then fire a single gunshot. Y'all go on the gunshot. Understood?

SEAN

Yes.

MONTY OLIVER

Yes bruv.

EXT. TOP OF THE ISLAND. CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
I thought I made that obvious-

DEACON  
PLEASE CRUCIBLE! We don't exactly  
have all day. What's with the  
Sacrifice?!

CUT TO:

EXT. CIVIL WAR BASE. CONTINUOUS

GENERAL CUSTER  
Three...

EXT. TOP OF THE ISLAND. CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
HUMAN SACRIFICE! THE REPORTER WAS  
USED AS A TEST AND - YOUR FRIEND !  
WE NEED TO SAVE HIM-

DEACON  
SEAN?! SEAN'S GONNA FUCKING-

BANG ! A gunshot ECHOES across the entire island.

CHIEF GUNGA  
Oi what the fuck was that mate?

ANGELA  
The finals...

CLAYMATION TAKI  
Ruh Roh...

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
SHIT! The challenge has started. I  
recon we have half an hour or so  
until the ritual begins.

CHIEF GUNGA  
Well then, what's the plan?

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
I'm all out of ideas son. That  
place is impentrible.

DEACON  
No plan...eh? Leave it to me.



Deacon takes a fat RIP from his blunt.

CLAYMATION TAKI  
You jewish?

BEGIN MONTAGE :

DEACON (V.O.)  
It's a simple plan. We assemble the  
best team we can find on this damn  
island.

- Deacon uncovers a Bigfoot track

- Bigfoot joins their team and shakes hands with Deacon,  
Crucible, and The Aliens.

DEACON (V.O.)  
Some who we have wronged along the  
way, and some who have helped us.

- Mustard stands up out of a beach chair. He shakes hands  
with Deacon

MUSTARD  
Hell yea.

DEACON (V.O.)  
We have to work covertly as this  
island is covered with cameras.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE (V.O.)  
Leave that to me... I've been  
evading them most of the games.

- The team now stands in the Library, overlooking The Colors  
Three corpse.

ANGELA  
(speechless)  
Jesus nobody's moved him.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
What the hell is he for?

DEACON  
The distraction.

CUT TO :

CIVIL WAR BASE. CONTINUOUS

Sean BOLTS through the brick hallways of the base as he searches for the flag.

SEAN  
Fuck fuck fuck

He runs into a doorway that takes him right back into the courtyard starting position.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Damn it. I've been running in  
fucking circles.

WOOSH! An ENOURMOUS FLYING SAUCER lands in the middle of the courtyard. The cloaked figures on the wall yell inaudible commands - Custer charges twoards it, gun drawn.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
What the hell -

The Colors Three jumps out of the ship, and kicks Custard in the chest - he flies back twenty feet.

GENERAL CUSTER  
AGH FUCK! I thought this guy was  
dead. I need backup!

Soldiers donning purple camoflage pour out of various crevices - and rush to Crucible's side. The Flying Saucer takes off into the night sky.

GENERAL CUSTER (CONT'D)  
Protect the game masters, and kill  
this guy for good.

The Colors Three starts fighting the soldiers in an all out brawl.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE THE BASE. CONTINUOUS

Deacon, Mustard, and Crucible stand outside the itimindating wall.

DEACON  
Alright Angela and Mustard, you  
ready for your part?

MUSTARD

I was born ready for some weird  
shit like this.

ANGELA

I guess,,,

DEACON

Great. Now remember- we got Colors  
distracting the troops - you need  
to locate the secret sacrice room.

MUSTARD

I'll find them it in a jiffy, don't  
you worry. Now you go find your  
friend.

CHIEF GUNGA

Alright. Here we go then -

Chief Gunga presses a device on his wrist -ZAP! - Deacon,  
Angela, Claymation Taki and Mustard are teleported into the  
base.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD. CONTINUOUS

TAKI SOLDIER

AAAGHHH!

A soldier is ripped in half by The Colors Three.

TAKI SOLDIER #2

WHAT THE HELL - WHY WON'T THIS  
THING DIE!

THE COLORS THREE

NOW....GET ME Monty Oliver and I  
will spare you!

TAKI SOLDIER #2

Fine! Boys - let's go round him up.

The remaining troops go to fetch him.

GENERAL CUSTER

HEY! The game must go on!

