

THE FALL GUY

Written by
Drew Pearce

Directed by
David Leitch

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OPEN ON: a busy Downtown Los Angeles street. Pedestrians part to reveal a figure in a business suit at the crosswalk.

COLT SEAVERS

WHAM! Suddenly, out of nowhere, a speeding fluorescent green LAMBORGHINI slams into him at full speed.

Colt doesn't have a chance. He flies up over the vehicle and SMASHES onto the ground. The speeding car barely slows down as cop cars give chase. And as the dust clears we see...

Colt Seavers is dead.

1ST ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.)

CUT!

(then)

How's our guy doing?

ON COLT: as he opens one eye. He sits up creakily -- loosens his tie, spits out a mouthguard. Then he gives a thumbs up.

1ST ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Yeah, he's fine.

(then)

Repo for the stair fall!

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN HOTEL - DAY

Colt PEERS down a concrete stairwell, seven floors up. He looks warily to the **2ND ASSISTANT DIRECTOR** --

COLT

That's a LOT of stairs. You ever see that many stairs?

The 1st AD just looks at him blankly. Colt shrugs.

INT. STAIRWELL - DOWNTOWN HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

BANG! A THUG smashes Colt in the face, and he twists, and then rolls, down five flights of stairs. He lands at the bottom with a crunch.

1ST ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.)

CUT!

(then)

We good?

CLOSE UP: on Colt, as he opens an eye, and gives a thumbs up.

1ST ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Repo for the smash and wire pull!

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Colt stands with the 2nd AD, neither speaking. Then:

COLT
 You think we're gonna make our day?
 The traffic on the 10 right now, I
 gotta tell you-

1ST ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.)
 ACTION!

BANG! An explosive is set off in the car in front of Colt --
 -- and A WIRE RIG yanks him back at high speed -- where he
 SLAMS through a (fake) concrete wall, which explodes in
 (fake) brickdust.

1ST ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 CUT!

CLOSE UP: as the dust clears, and there's a beat... then Colt
 emerges, spitting out dust.

1ST ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
 Camera issue!
 (then)
 GO AGAIN!

Colt's back TWINGES as he gives another thumbs up... but he's
 matter-of-fact, unresentful of the pain.

This is the job he loves.

INT. HERMOSA BEACH APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

A motorbike comes to rest against the LA sunset, outside of a
 rundown beachfront condo.

Colt -- trucker hat with a faded palm tree illustration, Red
 Wing boots, that sunset reflecting in his beat-up Aviators --
 dismounts and pulls up his garage door.

He phone rings, but he frowns and clicks it off.

Colt limps inside -- past work-out equipment, a Wing Chin
 training dummy, a kit area full of knotted cables --

-- as Colt limps inside. He picks up a bottle of Anéjo
 tequila, a glass, and a bottle of Percocet... then a bucket.

He opens a chest freezer, and dips the bucket inside, pulls
 it out full of ice. Then he takes it to an old tin bath --

-- and pours the ice inside.

INT. GARAGE - LATER

CLOSE-UPS:

-- the cap comes off the bottle of Percocet

-- two fingers of Añejo tequila poured into a glass

-- Colt's hat is removed and put at the side of the old tub.

ON COLT: in his ICE BATH, body bruised, a tattoo the shape of California on his ribcage, sunglasses on, tequila in hand.

He takes a breath -- then fumbles with the phone sitting next to him, and listens to the messages on speaker.

SOME PRODUCER (ON SPEAKER)

Hey Colt, I've got a full burn on
the teenage werewolf show this
Friday and-

BEEEP! Colt skips it, takes a drink. The next message plays:

SOME OTHER PRODUCER (ON SPEAKER)

Seavers, I need some warm bodies
down at Manhattan Beach and I
figured-

BEEEP! Colt skips it, takes another drink. Next message:

TERRI (ON PHONE)

Colt, it's Terri. Terri Shannon.
The Terri Shannon... call me back.

Colt frowns and sits up, revealing the SCARS across his chest, a map of great stunts in bad movies.

He picks up the phone, looks through the numbers, and dials.

The **TERRI SHANNON** picks up immediately:

TERRI (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

Sweetheart!

COLT

Uh, hey Terri... been a while.

TERRI (ON PHONE)

Tell me about it. Actually, don't,
I don't have time. Just tell me
you're still working.

COLT

Well, yeah... mostly TV but-

TERRI (ON PHONE)
 Then I've got a REAL job for you.
 The big show. The biggest.
 (with some gravitas)
 I need you to double for Tom Ryker.

Colt frowns deeply --

COLT
 Listen, ah, you know that me and
 Tom, we fell out way back-

TERRI (ON PHONE)
 Do I care? I do not. Because I have
 to have you in Berlin *tomorrow*...

COLT
 (confused)
 Berlin? Terri, look... I don't even
 know if I still have a passport-

TERRI (ON PHONE)
 Who doesn't have a passport? Colt
 Seavers, just GET OUT HERE! This
 could be great for you!

COLT
 Terri, I'm happy where I-

TERRI (ON PHONE)
 You owe your entire career to me!

COLT
 That's not- don't try that-

TERRI (ON PHONE)
 -c'mon, babe, it'll be *fun*. A big
 family reunion! Tom's starring, I'm
 producing, Dan's gaffing, Babs is
 HMU, Jody's directing...

With that name, Colt sits up. Sunglasses off. Alert and awake
 like a shot of electricity just ran through him.

COLT
 How soon do you need me?

Colt frowns -- nails the rest of the tequila --

EXT. LAX - THAT NIGHT

BOOOM! A Berlin-bound 747 breaks the sound barrier overhead.

INT. 747 - CONTINUOUS

Track along ROWS OF SEATS watching the same action movie: "STORMCHASER". Onscreen, the star's name appears: **TOM RYKER**.

The screens all show Ryker's face now: handsome, chiseled, with a moderate amount of excellent plastic surgery.

SPIN AROUND to REVEAL: COLT, staring into the pixelated face of the man he used to double. He shakes his head, still wearing that TRUCKER HAT, unsure if this is a good idea.

PAN DOWN to find him habitually looping and unlooping a small piece of rope into various different types of knots...

...and as the knot goes tight, amidst the tattoos on his hands... one of them, unmistakably, reads "Jody".

TITLE CARD: **THE FALL GUY**

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO: ACRID SMOKE fills the air, as we fly through a scene of absolute devastation...

EXT. APOCALYPTIC CITY - THE FUTURE

Ravaged Berlin, full of tech and futuristic advertising... and dead bodies. Some of them alien, some of them human.

EXT. BABELSBERG FILM STUDIO - CONTINUOUS SHOT

(NOTE: the entire opening is an unbroken oner)

A 1st AD walks through the heavy smoke, yelling.

1ST AD (INTO LOUD-HAILER)
SFX, director says the atmos has to
be RED! Make the atmos RED!

The camera drops down to find a greying SFX guy called **RUSH McCABE**, who starts changing the color in the smoke machine.

The camera tracks through the smoke to the COSTUME department, where the wardrobe trailer opens to reveal --

COLT -- now wearing a lame sci-fi-military outfit. He slugs hard on a large coffee as a voice comes over the loudhailer --

JODY (ON LOUD-HAILER)
Guys, I'm gonna need WAY more
bodies to make this look real-

Colt turns -- and in the distance, through the smoke, rising up on a cherry picker... he can see a figure. He squints --

BANG! When a grizzled hand slams him on the shoulder, nearly spilling his coffee....

DAN (O.S.)
Thought you never left LA.

Colt turns to find the equalled-grizzled face of British Stunt Gaffer **DAN WILDE**.

COLT
Thought you'd retired.

DAN
Divorces don't pay for themselves.

COLT
Neither do beachfront condos.

DAN
Yeah, but you've only got one of them. And I've got *three* ex-wives.

COLT
(smiling)
Good to see you, Dan.

The two men hug, then Dan pulls back.

DAN
You might not feel that way by wrap. C'mon... no show-ay, no Moet.

Colt frowns -- as a GOLF CART pulls up. Dan and Colt sit on the back, and the camera CONTINUES TO FOLLOW THEM...

EXT. CREW CATERING, BACKLOT - CONTINUOUS SHOT

Swathes of below-the-line crew line up for a walking French Hours lunch. Others push carts and sweat and swear. A passing crew jacket reveals the title of the movie: "**STARFALL**".

COLT
So what's the story here?

DAN
Well... aliens have landed on earth. Humans try to live peacefully with them but nogoodniks on both sides have joined together to oppress man and alien alike. And only you -- meaning Tom Ryker -- can discover the truth and lead a revolution to freedom.

COLT
Wow. You actually read the *script*?

DAN

Christ no. I just learn the log
line and then no-one bothers me.
Don't tell the suits...

Dan nods to the EXECUTIVE TENT as they pass it -- helping themselves to an expansive sushi platter. The upstairs / downstairs nature of the production is clear...

COLT

What's so urgent they brought me
straight from the airport?

DAN

Got a bloody big gag today and the
producers couldn't reschedule-

COLT

(reticent)

It's not a fall, is it?

DAN

No, no... you're, ah, not there yet
with the height thing, huh?

COLT

(doesn't want to talk
about it)

I don't... um... no.

DAN

Handy. For a stuntman.
(then)
How IS the back these days?

COLT

Only hurts when it rains.

DAN

(chuckling)

Good job you came to sunny Berlin.

Colt glances up at the slate-gray, cloudy sky... and winces.

DAN (CONT'D)

So besides a nice cuddle with me...
what DID get you on a plane, lad?

COLT

You know Terri... she laid it on
pretty thick-

DAN

Right. Yeah.
(knowing smile)
You're here for Terri.

Colt tries to maintain the best poker face possible --

COLT
I don't know what you're-

-- as he spots a sign on the hangar they're entering that reads: LEUNG STUNT DESIGN.

COLT (CONT'D)
Wait... Greg's co-ordinating?

INT. STUNT HANGAR - CONTINUOUS SHOT

-- as the golf cart enters a huge HANGAR. A makeshift gym on one side, a crash-mat palace on the other.

DAN
Directing second unit too.
(chuckle)
Terri didn't tell you?

COLT
Said it was a family reunion.
Didn't mention the part where the
family member who hates me is now
my boss.

DAN
Classic Terri. When's the last time
you lads spoke?

COLT
Five years. When I stopped doubling
Ryker, Greg stopped calling, so...
(shrug)
Guess he got Ryker in the divorce.

DAN
Greg was always jealous 'cos people
actually *liked* you-

COLT
Nah.. he was just more ambitious-
(shrug)
Anyway... I'm still getting hit by
trucks and he's running the show.
So maybe the ice has thawed? I
mean, he booked me, right?

Dan just looks at Colt. His face says it all.

COLT (CONT'D)
He didn't?

DAN

You were Ryker's idea. Greg didn't want you here at ALL.

Colt sighs -- they both DISMOUNT and join a CREW MEETING.

1ST AD (O.S.)

ALL EYES FRONT!

The CONTINUOUS SHOT swings around to find stunt co-ordinator **GREG LEUNG** -- confident, brutal and a little murderous.

LEUNG

One more time for the guys with tinnitus... this is the start of our biggest week on the show.

Leung nods to a large scale MODEL OF THE "HERO BUILDING"...
THEN A RUBBLE-STREWN STREET -- all populated with tiny figurines and toy cars to work through the stunt.

LEUNG (CONT'D)

We're scheduled to shoot the final set piece this weekend. The mayor's shutting down Alexanderplatz for us, meaning there's a billion angry Krauts up my ass right now. Turns out I do not like that feeling.

(then)

Rigs, design, picture cars... I need you ALL OVER this and ready to go. Copy?

There's a rumble of agreement. The camera swirls around Leung to find a WHITEBOARD covered in PURPLE DRY-ERASE MARKER.

LEUNG (CONT'D)

And then... there's today.

Leung scribbles ARROWS and NOTES with the same purple marker.

LEUNG (CONT'D)

Scene 48. The hero is fleeing in a super-futuristic car which also looks a lot like a 2021 Dodge with future-gack duct-taped to the windows. But before our hero can get away, aliens blow the road up with lasers, which don't actually blow things up, but hey. And then the car rolls -- a LOT.

CAMERA TO COLT: who looks to Dan, worried now --

COLT

"A lot"?

Dan waves it off -- as the camera spins back to LEUNG:

LEUNG (O.S.)

The studio wants something splashy
for the trailer... so of course,
it's suddenly on us to deliver.

(sigh)

Which brings me to the man we'll
have behind the wheel. Our A-
double's still out, but lucky us...
the producers called in a ringer.
You out there, Seavers?

As all eyes turn to him -- Colt steps forward, takes off his
trucker cap and gives a little THUMBS UP.

LEUNG (CONT'D)

To the older guys, this is Colt
Seavers, maybe you remember him. To
the younger guys... this is Colt
Seavers, he used to be a stuntman.

(shouting to the room)

Alright people, shots up in ten!

Leung claps -- everyone breaks into their departments and
heads to their posts. Leung strides up to Colt and Dan.

LEUNG (CONT'D)

Dan, get Gramps prepped-

COLT

Nice to see you too, Greg.

LEUNG

No. It's not. And I mean that
sincerely.

(then)

I'll walk you through this thing
ONE TIME.

Greg nods coldly for them to follow him -- Dan and Colt
exchange a look, but follow on behind --

EXT. STUNT SET, BACKLOT - CONTINUOUS SHOT

-- and the camera catches up as they walk and talk.

LEUNG

(gesturing as he talks)

I need you to take it to seventy,
thread it between two oncoming
cars, then flip it over the third
one and hit the rolls-

(then)

I need six of them

COLT
That's a LOT-

LEUNG
That's what I said. And if you screw this up, it's a ball-ache for everyone. Plus you'll be physically ripped apart. Obviously.

COLT
Out of interest, how many drivers said "no" to this before me?

LEUNG
All of them.

COLT
So you're expecting me to walk straight off the plane into a six-roll, when I haven't seen the rig, I wasn't here when they built the cage, and-

JODY (O.S.)
NO VFX!

Colt stops dead in his tracks. Because coming around the corner is **JODY MORENO**, full director-mode, in the middle of a heated discussion with **VENTI KUSHNER**, the VFX supervisor.

JODY (CONT'D)
You know what you CAN'T create in post, Venti? DANGER!

Colt stops in his tracks, and stares.

VENTI
(shrug)
We probably COULD create that actually-

Jody smiles, and puts a friendly hand on Venti's shoulder. Her demeanor changes...

JODY
Venti, we don't need to shoot plates... we're doing this-

Jody turns... and spots Colt.

The camera stops for the first time in the whole sequence (though the shot doesn't break).

JODY (CONT'D)
-Colt?!

Colt smiles, weirdly. Jody frowns.

COLT
Uh, hey Jode. Great to see you.

As they speak, the camera circles around them, the rest of set fading away into the background, like it's just them-

JODY
It's great to see you too. You look...

COLT
... like shit. I know, I've been awake for 38 hours.

JODY
I was going to say good.
(then, confused)
Colt... WHY ARE YOU HERE?

COLT
(also confused now)
'Cos I'm doubling Ryker?

JODY
Did *Terri* bring you in?

COLT
She didn't tell you?

JODY
No-

COLT
Probably just didn't want to distract you, while you're in the middle of all this.
(motioning around them)
Congrats, by the way, first feature. Living the dream-

JODY
(eyebrow raised)
Why would you distract me, Colt?

COLT
Um... I don't...
(tired and thrown)
Are you actually cool with me being here?

Jody narrows her eyes, but there's a smile too.

JODY
Depends. You still good at driving?

COLT
Still good at *crashing*.

JODY

Then I'm cool with you being here.

From behind, the 1st AD calls out to get Jody's attention.

1ST AD

Losing light, chief!

Jody reverts back to director-mode.

JODY

(over her shoulder)

I AD-ed for ten years, Larry... I know what time the sun sets!

(back to Colt)

I gotta... you know-

(then, genuinely)

Be careful out there?

COLT

(with a smile)

Do you REALLY want me to be careful, or do you want me to get the shot?

Jody flashes a guilty smile -- then:

JODY

I just want the best out of you.

As Jody strides away, their electric moment -- and the circulating shot -- ends (*though we're still in THE ONER*).

Beat, as Colt watches her go, interrupted by --

DAN

(sarcastic)

You're here for *Terri*, yeah?

Colt turns to Dan, who has an eyebrow raised.

DAN (CONT'D)

You've got no chance. She was too good for you the first time.

(nodding ahead)

C'mon... no show-ay, no Moët.

Dan pulls Colt onto a set-dec-ed street, as they both stride towards --

EXT. / INT. FUTURISTIC CAR - CONTINUOUS SHOT

-- a GACKED-OUT ALIEN CAR.

DAN

There she is.

Further down the street, GREG is setting camera... as Colt's demeanor changes. He eyes the vehicle seriously, technically:

COLT
So what're we working with here?

DAN
Under all that set dec it's really
a 797-hp Hellcat Charger-

COLT
What's the ramp size?

DAN
We tested this thing on a 10-inch,
then an 18-inch, at about seventy
miles an hours... but the ramp
wasn't flipping it. The car's just
too damn heavy-

RUSH MCCABE
-and that's where I come in!

Colt finds **RUSH MCCABE** looking at him through the passenger window -- he speaks in a voice flavored with 40 years of rolling tobacco.

DAN
This is Rush McCabe-

RUSH MCCABE
-and there he is, my latest victim!
What's your name, meatbag?

COLT
Colt. Though Meatbag's my middle
name.

Rush starts laughing and it turns into a cough.

COLT (CONT'D)
You okay there, Rush?

RUSH MCCABE
Asbestos in the lung. Got it on
Octopussy. Worth it though,
cracking film.

COLT
So what elegant solution did you
work up that's gonna roll this
thing "a lot"?

McCabe pats a LARGE PIPE that's welded on to the back of the DRIVER'S SEAT and leads down to the floor.

RUSH MCCABE
Bloody great cannon.

COLT
That's what I figured. Standard
pneumatic? Press this button here?

Colt points to a RED BUTTON on a SILVER BOX by the wheel --

RUSH MCCABE
Bingo. Hit that and 300 PSI of
condensed air will send you rolling
harder than an 18-year old at their
first rave.

COLT
Very colorful. Copy that.

Rush smiles and departs -- Dan opens the passenger door and
straps an INFLATABLE DUMMY EXTRA in the passenger seat.

DAN
And don't forget your co-star.

1ST AD (OVER WALKIE)
We're close, people. Everyone clear
the street.

Colt looks down the street to where Greg has set the camera
in a CRASH BOX. Colt takes Dan's walkie --

COLT (ON WALKIE)
Greg? You wanna move that crashcam
twenty feet back?

LEUNG (ON WALKIE)
In your dreams, Seavers-

ANGLE ON GREG: who holds up a ten dollar bill.

He places it where HE thinks Colt will land the car.

COLT (ON WALKIE)
Is that a ten-spot, Greg?

LEUNG (ON WALKIE)
Correct.

COLT (ON WALKIE)
You really ARE a big shot now, huh?

With that, Colt slides into the driver's seat. He's serious
now -- a pro, focused and aware of the danger.

DAN
You've gotta hit your mark going at
least sixty-eight-

Colt nods. Dan leans in, double-checking Colt's safety straps -- and with genuine heart, says:

DAN (CONT'D)

Good to see you again, lad. There's people who can drive better than you, and people who can fight better than you, and there's definitely people who can fall better than you. But there's NOBODY who can get hit as hard as you can -- and do it again and again and again -- and still get back up.

(then)

You've got a gift.

COLT

Kinda sounds more like... a curse?

Dan shrugs, then hands Colt his HELMET and taps his ear --

DAN

Listen up for comms.

Dan pats the roof of the car and runs off --

1ST AD (OVER WALKIE)

SHOT'S UP! SOUND SPEEDING!

Colt looks out at the smoke-filled, apocalyptically wet-down street. Then, through his helmet, Colt hears Dan's voice--

DAN (IN COLT'S HELMET)

Just remember, there's two rules on my set -- protect your neck and don't be a dummy. Got it?

VRRRRRR! Colt, focused and teeth gritted, GRIPS the steering wheel tightly and revs the engine in response.

JODY (ON LOUD-HAILER)

ACTION!

And with that, we CUT OUT of the oner --

Colt slams out of neutral and the car RACES down the street. The speedometer hits 70mph -- Colt guns it HARDER --

DAN (IN COLT'S HELMET)

What're you doing, slow down!

