

Readyman

By

Anthony Monteleone

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

An office building with three floors and with lights on in exactly one room on the third floor, located inside a small city. Muffled party noises can be heard from inside.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

MARCIA'S retirement party. There's cake, plenty of people, and a large banner that says "Thanks for 30 Years!" Early 70's rock is playing. MARCIA, a sixty-eight year old woman, sits in the center of the party, worried and unfocused. A COWORKER approaches without MARCIA noticing.

COWORKER

Cake?

MARCIA

Oh? No, thank you.

COWORKER

Take it, you've only worked your entire life for it.

MARCIA

No, please. I'm fine.

COWORKER

Suit yourself.

The COWORKER walks off, mingling with the rest of the party. MARCIA returns to the same worried expression before, as behind her, against the back wall of the room, lies AGENT SUEDE, dressed in an all black janitors uniform and janitorial cart, as if he couldn't decide what disguise would work best. MARCIA looks back at SUEDE, before quickly looking forward once again. AGENT SUEDE leaves the party into the hallway.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

A room lined with filing cabinets. AGENTS CANVAS and CASHMERE are searching for a specific folder. CANVAS is throwing folders every which way, whilst CASHMERE is quickly but neatly flicking through folders.

CANVAS

Any luck?

CASHMERE

I said I'd let you know.

CANVAS
There's nothing over here.

CASHMERE
(Sarcastic)
Really? Huh, I wonder why.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

SUEDE rolls the janitorial cart to the center of the hallway as the faint sounds of the party can be heard. SUEDE stops, looks around him, and reveals a gasoline canister from inside the janitorial cart. Just as he's about to start pouring:

COWORKER
Hey! Just what do you think you're doing?

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

CANVAS and CASHMERE are still digging through filing cabinets.

CANVAS	CASHMERE
Found it! No, I've got the	Found it! No, I have the
folder! Lemmee look at that.	folder! Let me look at that.

CANVAS and CASHMERE take each other's folder, and flip through it; CASHMERE delicately, CANVAS with frenzied energy.

CANVAS	CASHMERE
There's multiple.	There are multiple.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

SUEDE is pushing the janitorial cart along the hallway as he pours gasoline behind him. An arm sticks out of the cart. SUEDE notices the arm, stops, and pushes it into the cart. SUEDE then continues on, stopping at an elevator.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The party is still roaring on. MARSHA looks behind her again, and notices SUEDE is gone. She immediately jumps up.

MARCIA
Everyone! We are all in imminent danger.

Music cuts out. Everyone turns to stare at Marcia.

MARCIA

I will explain later, right now, we need to exit the building in a neat and orderly fashion, without using any elevators.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

SUEDE is taking the elevator, cart next to him. An elevator music version of an early 2000's bubblegum pop song plays. Perhaps SUEDE starts to quietly sing along.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The entire party is slowly walking through the hallway to a room marked stairs. They each carry something different from the party: plates, cake, a karaoke set. Several people carry the banner from earlier, unfolded as before. MARCIA brings up the rear of the line and notices the gasoline. She encourages people to hurry.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

CANVAS and CASHMERE are just finishing up.

CASHMERE

I have seven.

CANVAS

Two.

CASHMERE

Only two?

CANVAS

Only two.

CASHMERE

You filed through how many filing cabinets, and only found two? I refuse to believe...

SUEDE enters, cart in tow. CANVAS and CASHMERE immediately stand to attention. There is fear in their eyes.

CANVAS

Agent Suede.

CASHMERE

Agent Suede, sir.

SUEDE

Canvas, Cashmere. Found it?

CANVAS
All nine of them.

SUEDE
There were multiple?

CANVAS
Multiple parts.

SUEDE
And this is all of them?

CANVAS looks at CASHMERE.

CASHMERE
Yes, sir.

SUEDE studies CASHMERE's face for a moment.

SUEDE
If you're lying... Well, we'll find
out, won't we?

CASHMERE
Yes, sir.

SUEDE turns to leave.

SUEDE
Come on, then.

CASHMERE starts to follow CANVAS.

CANVAS
Wait.

SUEDE and CASHMERE turn around, CASHMERE gives CANVAS a look,
as if to say "have you lost your mind?"

CANVAS
Shouldn't we...

CANVAS mimes dousing the room with gasoline, and an
explosion.

SUEDE
We douse this room, it'll look like
sabotage, alright? Alright. Come on.

CANVAS
But doesn't already already look like

sabotage?

SUEDE stands over CANVAS, the mere presence enough to make CANVAS regret ever asking the question.

SUEDE
It'll look *more* like sabotage? Yeah?

CANVAS
Yeah.

SUEDE
Good.

SUEDE starts to leave. CANVAS and CASHMERE follow. CASHMERE glances inside the janitorial cart and stops dead in their tracks.

CASHMERE
Are they...

SUEDE
They're sleeping. Come on!

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The party crowd is now in the parking lot, idly eating cake, waiting for something to happen. The banner is hung up again, between two street lights. MARCIA, COWORKER 2, and several others idly watches the office building.

COWORKER 2
I thought it was gonna burst into flames.

MARCIA
It will.

COWORKER 3
Have you called the fire department?

MARCIA
I can't until there's a fire.

COWORKER 3
That's not how that works.

MARCIA looks at COWORKER 3 with a knowing glance. Suddenly, they're all lit up with red light as the building bursts into flames. MARCIA looks at the fire and then immediately calls 911.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Moments later. Firetrucks, ambulances, police cars, the whole nine yards have responded to this fire. A TV REPORTER is also present.

TV REPORTER

And we're live, here at the sight of perhaps the worst fire ever seen in the history of Lilville before! It started here at Moneyweavers, a small scale accounting firm. According to eyewitnesses, the entire building simply set alight, and authorities say it is still too dangerous for anyone, firefighter or not, to step inside.

CUT TO:

A FIREMAN right in front of the office building. Other firefighters are attempting to spray down the building.

FIREMAN

Stay Back! It is still too dangerous for anyone, firefighter or not, to step inside.

CUT TO:

TV REPORTER

Headcounts suggest that there is still but one nondescript employee still trapped inside. If only there was someone who could brave the blast without danger of injury!

A MAN, READYMAN, dressed in the most neon colors one can imagine, is seen running straight into the blaze. The CAMERAMAN, originally focused on the TV REPORTER, focuses on READYMAN in the distance. READYMAN is notably not wearing a mask. TV REPORTER fights to get back in frame.

TV REPORTER

What's this? It's Readyman! Dashing head-on through the blaze.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

The custodial cart is sitting in the middle of the half destroyed storage room.

COWORKER

Hello?

COWORKER pops his head out and attempts to claw out of the custodial cart, getting as as one leg out before the entire cart tips over.

COWORKER

Ow.

Rubbing his head, the COWORKER looks around for a moment before smelling the air, suddenly very alarmed.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

READYMAN is dashing through the fire, passing a massive wall-mounted map with a large arrow saying "you are here." Next to it lies a fire extinguisher. He quickly jaunts back to the map, puts his finger to it and attempts to trace his way to the conference room, continuously getting lost. Eventually, he pulls the giant map free, and carries it in front of him, repeatedly checking it to see where he is.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

COWORKER frantically checks the knob, finding it locked. They take a moment of sheer panic, and start pounding on the door.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

READYMAN dashes into the room, large map and all, and looks around for the one survivor, the COWORKER. Not finding him, READYMAN checks the map, proceeds to look around and find a wall-mounted sign saying "Conference Room." He checks the map once again. His eyes dart over floor 3, floor 2, floor 1, and basement. He groans.

READYMAN

Alright. I'm ready. I'm Readyman. I'm ready, man.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

READYMAN jogs down the stairs from floor 3 to floor 2, giant map in hand.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

READYMAN goes from door to door, checking them, battling flames all the way. Nothing.

READYMAN

Marco!

Nothing.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

READYMAN jogs down the stairs from floor 2 to floor 1, albeit much slower, still map in hand.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

READYMAN goes from door to door, checking them. Still nothing.

READYMAN

Marco?

Still nothing.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

READYMAN walks down the stairs from floor one to basement, but not before sliding the map down the stairs in front of him.. Stamina is clearly not one of his superpowers as neither is his intelligence.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

READYMAN makes his way into the basement, his will steadily faltering.

READYMAN

Marco.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

COWORKER has been crying at the foot of the door this entire time, but just barely makes out READYMAN's Marco. COWORKER starts frantically banging on the door.

COWORKER

Pollo! Pollo! Pollo!

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

READYMAN faintly hears the banging, and turns to face the

door its coming from.

READYMAN

Hey, quit that banging, I'm trying to
listen for something.

READYMAN listens for a moment longer before realizing the obvious. He dashes over to the door to the storage room and attempts to shake the door.

READYMAN

Solid door.

(Shouting.)

Stand back! Readyman is ready to save
you!

CUT TO:

On the other side of the door, COWORKER quickly moves out of the way.

CUT TO:

READYMAN sets the map down, braces himself, and shoulder checks the door. From the other side, COWORKER hears a thump, but nothing changes.

READYMAN staggers and falls back, the fire roaring to life around him. He looks around him, dazed, and notices the map. READYMAN lifts the map once again, and uses it as a battering ram against the door, but accomplishes nothing once again.

READYMAN, seeing nothing else to lose, grabs the map one final time, runs up with full force and smashes the map against the door once again, only this time the door swings fully open to the half destroyed storage room. A terrified Coworker watches READYMAN burst mapfirst into the room. READYMAN dusts himself off, and turns to COWORKER, mapless for the first time this sequence.

READYMAN

Are you ready to be saved?

COWORKER

What?

READYMAN

I need your consent to rescue you.

COWORKER

What?

READYMAN

Otherwise you can sue the government
and it's an entire thing.

The fire starts to seep into the storage room behind
READYMAN. COWORKER quickly notices.

COWORKER

Yeah, yeah yeah yeah yeah okay. Save
me.

READYMAN scoops COWORKER up fireman style and dashes out of
the storage room, down the hallway, and to the stairs and
elevator. READYMAN looks at the stairs with disdain before
calling the elevator. It opens, completely fire free and
READYMAN and COWORKER climb inside. It plays the same early
2000's bubblegum pop as before. As they ride up:

COWORKER

Oh hey, I love this song.

READYMAN

Meh, I preferred her later stuff.

COWORKER

I mean that's all good too, but, you
know.

READYMAN

Oh yeah, I know.

The elevator door opens, READYMAN dashes through the fire-
filled hallway, right past the fire extinguisher and now
mapless wall, before going back to it.

READYMAN

There was a fire extinguisher here
this entire time?

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

READYMAN walks out of the office building, dropping a fully
uninjured and awake COWORKER off at several PARAMEDICS.

READYMAN

They're alive, no serious injuries,
just a enjoyment for early 2000's pop.

The PARAMEDICS stare at him dumbfoundedly as READYMAN starts
to walk away.

TV REPORTER (OF.)
Readyman! Readyman! A couple
questions!

READYMAN turns behind him to reveal TV REPORTER and CAMERAMAN quickly rushing after him. They position themselves, ready to interview READYMAN, before he has time to react.

TV REPORTER
Readyman, what happened in there?

READYMAN
Well, that guy...

READYMAN gestures over to COWORKER. COWORKER is seen being poked and prodded by two PARAMEDICS, one of them is sticking a tongue depressor down COWORKERS throat, whilst another is taking COWORKERS blood pressure. COWORKER looks as if he would have preferred to have been left in the fire.

READYMAN
He needed rescuing.

TV REPORTER
Uh-huh.

READYMAN
So I rescued him.

TV REPORTER looks at READYMAN expectantly. The CAMERAMAN'S camera slowly zooms in on READYMAN'S face, slowly losing TV REPORTER, but not entirely, not yet. READYMAN seems incredibly pleased with himself.

TV REPORTER
But can you tell us anything about
what you saw?

READYMAN
Yeah! Yeah. I saw fire.

Beat. CAMERAMAN keeps slowly zooming in on READYMAN'S face.

TV REPORTER
Anything else?

READYMAN
Nope.

TV REPORTER
Okay.

TV REPORTER puts her microphone to her head in exasperation. She puts on brave face and steps back into the CAMERAMAN'S camera: one final try.

TV REPORTER
There's been a lot of speculation as
to your powers, would you care to...

The CAMERAMAN's camera is now focused entirely on READYMAN's face.

TV REPORTER
Reveal them in our exclusive interview
with the real Readyman?

READYMAN
Well, I'm fireproof, for one.

TV REPORTER scoots even closer. CAMERAMAN'S camera is now locked on READYMAN's face.

TV REPORTER
Is that all?

READYMAN
Of course not. I...
(Suddenly, to the cameraman)
Hey, back of, would ya?

