

THE FIRST SON

Written by:

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FADE IN:

INT. MOUNTAIN CAVE - AFGHANISTAN - DAY

Two dozen ISIS TERRORISTS huddle around a map, planning their next attack. Among the group is C.I.A. AGENT MARVIN COCKBURN (mid-30s) disguised as a terrorist with a beard and turban.

MARVIN (V.O.)

I used to be a C.I.A. Agent. And not just some paper-pushing, hey-turd-sandwich-fetch-me-more-creamers-for-my-coffee kind of agent. But the kind that infiltrated the most dangerous terrorist cells...

INT. MOUNTAIN TUNNEL - AFGHANISTAN - DAY

Alone in the darkness, Marvin whispers into a walkie-talkie.

MARVIN (V.O.)

...and then called for back-up.

INT. MOUNTAIN CAVE - AFGHANISTAN - DAY

Marvin stands by the entryway as gun-wielding C.I.A. AGENTS raid the cave. The terrorists surrender without a fight.

MARVIN (V.O.)

My cloak-and-dagger abilities instilled fear in the eyes of the bad guys...

INT. C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS - LANGLEY, VIRGINIA - DAY

C.I.A. DIRECTOR DARIUS CASTRO (50s, no-bullshit attitude) congratulates Marvin in front of cheering AGENTS. Without the disguise Marvin sports pale skin, curly black hair and kind eyes that speak to his loyalty.

MARVIN (V.O.)

...And love in the hearts of the good guys -- and girls...

FEMALE AGENTS beam at Marvin, but he's locked into AGENT SLOAN STRATHMORE (30s, sexy badass). She smiles. He smiles.

MARVIN (V.O.)

...Agent Sloan Strathmore. A real life Charlie's Angel.

(MORE)

MARVIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
One smile from her, and I went into
heat like a middle schooler with
his first erection. Sloan and I...

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Marvin and Sloan marry before AGENTS, FAMILY and FRIENDS.
They kiss to solidify the union. The crowd cheers.

MARVIN (V.O.)
...became inseparable. Both under
covers...

INT. MARVIN AND SLOAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Marvin and Sloan kiss underneath the covers. In love.

MARVIN
...and undercover...

INT. ELEVATOR - PARIS - DAY

Disguised as a bell boy, Marvin carries luggage for a
TERRORIST in a crisp suit.

MARVIN (V.O.)
...I was the brains.

Sloan crashes through the ceiling. She and the terrorist
furiously battle. Marvin shields himself in the corner.

MARVIN (V.O.)
...and she was the brawn...

Sloan lays out the terrorist with an elbow.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - LONDON - DAY

Dressed as a trash collector, Marvin pleads with a TERRORIST
holding a HOSTAGE at gunpoint.

MARVIN
...And Agent Viggo Vargas...

A sucker punch from AGENT VIGGO VARGAS (30s, cocky, muscular,
chiseled jaw) knocks the terrorist unconscious.

MARVIN (V.O.)
...well, he was the balls...

Viggo handcuffs the terrorist just as Sloan arrives on the scene. Sloan and Viggo share a smile.

INT. MARVIN AND SLOAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Marvin enters to find Sloan dressed in an S&M outfit and tied to the bed. Marvin excitedly starts to unbutton his shirt.

MARVIN (V.O.)
...Literally the balls.

Clad in a leather mask and thong, Viggo catapults through the air on a sex swing, crashing crotch-first into Marvin's face.

INT. C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS - LANGLEY, VIRGINIA - DAY

Sporting black eyes, Marvin sits at a computer. He watches a giggling Sloan and Viggo walk by his desk, holding hands.

MARVIN (V.O.)
Losing Sloan didn't stop me from
going after the one terrorist that
had eluded me for years -- Alexei
Solovyov.

Marvin gazes at an image of ALEXEI SOLOVYOV (40s, Russian, ruthless) on his computer screen.

INT. WAREHOUSE - RUSSIA - NIGHT

A rowdy mob of HOOLIGANS cheer on an arm wrestling match between a tattooed, bearded Marvin and a brawny bald THUG. Marvin spots Alexei in the crowd.

MARVIN (V.O.)
I tracked him across nine countries
and four continents, and I finally
had him dead to rights.

Alexei runs for it. Using his free hand, Marvin makes a call on his walkie-talkie.

EXT. ALLEY - RUSSIA - NIGHT

Sloan and Viggo tackle Alexei. Alexei laughs wildly.

MARVIN (V.O.)
Or so I thought.

Marvin arrives as Alexei rips off facial prosthetics. It's a teenage girl. Marvin's eyes widen.

INT. WAREHOUSE - RUSSIA - NIGHT

The bald thug heads for a rear exit, tears off a facial prosthetic to reveal the true Alexei.

MARVIN (V.O.)
Alexei had bested me again.

INT. C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS - LANGLEY, VIRGINIA - DAY

Director Castro chews out Marvin, spit flying all over him.

MARVIN (V.O.)
Director Castro took it fairly well...

Castro points to a janitor closet at the back of the room. Defeated, Marvin walks into the closet, slumps down at a desk tightly squeezed between shelves of cleaning supplies...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARVIN'S CLOSET-OFFICE - C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

...An out-of-shape Marvin monotonously translates mission information from paper forms to his computer. Towers of neatly stacked CLASSIFIED OPERATION folders cover his desk.

INSERT TITLE: THREE YEARS LATER

DIRECTOR CASTRO (O.S.)
Cockburn!

Marvin springs up from his chair to greet Director Castro. He knocks a Windex bottle off a shelf, clumsily restores it.

MARVIN
Director Castro, sir!

DIRECTOR CASTRO
What did I say about standing up every time I'm in close proximity to your desk?

MARVIN

You said... "Agent Cockburn, every time I pass by your closet-office, even to take a leak, you stand up and yell 'Director Castro, sir!' and it makes everyone feel extremely uncomfortable." I may have misplaced a word in there, but I think that was the gist of it.

DIRECTOR CASTRO

No, that was verbatim.

MARVIN

Green tea. Helps the memory.

DIRECTOR CASTRO

I'm not so sure about that.
(off Marvin's confusion)
You're still standing.

MARVIN

Oh, right. Apologies, sir.

Marvin awkwardly takes a seat. Castro slams a bundle of folders onto his desk.

DIRECTOR CASTRO

Provrov debriefing.

MARVIN

Provrov debriefing? That mission deadline wasn't for another two weeks.

DIRECTOR CASTRO

Deadlines don't exist when it comes to --

Sloan and Viggo burst through the main entrance.

VIGGO

-- Viggo and Sloan! Fuckin' shit up, Langley!

SLOAN

Dimitri Provrov is officially off the Terror List!

DOZENS OF AGENTS stand and applaud wildly. Castro exits Marvin's closet to cheer on his prize agents.

Sloan and Viggo engage in a ridiculously intricate celebratory handshake, capped off with a chest bump and kiss.

A pudgy AGENT moonwalks past Marvin's doorway.

DIRECTOR CASTRO

Thanks to Agents Strathmore and Vargas, we've not only prevented another scumbag from harming innocent civilians, but we've moved one step closer to nailing Alexei Solovyov. He's never been more within our grasp.

VIGGO

'Scuse me, El Capitan. Technically speaking, he has. Let's not forget Agent Numbnuts in the back there.

He nods in Marvin's direction. All eyes turn to Marvin.

SLOAN

Marvin physically had him in his grasp.

Sloan, Viggo and other Agents chuckle at Marvin's expense.

DIRECTOR CASTRO

I stand corrected, Alexei has been more within our grasp. But this time is different...this time we've got Viggo and Sloan at the helm!

Furious applause.

DIRECTOR CASTRO (CONT'D)

In light of the unexpected return of the Agency's finest one-two punch, I've moved the award ceremony to this evening. Seven o'clock sharp. Attendance is mandatory. See you all tonight.

Castro heads for his office. Marvin hustles alongside him.

MARVIN

Director, I'm really swamped here. Perhaps you can make an exception for the ceremony?

DIRECTOR CASTRO

That's the thing about the term "mandatory", Cockburn -- there are no exceptions.

Castro shuts the door on Marvin. Viggo holds up a coffee cup.

VIGGO
 Hey turd sandwich, fetch me more
 creamer for my coffee!

Marvin exhales, heads to the kitchen to fulfill his task.

INT. BALLROOM - THAT NIGHT

C.I.A. AGENTS, STAFF and FAMILY are seated at circular
 tables. Marvin sits alone at a back table.

DIRECTOR CASTRO
 (from a podium)
 Agents, staff members, friends, and
 family, in my two decades as
 Director of the Agency, I've given
 out this award annually to a worthy
 recipient. But this year there
 isn't one worthy recipient.
 (beat)
 There's two! Ladies and gentlemen,
 your unequivocally fearless
 recipients of the 2017 Award of
 Merit -- Agents Sloan Strathmore
 and Viggo Vargas!

Sloan and Viggo take the stage to loud applause. Castro
 presents them each with a gold plaque. At the podium --

SLOAN
 Thank you, thank you. You know,
 Viggo and I have accomplished a lot
 these past three years as partners.

VIGGO
 We kicked a man's scrotum clear off
 his body.

SLOAN
 That's true, we did.

VIGGO
 One nut each. Simultaneously.

The crowd claps. Trying to speak up but no one is listening --

MARVIN
 That's confidential information.

SLOAN
 We've captured, we've saved, we've
 killed --

VIGGO
-- And we've tortured!

DIRECTOR CASTRO
(reassuring the crowd)
He's only kidding, he's only
kidding.

VIGGO
No, no I'm not.

SLOAN
But most importantly, we've loved.

VIGGO
No-pants-dance on a Paraguay beach!

Marvin rubs his temple in frustration.

SLOAN
Plenty of that, yes. But also a
love that comes with an unbreakable
friendship.

VIGGO
But mainly the Paraguay beach
activity.

SLOAN
To another three years with my
honeybear!

The crowd cheers. Sloan and Viggo perform their custom
handshake, chest bump and kiss.

A DJ kicks on music. Everyone takes to the dance floor.

Marvin makes his way to the bar. To the MALE BARTENDER --

MARVIN
Hot green tea, please.

The bartender serves him a club soda.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
That's a club soda.

Sloan arrives next to Marvin.

BARTENDER
Agent Strathmore! What'll it be?

SLOAN
Dry martini. Shaken, not stirred.

MARVIN
(under his breath)
Well that's not cliché.

SLOAN
What's that?

MARVIN
I said, congratulations on your
award.

On the dance floor, a cheering group surrounds Viggo. He does a full on split, award held high above him.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Too bad they don't give out awards
for that.

SLOAN
You know, being in the field
requires the body be in peak
physical condition. And I'm not
talking about hiding in costumes.

The bartender slides a dirty martini to Sloan.

Viggo swoops in, wraps his arms around Sloan's waist, and grips her ass.

VIGGO
Did you see that fucking split?

SLOAN
Damn right I did, honeybear.

Viggo swigs her martini. He notices Marvin glaring at him.

VIGGO
What's with the eyeballin',
Compadre? Want me to kick those
nuts out your Spiderman underoos?

MARVIN
My nuts are fine where they are,
thank you.

VIGGO
Hey honeybear, I saw a closet on
the second floor.

Viggo winks, lust in his eyes. Saddened, Marvin looks away.

SLOAN
Gimme one minute.

Upon his departure, Viggo mockingly holds his award in Marvin's face. Sloan finishes her martini, turns to Marvin.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

Look, I get it -- this is awkward for you. But we haven't been together for over three years. You gotta move on.

And she's gone. Dispirited, Marvin places his glass on the bar and slunks out a rear exit.

INT. MARVIN'S HOME - LATER THAT NIGHT

Marvin removes a steaming kettle from the stove, pours water into a tea cup. He reaches into a cabinet and pulls out a honey jar -- shaped like a bear.

Marvin stares at the bear with hatred. He throws the jar into the trash and slugs off to his bedroom.

INT. MARVIN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Marvin beholds a framed wedding photo of him and Sloan. Determined, Marvin sets down the photo, walks to the center of the room, takes a deep breath and starts to do a split.

Only inches down, the back of his pants rip down the middle, exposing his bare ass. He topples over, crashes to the floor.

INT. MARVIN'S CLOSET-OFFICE - C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Marvin types the Provrov debriefing file into his computer.

Castro, Sloan and Viggo arrive at the front of the main room.

DIRECTOR CASTRO

Agents, listen up! This involves all of you!

Marvin walks to his open doorway.

VIGGO

Except Marvin. This doesn't involve Marvin.

DIRECTOR CASTRO

Marvin, got your notepad?

Holding up his pen and pad --

MARVIN
Right here, sir.

DIRECTOR CASTRO
I have some good news -- our hard work has been noticed. I received a call today from none other than President Kane himself.

VIGGO
President Gary Kane -- woo!!!

Marvin writes in his notepad: SAVAGE OUTBURST BY VIGGO.

DIRECTOR CASTRO
As you may already know, the President has an overwhelming lead in the reelection polls. In preparation for his win, he has requested that all of you --

VIGGO
-- Except Marvin.

DIRECTOR CASTRO
Except Marvin...personally transport his son to the victory party. This operation will be led by Sloan and Viggo.

Sloan and Viggo flutter their tongues together.

Marvin jots down: UNPROFESSIONAL DISPLAY OF AFFECTION BY SLOAN AND VIGGO.

DIRECTOR CASTRO (CONT'D)
Our subject is Lazaro Kane.

Using a remote, Castro clicks on a projection screen, revealing a video of LAZARO KANE (25, fearless as a result of his Napoleon complex, ripped body, long hair) in a wingsuit at the top of the French Alps.

LAZARO
Lazaro Kane here, and I'm about to wingsuit the Aiguille du Midi in the French Alps. Let's fucking do this!

Lazaro puts on protective eyewear and jumps off the ledge. A GoPro camera tracks his every move as he traverses the snowy mountainside mere inches from the rock face.

VIGGO
Decent form.

A parachute pops out of Lazaro's suit. He maneuvers a safe landing at the mountain base.

Castro pauses the footage.

DIRECTOR CASTRO
Wingsuits, base jumping, skydiving. If there's a rush, Lazaro wants in. Which brings me to my next point -- location. Lazaro is thought to be cliff jumping at the Cascata Del Salto waterfalls in Switzerland. Now, President Kane has informed me that he and his son don't have the -- best relationship -- to put it lightly. Which means this won't be a simple drive-him-to-the-airport operation. Odds are he won't go willingly. Therefore, the President has instructed us to tell Lazaro we have reason to believe there is an imminent attack on his life, in hopes that will convince him to come with us. Any questions? Good. You fly out at 0:300 hours.

EXT. CASCATA DEL SALTO WATERFALLS - SWITZERLAND - DAY

A shirtless Lazaro and THREE GORGEOUS SWEDISH SUPERMODELS stand at the top of a two-hundred foot waterfall.