The first two OPPOSING CARS come into sight --

Colt takes the car all the way to 80mph, it's shaking, the cladding barely staying on --

VRRRROOOM! Colt THREADS it through the two vehicles --

-- but now the THIRD CAR is right in front of him.

Colt rips the steering wheel left and hits the RED BUTTON --

BOOOOOOM! The AIR CANNON behind Colt's seat fires and suddenly Colt and the dummy are SMASHED into the air --

DAN (ON WALKIE) (CONT'D)
One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six!
SEVEN!!

-- to see Colt roll the car EIGHT GODDAMN TIMES -- our movie setting a genuine real-world record, beating Casino Royale...

DAN (ON WALKIE) (CONT'D)
EIIIIIGHT!

-- and then the car slams, painfully, to a halt.

JODY (ON LOUD-HAILER)
CUT!

ANGLE ON: the ten dollar bill. It's exactly where it was. Colt landed and rolled, twenty feet further down as promised.

DAN (ON WALKIE)
Colt, are you okay?!

The camera RACKS FOCUS to the obliterated car in the background. There's no movement inside.

ANGLE ON JODY: who shares a concerned glance with Dan.

DAN (ON WALKIE) (CONT'D)
Colt, can you hear me, over?

Then -- COLT'S HAND, THUMB UP, extends out of the window.

The set EXPLODES into action. DAN rushes towards the smoking car, his head appearing in Colt's window.

DAN (CONT'D)
Everyone alright?!

COLT
(rolling his neck)
Sure, let's go with "alright".
(trying to undo belt)
Think I'm stuck in here-

DAN
Don't worry, we'll cut you out-

Dan shifts over and JODY appears in the window. Colt and Jody's eyes meet -- and we feel the connection that once was.

COLT
Did we get the shot?

JODY
(grinning)
It was... spectacular.

VRRRRRRR! Suddenly, the metal cutter starts in on the opposite door. Colt looks at it with some exasperation.

1ST AD (O.S.)
ARE WE READY TO MOVE ON?

JODY
(to Colt)
I gotta jam.
(shouting)
MOVING ON!

Colt watches Jody walk away. Then, a **P.A.** invades his line of sight, popping their head into the destroyed car window --

P.A.
Mr. Seavers? The producer needs to see you urgently.

COLT
Um, please let Ms. Shannon know that I just have to get buzzsawed out of an alien car first, and then I'll be right over.

P.A. (INTO WALKIE)
He says he has to get buzzsawed out of an alien car first, then he'll be right over?

There's a beat as someone answers in their earpiece, then:

P.A. (CONT'D)
She says that's fine.

EXT. BACKLOT - LATER - SUNSET

Colt, trucker hat back on, hobbles wearily to an INCREDIBLY EXPENSIVE-LOOKING TRAILER, the P.A. by his side --

An EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT pokes their head out the door.

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT
Terri's just finishing up a call. You need anything? We have coffee, tea, and all the LaCroix flavors except pamplemousse.

COLT
 (messing with her)
 Damn. I'm actually kind of a
 pamplermousse guy...

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT
 Oh... well, there might be some in
 Ryker's winnebago-
 (to the P.A.)
 Go check, and I'll radio catering-

COLT
 Guys, I was *joking*, I don't even
 know what a pamplermousse is!

But the two assistants have already run off. CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

KSSSK! Colt opens a can of pamplermousse LaCroix.

He looks over -- the assistants stare. He sips it and, pulls
 an unconvincing "mmm, tasty" face. They look relieved.

Inside the most luxurious trailer you've ever seen, Colt
 ties knots in his rope as he peruses the FRAMED PHOTOS...

...two decades of shots of a female producer with her arm
 around various leading men: young Brad Pitt; young Channing
 Tatum... and TWELVE of her with Tom Ryker -- on-set of their
 first cheap action movie; a polaroid of them both goofing off
 wearing silver cowboy hats; a selfie they took together at a
 movie premiere... twenty years of professional partnership.

TERRI (O.S.)
 There he is... the man who's here
 to save my life.

TERRI SHANNON enters. She's impressive, modern, a whirling
 dervish. Colt stands up, goes to shakes her hand --

TERRI (CONT'D)
 No hug? You think I'm gonna MeToo
 you? I'm kidding, it doesn't work
 in that direction. Lucky me.
 (then)
 You tired, Colt? You seem tired.

COLT
 (weary smile)
 I am a little tired.

Colt nods to the multiple photos on Terri's credenza.

COLT (CONT'D)
 That's a LOT of Tom Ryker-

TERRI

Too much. Twelve movies, twenty years of my life. You do less time for murder...

COLT

At least you got the pictures... he always said no when I asked.

TERRI

Insecure asshole.

Terri picks up the EARLIEST of the photos of her with Ryker.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Remember this? "Blood And Guts"... the first show we all did together.
(pointedly)
Your first gig-

COLT

You're not gonna let me forget that, are you?

TERRI

Christ no, I'm a producer, I have to take the credit for everything! All those years we spent together, grinding through b-movies in Budapest, trying to make Ryker a superstar. And we did it - now he's the highest-paid actor in the world-

COLT

Well, good for him.

TERRI

No, *not* good for him! He's gotten SO MUCH worse... a sexually omnivorous sociopathic prick who only cares about his dick and his box office.

(chuckle)

Hey, remember when he got the opening weekend number for ICE WARRIOR tattooed on his ribs?

COLT

Yup. He was annoyed cos I wouldn't get one to match.

(then)

Beginning of the end.

TERRI

I never *did* say sorry, back when he dropped you like a sack of shit.

COLT
I had a good run-

TERRI
You also had a NEAR-FATAL FALL,
sweetie. And that asshole didn't
even visit you in the hospital.
(then, seriously)
That's why what I'm gonna ask you
to do... is so hard.

Colt frowns at the change of tenor.

COLT
Wait... what?

TERRI
(facade crumbling)
I have... a big problem. There's
been a new development since I
called you.
(then)
Ryker's disappeared.

COLT
So what? C'mon, Tom was ALWAYS
pulling that shit back in the day-

TERRI
Different this time. The company
he's been keeping out here... it's
not just wild, it's dangerous. Now
it's been two days, he's not
answering his phone, his
assistant's not heard from him, no
paps, no tweets and no selfies.
Nothing.
(then)
Help me find him-

COLT
No!

TERRI
You used to do it all the time!
Hunt him down to some bath house or
brothel, and get him back to set!

COLT
I get hit by things, Terri, I don't
FIND people-
(then)
Can't the studio hire someone?

TERRI

The studio doesn't know... we're already twelve million over budget - I had to call in outside financing just to keep this thing alive.

(lowering her voice)

Thing is, I can run YOU through the books without them noticing -- you're a stuntman, nobody gives a shit, no offense.

COLT

(eye roll)

Just go to the cops, Terri-

TERRI

I'm not bringing the COPS into this... the tabloids might find out, or god forbid the insurers, who're already jumpy about Tom's plutonium-grade debauchery. The whole thing is a gigantic maelstrom of fecal matter and if any, ANY, of it gets out, I am DEAD. And so is the movie.

Colt looks out of the trailer window and catches sight of JODY -- she's in her element, approving things with different department heads. Something strikes Colt...

COLT

Does Jody know?

Terri comes over, and pours herself a real drink.

TERRI

She's a first-time director who's FIFTEEN DAYS from the finish line.

(then)

She does NOT need distractions.

COLT

Like telling her I was coming-

TERRI

Exactly.

(then, sincerely)

Jody's a real talent... but she got this gig because she dragged Ryker out of his trailer every day for a decade... and the studio knows that. But if this thing goes under... I mean, she's not gonna get another shot.

(making eye contact)

Help me PRODUCE this for her...

we're gonna get Ryker back...

(MORE)

TERRI (CONT'D)

we're gonna keep this shit on schedule... and it's gonna be awesome.

Colt locks eyes with Terri -- who puts a hand across the desk to shake on the deal. Colt eyes it warily.

Terri waits... and then Colt gives in.

COLT

Fine.

He shakes -- and finds that Terri is actually handing him an APARTMENT KEYCARD.

TERRI

That's the key to Tom's penthouse, last place we know he was-

COLT

I need a shower-

TERRI

Colt, I've rescheduled everything, I've pulled up all the second unit work we can do without him... but that only buys me 72 hours.

Terri looks at him hard and producer-style. Colt sighs.

COLT

So no shower?

TERRI

Good boy. I'll put in a call to transpo, fix you up with something to drive...

Colt sighs, gives her a thumbs up. It's not convincing.

EXT. GIANT GARAGE, BACKLOT - MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE ON: **WILLEM FROM TRANSP**O, a chunky 30something German in a FILA tracksuit, who looks deeply annoyed.

WILLEM FROM TRANSPO

Do I *look* like a Hertz to you?

COLT

(real tired now)

I mean, maybe, we are in Germany-

WILLEM

I am NOT a rental company! And I don't lend my vehicles to stunties.

Colt's eye is taken by a SOUPED-UP DODGE CHARGER -- there's a NITROUS-BOOSTER being fitted to the back. Colt touches it --

WILLEM FROM TRANSP0

Off!

Next Colt passes a pristine, out-of-this world German concept car -- the BMW Vision M Next. Colt leans down, looks inside --

WILLEM FROM TRANSP0 (CONT'D)

In your dreams.

Willem walks away -- and Colt follows him, past an entire FLEET, including SIX BERLIN COP CARS.

COLT

Listen, there's gotta be two hundred cars here... you must have one left-hand ride you can spare?

(then)

It's important.

Willem sighs -- then capitulates a little.

WILLEM FROM TRANSP0

Most of the *linkshändig* are out to Marvel... but I do have one left.

They turn a corner to reveal: **a beat up 1981 GMC K-2500 Wideside. Brown and gold. Tacky 70s decal on the hood.**

COLT

It's a little... tacky?

WILLEM FROM TRANSP0

Of course.

(looking Colt up and down)

It's *American*.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. COLT'S TRUCK - HALF AN HOUR LATER

VRRRRM! Colt turns the ignition -- the engine revs to life. Colt has to admit, it's a good sound. Reminds him of home.

UP AHEAD: Dan Wilde guns past on his motorbike, wearing his familiar bashed-up GOLD HELMET. Colt smiles --

-- as Willem pops his head in the window.

WILLEM FROM TRANSP0

Good luck parking this in Berlin.

(nodding to the passenger seat)

Greg Leung left you something.

Colt looks down and sees a MYSTERIOUS PACKAGE on the seat next to him -- a TEN-DOLLAR BILL has been stuck to the package, and written in a purple marker SCRAWL is:

"You got lucky."

Colt raises his eyebrows and pulls the note off the package... but it's been STUCK there with tape... and pulling it triggers something --

SHOOOOOM! His inflatable "co-star" from the scene earlier suddenly inflates in the seat next to him.

Colt yelps -- then shakes his head at the dummy.

COLT
Lucky my ass.

Colt pulls the valve and the dummy DEFLATES. But as it unblocks the windshield, the GNC's headlights illuminate a GROUP OF PEOPLE walking to their cars at the end of the day.

At their head is JODY.

She's laughing, leading the pack.

Colt watches her for a beat. His chest hurts a little.

Then, with a sense of determination to help Jody's movie, Colt guns the accelerator and pulls out into the night...

EXT. RYKER'S BUILDING - LATER THAT NIGHT

The GMC arrives outside one of a modern glass and steel luxury apartment building in BERLIN CENTER.

Colt parks up in a side street -- almost filling it with the giant truck -- and swings down. He heads to the doors, swipes himself in with the keycard.

Beat... then the camera pulls back to reveal someone watching Colt surreptitiously, from a blacked-out MERCEDES SUV.

The observer is pale and pitbull-looking -- soon we'll find out that this is O'NEAL. For now, though, he hangs back...

INT. PENTHOUSE - ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

DING! The elevator opens, and Colt calls out:

COLT
 Ryker...? Um... it's Colt. Seavers.
 If you're hiding somewhere, please
 don't jump out and attack me like
 that time in Mexico City -- my shin
 never really healed right-

He creeps into the PENTHOUSE -- immaculately styled, with a
 night-view of Berlin that goes on forever.

COLT (CONT'D)
 Hello?

Crickets... then Colt spots something amongst the perfectly-
 appointed kitchen -- a bottle of DON JULIO 1942.

He thinks for a beat then --

COLT (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 He *does* owe you.

-- Colt heads to the high-end kitchen, pours himself a few
 fingers of tequila, and starts casually checking the place
 out. He looks in the trash can -- empty. He looks in the
 fridge -- powershakes, chicken breasts and pre-made meals.

Then, on the counter, Colt finds a WATERMARKED SCRIPT, and
 takes in the name "ALMA MILAN" printed across the cover --

DING! At the sudden sound of the private elevator opening,
 Colt ducks behind the kitchen door.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
 (German accent)
 Hello! Tom, are you here?

Colt, realizing he has no idea why he's hiding, frowns --
 then steps out gingerly.

COLT
 Hey, I'm-

SMASH! Instantly, Colt is SMASHED in the face -- the vicious
 weapon being Ryker's glowing LIGHT THERAPY MASK.

Holding the mask is **SIGRID FROESE**, 20s and in directional
 fashionwear. She pulls her phone out, starts dialing --

SIGRID FROESE
*Bleiben Sie genau dort, wo Sie
 sind. Ich rufe die Polizei-*

COLT
 No no no, don't call the *polizei*.
 I'm old friends with Tom. Sort of.
 Uh... look, I have the key.

Colt holds up the key card. Sigrid stops dialing.

SIGRID FROESE
You are American?

COLT
Yup.

SIGRID FROESE
Are you the police or something?

COLT
Yes, I'm the American police. We wear trucker hats with palm trees on them so that we can move undetected through foreign cities.

Sigrid looks Colt up and down.

SIGRID FROESE
(skeptical)
You... are friends with *Tom*?

COLT
Sure. Except, not that friendly. Colleagues, really.
(then)
Ex-colleagues.

SIGRID FROESE
And he said you could STAY here?

COLT
Trying to find him, honestly. Are you his assistant?

SIGRID FROESE
(insulted)
No, I'm *supposed* to be girlfriend... but-
(waving her hand dramatically)
Pah! I can put up with his drama and his 3am calls and his sixsomes-

COLT
Woah, *six*? That's a lot of admin-

SIGRID FROESE
-but when that *stück scheiße* ghosts me? No. We're done.

She tips the contents of a PLASTIC "EDEKA" BAG on the table.

SIGRID FROESE (CONT'D)

When you see your ex-colleague,
please tell him he's never going to
see me again. And give him his
kacke back while you're at it.

Colt subtly scans the contents -- a vintage band tee;
headphones; a battered matchbox, from someplace called
"HALLOGALLO", which Colt sees has something written in it.

As Sigrid stuffs the LIGHT THERAPY MASK into her bag, Colt
holds up the matchbox --

COLT

What's this place?

SIGRID FROESE

Nightclub. In Wrangelkiez.

COLT

Favorite of Tom's?

SIGRID FROESE

You're very nosey.

COLT

I'm also very tired. Please?

SIGRID FROESE

(rolling her eyes)

He hangs out at Hallogallo a lot.
There's a manager there, Gebhard
something. Has ridiculous leopard
spot hair. Tom likes him, so he
made Gebhard one of his little uh,
how do you say... *helfer*?

COLT

Helfer?

SIGRID FROESE

You know, he drives Tom around
sometimes, gets him whatever he
wants, pretends like he's his
"bodyguard", but mostly just finds
girls and boys for him.

COLT

You actually have a WORD for that
in German?

SIGRID FROESE

(smiling)

If you're looking for Tom, Gebhard
would know the last place he was.
However vile.

COLT
 (looking at the matchbook)
 You think this place is still open?

SIGRID FROESE
 (laughing)
 Little mouse, it's only *eleven* -
 Berlin is still eating breakfast.
 (looking him up and down)
 But you won't get in with those
 clothes, or... how you smell.
 (Colt winces)
 Tom has a nice shower, and you
 might find a suit that fits. You
 look roughly his size... actually,
 you look a little like him?

COLT
 I get that a lot-

SIGRID FROESE
 But older.

COLT
 Thanks. Hey, tell me something...
 (picking up the script)
 ...what does "Alma Milan" mean?

SIGRID FROESE
 His ACTUAL assistant. Tom never has
 his own name on a script, so that
 if he loses it on a big night out
 nobody can shout at him.

COLT
 They just shout at his assistant
 instead.

SIGRID FROESE
 No, they FIRE his assistant. Then
 make sure they never work again.
 (then)
Classic Tom.

And with that, Sigrid turns and leaves. Colt frowns, then remembers his anéjo, nails it, then heads further inside.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

KSSSSK! An enormous shower head springs to life. Colt cleans the grime off his body. He reaches out to find the soap --

-- and DISLODGES something balanced on the top of the shower.

A FITBIT circles the drain. He picks it up --

BANG! Colt jumps as SIGRID pulls back the curtain. He shouts out, but she holds up a finger to her lips --

SIGRID FROESE
(whispering)
Shhhh! Keep it running. Someone may be listening.

COLT
(half-whispering)
WHY WOULD SOMEONE BE LISTENING?

SIGRID FROESE
SHHHH! Just shut up, OK? I'm taking a big risk talking to you...
(to herself)
... such a stupid cow, getting mixed up with people like this...
(to Colt)
There's something you should know, okay? Tom's not just rolling with a *bad* crowd. There's... power. Much more than him... people with enough money that they can do anything, to anyone, and get away with it.

COLT
Wait, do you know where Tom *is*?

SELINA LAWSON
No... but I'm saying wherever he is, *leave him there*.
(then)
You seem nice. Stupid. But nice. And this world you're entering... It's dangerous, even for...
(she nods to his scars)
...whatever it is you do.

Colt goes to speak, but Sigrid shuts him up with a final "shhhh", then exits sharply.

Colt shakes his head, stumbles out the shower, bemused.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE FROM INSIDE THE CLOSET: the door opens, revealing Colt in a towel. He frowns at the fancy-looking SUITS...

EXT. RYKER'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Colt exits the building, looking simultaneously uncomfortable and great in Ryker's fancy suit, incongruously still wearing his trusty Red Wing boots, trucker hat stuffed in his pocket.

Colt swings into the GMC -- **but as he pulls away, we find O'NEAL again. We see him make a phone call...** CUT TO:

EXT. WRANGELKIEZ, BERLIN - LATER

Neon reflects off the giant truck as Colt tries to park it in a side street. Colt takes three tries to fit it in the spot.

INT. CLUB HALLOGALLO - MOMENTS LATER

Colt tries to act confident as he heads to the door of the warehouse, passing a line of people eagerly waiting to get in. But the **DOORMAN** instantly puts out an arm to stop him.

DOORMAN

You on the list?

COLT

(leaning in, with a wink)

I'm actually with Tom Ryker.

The mountainous Doorman raises an eyebrow, looking Colt up and down -- then looking around theatrically.

DOORMAN

I don't see him. You look a bit like him, though... but-

COLT

-older, yeah I know.

DOORMAN

If you're not on the list, you're not coming in.

COLT

(conceding)

I'm his stunt double on a movie we're shooting here. And I'm supposed to meet him inside. With Gebhard.

The Doorman looks double suspicious now.

DOORMAN

And I said... I don't see Mr. Ryker.

COLT

All good, I'll just wait for him in-

Colt takes a step forward, but the Doorman blocks his path.

DOORMAN
You're not on the list, you're not coming in.

COLT
Okay. Understood. My bad.

Colt turns to go. Then -- he turns back.

COLT (CONT'D)
Hey, I hope you don't mind me saying but you seem *jacked*.

DOORMAN
(can't hide his pride)
I work out. Four hours, every day.

COLT
Woah. You know, we're shooting this thing, and we need, like, BIG dudes, but haven't found anyone like... REALLY yoked. We were starting to think nobody in Berlin was right for it-
(then)
Have you ever considered a job... in the movies?

The DOORMAN beams, and his defenses drop. SLAM CUT TO:

INT. CLUB HALLOGALLO - MOMENTS LATER

Colt enters the warehouse, his gambit having worked.

The party is just getting going -- the DJ bumps teutonically industrial house music, LED lights strobe all around.

Colt sighs -- not his scene, too loud -- and having looked around, he sees nobody with Gebhard's distinctive look.

-- so he heads upstairs...

EXT. ROOF - CLUB HALLOGALLO - CONTINUOUS

...to the open air roof of the warehouse.