It is revealed that the CAMERAMAN has not, in fact, been zooming in on READYMAN's face, but, rather, slowly getting closer to READYMAN's face, only inches away now. CAMERAMAN takes a few steps back.

READYMAN
Thanks man.

Out of the corner of his eye, READYMAN spots a taxi coming down the road and dashes off to catch it.

READYMAN
Taxi!

READYMAN leaves both TV REPORTER and CAMERAMAN in the dust. CAMERAMAN tries to follow READYMAN with his camera, catching the taxi pulling over and READYMAN getting into it somewhat less than heroically.

INT. CRAIG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

An apartment you'd expect to be owned by two college-aged

guys. There's a main space, two bedrooms on either side, and a bathroom in each of those. The main space is half kitchen, half living room, with bills, hardly used textbooks, and half finished assignments covering every spare surface. In the living room portion is a TV with a VHS player against one wall, clearly worn couch on the other, and stained coffee table between them. A bench press sits idly in one corner of the room, between one of the bedroom doors and the wall. A VHS stand full of unmarked VHS tape's sits between the other bedroom and the TV. The TV remote sits on on the coffee table.

On the couch sits CRAIG, runner-up for Lilville Community College Salutatorian and former gifted kid. He is playing a first person shooter style video game, headset and all. He is talking to one of his teammates over the headset.

CRAIG

Y-yeah, I see him.

Beat.

CRAIG

On the left.

Beat. READYMAN enters the apartment, making an attempt to be quiet, now as GEORGE. GEORGE wears a puffy jacket over his superhero outfit, yet the legs of the brightly colored outfit are on full display. CRAIG does not notice.

CRAIG

It's the same left! There is no other-
ther left!

GEORGE comes over and looks at what CRAIG is playing, leaning over the couch. CRAIG looks over with an uncompromising, neutral expression, and puts a hand up, as if to say, 'hello,' or perhaps 'knock it off.' No one is quite sure, least of all CRAIG himself. Just as quick as it happened, CRAIG is back in the zone.

CRAIG

We're looking the same way.

GEORGE moves to get past the couch, making an exaggerated tiptoe to the entire way over. CRAIG leans around GEORGE to maintain view of the screen at all times.

CRAIG

At the TV screen? I-I-I cannot be the
one to explain this to you.

GEORGE disappears into his bedroom, the one with the benchpress just outside.

CRAIG

Right.

Beat.

CRAIG

Right, left. Not right, right. Right?
Right. Left.

Beat.

CRAIG

(Suddenly explosive.)
They're the same left!

CRAIG jumps up, and slams his headset on the table. GEORGE comes out of his room, now in comfy pajamas; half of the type you might see on a too cutesy couple before becoming irrationally jealous. CRAIG looks over at GEORGE, and GEORGE at CRAIG.

CRAIG

That was a quick change.

GEORGE

It's one of my superpowers.

CRAIG

I-is it?

GEORGE shrugs, before smiling, a glint in his eye.

GEORGE

Showtime, Craig.

CRAIG

(Processing)
Showtime? Showtime!

CRAIG rushes over to the VHS stand, picks out one near the bottom, and slides it into the VHS player.

CRAIG

Rolling, George.

GEORGE changes the channel to the news. On it, we see a replay of earlier events. The news ticker reads "Readyman's Readied Rescue"

TV REPORTER
What's this? It's Readyman!

GEORGE
That's me!

TV REPORTER (OF.)
Dashing head-on through the
blaze!

CRAIG
Was it hot?

GEORGE
Please, I was the hottest thing in
that building.

CRAIG looks over at GEORGE, GEORGE looks back at him.

GEORGE
Besides the fire.

A snicker from GEORGE. They both turn their attention back to
the TV. The scroll bar now reads "He saw fire?"

TV REPORTER
Can you tell us anything about what
you saw?

READYMAN
Yeah! Yeah. I saw fire.

And back to the couch.

GEORGE
Boy did I see fire.

CRAIG
You really give these rep-p-porters a
run for their money.

GEORGE
Hey, I get paid for saving people, not
talking to people.

CRAIG
Fair enough. You want ch-chips?

CRAIG gets off the couch and heads over to a cupboard.

GEORGE
Nah, I'm good.

CRAIG
Suit yourself.

GEORGE turns his attention back to the TV, where a modified version of the footage of READYMAN getting into the taxi is shown, READYMAN quite heroically making his way into the taxi. The news ticker reads "a 'taxi'ng adventure".

GEORGE
The power of editing.

CRAIG comes back over with some chips. TV REPORTER is back on screen once again. Underneath her lies a news ticker reading "sabotage?"

TV REPORTER
Unfortunately, there is still one missing victim of the fire. Marcia, the very woman, reports are telling me, that called 911 is now missing. More details...

CRAIG is shoveling chips into his mouth. GEORGE is no longer paying any attention to the TV.

GEORGE
Boooring!

GEORGE turns off the TV.

CRAIG
So they're paying you a lot this time, right? You did, you know, dash into a fire and yeah.

GEORGE
Oh, you know it.

CUT TO:

INT. SILK'S OFFICE - DAY

It's a pretty spacious and meticulously decorated office. Red velvet coats every inch of the room from the floor to the ceiling. A large window sits on the back wall, lined with red silk curtains. In the middle sits a desk covered by a silk tablecloth and a landline phone. A chair sits on either side. On the side with the window sits a chair that screams regality and comfort, all in red. On the other, facing the door, sits a card chair that would bring shame upon the term card chair.

In the regal chair, sits SILK, a tall, lithe, man whose tone remains as neutral albeit highly manipulative as his expression. He carries the authority of someone you would expect to practice yoga at home regularly, but that would have the cops called on them if they stepped near a yoga class.

In the shameful folding chair, sits READYMAN.

READYMAN

Nothing??

SILK

We've been through this.

GEORGE wipes his hands across his face, attempting to regain composure. He puts his hands on the desk afterwards.

READYMAN

Look...

SILK

Hands off the desk.

GEORGE takes his hands off the desk.

READYMAN

Look man...

SILK

Sir or Silk, only.

READYMAN

Look, Silk, man...

SILK raises an eyebrow, but says nothing.

READYMAN

I dashed into a literal, actual, fire.
I coulda died. You can't tell me
that's not worth something. Give me...

SILK raises his pointer finger, silencing READYMAN. SILK slowly guides his hand down, interlocking his fingers together, and letting them rest on the desk.

SILK

Did we ask you to respond to this
crisis?

READYMAN

No, but...

SILK raises his finger once again, silencing READYMAN.

SILK

You understand the protocol by now,
I'm sure. Yes, or no?

SILK brings his finger down.

READYMAN

Yes.

SILK

Did we ask you to respond to this
crisis?

READYMAN

No.

SILK

Were we aware of your involvement at
the crisis scene?

READYMAN'S eyes dart around the room, eventually settling on a portrait to the left of SILK, a duplicate Gari Melchers' *The Fencing Master*, only the face in the painting has been replaced with a painted version of SILK's own, and the figure in the portrait wears SILK's clothes.

READYMAN

No.

SILK

Should we pay you every time you risk
your life and limb?

READYMAN

(Immediate)

Yes.

SILK's eyes narrow.

SILK

Really?

READYMAN

(Immediate)

No.

SILK

Good.

Beat. READYMAN wants to say something more, but this takes the appearance of as if he needs to use the bathroom right this moment.

SILK

Something more you would like to add?

READYMAN

Can I-

(Correcting himself.)

May I speak frankly?

SILK makes an opening gesture with his hands, as if to say the floor is his.

READYMAN

You gotta start throwing me in the ring. There's just, you've gotta-

READYMAN gestures emptily as SILK nods back at him. Suddenly, READYMAN stands straight up.

READYMAN

(Exagerrating every word verbally and physically.)

College is expensive. I need money.
You give me money for superheroing.
More superheroing means more money.
Yeah? Or nah?

SILK sinks back into his chair.

SILK

Perhaps.

READYMAN

Then I want... more work.

Beat.

READYMAN

Please.

SILK

Sit back down.

READYMAN slowly sinks into his chair.

READYMAN

Sorry.

SILK

Here's the problem, George. How can I assign you such high profile, worthwhile, endeavors, when you're jumping into burning buildings without our say so? I need an employee, a superhero I can trust to be where I need them to be when I need them.

Beat.

SILK

Have you ever heard of the trolley problem?

READYMAN

Yeah, of course.

He has not.

SILK

Then, tell me, what side would you choose?

READYMAN'S eyes dart around wildly, the fencer portrait is boring READYMAN down nearly as harshly as SILK.

READYMAN

Well, man, I never really thought about it before.

SILK

Exactly. Let us do the deciding, it'll be much simpler.

INT. CRAIG'S APARTMENT - DAY

THE APARTMENT is largely the same as the previous night, only now there is a model train set out, with a train, a branching piece of track, a level which controls which way the train goes, and six figurines tied to the tracks: five on one side, one on the other. CRAIG is kneeling, level with the train set, while GEORGE is half paying attention, snacking on chips.

CRAIG

So, if you approach it from a utilitarian angle, you want to save

the five people, but if you approach it from an egalitarian angle, you, uh, also want to save the five people. That can't be right.

CRAIG stares at the train in thought.

GEORGE

You know what I think it is?

CRAIG

A pointless thought experiment that brings you to the same answer however you approach it?

GEORGE

I don't think he trusts me.

CRAIG

He did say that.

An idea lights GEORGE's face.

GEORGE

The answer is simple.

CRAIG

Wait for a glorified promotion?

GEORGE

No, no. We need something big.

CRAIG puts the train down.

CRAIG

I don't know that's-

GEORGE rises to his feet.

GEORGE

You remember that missing lady from last night?

CRAIG

Yeah? What-

GEORGE

We find her.

CRAIG

Wh-what? We?

GEORGE

I find her.

CRAIG stares at GEORGE, baffled. GEORGE has started pacing to the kitchen and thus around it.

CRAIG

No, s-sorry, not following.

GEORGE

My man Silk needs someone he can trust, yeah? Someone he knows can respond to a big problem. I find her, I prove I can handle big cases, more money for us.

GEORGE is now going through cabinets, excited energy permeating his being.

CRAIG

Dude, I don't think-

GEORGE

And more money means a bigger place.

CRAIG considers this reluctantly.

CRAIG

Fine! Fine. I'll see what I can find out.

INT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - BASEMENT - DAY

A dark and dingy room. Dark. Dingy. Roomy. Blue LED striplights line the room. There is a very uncomfortable twin XL bed and table with a light remote, thimble, mini-wheelbarrow, boot, model dog, model car, iron, top hat, and model battleship.

Along the wall are CANVAS and CASHMERE. On the bed sits MARCIA in the same clothes as her first appearance. She has been sleeping, just now waking up.

CANVAS

There's gotta be something better than Canvas and Cashmere.

CASHMERE

No.

CANVAS

You think I wanna be stuck with Canvas
for the rest of my life?

CASHMERE

No.

MARCIA sits up.

MARCIA

Hello?

CANVAS and CASHMERE both bolt to attention, before looking at one another. CASHMERE sighs and pulls out a coin and flips it. Whilst in the air:

CANVAS

Heads.

The coin falls to the floor. CANVAS drops down to the floor and spots the coin.

CANVAS

Tails.

CASHMERE

Bad cop.

They both look at MARCIA, MARCIA is looking right back at them. CANVAS and CASHMERE look back at each other once more, nod, and slowly approach the bed, Cashmere taking on a bad cop persona and CANVAS hardly changing at all.

CASHMERE

Hello, Marcia. Welcome to the land of
the living.

CANVAS

Casa da Canvas e Cashmere.

Cashmere gives Canvas a deadpan stare.

MARCIA

Who are you?

CANVAS

Did I not just answer-

CASHMERE

You sure would like to know that,
wouldn't you? Tis a shame we ask the

questions around here.

Marcia is far more dumbfounded than scared. Canvas attempts another approach.

CANVAS

Hello, hi. I'm Canvas. This is my friend, Cashmere.

Canvas puts their hand on Cashmere's shoulder. Cashmere recoils.

CANVAS

Now, I wanted to be Leather and Lace, but HR wouldn't go for it.

CASHMERE

But you're far more intimately acquainted with our employer.
Sssss....

Marcia joins in, Cashmere nods, attempting to prompt Marcia. Marcia nods after them. Cashmere shakes their head instead, Marcia shakes their head, following, all while holding the S.

CASHMERE

Sssss...

MARCIA

Sssss-

MARCIA (CONTINUED)

-uede?

CASHMERE

Good enough! Okay! Tag out.

Cashmere heads back to the wall, grabbing the light remote and putting it in their pocket along their way, before drinking some bottled water. Canvas is suddenly at a loss for what to do.

CANVAS

We're just, gonna ask you a couple quest-tee-own-ees, if that's alright.