The remaming soldier leave, terrified of The Colors.

GENERAL CUSTER (CONT'D)

Wait a minute-

General Custer RIPS the costumed mask off of The Colors Three to reveal - Bigfoot.

GENERAL CUSTER (CONT'D)  
Oh fuck.

BIGFOOT  
Hehe. Oh yeah.

GENERAL CUSTER  
It can talk?!

BIGFOOT  
Only that line- then this one explaining that one.

GENERAL CUSTER  
What?

Bigfoot ROARS.

GENERAL CUSTER (CONT'D)  
AAAAGH!

CUT TO:

INT. BASE HALLWAYS. CONTINUOUS

Deacon and Crucible DASH through the brick hallways.

DEACON  
SEAN! SEAN! Buddy where are you?!

A beat. Nothing.

DEACON (CONT'D)  
SEAAAAAAN!

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
COME OUT BUDDY! PLEASE!

Still nothing.

DEACON  
No. No. No.

SLAM! Deacon CRASHES into someone.

MONTY OLIVER  
Oh hey bruvv. What the hell are you buggers doin here?

DEACON  
Where the hell is Sean?

MONTY OLIVER  
He's looking for the bloody flag I recon! Just like me! Now move out of me way lads I got a game to wi-

COMPUTER  
CONGRDULATIONS SEAN! YOU HAVE COMPLETED THE LAST CHALLENGE AND WON THE TAKI GAMES!

DEACON  
No no no no-

COMPUTER  
A GAME MAKER WILL NOW ESCORT YOU TO THE CEREMONY!

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
Fuck! WHAT THE HELL IS MUSTARD DOING?! He was supposed to find where it is!

BEEP! Deacons radio goes off.

ANGELA  
Guys - its not a room - it's in the damn wide open-

Mustard is cut off.

DEACON  
Fuck. Let's go.

MONTY OLIVER  
Nowww wait just one bloody minute. I've been through this whole damn thing, I deserve to be on the rescue team.

DEACON  
I mean, the more help, the bett-

Monty then follows it up by spitting more tea spit onto Deacon.

DEACON (CONT'D)  
Okay that makes more sense.

Crucible CLOCKS Monty upside the head, knocking him out.

ANGELA

Alright.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

A massive ceremony has been set up in the courtyard. Rows of mysterious beings in purple robes stand in front of a massive altar which sits right in the middle of the base-right under Crucible's nose the whole time. Next to that altar, is one of the cloaked figures, and Sean.

Bigfoot and Mustard are tied up, being held down by Custer and his goons.

CLOAKED LEADER

After much deliberation, we finally have our champion!

Sean is GLOWING with joy. The energy and tension in the area is not picked up on by Sean- he still celebrates.

CLOAKED LEADER (CONT'D)

Very happy to have you... Sean.

Sean is too happy to notice.

SEAN

Of course. Happy to be a part of this amazing journey and game. Hey what happened to the host?

CLOAKED LEADER

Oh, he was our appetizer.

SEAN

What. The. Fuck-

Sean is TACKLED to the ground by some of the cloaked figures.

SEAN (CONT'D)

HEY! WHAT THE FUCK LET ME GO!

CLOAKED LEADER

And now my friends, I present to you - the secret ingredient of Takis for the next decade!

Sean is tied to the altar.

DEACON

HEY !

Everyone turns to see DEACON standing in the back of the crowd.

DEACON (CONT'D)

I'm afraid the restaurant is closed today!

SEAN

Deac! You came back-

The Cloaked Leader punches him in the gut.

CLOAKED LEADER

SILENCE! I admire the confidence Deacon, but you do not understand. Sean has already won the games, the ceremony is in motion. And we will feast.

DEACON

That's not very nice of you. Eating people? Like come on guys, I thought we left bath salts in the past-

WHACK! A cloaked figure slams Deacon to the ground.

CLOAKED LEADER

Now finally! The moment we have all been waiting for! We will now consume thy champion, and then regurgitate his digested remains into the formula for the next branch of Takis. The Champion will pass through us tonight!

DEACON

I knew Taki's were too good to be true.

The crowd ERUPTS in enthusiastic cheers.

CLOAKED LEADER

Now! Take off your binding masks my brothers and sisters, rejoice in the flesh with me!