Colt looks gingerly over the edge of the roof -- seven stories up amid Berlin's rooftops. Colt shivers at the height and steps back.

Scanning the crowd, his eyes land quickly on a man with leopard-dyed hair. Colt sidles up next to **GEBHARD SUZUKI**, just as he's in the middle of a conversation.

COLT

Ahem.

Gebhard turns to Colt and frowns. Colt notes that the guy is gym-cut and taller than him.

GEBHARD

Was that "ahem" for me?

COLT

Yes, sir. Yes it was.

(leaning in)

You wouldn't happen to be Gebhard, would you?

GEBHARD eyes Colt and takes a long drag from his cigarette.

GEBHARD

Why would you think that?

Colt kind of gestures to Gebhard's hair.

COLT

This. That.

Colt pulls the MATCHBOOK surreptitiously from his pocket...

COLT (CONT'D)

Look, I got this from Tom Ryker...
and I was wondering-AAAARGH!

Suddenly, Gebhard flicks his cigarette right into Colt's face -- the lit end hitting his cheek. Colt SHOUT OUTS, swats at it, then turns to find that GEBHARD HAS DISAPPEARED.

Colt looks over the ledge of the terrace --

-- to find Gebhard twenty feet down, already stepping off a FIRE ESCAPE and onto an industrial ROOFTOP.

Colt SWOONS -- vertigo so bad it makes him want to puke...

COLT (CONT'D)

Oh Jesus.

(shouting out)

LISTEN, I JUST WANNA CHAT! COULD
YOU, LIKE, CLIMB BACK UP HERE?

But Gebhard is already halfway across the rooftop below --

COLT (CONT'D)

Okay... you got this. You got this.

Colt climbs hesitantly over the ledge, grabs the fire-escape ladder, SLIDES down -- eyes closed, white-knuckling it.

The ensuing rooftop chase is messy enough to be realistic, realistic enough to hurt. And every step is driven by Colt's deep, abiding wish to NOT be seven stories up.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Colt lands on the rooftop below, and unsteadily gives chase. Gebhard comfortably JUMPS from one roof to another.

COLT
Great. A jumper.

Colt takes a run up, the gap looming large in front of him -- but just as he's about to jump he HESITATES, and ends up doing a half-jump / half-fall --

SMACK! Colt's chest hits the corner of the roof. He panics -- and just about pulls himself up before he can let go.

-- As Gebhard reaches the peak of the next roof and JUMPS off, Colt takes off and parkour jumps between the rooftops.

-- Getting his stride, Colt reaches the next roof and notices a SLANTED GLASS ROOF running parallel -- which Colt FLIPS onto and SLIDES down --

EXT. BBQ ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

BANG! He lands on his feet one storey down. Looking up, he finds that he's in the middle of a **PARTY OF HIPSTERS**, beers in hand, staring at him incredulously --

COLT
Ah, sorry. I'm... a tourist.

Then he notices the groups attention turn to something over his shoulder -- Colt's gaze goes the same way --

CLANGGG! -- as Gebhard kicks a GIANT, LIT BBQ at him. COALS fly everywhere -- and the ARM of Colt's jacket CATCHES FIRE. Gebhard sees this and smiles -- expecting Colt to panic...

...but Colt casually walks over to the BEER COOLER and dunks his arm into the ICE. Steam evaporates up.

ANGLE ON GEBHARD: who panics, runs to the edge of the building, and SCRAMBLES up the spokes of a **20ft TV ANTENNA** --

SNAPPP! -- just as the base of the antenna breaks, Gebhard leaps off and rolls onto the other roof -- then JUMPS over a thin alley, landing on the FIRE ESCAPE of the next building.

ANGLE ON COLT: who looks across the gap and shakes his head.

COLT (CONT'D)
How much blow did this guy DO?

Colt steels himself, and the chase continues:

-- Colt grits his teeth -- then closes his eyes, and uses a string of Edison bulbs hung between the two buildings as a ZIPLINE, each bulb exploding as he slides --

-- as Gebhard jumps through TWO BUILDINGS, each time landing another floor down. Now he's well ahead of Colt -- and Gebhard notices a CONSTRUCTION CHUTE draped down the side of a building, leading to a DUMPSTER --

Gebhard jumps into the CHUTE and rides it down to the dumpster below -- then he rips the chute off of the wall.

Colt reaches the same spot and looks down at the dumpster -- four storeys, WAY too far to drop.

But then he sees an open-topped NIGHTBUS, pulling away in the street below. He shakes his head --

COLT (CONT'D)
Stupid.

-- then Colt THROWS himself from the scaffolding --

-- LANDS on the NIGHTBUS roof, and stumbles towards the edge. Desperate, he spots an OPEN-TOPPED TOURIST BUS coming in the opposite direction.

So, in full Jackie Chan mode --

-- Colt JUMPS from the NIGHTBUS ROOF and LANDS in the aisle of the tour bus. TOURISTS look on in shock. Colt gives them a pained THUMBS UP -- then rushes down the aisle to the stairs.

EXT. BERLIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Colt SWINGS OUT onto the street just in time to see GEBHARD jump into a TAXI CAB headed in the opposite direction.

INSIDE THE CAB: Gebhard sees Colt ahead, and GROWLS:

GEBHARD
(subtitled German)
Go! Now!

The CAB DRIVER presses the gas -- and the TAXI starts accelerating -- Colt thinks for a beat, then sighs.

COLT
REALLY stupid.

He TAKES OUT HIS MOUTHGUARD, and puts it in --

-- then Colt steps into the path of the accelerating taxi.

He knows it's going to hurt, he knows it's dumb... but taking the hit is the only way he can think to stop the cab.

CAB DRIVER

Was zur Hölle?!

WHAM! The bumper collides with his leg, Colt jumps and tucks into a roll -- he *SLAMS* onto the hood -- *ROLLS OVER* the roof, protecting his head -- he lands *HARD* on the road behind it.

The driver *SWERVES HARD* -- the *TAXI* slides, hits *ANOTHER CAR*, *SLAMS* into a *LAMPOST*.

ANGLE ON COLT: who looks up groggily, seeing the busted *TAXI*, and a stunned *GEBHARD* in the back...

CLICK! Gebhard turns just as *COLT* opens the taxi door and *DRAGS* him onto the street. Pedestrians run towards the accident --

GEBHARD

P-please-

BOOMF! Colt *KICKS* Gebhard under a railing, where he rolls down a *STAIRWELL* to the *SUNKEN EXIT* of a closed Bierkeller.

EXT. SHOP STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Gebhard looks up at Colt, his confidence disappearing fast. Colt drops down, talks closely to his face --

GEBHARD

Please... don't hurt me-

COLT

ME don't hurt YOU? I have retinal Marlboro burns-

GEBHARD

I'm sorry. I was... I was scared, after that other American...

COLT

(tired, confused)
What?.. ugh, nevermind. I didn't chase you half a mile to leave you alone... I want you to tell me when you last saw Tom Ryker.

GEBHARD

(playing dumb)
Uhhhh...

COLT

Look man, I know you're Ryker's helper...

(off Gebhard's look)

... his fixer or whatever, I know it's a many-faceted role. Just tell where you saw him last saw him.

Gebhard winces, and shakes his head. Colt raises a fist --

GEBHARD

Okay, okay, it was Saturday night, around 11.

COLT

So two days ago. Where?

GEBHARD

A hotel he was partying in. The Mandala. Near Potsdamer Platz.

COLT

Ok, I'm gonna need the room number... also directions, 'cos I'm new in town.

(then)

And I'm sorry I rolled you down here, that was a little rough. Good landing though, kudos.

CUT TO:

EXT. POTSDAMER PLAZA - LATER THAT NIGHT

Colt exits from an all-night café, carrying a take-out coffee. He sips it, then shakes his head... and continues.

EXT. MANDALA HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The reception of the hotel is still lit up, despite the fact that it's after 3.30am... Berlin never sleeps. Colt enters, looking red-eyed and ragged, coffee in hand.

INT. CORRIDOR - MANDALA HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

A "DO NOT DISTURB" sign hangs on the door of Room 412. Colt takes a beat, truly tired now -- he raises his hand --

KNOCK KNOCK. Nothing. *KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK*. No response.

Colt looks around him -- no one's around. Fine. *BANG!* He shoulder barges the door -- it cracks open and Colt tips in --

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MANDALA HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

-- then instantly TRIPS OVER SOMETHING, stumbles into the room, spilling coffee on himself and the floor.

Colt looks back at what tripped him...

...it's a body.

COLT
 JESUS CHRIST!
 (then, deep breaths)
 Ryker, is that you... you scared
 the living shit out of me, you-

Colt trails off as he sees the body isn't moving -- he reaches out and switches a light on and immediately sees...

...it's actually a DEAD body. But not Ryker's. Colt scrambles backwards at the sight...

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. COLT'S TRUCK - LATER THAT NIGHT

Colt is freaking out at the wheel, his phone on speaker on the dashboard, driving through the empty Berlin streets...

COLT
 Dan, I spilt cappuccino on a
 corpse!

DAN (ON PHONE)
 Calm down, you're talking bollocks-

COLT
 There was blood everywhere, Dan,
 the room was a wreck- and then
 there was the whole *dead guy*-

DAN (ON PHONE)
 Jesus. You think it was an
 accident?

FLASHBACK: INT. HOTEL ROOM - MANDALA HOTEL

Colt stares at the body, shocked.

A young man in a hotel robe. His THROAT has been slit, and he's laying in a pool of dried blood.

COLT (V.O)
*It wasn't an accident, I'm pretty
 sure of that.*

Colt approaches the bed -- to find a BROKEN CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE.

INT. COLT'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Colt looks out at the street, trying to spot something.

DAN (ON PHONE)
Well did you check the guy's ID?

COLT
No!

DAN (ON PHONE)
Whose room was it?

COLT
How would I know!?

DAN (ON PHONE)
SO WHAT WERE YOU EVEN DOING THERE
AT 3 IN THE MORNING?

COLT
It was a favor! For Terri! She
asked me to track down Ryker, okay?

DAN (ON PHONE)
Wait, he's MISSING again?

COLT
Yeah, but keep it quiet... Jesus,
Terri said he was mixed up in some
bad shit, maybe he's in trouble-

DAN
You should've found out who the
dead guy was-

COLT
I'm a *stuntman*, Dan, not a goddamn
detective!

DAN
You know how it works, though,
you've been in movies *about*
detectives-

COLT
I don't read the scripts either!
(trying to stay calm)
Look, right now, all I need is a
pay phone to make, like, an
anonymous call to the cops about
the body, but there aren't any pay
phones because it isn't 1987!

DAN (ON PHONE)
Okay do that... make it the German
police's problem...
(MORE)

DAN (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
 then just get to the studio. You're
 gonna make it for call-time, right?

Colt finally spots a payphone and screeches to a halt.

COLT
 Dan, this is me.
 (then)
 Never missed call in my life.
 (then)
 What's German for "dead guy"?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STUNT HANGAR - DAWN

Colt -- looking like he's been run over, which he was --
 limps towards the hangar, nursing his back. He looks up --
 -- the sky looks ominously cloudy.

Terri's EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT passes quickly --

COLT
 Hey, I really need to see Terri-

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT
 Do I know you?

COLT
 I'm the stuntman. From yesterday.
 You know... Pamplemousse?

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT
 (patronizingly)
 She's pretty slammed today,
 actually. But I'll check and let
 you know if a slot opens up.

COLT
 Okay yeah please do-

Colt looks skeptical as the assistant hustles away.

Then he sees VENTI standing in the middle of an intersection,
 staring down at a TABLET. She quickly looks up at something
 in the sky -- Colt follows her gaze up and finds that she is
 flying a LARGE DRONE. He cautiously approaches her...

COLT (CONT'D)
 Uh, hey! VFX, right?

VENTI
 It's Venti. But I do answer to VFX.

COLT
Got a question. Are you good
with... electronics?

Venti rolls her eyes and hits something on the TABLET -- the drone begins to HOVER in a holding pattern.

VENTI
I create *universes*. I will not fix
your iPhone.

He pulls out THE FITBIT HE FOUND AT RYKER'S PLACE, hands it over to her hopefully.

COLT
Any chance you can, like, unlock
this?

VENTI
(suspicious)
Are you a stalker?

COLT
A concerned friend. Also, I'll pay
you. I just need to know where it's
been for the last week or so.

Venti looks at him, then says:

VENTI
I don't need your money. But
there's something else you can
do... it's quite weird-

COLT
Of course it is-

VENTI
I've never punched someone in the
face. I want to know what it feels
like. In case I ever HAVE to do it.

COLT
You want to *hit* me... in my face?

VENTI
An actual punch. No gloves.

LEUNG (O.S.)
(shouting)
GET OVER HERE, SEEVERS!

Colt looks over, sees the stunt team are already warming up -- DAN coaching; LEUNG rehearsing a fight with two guys. Colt turns back to Venti --

COLT
 (voice lowered)
 Okay. Yes. One face punch. But only
after you get me those addresses.

Venti grins, and heads away. Colt shakes his head.

Leung looks up, sees the disheveled Colt.

LEUNG
 Jesus... I guess Gramps found where
 they stash the Anéjo in Berlin.

COLT
 (ignoring him)
 What's on the docket today?

LEUNG
 Reshooting Ryker's moves for facial-
 replacement. He'll never know...

Leung nods behind him to a PROJECTOR SCREEN --

ONSCREEN: **TOM RYKER**, in all his shirt-off glory, trains with
 a STUNTMAN. Ryker effortlessly follows the choreography --

-- Colt can't help but look up at Ryker with concern, hoping
 nothing actually terrible's happened to him.

ONSCREEN: Ryker starts to improvise, forcing the stuntman's
 into a painful NECK CRANK -- the stuntman tries to tap out --

RYKER (ONSCREEN)
 DON'T TAP OUT NOW, YOU PUSSY!

-- Colt looks surprised and appalled.

LEUNG
 Yeah, he wasn't supposed to do
 that. Ryker's addicted to Krav Maga-

COLT
 My money woulda been on steroids-

LEUNG
 We call them "bovine hormone
 supplements" now, makes the studio

COLT
 Got it. So... should I get started
 learning the choreo?

LEUNG
 (incredulous)
 My fights need martial *artists*, not
 martial... construction workers.

COLT
I can fight-

LEUNG
You can throw a punch. That's not
art. But it's okay... I've got
something that's more up your
alley...
(small grin)
Full-body fire burn.

COLT
(face dropping)
Greg, please... I had a long night-

LEUNG
Gonna have a longer morning.

INT. HAIR AND MAKE-UP TRAILER - 20 MINUTES LATER

Colt is in the chair, half-asleep, as an extremely creepy
PROSTHETIC MASK that vaguely resembles Ryker is fitted over
his head. As he falls forward, snoring --

SLAP! -- **BABS JENKINS**, the veteran head of hair & make-up,
slaps his head and wakes him up.

BABS
Don't crease my prosthetics.
They're the best in-

COLT
-in the business. Yeah, yeah, I
remember Babs.

The old lady looks at him fondly, and pats him on the
shoulder -- just as the door opens...

...to reveal JODY. Colt and Jody's gaze meets in the make-up
mirror... through the half-prosthetic.

JODY
Heard you were in here. Babs...
could we get a minute?

BAB
Course.
(to Colt, scolding gently)
But that face stays on. And don't
touch it with your sweaty stuntman
hands, you'll mess with perfection.

Then Babs exits, shooing her assistants out too -- with a
touch of a knowing smile on her face.

The door closes. The room breathes.

Jody sits down carefully, with clear tiredness, in the chair beside Colt -- they look at each other in the mirror and Jody frowns, noticing how messed up Colt looks.

JODY
 You were right, you know, you *do*
 look like shit.
 (then)
 How've you been?

COLT
 Two years-

JODY
 What? I said how have you BEEN?

COLT
 Oh I thought... my ear's kind of
 busted... I thought you said how
long's it been?

JODY
 I *know* how long it's been, Colt.
 Three years, by the way. Not two.

COLT
 I knew that. Ah, I took a few
 knocks last night. Still... woozy.

Jody shakes her head -- there's a long silence... Then Jody notices Colt's TRUCKER HAT, sitting on the counter. She smiles and picks it up, flexing the brim.

JODY
 I can't believe you're still
 wearing this piece of shit.

COLT
 (shrugging)
 I like it... it fits.

JODY
 Oahu.

COLT
 Yup.

JODY
 First picture I met you on.

COLT
 That's right.

JODY
 And you taught me how to pop
 powerslides in a Walmart parking
 lot.

COLT
Classic first date.

Jody looks up at him, fixes him with a careful stare, and then puts the hat down. Colt smiles, a bit awkwardly --

COLT (CONT'D)
So how's the shoot going?

Jody shakes her head... can't help but GRIN too.

JODY
-it's batshit, Colt. I mean, I love it. I love every second of it. But it's just constant insanity and so much work and so much pressure and I have no idea if I'm doing good - I mean, I think I am, but I could be tanking this entire thing, and after this, I don't think I can bear to go back to ADing Nissan commercials and...
(noticing Colt's smile,
she trails off)
...and and and.... I'm rambling.

Colt smiles, genuinely.

COLT
You got this, Jode. You worked your ass off and you got yourself here.
(then)
You're exactly where you should be.

JODY
Thanks.
(then)
How about you?

COLT
Well... I guess I'm exactly where I should be too.

JODY
Still getting run over for a living.

COLT
Some days. Listen, we don't all have your ambition...

Jody frowns, responds a little spikily.

JODY
Is that why you think we didn't work out?

COLT
Isn't it?

JODY
No! My problem was your self-worth!
(Colt tries to bat it
away)
Seriously, you never saw what I saw
in you, 'cos you never valued your
skills, beyond being able to take
the hardest hits imaginable and
always get back up again!

COLT
That's not a skill-

JODY
See?!

Colt smiles sadly.

COLT
You give this pep talk to all the
stuntguys?

Jody smiles back, despite herself.

JODY
No... I just wanted to say, thanks
for coming... I appreciate it.

Their eyes meet in the mirror -- an electric current sizzles
through the room. Colt struggles to say what's on his mind:

COLT
(hesitantly)
Listen, uh... there's something I
want to-

BANG! Suddenly, the trailer door opens and the 1st AD sticks
their head in, so dramatically relieved to have found Jody
you'd think they just rescued a kidnap victim.

1ST AD
(into walkie)
I got her!
(to Jody)
Been looking everywhere for you.
Shots almost up, Philipe wants you
to double check the framing,
wardrobe needs approval on the suit
for scene 34, and set dec wants to
run the new sconces by you.

Then a few WALKIES squawk --

P.A. (ON WALKIE)
Is the stuntie out of HMU yet? We
need him on set five minutes ago.

Colt and Jody meet eyes, the real world intruding on their private moment.

JODY
 What did you want to say?

COLT
 Oh, it's nothing. You should go
 deal with the sconces.

JODY
 You should go get set on fire.

Jody gives Colt another long look -- then, with a slightly sad smile, she nods and turns away from Colt.

Colt sighs -- CUT TO:

INT. ALIEN LAIR SET - DAY

CLOSE ON COLT: who stands still in the middle of a HUGE SET, as everyone else runs and talks around him -- he wears the creepy fire-proof RYKER MASK.

LEUNG (O.S.)
-our hero is cuffed and running
through the alien ship. But as he's
escaping, a napalm grenade explodes
and blows him through that window-

They're all prepping the shot, but Colt just stares out of the silicon mask, into the distance, thinking about Jody --

VENTI
 We could easily make his flames VFX-

LEUNG
 No, we want this to feel visceral!
 If he's in pain, the audience feel
 it too!

Colt shoots Dan a worried look. Dan shakes his head --

DAN
 Very little pain. Hardly any.

CUT WIDE: as Rush steps up and slathers cold fire retardant gel onto Colt's shivering body, his hands CUFFED --

DAN (CONT'D)
 How're the breakaways?

Colt slips in and out of the handcuffs a few times, testing them out. When he's satisfied, he raises his cuffed hands and gives everyone a THUMBS UP.

1ST AD (ON WALKIE)
SOUND SPEED! CAMERA ROLLING!

LEUNG
Alright, light him up!

Rush steps up, lights a blowtorch and SETS COLT ON FIRE. Flames WHOOMF up Colt's body and consume him --

LEUNG (ON LOUDHAILER) (CONT'D)
AND... ACTION!