MARCIA

And if I don't talk?

Canvas looks back at Cashmere. Taking a swig of water, Cashmere makes a thumbs up with their free hand, before sticking out their pointer finger and twirling it: 'keep going.' Canvas looks back at Marcia.

CANVAS
Well, we can make you talk.

Canvas gestures at the table covered in misc. items.

CANVAS
Would you like to choose? Or...

Cashmere mouths along. This bit has been rehearsed.

CANVAS
Shall I?

Marcia looks over at the misc. items. The top hat takes her focus. Canvas smiles.

CANVAS
Good choice.

Cashmere presses the power button on the light remote, the room is suddenly completely black.

CUT TO:

INT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - BASEMENT HALLWAY - DAY

A long empty hallway. A JANITOR, scruffy mustache, Einstein hair, and all, is mopping the hallway.

Suddenly, Marcia's scream can be heard. Janitor immediately looks up, mop in attack position. Seeing nothing, Janitor goes back to mopping, deeply unsettled.

INT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - MUSLIN'S LABORATORY - DAY

A glorified broom closet. Scattered on the floor on the edges of the room are a bunch of mismatching gadgets of unclear purpose. On the back wall are a bunch of pinned papers with red string guiding from one to the other.

In the center sits MUSLIN, pouring over nine different folders.

The scream is still heard. Without breaking eye contact with the folders, MUSLIN reaches over and twists a knob on one of the mismatched gadgets, looking akin more to a generator than music box. It starts to play Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

MUSLIN suddenly takes a sheet from one of the folders and pins it against the wall.

INT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - BASEMENT - DAY

A full Monopoly board is set up on the floor. The top hat piece is on Boardwalk, which, in turn, has a hotel on it. Canvas and Cashmere sit smugly across from Marcia. Marcia only now finishes screaming.

MARCIA

No! Not Boardwalk! Please, please,
anything but boardwalk!

CANVAS

Pay up, honey-munkins!

MARCIA

No! I can't! I can't!

Janitor enters through the only door. Canvas, Cashmere, and Marcia turn to look at the Janitor. The Janitor looks back at them.

JANITOR

I'll come back later.

JANITOR exits.

CANVAS

Now, where were we?

JANITOR opens the door and stares in the door way. Canvas, Cashmere, and Marcia stare at him once again.

JANITOR

That's not-

CASHMERE

It's not.

CASHMERE stands up and crosses to the door.

JANITOR

The missing lady-

CASHMERE

It's not.

JANITOR

From the news?

CASHMERE

It's not. Goodbye.

Cashmere slams the door in the Janitors face. She turns back around.

CASHMERE

Start mortgaging, sweetheart.

EXT. LILVILLE POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Craig and George are staking out the police station in an undercover green 2014 Kia Soul. It is the only car in the lot, barring some extra police cars.

George wears his Readyman costume in the passenger seat, Craig idly eats chips in the drivers seat.

CRAIG

I did some digging into the police report-

GEORGE

You hacked into the police?

Craig looks at George.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. CRAIG'S APARTMENT - EARLIER THAT DAY

Craig is sitting on his couch with his laptop open. The laptop is open to Google. He types in "Lilville missing woman," hits enter, and clicks the first link: a local newspaper article.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. LILVILLE POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Right where we left off. Craig is looking at George.

CRAIG

Y-y-yeah, yeah yeah yeah.

GEORGE

Wow. That's awesome, man.

Craig and George both sit back.

CRAIG

The point is this: they don't have any information we don't. All you have to do is go in there, proclaim you want

to help, and you are golden.

GEORGE

Cool. Cool beans. Coolio. Cooliosis.

George makes no move to get up.

CRAIG

Would you like me to go-

CRAIG

-with you?

GEORGE

Yes please.

INT. LILVILLE POLICE STATION - RECEPTION - NIGHT

It is startlingly bright white. Couple white chairs along a white wall across from a white reception desk, where the RECEPTIONIST sits. In the chairs sit Craig, Readyman, the janitor, and SEVERAL OTHERS.

Each group holds a piece of paper with a number.

RECEPTIONIST

Number Fourteen Seventy-Four?

Readyman sits with his piece of paper, looks at it, and sighs. Craig looks over, turns the paper over, and Readyman's face immediately brightens up.

READYMAN

That's us, that's us.

READYMAN strolls to the reception desk. Craig follows. The receptionists stares at them the entire way over.

READYMAN

You called?

RECEPTIONIST

Fourteen Seventy-four?

READYMAN

(Reading his number.)

Number four thousand one hundred and seventy four at your service. But you can call me Readyman.

The receptionist gives Readyman a cold hard look. If humans were clouds, this receptionist would be the type to purposely rain over the city park. She turns to her computer.

RECEPTIONIST
Is that a full name?

READYMAN
I mean, I guess it is.

RECEPTIONIST
(To Craig)
And you?

CRAIG
I'm Craig, Ma'am-am

RECEPTIONIST
Ready Mann and Craig Mann-Mann,
married?

Craig appears about to interject, but Readyman barrels on forward.

READYMAN
Nah, just roommates.

RECEPTIONIST
Uh-huh. Reason for visiting?

READYMAN
We're looking for info about the
missing woman.

RECEPTIONIST
You'll need more information than
that.

READYMAN
Went missing a couple days ago.

CRAIG
The-uh Moneyweavers fire? Marcia-a
something?

Receptionist sighs. She starts typing on her computer.
Readyman seems as smug as ever. Slowly, she turns back to
Readyman and Craig, a sadistic grin on her face.

RECEPTIONIST
Sorry, we shut that case, earlier
today! Lack of evidence.

READYMAN
Huh?

CRAIG
What?

CRAIG
That-that-that just opened!

RECEPTIONIST
It was an open and shut case. We
opened it, and we shut it.

Receptionist is positively beaming.

CRAIG
B-bu-bu-but-but-bahhhhh. Ugh.

Readyman slaps Craigs back.

READYMAN
(To Craig)
Lemee handle this.
(To Receptionist)
What in the Green Gables do you mean
it's closed? Are you trying to tell me
she was found with out my help?

RECEPTIONIST
Of course not! The police simply
aren't looking for her.

All of the anger suddenly fades out of Readyman's face.

READYMAN
So she's still missing?

RECEPTIONIST
Yes.

READYMAN
That's great! Have a nice day.

Readyman heads towards the exit. Craig rushes after him.

RECEPTIONIST
Fourteen Seventy Five?

Janitor stands up and heads for the reception desk. Craig
stops Readyman right in the Janitors path.

CRAIG
No, sorry, Geo- Readyman, you do get
how weird that is, right? And
problematic? And-

JANITOR

'Scuse me.

CRAIG

Sorry.

Craig moves to the side to let the Janitor through.

JANITOR

Thanks a dozen.

Janitor makes it to the reception desk. Janitor is having his own conversation with the Receptionist.

JANITOR

Jan Ightor.

READYMAN

Yeah, it's weird, man, but so are flamingos, and they happen all the time!

CRAIG

(Hushed)

What do flamingos have to do with police corruption?

JANITOR

Yeah, uh, I've got some info on the ol' Missin' Marcia, erm, Something or other case.

Craig and Readyman immediately look at the Janitor. The receptionist wears the same sadistic smile as before.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, that case is closed.

JANITOR

But I've information got about her.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh well.

JANITOR

A woman has been kidnapped!

Readyman and Craig approach the Janitor.

READYMAN

You've got info about Marcia?

Janitor turns around.

JANITOR
Finally, someone who cares-

Janitor digests the bright costume Readyman is wearing.

JANITOR
What are you wearing?

READYMAN
I think you can help us.

CRAIG
I think we can help you.

INT. CRAIG'S KIA - NIGHT

Craig's Kia driving downtown late at night.

Craig's driving, Readyman's passenger, and the Janitor's in the middle of the backrow, leaning against the seats in front of him and obviously not wearing a seatbelt.

There is a bike in the very back.

JANITOR
So there she was! Playin' Monopoly!
These two oddball types, they were
there too. You know, the type that
woulda looked like twins if they
looked anything alike at all, ya know?
Turn left here.

Craig turns left.

JANITOR
Sorry, I meant right.

Craig hits the breaks, begins reversing, and turns back around.

INT. LILVILLE POLICE STATION - RECEPTION - NIGHT

The Receptionist sits alone at her desk. She checks a sheet of call numbers on her desk and stops at one labeled "Fab. - Emerg."

She turns her attention to her wall-mounted desk phone and calls the number. It rings for an uncomfortably long time. Eventually, Suede picks up.

SUEDE (OF.)
Suede speaking.

RECEPTIONIST
Readyman knows.

INT. CRAIG'S KIA - NIGHT

A new stretch of road. It has clearly been a journey to get as far as they have.

JANITOR
That's where I met my first wife. She left me for the chimpanzees.

READYMAN
I'm sorry, man. I mean, I'm Readyman, but you get it.

JANITOR
Wait until you hear about my- Right right right!

CRAIG makes a hard right. Janitor goes flying to the side.

CRAIG
Wear your seatbelt.

INT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - BASEMENT - DAY

Canvas, Cashmere, and Marcia are all sitting on the bed together, watching "Marley and Me." Canvas is ugly crying in Marcia's arms, whilst Cashmere attempts to retain composure, with limited success.

MARCIA
Perhaps you should call off your 'sad movie where the dog dies' marathon, for your friends sake.

SUEDE enters, slamming the door.

SUEDE
Company's coming.
(Gesturing to Canvas.)
Get them ready.

SUEDE exits. Cashmere gets off the bed and heads to the exit, she looks back, Canvas is still bawling their eyes out. She goes back to Canvas, and carefully leans Canvas against herself. She eyes Marcia.

CASHMERE
Stay here and stay quiet.

Canvas is silently sobbing into Cashmere's shoulder; Cashmere guides them to the door.

INT. CRAIG'S KIA - NIGHT

Another road. Craig and Readyman are not paying any attention to the Janitors ramblings.

JANITOR

They'll tell you that no one knows the last number of pi. But I do. I know it well, and its-

READYMAN

Left, right?

JANITOR

Wrong, right.

READYMAN

My right or your right?

Readyman and Janitor each are one-upping the other in volume.

JANITOR

It's the same right.

READYMAN

I don't think it is.

JANITOR

We're looking the same way! At the windscreen! It's the same right!

CRAIG

Not this again.

JANITOR

I cannot be the one to explain this to you.

EXT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - NIGHT

A fabric store in a strip mall. There is a crummy sign in the window that says "Fab Fabrics" in red, and a sign saying 'closed' beneath it. The lights are off inside. There is a large, empty, parking lot in front.

Canvas, Cashmere, and Suede stand outside, scouring the landscape. Cashmere is using a pair of opera glasses. Canvas and Cashmere look on in opposite directions.

CANVAS
Don't see them.

Likewise. CASHMERE

Canvas and Cashmere slowly turn, still looking onwards, before spotting an undercover green Kia enter the parking lot.

There! CANVAS Here. CASHMERE

The Kia pulls into a handicapped space.

CANVAS
He just parked in-

CUT TO:

INT. CRAIG'S KIA - NIGHT

Craig's Kia. Craig is gripping the wheel for dear life with his eyes closed, practicing deep breathing exercises. Janitor has his face pressed against the window, staring at the fabric shop.

Readyman is mid sentence.

READYMAN
A handicapped spot!

Craig attempts to maintain calm, but winces at the critique.

CRAIG
It's a handicap spot. The spot itself
isn't handicapped, so, by-

EXT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Canvas and Cashmere are mid conversation, Suede watches the Kia behind them.

CASHMERE
-Process of elimination, it would be
handicap spot.

CANVAS
Either way, he-

INT. CRAIG'S KIA - NIGHT

Craig and Readyman are mid conversation, Janitor watches the Fabric store in front of them.

READYMAN

-Can't park there.

The Janitor slowly pushes away from the window and leans into the conversation.

CRAIG

Geo- Readyman, the lot is empty, we're fine.

JANITOR

Personally, I find this entire discussion to be highly irrelevant and,

EXT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Same conversation as before, only Suede has now joined in.

SUEDE

-overall, detrimental to the severity of the matter at hand.

Canvas and Cashmere look at Suede, awestruck.

INT. CRAIG'S KIA - NIGHT

Readyman and Craig mirror the same look as Canvas and Cashmere towards the Janitor.

INT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Marcia is sitting on the bed. She checks her wrist, but realizes she doesn't have a watch.

Beat.

Marcia eyes the door.

INT. CRAIG'S KIA - NIGHT

Craig, Readyman, and the Janitor are in as close to a huddle formation as they can manage in a parked car.

JANITOR

You see those guys? Those are the

guys.

All three look out at Canvas, Cashmere, and Suede. They are still standing around, guarding the entrance.