The Cloaked Leader unsheathes a butcher knife. The rest of the figures take off their masks - DEACON'S DAD and MR. MAYHEW are among them.

DEACON

WHAT! DAD -

Tears begin to swell as the true gravity of realization washes over the boys.

DEACON (CONT'D)  
Oh you were-

DEACON'S DAD  
Setting you up. Sorry Sean.

DEACON  
(correcting)  
Deacon.

MR. MAYHEW  
Sean was the perfect specimen. His genetics made a perfect addition to Taki's Fuego.

DEACON  
That's why you gave Sean the internship interview instead of me.

DEACON'S DAD  
Not true Jesus I hate you too. Your part in the plan just had you on the other side

SEAN  
Deacon's dad I can't believe you...

Sean looks over to Deacon in a last moment of understanding.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
(mouths)  
It's okay.

MR. MAYHEW  
Oh- and before you try anything.

He whistles and Taki soldiers bring in Angela, Master Ginga and Claymation Taki into the arena as they wear shackles.

MR. MAYHEW (CONT'D)  
We found the rest of your friends.

DEACON  
No-

SEAN  
Wait y'all can see the fucking Taki? I thought it was just me.  
(beat)  
I thought it was like a conscience kind of thing  
(MORE)



SEAN (CONT'D)

(beat)  
What the fuck is that?

MR. MAYHEW

Shoot them.

The Taki's soldiers pulls out guns.

MR. MAYHEW (CONT'D)

Maybe we can harvest their souls  
too for like the blue ones or some  
shit.

Custer realizes something and panically marches up to Mayhew.

GENERAL CUSTER

Wait. Sir.

MR. MAYHEW

What?

GENERAL CUSTER

There's someone missing.

Mayhew is unamused.

MR. MAYHEW

Who cares. One man can't possibly  
stop what's already in motion.

(beat)  
Carry on.

At the last possible second Crucible STORMS into the arena  
and grapples around Deacon- revolver to his head.

Everyone springs into action- which is then halted by  
Deacon's Dad.

DEACON'S DAD

Nobody move. He's bluffing.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE

Oh, yeah? These games have taken  
everything from me.

(beat)  
My beloved Eve. Scorched by this  
altar like a pheonix returning to  
sleep. And all because of this  
secret society. I will take from  
you what you took from me if you do  
not save the boy.

Deacon's Dad thinks.

DEACON

Dad... I know I haven't been the best son but I can change.

CLAYMATION TAKI

(girl voice)

Daddy chill.

The Taki gets kicked.

DEACON

These games have re ignited my flame and I can return to life with a passion.

Deacon's dad is un-amused.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE

Okay this isn't working.

Everyone watches closely.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE (CONT'D)

Good news is...

(a beat)

I wasn't the only one you forgot about.

The sound of shackles unlocking comes from our captives as MONTY OLIVER has unlocked them all. They quickly LAUNCH into action as each one takes one of the guards.

Mayhew and Deacon's Dad light up in fear.

DEACON'S DAD

Mayhew- do the sacrifice- NOW.

Mayhew holds Sean to the altar and begins to sacrifice.

Custer pulls out his revolver but is stopped by Crucible as they enter their third fist fight.

SEAN

Deacon's Dad don't do this.

DEACON'S DAD

Boy you think even we are the top? The gamemasters would never allow us to continue without our sacrifice.

Monty runs over to rescue Deacon.

DEACON  
Thanks, Monty.

MONTY OLIVER  
No problem, dickhead.

DEACON  
Did your... Did your accent change?

MONTY OLIVER  
Don't be stewpid.

Deacon nods and continues. They are about to run when they see no clearing to get to the altar.

DEACON  
How do we get to the altar?

Deacon looks around when he is hit by a eurika moment.

DEACON (CONT'D)  
I got it.

He turns to Crucible who fights Custer right next to him.

DEACON (CONT'D)  
You got a gun I can borrow.

DETECTIVE CRUCIBLE  
Always.

He tosses Deacon an extra black and white revolver which seemingly derived from nowhere.

DEACON  
Thanks.

MONTY OLIVER  
What in the bloody hell are you gonna do with that?

Deacon smiles.

DEACON  
Use their own product against them.

He spots the Claymation Taki in the middle of the fight and SHOTS it with the gun.

The Taki EXPLODES in a giant cloud of purple gas. Everyone inside melts Raiders of the Lost arc style.