Suddenly, Colt is RIPPED BACKWARDS by the wires! He leaves his feet and as he flies horizontally backwards he tries to pull the handcuffs -- but they won't come off --

CRACK! Colt's head hits the glass and it SHATTERS.

BOOOMF! Colt LANDS, his back hitting the PAD hard.

LEUNG (O.S.) (CONT'D)
CUT! WE GOT IT!

Fire marshals instantly SPRAY COLT with oxidants, as Dan runs in and looks over Colt's still-smoking body.

DAN
Did the cuffs stick?! Shit, the heat must have fused the-

TERRI
SEAVERS!

They all look round, to see a flustered-looking Terri.

TERRI (CONT'D)
I need to talk to you about your travel visa RIGHT NOW!

EXT. BACKLOT - MOMENTS LATER

Colt and Terri WALK AND TALK through the village of trailers.

TERRI
What're you DOING here?

COLT
My job?!

TERRI
Your job right now is finding Ryker! Do you even have an update?

COLT
I do. I do. But... it's bad.

Terri's face falls...

INT. STUNT HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Terri has dragged Colt into the EMPTY STUNT HANGAR, and he's mid-description of the previous night. The MODEL OF THE BIG END-OF-WEEK STUNT is lit up -- Terri looks at it and sighs --

TERRI
You know, I am ACTIVELY NOSTALGIC
for the time when all I had to
worry about was shutting down half
a city for some dumb car chase.
(then)
So who was the dead guy?

Colt loops his rope into knots -- his nervous habit.

COLT
I have no idea-

TERRI
You didn't CHECK?

COLT
No!

Terri shakes her head, irritated, working this through...

TERRI
(producer mode)
Okay... so obviously finding a body
is bad. But we don't KNOW it's
connected to Tom... so... we're
still okay.
(to Colt)
You need to keep looking.

COLT
No! Terri, I thought I was gonna
find Tom in a K-hole at some BDSM
club. But this... I'm just a
STUNTMAN! This is NOT what I do.

TERRI
Colt, PLEASE relax... that guy you
chased down, he probably lied about
seeing Tom in that hotel room. The
dead body could just be a
coincidence-

COLT

(shaking his head)
C'mon... I REALLY think we have to
get the cops involved. Ryker could
be in serious danger, if he's not
already face down in a ditch
somewhere.

TERRI

(raised voice)
NO!

Colt stops abruptly, looks at an apoplectic Terri.

TERRI (CONT'D)

No. Because the minute after I call
the cops, the studio will shut the
movie down. I'm just trying to do
what's best for everyone... Jody
included.

(then)
PLEASE Colt.

Colt sighs and rubs his back -- looks up at the cloudy sky.

COLT

Is it supposed to rain?

TERRI

(confused)
Uh, not tonight. Maybe tomorrow.

COLT

Alright. One more day, then.

TERRI

Do you have any other leads?

Colt frowns....

INT. COLT'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER - AFTERNOON

BANG! Colt slams the truck door. He puts his hat on, then
pulls out the SCRIPT with "ALMA MILAN" watermarked on it --

-- he takes out his call sheet, and scans it until he
finds... Alma Milan's ADDRESS. He looks up again at the
stormy sky, and winces.

EXT. ALMA'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

BRING! Colt rings a doorbell. No answer. Tries it again and
again, but still nothing.

He peers in through the window -- the apartment LOOKS like it's been trashed, but there's no sign of forced entry. He shakes his head... his lead is dead.

As Colt walks back down the steps, though, he has a thought:

EXT. GIANT GARAGE, BACKLOT - LATER

WILLEM FROM TRANSP0 picks up his cellphone.

INTERCUT BETWEEN TWO LOCATIONS

COLT (ON PHONE)
Hey, Willem. It's the stunt guy.

WILLEM (ON PHONE)
You crash my truck?

COLT (ON PHONE)
Willem, relax, she's in great shape. Never better. But I've got a question-

WILLEM (ON PHONE)
No.

COLT (ON PHONE)
It's not about a car. I need to know which of your guys was driving Ryker's assistant to set?

WILLEM FROM TRANSP0 (ON PHONE)
Hm, maybe Heinrich?
(shouting back)
Hey Heinrich, hast du das Alma-Mädchen zum set gefahren?

There's a bunch of shouting. Then...

WILLEM FROM TRANSP0 (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
Ya, Heinrich. Although he's not seen her for a few days.

COLT (ON PHONE)
Could you ask Heinrich if he's picked her up anywhere else beside her apartment? Maybe something last minute?

WILLEM FROM TRANSP0 (ON PHONE)
No!

COLT (ON PHONE)
C'mon, Ryker needs me to drop his (cough) "meds" off to her, and you know how he gets if they're late.
(MORE)

COLT (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
 (then, tantalizingly)
 I'll bring back the truck fully
 gassed?

Off Willem's not-unimpressed look...

CUT TO:

EXT. BERLIN STREET - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

The GMC navigates down Gitschiner Street, past posters with Ryker on them -- publicizing his new movie, *STORMCHASER*.

WILLEM FROM TRANSP0 (V.O.)
*You're in luck. Heinrich picked her
 up from an apartment in Kreuzberg.
 I'll text you the address...*

EXT. BERLIN STREET, KREUZBERG - AFTERNOON

Colt sits in the GMC and loops his rope into intricate knots, as he watches a GROUND-FLOOR APARTMENT across the street.

INSIDE: two young women are mid-argument. The first woman storms out and down the street. Colt wait a beat, looks around... then exits the truck and approaches the door --

EXT. KREUZBERG APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Colt rings the bell -- after a beat, the door opens a tiny crack. **ALMA MILAN**'s face is barely visible inside...

COLT
 Hey. Uh, Alma? I'm from the movie.
 I need to ask something... about
 your boss-

ALMA (O.S.)
 I'm not working today.
 (pretend coughing)
 I'm sick.

COLT
 Sorry, but, you know, ah, security
 is pretty tight on this thing... so
 I figured you might not want anyone
 to find this floating around.

He holds the "STARFALL" script up to the crack.

COLT (CONT'D)
 If this was found, like, in an
 Uber, late at night, the
 repercussions for-
 (stopping himself)
 (MORE)

COLT (CONT'D)

Jesus, I can't do this blackmail schtick, I'm not a good actor. Can you just give me one minute?

The door opens: **ALMA MILAN**, tired but curious about this stranger, looks him up and down.

ALMA

You're not coming in. We can talk here.

COLT

Thank-you. And I'm sorry to bother you like this, but I'm trying to find Tom. I'm a friend... his stunt double, actually.

ALMA

(frowning)

What happened to Henry?

COLT

Tom's new guy? Beats me. They said... actually they didn't say what happened, just that he was out.

Alma looks concerned, suddenly tries to close the door --

ALMA

We're done-

WHOOOMF! Colt jams his TRUCKER HAT into the lock.

COLT

Please. I'm sure Ryker's been as big an asshole to you as he is to everyone. But I think he might be in actual trouble, and other people are, like, turning up dead... and you're my last shot at finding him.

(then)

Will you tell me the last time you saw him?

Alma pauses. Then.

ALMA

Fine. It was... three nights ago-

Alma looks down hesitantly, as we launch into a --

FLASHBACK: EXT. LUXURY BUILDING - NIGHT

The camera swoops across the Spree river towards a Brutalist luxury building -- then rises to the top floor penthouse.

ALMA (V.O.)
*He was at some crazy penthouse
 right off the river.*

We push through the window and into...

FLASHBACK: INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

An enormous, ultra-luxe penthouse, filled with rich and powerful people doing rich and powerful things. It's a party of utter above-the-line decadence in full swing.

ALMA (V.O.)
*And the party was raging. Real Eyes
 Wide Shut vibes... That's a movie
 by-*

EXT. KREUZBERG APARTMENT - AFTERNOON - PRESENT

Colt rolls his eyes.

COLT
 -I know who directed Eyes Wide
 Shut, thank you, Alma.

ALMA
 Okay, sorry, it's just-

COLT
 I'm a stunt guy. Yes, I know.

ALMA
 Anyway...

FLASHBACK: INT. PARTY ROOM - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

We continue into a packed PARTY ROOM, where we finally land on **TOM RYKER**. The actor is clearly blitzed out of his gourd -- flop sweat drips down his too-tight forehead as he laughs too hysterically at something.

ALMA (V.O.)
*I don't know if it's all the
 recreational drugs or all the
 steroids-*

COLT (V.O.)
 -I believe they're called bovine
 hormone supplements now-

ALMA (V.O.)
 -but Tom's been really off the
 rails.

(MORE)

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

*There've been so many close calls,
SO many payoffs to keep stories
quiet. He's hanging with some
dangerous people too...*

DING! The elevator doors open -- revealing ALMA. She steps into penthouse, holding a WATERMARKED 'STARFALL' script, and wades through the sinister-vibes, looking for Tom.

ALMA (V.O.)

*Of course, he forgot his sides. So
the producers said I had to get Tom
the new draft of the script that
night, no excuses.*

Alma finds Tom sprawled out with a bunch of men and women in his arms. He grabs a SILVER COWBOY HAT from a model, puts it on, then kisses her. He looks *wildly* messed up.

RYKER

*...I mean, at a certain point
talking to normal people is really
an act of charity. Oh, hey Alma!*

ALMA (V.O.)

*As soon as I got there I wanted to
leave. Tom was off his face, manic
as usual, causing trouble. The guy
who's house it was, he wasn't
exactly happy with Tom's vibe-*

In the background, the silhouette of a large man, physically intimidating -- a pock-marked aging playboy, in a BLAND POLO AND CHINOS: incongruous amongst the hyper-dressed up crowd.

Soon, we'll know him as **DRESSLER**.

COLT (V.O.)

Who's this owner guy?

Dressler flows through the bacchanal like water -- a man at ease in the middle of such exuberant debauchery.

ALMA (V.O.)

*I think he's connected to the movie
somehow - the money, maybe? Stays
in the background... but I've heard
rumors. Like, if you're rich or
famous, he can get you anything...
or anyone.*

(then)

*All I know is, whatever this guy's
into, it's dark as shit.*

Then Dressler hears yelling, then a glass break -- he turns and spots TOM taking a video on his phone.

ALMA (V.O.)
*Things got weird when the owner
 caught Tom taking videos on his
 phone... like those parties are
 private for a reason...*

Dressler nods to a man -- and we see **O'NEAL** approaches Tom.
 He tells Tom to do something -- then holds out a hand...

ALMA (V.O.)
*There's not many people Tom's
 scared of, but whoever that guy
 is...*

Tom looks from O'Neal to Dressler.

ALMA (V.O.)
*...they asked Tom to hand his cell
 over, and he actually DID it. I was
 shocked. Tom would never usually
 let his cell out of his sight...
 even just phone #1.*

EXT. KREUZBERG FLAT - AFTERNOON - PRESENT

Colt looks confused now --

COLT
 What do you mean "phone #1"?

ALMA
 Famous people always have more than
 one cellphone.

COLT
 I did not know that.

ALMA
 Everyone knows that.

COLT
 Well I did not.

ALMA
 Last year, Tom's iPhone got hacked
 by a tabloid. There wasn't anything
 TOO bad on there -- he got very,
 very lucky -- but after that, Tom
 brought in a security expert... who
 set him up with a *crypt phone*.
 Criminals use them so cops can't
 track or hack them... everything on
 Tom's iPhone backed up to the crypt
 automatically, then was wiped from
 his normal phone.

FLASHBACK: INT. PARTY ROOM - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Tom hesitates, presses some buttons -- and then passes the phone to O'Neil, who pockets it.

ALMA (V.O.)

Thing is, Tom never liked how the crypt phone looked -- said it was too much like a Blackberry, like it would make people think he was old-

ON ALMA: who nervously feels inside her pocket, and lifts out a chunky CRYPT PHONE.

ALMA (V.O.)

So he always made me hold onto it.

EXT. KREUZBERG FLAT - AFTERNOON - PRESENT

Colt is tracking Alma's story closely...

COLT

Okay... so you have the phone?
(Alma nods reluctantly)
And so... what happened next?

ALMA

What do you mean? I gave him the script and left.

COLT

And you haven't seen or heard from Tom since?

ALMA

No. But I just *know* something bad went down-

COLT

Alma, it would be *really* helpful if I could see what's on that crypt phone...

ALMA

Uh-uh. That phone's my insurance.

Colt closes his eyes and exhales hard --

COLT

I think Tom is in trouble. You do too. That's why you're hiding out, playing hooky. Right?

(Alma nods)

And yes, Tom's an asshole...

(MORE)

COLT (CONT'D)
 but he doesn't deserve to get *hurt*,
 or worse. And I've got reasons to
 believe that's a real possibility.

Alma looks at Colt. Thinks. Then...

...she grabs her jacket.

ALMA
 The phone's not here. It's in my
 locker at SpinCycle.
 (off Colt looks confused)
 What? People in movies always put
 important stuff in lockers! It's
 only ten minutes on the U-Bahn.
 Let's go before I change my mind...

COLT
 Thank-you....

COLT and ALMA walk out, headed for the closest STATION.

EXT. KOCHSTRASSE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

As Colt trails Alma towards **KOCHSTRASSE**, his phone rings --
 the caller ID reads "Dan Wilde". Colt picks up:

COLT (ON PHONE)
 Dan, I can't talk now-

DAN (ON PHONE)
 Where are you?

COLT (ON PHONE)
 You know where I am... trying to
 find Ryker-

DAN (ON PHONE)
 Are you bloody kidding? You're in
 WAY over your head-

COLT (ON PHONE)
 I don't like it either, but Terri
 said the movie would go down if she
 brought in the cops, and maybe-

DAN (ON PHONE)
 I know the dead guy.

Colt stops, confused. He doesn't see Alma pulling ahead...

DAN (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
 The body you found, I know who it
 was. His name was Henry Herrera.
 (then)
 Ryker's stunt double.

Colt's face drops.

COLT (ON PHONE)
Wait, what--? How do you--

DAN (ON PHONE)
The cops just notified production
that he was found dead in a hotel
room. Everyone here is losing their--

BAM! Out of nowhere, someone suddenly runs into Colt and
knocks him to the ground.

Standing over Colt now is **O'NEAL** -- 40's, Bronx born and
bred, ex-dirty cop.

O'NEAL
Watch where you're walking, pal.

Colt realizes that he's dropped the call.

COLT
Shit--

On hearing Colt's American accent, mock-kinship crosses
O'Neal's face.

O'NEAL
American, huh? What're the chances?

COLT
I mean, there's three hundred
million of us, so not the *craziest*
odds, but sure...

O'NEAL
West Coast?

COLT
L.A.--

O'NEAL
Ah, I'm East. Bronx through and
through.

ON ALMA: who realizes she's lost Colt -- she turns back to
see what happened to him --

SHWAP! An ex-US Marine named **VASQUEZ** suddenly appears behind
Alma, slaps DUCT TAPE on her mouth and ZIPTIES her wrists.

ON COLT: who strains to see Alma in the crowd of commuters --

O'NEAL (CONT'D)
Hey, you know what I like about
L.A.?

COLT
(distracted)
No-

O'NEAL
Not one god damn thing.

ON ALMA: another member of this **COVERT TEAM**, named **JOHNSON**, pushes a STREET SWEEPING CART in front of Alma.

WHAM! Vasquez pushes Alma into the cart and Johnson slams the lid -- no one has noticed a thing...

...except Colt, who spots it now and leaps into action --

COLT
Alma!

-- only to be blocked by an ex-Serbian militia named **BOGDAN**, as O'Neal speaks into Colt's ear:

O'NEAL
You're an amateur, L.A.
(to Bogdan)
Remember: be gentle.

-- O'Neal disappears into the crowd.

Colt pushes forward -- but **BOGDAN** throws Colt to the ground and pins him down with his forearm into Colt's throat --

BOGDAN
Lie there like a good boy now-

COLT
What happened... to gentle?

ON O'NEAL: who reaches the other Security, who push the cart towards an idling MERCEDES SPRINTER VAN parked on the street.

ON COLT: who GRITS HIS TEETH -- *CRACK!* -- Colt suddenly head butts Bogdan in the face.

-- Bogdan is stunned -- Colt pushes him off, then TAKES OFF RUNNING for the escaping van --

-- just as the Sprinter turns down A SIDE STREET.

Colt grits his teeth -- sees he can't catch the van -- he's gotta slow it down. Then he notices an idling TRIUMPH ROCKET III motorcycle and a **BIKER** standing by as he eats a sandwich.

COLT (CONT'D)
(sweetly friendly)
Hey brother.
(looking up)
You think it rains today?

The confused biker looks up too --

-- as Colt GRABS the Triumph and JUMPS ON.

He angles it towards the intersection, hits the gas -- but as he accelerates, Colt **POWER-SLIDES AND JUMPS OFF, LETTING THE BIKE SKID ONWARD.**

VRRRROOOM! The unmanned Triumph SLIDES into the intersection.

ON SPRINTER VAN: as Vasquez looks up to see the SLIDING BIKE.

O'NEAL
WATCH OUT-

CRUNCH! The Sprinter COLLIDES with the giant skidding motorbike, throwing the van off course -- *SLAM!* -- it collides with a line of cars, and the van tips over.

ON COLT: who looks surprised.

COLT
Can't believe that actually-

WHAM! Suddenly, Colt is SHOVED. He turns to find the BIKER standing in front of him.

BIKER
Was zur hölle machst du?!

ON O'NEAL: who stumbles out of the busted Sprinter, already looking around for new transport. Then -- he spots a 16-wheeler BEER DELIVERY TRUCK parked in an alley.

As the **DELIVERY DRIVER** pushes a beer keg towards a loading zone, he turns to find O'Neal aiming a PISTOL at him.

O'NEAL
Don't die for THIS job, friend.

INT. BEER TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Vasquez gets into the driver's seat -- O'Neal hauls Alma up into the cab, nods for Johnson to get in the back... as Bogdan sprints back to join his unit too.

INSIDE: the trailer is filled with BOTTLES and KEGS. A large TARP hangs over a section of cargo to keep it insulated.

Vasquez SCREECHES the truck out of the alley --

EXT. BERLIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Colt sees the truck pulling away, but the Biker is still in his face -- Colt preemptively grimaces --

COLT

I'm so sorry about this, dude.

Colt KICKS the Biker in the knee -- *CRACK!* -- the Biker goes down, Colt easing his fall-

COLT (CONT'D)

Oh man... okay, tell them it's a compound knee fracture, I've had a couple, you should be riding again in four weeks... Sorry. Again.

Colt breaks away and gives CHASE -- following it around a corner, he sees that the sidewalk is packed with tourists --

-- Colt CLIMBS UP onto a BLACK CAB sitting in a taxi rank -- and runs over the line of cabs parked in a line.

Ahead of Colt, a **TOURIST** snaps open a SELFIE STICK and starts taking selfies of her and her friends -- as Colt passes he GRABS the SELFIE STICK from her hands --

-- then he LEAPS off the final cab in the line, and HOOKS the selfie stick onto the TOP RAIL of the truck (**essentially our riff on the umbrella / bus gag in *Police Story*.**)

EXT. BERLIN HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The truck now has a FOUR MILE STRETCH of straight road, down the busy thoroughfare.

Colt FLAILS WILDLY, barely holding on to the selfie-stick --

ON JOHNSON: who opens one of the BACK DOORS to check the noise -- just as the stick comes loose, but Colt manages to grab hold of the OPEN DOOR --

JOHNSON (INTO WALKIE)

He's back here! Shake him off!

INT. BEER TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

ON VASQUEZ: she SWERVES the truck -- O'Neal looks back and see's COLT swing around the side on the door.

O'NEAL (INTO WALKIE)

No headshots. I repeat, no headshots.

O'Neal pulls his PISTOL, aims, and OPENS FIRE.

EXT. BERLIN HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

BLAM! BLAM! Colt DUCKS behind the metal door, using it as a shield as bullet indents explode around him --

-- then Colt reaches out and GRABS Johnson, trying to pull him out of the back of the truck --

-- as he's falling, Johnson grabs onto the OTHER DOOR and swings out -- Colt on one door, Johnson on the other.

-- as two doors SLAM, Colt and Johnson exchange KICKS --

COLT
I can do this... all day.

Johnson SWINGS angrily at Colt and almost loses hold --

COLT (CONT'D)
Actually, not ALL day- that's a lot-

JOHNSON
BOGDAN! HELP!