LAZARO
The trick is to hold your arms super tight against your body, and stay upright. You want the least amount of impact with the water as possible. Ready?

The models look hesitant.

SUPERMODEL #1
How high is this again?

LAZARO
Sixty.

SUPERMODEL #2
Feet or meters?

Lazaro senses their caution, doesn't want to answer.

SUPERMODEL #1
Lazaro -- sixty what?

LAZARO
Meters. This is Europe, why would I
use imperial measurements?

SUPERMODEL #2
I'm out.

SUPERMODEL #3
Me too.

The two models step away from the ledge. To model #1 --

LAZARO
Linnea -- c'mon.

SUPERMODEL #1
Sorry, Laz.

She joins her friends safely away from the ledge.

LAZARO
I've jumped it a thousand times,
you'll be fine, I prom...

Lazaro suddenly stops, listens intently.

LAZARO (CONT'D)
Do you hear that?

SUPERMODEL #1
Hear what?

TWO HELICOPTERS rise from behind the cliffs and hover above.

FIGURES clad in black fatigues and masks rappel down. Two
figures remove their masks -- it's Sloan and Viggo.

SLOAN
Lazaro Kane, I'm Agent Strathmore
with the Central Intelligence
Agency. We have reason to believe
there is an imminent attack on your
life. We need you to come with us.

LAZARO
An imminent attack? We're in the
middle of nowhere.

SLOAN
Didn't stop us from finding you.

LAZARO
Who's the threat?

VIGGO
My fist if you don't get in that
fucking chopper.

SLOAN
We aren't permitted to divulge that
information.

LAZARO
Maybe you aren't permitted to
divulge that information, or maybe
you can't divulge it -- because it
doesn't exist. Tell my father I'm
not coming to his precious election
party.

VIGGO
GET IN THAT FUCKING HELICOPTER!

Lazaro thrusts the palm of his hand into Viggo's nose.

LAZARO
Palm heel strike!

Lazaro dives off the cliff. Holding his bleeding nose --

VIGGO
Karate Kid just broke my nose!

SLOAN
Let's go!

Sloan leaps off the cliff. Viggo follows.

Lazaro lands perfectly in the water. Sloan and Viggo land
seconds behind him.

VIGGO
I'm gonna round house you in the
face, you millennial piece of shit!

Lazaro swims toward a rocky bank. He reaches the edge and
stands up just in time to see --

-- two rockets fly through the air and strike the C.I.A.
helicopters! The aircrafts spiral out of control, mowing down
a dozen Agents. The supermodels scream and run off.

A military helicopter swoops down from the sky and peppers
the remaining Agents with machine gun fire.

Lazaro makes a run for it, but the chopper corners him. The side door opens. Alexei and TWO MASKED TERRORISTS rappel down, AR-15s trained on a frozen Lazaro.

ALEXEI
Hello, Lazaro.

LAZARO
So you're the threat.

ALEXEI
I am always the threat.

The masked terrorists throw a bag over Lazaro's head and hoist him up to the chopper.

Alexei spots Sloan and Viggo swimming away. He rips a grenade from his vest, pulls the pin and tosses it into the water.

SLOAN
Grenade!

Sloan and Viggo retreat under water. KA-BOOM! The grenade blasts water and shrapnel twenty feet in the air.

Alexei smirks, climbs back into his chopper. The aircraft soars beyond the cliffs.

INT. MARVIN'S CLOSET-OFFICE - C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The entire work place is empty, except for Marvin, who types up mission debriefs.

CNN NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)
...We have breaking news coming through...it appears the President's son, Lazaro Kane, was abducted this morning at the Cascata Del Salto waterfalls in Switzerland...

Marvin hustles into the main room to a mounted television displaying a CNN NEWS REPORTER.

CNN NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)
...Sources tell us that a C.I.A. team was on site to transport him to the United States when they were ambushed by none other than global terrorist Alexei Solovyov.

CNN plasters a photograph of Alexei on the screen.

ON MARVIN: SCARED SHITLESS.

CNN NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)
 From what we've been told, there
 does not appear to be any
 survivors...

DIRECTOR CASTRO (O.S.)
 Cockburn!!!

Marvin finds Director Castro at the entrance door.

INT. C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - ONE MINUTE LATER

Notepad in hand, Marvin follows Director Castro.

MARVIN
 Is it true about the team? About...
 Sloan?

DIRECTOR CASTRO
 Yes, it's true.

Marvin can't believe it. Castro stops outside a door, presses
 his thumb against a finger print scanner. Access granted.

DIRECTOR CASTRO (CONT'D)
 Inside.

Marvin enters, Castro right behind him.

INT. DEBRIEFING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PRESIDENT GARY KANE (60, stress winning the battle over his
 handsomeness) and MILITARY OFFICIALS sit around the table.

NOTE TAKERS stand on the outskirts of the room, furiously
 writing down every spoken word.

DIRECTOR CASTRO
 (quietly to Marvin)
 You know the drill --

MARVIN
 -- That's the President.

DIRECTOR CASTRO
 I'm aware of that. Now stand over
 there in the corner and write down
 everything you hear. Understand?

MARVIN

Yes sir, Director Castro!

Marvin's yell stops the conversation. All eyes turn to him.

DIRECTOR CASTRO

My apologies, Mr. President. Had to get my note taker.

Marvin moves to the corner. President Kane stands.

PRESIDENT KANE

I've been contacted by the terrorist savage responsible for this heinous act. His demands are clear -- one nuclear warhead in exchange for the safe return of my son. I have forty-eight hours to comply.

GENERAL SEEGER

Mr. President, with all due respect, it is the policy of the United States to never negotiate with terrorists. No matter the cost.

PRESIDENT KANE

Do you have a son, General?

GENERAL SEEGER

Billy, sir. You attended his high school graduation party just last week.

PRESIDENT KANE

And has Billy ever been kidnapped?

GENERAL SEEGER

No, sir.

PRESIDENT KANE

So don't tell me about cost or negotiations, until you're sitting in this chair.

DIRECTOR CASTRO

Mr. President, I agree with General Seeger. If you meet these demands, it will open the door for future abductions. Your wife. Your daughter. Nobody will be safe.

President Kane contemplates.

PRESIDENT KANE

Do we have any indication of where they may be keeping Lazaro? Known areas of operation for Solovyov?

Marvin raises his hand.

MARVIN

Excuse me, President Kane. Agent Marvin Cockburn. Sorry to interrupt, but the name is actually pronounced Soh-low-vee-yov.

PRESIDENT KANE

Solo-vee-ov.

MARVIN

Soh-low-vee-yov.

PRESIDENT/OFFICIALS/NOTE TAKERS

Solov-yee-ov.

MARVIN

Soh-low-vee-yov.

PRESIDENT/OFFICIALS/NOTE TAKERS

Solo-vai-yov.

MARVIN

Not quite there yet. You want to really emphasize the "low". Soh-low-vee--

PRESIDENT KANE

-- Enough! General?

GENERAL SEEGER

Well he is Russian. Perhaps Russia.

PRESIDENT KANE

Perhaps Russia? That's it? Russia is over seventeen million square kilometers. We have a better chance of catching a fart in the wind. Director Castro, gimme something.

DIRECTOR CASTRO

My team recently apprehended Dimitri Provrov. We believe he's part of Solovyov's network.

PRESIDENT KANE

In what capacity?

DIRECTOR CASTRO
Guns, mostly.

GENERAL SEEGER
Gun runner? That's three levels
from the top link -- at best.

PRESIDENT KANE
He won't get us to Lazaro in forty-
eight hours. Any other ideas?

Marvin reluctantly raises his hand.

PRESIDENT KANE (CONT'D)
Yes, Marvin the Note Taker. Again.

MARVIN
Staz Bortnik. He supplied military
vehicles to Solovyov when I was in
the field.

PRESIDENT KANE
You were in the field?
(to Castro)
B-squad?

Castro nods to confirm.

MARVIN
B-squad!? That's a legitimate term?

DIRECTOR CASTRO
In fact, Marvin had Solovyov
cornered three years ago, but he
let him escape.

PRESIDENT KANE
You let the man that kidnapped my
son escape?

MARVIN
The term "let" is rather
misleading. It implies I permitted
him to escape, which was not the --

President Kane raises his index finger, silencing Marvin.

PRESIDENT KANE
What do you know about this Staz?

MARVIN

His main area of operation was the northwestern part of the Ishimbaysky District of Bashkortostan.

PRESIDENT KANE

Do you have any agents in that region, Director?

DIRECTOR CASTRO

Negative. And my entire A-team was taken down during your son's abduction.

PRESIDENT KANE

So we've got nothing!

GENERAL SEEGER

I have a suggestion, Mr. President. Why not send the Note Taker?

PRESIDENT KANE

General, I'm not in the mood for jokes.

GENERAL SEEGER

I'm not joking. Think about it -- he knows the region, he knows the contact.

PRESIDENT KANE

He let him get away once already!

MARVIN

Again, the word "let" is being used out of context. However, I do agree with the President -- I'm not the man for the job.

PRESIDENT KANE

See, even he doesn't think he can succeed!

GENERAL SEEGER

Which is why he's perfect. He's weak, unassuming, bumbling, uncomfortably awkward, he's mildly obese. Hell, he'd probably soil himself at the sight of a gun --

Marvin looks pissed as he writes down all the insults.

MARVIN

-- I think I'm all out of paper.

GENERAL SEEGER

Point is -- no one would suspect him of being a C.I.A. Agent.

PRESIDENT KANE

Your thoughts, Director?

DIRECTOR CASTRO

The General does bring up some fair -- and accurate -- points.

The President considers the option.

PRESIDENT KANE

I want him on a jet to Russia within the hour.

ON MARVIN: THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!

MARVIN

President Kane, I --

PRESIDENT KANE

-- Not another word!

MARVIN

May I use the restroom, Director?

DIRECTOR CASTRO

Two minutes.

Marvin rushes out of the room.

INT. C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

Marvin dashes down the hall, his head spinning.

MARVIN

Okay, it's okay. You're gonna be fine. Everything's gonna work out.

BLAHHHH -- he pukes on the wall. He wipes his mouth, tries to calm his heavy breathing. Suddenly, he sprints down the hall.

EXT. C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS - ONE MINUTE LATER

Marvin bursts outside, runs to his 1995 beige Toyota Camry. He starts the car and screeches out of the parking lot.

INT. BUS STATION - VIRGINIA - LATER

Disguised as a woman, Marvin stands at the ticket window.

MARVIN
(high-pitched voice)
One ticket to Toronto, Canada.

Marvin pays in cash, takes his ticket. When he turns around -- Director Castro and MILITARY OFFICIALS surround him.

DIRECTOR CASTRO
Okay, let's go, Marvin.

As Officials escort Marvin to a black SUV --

MARVIN
Who's Marvin? I don't know a
Marvin. You've got the wrong guy, I
mean girl...

INT. C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS - LANGLEY, VIRGINIA - LATER

Marvin paces in front of Castro.

MARVIN
I can't do this, Director. I'll
fail.

DIRECTOR CASTRO
You're right, you probably will.
But you're our only shot.

MARVIN
May I use the restroom?

DIRECTOR CASTRO
You tried that already.

MARVIN
But I really need to go this time.
I'm gonna crap myself from the
stress.

DIRECTOR CASTRO
Fine, but I'm waiting right outside
the door.

INT. C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Castro guards the bathroom door. WE HEAR FART NOISES COMING FROM INSIDE THE BATHROOM. Castro checks his watch.

DIRECTOR CASTRO
 You almost done in there? Marvin?
 Answer me or I'm busting in.
 Marvin!?

No answer. Castro backs away and -- BAM! -- he kicks in the door. Marvin is gone. Castro spots a ceiling tile removed. Marvin's cell phone plays FART SOUNDS on repeat.

DIRECTOR CASTRO (CONT'D)
 Son-of-a-bitch.

INT. MARVIN'S CAR - UNITED STATES-MEXICO BORDER - DAY

Disguised in a beard and curly wig, Marvin nervously taps his fingers against the steering wheel.

The car in front of him crosses through the check point. Marvin pulls up to the window. The BORDER AGENT leans down --

DIRECTOR CASTRO
 Buenos Dias, Marvin.

INT. C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS - LATER

Drinking hot tea, Marvin paces in front of Director Castro.

DIRECTOR CASTRO
 Did you get it out of your system?

MARVIN
 I gotta be honest, I'm feeling
 pretty good...

DIRECTOR CASTRO
 Yeah?

MARVIN
 Yeah! I think I can do this!

DIRECTOR CASTRO
 Good, then let's get you...

Marvin tosses the tea in Castro's face and dashes out of the room. Castro holds his burned face.

DIRECTOR CASTRO (CONT'D)
 Motherfucker!

INT. AIRPORT - VIRGINIA - LATER

Marvin stands by the luggage conveyor belt, a suitcase in hand. He glances around, makes sure no one's watching. He climbs into the suitcase, zips it up and tumbles onto the conveyor belt. We watch the suitcase disappear.

EXT. AIRPORT - MINUTES LATER

A plane takes off into the sky.

INT. AIRPORT - ARIZONA - LATER

Only a handful of PASSENGERS are strewn about the tiny airport. Marvin's suitcase emerges on a conveyor belt. He tumbles over the side and unzips the suitcase to find --

-- A face-bandaged Castro and military officers standing above him. Castro grabs Marvin, drags him aside.

DIRECTOR CASTRO

Doctor says I may have to get a
skin graph -- from my ass!

MARVIN

You can hardly even tell. Honestly.

Blood oozes through the bandage.

DIRECTOR CASTRO

Listen, I know how much you loved
Sloan. Even though the feeling was
overwhelmingly not reciprocated.
This is your opportunity to avenge
her death and get your man.

Marvin sits on the edge of the conveyor belt, genuinely ponders. He looks at Castro, who raises an eyebrow -- "So?".

MARVIN

(serious)
Fire up that jet.

INT. C.I.A. JET - LATER

Castro stands by a holograph monitor displaying a map of Russia. Marvin sits in darkness; we cannot see his face.

DIRECTOR CASTRO

We picked up intel that a fleet of Humvees are being transported from the town of Ishimbay to an unknown location. Given your information on Staz and his modus operandi, we believe he could be leading the convoy. You will wait at a contact point just outside the town...

Using a red laser pen, Castro points to the town of Ishimbay.

DIRECTOR CASTRO (CONT'D)

...until the convoy arrives. If you make a positive identification on Staz...

A photo of Russian terrorist STAZ BORTNIK (40s, bald, scar under the eye) is displayed on the monitor.

DIRECTOR CASTRO (CONT'D)

...your mission will be to track him to the drop location. If Solovyov shows, you will subdue Staz, infiltrate the exchange, and place this tracker on Solovyov's vehicle.

Castro holds up a tracking device.