READYMAN
Those guys in front?

JANITOR
Those guys.

READYMAN
Outside the store?

JANITOR
Those guys.

READYMAN
How many?

Craig looks at Readyman.

CRAIG
Did you forget-

READYMAN
I forgot my contacts.

Craig, Readyman, and Janitor look back at Canvas, Cashmere, and Suede, only now through Readyman's extremely blurry perspective.

CRAIG
Y-y-you didn't mention that until now?

READYMAN
It didn't come up, man!

JANITOR
This guy!

Janitor grabs Readyman's shoulder and shakes it in a violent, but loving, way.

EXT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Suede, Canvas, and Cashmere watch the Kia. Canvas is having trouble standing still.

CANVAS
Are we gonna, you know, do anything?

SUEDE

Let them make the first move.

INT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Marcia has moved to the door, pressing her ear against it. Hearing nothing, she checks the door, unlocked, and gently opens it.

INT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Marcia tentatively takes a step out of the room. Immediately, the door next to Marcia's opens, to which Marcia slinks back in her room.

Muslin comes out of the open door and beelines down the hall, right past Marcia.

MUSLIN

(To the tune of the Conga Motif)

Bathroom bathroom bath-Room, bathroom
bathroom bath-room.

Marcia's eyes follow Muslin as they enter a room marked "bathroom."

Marcia takes a tentative step out of her room and looks at the stairs going up at one end of the hall, but her eyes drift towards the room Muslin left open.

INT. CRAIG'S KIA - NIGHT

Readyman, Craig, and Janitor continue their discussion.

CRAIG

O-Okay. Okay! I-I-I guess we need a way in.

READYMAN

I've got a plan. Call me Readyman with a plan.

EXT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - NIGHT

The three agents watch Readyman get out of the car and start approaching the agents. Readyman still sees three blurry figures.

READYMAN

Hey guys, you gotta bathroom this guy can use? You have no idea how badly-

Readyman's vision clears up as the three figures come into his limited range of vision. Readyman stops dead in his tracks and tilts his head.

READYMAN

Suede?

SUEDE

I think its time you go home.

INT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - MUSLIN'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

Marcia peers into the the glorified broom closet that is Muslin's lab, noting both the files on the floor, and the billboard covered in paper and red string.

Marcia gets on her knees and starts gathering the files and paper.

EXT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Readyman is face to face with Suede; Canvas and Cashmere have backed away from the two.

READYMAN

What's all going on here? Are you searching for that woman too?

CANVAS

Well...

Cashmere elbows Canvas.

SUEDE

Go home, Readyman.

READYMAN

Man, that's why the cops closed the case! The F.A.B. was already on it! Duh!

SUEDE

George, Go home.

INT. CRAIG'S KIA - NIGHT

The Janitor and Craig watch the altercation.

JANITOR

He's gotten more conversation outta the big fella than I ever could.

Craig shrugs.

INT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - MUSLIN'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

Marcia is finishing gathering the papers, putting them all in one folder to hold them together. She stands up, revealing Muslin standing in the doorway.

MUSLIN

Who are you?

EXT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Readyman and Suede conversation continued.

READYMAN

Craig and my's detective work's got
nothing on the ol' F.A.B.:
Fantastically Ac-squisite Besties.

CASHMERE

Federal Acquisition Bureau.

READYMAN

That too. Man, you shoulda invited me
out here to help, I woulda-

Suede grabs Readyman by the collar and lifts him into the air, eye to eye.

READYMAN

Woap, okay.

SUEDE

GO HOME!

For the first time in his life, Readyman is speechless.

INT. CRAIG'S KIA - NIGHT

Craig and the Janitor look on at the scene through the drivers side windows. Craig is visibly taken aback.

EXT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - NIGHT

SUEDE

You'll be hearing from Silk.

Muslin's shrill scream pierces the air. Suede turns behind him, unceremoniously dropping Readyman with a thud.

Suede dashes into the fabric store. Cashmere quickly follows. Canvas takes one step towards the fabric store, makes a helpless gesture, turns around, makes another helpless gesture, turns back around, and dashes into the fabric store.

INT. CRAIG'S KIA - NIGHT

Craig and the Janitor sitting in the Kia. Craig is plugging his ears. Janitor opens his door.

JANITOR

That's her, that's the gal.

Muslin's screaming stops. Craig unplugs his ears. Janitor climbs out of the car.

CRAIG

(Calling after Janitor.)

Wait, we're going in now? Us?

Craig looks forward, takes a deep breath, unbuckles his seatbelt, and exits the Kia.

EXT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Readyman is just standing up, behind him, the Janitor approaches, as does Craig, just getting out of the car.

READYMAN

That musta broke so many labor laws.

Janitor dashes past him.

READYMAN

(Calling after Janitor)

Hey, a little checkup woulda been nice!

Janitor enters the fabric store.

Craig catches up to where Readyman is standing, breathing heavily.

CRAIG

How, how much, of that, was part of the plan?

READYMAN

I forgot I had one of those.

CRAIG
Whatever. Shall we?

Craig makes an inviting gesture to the fabric store.

READYMAN
Nah. They got it covered.

CRAIG
Who? The janitor?

READYMAN
No! Those three? I work with them!
They got it covered.

Craig gives Readyman a blank stare.

CRAIG
You work with Thing One, Thing Two,
and Mr. Big Tall and Scary?

READYMAN
I called him that my first day too!

CRAIG
But... but, they're kidnappers!

READYMAN
No, they're kid-awakers. Kid-rescuers?
Did you see the way they dashed after
that scream? I wish I could be just
like them.

Readyman stares off into space, a distant twinkle in his eye.
Craig shakes his head, he looks at the Kia, the fabric store,
and back at Readyman.

CRAIG
Well, let's just, check. Just to be
safe.

READYMAN
Fine, fine, but I know them,
everything is fine.

Readyman starts to approach the fabric store. Craig wipes off
his forehead and breaths a sigh of relief.

INT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Everything is not fine.

Readyman and Craig come down the stairs and stop a couple steps from the bottom.

Marcia is holding Muslin in a headlock and slowly backing towards the stairs. In the hand attached to that arm are the folders. In her other hand is the generator-music box device, now being brandished clumsily as a weapon.

Suede and Cashmere are both a healthy distance away from Marcia, but attempting to make-up ground. Canvas hides behind Cashmere.

Janitor stands in-between the fabric agents and Marcia, brandishing his trusty mop. Where did he get it? He works here.

Everyone (barring Suede) is yelling.

MARCIA	MUSLIN
Stay back, all of you!	Music player!

SUEDE
Put it down.

JANITOR
Knew there wasn't something right with
ya'll! And who was right? Me!

Marcia takes a step towards the staircase. Suede mirrors Marica.

MARCIA
Take one more step. One more!

SUEDE
Put it down.

MUSLIN
Music player, music player!

Craig covers his ears.

MARCIA
I'm warning you! Please!

SUEDE
You won't fire.

Suede takes another step. The Janitor approaches him.

JANITOR
She won't need to!

The Janitor jabs his mop like a spear at Suede; Suede effortlessly grabs one end, rips it out of the Janitors hands, and throws it aside.

Janitor takes an awful fighting stance.

JANITOR
Well, good thing you're looking at
former UFC champion of 1979.

Janitor attempts to punch Suede. Suede catches it, pulls the Janitor to him, and tosses the Janitor to the side.

Craig looks at Readyman.

CRAIG
These are your kidawakeners?

Readyman either doesn't hear Craig or doesn't care; Readyman finishes going down the stairs.

READYMAN
Woah woah woahoho. Let's all stop
before-

SUEDE
(To Readyman)
STAY OUT OF THIS.
(To Marcia)
One more time: put it down.

Marcia's hand is on the trigger on the device. She's shaking. The Janitor slinks back into the stair case.

MUSLIN
Music box!

SUEDE
No one needs to be hurt-

Marcia pulls the trigger. Everyone goes quiet. Instead of a bang, the familiar first notes of the French Can-Can begin playing.

MUSLIN
Music box.

Marcia throws the music box at Suede. It bounces off him

harmlessly, still playing the Can-Can.

Suede cracks his neck, bracing for a fight.

CRAIG
I-I-I-RUN!

Craig starts up the stairs, followed by the Janitor. Readyman takes the first few steps.

As Marcia attempts to turn, Muslin bites Marcia's arm, causing her to drop the folder, and release her grip on Muslin.

MARCIA
Ah!

Marcia attempts to grab the folders, but is suddenly lifted fireman style by Readyman.

READYMAN
Do you consent to being rescued?

MARCIA
The files!

Readyman looks at Suede, who is now almost upon them.

READYMAN
Good enough for me!

Readyman fireman carries Marcia up the stairs.

EXT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Craig, Janitor, and Readyman carrying Marcia all beat it out of the fabric shop and make a mad dash for the Kia.

The Can Can can still be heard.

INT. CRAIG'S KIA - NIGHT

The Kia is currently empty. Suddenly, the Janitor, Marcia, Craig, and Readyman slide into the Kia, in time with the loud beats of the Can-Can.

They each shut their doors in unison with the next loud beats of the Can-Can.

Craig puts his key in the ignition, starts the car, and drives away as quickly as possible.

INT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Suede is looking up the staircase.

Cashmere is checking Muslin for any wounds. Canvas is picking up papers from the fallen folder.

Suede turns away from the staircase, takes a flipphone out of his pocket, and presses a number on speed dial.

INT. SILK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Quiet.

A bedroom coated in red silk: silk curtains over a giant, gothic style window, silk sheets over a California King bed, and a silk tablecloth over the bedside table. There is a wall-mounted landline phone just above the bedframe.

Silk is in the middle of the bed, sleeping Dracula style with a silk sleeping mask. The phone rings, and Silk immediately sits straight up and answers the phone.

Upon answering, the Can-Can is faintly heard through the phone.

SILK
Agent Silk, Fabricators division.

INT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Suede stands with the phone to one ear, and his other ear plugged. Can-Can loudly plays.

SUEDE
Code Readyman Emergency; currently
sending out all troops to find a
green-

INT. SILK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Silk is still wearing the sleeping mask. Muted Can-Can plays.

SILK
What?

INT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Back to Suede. Loud Can-Can.

SUEDE
Readyman knows everything; currently
mobilizing police-

INT. SILK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Back to Silk. Subdued Can-Can.

SILK
Suede, I cannot hear you.

INT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Suede. Loud Can-Can.

SUEDE
(Loud.)
Readyman Emergency! Police Mobilized!

INT. SILK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Silk. Soft Can-Can.

SILK
Is that the Can-Can?

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A deserted city street, barring a green Kia barreling down it at too many miles over the speed limit. It's quickly approaching an intersection.

INT. CRAIG'S KIA - NIGHT

Inside the Kia: Craig is holding the wheel for dear life in the drivers seat, the Janitor is struggling with his seatbelt, Marcia is giving a silent prayer with her eyes closed in the seat next to the Janitor, and Readyman is pressed against his seat and the window.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The Kia approaches a four way stoplight intersection. The light turns yellow, then red, as the Kia barrels right on through.

A police car poised on the intersecting street turns on its emergency lighting and turns to follow the Kia.

INT. CRAIG'S KIA - NIGHT

Craig notices police lights in his mirror, and starts slowing down the car.

CRAIG

Here goes my spotless record.

Marcia stops praying and opens her eyes, she looks around.

MARCIA

Why are we stopping?

CRAIG

I've broken enough laws tonight! I'm not- I'm not- I'm not- I'm not- Ugh.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The Kia grinds to a stop on the side of the road. The Police Car stops shortly behind the Kia.

INT. CRAIG'S KIA - NIGHT

Craig, once again, death-grips the steering wheel, head against it. Janitor still struggles with his seatbelt.

MARCIA

Listen, the police are in on it.

READYMAN

What? They can't be, man. The police are the good guys.

Behind them, a POLICEMAN gets out of the cop car and strolls to the Kia. He walks with the same gait as a cowboy pulling up to a gunfight.

CRAIG

Everyone you have thus far called the good guys has turned out to be against us. Please stop.

READYMAN

They are good guys! Silks gonna clear it all up for me tomorrow.

MARCIA

How dumb do you have to be?

READYMAN

Ouch, man.

Policeman has reached the back of the Kia, Janitor looks up for the first time since stopping.

JANITOR

Can someone lend a hand with this
finagled thing?

CRAIG

And a ticket for not wearing a
seatbelt. Oh Joyous day.

Marcia leans over to help the Janitor with his seat belt. She gets it immediately.

MARCIA

Please, we must go now, or else-

Tapping on the drivers side door window.

CRAIG

Guys, just- just- just- just-

READYMAN

Act natural.