Bogdan looks around -- then grabs the TARP and throws it out for Johnson to grab a hold of --

-- Johnson grabs the tarp and lets go of the door -- but the tarp starts to RIP from its hold inside the truck -- and Johnson is dragged further and further behind the truck.

The door suddenly slams shut ON COLT'S HANDS -- he screams and lets go, FALLING BACKWARDS onto the TARP.

Now Colt is being dragged along the busy street on a plastic tarp at sixty miles an hour (our faster, longer take on the legendary Stagecoach / Raiders truck sequence).

-- Johnson attacks Colt -- as they fight, Bogdan throws bottles and crates from the truck --

-- Bogdan starts rolling KEGS out, which Colt has to dodge -- the kegs bounce and take out multiple cars --

-- then Colt sees that a BUS has blocked the road ahead --

COLT
Jesus CHRIST-

As Bogdan pushes the NEXT KEG to the edge, Colt suddenly LAYS FLAT on the tarp, wrapping his HANDS UP in it --

SCREEE! Without warning, the beer truck SLAMS to a stop. Bogdan FLIES out of the back still holding onto the keg, he and Johnson tumble into the street --

-- but momentum keeps the tarp moving, and Colt slides between the wheels -- coming to a stop under the engine.

INT. BEER TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

ON O'NEAL: who screams at Vasquez:

O'NEAL
SMASH IT OUT THE WAY!

EXT. BERLIN HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

ON COLT: who looks back to see that the tarp has finally RIPPED OFF the truck completely. **He is going to be left behind -- and run over by an 16-wheeler in the process.**

The truck ACCELERATES, so Colt quickly rips off pieces of the TARP, wraps his hands up, then GRABS the undercarriage --

BOOOM! Vasquez COLLIDES with the bus and the whole truck SHAKES -- Colt is RATTLED, but manages to hang on, **and starts to CLIMB ALONG the undercarriage, towards the cab.**

-- Colt makes it to the front, sees Vasquez through the open window. He pulls out his TRUCKER HAT, then starts lifting it up to hook Vasquez with --

BANG! O'Neal sees the hat and FIRES across Vasquez --

VASQUEZ
WATCH THE CROSSFIRE!

O'NEAL
SHUT UP AND DRIVE.

Colt grabs the door and VAULTS away -- swinging around to the FRONT of the cab. O'Neal FIRES through the windshield --

INT. BEER TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

As the driver's side door flaps open, Alma sees her opportunity -- she SLAMS Vasquez out of the open door --

Colt climbs along the GRILL to the passenger side -- O'Neal swings the GUN towards him, putting it in front of Alma's face -- Alma suddenly BITES O'Neal in the wrist.

BLAM! The bullet just misses Colt and O'Neal drops the GUN.

Colt swings inside and gets between O'Neal and Alma -- O'Neal grabs Colt's head and SLAMS it into the dashboard as he drives -- giving Colt an idea.

COLT
Do that again. But harder.

BOOOM! O'Neal gleefully SLAMS Colt's head, and Colt bounces backwards -- Colt lands, bloodied, next to the HANDBRAKE --

COLT (CONT'D)
Alma!

Alma looks down and sees Colt nod towards her SEAT BELT --

COLT (CONT'D)
Ugh this one's gonna hurt.

Colt reaches down and YANKS the EMERGENCY BRAKE.

ENTER SLO-MO: The giant beer truck suddenly comes to a skidding halt like it hit an invisible brick wall.

As O'Neal flies forward, Colt RIPS the seat cushion from under O'Neal and wraps it around his head -- both men EXPLODE out the windshield -- DROP OUT OF SLO-MO.

They both hit the pavement HARD...

O'Neal is knocked out cold -- and for a moment Colt lies in a heap, completely unmoving.

Then he stirs, pulls the cushion from his head and groans--

COLT (CONT'D)
Called it.

From inside the truck, Alma stares at him like he's from another planet. Colt raises a signature THUMBS UP.

Then his LEG gives out, and he drops out of shot.

CUT TO:

EXT. / INT. SPINCYCLE - NIGHT

FROM INSIDE ALMA'S LOCKER: we see her remove something wrapped in an old tee-shirt, then close the door again.

Alma exits the gym, then turns the corner into an alley -- to find Colt nursing his wounds.

EXT. SIDE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Colt and Alma sit on a bench, in the dead of night, taking a moment to regroup. Alma hands Colt the CRYPT PHONE.

COLT
Thank-you. I appreciate it.

Colt presses a button on the phone -- a LOCK SCREEN appears, and asks for a NINE-DIGIT CODE.

COLT (CONT'D)
What's the password?

ALMA
Oh, I have no idea.

Colt looks up, incredulous:

COLT
Wait, I just went through ALL THAT... and we can't even OPEN it??

ALMA
You didn't ask if I could open it, you just asked if I HAD it!
(helpfully)
I saw him type the code in once, the first digit is "1"...

COLT
That's it! It starts with a 1!

ALMA
I'm sorry!
(then, quickly)
Also if you get the code wrong THREE times and the whole phone gets wiped.

Colt shakes his head -- then, he looks across at the worried Alma. The poor kid's done enough.

COLT
You know what? I can take it from here.

ALMA
(relieved)
Thank-you. You... you're a good man. You're doing a good thing.

Colt takes this in with surprise. Then:

COLT
Honestly? I'm just used to taking hits. That's all I know how to do.
(then)
What're you gonna do now?

ALMA
Disappear. I mean, someone KILLED Henry, Tom's MIA, who knows who's next...

(then)
(MORE)

ALMA (CONT'D)

...not sure the movie business is
the healthiest career for me.

COLT

I hear that.

She smiles, turns and walks away, Colt watching her go.

Then he pulls his TRUCKER HAT out -- we see there's a bullet
hole in it. Colt frowns, and puts it on his head anyway...
then he picks up his cell, and painfully dials a number:

COLT (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

Dan? Hey. They got an ice machine
at your place?

(then)

Yes. Yes, I am in more trouble...

CUT TO:

INT. WOOD-PANELLED OFFICE - NIGHT

O'Neal, battered but resolute, sits in an ornately-curated
office, bigger than most people's homes.

CALM VOICE (O.S.)

(German-American accent)

Walk me through that again.

O'NEAL

Seavers, ah, he found the girl...

(gulp)

And he has Ryker's phone.

REVERSE TO REVEAL: **DRESSLER**, intimidating in the shadow,
sitting behind his desk -- his calm voice unfaltering but
rough as sandpaper -- like Ian Schrager if his job more
explicitly involved hurting people when he had to.

O'Neal's banged up and bloodied team, VASQUEZ, JOHNSON and
BOGDAN, are spread out around the room.

DRESSLER

Bogdan, it was your job to ensure
that the stuntman didn't reach the
girl, right?

BOGDAN

(stammering)

Yes... sorry.

Dressler nods, as if completely understanding.

DRESSLER

Got it. Well, this is good. It's
going to help you.

(then)

(MORE)

DRESSLER (CONT'D)

When I was a young boy I would help my father around the house, fix the pipes, weed the garden, that sort of thing. One day, he says we need to repaint the bathroom. So my father opens a can of paint and tells me to stir it until it is completely mixed.

(then)

My father leaves to collect his tools, and I stir and I stir and I stir. When my father returns, he looks at the paint, and he tells me to keep stirring. Left alone again, I looked down at the paint and I thought, "this is mixed! He's just trying to keep me busy." So, instead of continuing to stir, I sat there and waited for him.

(then)

When my father came back, he asked if I'd finished stirring. And I told him "yes, of course." So we got to work. Twenty minutes later, as the first coat was drying, we began to see streaks in the paint. My father knew what this meant - because I didn't complete the task I was responsible for, he'd have to do twice the work. So, my father gave me a choice: the belt or the wrench.

Bogdan's lip begins to quiver, knowing what's to come.

DRESSLER (CONT'D)

Bogdan, I'm going to give you a choice: the knee or the elbow?

BOGDAN

Please, I thought-

O'NEAL

Don't make it worse-

DRESSLER

He's right. It's a tough choice. But one you have to make.

Dressler looks right at the whimpering Bogdan, waiting patiently for an answer... finally, Bogdan croaks out:

BOGDA

Knee.

DRESSLER

Good choice.

Dressler nods to Vasquez and Johnson, who drag Bogdan out -- then Dressler returns his attention to O'Neal.

DRESSLER (CONT'D)
 Now that that's settled, back to the business at hand.
 (then)
 Have the two other loose ends been dealt with?

QUICK CUTS:

-- GEBHARD walks home, nursing his wounds... when he's suddenly RIPPED into an alley and thrown into a dumpster. O'Neal empties his gun into the dumpster and closes the lid.

-- SIGRID FROESE fixes her makeup in a club bathroom... as Vasquez steps out of a stall, chloroforms her and drags her back. We hear a brief struggle, then a used NEEDLE falls to the ground and Vasquez quietly makes her leave.

CUT BACK TO DRESSLER'S OFFICE:

O'Neal nods in response to Dressler's question.

O'NEAL
 Clean and quiet.

DRESSLER
 They did what they were asked right up until the end. I applaud that.

O'NEAL
 Sir, Seavers could still screw us-

Dressler calmly takes this in.

DRESSLER
 So we just pull up the timeline a little... call Hannah, tell her to release the story right now.
 (then)
 I'll call *my* guy on the movie, and get Seavers location.

O'NEAL
 When I find him... you still want it to look like suicide?

DRESSLER
 Cleaner that way. Though I don't need this phone affecting my sleep, locked or otherwise... so ask Mr. Seavers where it is before you kill him, will you?

With this, O'Neal grins grimly.

O'NEAL
Oh, it's gonna be the highlight of
my WEEK, sir.

DRESSLER
Do what you need to, O'Neal. Just
make sure that when it's done...

INT. HOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON

CLUNK-CLUNK-CLUNK! A grizzled hand fills bucket after bucket
of ice from a hotel ice machine.

DRESSLER (V.O.)
...Colt Seavers is out the picture.

INT. DAN'S HOTEL BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

SPLOSH! Dan Wilde TIPS the ice bucket into the bath. There's
a loud YELP -- reverse to REVEAL COLT, lying in the bathtub.

COLT
Jesus, that's cold. Is European ice
COLDER? Is that a thing?

DAN
How many times d'you hit your head
today, son?

COLT
No idea. Lost count.

Colt goes to shift position, but winces.

DAN
What's the damage?

COLT
Well, aside from long-term spinal
issues... broken finger, sprained
wrist, broken nose, maybe a couple
of ribs, dislocated should-AAARGH!

Dan stands and puts ALL HIS WEIGHT on Colt's shoulder, and
the thing CRUNCHES back into place. He reels back.

DAN
One less thing to worry about.

Dan looks at the CRYPT PHONE on the side of the bath.

DAN (CONT'D)
Let me get this straight... you
haven't slept in 3 days... you've
gotten hit by a cab...
(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)
 been dragged five miles behind a 16-
 wheeler... and this is all you've
 got to show for it?

COLT
 Yup.

DAN
 You're shit at this.

COLT
 Believe me, I know.

DAN
 I need a drink.

Dan nods and exits... as Colt peers at the phone.

INT. DAN'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dan grabs a tequila bottle and pours -- on the table we see the HANDCUFFS from the fire stunt that he's been fixing, alongside his bashed-up gold-ish BIKER HELMET, and the TV is on in the background, the BBC World Service.

COLT (O.S.)
 I just figure, if I can unlock
that, I might be able to find out
 why Ryker went missing... if he's
 even still breathing. That way,
 nobody has to shut the movie down-

DAN
 Forget the bloody movie! It's time
 you went to-

Then Dan's face DROPS.

He sees something on the TV, scrambles for the remote.

ONSCREEN: is a picture of COLT.

COLT (O.S.)
 Time I went to what? The cops?

BBC ANCHOR
*COLT SEAVERS, an American stuntman,
 is wanted for questioning in
 regards to the murder of Henry
 Herrera-*

COLT (O.S.)
 You think I should go to the cops,
 Dan? Maybe I should go to the cops.

INT. DAN'S HOTEL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Colt looks up from the phone, as Dan comes to the door, his face ashen. He shakes his head.

DAN

You can't go to the cops.

CUT TO:

INT. DAN'S HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Colt, in a hastily wrapped towel, and Dan watch the screen, aghast. Colt looks like the whole world has folded in on him.

ONSCREEN: CCTV footage of Colt at The Mandala --

NEWSCASTER

Investigators believe Seavers' bitterness towards Mr. Herrera, his successor as movie star Tom Ryker's stunt double, may be a motive in the killing.

COLT

Shit.

(then, quietly)

Jody's gonna see this.

DAN

The whole WORLD is seeing this!

(warily)

Is there anything you're not telling me here?

COLT

NO, I DIDN'T DO THIS! I found his body, Dan, but, I swear, he was already dead when I got there!

DAN

You said that guy Gebhard saw Ryker in the room...

COLT

Yeah but that doesn't make sense EITHER... Ryker was supposed to be at that party at the same time...

DAN

Mate, *focus*.

(nodding to the phone)

You need to unlock *that*, and figure out what happened that night...

Colt ROLLS HIS SHOULDER in the mirror, checking out his injury, wincing --

COLT
That's a GREAT PLAN, Dan... but how
am I supposed to- oh wait-

-- Colt has caught sight in the mirror of the CALIFORNIA
TATTOO on his ribcage. And something shifts.

COLT (CONT'D)
What does Ryker care most about in
the whole world?

DAN
Who's more handsome, him or Brad
Pitt?

COLT
Even more than that.
(then)
Money.

EXT. DAN'S HOTEL - SIMULTANEOUS

The sun is beginning to wane, as we pull back from the hotel
to see a LARGE MERCEDES SUV pull up into the street...

O'NEAL exits -- JOHNSON joins him. O'Neal reads a text:

O'NEAL
Room 547. Let's go.

They stride towards the entrance...

INT. DAN'S HOTEL ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Colt grabs Dan's LAPTOP and hastily pulls up a website-

COLT
What nine digit numbers, starting
with a "1", does Ryker have
tattooed down his goddamn ribcage?

He spins the laptop to Dan, revealing "BOX OFFICE MOJO".

COLT (CONT'D)
His opening-weekend numbers.

DAN
Sociopath.

COLT
(shrug)
Movie star. Ok, you take this...
what's Ryker's biggest hit?

Dan fumbles around for his reading glasses, which he clearly hates wearing, then squints at the screen

DAN
 "Booster Gold"... opening weekend
 was \$193,488,326.

Colt frowns, types the numbers into the phone.

Beat. Then... *BEEEEEEEEEP!*

COLT
 No dice. Two guesses left.

INT. LOBBY - SIMULTANEOUS

As the desk clerk looks up, O'Neal smiles genially, like he's a regular guest. He and Johnson make for the elevator.

INT. DAN'S HOTEL ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

An increasingly worried Colt waits impatiently for Dan...

DAN
 Okay, "Dream Tough" is his next
 highest earner. \$187,888,243.
 Jesus, how much does Ryker MAKE off
 these things?

COLT
 Twenty mill against 20% of the
 gross-

DAN
 That movie was all stunts! He
 hardly even showed up except for
 his dumb karate close-ups!

Colt types but -- *BEEEEEEEEEP!* The phone complains again.

COLT
 Still no dice. *shit.*

INT. ELEVATOR - SIMULTANEOUS

DING! O'Neal and Bogdan are in the elevator. They both pull on RUBBER GLOVES -- then take out their pistols and SCREW SILENCERS on. The numbers climb.

INT. DAN'S HOTEL ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Colt shakes his head... then something strikes him.

COLT
 "Ice Warrior" was his first hit.
 His first tattoo. How much is that?

DAN
 A crummy \$114,144,585.
 (then)
 You really wanna risk it?

Colt hesitates -- then types the numbers in slowly. He hovers over the "5" -- the moment of truth... Colt hits it --

PING! The phone unlocks.

COLT
 Dice!

Colt scrolls through the phone -- the most recent materials are all from the party Alma told him about.

COLT (CONT'D)
 Okay... here's the Eyes Wide Shut party-

ONSCREEN: Colt clicks on the **last video...the scene that Alma walked us through earlier, seen now from RYKER'S PHONE POV**.

It shows Ryker downing a drink, then taking the silver cowboy hat and putting it on.

Then Ryker's face contorts in anger as he catches sight of something -- the video flips to the front camera and we see **HENRY** showing off his martial arts skills --

RYKER (O.S.)
Look at this dumb little show-off.

Colt pauses it, shows it to Dan:

DAN
 Henry was with Ryker the night he died?

ONSCREEN: Ryker clearly SCREAMS something vicious at Henry, then Henry ducks as a HIGHBALL GLASS flies past and shatters against the wall. Ryker's laughter can be heard offscreen --

-- and Henry looks back at him, angrily.

RYKER (O.S.)
What, you're gonna come at ME, you little pissant?

ONSCREEN: in the background, we see DRESSLER nod to O'NEAL, who moves to take Ryker's phone -- then the video CUTS OFF.

COLT
 Jesus... that's the guy who was
 trying to-

Colt stops himself. A thought has struck him.

DAN
 Trying to what?

COLT
 I was going to say "kill me"...

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - SIMULTANEOUS

O'Neal leads Johnson to the hotel room door -- Johnson pulls out a keycard cracker, and starts to pop the door lock.

COLT (V.O.)
 ...but he wasn't trying to kill me.
 This whole time, he's just LET me
 search for Ryker, no matter how
 much shit I got into...

INT. DAN'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

And now Colt starts to put the pieces together, tying little knots in his rope as he does so.

COLT
 When they had the perfect chance to
 take me out for good, O'Neal told
 his guy to be gentle...

Colt looks down at the phone -- the first frame of the video is frozen on the screen: RYKER's blurred face is contorted into something between elation and rage.

COLT (CONT'D)
 They *wanted* me to do all this. To
 cover up Henry's death, and
 whatever they've done to Ryker.
 (then)
 They set me up.
 (then)
 I'm the fall guy.

CLICK! Both men hear something AT THE FRONT DOOR.

COLT (CONT'D)
 Turn down service.

Dan nods to the empty CHOCOLATE WRAPPERS on the bed.

DAN
 Already been.

BOOOM! Suddenly, the front door BUCKLES --

DAN (CONT'D)

Jesus!

Colt frowns for just a moment... then he takes control, runs to the door and leans against it to keep it closed.

COLT

Take the phone and RUN-

DAN

I can still handle myself-

COLT

THE PHONE.

He nods to the ADJOINING DOOR to the next room --

DAN

Come with me!

COLT

Can't. Need to know who's doing this to me. C'mon, man...

BOOOM! The door buckles again and Colt can't hold it forever.

COLT (CONT'D)

DAN, GO!

Dan unhappily grabs the CRYPT PHONE, runs to the ADJOINING DOOR. He opens his side, but can't get the OTHER DOOR open --

COLT (CONT'D)

BARGE IT!

Dan tries to BARGE the door, but it doesn't move. Colt struggles to hold his ground at the FRONT DOOR --

O'NEAL (O.S.)

WE KNOW YOU'RE THERE, SEAVERS-

Dan looks around, panicking -- then picks up the GOLD MOTORBIKE HELMET -- pulls it on his head.

COLT

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING!?

Dan RUNS AT THE ADJOINING DOOR LIKE A BULL (**Like Hooper running at a jukebox in the same burnished gold helmet**).

BANG! Dan SMASHES through the adjoining door -- *BOOM!* -- as the front door BUCKLES again under Colt's weight -- as Dan SHUTS the adjoining door behind him --

-- while O'Neal and Johnson SMASH Colt out of the way.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Dan stumbles out into the now-empty corridor, where he looks around frantically... and runs for the elevators.

BUT -- *BANG! BANG!* -- O'Neal sees him and FIRES TWICE into the corridor. There's a mist of blood, and Dan SPINS around --

COLT (O.S.)

HEY!

INSIDE: Colt sees that Dan needs a distraction --

-- so he grabs the TEQUILA BOTTLE and hurls it at O'Neal, SMASHING it into his head -- O'Neal turns, and LUNGES at him.

ON DAN: whose SHOULDER and GUT blossoms with dark blood. He winces, but manages to DRAG himself to the ELEVATOR.

INT. DAN'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Colt DOUBLE-KICKS O'Neal in the chest and O'Neal SMASHES back through the table -- but Colt LANDS HARD and AWKWARDLY.