DIRECTOR CASTRO (CONT'D)

ONLY IF SOLOVYOV SHOWS will you engage. Do you understand?

When Marvin stands it is revealed that his face is disguised with prosthetics to look exactly like Staz.

MARVIN

Yes sir, Director Castro!

EXT. PRIVATE LANDING STRIP - RUSSIA - DAY

Director Castro escorts Marvin from the C.I.A. jet to an aircraft hanger. He hands Marvin an ear piece.

DIRECTOR CASTRO

I'll be stationed right here, in your ear the whole time.

MARVIN

So what will I be driving? The Marussia B2? That was Staz's favorite.

DIRECTOR CASTRO

A lot's changed since you've been in the field. Alexei's network has been going low key so as not to draw too much attention. This is your car.

Marvin stops when he sees a 1995 beige Toyota Camry.

MARVIN

That's my car.

DIRECTOR CASTRO

Yes, that's what I said -- this is your car.

Castro tosses the keys to Marvin.

MARVIN

Why is my car here?

DIRECTOR CASTRO

Surprisingly, the 1995 beige Toyota Camry is the most common automobile in this district of Russia.

Castro hands Marvin a handheld GPS device.

DIRECTOR CASTRO (CONT'D)

GPS coordinates have already been plugged in. Humvee fleet should arrive within the hour. Get on the road -- Staz.

Castro hops into the back of a white surveillance van. Marvin takes a reassuring breath, gets into his car.

INT. MARVIN'S CAR - LATER

Marvin drives down a busy road, listening to his GPS device.

GPS VOICE

(in Russian)

Bear left at the fork in the road.

MARVIN

What? What was that?

GPS VOICE

(in Russian)

Bear left at the fork in the road.

MARVIN

Right or left at the fork!? Right
or left at the fork!? Is there an
English option, Director Castro?

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME TIME

Castro and TWO SURVEILLANCE AGENTS listen to Marvin.

DIRECTOR CASTRO

No, there's no English option! Just
follow the damn map, Cockburn!

NOTE: INTERCUT BETWEEN MARVIN AND CASTRO.

Unsure if he is holding the GPS the right way, Marvin flips
it upside down. When he looks back up --

-- he has drifted into oncoming traffic. A truck lays on the
horn. Marvin jerks the car onto the right fork.

GPS VOICE

(in Russian)

Make a U-turn in 5.5 Kilometers.

MARVIN

Kilometers! I distinctly heard
kilometers! I'm going the right
way!

INT. MARVIN'S CAR - HALF HOUR LATER

Completely lost, Marvin drives down a desolate road. His GPS
has no service.

MARVIN

I may have miscalculated.

DIRECTOR CASTRO

Miscalculated!? The drop is
happening any minute!

Marvin stops at a dead-end T in the road. He repeatedly swats
the GPS, hoping it will regain service.

MARVIN

C'mon. C'mon.

A huge flatbed 18-wheeler holding six military Humvees speeds
toward the T in the road.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
There! There's the convoy!

DIRECTOR CASTRO
Are you certain? Did you make a
positive identification on Staz!?

Using binoculars, Marvin attempts to get a visual on the driver, but the truck races by too quickly.

MARVIN
Negative.

DIRECTOR CASTRO
Then do not engage! I repeat, do
not engage!

Marvin exhales. Going with his gut, he turns right and follows the truck down a winding road.

DIRECTOR CASTRO (CONT'D)
Are you in pursuit?

MARVIN
No, sir.

The truck turns left onto a back road, entering the Barsky Forest. Marvin follows. They trek through thickening woods.

Director Castro surveys a monitor with a moving green dot.

DIRECTOR CASTRO
Your car tracker says you're in the
Barsky Forest.

MARVIN
That's weird, because I am
definitely not in a forest.

DIRECTOR CASTRO
Agent Cockburn, pull over right
now!

The truck stops. The driver side door opens and Staz exits.

MARVIN
It's Staz! Okay I was in pursuit, I
lied about that, but it's Staz!

Staz heads toward a brick compound.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

He's approaching a compound. I'm going to exit my vehicle to get a better look.

DIRECTOR CASTRO

No, you will NOT exit your vehicle! Your instructions are to wait for Alexei to show!

Marvin exits the car and quietly creeps into the woods. He looks through the binoculars at the compound entrance. No sign of Staz. And then -- Staz appears behind him!

Staz wraps a metal chord around Marvin's neck, shakes him from side to side like a rag doll.

NOTE: ITALICS INDICATE RUSSIAN LANGUAGE W/ ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

STAZ

You will make great meal for the wolves.

Staz drags Marvin to the edge of a cliff, tosses him to the ground. When Marvin turns over, Staz's eyes widen.

STAZ (CONT'D)

Brother? Brother!???
(helps Marvin up)
I always knew you were alive!
Father said you were dead. But you are not dead, you are right here!

Staz hugs Marvin tightly. Marvin smiles, having no idea what the hell Staz is saying. Staz dials his cell phone.

STAZ (CONT'D)

I cannot wait to tell Father.
(into the phone)
Father! You will not believe this --

Staz gives Marvin a thumbs up but takes his eyes off the cliff edge.

STAZ (CONT'D)

-- brother is a --

He slips over the edge and crashes into the rocks below. Shocked, Marvin gazes at the pancaked Staz.

MARVIN

(deadpan)
Staz has been subdued.

Marvin faces the compound.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

I am going to enter the compound. I repeat, I am going to enter the compound. I'll take your silence as approval for my entry.

As Marvin heads for the compound, we see his ear piece laying in the dirt.

DIRECTOR CASTRO

Agent Cockburn! Agent Cockburn! Do not enter! Damnit!

EXT. COMPOUND - ONE MINUTE LATER

Marvin knocks on the door. Footsteps approach from inside.

INT. COMPOUND - SAME TIME

A MALE RUSSIAN TERRORIST (40s, an AR-15 strapped over his shoulder) checks the peephole. He whips open the door.

RUSSIAN TERRORIST #1

Staz!

Marvin holds up his hands -- "yep that's me!" The terrorist wraps his arm around Marvin. The AR-15 barrel sways dangerously close to Marvin's face. Marvin tries to avoid it.

The terrorist leads Marvin through the compound, passing dozens of gun-wielding TERRORISTS strewn about.

MARVIN

Alexei?

RUSSIAN TERRORIST #1

He go to pick up pizza.

The terrorist escorts Marvin to a metal door.

RUSSIAN TERRORIST #1 (CONT'D)

I have surprise for you.

He unlocks the door and escorts Marvin inside.

INT. HOSTAGE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Concrete floor. Packs of cigarettes, vodka bottles and an ashtray loaded with cigarette butts are strewn about a table.

TWO TERRORISTS take turns pounding a bound and gagged Lazaro.

RUSSIAN TERRORIST #1
Hey! Look who I found!

RUSSIAN TERRORIST #2
Staz!!!!

The terrorists rush to greet Marvin.

RUSSIAN TERRORIST #3
*You come just in time! We are about
to waterboard this American pussy!*

RUSSIAN TERRORIST #2
Now you can do honors!

Terrorist #2 offers a bucket of water and a cloth to Marvin.
Marvin raises his hands -- "no, no".

RUSSIAN TERRORIST #3
No?

MARVIN
No. No.

Suspicious, the terrorists glance at one another. Suddenly,
they train their guns on Marvin.

RUSSIAN TERRORIST #3
Have you gone soft on us, Staz?

MARVIN
No. No.

RUSSIAN TERRORIST #3
Then do it.

Marvin reluctantly takes the bucket and cloth. Lazaro tries
to rip out of his bindings. Marvin covers Lazaro's face with
the cloth and waterboards him. Lazaro chokes on the water.

MARVIN
(whispering to Lazaro)
I am so sorry about this. My name
is Agent Marvin Cockburn. I'm here
to rescue you.

ALEXEI (O.S.)
Enough!

Marvin stops the waterboarding to find Alexei entering,
followed by his lackie VLAD (30s) carrying pizza boxes.

ALEXEI (CONT'D)
Pizza is here!

RUSSIAN TERRORIST #1
Alexei, you are the greatest!!!

RUSSIAN TERRORIST #2
All hail Alexei!

Trying to speak up but no one is listening --

VLAD
I actually paid for the pies.

The terrorists gather at the table. Alexei puts his arm around Marvin.

ALEXEI
First we eat, then we talk business.

As the terrorists eat, Marvin checks on Lazaro out of the corner of his eye. Alexei curiously scrutinizes Marvin.

ALEXEI (CONT'D)
Not hungry, Staz?

MARVIN
No. No.

ALEXEI
Go on. Eat.

Alexei offers a slice of mushroom and pineapple pizza to Marvin. Marvin accepts the slice, takes a bite.

MARVIN
Mmmmm.

ALEXEI
Staz hates mushroom and pineapple pizza.

Alexei points a handgun at Marvin's head. Confused, the terrorists stop eating. Alexei rips off Marvin's prosthetics.

ALEXEI (CONT'D)
Agent Cockburn. So we meet again.

Frightened, Marvin rips a loud fart. Sniffing the air --

ALEXEI (CONT'D)
Did you just shit yourself?

MARVIN

Could have been some poo mixed in there. I'm not really sure.

The terrorists burst out laughing.

ALEXEI

You let C.I.A. Agent into our compound, and you are laughing!?

ON THE TERRORISTS: UH-OH.

BAM! BAM! BAM! -- Three shots eliminate Terrorists #1-#3.

ALEXEI (CONT'D)

(to Vlad)

Get me President Kane.

INT. MILITARY CHAMBER - WHITE HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

President Kane, General Seeger and MILITARY OFFICIALS are huddled around a monitor displaying a feed of Alexei.

INT. HOSTAGE CHAMBER - SAME TIME

Alexei stands at an antiquated monitor showing a choppy feed of the President. Alexei repeatedly slaps the monitor.

NOTE: INTERCUT BETWEEN HOSTAGE CHAMBER AND WHITE HOUSE.

ALEXEI

Hello? Hello? Are you there?

PRESIDENT KANE

Yes, we're here.

ALEXEI

Can you see me?

PRESIDENT KANE

We can see you.

Another swat by Alexei fixes the feed.

ALEXEI

Ah, much better. I'd like to show you something, Mr. President.

Alexei moves the monitor to show Marvin and Lazaro kneeling, hands tied behind their backs. Vlad holds a gun on them.

PRESIDENT KANE
Lazaro! Are you all right?

LAZARO
I got kidnapped by Russian
terrorists and waterboarded by your
moron undercover Agent! I'm the
opposite of "all right"!

MARVIN
The waterboarding was not my idea,
President Kane.

LAZARO
Another great perk of being your
son!

PRESIDENT KANE
Don't you worry, I'm gonna get you
out of this.

ALEXEI
Is that so? I do not see two
nuclear warheads.

PRESIDENT KANE
Your demand is one nuclear warhead.

ALEXEI
My demand was one nuclear warhead.
After Cockburn shit himself, it is
two. You have one hour to decide.

Alexei tries to shut off the monitor but the feed still runs.
He strikes the monitor.

ALEXEI (CONT'D)
C'mon, you piece of shit!

PRESIDENT KANE
You're the piece of shit!

Vlad assists Alexei, each hitting one side of the monitor.

Lazaro runs for a rear window. Marvin waddles after him.

VLAD
They are escaping!

Lazaro crashes through the floor-to-ceiling window. Marvin
watches him roll down a steep roof. Marvin hesitates. Gunfire
narrowly misses Marvin's head. Marvin jumps --

EXT. COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

-- his knees buckle when he hits the roof. He falls over and tumbles downward. Alexei and Vlad fire at him.

Lazaro spins off the roof edge and lands perfectly on his feet. Marvin splats onto the ground behind him.

ALEXEI
Release the dogs.

Vlad rushes off to fulfill his duties.

EXT. COMPOUND - ONE MINUTE LATER

Lazaro sprints through the woods. Marvin struggles to follow.

MARVIN
Lazaro! Lazaro, wait!

LAZARO
Fuck off, waterboarder!

MARVIN
My name is Agent Marvin Cockburn.
I'm here to rescue you.

LAZARO
You mentioned that when you were waterboarding me, waterboarder. And what makes you think I need you to rescue me?

MARVIN
I'm a C.I.A. Agent!

LAZARO
C.I.A. Agents don't shit their pants.

Vlad and TERRORISTS riding black ATV vehicles barrel through the woods. Trained wolves lead the pursuit.

MARVIN
Are those...wolves?

Lazaro reaches the edge of a cliff. He looks down, spots Staz's body. Marvin arrives next to him.

LAZARO
You threw the real Staz off a cliff?

MARVIN
Damn right I did.

LAZARO
(kind of impressed)
Not bad.

Lazaro lays on his back, shifts his tied hands under his legs to his front side, cuts himself free on a sharp rock. Marvin tries to emulate but can't get his hands under his big ass.

Lazaro rips a dead vine from a tree. From the ground --

MARVIN
Tell me you're not planning on doing what I think you're planning on doing.

LAZARO
If you think I'm planning on jumping across this ravine, then I'm planning on doing what you think I'm planning on doing.

MARVIN
That's like thirty feet.

LAZARO
I'd say forty is more accurate.

As Lazaro prepares to jump --

MARVIN
Wait. Cut me loose.

LAZARO
You're on your own, waterboarder.

MARVIN
Please! I don't want to die next to the real Staz!

LAZARO
Fine, but only if you promise to stop trying to take me back to the States.

MARVIN
I can't make that promise.

LAZARO
Then have fun in the afterlife with your doppelganger.

The advancing wolves snarl and bark.

MARVIN

Okay, okay, I promise.

Lazaro picks up a sharp rock and cuts Marvin free. Lazaro swings across the cliff, somersaults and bolts onward.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

He's fucking Tarzan.

Marvin grabs the vine, pauses. As a wolf springs toward him, he jumps. The wolf misses Marvin's ass cheek by an inch, and plummets into the ravine.

Marvin plows into the adjacent rock face. He dangles from an exposed root. Gunfire sprays around him. Marvin struggles to pull himself to even ground, and chases after Lazaro.

VLAD

Across! Across!

The terrorists snatch vines and leap across the cliff. They continue their pursuit, firing machine guns at Marvin.

MARVIN

They're still following us!

LAZARO

Why are you still following me?

MARVIN

The closer I am to you, the less they'll try to shoot me!

Marvin and Lazaro haul ass through a clearing to a one-lane bridge. A high-speed train cruises beneath. Lazaro stops.

LAZARO

If you won't lose me, then I'll lose you.

Lazaro hops onto the ledge. Marvin nervously gulps.

LAZARO (CONT'D)

That's what I thought "C.I.A. Agent".

Lazaro smirks and jumps off the bridge, rolling safely onto the train. Marvin takes a deep breath.

MARVIN

You're still an Agent, Marvin.