Craig points at Readyman, opens his mouth, and nods. Craig turns his attention to the window and rolls it down, revealing Policeman: the type of figure who would've excelled as a lawman for an 1800's prairie town, but is only average at stopping modern day traffic violations.

POLICEMAN

Howdy.

CRAIG

Hell-ell-er-um-mm.

Craig clears his throat, gives an awkward smile, and waves. Marcia attempts to slink down to the floor.

POLICEMAN

Do you have any idea why I pulled you
over today, partner?

Craig opens his mouth, closes it again, and nods.

POLICEMAN

Yeah? And why would that be?

CRAIG

Well, we-we, I, we, I-

READYMAN

We were going 90 in a school zone?

Craigs eyes go wide as he turns his head to look at Readyman.

JANITOR

Ninety-six, actually.

Craigs eyes get even wider. He brushes his hands through his hair, takes a breath, and looks back at the policeman with a forced smile on his face.

POLICEMAN

Not quite there, partner.

Craigs forced smile slowly turns into a look of confusion. Marcia slinks farther down in the back seat.

POLICEMAN

Your here stationwagon has all the same markings as wanted criminals Readyman, Craigmanman, and Jan Ightor's- real names unknown- ride.

READYMAN

Wanted criminals?

MARCIA

Stationwagon?

JANITOR

Real names unknown?

CRAIG

Craigmanman-man?

The Policeman bores down at Craig.

CRAIG

You know, I-I-we-I-we- what?

POLICEMAN

Sir, please step out of the vehicle.

Marcia pops back up into her seat.

MARCIA

Drive!

Craig need not be told twice. Craig floors the gas, leaving the Policeman in the dust. The Policeman does a little jaunt after the car, before pulling the radio off his chest.

POLICEMAN

Calling all cowboys, we've got the fugitives headed down Acton Street, just past Midpoint street. Headed towards Crisis Boulevard.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The Kia barrels down the street at too fast miles per hour. It reaches an another intersection, makes a hard right turn, and ends up in the other lane.

INT. CRAIG'S KIA - NIGHT

Craig, Readyman, Marcia, and Janitor are all bracing for dear life.

READYMAN

Wrong lane, wrong lane!

CRAIG

I know, I know!

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The Kia migrates to the correct lane... and keeps going, ending up half on the sidewalk. The Kia passes a T-intersection as POLICE CAR 2 turns onto the street, lights blaring.

INT. CRAIG'S KIA - NIGHT

Readyman points out the windshield. Janitor is looking out the back window.

READYMAN

Sidewalk, silkwalk!

CRAIG

Not helping, not helping!

Janitor turns back to face the front of the Kia.

JANITOR

We've got cops at- erm...

Janitor checks his watch.

JANITOR
12:47 AM.

CRAIG
I know!

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Another intersection. The Kia pulls a hard right, going right through a flower stand on the corner, and still half on the sidewalk.

Police car 2 is quickly gaining on the Kia.

INT. CRAIG'S KIA - NIGHT

Marcia is leaning into the space between the two front seats, using Readyman's seat to steady herself.

MARCIA
Do you have any firearms?

Readyman flexes.

READYMAN
Only these fire arms.

JANITOR
Lady, who do you think we are, the police?

A shotgun shot echoes behind them, everyone's eyes go wide, Nintendo Mii style.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The Kia just passed another Intersection, at it sits POLICE CAR 3.

Police car 2 crosses past the intersection.

INT. POLICE CAR 3 - NIGHT

Canvas looks up at the smattering of bullet holes on the ceiling, shotgun wedged between his legs, as Cashmere slowly takes her hands from her ears.

CANVAS
Shoot.

Cashmere grabs the gun and puts on the safety.

CANVAS
Hey! I called shotgun!

CASHMERE
You've lost shotgun privileges.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Police Car 3's emergency lighting goes on and turns after the Kia and other police car.

INT. CRAIG'S KIA - NIGHT

Readyman is pressed against his seat. Craig's eyes are trained on the road. Janitor is looking out the back window. Marcia leans between the two front seats.

MARCIA
Drive faster.

CRAIG
(Turning to Marcia)
It's a Kia! What do you want from me!?

EXT. CITY STREET - BISTRO SEATING - NIGHT

Beautiful seating outside a late-night Bistro. TV Reporter and Cameraman are sitting at one table with coffee, and RANDOM GUY is sitting at another. The TV crew van sits on the other side of the street.

TV REPORTER
There has to be a story somewhere tonight.

Cameraman takes a sip of his coffee.

TV REPORTER
I mean, there's always something going on in this town!

Cameraman squints over TV Reporters shoulders, seeing a bright light coming straight for them.

TV REPORTER
It's just-

CAMERAMAN
Car.

TV REPORTER

What?

Cameraman stands up.

CAMERAMAN

Car!

Cameraman books it to the other side of the street. TV Reporter, Waiter, and Random Guy look at the oncoming bright light and quickly follow suit.

INT. CRAIG'S KIA - NIGHT

Craig is looking solely at Marcia in the row behind him. Readyman is looking at Craig.

CRAIG

I bought this car for the gas milage,
not the speed, because I'm a good
driver! Maybe next time you can rescue
me and we can take your car, or Jan's
car, or-

Readyman, smirking, looks back at the road, at which the smirk becomes shock.

READYMAN

Craig!

Craig looks at Readyman.

CRAIG

I'm in the middle - oh!

Craig twists hard on the steering wheel.

EXT. CITY STREET - BISTRO SEATING - NIGHT

As the Kia swerves, it sends two tables with umbrellas flying into the air, as well as several chairs.

The tables and chairs' silhouettes are seen in front of the full moon, before landing all around and on top of Police Car 2.

One table falls on top of the police car hood, the impact of which causes the attached umbrella to open, completely blinding POLICEMAN 2 in police car 2.

Police car 2 swerves back and forth behind the Kia, when

viewed from behind the Kia, all that can be seen is a giant umbrella following behind it.

The Kia turns right at an intersection, the umbrella-blinded Police Car 2 keeps going forward.

Police car 3 turns, following the Kia.

Cameraman, TV Reporter, Waiter, and Random Guy all watch on, a smile forms on TV Reporters face.

WAITER

What was that?

CAMERAMAN

(Shocked)

It was a car!

RANDOM GUY

Actually, it was a 2022 Undercover
Green Kia Soul traveling at speeds
around-

CAMERAMAN

(Condescending)

It was a car.

TV Reporter takes several steps forward, smile growing wider.

TV REPORTER

It was a story.

INT. POLICE CAR 3 - NIGHT

Cashmere is driving, Canvas is twiddling their thumbs. The shotgun sits idly between them.

They are catching up to the Kia.

CASHMERE

Have the shotgun ready.

CANVAS

Oh! I thought I wasn't allowed to
touch the shotgun!

Canvas sits with their arms crossed. Cashmere glances at them, brings her eyes to the road, and looks at Canvas once again.

CASHMERE
Seriously?

CANVAS
Not touching it.

CASHMERE
We do not have time for this!

A black van appears outside Cashmere's window, driven by the Cameraman, quickly passing Police Car 3.

Whilst keeping her eyes on the road, Cashmere grits her teeth, grabs the shotgun, shoves it in Canvas's arms.

CASHMERE
Shotgun privileges restored.

INT. CRAIG'S KIA - NIGHT

Craigs eyes are trained on the road once again, as are Readymans. Janitor looks out the back window.

JANITOR
More company! Pulling right along side.

CRAIG
Oh joy.

The Janitors head slowly turns to look out his window as the Van pulls to the drivers side of the Kia.

JANITOR
Big black van, satellite dish- might be the news.

Readyman perks up at this.

READYMAN
News? I've got this.

Readyman unbuckles his seatbelt, and swings his leg over the central console. Marcia back in her seat, away from this. The Janitor unbuckles his own seat, migrating to the currently empty back row of seats.

CRAIG
George, what are you doing?

READYMAN

Who's George? I'm- ugh.

Readyman forces himself over the central console, ending up in the second row of seats.

READYMAN

I'm Readyman.

Readyman sits in the Janitors previous seat, and rolls down the window. Just feet away, the vans doors open, revealing TV Reporter with a camera stand set up behind her.

TV REPORTER

Readyman?

READYMAN

Miss TV Reporter lady woman?

TV Reporter's shock breaks through her professionalism, but recovers quickly.

TV REPORTER

Would you be willing to answer a couple questions?

CRAIG

George, now is not the time-

READYMAN

Yeah, yeah, sure.

TV Reporter hangs out of the open van door van as Readyman sticks his head out of the window.

TV REPORTER

Great!

A shotgun shot echoes. TV Reporter doesn't flinch.

INT. POLICE CAR 3 - NIGHT

Cashmere is gritting their teeth at the wheel, Canvas has their head tilted, analyzing several bullets lodged in the windshield.

CANVAS

Huh.

CASHMERE

It's bulletproof Canvas, bulletproof!

CANVAS

I see that now.

CASHMERE

Maybe, just maybe, aim out the window?

CANVAS

But it's dangerous to stick your head
out of a moving car!

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Readyman is sticking his head out of a moving Kia, only to be topped by TV Reporter, who's entire self hangs out of the news van, shoving a microphone in Readyman's face.

TV REPORTER

Readyman, can you tell our viewers at
home just what is going on out here?

Janitor slowly peeks out the window from the backrow eavesdropping.

READYMAN

Yeah, man. We're the good guys, right?
That's why we're being chased, man.
And those guys chasing us? Those guys
are the bad guys.

TV REPORTER

The 'guys' in the car marked Police,
you mean?

READYMAN

Yeah!

JANITOR

Those guys.

Readyman gives a little nod of confirmation toward TV Reporter as Janitor slinks back into the backseat.

TV REPORTER

And can you tell us a little about
what makes them 'bad guys?'

READYMAN

Man, I didn't think they were bad guys
either, but then, this woman...

Readyman points backward at Marcia, who looks away from the

front of the Kia and toward the van.

READYMAN (CONTINUED)

They kidnapped her. And we kidawoke her.

TV Reporter tilts her head, still hanging out of the moving Van.

TV REPORTER

Kidawoke?

READYMAN

Yeah.

TV REPORTER

Can you define that for us?

READYMAN

I don't know, it's like kidnapping, but, you know, the opposite, man.

INT. POLICE CAR 3 - NIGHT

Canvas is hanging out the window, back window of the Kia in the shotgun crosshairs.

CANVAS

Got it.

Canvas fires the shotgun. Dropping it due to recoil. Canvas instinctively tries to catch it, before sadly watching it disappear behind Police Car 3.

CANVAS

Shoot.

Canvas sticks their head back in the police car.

CASHMERE

You missed.

CANVAS

Cash-

CASHMERE

You missed with a shotgun, Canvas.

CANVAS

I dropped-

CASHMERE

Shotguns are designed so that you
can't miss, and yet, you did.

Canvas looks out the window before sitting back in their
seat. The Police car speeds up.

INT. CRAIG'S KIA - NIGHT

Craig is fully concentrated on driving. At the end of the
street is a left and a right turn, along with a river in
front of that.

Craig checks the mirror, seeing Police Car 3 still following
the Kia.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Craigs head hangs out the Kia, TV Reporter hangs out the Van.
Police car 3 is quickly gaining on the Kia.

TV REPORTER

For our last question, Readyman, do
you have any advice for the kids at
home?

READYMAN

Advice? Yeah! Yeah. One sec.

INT. CRAIG'S KIA - NIGHT

Readyman sticks his head back into the Kia and leans around
Craigs seat.

READYMAN

Craig, man, what was that one thing
with the trolley and the people-

Craig takes one hand off the wheel and flails it in
Readyman's direction.

CRAIG

I'm busy.

The river almost upon them. Readyman sticks his head out
again.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Police Car 3 is now bumper to bumper with the Kia.

Readyman sticks his head out the window, meeting TV Reporter, who still hasn't moved.

READYMAN

A guy told me this, and it changed my life. You ready?

TV REPORTER

Ready, Readyman.

READYMAN

Okay, if you're ever on a trolley, don't hesitate to kill someone.

TV Reporter is suddenly very confused.

TV REPORTER

What?

INT. CRAIG'S KIA - NIGHT

Craig is upon the river. Craig continues forward until the Kia is almost touching the guardrail.

EXT. CITY STREET - RIVERBANK - NIGHT

The Kia makes a sudden sharp turn right, as the News Van does the same to the left.

Police Car 3 does not have time to react to the turn, plunging through the guardrail and into the sandy bank separating the street with the river.

INT. POLICE CAR 3 - NIGHT

Police Car 3 is beaten up: bullet holes in the ceiling, bullets lodged in the windshield, scratches abound, a confused Canvas and a seething Cashmere.

Cashmere laughs and shakes her head.

CASHMERE

Clever.

Canvas looks at Canvas and opens their mouth, before the passenger airbag triggers.