SMACK! Johnson KICKS the prone Colt in the face, and he crab walks backwards until he hits the BREAKFAST BAR -- looking up, Colt finds both O'Neal and Johnson towering over him.

COLT

Okay... guys. The fighting I do, it's fake, it's *movie magic*. You guys are pros, you probably kill people all the TIME.

JOHNSON

(re: O'Neal)

Oh, he's killed a LOT of people.

COLT

(sighing)

Great to hear.

O'NEAL

(to Johnson)

Find it.

Johnson starts tearing apart the room, searching for...

O'NEAL (CONT'D)

Where's the phone, L.A.?

COLT

(playing dumb)

You know, I'm getting asked that a lot, but I don't know WHICH phone-

BAM! O'Neal punches Colt across the face.

COLT (CONT'D)

Ugh. Okay... you're talking about Ryker's secret phone. Got it.

(then)

You know, I can't seem to remember where I left it.

O'NEAL

You could avoid a LOT of pain and suffering if just tell us where you stashed the cell-

COLT

Could I though? 'Cos I feel like, now that I'm the prime suspect, you've got carte blanche to NOT be gentle...

(then)

You here to kill me?

O'NEAL

Eventually, sure. Gotta make it look like you did it yourself, though -- you've heard the news, you're a madman on the run, they're always topping themselves-

COLT

Kind of a clichéd ending-

O'NEAL

Oh I'm sorry, are you an Oscar-winning screenwriter now?

COLT

No, but you've got logic issues for sure. If you're planning on fake-suicide-murdering me... why would I tell you anything?

O'NEAL

(smiling)

Oh, I got a fix for that.

(then)

I don't need to kill you fast.

O'Neal looks around -- grabs the HANDCUFFS, snaps them onto Colt's hands -- attaching Colt to the BREAKFAST BAR.

COLT

(crestfallen)

Yeah, I guess that kinda tracks.

O'Neal crouches down, lowering his voice, face close to Colt:

O'NEAL

Like I told you, I'm a Bronx guy, ex-NYPD. And my beat, it was a pretty rough scene back in the day, assholes thought they could get away with *anything*. But me and the other guys in the 46th, we didn't take too kindly to that. Didn't hesitate to knock a guy around either, until he confessed. Sometimes we'd work on him for hours. Sometimes he'd never even walk out the interrogation room.

COLT

Fun story. You ever think about writing kids books?

BANG! O'Neal KICKS him in the face. Colt takes it hard. Johnson returns and shakes his head, he didn't find anything

COLT (CONT'D)

Ughhhh.

(Colt wobbles a tooth)

Incisor. Double points. Any chance I could just grab my mouthguard-

BAM! O'Neal punches him again. Colt swoons...

COLT (CONT'D)

Got it.

(then)

Listen... how about I tell you everything I know about your boss instead?

O'NEAL

Shut up-

COLT

(pushing on)

I know he likes polos and khakis. Tight look. I know he and Ryker are pals. I know Henry and Ryker were at his party three nights ago. And then Ryker falls off the face of the earth, and Henry winds up dead... and your boss is behind ALL of it.

O'NEAL

Nice try, but none of this touches Mr. Dressler. Guys like him... they tend to have a LOT of high-up friends...

COLT
 He can't be pleased with you,
 though, letting me get away. Plus,
 this whole mess started at his
 party... on YOUR WATCH...

O'NEAL
 (annoyed)
 None of this is on ME, asshole-

COLT
 (winding him up)
 It's okay to admit to your mistakes-

O'NEAL
 (getting angry)
 If Ryker hadn't lost his shit, we
 wouldn't be here right now-

COLT
 So that's why you had to KILL
 Ryker? Huh?

O'NEAL
 My god, you think you're smart but
 you are SO goddamn stupid. Ryker's
 not *dead*... HE'S the reason we're
 all in this mess.
 (then)
 HE killed the kid.
 (then)
 And HE helped set... you... up.

BAM! BAM! BAM! On the last three word, O'Neal hits Colt with
 devastating blows to his face.

Colt swoons. Barely conscious. Then he looks at O'Neal, and
 incongruously... he flashes a bloody shit-eating grin.

COLT
 You know, for a pro, you are REAL
 easy to interrogate.

O'NEAL
 (frowning)
 What's that supposed to mean?

COLT
 You just gave me EVERYTHING, Bronx!
 Told me that Ryker killed Henry,
 AND that your boss, who's called
 Dressler, is covering it up... I
 mean, that's a LOT.
 (bloodied but casual)
 Hey, you think cops would be more
 popular if they were, like... *good*
 at their jobs?

O'Neal SNARLS and goes to PUNCH Colt --

SMACK! But Colt RAISES his hand and DEFLECTS THE PUNCH.
O'Neal looks down, and sees the HANDCUFFS hanging open.

COLT (CONT'D)
Movie magic, dude.

BANG! Colt HEADBUTTS O'Neal, SLAMMING the gun out his hand --
SPINNING and smashing his elbow into Johnson's FACE --

-- then Colt GATHERS UP the plastic shopping bag, his BOOTS,
CLOTHES, and TRUCKER HAT... and SPRINTS out the room.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Colt SKIDS and grabs a laundry cart, JAMS it against the
door. Then he STEALS the keycard hanging from it -- opens the
EMPLOYEE STAIRWELL and runs...

ANGLE ON O'NEAL: who desperately radios Vasquez-

O'NEAL (INTO WALKIE)
Vasquez, cut off the back entrance!

EXT. HOTEL - BACK ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Colt bursts out the back door of the hotel, and spots his
TRUCK. He SPRINTS to in his bare feet...

INT. COLT'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

BANG! Colt jumps in and throws the PLASTIC BAG into the front
seat. But he sees the MERCEDES blocking his only exit.

Colt dejectedly rests his head on the steering wheel.

COLT
All I want... is a glass of Añejo
and a goddamn nap.

He looks back up, grits his teeth and turns the key.

INT. SUV #1 - CONTINUOUS

Vasquez maneuvers into position, blocking the entire street.
Suddenly, there's the sound of a roaring V8 engine...

VR000000M! The GMC SMASHES into the back of the car --

INT. / EXT. COLT'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The truck makes it through, skids and then rights itself --
BRINGGG! But as his phone goes off, Colt sees the caller ID
 reads "JODY". For a moment he's distracted --

COLT
 SHIT-

Colt checks out his REAR VIEW MIRROR: O'Neal and Johnson
smash out the back door, and jump into Vasquez's SUV.

Colt turns back -- and panics as he realizes he's turned into
 the WRONG LANE and the traffic is heading towards him-

COLT (CONT'D)
 MOVE! MOVE! MOVE!

ON O'NEAL: who sees Colt ahead --

O'NEAL
 STAY ON HIM.

ON COLT: who GUNS down the street towards the MOLTKE BRIDGE.

The Mercedes is in pursuit and starting to gain on him.

Colt looks back at the road... and sees a GROUP OF SCHOOLKIDS
 exiting their bus and crossing the street --

COLT
 KIDS?! REALLY??

He's on a collision course and has no other choice -- Colt
 uses an expert move, SWERVES the truck HARD away from the bus
 and the children -- RAMPS two wheels up over a car --

-- and BOUNCES the truck into a spin -- then ROLLS THROUGH
THE AIR, just missing the bus...

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS

The GMC flips off of the street, SKIDS on its roof through a
 CHAINLINK FENCE, the iconic roll cage on the truck just about
 keeping Colt safe...

...until it finally comes to rest, upside down, in the middle
 of a CONSTRUCTION SITE.

INT. SUV #1 - CONTINUOUS

ON O'NEAL: who directs Vasquez past the crash and to a locked
 gate to the same construction site -- they smash through it.

O'NEAL
Nice... he's screwed himself.

INT. COLT'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

It takes a beat for Colt to get his bearings, hanging upside down... then he unbuckles himself, quickly throws everything he can find in the truck into Sigrid's PLASTIC "EDEKA" BAG from earlier, and kicks the door out.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS

Colt tumbles out of the truck and sees the Merc making it's way through the construction site towards him.

Colt checks his CELLPHONE and see's five missed calls from Jody. He looks around -- the construction site is completely fenced in, and O'Neal's got him cornered. No way out --

-- then he looks up.

He takes in the GIANT TOWER CRANE overhead, it's JIB hanging out over the Spree river.

Colt groans and looks for ANY OTHER PLACE HE CAN RUN...

Then he looks up. Shakes his head at the enormity of the crane. But Colt knows has no choice...

...so, hands shaking, he starts the long climb, the plastic bag still dangling from his wrist...

As he climbs, Colt takes out his CELLPHONE, hits "JODY".

INT. JODY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

INTERCUT BETWEEN LOCATIONS

Jody jumps for her phone, the TV news on in her kitchen:

JODY (ON PHONE)
Colt!!

COLT (ON PHONE)
(panting)
Hey Jode, I can't quite hear you-

ON JODY: who moves to the window to get better reception.

JODY (ON PHONE)
Sorry, the signal here is terrible-

ON COLT: who tries to stay on the tower, the fierce wind buffeting him loudly.

COLT (ON PHONE)
Ah... I think it's probably... on
my end too.

JODY (ON PHONE)
Did you see-?

COLT (ON PHONE)
(panicked)
Yeah and I know it must look bad
but it wasn't me, I would never,
ever hurt-

JODY (ON PHONE)
I know THAT! Obviously!

COLT (ON PHONE)
(genuinely relieved)
Oh, cool.

Colt looks down -- and sees O'NEAL raise his weapon at him-

COLT (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
JODE I GOTTA PUT YOU ON HOLD!

Colt MUTES himself --

BANG BANG BANG! -- as SHOTS FIRE OUT, and Colt has to SWING
AROUND the crane, barely holding on.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS

O'Neal stands at the base of the crane with Johnson and
Vasquez -- looking up at Colt, he barks new orders.

O'NEAL
You two, stay on his six!

JOHNSON
Follow him up THERE?

O'Neal RELOADS his gun with menace -- Johnson and Vasquez
exchange a look, and reluctantly start to scale the crane.

EXT. CRANE - CONTINUOUS

Colt tentatively continues climbing, then looks down and sees
JOHNSON and VAQUEZ climbing up after him --

COLT
Shit.

-- then he realizes how high he is, and a WAVE OF VERTIGO
hits him -- but he pushes on, and reaches the point where the
TOWER meets the JIB. He steadies himself, and unmutes Jody.

COLT (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
Hey, I'm back.

BANG BANG BANG! More shots --

JODY (ON PHONE)
WHAT WAS THAT?!

COLT (ON PHONE)
Uh, that was... bullets. Some
people are shooting at me.

CLANNGGG! Bullets tear up the undercarriage of the cabin --
Colt JUMPS to avoid getting hit -- and in the process Colt
accidentally ACTIVATES the crane.

JODY (ON PHONE)
Colt, talk to me PLEASE!

Colt looks out and sees that the JIB has slowly begun
swinging -- away from the Spree, and towards land.

COLT
Come ON...

As he looks out, Colt is hit with a wave of vertigo -- he's
way too high up, this was a mistake, he shouldn't be here.

CLANNGGG! Bullets come up through the undercarriage again --
forcing Colt out onto the JIB.

**Now he's balancing 250ft in the air, barefoot, along a moving
crane, as O'Neal fires an automatic weapon at him.**

COLT (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
Jode, listen, I just... I don't
KNOW if I'm gonna make it here-

JODY (ON PHONE)
What does *that* mean?!

COLT (ON PHONE)
-but since I got here I've been
trying to ask you... something.
I've actually thought about asking
you for a while...

Colt reaches the END OF THE JIB -- with each passing second,
it gets closer and closer to hanging completely over LAND.

JODY (ON PHONE)
Just tell me where you are and I
can help!

COLT (ON PHONE)
(shouting over the wind)
I appreciate that-

JODY (ON PHONE)
I don't want this to be the last
time we talk!

Colt takes that in -- almost smiles as --

BRAMMMM! Another hail of bullets spray up... and this time
Colt DROPS his phone.

COLT
GODDAMMIT!

Colt turns -- and meets eyes with JOHNSON and VASQUEZ as they
make it to the top of the tower -- Johnson RAISES HIS WEAPON.

Colt looks back at the receding shoreline. He shakes his
head, resigned to this -- closes his eyes...

...his assailants SHOOT AGAIN...

...and...

...then...

...COLT...

...FALLS.

**It's 250ft -- the highest free-fall ever -- higher even than
Dar Robinson's 220ft fall for *Sharky's Machine*.**

EXT. SPREE RIVER - CONTINUOUS

CRASH! Colt's body SLAMS into the water of the Spree, landing
twenty feet from shore --

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS

O'Neal's eyes go wide as he watches Colt drop the
unimaginable distance to the river below.

He HOLDS UP HIS PHONE and records the whole thing --

EXT. SPREE RIVER - CONTINUOUS

-- *VRROOOOM!* -- just as a PASSENGER SHIP carves out across
the water, over the top of Colt's body.

O'Neal runs to the edge, looking for proof of death. Frowns.
Still nothing. Then...

COLT'S BODY rises to the surface.

VRRROOOOM! Suddenly, a second BOAT speeds over the body, pulling it under to be chewed up by the propellers.

The boat passes by, and the body is gone.

FADE TO BLACK:

The sound of a new report comes in...

NEWSCASTER (PRE-LAP)
*Police are investigating the
 suicide of COLT SEAVERS, the man
 they believe to be responsible for
 the recent murder of Henry Herrera.*

INT. STUDIO NEWS REPORT

A BBC NEWSCASTER presents a piece to camera.

NEWSCASTER
*Seavers is said to have been a
 "down-on-his-luck" stunt performer
 usually residing in Los Angeles.*

ONSCREEN: BTS FOOTAGE of young Colt working on a Ryker movie.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)
*He spent his early career working
 as the stunt double for superstar
 Tom Ryker. However, after that
 relationship ended acrimoniously,
 Seavers reportedly continued to use
 Mr. Ryker's name to gain access to
 a lifestyle beyond his means.*

ONSCREEN: CCTV footage of Colt talking with the bouncer of CLUB HALLOGALLO, and then a short INTERVIEW CLIP with him:

BOUNCER
*He said that he could get me a part
 in a big film-*

ONSCREEN: CCTV footage of Colt entering RYKER'S BUILDING:

NEWSCASTER
*Over the last few days, Mr. Seavers
 has also trespassed at Mr. Ryker's
 apartment building...*

ONSCREEN: CCTV footage of Colt chasing GEBHARD down:

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)
*... and was caught on-camera
 harassing GEBHARD SUZUKI, Mr.
 Ryker's personal assistant.*

ONSCREEN: the footage from O'Neal's phone plays, captioned "WITNESS CAMERA FOOTAGE", showing Colt's tragic fall...

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)
Investigators believe Seavers' bitterness towards Mr. Herrera, his successor as Tom Ryker's stunt double, drove him to commit this heinous crime, and ultimately end his own life-

ONSCREEN: the 'MUTE' graphic appears over the video --

DRESSLER (O.S.)
 Nice framing, O'Neal. You really shot that yourself?

O'NEAL (PRE-LAP)
 Yup.

INT. DRESSLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

DRESSLER and O'NEAL watch the BBC NEWS REPORT, sipping from thick crystal tumblers of Scotch.

DRESSLER
 It looks *great*. Seriously, you might have missed your calling.

O'NEAL
 Maybe it's not too late-

DRESSLER
 Well let's ask an expert. What'd you think... Tom?

REVEAL IN CLOSE-UP: superstar **TOM RYKER**.

All expensive sweats and blood-red eyes, he frowns -- then drops down, and nails a RAIL offscreen. When his head pops back into frame, he wipes his nose.

RYKER
 I think I want my life back.

DRESSLER
 And like I promised... you've got it, Tom. Seavers is at the bottom of the Spree, along with all evidence of any wrongdoing -- an open and shut case. In a couple of days, production will get going again, you'll go back to work, and when the movie comes out they'll dedicate it to the dead kid and we'll *all* make a lot of money.

(MORE)

DRESSLER (CONT'D)

(almost rueful)

Maybe even more now... people love
behind-the-scenes drama.

Dressler has a way about him which suggests resignation that this is the way of the world... he doesn't *like* it, he just knows how to play it. Which is of course absolute bullshit.

RYKER

Are you sure?

DRESSLER

As my friend, what did I promise
you, Tom? That I would handle it.

(then)

This... is over.

Off Dressler's half-smile --

JODY (PRE-LAP)

This... is *bullshit*.

CUT TO:

INT. STUNT HANGAR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

It's night-time outside the hangar -- but JODY, GREG LEUNG, BABS, VENTI, RUSH, WILLEM FROM TRANSP0 and a group of STUNT PERFORMERS are huddled around the big screen inside, drinking beers in stunned silence. Except Jody... who's FURIOUS.

LEUNG

We get it, you used to date Colt.
But facts are facts... Henry's
dead... Dan's not far behind... and
all 'cos of him-

CLICK! Jody switches the screen off --

JODY

-he didn't do THIS! He told me!

MCCABE

Have you considered he might have
been *lying*, love? Murderers do that-

BABS

He did look very tired-

JODY

If looking tired makes you a
MURDERER I'd have been in jail
before principal photography!

LEUNG

They're saying he killed one of my
guys, Jode- MY guys-

JODY
Colt is one of your guys too-

LEUNG
-he *used* to be. But all of this started as soon as that burnout got here and right now every single thing points to him so as far as I-

VOICE (O.S.)
Fuck you, Greg.

A VOICE suddenly interrupts Greg before he can finish. The entire room spins around...

There, silhouetted in the hangar doorway, is Colt.

COLT
And I mean that sincerely.

He's damp, utterly beat-up, barely upright, still holding his plastic bag... and wearing an alien jumpsuit from the movie.

Jody, elated but confused, walks up to him, almost unsure that it's him.

JODY
You're-

COLT
(half-smile)
-not dead. No.

She leans in -- and instinctively hugs him. He takes it.

JODY
You okay?

COLT
No. Not okay either.

Colt gently steps past her, and into the room. He reaches out for one of the beers on the table.

COLT (CONT'D)
This anybody's?

Everyone shoots each other sideways glances, wondering if they're in a room with a killer... and Colt sees their looks.

COLT (CONT'D)
(pissed off)
Seriously, I need to say it? No, I didn't kill anyone! No, I'm not a psychopath or a jealous maniac or anything they're calling me-

VENTI
Why do they think you're dead?

COLT
Thanks to two people.
(then, to Greg)
One of them's an asshole...

Off Greg's confused look:

FLASHBACK: INT. COLT'S TRUCK - AFTERNOON

Colt has his head on the wheel, outside Dan's hotel... Then we see what he noticed in the car -- the DEFLATED STUNT DUMMY -- and a PLAN starts to form, as he looks back up determined.

FLASHBACK: EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - LATER

The truck CRASHES into frame. PUSH IN: on Colt -- as he grabs the PLASTIC BAG, and stuffs the inflatable dummy in it.

He looks around, realizes he can't escape -- then looks up grudgingly at the crane...

INT. STUNT HANGAR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Colt lifts his beer in salute...

COLT
...and the other's a legend with
two simple rules:

FLASHBACK: EXT. CRANE - SUNSET

Colt stands on the edge of the crane holding the plastic bag tightly. As the SECURITY TEAM reach the top of the crane --

COLT JUMPS. We see the terrifying fall again -- but this time watch as Colt hits the water with PERFECT form.

COLT (V.O.)
"Protect your neck..."

FLASHBACK: EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

The impact is ROUGH -- as the FIRST BOAT powers above, Colt hangs in the water, looking like he's blacked out...

Then Colt's eyes blink open -- refocussing, he realizes that the BAG has left his hand -- he GRABS it and pulls the deflated dummy out, quickly shoving his clothes around it --

COLT (V.O.)
 "...and don't be a dummy".

He hits "inflate" -- the dummy immediately EXPANDS. Colt releases it and watches the dummy float to the surface.

The dummy surfaces then -- VOOOOOOM! -- a GIGANTIC BOAT SLICES THROUGH IT -- as Colt swims to the shore...

INT. STUNT HANGAR - NIGHT

There's a stunned pause as everyone takes in the story.

LEUNG
 Didn't know you had it in you.

JODY
 I did-

She smiles, and Colt appreciates it.

JODY (CONT'D)
 -but what IS going on?

Colt swigs the beer, hard, shakes his head.

COLT
 I don't have all the pieces. But essentially... some really shitty people needed someone else to take the fall for a murder. And that I'm the guy they picked.