Vlad locks Marvin in his scope. As he is about to pull the trigger, Marvin leaps off the bridge, screaming the whole way. He crashes onto the roof, stops inches from the edge.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Holy cannoli. I did it. I did it!

On his knees, Lazaro closes his eyes and spreads his arms.

LAZARO
WOOOOO!!!!!!!

Marvin notices the train nearing a large tree branch.

MARVIN
Lazaro! Look out!

The branch strikes Lazaro, knocking him over the side of the train. He hangs on for dear life. Marvin darts to him.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Lazaro!

LAZARO
You again!? How the hell do I get rid of you?

MARVIN
By promising to go back to the United States with me.

LAZARO
But you already promised the opposite of that.

MARVIN
That was before. Now you're hanging off the side of a train.

LAZARO
Not kosher, man. Not kosher at all.

MARVIN
I'll tell you what's not kosher -- that bridge smashing into your face.

Marvin gestures to an approaching stone bridge.

LAZARO
Jokes on you! This isn't the first time I've been hanging off a train headed for a bridge!

Lazaro attempts to lift himself onto the train but fails.

MARVIN

Well it looks like you've got this
all squared away.

Marvin starts to crawl away. Lazaro tries to lift himself again but loses his grip even more. The bridge nears.

LAZARO

All right, I'll go! Just get me up!

Marvin kneels down, grabs Lazaro's free hand. He pulls with all his strength but is too weak to lift him.

LAZARO (CONT'D)

C'mon! Exert your core!

MARVIN

I am exerting my core!

LAZARO

I'm like a quarter your weight!

Marvin finally lifts Lazaro. The duo falls onto the roof, their noses only inches beneath the bridge as they whizz by.

When they emerge on the other side, Marvin hyperventilates from the near-death experience. Lazaro chuckles.

LAZARO (CONT'D)

Talk about a rush.

MARVIN

A rush? Are you insane?

LAZARO

Nothin' insane about livin' a
little. Way to exert that core by
the way.

As the train disappears around a mountain --

MARVIN

I think I have a hernia.

INT. MOSKOVSKY TRAIN STATION - RUSSIA - NIGHT

The train comes to a stop. Marvin and Lazaro hop off the back and merge with the CROWD on the platform.

MARVIN

Do you see a pay phone? I need to contact my Director.

LAZARO

A pay phone? How old are you?

MARVIN

I'm thirty-nine.

LAZARO

Really? Are you sure?

MARVIN

Yes, I'm sure.

LAZARO

I gotta be honest, I thought you were pushing fifty.

MARVIN

Soak it in. This is what your late thirties looks like.

LAZARO

Not my late thirties.

MARVIN

Oh yes, yours too. I remember when I was your age, I couldn't gain a pound if I ate a whole box of Entenmanns.

LAZARO

Ohhh I love M&Ms.

MARVIN

No, not M&Ms. Entenmanns.

LAZARO

Dude, I don't think you're supposed to eat those. The doctor sticks them up your ass.

MARVIN

What? No...that's an enema. Why would I eat a whole box of those?

LAZARO

I don't know, I thought maybe you had some weird BDSM fetish.

MARVIN

En-ten-manns. They manufacture the most delectable chocolate chip cookies that ever existed.

Marvin glances around the station.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

No sign of a pay phone.

LAZARO

That's because they don't exist. I've got a place we can hideout. There's these things there called cell phones.

MARVIN

You have a place to hideout? In Russia?

LAZARO

You tend to make more friends when you don't spend your whole life sitting behind a desk.

Lazaro leads Marvin toward the parking lot cab stand.

LAZARO (CONT'D)

Did the Agency give you any per diem?

MARVIN

Per diem? This isn't a business trip. It's a rescue mission.

LAZARO

So you've got no money to pay a cab fare?

MARVIN

That's a negative. I mean positive. Positive that I don't have the money, negative that I do.

LAZARO

I got it. I'll kosher this.

Lazaro approaches a CAB DRIVER. Marvin watches them laugh.

MARVIN

Negotiation seems to be going well.

The cab driver enters the train station. Lazaro runs around the front of the car and hops into the driver's seat.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

What? What is he doing? No, no, no.

Lazaro speeds toward Marvin and screeches to a halt.

LAZARO

Shotgun for the middle-aged gentleman.

MARVIN

We're not stealing a taxi!

LAZARO

You're right, we're not. I am. Now get in.

The cab driver returns.

CAB DRIVER

You motherfucker! Get back here!

A mob of CAB DRIVERS rush for the cab.

LAZARO

Those cabbies look awfully pissed.

Marvin sighs, hops into the passenger side. Lazaro speeds out of the parking lot, leaving a trail of fumes on the cabbies.

EXT. HIGHWAY - ONE MINUTE LATER

Pedal to the floor, Lazaro weaves in and out of traffic.

RED AND BLUE POLICE SIRENS flash behind them.

MARVIN

It's the police!

LAZARO

Wouldn't be the first time I was in a high-speed chase with the Russian Po-Po.

RUSSIAN OFFICER

(from megaphone)

Pull over. I repeat, pull over.

LAZARO

He said he wants me to pull over.

MARVIN

I got the gist of it.

LAZARO
 (back to the cops)
 Want me to pull over!? Fine, I'll
 pull over!

Lazaro crosses the median to the opposite side of the highway. Cop car follows. An 18-wheeler barrels toward them.

LAZARO (CONT'D)
 Somebody wants to play chicken.

MARVIN
 Somebody does not want to play
 chicken. Lazaro, don't do this!

LAZARO
 Can't turn away now.

MARVIN
 You absolutely can turn away!

LAZARO
 We're in too deep.

MARVIN
 You literally just have to turn the
 steering wheel.

The 18-wheeler moves within fifty feet...thirty feet...

MARVIN (CONT'D)
 LAZARO!!!!

At the last second the 18-wheeler swerves out of the way.

LAZARO
 And my chicken record remains
 flawless!

Lazaro whips back across the median. Police car gains ground.

MARVIN
 I'm gonna be sick.

Marvin rolls down the window, leans out. He spots the passenger side COP aiming a gun at him. Marvin pukes. The vomit sprays onto the gun. Back inside --

MARVIN (CONT'D)
 He's got a gun. I just puked on it.

BANG!!! A shot blasts out the back window. Marvin cowers.

LAZARO
Okay, this is the part where we
jump it.

MARVIN
Jump it?

LAZARO
Yeah you know, out of the cab.

MARVIN
While it's moving?

LAZARO
No, after I pull over.

MARVIN
Whew. I thought you meant at this
velocity.

Lazaro mischievously smirks at Marvin.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
You do mean at this velocity! Is
that how all your high-speed chases
end?

LAZARO
How else would they end? All right,
the key is to tumble and roll. Got
it? Tumble and roll.

MARVIN
You know what, I choose jail. Jail
is fine.

LAZARO
Jail is fine until Solovyov has you
shanked before you even have a
chance to shit yourself. We're
jumping it. On three. One...

Lazaro presses the gas pedal to the floor.

MARVIN
Why are you speeding up!?

LAZARO
Two....

MARVIN
My safety lock is on! I need a
restart!

LAZARO
 ...THREE!!!

Lazaro tumbles out of the cab. As Marvin fidgets with the lock, the car swerves toward a guard rail. Marvin tries to squeeze through the open window. The car crashes into the guard rail, catapulting Marvin onto the shoulder.

The cop car rear-ends the cab.

Marvin tumbles on the ground and rolls to a stop on his back. Lazaro arrives above him, holds out his hand.

LAZARO (CONT'D)
 Tumble and roll.

Marvin grasps Lazaro's hand. A slight bond. Lazaro lifts Marvin to his feet. As they disappear into a neighborhood --

LAZARO (CONT'D)
 Ninety-nine percent of all dangers
 can be avoided by a simple "tumble
 and roll". That's a fact.

EXT. MOSKOVSKY TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

The cab drivers give a report to POLICE OFFICERS. A pair of black boots approaches. Everyone freezes when they see --

-- Alexei, Vlad and terrorists converging with AR-15s. Alexei holds up his cell phone displaying a photo of Lazaro.

ALEXEI
Anyone see?

CAB DRIVER
Him! That's him! He steal cab.

The police walkie-talkies sound off:

POLICE OFFICER VOICE
*Accident off E-105 involving a
 police cruiser and taxi. Suspects
 seen headed west on foot.*

Alexei takes a walkie from a trembling officer.

ALEXEI
 (into the walkie)
En route.

EXT. STREET - ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA - NIGHT

Marvin and Lazaro trek along the side walk.

MARVIN

Okay, what if you're being constricted by a python?

LAZARO

Easy -- tumble and roll into the nearest fire. Snake gets singed, uncoils, and you're all clear.

MARVIN

That seems like a stretch.

LAZARO

I've been in that exact same scenario.

MARVIN

So should we just tumble and roll our way out of Russia?

Lazaro stops at a water fountain across the street from the Alexandrinsky Theatre.

WEALTHY MEN AND WOMEN funnel inside on a red carpet. PHOTOGRAPHERS flash photos.

LAZARO

We're here.

MARVIN

That's our hideout?

LAZARO

That is where we meet my friend who will take us to the hideout.

A marketing poster simply reads: TABOOOOOO.

MARVIN

Taboooooo? With...
(counts)
...six "O's"?

LAZARO

Russian Fashion Week in all its glory.

MARVIN

This seems risky. Look at all those cameras out front.

LAZARO
Good thing we're going in the back.

Lazaro removes his shirt and dunks his head in the fountain.

LAZARO (CONT'D)
Go on, dunk your head.

MARVIN
What for?

Lazaro slicks back his hair.

LAZARO
For the slick back. Every male
model has one nowadays.

MARVIN
See these?

He points to his curly hair.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Irish curls. They don't "slick".

LAZARO
No slick back, no entry. So you
best get to dunking.

Marvin gets on his knees, dunks his head. Lazaro grabs his neck and holds him under. Bubbles pour out of Marvin's mouth. Finally, Lazaro releases Marvin. Marvin coughs up water.

LAZARO (CONT'D)
You know what, you were right,
those Irish curls don't slick.

MARVIN
What was that for!?

LAZARO
You know what for, waterboarder.
Consider us kosher.

Lazaro pats Marvin on the shoulder.

LAZARO (CONT'D)
Okay, shake it off.

Lazaro starts toward the back alley. Marvin struggles to stand, follows Lazaro.

EXT. ALEXANDRINSKY THEATRE - ONE MINUTE LATER

Lazaro escorts Marvin to a back door guarded by a BOUNCER.

LAZARO

We're here for the fashion show.

Bouncer suspiciously checks out Marvin.

BOUNCER

He not look like model. No slick back.

LAZARO

Him, a model? Ha. No, he's my manservant.

Bouncer laughs hysterically, opens the door.

BOUNCER

Manservant. Now that I believe.

As Marvin and Lazaro enter --

MARVIN

What's so funny?

LAZARO

He thinks you're Zach Galifianakis.

INT. ALEXANDRINSKY THEATRE - BACKSTAGE - ONE MINUTE LATER

Weird Russian techno music blares.

Marvin and Lazaro pass by DESIGNERS dressing MALE and FEMALE MODELS in outrageous outfits.

MALE ANNOUNCER

(broken English)

Taboooooooo. Please welcome to stage
-- Yana Gombar. Taboooooooo.

Lazaro pulls Marvin to the curtain and peels it back.

Supermodel YANA GOMBAR (25, six foot three inches tall) walks onstage in a black dress fitted with soaring devil wings.

LAZARO

There she is.

MARVIN

That's your girlfriend?

LAZARO
 Girlfriend? Pff. Who said anything
 about girlfriend?

Out of the corner of his eye, Marvin spots Alexei and Vlad
 weaving through the backstage area.

MARVIN
 Holy cannoli, it's Alexei.

LAZARO
 Fuck it, I say we roll on em,
 deuces on deuces.

MARVIN
 I haven't the slightest clue what
 that means.

LAZARO
 It means it's time to put my
 Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu training to
 good use.

MARVIN
 But I don't know Brazilian Jiu-
 Jitsu.

LAZARO
 Just pretend it's recess on the
 playground.

MARVIN
 I lost all my fights on the
 playground. And those kids didn't
 even have AR-15s.

LAZARO
 You got a better idea?

Marvin glances around, notices a room lined with outfits.

INT. ALEXANDRINSKY THEATRE - ONE MINUTE LATER

Yana exits the stage to loud applause.

MALE ANNOUNCER
 Taboooooo. Next up are two of the
 sexiest male models in the industry
 today -- Sergio and Sergio!!!!
 Taboooooo.

Twins SERGIO and SERGIO (20s, ripped) take one step onstage. Pushing them aside: topless Marvin and Lazaro clad in velvet underwear and gigantic cube helmets covering their heads.

Dancing to the music, Lazaro points to the crowd as he gyrates his shredded abs. The audience cheers.

Marvin awkwardly jiggles his hairy gut. The Sergios glance at each other and mouth "WHAT THE FUCK!?"

Marvin and Lazaro lock hands and spin in circles. Lazaro somersaults to the end of the runway and outstretches his arms. Furious applause. Lazaro faces the curtain.

LAZARO

Tumble -- check. Now time for the roll.

Lazaro runs forward and rolls down the runway toward Marvin.

MARVIN

No, no, no. Slow down. Abort the roll. Abort the roll!!!

BOOM!!! Lazaro plows into Marvin. The duo crashes into the curtain, tearing it from the rafters. Their helmets fly off. Lazaro and Marvin land at Yana's feet.

YANA

Lazaro? Lazaro!!! I heard you kidnapped. Thank God you okay!

She grasps him and lifts him over eight feet in the air.

Alexei and Vlad immediately spot the raised Lazaro.

LAZARO

Yana -- could you put me down?

Alexei and Vlad fire guns at Marvin. Lazaro kicks Marvin out of the way. The bullets narrowly miss him.

The music stops. All that's left is --

MALE ANNOUNCER

Taboooooooo...

The screaming crowd frantically rushes for the exits.

Lazaro takes Yana by the hand.

LAZARO

This way!

Lazaro pulls Yana toward a rear door. Marvin follows.

EXT. ALEXANDRINSKY THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

Amongst the chaos, Marvin, Lazaro and Yana run through an alley and into a parking lot.

YANA

Who is creepy man following us?

LAZARO

That's my Uncle Marvin.

YANA

You have uncle named Marvin?

MARVIN

No he does not. Well, he may, I'm not certain, but if he does, it's not me.

YANA

You are very confusing, Uncle Marvin. But thank you for saving Laz.

LAZARO

Him -- save me? Hell no.

MARVIN

Technically I did, if you count the train...

LAZARO

Listen, Yana, we need a place to hideout for the night. We'll be gone by morning. I promise.

YANA

When is Lazaro Kane not gone by morning?

Lazaro feigns a smile. Marvin notes his inability to commit.