INT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Muslin sits on the bed, fiddling with the music box, still blaring the Can-Can. Next to him is the files in an

unorganized pile.

Suede enters and approaches the bed.

Muslin looks at him, apologetic.

MUSLIN

It's on forever now. Sorry.

Suede smiles at Muslin.

In one motion, Suede grabs the music box, brings it above his head, and throws it onto the ground, causing it to shatter into a dozen tiny pieces. The Can Can stops.

SUEDE

(Subtly mocking.)

It's gone forever now. Sorry.

Muslin gives no outward reaction. Suede returns to business.

SUEDE

Those files won't sort themselves.

Suede walks out of the room. Muslin's eyes follow Suede leave.

Suede closes the door behind him, at which Muslin gets off the bed and starts picking up the broken pieces of the music box.

INT. CRAIG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's dark. Very dark, and exactly how Craig and Readyman left it. The TV remote sits on the table.

The sound of keys jingling from the other side of the main door, the door shakes a little. Soon, it morphs into a violent shaking before swinging open as Craig stumbles in, followed by Janitor and Marcia.

MARCIA

This is your hideout?

Readyman enters, turns on the lights.

READYMAN

No. This is our apartment!

Readyman makes his way to the bedroom, and goes inside, shutting the door behind him.

Janitor waltzes around the living room. Craig grabs a mug and fills it with tap water.

JANITOR
Nifty place you got here.

Janitor stops at the VCR.

JANITOR
Man, I had one of these before they
were recalled.

Marcia looks at Janitor. Craig is in the kitchen, downing the water.

MARCIA
VCR players were never recalled.

JANITOR
That's what the government wants you
to think.

Craig is filling up the mug with water again.

MARCIA
Please, the government would never do
that.

CRAIG
But you know what the government would
do?

MARCIA
Attempt to-

MARCIA
-kidnap a woman for reasons
you'd love to be expounded
upon?

CRAIG
Attempt to kidnap a woman
for reasons I'd love to be
expounded upon?

Marcia puts her hands on her hips and lands Craig with a solid mom stare. Not to be deterred, Craig looks bag at Marcia with a brave face, but shrinking all the while.

CRAIG
Yes. Tha-at. Exactly.

MARCIA
It started when I was young...

George crashes out of his bedroom, wearing PJ's and his glasses, and falling to the floor.

GEORGE
-to be expounded upon!

Janitor and Marcia stare at George, no recognition behind their eyes.

GEORGE
Did I miss my cue?

Marcia turns to Craig.

MARCIA
Who is this?

CRAIG
What-what do you mean? This is-

Craig looks over at George. George is making a chopping motion at neck level: "cut it out."

Craig lifts his hands: "Why?"

George takes off his glasses. strikes a super pose. Readyman puts on his glasses, strikes a normal pose.

Craig, inaudibly: "oooooh." Craig taps on his forehead twice: he gets it. Marcia and Janitor are still looking at Craig.

CRAIG
My-my-my roommate! George! Say hello,
George!

Craig gestures to George,

GEORGE
Adios!

George gives a genuine wave. Marcia blinks twice, before moving over to Craig.

MARCIA
You have a roommate?

CRAIG
Don't-don't... Don't worry. I
guarantee you already know him
extremely well.

MARCIA

I have never seen this man before in
my life.

George grabs a blank VHS tape. Janitor leans over him.

JANITOR

You're Craig's roommate, eh?

GEORGE

Oh yeah. Roomies with the zoomies.

George loads the VHS tape into the VHS player.

JANITOR

I haven't had a roommate since 1962.

GEORGE

College?

JANITOR

Alcatraz.

Janitor nods. George stands up, moves over to couch.

GEORGE

(Offhandedly.)

I think I've heard of that one. They
beat Ohio State last year, yeah?

Craig runs his hands through his hair and looks at Marcia.

CRAIG

Look, I, George, he's harmless. He's
cool. He's worth pouring out your
entire story in front of. Please pour
out your entire story in front of him.

Marcia looks at George.

George is sitting on the couch, flipping through channels.
Janitor leans over George, demonstrating the horrors of
Alcatraz with his hands.

Marcia looks at Craig.

MARCIA

The more the merrier.

Marcia turns around.

MARCIA

I suppose you're all wondering why I
was kidnapped. It started-

George suddenly points to the TV.

GEORGE

There!

On the TV screen is an aerial view of the car chase, two
police cars chase Craig's Kia. The scroll bar reads "Think of
the Children!"

TV REPORTER (VO.)

It was an ordinary night in Lilville,
when police pulled over a green Kia
for going over 90 in a school zone.

The TV Screen shows the Kia crash into and through the
outdoor bistro seating.

TV REPORTER (VO.)

What ensued was a 'cross city chase in
which no one was safe.

George is leaning forward, enthralled, the Janitor watches
the TV as well, sitting on the arm of the couch closed to
Readyman.

GEORGE

Man, how do they get these angles?

Marcia looks over at Craig. Craig shrugs.

CRAIG

After this, I guess.

Craig walks over to the cupboard, grabbing a bag of chips.

On the TV, TV Reporter stands outside the bullet hole ridden
Police Car 3. The scroll bar reads "Lil' Trouble in Lilville"

TV REPORTER

Seen here is the wreck of but one of
the pursuing police cars, inside of
which were F.A.B. Agents John "Canvas"
McLaughlin and Joan "Cashmere"
Sterning.

Craig, George, and Janitor watch in varying states of
emotion. Marcia sighs and walks to the couch.

TV REPORTER
Agents John and Joan had this to say.

George leans back.

GEORGE
Man, get to the good part.

CRAIG
Which? You?

GEORGE
Yes! I- What? No, man.

Marcia stops just next to the couch, standing.

The news report cuts to Canvas and Cashmere, looking no worse for wear than before. The scroll bar reads "F.A.B.ulous Agents".

CASHMERE
It's our job to keep these streets
safe.

Canvas makes the umpire baseball symbol for safe.

CANVAS
Safe.

CASHMERE
Yes... And criminals like these?

Canvas watches Cashmere, nods in understanding, looks at the camera, closes his eyes, and nods again.

CASHMERE
These, these, these-

The censor beep covers Canvas.

Craig, George, Marcia all gasp. Janitor gives no reaction.

Canvas opens his eyes and stares at Cashmere.

CASHMERE
It is our responsibility to maintain
order and refuse to let them roam the
streets without safeguards.

The TV shows the Kia barrel through the flower stand. The scroll bar reads "Does Anyone Actually Read These?"

TV REPORTER (VO.)

The-

Censor beep.

TV REPORTER (VO.)

-in question are former local hero
Readyman-

George throws his hands to the either side, accidentally
slapping Janitor in the stomach.

GEORGE

Whaddya mean former?

TV REPORTER (VO.)

Jan Ightor and-

George notices Janitor hunched over.

GEORGE

Sorry, man.

TV REPORTER (VO.)

-his new sidekick-

TV REPORTER (VO.)

-Craigmanman.

Craig gestures with futility.

TV Reporter is back on screen.

TV REPORTER

But perhaps no one paints a better
picture than the renegades themselves.

Readyman hanging out of the window from the chase sequence on
the TV screen.

George points at the TV screen.

GEORGE

That's me! That's-

Readyman at Craig, then Janitor, immediately swapping gears.

GEORGE

-not me at all! That's Readyman, man.

The TV screen shows Readyman hanging out the Kia window. The
scroll bar says "Do Not Try at Home!"

TV REPORTER (VO.)

Just what was is happening here, we asked.

READYMAN

We kidawoke her.

TV REPORTER

Kidawoke?

The TV cuts to later in the conversation.

READYMAN

It's like kidnapping.

George stands up.

GEORGE

What? I didn't say that, man.

The scroll bar now reads "The Kidawoke Agenda"

TV REPORTER

Do you have any advice for the kids at home?

READYMAN

Yeah. Yeah.

The TV cuts to moments later.

READYMAN

Don't hesitate to kill someone.

Readyman stares into the the TV camera as the TV turns off.

Craig holds the remote, stunned. George looks at the TV, mouth agape. Marcia is tense.

GEORGE

They used my words! Those were my words, but not! I can't believe it, man.

CRAIG

We're-we're actually criminals now.

Janitor slaps his thigh and stands up.

JANITOR

Welp. Only one thing for us to do.

CRAIG
There's nothing for us to do.

GEORGE
(To Janitor)
Yeah, what's that?

JANITOR
Give up and turn ourselves in.

Janitor heads for the door. Craig shakes his head, snaps out of his stupor.

CRAIG
What? We actually can't do that!

JANITOR
Gee, two seconds ago it sure seemed like you were pretty gung-ho on the idea.

CRAIG
But-but, you weren't supposed to agree with me, I was supposed to be extremely defeated and then you would come up with an insane idea and George would go-

George mouthing along.

CRAIG (CONTINUED)
That could never work.

George no longer mouthing along.

CRAIG (CONTINUED)
And then it-it would work and-and-and-

MARCIA
That's ridiculous. You don't even know why the government kidnapped me yet.

Craig turns to Marica.

CRAIG
That-that's right! I forgot. Okay. We have to do this in order.

Craig takes a deep breath.

CRAIG
The floor is yours.

GEORGE
What? You can't just give away our
carpet like that.

Craig turns to George.

CRAIG
No, it's an expression...

Craig sighs; turns back to Marcia.

CRAIG
Go ahead.

MARCIA
It started when I was 38.

EXT. ALCATRAZ UNIVERSITY - DAY

Flashback. The steps of Alcatraz University. Young Marcia, looking around 20, sits on the steps of the building in full graduation garb.. Everything is sepia toned.

MARCIA (VO.)
I had just graduated university, young
and naive, unsure what to do with my
life, when a man approached me.

Silk's looming shadow appears over Marcia, Marcia looks up and sees Silk, dressed like he just tied someone to the railroad tracks in an old cartoon.

As Marcia speaks, characters lip sync as if they are the ones saying it - Drunk History style.

MARCIA (VO.)
He said-

MARCIA (SILK)
Do you want a job?

MARCIA (VO.)
And I told him that-

MARCIA (YOUNG MARCIA)
I would love to be another cog in the
wheel that is capitalist America.

Silk smiles, holds out his hand.

MARCIA (SILK)

Well, do I have the opportunity for you.

Marcia grabs Silks hand, Silk lifts Marcia, they run to the building next door, which, thanks to dream-flashback logic, is the fabric store.

MARCIA (VO.)

There, he introduced me to the Fabricators, a secret division of the U.S. Government headed by Silk, himself. He told me to-

MARCIA (SILK)

Meet the team that's been scamming the citizens of the United States for years.

Silk gestures to THE THREE FORMER MEMBERS OF THE FABRICATORS TEAM standing in front of the Fabric Store. The team consists of a bizarro version of Canvas, Cashmere, and Suede: MODAL, MERINO, and TWILL, respectively.

CRAIG (YOUNG MARCIA)

Wait-ait, scamming the citizens of the United states? Meaning?

GEORGE (SILK)

Yeah, what?

MARCIA (YOUNG MARCIA)

Save the questions till the end or we'll never get through this.

GEORGE (SILK)

Sorry.

CRAIG (YOUNG MARCIA)

Sorry.

MARCIA (VO.)

Their mission was to embezzle-

Silk scratches his head, confused.

MARCIA (YOUNG MARCIA)

It means steal.

GEORGE (SILK)
Thanks man.

MARCIA (VO.)
Steal five dollars off of every single
American's taxes.

George (Modal), Craig (Merino), and Janitor (Twill) all gasp,
Young Marcia and Silk look up at them.

GEORGE (MODAL)
Five dollars?

CRAIG (MERINO)
I need that money for college!

GEORGE (MODAL)
Man, I had no idea.

CRAIG (MERINO)
I always felt my bank account was a
bit lighter than expected every tax
season, but I thought it was just me.

JANITOR (TWILL)
I don't pay my taxes, but I feel your
pain.

Merino and Modal look at Twill.

CRAIG (MODAL)
You don't pay your taxes?

GEORGE (MERINO)
Man, just because the government's
stealing our money doesn't mean it's
right to steal it back.

CRAIG (MODAL)
Did we swap voices?

GEORGE (MERINO)
I think we did, man.

CRAIG (MODAL)
Wild.

MARCIA (YOUNG MARCIA)
Do you three ever stop talking?

Merino lifts a finger, about to speak.

MARCIA (YOUNG MARCIA)
It's rhetorical.

Merino puts their finger down; lifts their finger again.

MARCIA (YOUNG MARCIA)
It means... okay. The team changed
over time, but the mission remained
the same: steal from Americans using
taxes.

Twill fades away into Suede, Modal fades into Canvas, and
Merino into Cashmere. Silk walks over to them and strike a
pose, waiting for a camera to go off. Muslin runs in and
joins them.