VENTI
 But why YOU? Like, no, uh-

COLT
 -no offense? I know. And that there's why they picked me...
 (then)
 I'm a stuntman... nobody gives a shit.

He puts the beer down hard on the table, his anger palpable.

COLT (CONT'D)
 Oh, hey... and there's another thing you should all know. The real murderer?

He points up to the RYKER POSTERS on the wall.

COLT (CONT'D)
 Number one on the call sheet.

The rest of the team look shocked.

JODY
You're... joking, right?

Off Colt's look... then, suddenly, something strikes him.

COLT
Wait... where's Dan?

Leung and Jody exchange a glance. Colt's face drops.

INT. LEUNG'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE-UP ON DAN: as he lies, eyes closed, on the sofa in Greg's office. He's pale, and his SIDE bandaged up.

REVEAL COLT in the doorway, with Greg and Jody. Colt steps forward, takes off his hat in respect.

GREG
Set medic patched him up-

COLT
Why isn't he in a *hospital*?

JODY
When McCabe picked him up, he was kind of out of it 'cos of the blood loss. But he told Rush that it was safer here... and 'cos there was something he had to keep hold of.
(then)
For you.

Jody points to something in Dan's hand -- looking closer, Colt sees that it's the CRYPT PHONE.

Colt shakes his head, and turns to leave the room. His face darkens... and he paces out into the hanger.

INT. STUNT HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Jody follows Colt down into the main area...

JODY
Colt?

Colt paces past the GIANT MODEL of the finale stunt.

JODY (CONT'D)
Colt, are you okay? What are you going to do?

Colt stops -- and looks down at the model. There's a TINY FIGURINE on the roof, near the edge of the building.

The rest of the team start to gather, keeping a distance.

MCCABE

Mate... you've gotta run.

WILLEM FROM TRANSP0

I could lend a car? Fake plates-

VENTI

And I could help you, you know...
stay dead. Digitally speaking.

Colt nods, taking this in -- staring at the little man standing atop the huge, expensive set-piece.

Colt takes the TINY FIGURINE off the building -- tosses it backwards and forwards in his hands as he thinks...

COLT

Thanks. But I don't wanna stay
dead.

(then)

They don't just get to do that to
me, or Henry, or anyone else... and
not answer for it.

GREG

(still skeptical)

Uh-huh. But do you have, like... an
actual *plan*?

Colt looks Greg in the eye, still tossing that lone figure back and forth... And he nods.

COLT

Yeah, I think I do.

(reticently)

But I can't do it on-

JODY

(interrupting)

-I'm in.

COLT

You don't know what I'm gonna ask-

JODY

Doesn't matter. I'm in.

LEUNG

I'm in too. Whatever you need.

Colt is surprised, never expecting Greg to support him.

COLT

You sure about that?

LEUNG

They killed one of my people.
 Nearly two of them.
 (nodding to Colt)
 And you woulda been a third.
 (then)
 That shit can't stand.

The rest of the team nod and signal their agreement, as Colt nods to them all, reluctant but grateful.

MCCABE

So... what's this amazing plan,
 meatbag?

Colt looks at the site of the FINALE SET-PIECE again.

COLT

I figure I offer them a deal to get
 me in the door...
 (turning to Venti)
 ...but first... I have to FIND that
 door. VFX, that part's on you.

VENTI

Well okay then.
 (smiling)
 You owe me a punch in the face.

FLASH-FORWARD: EXT. BERLIN SKYLINE - NIGHT

TRACK IN across neon Berlin -- towards DRESSLER'S PENTHOUSE, as a weary BOGDAN, on crutches, limps outside on nightwatch.

He sits at the glass table, lights a cigarette, and leans back from the table just as --

CRASH!

Something round and golden SLAMS into the table and the glass EXPLODES. Bogdan falls backwards, yelping. He pulls his weapon, looks around him, then above...

...to where VENTI'S DRONE hovers in the sky.

He looks down -- to find DAN'S MOTORCYCLE HELMET. And written on it in purple marker is a message:

"FOR THE ATTENTION OF MR. DRESSLER"

INT. DRESSLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

DRESSLER sits at his desk in a night-robe. Still very calm.

RYKER, in sweatshirt and pants hastily pulled on, pacing in front of Dressler's desk -- pissed off and confused.

RYKER
Someone has to explain what's happening... seriously...

O'NEAL
Then let me finish, asshole-

O'Neal is by the door, gritting his teeth, rubbing the sleep from his eyes to read the NOTE in front of him.

O'NEAL
"-I have the crypt-phone, and I have the code for it. Tom, if you're reading this... nice "Ice Warrior" callback..."

RYKER
SHIT. That WAS the code-

O'NEAL
(rolling his eyes)
"I can't get my life back now, and that's okay, it wasn't so great anyhow. So I'm offering you a deal... I don't make YOUR life difficult... if you give me a new one.
(then)
Ten million dollars, 9am this morning, at the address below. I'll come alone. But everyone needs to be there -- you, Mr. Dressler... but Ryker too."

RYKER
No way. No goddamn WAY. Uh-uh.
(then)
No deal.

Dressler and O'Neal exchange a look. Then Dressler walks over to Ryker and leans in, getting very close to the superstar.

DRESSLER
(calm but sinister)
Are we friends, Tom?

RYKER
(with a shrug)
I mean, sure-

DRESSLER
Good... that's partly why I worked so hard to make all this go away...

RYKER
And I- wait, partly?

DRESSLER
(with a smile)
C'mon, you think I'd go to THIS
much trouble just to help out some
movie star?

Dressler sits on the arm of Ryker's chair. Still calm.

DRESSLER (CONT'D)
You see, I put money into your
film, Tom... a LOT of money... and
that money, it came from some
other... druz-ya of mine.

O'NEAL
That means "friends"...
(then)
...in Russian.

RYKER
Oh.
(then)
Shit.

DRESSLER
Exactly. That's an issue. Because
my druz-ya worked very hard to get
their money, and I promised them by
putting it in your movie, their
cash would be laundered, folded...
and maybe even increased.
(then)
But, if the evidence you clumsily
left in the world sees the light of
day, the movie will be shut down
and everyone's money will
disappear. And then my druz-ya are
going to be very, very, very angry.

Ryker takes a deep breath now. Dressler resets.

DRESSLER (CONT'D)
So... are we friends, Tom?

RYKER
(quickly)
100%. Yes. Absolutely.

DRESSLER
Good. Then YOU will be standing
next to me, holding a bag with ten
million dollars in it.

(MORE)

DRESSLER (CONT'D)

Then we'll take my chopper to a friend's place in Morocco -- you can dry out from all the ketamine -- or take MORE ketamine, whatever you need to decompress -- and in a week or so, it's back to work...

O'NEAL

Mr. Dressler... are we really gonna just *give in* to some... *stunt guy*?

Dressler turns to O'Neal... smiles enigmatically.

CUT TO:

INT. STUNT HANGAR - NEAR DAWN

CLOSE-UP on Colt, sitting in a make-up chair.

BABS (O.S.)

There... all done.

Babs has covered up the worst of his facial bruises. Colt buttons up his open shirt --

BABS (CONT'D)

And I threw in some *touche éclat*, make you look a bit more human-

BEEP BEEP! Colts phone rings, and he sees the number -- then picks up immediately...

TERRI (ON PHONE)

Colt Seavers you ASSHOLE!

INT. TERRI'S APARTMENT - NEAR DAWN

Terri looks out over the view of the dark city, not having slept, pacing as she takes it all in.

COLT (ON PHONE)

Guess you got my text-

TERRI (ON PHONE)

HOW ARE YOU STILL ALIVE?

COLT (ON PHONE)

There's only two stories in show business, Terri... "I'm new" and "I'm back"-

INT. STUNT HANGAR - NEAR DAWN

ON COLT: as he paces through the stunt hangar, which is now a hive of activity.

TERRI (ON PHONE)
Babe... what a MESS... I'm so sorry
you got dragged into this-

MCCABE (O.S.)
Oi, guv'nor!

IN THE HANGAR: McCabe approaches, presents Cole with a TAMPER-
PROOF BAG. Colt gives a thumbs up, keeps speaking to Terri --

COLT (ON PHONE)
Listen, Terri... I'm on the clock
here... can you do what I'm asking?

TERRI (ON PHONE)
With the set? Sure, I can push call-
time a couple of hours, make sure
security aren't around... but *why*?
(then)
And why are you still HERE?

Colt takes the CRYPT PHONE, and locks it inside the bag -- as
he heads towards GREG and his team --

COLT (ON PHONE)
It's best you don't know, honestly.
(then)
I gotta go. Speak soon. Hopefully.

-- then he passes GREG and his team, who stand over the model
of the STARFALL FINAL SEQUENCE, shaking his head --

GREG
There's not much we can do in the
time-

COLT
Anything helps... I just need to
get in and get out with that cash-

LEUNG
-while they try to kill you-

COLT
Potentially-

LEUNG
No, they're absolutely going to try
and kill you.

Colt sighs.

COLT
Anyone got eyes on Jody?

Venti passes by, a box of GoPros in her hands.

VENTI
She's prepping the remote unit-

Colt looks over to a REMOTE GALLERY TRUCK, sees Jody inside. Past her, the sun is coming up... Colt winces...

COLT
(shouting to the room)
PEOPLE, I NEED THAT SET CLEAR BY
0800, THREE HOURS FROM NOW!
(then)
LET'S GET MOVING!

There's an acknowledgement from around the room. Colt nods in thanks -- and heads up the stairs to Greg's office --

INT. LEUNG'S OFFICE - NEAR DAWN

Colt enters quietly, and looks down at DAN'S prone body. He shakes his head -- then, after a beat, he PICKS UP HIS TRUCKER HAT. He looks at the design on the front...

...then picks up the walkie-talkie. Clicks it to "CHANNEL 7".

INT. REMOTE GALLERY TRUCK - SIMULTANEOUS

Jody has a plan of the STARFALL FINALE SET on the mixing desk in front of her, marking it up furiously for McCabe --

JODY
Here, here and here. Hide the
hardlines-

CSSSSSK! Suddenly, the walkie springs into life.

COLT (ON WALKIE)
Jode? You out there?

McCabe nods and heads out of the truck. Jody kicks the door shut, then picks up the walkie...

JODY (INTO WALKIE)
You remembered my private channel.

COLT (INTO WALKIE)
Always lucky number seven.

INT. HANGER - SIMULTANEOUS

McCabe silently waves everyone's attention, and points at his WALKIE TALKIE. Greg and Venti, Babs and Willem, immediately turn their walkies to CHANNEL SEVEN to listen.

INT. LEUNG'S OFFICE - NEAR DAWN

INTERCUT BETWEEN COLT AND JODY'S LOCATIONS, AND THE CREW LISTENING IN THE HANGER.

COLT (INTO WALKIE)
Well... guess we're alone.

JODY (INTO WALKIE)
How're you doing, Colt?

Colt sighs, and slumps down against the wall for a moment.

COLT (ON WALKIE)
Honestly? Not great.
(then, reluctantly)
I'm fronting. I don't know if I can pull this off...

INT. HANGER - SIMULTANEOUS

Greg looks up from the walkie, rolls his eyes at McCabe --

GREG
(under his breath)
See? We're screwed-

INT. REMOTE GALLERY TRUCK - SIMULTANEOUS

-- but when Jody hears Colt's admission, she just smiles.

JODY (ON WALKIE)
Fake it till you make it, babe.
(then, sincerely)
You got this, Colt.

COLT (ON WALKIE)
If you say so.
(reluctantly)
Listen... what I'm doing? It's not on you. I mean, it was *for* you, before. But now it's... bigger. I figured I should say just in case something, y'know...

He trails off. Jody nods.

JODY (ON WALKIE)
I appreciate that.

COLT (ON WALKIE)
Though, I *should* tell you... I did fly to Berlin... expressly to see you.

INT. HANGER - SIMULTANEOUS

Venti mouths "awwwww!" to Babs and makes a love heart with her fingers at her chest. Babs rolls her eyes.

INT. LEUNG'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Colt's struggling to get this out, but perseveres...

COLT (INTO WALKIE)
I just... I wanted to ask you something.

JODY (INTO WALKIE)
Go on.

Pause.

COLT (INTO WALKIE)
I wanted to know if you'd take a drive with me... like... like we used to.

It's Jody's turn to stay quiet, then...

JODY (INTO WALKIE)
You flew 5,000 miles and surprised me in the middle of my first directing gig... to ask me on date?

COLT (INTO WALKIE)
... Yes?
(then)
So, how 'bout it?

Colt stares at his walkie, the silence coming from Jody suddenly making him question if this was a good idea --

COLT (INTO WALKIE) (CONT'D)
You gonna put me out of my misery here?

JODY (INTO WALKIE)
No. No, I'm not.
(then)
You'll get your answer when you come back safe.

Colt nods. The meaning is clear: she believes he can do this.

COLT (INTO WALKIE)
Well okay then.
(then)
Over and out.

INT. HANGER - SIMULTANEOUS

The crew hear it's over, and scramble back to their prep --

INT. LEUNG'S OFFICE - NEAR DAWN

-- as upstairs, Colt pulls on his hat, and paces out --

INT. STUNT HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

-- just in time to catch sight of JODY, GREG, and the rest of the crew, heading off to take their positions.

Alone now in the doorway of the hangar, Colt looks up at the slate-grey RAINCLOUDS overhead.

His back TWINGES and he holds it painfully. Then, he shakes it off, and stretches out like he would before a stunt.

Colt gets on DAN'S MOTORBIKE... guns it... and accelerates out of the hangar.

CUT TO:

EXT. FAKE APOCALYPTIC BERLIN - MORNING

We track along a ravaged Berlin street, full of tech and futuristic advertising -- FIVE SQUARE BLOCKS shut-down, with a tall, fake-busted building at the end of the street.

Then -- a **BLACK MAYBACH** and **FOUR BLACK MERCEDES** enter the street in formation, in front and behind the main car --

INT. BLACK MAYBACH - SIMULTANEOUS

Johnson at the wheel, O'Neal up front. A relaxed Dressler and a manic Ryker in the back. Dressler smiles:

DRESSLER

You have to admire Mr. Seavers' flair for the dramatic.

RYKER

I don't. I really don't.
(then, nodding to the building ahead)
That's it. The "hero building".

DRESSLER

"Hero building". I like that.

EXT. FAKE APOCALYPTIC BERLIN - CONTINUOUS

The Maybach pulls up -- O'NEIL, DRESSLER and RYKER step out.

VASQUEZ, JOHNSON and TWO UNITS of O'Neil's security forces exit the numerous Mercedes', and take up positions.

INT. HERO BUILDING - FIRST FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Inside the hero building, beams of light stream through plastic tarps all around... the group heads to the stairs --

EXT. HERO BUILDING - ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

-- and emerge on the rooftop. The rain clouds are settling in over Berlin... as COLT steps out of the shadow of a doorway.

DRESSLER

Quite the entrance, Mr. Seavers.

COLT

Learnt from the best, right Tom?
Looking good, by the way- you get a
little more work done?

RYKER

Don't shit talk me... and *don't*
smile at me like that either-

COLT

See, now it REALLY feels like the
old days... back on set, no looking
you in the eye, no photos-
(to Dressler)
He never let me have one photo with
him. I won't lie, it hurt-

O'Neal rolls his eyes, steps up to pat Colt down. Colt raises his arms reluctantly, O'Neal pats him down, as he comes to the TAMPER PROOF BAG still in Colt's hand --

COLT (CONT'D)

Uh-uh. That's mine for now.

O'NEAL

Fine. Open the shirt.

Colt sighs and unbuttons his shirt, revealing the RAISED SCARS we've seen before.

COLT

You think YOUR job's bad? I got
scarred for life by a grizzly bear
on an Adam Sandler movie.

O'Neal rolls his eyes -- turns to Dressler, mouths "clean".

DRESSLER

Wonderful. I have to say, it's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Seavers. I'm a fan.

COLT

That's funny, people don't usually recognize me-

DRESSLER

Not your movies, your work over the last few days. That crane stunt? Spectacular.

COLT

Let you in on a secret... it's mostly just falling off of shit.

(Colt holds up the bag)

Listen, the phone's here, tamper-proof bag. Once I get my money, and I'm five miles away, I'll send instructions on how to open it.

DRESSLER

No copies of the video?

COLT

Tried. Couldn't figure it out.

Dressler smiles.

DRESSLER

Because it's impossible to copy data off an encrypted phone, and you KNOW that, because you checked, probably with an expert, right?

(Colt frowns)

Do me a favor... drop that dum-dum routine. You're smarter than people give you credit for or you wouldn't even *be* here.

COLT

Kinda feel like if I was smarter, I'd be NOWHERE near here-

DRESSLER

(shrug)

You caught a tough break. It happens.

(Dressler steps up to him)

But you know, I came from your world. I was a little guy with barely anything to my name too.

(MORE)

DRESSLER (CONT'D)

So I know what it takes to get out of that -- a lot of sweat, a lot of blood and broken bones... and a lot of money.

Dressler lifts a LARGE BAG onto the table in front of him. He unzips it -- and Colt sees TEN MILLION DOLLARS inside.

DRESSLER (CONT'D)

With this, you can be whoever you want. Enjoy your new life.

Colt looks out over the apocalyptic-street, past the rooftops of Berlin, to the dark clouds crackling with lightning on the horizon -- instinctively, he starts to rub his BACK again --

COLT

It IS a good deal, Mr. Dressler. It really is... but there's something I need to know before I go...

(turning to Ryker)

D'you have ANY guilt about this?

Ryker looks genuinely confused.

RYKER

Why would I? I was at a party, I was showing that wannabe my krav moves... and yeah, I cracked his neck. By accident. Sort of.

COLT

-so then, what, you took Henry's body to the hotel, and made it look like someone killed him there?

RYKER

(incredulous)

I didn't do anything...

(motioning towards O'Neal)

...we made O'Neal do it.

(O'Neal grits his teeth)

Listen, we had to give the cops someone to look for, otherwise they might have come for me, and, you know -- I keep families fed and people employed and theaters open!

(smiling)

It had to be... a nobody.

Naturally, you came to mind.

(leaning in)

And you just went for ALL of it. The girl... the nightclub guy... the hotel room... I gotta say, it was a thing of beauty watching Mr. Dressler, this ARTIST, lay out the breadcrumbs. This is what he DOES-

DRESSLER

Okay, *enough*-

Colt steps up to Ryker, speaks low:

COLT

For one moment, I thought YOU came up with all this. But you're too dumb to ever write your own script-

Ryker growls and LUNGES at Colt -- O'Neal pushes him back, then rips the tamper-proof bag away from Colt. Ryker SPITS --

RYKER

All those years ago... that fall you had on set?

(then)

I'm sorry it didn't kill you.

COLT

You improvise that line?

RYKER

Yup.

COLT

See, I could tell...

(then, to Dressler)

We done here?

Dressler looks at him for a long moment. Colt looks back. Dressler tilts his head...

DRESSLER

No.

COLT

Wait, we had a *deal*-

DRESSLER

-which doesn't work for me now, thanks to this asshole...

(he nods to Ryker)

Terms changed when he told you my part in this... I can't have you in the world with that information.

(matter-of-factly)

I'm genuinely sorry... deal's off.

Dressler nods, and turns away.

COLT

Wait, just like THAT?

O'Neal raises his gun... as Ryker grins salaciously...

RYKER
 Hey, Colt. Anything YOU want to
 improv for your last words?

Colt sighs, then turns to him.

COLT
 Pyros.

There's a beat. Everyone looks confused.

DRESSLER
 Sorry, what was that?

Colt looks up to the corner of the rooftop -- and we follow
 his gaze to a blinking GoPro camera --

COLT
 I said... pyros?

INT. REMOTE PRODUCTION TRUCK - SIMULTANEOUS

ON SCREEN: the same scene plays out, but from the GoPro's
 perspective --

REVEAL: JODY is at the edge of her seat watching the screen --
 she sees Colt looking and GRABS for her walkie --

JODY (INTO WALKIE)
 McCabe, pyros!

EXT. HERO BUILDING - ROOFTOP - SIMULTANEOUS

Colt looks around expectantly... but nothing happens...

COLT
 PYROS? PYROS! PYROS!

RYKER
 (to O'Neal)
 Please just kill him.

WITH JODY: who FREAKS OUT when nothing happens --

JODY (INTO WALKIE)
 Blow the god damn pyros, McCabe!