YANA (CONT'D)

You stay at house. We take my car. Uncle drive.

Yana tosses car keys to Marvin.

MARVIN

Which one is yours?

YANA

That one.

Marvin goes wide-eyed when he sees a 2017 Dark Blue Marussia B2 sports car.

MARVIN

The Marussia B2.

Marvin excitedly gets into the driver's seat. Lazaro sits on Yana's lap on the passenger side.

INT. MARUSSIA B2 - CONTINUOUS

All smiles, Marvin fires up the engine.

MARVIN

I've been waiting years to drive one of these. I'm so excited!!!

Marvin frenetically claps.

LAZARO

Really? I couldn't tell.

YANA

(to the dashboard)
Destination -- home.

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE

Initiating auto-pilot.

MARVIN

What was that? What did she say?

On its own accord, the car tears out of the lot. The wheel whips them around a corner, taking them toward the theatre.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Why is it taking us back to the theatre!?

Alexei and Vlad hurry out of the theatre entrance.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

It's leading us straight for Alexei! Can you please turn off the auto-pilot!? ...Guys?

He looks over to find Lazaro and Yana passionately kissing.

Alexei and Vlad aim their guns. Marvin ducks.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

They're gonna shoot us! Why are you
so calm about this!?

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!!! The bullets spray the windshield.
Marvin screams. Lazaro and Yana laugh.

YANA

Bulletproof glass, Uncle Marvin.

Marvin hyperventilates. Lazaro and Yana return to their
passionate make-out session as the Marussia escapes.

EXT. MANSION - LATER

A grandiose hillside mansion. The garage door opens and the
Marussia B2 speeds into the garage.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Lazaro and Yana continue making out. Marvin glances over.

MARVIN

The eagle has landed. Destination
reached. Vehicle has come to a
complete stop. Ship has docked.

They ignore him. Awkward silence.

INT. MANSION - MINUTES LATER

Yana escorts Marvin and Lazaro to an indoor pool. Dozens of
SUPERMODELS swim, drink alcohol and play beer pong.

MARVIN

Oh, so this is the hideout. Much
more under the radar.

YANA

I will grab drink.

MARVIN

No drink for me.

LAZARO

Yes drink for him.

Yana departs. Yelling after her --

MARVIN

Hot green tea if you have it!

LAZARO
Absolutely not!

MARVIN
I need to contact my Director and
get us out of here -- A.S.A.P.

LAZARO
You've got Miss Russia 2016 over
there, Miss Universe 2017 right
there, and a jacuzzi full of
Victoria's Secret models. Why you
so Gung-ho on splitting?

MARVIN
Maybe because we're being hunted by
the world's most lethal terrorist.

LAZARO
Breathe, Marvin, breathe. This is a
safe zone.

MARVIN
There is no safe zone when it comes
to Solovyov. Let me paint you a
picture -- terrorists bust through
that skyroof, abduct the two of us,
decapitate Miss Galaxy --

LAZARO
-- Miss Universe.

MARVIN
Miss Universe, and then feed us to
wolves. Now get me a cellular
device so I can complete my
mission!

LAZARO
You're on a mission alright. A
mission to not get laid.

Marvin is instantly depressed by the insult.

LAZARO (CONT'D)
I was just joshin' ya. Why the
Debbie Downer frown?

MARVIN
I don't have a Debbie Downer frown.
You're the one with the Debbie
Downer frown.

LAZARO

There's somethin' else at play here, isn't there? This is about more than just Solovyov.

Marvin is reticent to answer.

LAZARO (CONT'D)

You better start talkin' or I'm gonna take back my promise.

MARVIN

You can't take back a promise, that's the whole point of a promise, it can't be taken back.

LAZARO

Oh I will take it back faster than you can say Entemanns!

MARVIN

My wife. She died. Okay!?

LAZARO

Man, that's shitty. I'd say sorry, but I hate when people say that, because it's not really the person saying sorry's fault.

MARVIN

She actually died during your abduction.

LAZARO

She did? Damn. Sorry for realz then. Wait a second, the lady James Bond? That was your wife!?

MARVIN

Ex-wife.

LAZARO

Ex-wife! Then what are you moping for?

Marvin bashfully looks away.

LAZARO (CONT'D)

You still had a chubby for her, didn't you?

MARVIN

Affirmative. Even three years after she left me for a super agent, who also died during your kidnapping by the way.

LAZARO

That one I'm not apologizing for. Listen, the key is to not fall in love in the first place, that way, pathetic suffering like this isn't an option.

Yana arrives with two white and red drinks.

YANA

Two Candy Kanes. One for my Lazaro and one for Uncle.

Yana dives into the pool.

LAZARO

Candy Kane, but with a "K". Like my last name.

MARVIN

I understand the reference.

YANA

You boys join?

The models beckon for them to come into the pool.

MARVIN

Unfortunately I can't swim. But thank you for the kind offer.

LAZARO

I might be able to dig you up a pair of swimmies.

MARVIN

I'd prefer to remain fully clothed.

LAZARO

Tell you what -- you beat me at beer pong -- in the shallow end -- and you can call your Director and take me back to the States -- "A.S.A.P." But if I beat you, you have to try to make out with Wonder Woman over there --

He nods to MARGARITA (dark hair, a natural 10) swimming in the jacuzzi. Marvin is smitten.

MARVIN
Who is she?

LAZARO
She is Margarita.

MARVIN
Like the drink?

LAZARO
Exactly like the drink, if the drink were a six foot two Amazon woman with the best natural tits north of the equator. So...do we have a deal?

Margarita locks eyes with Marvin. She smiles.

MARVIN
Yes, yes we have a deal.

INT. MANSION - POOL - MINUTES LATER

Music booms. In the shallow end, Marvin and Lazaro engage in a competitive game of beer pong, surrounded by the models.

LAZARO
(to Yana)
Let me ask you something -- how old does Marvin look?

YANA
Hmmm...pushing fifty.

LAZARO
Great minds.

Lazaro sinks a shot. He holds out his cheek. Yana kisses it.

MARVIN
I don't know who hates their father more, you or that haircut.

Marvin responds by making a shot of his own.

MARGARITA
Excellent shot, Marvin.

Marvin sheepishly blushes. Lazaro drains his ball.

LAZARO

What's it like being Jonah Hill
during a midlife crisis?

MARVIN

I loved you in High School Musical.

Marvin fires back with a cup strike.

LAZARO

You look like Benicio Del Toro in
Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas.

MARVIN

Magic Mike called, he's suing you
for copyright infringement.

LAZARO

How saggy are Mrs. Claus' tits?

MARVIN

When are your Bar Mitzvah
invitations going out?

Lazaro misses his shot. Marvin is down to his final cup.

LAZARO

Last cup. Don't choke, Danny
Devito.

Marvin steadies his hand, aims for the cup. He pulls back,
fires the ball -- and sinks the shot!!!

MARVIN

Game! Yes! Suck it, Frodo Baggins!

MARGARITA

Good job, Uncle Marvin!

She leans in and kisses his cheek.

MARGARITA (CONT'D)

Uncle Marvin! Uncle Marvin!

SUPERMODELS CHANTING

UNCLE MARVIN! UNCLE MARVIN!

Poorly attempting to talk over the chant --

MARVIN

I'm not actually his uncle.

Lazaro walks toward Marvin and extends his hand.

LAZARO

Agent Cockburn, congratulations,
you are the first human being to
beat me at anything.

They exchange a handshake.

LAZARO (CONT'D)

Margarita, will you take John
Belushi to make a call?

MARGARITA

Who is this John Belushi?

MARVIN

He means me.

MARGARITA

In that case, I would love to.

INT. ALEXANDRINSKY THEATRE - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Alexei, Vlad and terrorists tear apart the lockers, searching
for clues. Vlad pulls something from a locker.

VLAD

Alexei.

Vlad hands Alexei a photo of Yana and Lazaro strapped
together on a bungee chord at the top of a bridge. Alexei
holds up the photo.

ALEXEI

Look what I find!

The terrorists gather around and cheer on their leader. Vlad
meekly keeps his mouth shut.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Margarita escorts Marvin through the mansion.

MARGARITA

So you are C.I.A. Agent?

MARVIN

Kind of. I'm B-squad.

MARGARITA

What you mean -- B-squad?

MARVIN

It means I'm not a very good Agent.

MARGARITA

But they say you rescue Lazaro.

MARVIN

He pretty much rescued himself.

Margarita stops, turns to Marvin.

MARGARITA

Lazaro -- big baby. You -- hairy man. I like hairy man.

She twirls Marvin's chest hair with her finger.

MARGARITA (CONT'D)

Chubby. Like Pillsbury dough boy.

She runs her finger to his stomach and pokes it.

MARVIN

Hoo-hoo.

Margarita laughs. She withdraws a cell phone from her bag and hands it to Marvin.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

I'll...uh...just be a minute.

Marvin FACETIME CALLS Castro.

DIRECTOR CASTRO

Cockburn, is that you!?

MARVIN

Yes sir, Director!

DIRECTOR CASTRO

Where are you? And why aren't you wearing a shirt?

MARVIN

I'm in Saint Petersburg. The one in Russia, not Florida. In reference to the missing shirt, I was coerced into swimming with supermodels, sir.

Margarita waves into the phone.

MARGARITA

Hello!

DIRECTOR CASTRO

Fuck me!

MARVIN

Is everything alright, Director?

DIRECTOR CASTRO

Uh...yeah...bug almost flew into my eye.

MARGARITA

Marvin save Lazaro!

DIRECTOR CASTRO

Lazaro is with you?

MARVIN

Yes sir, Director!

DIRECTOR CASTRO

Drop me a tit...I mean a nip...a pin...Drop me a pin and I'll track your coordinates.

Marvin drops a location pin.

MARVIN

Location pin dropped.

DIRECTOR CASTRO

Tit sight -- sit tight for the extraction team.

Castro ends the call. Marvin hands the phone to Margarita.

MARVIN

He's under a lot of stress.

Awkward silence.

MARGARITA

Yana tell me of your wager with Lazaro. I pretend you lose...

As she leans in to kiss him --

MARVIN

Do you...know where the bathroom is?

Margarita straightens up, shakes off the rejection.

MARGARITA

Down hall, to left.

MARVIN

Thank you.

Marvin walks down the hall, sighing at his pitiful self. He turns the corner and opens the bathroom door to find --

-- Lazaro standing on the toilet having doggystyle sex with Yana!

MARVIN (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry!

Yana screams, covers herself up and rushes away.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

My deepest apologies, Yana!

Lazaro pulls up his pants, shakes his head at Marvin.

LAZARO

Are you sure your last name's
Cockburn and not Cockblock?

Lazaro heads back toward the pool. Marvin follows.

MARVIN

Extraction team is en route.

LAZARO

Greaaaat. Speaking of extraction
team, what happened with Margarita?
You sly dog, you.

MARVIN

No sly dog here. Only a shy dog.

LAZARO

Oh come on, man! Are you kidding?

They reach the pool, start to dress themselves.

LAZARO (CONT'D)

For some unfathomable reason, she's
into you. So you gotta forget about
that dead ex-wife of yours -- right
-- this -- second!

BOOM! The skyroof shatters. FOUR MASKED FIGURES clad in black rappel down from a military helicopter, seize Marvin and Lazaro, and hoist them up to the chopper.

YANA

Lazaro!

MARGARITA

Doughboy!

The chopper leaves as fast as it came.

INT. HELICOPTER - ONE MINUTE LATER

Marvin and Lazaro are tossed against the back seats. Two of the figures remove their masks -- it's Sloan and Viggo!

LAZARO

It's the dead ex-wife! The dead ex-wife isn't dead! I revoke my sorry!

MARVIN

Sloan...you're alive?

VIGGO

Yeah, she's alive. And so am I. So you know what that means.

Viggo flutters his tongue sexually.

LAZARO

This is the super agent?
(to Sloan)
You left Marvin, sweet kind Marvin,
for this douche blaster?

Viggo socks Lazaro in the face.

VIGGO

That's for breaking my nose.

MARVIN

Don't you dare strike him!

Viggo punches Marvin in the face.

VIGGO

You turds have anything else to say?

Marvin slowly raises his hand.

MARVIN

I have something to say. So you're our extraction team?

SLOAN

That's affirmative. Lazaro, we'll have you safely in the United States in no time.

MARVIN

(to Lazaro)

Hear that? I did it -- I bested Solovyov!

LAZARO

Bullshit! I'm calling bullshit! No offense, Marvin. I'm glad that you're on Cloud 9, I really am, but somethin' ain't kosher with these two.

MARVIN

What's not kosher?

LAZARO

For starters, they got to us in like five minutes.

MARVIN

That's true, you did get there kind of fast.

VIGGO

That's how the A-team works. We get shit done.

MARVIN

He's right, they do get shit done.

LAZARO

Did your Director even mention they were still alive?

MARVIN

Negative.

LAZARO

And did he mention that they'd be the ones extracting us?

MARVIN

Negative. You know, Lazaro does propose some good points here.

VIGGO

Of course Castro didn't mention it. If he did, Marvin would have tucked his little sack into a man-gina and ran away like a bitch.

MARVIN

That's also a good point.

LAZARO

So you guys miraculously survived the ambush, even though the search team repeatedly stated there were no survivors?

SLOAN

The Agency used the ambush as an opportunity to fake our deaths so that we could be used for future undercover operations without drawing suspicions from the terror cells.

LAZARO

Oh, the Director called you in the middle of Solovyov's random ambush and said "Hey, fake your own deaths so we can use you for future undercover operations"? Now it all makes sense.

MARVIN

There you have it. It all makes sense. I think we're good here.

VIGGO

Damn right we're good. Now shut up, Agent Numbnuts.

Sloan and Viggo sit across from Marvin and Lazaro.

LAZARO

Agent Numbnuts, that's Marvin alright. How did this schlub become an Agent in the first place?

VIGGO

Beats me.

LAZARO

Isn't he so slow?

VIGGO

Sure is.

LAZARO

Overweight?

VIGGO

Aye-aye.

LAZARO

Clumsy?

VIGGO
Roger that.

LAZARO
Inferior to you in every way?

VIGGO
10-4.

MARVIN
(hurt)
Lazaro.

LAZARO
Which begs the question...if Castro knew you were alive, why would he send Marvin on such an important mission instead of you two?

OH-SHIT.

VIGGO
For one simple reason, he wanted us to...okay I can't do this. You got us. We're bad hombres. We're double agents. These guys behind us are terrorists. We're taking you to Alexei now. Sloan, guns.

Sloan and the terrorists train handguns on Marvin and Lazaro.

MARVIN
Sloan, how could you do this to the Agency!?

VIGGO
(mimicking)
Sloan, how could you do this to the Agency!?

SLOAN
For years we've been taking down terrorists, and for what? Thirty thousand dollars a year and an Award of Merit?