A camera flash.

INT. CRAIG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Back to the present. Marcia, George, and Janitor are in their
same positions. Craig has migrated to the other side of the
counter.

MARCIA
I couldn't take it, so I left after
thirty years of service.

JANITOR
Lady, you scammed Americans for thirty
years and then you quit for the moral
highground?

MARCIA
No, I quit because I hit retirement
and I'm not ashamed to admit it.

Janitor digests this. He can get behind that sentiment.

CRAIG
But what did you do for them?

MARCIA
Accounting.

CRAIG
And where?

MARCIA
Moneyweavers Accounting Firm.

GEORGE

And how?

Marcia turns to face George, tilts her head.

MARCIA

You don't want me to explain financial statement manipulation to you.

Craig's face lights up.

CRAIG

Wait, wait! The-the Moneyweavers fire! That was them, wasn't it!

MARCIA

It twas.

CRAIG

You-you were retiring, and they wanted to cover their tracks, so they burned down the entire building and covered their tracks!

MARCIA

Correct again.

Craig bites his lip, taps the countertop.

CRAIG

And the-the those files contained-

MARCIA

Thirty years worth of proof.

Craig looks between Marcia, Janitor, and Readyman, astounded.

CRAIG

Holy Government, Readyman.

JANITOR

Nope, that's the Pope.

George thinks. It doesn't suit him. Craig sees this and is taken aback.

CRAIG

George, are you okay?

GEORGE

I gotta question.

Marcia puts her hands on her hips.

MARCIA

What.

GEORGE

So we've got Silk and Suede and the other guys stealing money through taxes. I get that part. But what about Readyman? It's weird for these guys to be stealing money and also paying a superhero, yeah?

Marcia looks at the floor and back at George.

MARCIA

I don't know. I was only responsible for managing the checkbook.

ALL

Hmmm.

GEORGE

Huh.

A rare moment of silence.

JANITOR

I still think we should turn ourselves in.

CRAIG

We can't turn ourselves in!

The beep-beep of a car being locked is heard from outside. Marcia squints at the window, makes her way to it and looks down.

There is a limo on the street, with Suede standing outside, he is messing with a megaphone.

MARCIA

We need a good idea, and now.

George and Craig share a look and head towards the window.

Down below, Suede brings the microphone to his mouth and tests it, a high pitched ring comes out of the megaphone. Suede drops the megaphone and covers his ears.

CRAIG
Any ideas?

GEORGE
You're the smart one, man.

CRAIG
Yes, I am. Aren't I?

Craig breaks from the window, starts looking around his apartment.

Through the window, Suede adjusts the megaphone again. Brings it to his lips.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Suede stands on the sidewalk outside of the apartment complex near the limo, megaphone to mouth. Silk sits in the backseat of the limo, window rolled down and wearing sunglasses.

SUEDE
Bring out the Readyman and no one gets hurt.

Suede brings the megaphone to his side, looks at Silk.

Silk points and moves his hand in a circular motion, "keep it coming."

Suede looks back up the apartment building, brings the megaphone to his mouth once again.

SUEDE
We just want to talk.

INT. CRAIG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

George still stares out the window. Marcia sits in silent thought. Craig paces, eyes darting across various objects in the room, in very loud anxiety ridden thought. Janitor leans on the counter.

CRAIG
Idea, idea, idea, I have no idea.

GEORGE
Maybe I just go out there.

MARCIA
That's a horrible idea.

CRAIG
That's a terrible idea.

JANITOR
Are we all certain?

CRAIG
Yes! We can't- we might- We- Ugh.

Craig stops pacing at the couch, sits on it.

JANITOR
We can't prove we're not criminals with Marcia, they'll claim Stockholm syndrome. You all say we can't turn ourselves in, okay. Then we've got no plan, except to maybe see what they want.

MARCIA
Again, that's a horrible idea.

Craig's eyes slowly drift down to the VHS player.

CRAIG
Except it might just work.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Silk watches Suede from the Limo. Suede has the megaphone to his face once again.

SUEDE
Come on out, Readyman!

Suede lets the megaphone drop back down to his side and shakes his head.

SILK
Something you would like to add, Suede?

SUEDE
Sir, may I?

Silk leans back in his seat, gives Suede a solid side profile.

SILK
My pleasure.

Suede appears nervous for once.

SUEDE

Is this worth the resources, sir?
Should we not cut our losses and
start...

Silk holds one finger up. Suede trails off.

SILK

One does not simply spend years
creating the perfect follower to let
them toddle off with someone else.

Readyman approaches from behind Suede, never letting Suede or
Silk see his left ear.

READYMAN

Hey hey! Suede my man!

Readyman holds his hand out. Suede holds the megaphone out,
before awkwardly shuffling it to his other hand.

Readyman gives Suede a bro hug: pull in, pat on the back, and
all, whilst taking care to make sure Suede's eyes are always
on Readyman's right side. Suede does not reciprocate.

READYMAN

Crazy night, huh?

Silk looks out the window.

SILK

Hello, George.

Silk scoots over. Suede holds the door open for Readyman.

Readyman stares at the door for a moment, before smiling,
taking two steps back, and Michael Jackson moonwalking into
the limo, left side away from Suede.

Suede raises his eyebrows at this display.

In Readyman's left ear sits a singular wireless earbud.

Readyman falls into the limo, Suede shuts the door behind
Readyman before getting in the front seat.

The limo pulls away and heads down the street.

INT. SILK'S LIMO - NIGHT

Silk's Limo looks like a mini version of Silk's Office:

Extravagant silk chair behind a desk with a silk tablecloth on top; landline phone on top of that; all red.

There is a card chair bolted to the silk carpet floor on the other side of the desk.

A smaller version of *The Fencing Master* hangs on the wall behind silk. A window to the front of the limo is opposite to the painting, revealing Suede watching through the rear-through mirror.

Silk sits in the silk chair, Readyman in the bolted card chair.

SILK
Someone certainly has been busy
tonight.

READYMAN
Oh you have no idea, man.

SILK
I quite like to think I do.

Readyman shrugs; head tilted slightly to the left.

SILK
Let's talk turkey.

READYMAN
Please, it's Readyman.

Or...

READYMAN
Gobble gobble, man.

Silk smiles.

SILK
Funny.

Silk returns to his neutral expression.

SILK
Tell me everything you know.

READYMAN
Everything? Man, I...

Readyman suddenly straightens.

READYMAN (CONTINUED)

In nineteen forty-two, Columbus sailed
the ocean blue-

SILK

About tonight, George. About tonight.

READYMAN

Man, it started when I went to the the
police, right? And they told me they
couldn't help me find Marcia. Then a
lotta stuff happened...

The earpiece catches the light.

INT. CRAIG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Craig's phone sits on the coffee table, with the screen
currently being in a call, reading "George (Roommate)."

Attached to the phone is a plug adaptor, connected to another
plug adaptor, which connects to another adaptor, which
connects to the HDMI port for the TV.

Readyman is heard through the TV.

READYMAN (CONTINUED)

...and we kidawoke -rescued- Marcia
from the F.A.B. and she told us that
you guys were taking money from us all
using taxes!

SILK (OF.)

Fascinating.

On the TV screen is the same image as the phone screen.
Underneath it, the VCR player plays.

Janitor watches on the couch, Marcia stands near the kitchen,
and Craig stares out the window.

INT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - MUSLIN'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

Muslin sits on the floor. On one side of them sits an open
laptop, on the other sits the folders, neatly untouched. In
his hand is the music box - half reconstructed.

Muslin takes a piece of the music box from in front of him
and screws it into place.

An alarm sound coming from the laptop. Muslin sighs, sets

down the music box, and signs into the laptop.

MUSLIN

Oh. Not good.

INT. SILK'S LIMO - NIGHT

Silk sits at his desk, Readyman in the card chair.

SILK

Stealing extra money from taxes. Such a bold accusation.

READYMAN

Well that's what I thought, man. But then it made sense.

SILK

I assume you won't be convinced otherwise?

READYMAN

You lose a lotta credibility points when you start kidnapping people.

SILK

Well, we don't *steal* money from the American taxpayer, we-

The phone on Silk's desk goes off. Silk watches it ring. Eventually, it stops ringing and Silk returns his attention to Readyman.

SILK

We don't *steal*-

The phone rings again. Silk grabs the receiver and slams it back down.

SILK

We...

Silk turns and stares at the receiver, looks back at Readyman.

SILK

don't-

The phone rings. Silk deftly grabs the receiver and brings it to his ear.

SILK

Not now!

Silk slams the receiver back down.

INT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - MUSLIN'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

Muslin sits in the broom closet laboratory, laptop on his lap and flip phone to his ear. He closes the phone, and puts the computer to the side.

The laptop screen reads "Recording Detected."

Muslin picks up the half-reconstructed music box.

INT. SILK'S LIMO - NIGHT

Silk and Readyman, as they were left.

SILK

We don't *steal*...

Silk looks at the telephone. Silk looks back at Readyman.

SILK

We *acquire*.

Suede glances back using the rearview mirror.

SUEDE

It's not called the Federal
Acquisition Bureau for nothing.

SILK

Not now Suede.

SUEDE

Sorry, Silk, Sir.

Silk leans forward.

SILK

Listen. I'm willing to overlook
everything that happened tonight. The
way you went behind my back-

READYMAN

I'm right in front-

Silk raises his pointer finger impatiently.

SILK
The way you disrupted my plans-

READYMAN
I mean, I didn't know-

Silk puts his entire palm forward, hand stretched out.

SILK
The way you thought for yourself!

READYMAN
I don't know-

Throws his palm outstretched again.

SILK
Let me speak!

READYMAN
Sorry, man- Silk- man, sir.

Readyman purses his lips.

SILK
Right now, America needs a face to
unite them, someone unwaveringly loyal
to their plight. Ready to rescue them
at a moments notice.

Silk leans forward, putting his hands on the desk.

SILK
Right now, you have the power to be
that face. The face of the
proletariat.

Readyman tilts his head further left and blinks.

SILK
The face of America.

Silks eyes bore into Readyman's soul.

SILK
I'm willing to to return your
condition, maybe even a raise, under
the following conditions.

Readyman's eye dart to the portrait and back to Silk.

SILK

One, return Marcia to us. Two, forget everything that happened tonight. And three, never pull anything like this ever again. Yes, or no?

Readyman's silent.

SILK

You may speak.

Readyman fidgets with his hands in his lap.

SILK

Yes, or no? All we need is one word, George. One word.

GEORGE

One word?

SILK

One word.

GEORGE

Why?

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Silk's limo pulls away from the apartment building, revealing Readyman, who watches the limo drive away.

Craig exits the apartment complex and runs to Readyman. Readyman turns to Craig.

READYMAN

Did it work?

CRAIG

Oh yes.

INT. FABRICATORS HIDEOUT - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Muslin is sitting on the bed, Suede towers over him. Silk stands lurking in the corner.

SUEDE

They recorded us? And you didn't tell us while it was happening?

MUSLIN

I tried! I tried.

SUEDE

Well that's just great, isn't it? Who knows where they'll go with that.

Silk steps out of the shadows.

SILK

Patience, Agent Suede. There's only one place they could go.

Silk smiles. Suede takes a moment, waiting. Silk notices.

SILK

Yes, Agent Suede?

SUEDE

Where?

SILK

What do you mean?

SUEDE

Where are they going?

Silk stares at Suede. Suede stares back at Silk. Muslin stares into space.

SUEDE

You said there was only one place they could go and the scene hasn't changed, so I figured-

SILK

Just bring me my fencing equipment.

EXT. BROADCASTING CENTER - HIGHWAY SIDE - DAY

A giant radio tower with a small building, the broadcasting center, at the base.

It has two parking spots, one of which is handicapped only. A pickup truck sits in the not handicapped spot and Craig's Kia sits in the handicapped spot.

Other than that, it is exclusively highway and prairie.

Marcia, Craig, Readyman, and the Janitor stand in the field next to the broadcast center.

Marcia holds a cut-up and re-pieced together VHS tape and Craig holds the VHS player.

Readyman looks at the handicapped sign, and then at Craig.

CRAIG

Not a word.

JANITOR

Behold! The Broadcast Center at the edge of town.

MARCIA

And you can get us in?

Janitor approaches the Broadcast center, fishing a key ring out of his pocket. It has far too many keys on it.

JANITOR

Yeah-yeah. Long as they haven't replaced the locks in sixty years.

Craig perks up. Janitor sizes up the lock and picks a key.

CRAIG

How old are you?

Janitor puts the key the lock, jiggles it around.

JANITOR (CONTINUED)

Never ask a man his salary, a- ur-ah.

The key is stuck.

JANITOR (CONTINUED)

Give me a minute here.