WITH COLT: as O'Neal goes to pull the trigger --

BOOOOOOOOOM!

Pyrotechnics explode all over the roof. O'Neal tackles
 Dressler, giving him cover... as Colt is ENGULFED in smoke.

O'Neal yells in Dressler's ear --

O'NEAL
MOVE, SIR!

Dressler jumps up, grabs the MONEY BAG -- with O'Neal covering him, he runs for the stairs.

ACROSS THE ROOFTOP: RYKER is sheltering from the explosions, when he sees Dressler and O'Neal making their move --

RYKER
WAIITT!

Ryker grips the TAMPERPROOF BAG and takes off after Dressler.

INT. REMOTE PRODUCTION TRUCK - SIMULTANEOUS

JODY sees the pyro show end and starts to track everyone's movements on the cameras set up through out the building -- as she hits a button and speaks into a MIC:

JODY (INTO WALKIE)
Colt?

But all she hears is static.

EXT. HERO BUILDING - SIMULTANEOUS

O'Neal leads Dressler to the Maybach, Ryker catching up --

DRESSLER
Clean it up, O'Neal.

RYKER
Yeah, O'Neal! Clean it up!

Ryker slams the door shut and the MAYBACH takes off -- O'Neal turns back to the building --

O'NEAL (INTO WALKIE)
Seavers is rogue. Unit 1, hunt him,
Unit 2, head up and flank him.

O'Neal nods to Unit 2 as they move into position --

INT. REMOTE PRODUCTION TRUCK - SIMULTANEOUS

Jody worriedly scans the screens for Colt --

JODY (INTO WALKIE)
Colt! Can you hear me? COLT?

COLT (ON WALKIE)
 (whispered)
 Sorry. Couldn't find the earpiece.

INT. HERO BUILDING - SIMULTANEOUS

We find COLT planking across the top of a doorway, trying to keep out of sight.

WITH JODY: who, relieved, now reverts to full director-mode as she sees Unit 1 fan out to look for Colt --

JODY (INTO WALKIE)
 You have a six-man unit up there already and a ten-man unit headed inside right now! Dressler has the cash, Ryker has the crypt phone-

WITH COLT: who grits his teeth, his challenge clear, as the epic final sequence begins...

SECTION ONE: THE BUILDING ESCAPE

Colt fights his way out using every stunt skill we've seen him use -- skills that other people have always undervalued.

-- First a GUARD steps into the doorway, directly under Colt. Colt SWINGS DOWN and tackles the Guard through a skylight to the floor below --

-- two Guards approach his position, Colt SLIDES a huge pane of glass towards them. They stop it -- but he SMASHES THROUGH IT (like the bar window in the opening) --

-- taking cues from POST-ITS written in PURPLE MARKER, left by Greg, Colt LEAPS BETWEEN FLOORS using parkour (as per the opening superhero chase) --

-- as Colt takes cover, he notices a table with assorted building materials -- a HARD HAT, ROLLS OF GAFFER TAPE, and PAINT THINNER --

COLT
 Gaffer tape... you can use it for ANYTHING.

-- as the unit converges on him, Colt disarms them in a hand-to-hand fight using what might be described as TAPE-FU --

-- as he runs from Johnson, Colt sees ANOTHER POST-IT with an arrow pointing up -- he looks up to find a WIRED STUNT RIG.

-- Colt hooks in with an intricate KNOT -- then runs and SLIDES UNDER JOHNSON, clipping the other end of the wire to Johnson's belt.

-- Colt JUMPS into the stairwell -- as Colt DROPS STRAIGHT DOWN, Johnson is hoisted UP and SLAMMED into the ceiling --

-- Below, UNIT 2 lift their weapons towards Colt, but notice that they're WET -- Colt has TAPED the PAINT THINNER to his back, and it's been raining down on them as he fell. Colt pulls out the BOOK OF MATCHES from Hallogallo --

COLT (CONT'D)
Danke schön, Gebhard.

-- Colt lights a match and drops it into the pool of paint thinner -- fire instantly ENGULFS Unit 2. Colt unhooks himself, drops to the ground floor, already shattered...

INT. REMOTE PRODUCTION TRUCK - SIMULTANEOUS

WITH JODY: who watches as the Maybach heads down the FIVE CITY BLOCKS that "STARFALL" has shut down and dressed up.

JODY (INTO WALKIE)
We need to slow them down! McCabe,
atmos NOW!

MCCABE (ON WALKIE)
Striking!

EXT. / INT. MAYBACH - SIMULTANEOUS

Dressler fumes as -- BEEP. BEEP. BEEP -- faint beeping sound comes from TAMPER-PROOF BAG on Ryker's lap.

RYKER
Uh... what's-

BOOOOOOOM! The bag EXPLODES and THICK RED SMOKE BURSTS out, immediately filling the car, blinding Ryker and Dressler.

INT. REMOTE PRODUCTION TRUCK - SIMULTANEOUS

JODY grins as red smoke billows out of the Maybach --

JODY
Red's better... I told them.

EXT. / INT. MAYBACH - SIMULTANEOUS

As Ryker desperately tries to clear the car of smoke --

DRESSLER
Vasquez, how far to the helipad?!

VASQUEZ
Six miles, sir-

The MAYBACH smashes through a barrier -- and we see it move from the make-believe world of THE SET to REAL-LIFE BERLIN.

EXT. HERO BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Colt stumbles out of the burning hero building --

-- sees the remnants of the red smoke rising into the grey sky, as thunder and lightning crackle in the near-distance.

COLT (INTO EARPIECE)
Shit... Jode, I'm clear-

JODY (ON EARPIECE)
They're off the set and on the street and I'm all out of eyes.
(then)
Can you catch up?

COLT (INTO EARPIECE)
I guess.

Colt pulls away some set-dressing to REVEAL: the SOUPED UP STUNT CAR, still gacked-out to be futuristic.

COLT (INTO EARPIECE) (CONT'D)
Jesus, really?

Colt swings into the car, starts the engine.

SECTION TWO: THE CAR CHASE

Using all the driving skills he's accumulated as a stuntman, Colt has to try and catch up with Ryker and Dressler, retrieve the evidence and take back the cash.

-- O'Neal sees the RED SMOKE rising from the Maybach, then hears Ryker and Dressler screaming over the radio... O'Neal looks back at the building, then a realization hits --

-- He looks around -- and sees the REMOTE PRODUCTION TRUCKS. Then he spots something: only ONE is hooked up to a generator. He takes off in it's direction.

-- Colt and Jody see this, and Colt realizes he has to stop O'Neal killing Jody. He slams the car into drive and burns hard right towards the TRAILERS. O'Neal RACES DIRECTLY AT THE TRAILERS TOO -- Colt speeds up, on a collision course --

COLT (INTO EARPIECE) (CONT'D)
Jode, when I say, you're going to dive out of the back window - okay?

JODY (ON EARPIECE)

WHAT?!

COLT (INTO EARPIECE)

NOW!

-- O'Neal opens fire on the trailer -- inside, Jody sprints to the back as bullets spark around her.

-- Colt RIPS the wheel to the left and the stunt-car POWERSLIDES UNDER THREE TRAILERS.

-- Jody DIVES through the back window and lands on the ground, JUST as Colt clears the trailer and screeches to a stop right beside her -- the passenger door already open.

COLT (CONT'D)

This does NOT count as our date,
okay?

-- Jody jumps into the front seat, and Colt burns out. O'Neal roars in anger and slams the Merc after them.

-- UP AHEAD: Dressler's Maybach weaves through traffic down the side of the SPREE RIVER -- then we pull back to reveal VENTI'S DRONE following, with a signal to Jody's phone.

-- Colt and Jody give chase, Colt maneuvering like a pro... but O'Neal catches up and starts RAMMING the SUV into the stunt car repeatedly... Then --

-- WEEEEEE-OOOOOOW! Suddenly SIRENS blare, and TWO COP CARS appear from the side streets. Colt's face drops.

POLICE TEAM LEADER (ON LOUDHAILER)

Stop now or we will be forced to
engage!

-- WITH O'NEAL: who snarls and pulls up beside the stunt car, raises his gun at Colt --

O'NEAL

WHERE'S YOUR MOVIE MAGIC NOW,
ASSHOLE?

-- O'Neal pulls the trigger... but suddenly, a COP CAR is in the way, and it TAKES THE BULLETS meant for Colt. O'Neal turns and sees that he's flanked on either side by COP CARS --

-- O'Neal tries to fight them off, but the cop cars force the Merc to SLAM into a median at 80mph. O'Neal flops out onto the street and sees one of the COP approaching --

O'NEAL

That... is not how cops drive.

-- BAM! The cop ROUNDHOUSE KICKS O'Neal in the face --

COP (O.S.)
 German cops don't speak ENGLISH
 either, moron.

We pan up and the cop's face comes into focus: GREG LEUNG.
The cop cars were from Transpo -- driven by the stunt team.

EXT. HELIPAD - SIMULTANEOUS

The Maybach stops at the side of the Spree river -- Dressler and Ryker get out with the CRYPT PHONE and the MONEY BAG -- then DESCEND A LADDER to the JETTY, where they run across the PLANK to the RIVER-BASED HELIPAD.

A luxury Airbus H155 Helicopter is already there, and the PILOT meets them halfway across --

HELICOPTER PILOT
 Sir, we're worried about the storm-

DRESSLER
 Extra ten grand if you get us off
 the ground in five minutes.

As they step onto the helipad, the plank retracts behind them, leaving the helipad sitting 180ft from the shore.

EXT. / INT. STUNT CAR - CONTINUOUS

SECTION THREE: THE BIG JUMP

The only way for Colt to stop his nemesis, retrieve the evidence and get the money back is to do this on his own.

Colt SPEEDS through the streets -- but as he reaches the river, he suddenly SCREECHES to a halt.

Their faces fall seeing that the plank has been retracted... there's NO WAY of getting to RYKER and DRESSLER.

COLT
 God-DAMN-

Colt SMASHES his head on the steering wheel --

JODY
 Hey, we gave it our best shot-

-- but then, something catches Colt's eye: THE NITROUS CONTROL SWITCHES... He looks up at the helipad, does some quick math --

COLT
 What is that... 180, maybe 200 feet
 from shore?

JODY
Why... oh, shit-

COLT
Four tons, plus the cage, boost,
both of us... call it forty five...

JODY
Colt, NO-

COLT
Gotta be lighter...

Colt turns to Jody and smiles sadly -- then he leans towards her, as if to kiss her... Jody is surprised, but starts to lean in too -- until she hears a *CLICK*...

In one quick movement, Colt OPENS the passenger door and PUSHES Jody out --

COLT (CONT'D)
Don't hate me!

-- Before she can even react, Colt SLAMS the car into reverse until he has enough run-up. He PUTS IN HIS MOUTHGUARD and revs the engine, as Jody stares at him in disbelief...

-- Then Colt GUNS THE STUNT CAR past her -- as he does, THE HEAVENS OPEN AND RAIN FALLS THICK AND HARD --

-- RYKER and DRESSLER, about the board the chopper, look out and see the STUNT CAR accelerating towards the river --

-- As the Stunt Car reaches the ledge, Colt FLICKS THE NITROUS SWITCH -- and the JUMP ROCKET IGNITES!

INTO SLO-MO: VRRROOOOOM!

The busted vehicle arches through the sky and flies 170 FEET (beating the record for the longest car jump at 163ft, set by Buddy Joe Hooker in *Smokey and the Bandit*.)

BOOOM! The car slams onto the HELIPAD'S EDGE, which rocks BACK AND FORTH violently as a crack forms down the middle --

Ryker tries to climb into chopper, but Dressler stops him as his eyes move down to Ryker's empty hand --

DRESSLER
Where's the MONEY?

Tom looks around and realizes he left the MONEY BAG on the other side of the helipad. Dressler's face darkens.

DRESSLER (CONT'D)
 The price for a seat on this
 helicopter just went up... to ten
 million. Fetch my bag, Tom.

Ryker growls and starts off towards the BAG --

SECTION FOUR: COLT VS. RYKER

**The final face-off -- a confrontation on a moving, sinking,
 platform between Colt and the man who started all this.**

-- THE STUNT CAR door swings open -- and a bloody, COLT falls
 out. He SCRAMBLES AWAY as the car SINKS into the river. He
 feels the falling rain and winces as his back seizes up --

-- Colt looks out and sees the MONEY BAG -- then sees Ryker
 on a war path towards it. Colt steps right into his path --

RYKER
 You ruined my *life*.

Colt SPITS his bloodied MOUTHGUARD out onto the floor.

COLT
 Dude... that's the one thing you
 DIDN'T need my help for.

RYKER
 Been a while since we threw down...
 how's the back?

COLT
 Funny story.
 (then)
 Only hurts when it rains.

RYKER
 Good.

-- The two men engage, both highly skilled, but Ryker fights
 dirty, finding every way to pummel Colt's back.

-- Colt crumples and Ryker SMASHES Colt's head into the
 HELIPAD, knocking Colt's TRUCKER HAT into the lapping water --
 Ryker ROARS AT THE SKY like a a steroidal lunatic --

-- VRRRROOOOM! Suddenly, Ryker hears something and turns to
 find the helicopter's blades throttle up as it LIFTS OFF --

RYKER (CONT'D)
 No! No! No!

-- Slowly, Colt's EYES begin to open. There's a moment where
 Colt feels all the pain. But then, he gets back up again --

RYKER (CONT'D)

Oh, you want some more? Fine. But if I kill you, it's your own fault.

COLT

It's never *your* fault, is it Tom?

RYKER

When you're famous, that can actually be true-

-- Ryker attacks ferociously and they go to war, until they slam each other down and grapple.

-- Colt tries to slip out of Ryker's nasty krav maga holds, but Ryker pins Colt and pushes his head into the lapping water, trying to drown him.

-- Colt can't find an advantage... then something in the water brushes his hand: his TRUCKER HAT.

RYKER (CONT'D)

STAY! DOWN!

COLT

(mustering his strength)

Not really... my thing...

-- *BAM!* Colt grabs his HAT, slams it over Rykers head and uses it to PULL Ryker's head down into a brutal HEAD BUTT -- Ryker staggers backwards and Colt stands to face him, putting his HAT in his back pocket --

-- Ryker rages and attacks again, but Colt is flowing with the fight now, sees what Ryker is trying to do and lets Ryker take his back -- positioning himself to break Colt's neck in the same way he did Henry's --

-- Just as Ryker thinks he's got the killing blow ready -- *CLICK!* Something clicks around Ryker's wrist -- Ryker looks and sees he's been HANDCUFFED to Colt's own wrist.

-- Colt FLIPS RYKER OVER HIS BACK -- SWINGS on top of him, pinning him down as Ryker struggles with DAN'S CUFFS.

RYKER

The HELL-

COLT

They're Dan's. See, the people who spent years making you look good?

Colt stands up, and as he does he OPENS his shirt.

COLT (CONT'D)

They can make you look BAD too.

Inside, we see a PROSTHETIC on his chest, which he peels off to reveal a SMALL TRANSMITTER. Colt PULLS IT OUT --

COLT (CONT'D)
 (into the transmitter)
 Venti, if you got what we need...
 make that call.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

BEEP BEEP. BEEP BEEP. Dressler is on his cell, but can hear another phone ringing. He looks around --

-- then he sees the crypt phone is flashing. Frowning, he takes a sip from his cut crystal glass... but then picks up.

DRESSLER (ON PHONE)
 Ryker, if that's you, I'm not-

VENTI (ON PHONE)
 Mr. Dressler, I have a message from
 a Colt Seavers-

Suddenly, a RECORDED VOICE plays on the line:

RYKER (ON RECORDING)
*"I gotta say, it was a thing of
 beauty watching Mr. Dressler here,
 this ARTIST, lay out the
 breadcrumbs. This is what he DOES."*

Dressler's face drops.

VENTI (ON PHONE)
 We've got the video to match.
 (then)
 Colt says enjoy YOUR new life.

BEEEEEP. Venti HANGS UP. Dressler looks down at the crypt phone. Then he takes the heavy crystal glass -- and SMASHES IT HARD down onto the arm of his chair.

EXT. HELIPAD - CONTINUOUS

Colt looks up at the chopper disappearing into the horizon:

COLT
 Oh, wait, one last thing --

Colt painfully squats, pulls out his phone -- and takes a SMILING SELFIE of himself and a snarling, thrashing Ryker.

COLT (CONT'D)
 There. Finally.
 (then)
 Gonna get that framed, I think.

Colt walks across the helipad and PICKS UP THE MONEY BAG.

EXT. SPREE EMBANKMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Colt CLIMBS up the ladder with the MONEY BAG over his shoulder. Emergency services everywhere --

But now, the crowds part and all Colt sees is JODY -- he stumbles into her and she catches him --

COLT
 (wincing)
 Sorry... there's quite a lot of
 blood... I need to clean up.

He passes the money bag surreptitiously over to Jody.

COLT (CONT'D)
 (under his breath)
For Henry's family.

JODY
 I'll handle it.
 (smiling)
 Let's get you home.

COLT
 I like that idea... a lot... but
 there's one thing I think I missed.
 (then)
 I have to make a call.

INT. TERRI'S APARTMENT - DAY

BEEP BEEP! her phone rings, and she picks up urgently --

TERRI (ON PHONE)
 Colt? Is it done?

COLT (ON PHONE)
I don't know, Terri.. is it?

EXT. SPREE EMBANKMENT - MOMENTS LATER

INTERCUT BETWEEN LOCATIONS

Colt takes cover from the rain under a bridge.

TERRI (ON PHONE)
What... what are you talking about?

COLT (ON PHONE)
I'm sure you already spoke to Dressler. He IS your financier, right? The one you brought in when the studio ran out of money and you needed a final push?

Terri's face drops... but she bluffs:

TERRI (ON PHONE)
I know him, so-

COLT (ON PHONE)
I realized... Ryker's too stupid to have come up with this plan on his own. And Dressler didn't know me. Someone... produced their way out of this problem.
(then)
It was the silver cowboy hats that shoulda tipped me off...

TERRI (ON PHONE)
Sweetheart, you've taken a LOT of hits to the head over the years-

FLASHBACK: to the start of Colt's journey: in Terri's trailer, Colt looks at all the photos, and see the Polaroid of Terri and Ryker wearing cowboy hats.

COLT (V.O.)
In your trailer, there was a polaroid. You and Tom, in matching crappy silver cowboy hats.

FLASHBACK: to Ryker at Dressler's party, in the same hat...

COLT (V.O.)
The kind Tom was wearing the night he killed Henry.

FLASHBACK: Reveal TERRI at the party too, speaking to Dressler, when a glass breaks and Ryker rages at Henry...

COLT (ON PHONE)
YOU were there, weren't you? You KNEW what Tom did. And then YOU brought me in.

Terri takes this in for a beat... Then, her demeanor changes and we see the REAL Terri -- the cutthroat killer. In a measured tone, she says:

TERRI (ON PHONE)
 It's a pretty thin pitch, Colt. I
 don't see it selling-
 (then)
 I'll catch you at the premiere.

With that, Terri hangs up... Colt looks to Jody. She gives him a questioning thumbs up. Colt does a "so-so" hand shake.

JODY
 Let's worry about that another day.

She sits next to him, inviting him in -- Colt rests his head on her shoulder... and closes his eyes.

COLT
 So... can I have that answer now?

Off Jody's look, we SLAM CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK: we hear Colt and Jody...

JODY (V.O.)
Are you ready?

COLT (V.O.)
It's been a while-

JODY (V.O.)
Maybe for you-

COLT (V.O.)
Okay, WOW-

JODY (V.O.)
You as fast as you used to be?

COLT (V.O.)
I don't know, is fast a good thing?

JODY (V.O.)
Quit stalling and do this-

COLT (V.O.)
Okay, buckle up-

JODY (V.O.)
Seriously? That's your best-

VERRROOOOOOM! A hardcore sports engine ROARS -- SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A BMW Vision M Next screeches through the frame.

It spins and donuts gleefully across the roof of a handsomely-brutalist multi-storey parking lot, as neon Berlin sparkles brightly in the background.

REVEAL: Colt is driving -- Jody's in the passenger seat laughing and hooting, wearing Colt's battle-worn TRUCKER HAT.

As they slam left and right with the moves, the electricity between them is technicolor.

Then the BMW screeches into one final POWERSLIDE, which screeches towards camera then SMASHES through us as we

SLAM CUT TO CREDITS

THE END