MARVIN
I thought you were doing it for your country.

Sloan and Viggo burst out laughing.

VIGGO

The United States can kiss my ass
for two-hundred grand.

LAZARO

Two-hundred grand, that's it?
That's all you got!?

Lazaro scoffs. Viggo cocks his arm back, threatening to
pistol whip Lazaro. Lazaro doesn't even flinch.

VIGGO

That's what I thought.
(to Marvin)
Numbnuts, you look a little angry.
You want a shot at the Champ?

Viggo sticks his cheek toward Marvin.

VIGGO (CONT'D)

Go on, take a crack. Right on that
marble jaw.

Marvin huffs and puffs, anger building inside of him.

VIGGO (CONT'D)

Didn't think so...

Marvin winds up to throw a right hook -- but Sloan pistol
whips him to the floor.

Lazaro knifestrikes Viggo in the nose. Viggo collapses, his
nose gushing with blood.

LAZARO

Knifehand strike!

VIGGO

He broke my fucking nose again! In
a different spot this time!

Lazaro sweep kicks a terrorist to the floor, then heels him
in the face.

LAZARO

Face stomp!

The second terrorist aims his gun at Lazaro. Lazaro wraps his
arm around the terrorist's bicep and breaks his elbow.

LAZARO (CONT'D)

Standing Kimura arm break!

Sloan points her gun at Lazaro. As she prepares to pull the trigger, Marvin knocks away the gun. Sloan knees Marvin in the gut, then unleashes a round of punches to his face.

The pilot trains his gun on Marvin. Marvin ducks. The bullet strikes Viggo in the head as he sits up. He falls limp.

SLOAN

Honeybear!

LAZARO

Honeybear?

Sloan picks up her gun and trains it at Marvin. Lazaro kicks away her hand -- BANG! -- she accidentally shoots the pilot.

The pilot keels over the control system, sending the chopper plunging. Sloan hits her head on the wall. Out cold.

Lazaro grabs a parachute from a rack, straps it on Marvin.

LAZARO (CONT'D)

I'm gonna assume you've never skydived.

MARVIN

You've assumed correctly.

LAZARO

It's easy. All you have to do is --

MARVIN

-- Lemme guess, tumble and roll?

LAZARO

Tumble and roll.

Lazaro straps on his parachute and opens the door.

LAZARO (CONT'D)

Ready?

MARVIN

I think so. Wait. Nope, not ready.

Marvin exhales, nerves getting the best of him.

LAZARO

You're not dying with these pieces of shit.

MARVIN

Okay, just do that thing again, where you count to three.

LAZARO

Fuck it.

Lazaro bear hugs Marvin and tumbles out of the helicopter.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Marvin and Lazaro nose-dive toward the earth. Marvin screams. Lazaro spins them around in circles.

LAZARO

Three-sixty flippies!!!

MARVIN

I'm gonna throw up. I'm gonna throw up.

LAZARO

Don't you throw up again! Suck it down! Suck it down right now!

BLAHHHH! Marvin pukes red liquid all over Lazaro's face.

LAZARO (CONT'D)

Ugh, the Candy Kane will never be the same.

Suddenly, Sloan crashes into the pair and grasps Lazaro.

SLOAN

Gimme him! He's mine!

Marvin and Sloan pull Lazaro back and forth.

MARVIN

He's not some terrorist pawn!

SLOAN

Yes. He. Is!

The ground fast approaches. Sloan withdraws her gun. Marvin grips her wrist, presses her arm back.

MARVIN

You never cared about me, did you!?

SLOAN

Of course I didn't! You weren't a real agent! You were B-squad!

MARVIN

Then why did you marry me!?

SLOAN
To keep you away from Alexei!

MARVIN
You -- you set me up?

LAZARO
Listen guys, I'm not really the
right person to be a love
arbitrator.

As Sloan nears Marvin's face with the gun --

MARVIN
Your heart is B-squad!

Marvin angrily rips off Sloan's parachute and kicks her into the clouds.

Lazaro pulls out his parachute. The duo rises upward, their free-fall steadying. Lazaro guides Marvin safely to a beach.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Lazaro unstraps the parachute, looks up to the sky.

LAZARO
You just kicked that bitch into
oblivion! "*Your heart is B-squad!*"
Boom!

Lazaro kicks the air.

LAZARO (CONT'D)
Solid leg strike, Marvin.

Lazaro turns back to find Marvin keeled over on the sand, madly crying.

LAZARO (CONT'D)
Are you crying?

MARVIN
I killed my wife!

LAZARO
Ex-wife.

MARVIN
I'm a murderer!

LAZARO
You're not a murderer.

MARVIN

Yes I am!

Marvin buries his head in the sand. Lazaro kneels beside him, puts a comforting hand on his shoulder.

LAZARO

Marvin, listen to me, it was self-defense. Her or you. There was nothing you could have done.

Marvin lifts his head, his face covered in sand.

MARVIN

So you don't think I should turn myself into the authorities?

LAZARO

Turn yourself in? You heard her -- she played you. You need to get up and shake it off.

Lazaro stands. Marvin sits up.

MARVIN

I just lost the only person I ever loved. That's not something you just shake off. Not that you would understand what it means to love someone.

LAZARO

Know what else I wouldn't understand? What it's like to sob like a little baby in the sand.

Marvin squares up to Lazaro.

MARVIN

Me -- a baby!? You're the one living like Peter Pan!

LAZARO

Last time I checked, Peter Pan didn't travel the world bumping uglies with supermodels. And if he did, then sign me up for the Lost Boys.

MARVIN

You can bump uglies with all the supermodels you want, it won't make you happy.

LAZARO

Did you even hear the sentence that just came out of your mouth?

MARVIN

The Lost Boys won't shield you from your problems forever.

LAZARO

I got 99 problems and all of them are named Marvin Cockburn. Since I met you, I've almost died like ten times.

MARVIN

You put us in literally all of those situations!

LAZARO

I would have been off the map a long time ago if you weren't slowing me down.

Lazaro marches down the beach. Marvin follows after him.

MARVIN

You know what I think? I think you're just looking for an excuse to not go back to the States.

LAZARO

Think what you want. I'm kosher.

MARVIN

"I'm Lazaro Kane, I'm kosher. That's kosher. Everything's kosher." If everything's so kosher then why don't you want to go to your father's election party?

Lazaro wheels around on Marvin.

LAZARO

Don't you mention my father.

MARVIN

President of the United States of America Gary Kane.

LAZARO

My hands are lethal weapons. I wouldn't push it if I were you.

MARVIN
You mean like you pushed me into
telling you about Sloan?

ON LAZARO: Fair enough.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Why are you avoiding your father?

LAZARO
Because he cheated on my mother!

ON MARVIN: OUCH.

LAZARO (CONT'D)
Only reason they're still together
is so the almighty President can
keep his squeaky clean image. He
doesn't care about me being at his
election party, he just wants me
there for the cameras.

Lazaro trucks it down the beach. Marvin pursues.

MARVIN
That's not true.

LAZARO
You've met him, what, one time? You
don't know shit about him.

MARVIN
Yes I've only met him once, but in
those brief five minutes, I could
tell he cares about you. He wants
you at the party, but more
importantly, he wants you safe.

Lazaro stops, stares out at the sun rising over the horizon.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Are you interested in the sunrise
or is this more of a contemplative
moment?

LAZARO
A little bit of both.

Silence.

LAZARO (CONT'D)

I've decided not to attend my father's party, but I'll go back to the States so you can complete your precious mission.

(beat)

But we're doing it my way from now on.

MARVIN

Haven't we been doing it your way this entire time?

Lazaro presses his index finger against Marvin's lips.

LAZARO

Shhh...enjoy the sunrise.

With Lazaro's index finger still pressed against Marvin's lips, the duo gazes at the ascending sun.

EXT. MARINA - ST. PETERSBURG - MORNING

Fishing boats and speedboats are docked. Marvin and Lazaro peek out from behind a shed.

LAZARO

So here's how this is gonna go down. I'm gonna steal that speedboat --

Lazaro points to a speedboat named "FIFTEEN-LOVE".

LAZARO (CONT'D)

-- and then we're gonna ride it across the gulf to Finland where we'll hook up with my connections.

MARVIN

You mean models?

LAZARO

Finnish models, yes. Who happen to have a private jet that can take us to the States. No risk of being double-crossed again.

MARVIN

Why that boat? The other ones look faster.

LAZARO

It belongs to someone I am no longer acquainted with and it would give me great pleasure to steal it. I will leave it at that.

MARVIN

Sure you don't want me to call my Director?

LAZARO

You just dug up a whole lot of feelings deep inside me, and I'm kind of confused about a ton of shit, but that is one thing I am sure of. Morning charters go out in a few minutes, so I need you to keep a lookout.

Marvin nods. Lazaro carefully creeps down the dock.

Marvin checks his surroundings. His eyes widen when he spots a pay phone! Marvin looks at Lazaro walking along the deck, then back at the pay phone. Torn.

INT. SPEEDBOAT - ONE MINUTE LATER

Lazaro digs around the boat, finds a filet knife. He uses it to pry open the control console. He slices two wires.

EXT. MARINA - SAME TIME

Marvin talks into the pay phone --

MARVIN

Director, it's Agent Cockburn. Strathmore and Vargas double-crossed us.

Behind him, a limousine pulls into the parking lot. A blonde WOMAN exits, a tennis racquet strapped to her back.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

I need the extraction team to pick us up at the St. Petersburg Marina -- A.S.A.P.!

Marvin hangs up. He spots the woman heading down the dock.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Holy cannoli.

EXT. PIZZA STAND - ST. PETERSBURG - SAME TIME

Alexei and terrorists eat mushroom and pineapple pizza.

ALEXEI

*Nothing like mushroom and pineapple
pizza in the morning. Am I right?*

The terrorists agree out of pure obligation.

A black SUV door slides open.

VLAD

*Alexei, you are going to want to
hear this.*

Alexei heads to the SUV. Vlad presses a button on a computer.

MARVIN'S VOICE

*I need the extraction team to pick
us up at the St. Petersburg Marina
-- A.S.A.P.!*

Alexei smirks. To his other men --

ALEXEI

*I find him! I find Cockburn! Let's
move out!*

The terrorists pile into the SUV.

TERRORIST #1

We knew you would find him, Alexei.

TERRORIST #2

No one hides from the great Alexei.

An irritated Vlad bites his tongue.

INT. SPEEDBOAT - MORNING

Lazaro rubs the wires together, trying to hot wire the boat.

EXT. MARINA - SAME TIME

The blonde woman makes her way toward the FIFTEEN-LOVE boat. She spots Lazaro bent over.

BLONDE WOMAN

Hey! Asshole!

She unstraps the racquet and starts running. Marvin appears alongside her.

MARVIN
Lazaro! Someone's coming! Right here!

He points over at -- MARIA SHARAPOVA!

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Maria Sharapova?

INT. SPEEDBOAT - SAME TIME

Lazaro pops his head up.

LAZARO
Oh shit.

He frantically tries to spark the wires.

EXT. MARINA - SAME TIME

Marvin and Maria hustle down the dock.

MARVIN
I have to say, I'm a big fan.

Maria smacks Marvin in the face with the racquet. He crashes into a dock pole.

MARIA
Lazaro! I'm gonna kill you!

As Maria jumps for the boat, Lazaro manages to start the engine and speed away. Maria splashes into the gulf.

Lazaro pilots the speedboat alongside Marvin.

LAZARO
Get in!

A dazed Marvin stumbles onto the speedboat. Lazaro zooms past Maria.

LAZARO (CONT'D)
You're a shitty tennis player!!!

Lazaro surges into the Gulf of Finland.

Maria puts her hand on the dock to climb up. Black boots appear above her. Maria looks up to find Alexei.

EXT. GULF OF FINLAND - ONE MINUTE LATER

Lazaro pushes the boat to full speed.

LAZARO

Where were you? You were supposed
to be my lookout!

No answer.

LAZARO (CONT'D)

Marvin??? Where were you!?

MARVIN

I found a pay phone. They exist by
the way.

LAZARO

Tell me you didn't do what I think
you did?

MARVIN

Depends. Do you think I called my
Director to send the extraction
team?

A speedboat hauls ass behind them, Alexei controlling the
helm. Vlad and TWO TERRORISTS yield AR-15s.

LAZARO

You led them straight to us!

Vlad and the terrorists fire at Marvin. He cowers.

MARVIN

Is this as fast as this thing goes?

LAZARO

Pedal to the metal.

A terrorist jumps onto the back of the boat, climbs toward
Marvin. Marvin searches compartments, finds a tennis racquet
and balls. He furiously swats balls at the terrorist.

After several misses, Marvin nails the terrorist directly in
the face, sending him into the gulf.

The second terrorist hops onto the boat, gun in hand.

LAZARO (CONT'D)

I'm not the one that has to be
worried about that AR-15.

MARVIN
(sarcastic)
Maybe I'll just tumble and roll my
way out of here.

Marvin swings the racquet at the terrorist but misses. Marvin swings again, knocking the gun off the boat.

Marvin takes another swat. The terrorist ducks. The racquet strikes Lazaro's head.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
That was intended for the
terrorist!

Angered, Lazaro intentionally punches Marvin in the face.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
I said it was an accident!

LAZARO
That was for bailing on me back
there!

MARVIN
I was trying to do the right thing!

LAZARO
Well you didn't -- B-squad!

Marvin charges Lazaro, squeezing the terrorist between them. The duo punches and claws at each other. The terrorist moves his head from side to side to avoid the blows.

MARVIN
If you didn't steal Maria
Sharapova's piece of shit speedboat
we could have out-run them!

LAZARO
If you weren't crying about a woman
who didn't love you then we would
have been long gone by now!

MARVIN
If you weren't such an immature
little asshole we wouldn't be here
in the first place!

LAZARO
If you nailed Alexei three years
ago, this whole clusterfuck would
have been avoided! But you failed
then, like you failed now!!!

MARVIN

You know what -- screw you! I'm done!

LAZARO

Well guess what? You can't be done, because I'm done!

MARVIN

I said it first!

Lazaro crosses his arms like a scissor around Marvin's throat, choking him.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Oh what's this move called? The I-hate-my-daddy-because-I'm-an-emotional-millennial-pussy neck squeeze?

LAZARO

It's called the I-can't-get-laid-because-I'm-a-pants-shitting-wannabe-C.I.A.-Agent-cry-baby scissor choke!

Marvin's face turns red as he loses oxygen. The terrorist clears his throat.

TERRORIST

Uh, gentlemen.

The terrorist nods to a towering metal buoy! The boat spears it, and splits apart. The terrorist slams head-first into the buoy. Marvin and Lazaro are catapulted into the water.

Marvin flails his arms, struggling to stay afloat.