Readyman looks back at the highway, sees Silk's limo speeding towards the radio tower.

READYMAN

Hey, Silk has a limo just like that.

INT. BROADCASTING CENTER - DAY

A one room set up. There's a door along the right wall. Another door directly opposite. There is a watercooler against the wall in-between.

On the wall facing the camera is a desk with a soundboard, a mike, and DJ DJ bobbing out to the final notes of a song I haven't decided upon yet, headphones on.

As the song ends, DJ DJ flips the mic on.

DJ DJ

Alright guys, that was "song" by "the
guys who wrote the song." You know,
when I listen to "song," I always
start thinking about my ex.

Silently, behind DJ DJ, the right door swings open. The
Janitor runs in, followed by Craig and Marcia.

Readyman brings up the rear, walking backwards fists raised.

Readyman throws a feigned punch, but jumps back as a rapier
thrusts through the open door. Silk steps in with the rapier.

DJ DJ (CONTINUED)

She had golden blonde hair and a voice
that made men swoon. When she laughed?
Oh! I cried!

SILK chases Readyman, Marcia, Janitor, and Craig around in a
circle repeatedly. Suede steps into the building, stopping
next to the water cooler.

Muslin enters. Suede mimes tazer. Muslin nods vigorously,
exits.

Readyman steps out of the endless circle and watches Marcia,
Janitor, and Craig get chased around by Silk.

DJ DJ (CONTINUED)

Her eyes shined like, like, something
shiny. Shined shoes or something.
Mariah, if you're listening, please,
one more chance, just one more.

Silk stops at the second door, as Marica, janitor, and Criag
continue running around.

Suede tips over the water cooler, causing water to go
everywhere.

Marcia, Craig, and the Janitor all slide on the water,
through the door, and into the field outside.

Suede moves into the puddle to follow them outside, Muslin
comes back in with a tazer, and fires blindly into the
Broadcast center.

DJ DJ (CONTINUED)

Anyway, up next we've got "Lovefool"
by "The Cardigans" This has been DJ

DJ, filling in for DJ TJ, signing off.

"Lovefool" Begins

The tazer heads in the direction of DJ DJ, stopping just short and landing in the water instead, electrocuting both Suede and DJ DJ.

Silk looks at Muslin, Muslin runs out.

Silk looks at Suede, unconscious.

Silk looks at Readyman, slowly tiptoeing out the front door. Readyman freezes, looks behind him. Readyman gives Suede an awkward finger guns.

Suede begins walking toward Readyman, Readyman dashes outside.

"Lovefool" cuts out.

EXT. BROADCASTING CENTER - HIGHWAY SIDE - DAY

Readyman stops to catch his breath, scans the horizon. Silk's limo is parked next to the Kia, making a perfect staircase onto the roof of the Broadcasting Center.

Silk exits the broadcast center, makes eye contact with Readyman.

READYMAN

Woap-kay.

Readyman climbs onto the hood of the limo.

INT. SILK'S LIMO - DAY

Muslin sits in the front passenger seat, cradling the music box when the entire limo shakes.

Muslin looks up and sees Readyman on the hood of the limo, climbing onto the roof of said limo.

EXT. BROADCASTING CENTER - HIGHWAY SIDE - DAY

Suede watches Readyman climb from the roof of the Limo onto the roof of the Kia.

Readyman faces Suede.

READYMAN

Bet you weren't Ready for this, man.

Suede looks at the pickup truck, and heads toward its bed.

READYMAN

Ah.

Readyman climbs onto the roof of the pickup truck.

EXT. BROADCASTING CENTER - DITCH SIDE - DAY

Craig, Marsha, and Janitor are in a ditch. Marsha and Janitor are knocked out, Craig slowly opens his eyes.

The building is just above the three, with the door they slid out of still swinging open.

EXT. BROADCASTING CENTER - HIGHWAY SIDE - DAY

Readyman stands on the roof of the pickup truck, panting. Suede stands in the truck bed.

READYMAN

Just, just let me... catch my breath.

Silk's rapier jabs toward Readyman, Readyman leans back.

Silk pulls the sword back, Readyman grabs the side of the building, pulls himself up.

EXT. BROADCASTING CENTER - DITCH SIDE - DAY

Craig looks up at the building. Readyman appears along the edge of the roof.

CRAIG

George?

EXT. BROADCASTING CENTER - ROOF - DAY

Readyman looks behind him, makes an L on his forehead.

READYMAN

Sucker!

Silk pulls himself onto the roof with one arm.

READYMAN

One arm? Man, how much core strength does a guy need?

Readyman spots a ladder going up the radio tower, grabs the first rungs.

EXT. BROADCASTING CENTER - DITCH SIDE - DAY

Craig pushes himself up; looks across the ground for the VHS and VHS player.

Craig grabs both and climbs out of the ditch.

EXT. BROADCASTING CENTER - ROOF - DAY

Readyman is several rungs up the ladder. Silk swings his rapier towards Readyman, completely out of reach.

READYMAN

Ha-Hah!

Silk analyzes the ladder. Sword still in one hand, Silk starts climbing.

READYMAN

I've got to keep my mouth shut, man.

Readyman starts climbing.

INT. BROADCASTING CENTER - DAY

Craig enters the Broadcasting Center through the second entrance. Craig's eyes immediately hit the unconscious Suede.

CRAIG

Oh my-

Craig sets down the VHS player; inches toward Suede; checks his pulse. Craig relaxes and grabs the VHS player.

Craig looks over at the desk and sees the unconscious DJ DJ.

CRAIG

Two??

Craig inches toward DJ DJ; puts the VHS player on the desk; checks his pulse. Craig relaxes; immediately tenses up again.

CRAIG

Sorry, whoever you are.

Craig attempts to lift DJ DJ under the arms; fails.

Craig wipes his forehead. Puts his hands on DJ DJ's shoulder,

and shoves. DJ DJ falls from the chair to the floor.

Craig puts on the recording booth headphones.

"Lovefool" is close to finishing, but not over.

EXT. BROADCASTING CENTER - RADIO PLATFORM - DAY

Silk and Readyman stand at a platform at the top of the radio tower; facing one another. Readyman, is hunched over, catching his breath.

SILK
Nowhere to run, Readyman!

READYMAN
Can we hold on a moment? I need- I
need- my breath.

INT. BROADCASTING CENTER - DAY

Craig holds the plug for the VHS player in one hand, scanning the sound board for a place to connect it.

"Lovefool" finishes.

Craig closes his eyes, brings the mic to his face.

CRAIG
Hey- this- this- this is DJ Craig,
here. Up next, we've got an-an-an
interview with Agent Silk of the-the
Fabricators. So, hold on for-for that.
Here's another song.

"Somebody to Love" by Queen plays.

Craig takes a sigh of relief, looks at the plug, looks at the VHS player, silently screams.

EXT. BROADCASTING CENTER - ROOF - DAY

Silk swings the rapier, Readyman dodges, falling to the floor in the process.

SILK
You thought you could undermine me.
You thought the whole system would
fall. This is real life, George.

Silk lifts the sword in the air.

INT. BROADCASTING CENTER - DAY

Craig's head has hit the desk.

"Somebody to Love" suddenly cuts out. Silk's voice is heard.

SILK (RADIO)
The Government always wins.

Craig immediately perks up; speaks into the mic.

CRAIG
UHh! Tell-tell us more about that,
Silk.

Craig takes off the headphones; dashes outside.

EXT. BROADCASTING CENTER - HIGHWAY SIDE - DAY

Craig exits the Broadcasting Center, looks at the top of the radio tower, where Silk's rapier is gleaming in the sunlight.

CRAIG
Readyman! Readyman!

Craig dashes to the Kia, throws open the door.

EXT. BROADCASTING CENTER - RADIO PLATFORM - DAY

Silk and Readyman are where they were left.

SILK
Goodbye Readyman, t'was a pleasure
working with you.

Silk swings the rapier downward. Readyman closes his eyes.

INT. CRAIG'S KIA - DAY

Craig lays on the horn.

EXT. BROADCASTING CENTER - RADIO PLATFORM - DAY

As Silk swings the rapier, the very loud horn is heard. Silk, distracted, embeds the sword into the top of the radio tower.

INT. CRAIG'S KIA - DAY

Craig looks up, sees the gleam of light and two dots still moving at the top of the tower.

Craig runs back into the Broadcast Center.

EXT. BROADCASTING CENTER - RADIO PLATFORM - DAY

Readyman is getting up from his knees; his hands turn into fists.

Silk is attempting to pull the Rapier from the radio tower; the sword refuses to budge.

READYMAN

Hand to hand, man, you ready?

Silk lets go of the sword. Faces Readyman, infuriated.

SILK

It's Sir or Silk, only!

Silk throws a kick. Readyman dodges.

INT. BROADCASTING CENTER - DAY

Craig sits at the desk, headphones on, mic in front of him.

CRAIG

Yes, we know, but thank you for
restating your name for the record.

EXT. BROADCASTING CENTER - RADIO PLATFORM - DAY

Readyman throws a punch; Silk dodges.

Silk hits Readyman right in the chest, pushes him back to the edge of the platform.

SILK

Are you aware how much money I poured
into the Readyman project?

Readyman charges at Silk; Silk trips him.

Readyman falls, his head hanging over the edge.

SILK

Millions of taxpayer dollars.

READYMAN

Millions?

INT. BROADCASTING CENTER - DAY

Craig nodding. Getting his groove.

CRAIG

Millions of tax payer dollars going to
a renegade superhero? Do you want your
money going to that?

EXT. BROADCASTING CENTER - RADIO PLATFORM - DAY

Readyman turns from his stomach to his back.

READYMAN

Wait? Millions?

SILK

Yes?

READYMAN

I'm worth millions of dollars?

SILK

You're not worth-

READYMAN

I just mean, man, it's just like, how
much money can stealing from taxpayers
really get you, you know?

Silk steps back.

SILK

Roughly a billion dollars.

INT. BROADCASTING CENTER - DAY

Craig's smiling; he's fallen into a podcast host persona.

CRAIG

A billion dollars? Stolen from
Americans? Terrible. Absolutely
terrible.

EXT. BROADCASTING CENTER - RADIO PLATFORM - DAY

Readyman is still laying on the platform. Silk stands over
Readyman.

READYMAN

A billion? Man, I-

SILK
No more! You shall perish with the
knowledge the Fabricators live forever
more.

Silk lifts his foot, preparing to shove Readyman off.

Readyman, from the floor, sweeps Silk's foot, causing him to fall off the platform.

READYMAN
Silk!

INT. BROADCASTING CENTER - DAY

Craig's eyebrows raise. Craig throws off the headphones and rushes outside.

EXT. BROADCASTING CENTER - RADIO PLATFORM - DAY

Readyman looks over the Radio platform. Silk is hanging off, one hand holding the platform.

EXT. BROADCASTING CENTER - HIGHWAY SIDE - DAY

Craig stands outside and looks up; Craig sees two dots on top of the radio tower, with the gleaming rapier on the other side.

CRAIG
Oh my-

EXT. BROADCASTING CENTER - RADIO PLATFORM - DAY

Readyman holds out his hand. Silk looks at it with disdain.

READYMAN
Do you consent to being rescued?

Silk looks up at Readyman. Readyman smiles.

SILK
No.

Silk lets go of the radio tower, goes plunging down. Readyman can see it. Craig can see it.

EXT. SILK'S LIMO - DAY

Through the windshield. Muslin sits in the front seat, fully engrossed in playing with the music box.

Crash! Silk falls into the hood of the limo.

MUSLIN

Gah!

Muslin drops the music box. The French Can-Can begins playing.

Freeze frame, slowly turns into a panel from a comic.

CUT TO CREDITS

INT. CRAIG'S APARTMENT - DAY

Craig, with chips in hand, and Readyman are watching the TV. On the TV, the credits for 'Readyman' are just finishing. The TV turns itself off.

CRAIG

All that and they didn't even give us
a post credits scene.

READYMAN

What a letdown, man.

Craig shoves chips into his mouth and chews for a moment.

A blinding light appears against the backwall of the apartment, causing Craig and Readyman to each cover their eyes.

Out of the portal comes READYWOMAN, the parallel universe counterpart to Readyman, dressed in neon green.

Readyman and Craig look on, mouths agape.

READYWOMAN

Readyman, Craigmanman...

Craig throws his hands in the air.

READYWOMAN (CONTINUED)

I am Readywoman.

Readywoman strikes a heroic pose, hands on hips and looking off into space. A heroic fanfare plays.

READYMAN

Where'd the music come from?

READYWOMAN

Dr. Craigenstien and I's time is
limited; you must come with us, the
whole multiverse is in danger.

Readyman blankly stares at Readywoman, before falling back
onto his couch.

READYMAN

Man, I was not ready for this.

CUT TO BLACK