MONTY OLIVER  
Jesus. What now?

Deacon looks around FRANTICALLY.

BACK TO:

ALTAR

Mayhew continues with the spell. Sean tries to fight it but doesn't work.

BACK TO:

DEACON

DEACON

I got it.

He spots bigfoot.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Hey bigfoot- get me through this gas.

Custer, having heard Deacon's plan, breaks through Crucible and darts at Deacon .from the side.

GENERAL CUSTER

Not if I can help it.

Deacon turns to see Custer seconds away from shooting him

In a SPLIT second- Crucible gets in one last lick with a pocket knife as Custer misfires and HITS Crucible in the ribs. They both fall.

DEACON

Thanks. I will save Sean.

All we see from Crucible is a lone thumbs up.

Deacon TURNS back to see Mayhew completing the spell.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Fuck. Bigfoot NOW.

This gets Mayhews attention as Bigfoot- with Deacon on his shoulders comes barreling through the cloud of dust. This renders Deacon completely safe but melts bigfoot in the process.

Once they reach the other side Bigfoot collapses as Deacon makes it to the altar.

DEACON (CONT'D)  
Sorry dad. I'm here to pick up Sean.

MR. MAYHEW  
Oh what are you going to do now?

DEACON  
I'm going to save my bestfried.

He holds up the gun Crucible gave to him. In this last moment Mayhew's eyes widen.

DEACON (CONT'D)  
Oh yeah  
(beat)  
And Harambe coin is a pump and dump scheme.

He SHOOTS Mayhew and he collapses to the floor.

He turns to his dad.

DEACON'S DAD  
You wouldn't kill me because you are weak and you don't have it-

Deacon SHOOTS him in the leg.

DEACON  
Shut up, dad. You don't bother me anymore.

Deacon's dad collapses to the floor. Trumphantly - Deacon shoots the shackles loose on Sean and the duo hugs.

SEAN  
Perfect timing.

The tension disappears as everything begins to look up.

DEACON  
I cannot believe that just happened.

Sean looks down at his dad.

SEAN  
Will he be okay?

DEACON  
After some serious jail time probably.

SEAN

Well then. Let's get our friends  
and get the hell out of here-

They turn to see a battle field where EVERYONE is dead except  
for Monty, who stands where we last saw him.

They stand in shock.

DEACON

... Jesus Christ...

MONTY OLIVER

That't what I said. They've all  
been dead for a minute. For like  
most of that final part.

SEAN

That's insane.

DEACON

Do you know how to get out of here?

MONTY OLIVER

Well actually the dock we came in  
on.

They stand in silence for a few beats.

DEACON

Alright.

SEAN

I guess that's it then.

Deacon turns to Sean.

DEACON

Before we go I'm sorry Sean. I  
wasn't trying to ruin anything I  
was just trying to-

SEAN

No. Deacon. I'm sorry too. We don't  
have to grow apart to grow. I'll be  
with you every step of the way.

DEACON

And me too. Even if you grow into a  
job working for some cryptocoin  
tool.

SEAN

Well I won't be doing that anymore.

He motions to the dead body.

DEACON  
Good point.

They hug again.

MONTY OLIVER  
Come on lads. We got a boat to  
catch.

DEACON  
Well, are you glad we did this?

SEAN  
Not even remotely, but I am glad  
that if I had to do it I did it  
with you.

DEACON  
Thanks. But we didn't have to do  
this. We came here by choice.

SEAN  
Yeah which apparantley was planned?

DEACON  
What a stupid plan. What if we  
didn't get high at Mayhew's house?

SEAN  
Or what if you didn't drug him.

DEACON  
If one thing had slipped it would  
not have worked.

SEAN  
Not at all...

They stand for a few beats.

DEACON  
Okay let's go.

They walk over the battlefield.

SEAN  
Angela was nice.

DEACON  
Eh. She kept calling us skinny.

SEAN

At a certain point it did get a  
little much.

DEACON

I'm gonna write a book about this.

They join Monty and walk off into the distance.

After a few moments of pure silence The aliens out of HIDING  
from the bushes and look at eachother.

ALIEN #2

They do know this is an  
intergalactic tournament, correct?

Chief Gunga looks over to the horizon.

CHIEF GUNGA

Looks like they've just qualified.

BLACK.

END CREDITS.