Alexei halts his boat alongside Lazaro. Vlad drags Lazaro onto the boat. Alexei tauntingly smirks at Marvin.

Lazaro flips Marvin the middle finger. Marvin returns the gesture as he slips beneath the surface. We are left with Marvin's sinking middle finger -- and then he's gone.

EXT. GULF OF FINLAND - ONE MINUTE LATER

An unconscious Marvin sinks into the depths. Just as he is about to disappear into the darkness, a MASKED DIVER drops into the water and pulls Marvin to the surface.

INT. C.I.A. SAFE HOUSE - BEDROOM - RUSSIA - DAY

Marvin lies unconscious on a bed, an IV strapped to his arm. Smelling salts are placed under his nose. Marvin jack knifes out of his slumber and slaps Director Castro in the face.

DIRECTOR CASTRO
Jesus, Cockburn!

MARVIN
Apologies Director Castro!

DIRECTOR CASTRO
Well that slap just made this a whole lot easier -- the Agency no longer requires your services.

Marvin reflects on the news.

MARVIN
Termination accepted.

DIRECTOR CASTRO
Really? That's it? I expected more of an argument from you, seeing how much you seemed to be enjoying your time with Margarita.

Castro pulls out a notepad.

DIRECTOR CASTRO (CONT'D)
By the way, do you happen to have her address? I may need to -- follow-up -- with a few questions.

MARVIN
Negative.

DIRECTOR CASTRO
You're not an agent anymore, you don't need to talk like that.

Annoyed, Castro puts away his notepad, stands up.

DIRECTOR CASTRO (CONT'D)
President Kane has given the go ahead for the nuke exchange. You've not only failed the Agency, but you very well may have triggered a nuclear apocalypse. I never should have let you convince me to put you on this operation.

MARVIN
You convinced me!

Castro hands Marvin an envelope lined with cash.

DIRECTOR CASTRO
 That's the rest of your per diem.
 Find your own way back to the
 States.

As Castro exits --

MARVIN
 The rest of my per diem!? I had per
 diem this whole time!?

Marvin sighs. The television catches his attention --

CNN NEWS REPORTER
 ...We have breaking news...it
 appears the President's son, Lazaro
 Kane, was abducted this morning.
 No, this is not a repeat telecast.
 It seems he was rescued, and then
 re-abducted...

Marvin grabs the remote from the bedside table and turns off
 the television. He rips out his IV, struggles to stand, and
 inches over to the window.

He stares out over the gulf. Beautiful WOMEN and MEN party
 and drink on yachts. Marvin eyes up his per diem envelope.

EXT. GULF OF FINLAND - DAY

Hip-hop music booms as WE SEE CUTS OF:

- 1) Hair slicked back with gel and dressed in a white suit and
 pink shirt, Marvin strolls onto a yacht in slow motion.
- 2) Marvin takes a shot off the stomach of a beautiful WOMAN.
- 3) The same woman takes a shot off Marvin's hairy stomach.
- 4) Marvin dances sexually with THREE MODELS.
- 5) Marvin stands in the middle of a crowd, leading a chant:

MARVIN/CROWD
 FUCK THE C.I.A.!! FUCK THE C.I.A.!!

MARVIN
 Fuck WHO!?

CROWD CHANTING
 FUCK THE C.I.A.!! FUCK THE C.I.A.!!

MARVIN
 Fuck WHAT!?

CROWD CHANTING
 FUCK THE C.I.A.!! FUCK THE C.I.A.!!

While the crowd chants, Marvin dances his way to the bow.

MARGARITA (O.S.)
 Marvin!?

Marvin finds Margarita and Yana on an adjacent yacht in the middle of a photo shoot.

MARVIN
 Oh hey, Margarita. Hey Yana.

MARGARITA
 What you doing up there!?

MARVIN
 What does it look like I'm doing?
 I'm jumping into the fucking Gulf
 of Finland!

The crowd cheers him on.

MARGARITA
 Where is Lazaro?

MARVIN
 Getting swapped for a nuclear
 warhead. But don't worry, the
C.I.A. has it handled.

BOOS sound out from the party.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
 Fuck WHO!?

CROWD CHANTING
 FUCK THE C.I.A.!! FUCK THE C.I.A.!!

MARGARITA
 You get down from there right now!

MARVIN
 I'll get down on that ass right
 now!

YANA

Don't you talk to her that way!

MARVIN

You mean like Lazaro? Drink up the new Marvin -- the man who doesn't give a shit about anything or anyone!

MARGARITA

Marvin, you cannot swim!

MARVIN

It's all kosher. Cannonball!!!

He cannonballs off the bow and crashes into the water. He surfaces, flailing his arms.

MARGARITA

Doughboy!

Margarita and Yana dive off the yacht, swim to Marvin, and pull him safely to the beach.

Marvin throws up water onto the sand. His heaves turn to moans...and then to sobs.

MARVIN

I'm not a new Marvin. I can't not give a shit...

Margarita cradles him like a baby, stroking his head.

MARGARITA

Shhh...shhh...it's okay.

MARVIN

...And this slick back looks terrible...

MARGARITA

I know it does...

MARVIN

...I was going for a Scarface theme but I ended up looking like Miami Vice...

MARGARITA

Exactly like Miami Vice...

MARVIN

...They took Lazaro and it's my fault...

MARGARITA
It is not your fault.

MARVIN
...Yes it is. The second abduction
was entirely my fault. And now he
hates me...

YANA
He not hate you. You first person I
ever hear Lazaro call friend.

Marvin pops his head up.

MARVIN
He called me his friend?

YANA
Right before bathroom intercourse.
He say, "I know this guy is awkward
and extremely irritating, but he
seems genuine."

ON MARVIN: This is the greatest thing I have ever heard!

MARGARITA
See? You must save him.

A look of determination showers over Marvin.

INT. C.I.A. SAFE HOUSE - INTELLIGENCE HUB - DAY

Computers, tracking devices, and GPS monitors line the room.

A MALE AGENT watches TV. KNOCK KNOCK. Curious, he gets up,
heads down the hall and answers the door.

C.I.A. AGENT
Cockburn? Castro said he shit-
canned you.

MARVIN
He did indeed shit-can me. Thing
is, I forgot my watch.

C.I.A. AGENT
Your watch?

MARVIN
Right on the bedside table. I'll
just be a second.

INT. C.I.A. SAFE HOUSE - BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER

The Agent leads Marvin into his recovery room.

C.I.A. AGENT
I don't see a watch.

MARVIN
Must have fallen behind the table.
Mind taking a look?

C.I.A. AGENT
It's your watch.

MARVIN
My back is really killing me from
that boat crash. Would hate to have
to seek compensatory damages from
the Agency.

The C.I.A. Agent grits his teeth, walks to the table.

INT. C.I.A. SAFE HOUSE - INTELLIGENCE HUB - SAME TIME

The window slides open. Margarita climbs into the room.

INT. C.I.A. SAFE HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Marvin spots Margarita from across the hall. She unplugs
various equipment and hands them to Yana through the window.

C.I.A. AGENT
Nothing back here.

MARVIN
You know what, it was the other
side of the bed. Silly me.

Annoyed, the Agent walks around the bed, kneels down.

Marvin gestures for Margarita to take a square silver
tracking device. She points at the wrong one. He shakes his
head "no", points again. She guesses wrong.

The Agent adjusts his position. Marvin covers his thievery
with a smile.

Margarita finally chooses the right device. Marvin nods to
confirm. She takes the device and climbs out the window.

C.I.A. AGENT
There's no watch, Cockburn.

MARVIN

You know what, I must have lost it
in the Gulf. My mistake. K bye.

Marvin hustles down the hall.

EXT. C.I.A. SAFE HOUSE - RUSSIA - SECONDS LATER

Marvin runs around the building. Margarita and Yana pull up
in the Marussia B2. Marvin hops into the passenger seat.

INT. C.I.A. SAFE HOUSE - INTELLIGENCE HUB - SAME TIME

The Agent returns to his post to find his devices stolen.

C.I.A. AGENT

Cockburn.

He dashes to the window. As the Marussia speeds by, Marvin
gives the middle finger, and points to a watch on his wrist.

MARVIN

Found it.

EXT. PARK - LATER

A makeshift intelligence hub has been constructed on a table.

Marvin plugs the square silver tracking device into a
computer monitor. Margarita and Yana watch him work.

MARVIN

This little guy can track any
cellular device within a twenty
mile radius. By entering specific
keywords into an algorithm, I can
narrow down our search for Lazaro.

MARGARITA

But how you know what keyword?

MARVIN

If there's one thing Alexei loves,
it's mushroom and pineapple pizza.

Marvin enters an algorithm into a keyboard.

SCANNING...SCANNING...SCANNING...

COMPUTER VOICE

Keywords found. Playing audio.

PIZZA EMPLOYEE'S VOICE
 ...Could you please repeat? I
 thought you say mushroom and
 pineapple.

ALEXEI'S VOICE
 I did say mushroom and pineapple.

PIZZA EMPLOYEE'S VOICE
 (under his breath)
 Disgusting.

ALEXEI'S VOICE
 I come there right now and show you
 disgusting! Now send pizza! You
 have twenty minutes!

PIZZA EMPLOYEE'S VOICE
 It's going to be about thirty
 minutes, sir.

ALEXEI'S VOICE
 Twenty.

The call disconnects. Marvin types away on the keyboard.

MARVIN
 The call originated from a toy
 factory. 317 Moskov Street.

Marvin stands tall.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
 Time to do what I do moderately
 well -- infiltrate.

INT. CAR - RUSSIA - DAY

A PIZZA DELIVERY GUY makes a right turn. On the shoulder,
 outside the Marussia B2, Margarita and Yana flag him down. He
 immediately screeches to a halt on the roadside.

DELIVERY GUY
 What seem to be problem?

YANA
 Tire is flat.

MARGARITA
 We not know how to change. You
 mind?

DELIVERY GUY
 (eyeing them up)
 Not. At. All.

Delivery guy exits, grabs a jack from the trunk. As Margarita and Yana lead him to the front right tire, Marvin sneaks around to the opposite side of the Marussia.

YANA
 Take off clothes.

ON THE DELIVERY GUY: WHAT!???

YANA (CONT'D)
 We not want you to get uniform
 dirty.

Yana removes his hat and sunglasses. Margarita takes off his shirt. They toss the items over the car to Marvin.

MARGARITA
 Much better. Now you may begin.

While the delivery guy jacks up the Marussia, Marvin gets into the delivery car and speeds away.

EXT. TOY FACTORY - LATER

Dressed as the delivery guy, Marvin carries the pizza boxes to a rusty door. He knocks. Vlad answers, gun on his waist.

VLAD
You are late.

Marvin hands him a credit card slip and pen. Vlad turns around, presses the slip against the door.

VLAD (CONT'D)
No tip for you.

While Vlad signs his name, Marvin steals his gun and pistol whips him. Vlad falls to the floor, unconscious.

INT. TOY FACTORY - ONE MINUTE LATER

An abandoned, dilapidated toy factory containing assembly lines, packaging machines and rows of dusty toys.

Gun poised, Marvin tip-toes through the factory.

A TERRORIST hacks Marvin's arms. Marvin drops his gun. He elbows Marvin's face, knocking off Marvin's hat and glasses.

Marvin attempts to retreat but he's stuck between two assembly lines.

The terrorist smirks as he approaches Marvin. Marvin backs into the wall, accidentally hitting a button. A robotic production arm swats the terrorist onto an assembly line.

A conveyor belt transports the terrorist into a packaging machine. We hear screams from inside. He emerges on the other end completely wrapped in plastic.

Marvin makes his way down a row of toys. A TERRORIST fires at him. Marvin cuts behind a shelf. The bullets blast a stuffed bear into pieces. Feathers fly everywhere.

The terrorist gives chase but finds no sign of Marvin. He slowly treks down a row of dolls. As he passes by an African-American doll, we recognize the curly black hair.

A hand moves the doll aside, revealing Marvin. Marvin creeps behind the terrorist and knocks him out with his gun butt.

Marvin takes a staircase to the second level. A TERRORIST charges from the end of the hall. Marvin fires, misses each shot by a mile. Out of bullets, Marvin winces.

Just as the terrorist is about to reach Marvin, he falls through shabby floor boards. Marvin opens his eyes, peeks down the hole. The terrorist is unconscious below.

Muffled moans come from a closet at the end of the hall. Marvin hops over the hole, follows the moans.

INT. CLOSET - SECONDS LATER

Marvin barges in to find a gagged Lazaro bound to a chair. Creepy clown dolls are piled floor to ceiling.

MARVIN

Lazaro!

Marvin rips out his gag.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Are you hurt?

LAZARO

Only mentally. Get me out of this fucking clown closet!

Marvin unties Lazaro's hands.

EXT. TOY FACTORY - SECONDS LATER

Marvin and Lazaro bust out the back door. They freeze. WE HEAR A CLAP CLAP CLAP.

Alexei slowly claps. Vlad and TERRORISTS hold Margarita, Yana and the delivery guy hostage near a military plane.

ALEXEI

I hope you wore a diaper, Cockburn.

Alexei aims his gun at the hostages.

MARVIN

Let them go, Alexei. They have nothing to do with this -- especially the delivery guy.
(to the delivery guy)
Sorry for stealing your car by the way.

LAZARO

But if you are gonna start shooting people, feel free to kill him first.

ALEXEI

I think I start...with her.

He points the barrel at Margarita's head.

MARVIN

No, don't!!!

ALEXEI

Well look at that, Cockburn has a little schoolboy crush on Wonder Woman.

The terrorists laugh. Marvin tosses his gun to the ground.

MARVIN

Take me instead. Just don't hurt her.

Alexei presses the gun against Margarita's forehead. As he is about to pull the trigger, he stops.

ALEXEI

I have better idea. After I detonate nukes on China, I have some fun with your new lady, just like I did with your old lady...

LAZARO
 (quietly to Marvin)
 Dude, I think he means your dead ex-wife.

ALEXEI
 ...right after she help me escape
 you all those years ago.

LAZARO
 He definitely means your dead ex-wife.

MARVIN
 Yeah, I know.

ALEXEI
 Time for a little ride, gentlemen.
 Wouldn't want you to miss start of
 World War III.

Alexei nods to Vlad. Vlad and the terrorists drag Marvin and Lazaro toward the plane. Margarita, Yana and the delivery guy are hauled to an SUV.

LAZARO
 Don't worry, Yana, I'll be back for
 you!

MARVIN
 I've got to be honest, Margarita,
 I'm not nearly as optimistic as
 Lazaro!

Marvin and Lazaro are tossed onto the plane. Vlad steps inside, shuts the door.

Alexei and a TERRORIST PILOT get into the cockpit.

INT. MILITARY PLANE - LATER

Vlad eats mushroom and pineapple pizza, keeping an eye on a bound Marvin and Lazaro at the rear gate. Lazaro winces.

LAZARO
 Man, I have the weirdest feeling.
 Right in my stomach.

MARVIN
 Just do what I do, let it out in
 the undies.

LAZARO

No, not that kind of feeling. It's like this...emptiness. A pain. But not physical.

MARVIN

And when did this "pain" start?

LAZARO

The second they took Yana away.

MARVIN

You're kidding, right?

LAZARO

What?

MARVIN

That feeling is love.

LAZARO

Impossible. I would have fought it off with Bruce Lee mastery.

MARVIN

You can't fight off love. That's how it works. You love Yana.

A look of realization pours over Lazaro.

LAZARO

Holy shit. I love her. I know what love is!

MARVIN

And you also know how love ends -- wallowing in defeat on a plane destined for World War III.

LAZARO

Fuck that, we need to bust outta here, take down Alexei, secure the nukes, and save our girls.

MARVIN

Sounds like a mission for the A-team.

LAZARO

Screw the A-team. Who killed those backstabbing double-crossing assholes? Huh? Who?

MARVIN

We did.

LAZARO

That's right -- we did.

MARVIN

I'm not an Agent, Lazaro. You said it yourself.

LAZARO

Marvin, you waterboarded me, you surfed a train, you jumped out of a plane, you stole a fucking speedboat...

MARVIN

You stole a fucking speedboat...a shitty one too.

LAZARO

Okay, I stole the speedboat. But you came back for me, even after I called you B-squad. You could have left me for dead, but you didn't. Because you have what every good agent needs -- a good heart. So if you're B-squad, then I'll be B-squad any day.

Lazaro holds out his tied hand. Marvin lets Lazaro's words sink in. Finally, he shakes Lazaro's hand.

MARVIN

Hey Vlad. May I have a word?

Vlad approaches, gun in hand.

VLAD

What you want, shit sack?

MARVIN

Me and Lazaro here are starting a B-squad and we were just wondering if you'd like to join?

LAZARO

Yeah, we think you'd be the perfect addition.

VLAD

I no B-squad. I fucking A-team, motherfucker.

MARVIN

Oooh, wish I could agree with you there, but unfortunately that's not the case.

LAZARO

Not the case at all.

VLAD

How bout I blow off both your heads and show you who A-team?

MARVIN

That would certainly show us. Of course, you'd have to get Alexei's approval first.

LAZARO

Can't do anything without Alexei's approval.

Vlad's wheels start turning. He angrily points the gun.

VLAD

You American pussies trying to trick Vlad! Vlad cannot be tricked!

MARVIN

We aren't trying to trick you. I've been filing C.I.A. paperwork for three years, and every day Alexei's file gets thicker, but yours -- stays the same size.

Lazaro holds up his index finger and thumb close together --

LAZARO

Tiny.

MARVIN

You're a smart man, Vladimir. Shame Alexei takes all the credit.

Vlad paces, getting worked up.

VLAD

You are right. He does take all credit. Pick up pizza, Vlad. Pay for pizza, Vlad. Kill those children, Vlad. I don't even like mushroom and pineapple pizza!

Vlad kicks the pizza box across the floor.

VLAD (CONT'D)

I am B-squad.

Vlad bangs his head against the wall. Marvin seizes the opportunity and steals his gun. He aims it at Vlad.

VLAD (CONT'D)

You...you did trick me...so I am A-team!

MARVIN

No, you're definitely B-squad, but you're also a crazy terrorist. There's no way we can let you join our crew.

Vlad runs to the door, slides it open and jumps out. Marvin and Lazaro glance at one another -- what the fuck?

EXT. AIRPORT - RUSSIA-CHINA BORDER - LATER

The plane lands on the runway and pulls into a hanger.

Alexei and the pilot step out of the cockpit. Marvin presses a gun against Alexei's head. Lazaro takes the pilot's gun from his waistline and aims it at him.

MARVIN

It's over, Alexei.

ALEXEI

Perhaps I have underestimated you, Cockburn.

A military humvee peels into the hanger. Castro and two AGENTS exit, guns in hand.

MARVIN

Director Castro, we've got him.

LAZARO

B-squad at your service.

DIRECTOR CASTRO

You're no B-squad, Agent Cockburn. You've been A-team caliber your whole career.

MARVIN

I have? Then why did you keep me behind a desk for the last three years?

DIRECTOR CASTRO
For protection.

MARVIN
Who were you protecting me from?

DIRECTOR CASTRO
I wasn't protecting you. I was
protecting me.

Castro shoots his agents and turns his gun on Marvin!

Alexei and the pilot take the Agents' weapons and train them
on Marvin and Lazaro.

LAZARO
Another double-crosser!!!

MARVIN
You sold out the Agency for two-
hundred grand too?

DIRECTOR CASTRO
Try two-hundred million.

ALEXEI
(to Marvin)
Perhaps you have underestimated me
as well.

MARVIN
(to Castro)
I trusted you. The Agency trusted
you.

DIRECTOR CASTRO
It didn't have to be like this,
Marvin. But you just wouldn't stop
going after Alexei.

MARVIN
You put me on the mission!

DIRECTOR CASTRO
Drop your weapons.

LAZARO
B-squad ain't droppin' shit!

MARVIN
Yeah, B-squad ain't droppin' shit!

Castro shoots Lazaro in the leg. Lazaro collapses, drops his
gun. Marvin tosses his gun to the floor.

Castro opens the humvee gate to reveal the nukes positioned on a wheeled launching platform.

Alexei nods to the pilot. The pilot retrieves a metal chain from the plane and hooks it to the nukes. The nukes are lowered from the humvee.

Alexei keys codes into the nuke control panel. Countdown to launch: **FIVE MINUTES.**

The metal chain pulls the nukes into the plane.

DIRECTOR CASTRO
Now where's the money?

ALEXEI
(to the pilot)
New Vlad. Give the Director the
briefcase.

The pilot retrieves a briefcase from the cockpit, hands it to Castro.

Castro sets down the briefcase, clicks it open. It's empty.
BANG! Alexei shoots Castro in the head.

Reacting swiftly, Marvin chops Alexei's arms, dislodging his gun. Marvin picks up his weapon, pulls Lazaro behind the humvee, narrowly dodging gunfire from the pilot.

MARVIN
Are you okay?

LAZARO
I got shot.

MARVIN
I know. I saw.

LAZARO
Check that off the bucket list.

MARVIN
That was on your bucket list?

Alexei hustles onto the plane, starts the engine.

The pilot takes cover behind a helicopter. Marvin and the pilot exchange gunfire. Marvin's shots miss by several feet.

LAZARO
Who taught you to shoot!?

MARVIN

Castro.

LAZARO

That explains a lot.

MARVIN

Can't you subdue him with one of your Jiu-Jitsu moves?

LAZARO

Judging by this exit wound, I'd say my Roadhouse days are over.

Marvin sighs.

LAZARO (CONT'D)

Look Marvin, just take a deep breath, think about drinking a margarita off Margarita, and shoot that motherfucker.

Marvin clenches his jaw, determined. He fires at the pilot -- and barely grazes his arm.

LAZARO (CONT'D)

Did you hit him?

MARVIN

I may have grazed his arm.

The plane rolls out of the hanger.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Alexei's getting away with the nukes! Stay here.

LAZARO

Hell no, I'm going with you.

Marvin assists Lazaro to the passenger seat of the humvee. Marvin hops into the driver's side, turns on the ignition.

The pilot charges at the vehicle. Marvin barrels ahead and -- BOOM -- runs him over. The pilot rolls over the hood.

LAZARO (CONT'D)

Not a bad way to start your chicken career, Cockburn.

Marvin peels out of the hanger.

INT. MILITARY PLANE - COCKPIT - SECONDS LATER

Alexei enters information into the plane's control panel.

COMPUTER VOICE
Auto-pilot engaged.

EXT. RUNWAY - SECONDS LATER

The plane accelerates. Marvin pilots the humvee toward the open plane tailgate.

INT. MILITARY PLANE - SAME TIME

Spotting the humvee, Alexei presses a button on the wall, triggering the gate to close.

Marvin speeds ahead, managing to get the humvee halfway inside the plane before the gate locks it into place.

Marvin climbs out the window, squares up to Alexei. Alexei sniffs the air.

ALEXEI
Is that shit I smell?

Marvin charges Alexei. Alexei swats him aside. Marvin plows into the wall, accidentally hitting the gate button. The gate opens just as Lazaro exits the humvee.

The plane rises. The humvee plummets from the plane, crashing into the runway below. Lazaro slides toward the exit, hanging on for dear life. Inch by inch, he climbs upward.

Marvin and Alexei put up their hands. Marvin bitchslaps him.

MARVIN
Frontal face slap!

LAZARO
That's not a legitimate move.

Alexei wipes blood from his lip.

ALEXEI
You want to fight like girl? Then
we fight like girl.

Alexei grasps Marvin's hair, twirls him around and slams him face-first into the wall. Alexei's phone falls out of his back pocket. Alexei slaps Marvin several times.

Lazaro checks the launch countdown: **TWO MINUTES**. He spots Alexei's cell phone. He grabs the phone, ducks behind the nukes, and brings up the recent call list:

+ PIZZA ST. PETERSBURG

+ PIZZA ST. PETERSBURG

+ PIZZA ST. PETERSBURG

+ PRESIDENT OF UNITED PUSSIES

Lazaro FACETIME CALLS the President.

LAZARO

Dad, it's Lazaro!

PRESIDENT KANE

Lazaro! Where are you?

LAZARO

I'm on a plane with the nukes. I need the disarming codes.

PRESIDENT KANE

Are there no other agents with you?

LAZARO

Castro double-crossed, then he got triple-crossed, and Marvin is currently getting a beat down from Alexei.

Lazaro points the phone toward the fight. Alexei pummels Marvin in the stomach.

PRESIDENT KANE

This is a lot of responsibility, son. Are you sure you can handle it?

Lazaro huffs, incensed by the comment.

LAZARO

Are you sure you can handle your marriage?

PRESIDENT KANE

Excuse me?

LAZARO

I know you cheated on mom.

PRESIDENT KANE
Cheated on your mother? Never.

LAZARO
I saw the texts.

PRESIDENT KANE
Is that why you've been avoiding me
all this time?

Lazaro's silence bears all.

PRESIDENT KANE (CONT'D)
Son, your mother and I have an open
relationship.

LAZARO
I'm sorry, did you just say that
you guys have an open relationship?

PRESIDENT KANE
That's right. Your mother has been
fooling around with George Clooney
since Oceans 12.

FIRST LADY EMILY KANE (50s) pops her head onto the screen.

FIRST LADY KANE
Ocean's 11 if you count the
blowjob.

ON LAZARO: FUCKING GROSS.

LAZARO
Hi mom.

PRESIDENT KANE
I love your mother. Very much. And
I love you.

LAZARO
As disturbed as I am about what you
just told me...I...I love you too.

Marvin ducks a punch from Alexei.

MARVIN
I'm really glad you two patched
things up, but can we please stop
the nuclear apocalypse now!?

PRESIDENT KANE
Okay son, do you see the control
panel?

Lazaro moves to the panel. **30 SECONDS REMAINING.**

LAZARO

Yes sir.

PRESIDENT KANE

Type in this sixteen digit
sequence: 6514 --

Alexei kicks Marvin to the floor. He makes his way toward Lazaro. Determined, Marvin springs onto Alexei's back.

PRESIDENT KANE (CONT'D)

-- 7716 --

Alexei drives Marvin against the wall, knocking him off his back. Alexei bullrushes Lazaro.

PRESIDENT KANE (CONT'D)

-- 1532 --

As Lazaro keys in the sequence, Alexei socks him across the jaw. The phone drops. Alexei picks up the phone.

ALEXEI

Goodbye Mr. President.

Alexei tosses the phone out of the plane.

MARVIN/LAZARO

NOOOOO!!!!!!

ALEXEI

Enjoy your front row seats to the
end of the world -- B-squad.

Launch countdown reads: **10...9...8...7...6...5...**

Lazaro desperately limps to the panel, types in a four digit sequence. With one second remaining -- the countdown freezes.

ALEXEI (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no...

Alexei rushes to the panel. Egging on the nukes --

ALEXEI (CONT'D)

Go! Go!!! Launch!!! Launch!!!
(to Lazaro)
What...what did you do?

LAZARO

The last sequence was my birthday,
motherfucker.

MARVIN
No launch today, Alexei. No launch
ever.

Alexei rips a fart.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Did you just shit yourself?

ALEXEI
No, I did not shit myself.

LAZARO
You totally did! It smells like
mushroom and pineapple!

Marvin and Lazaro burst out laughing. Alexei angrily runs to
the cockpit and pushes the gears down. The plane plummets.

ALEXEI
I go down, we all go down.

Marvin spots two emergency parachute packs. He rips them off
the wall, tosses one to Lazaro.

MARVIN
You're going down alone, Alexei.

Marvin and Lazaro strap on the parachutes. Marvin picks up
Lazaro and guides him to the open gate.

LAZARO
You need me to count to three?

MARVIN
Not this time.

LAZARO
Tumble and roll?

MARVIN
Tumble and roll.

They lock hands and tumble out of the plane.

EXT. MILITARY PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Marvin spins them around in circles.

MARVIN
WOOOOO!!!!

Suddenly, he lurches as if he is going to puke.

LAZARO
Maybe don't push it.

MARVIN
Yeah, that's probably a good idea.

Marvin pulls the parachute levers. As the duo descends, Alexei's plane crashes into the ground in the distance.

LAZARO
Sayonara, Alexei!

MARVIN
Bet they don't have mushroom and pineapple pizza where he's going.

Marvin and Lazaro share a grin.

MARVIN (V.O.)
It wasn't an easy road. There were ups and there were downs, there were lovers made and lovers lost, friendships forged and friendships broken...and then forged again. But in the end -- Alexei had finally been bested. And as for me...

As they drift out of frame WE FADE TO:

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

At a podium, Marvin holds an Award of Merit. In the CROWD sits Margarita, Yana, President Kane and First Lady Kane.

INSERT TITLE: ONE MONTH LATER

MARVIN (V.O.)
...I stand before you a C.I.A. Agent. And not just some paper-pushing, hey-turd-sandwich-fetch-me-more-creamer-for-my-coffee kind of agent...and not even the kind that infiltrates the most dangerous terrorist cells and then calls for back-up. I am the back-up. Or I should say...we are the back-up.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Lazaro beside Marvin, holding his own Award of Merit. Lazaro leans toward the microphone.

LAZARO
Award of Merit, motherfuckers!

The crowd rises to their feet, clapping wildly. Lazaro attempts to keep hyping them up --

LAZARO (CONT'D)
That's the love of my life right there!

He points to Yana. Yana waves to Lazaro. The crowd loves it.

LAZARO (CONT'D)
My parents are in an open relationship!

The crowd falls dead silent. You could hear a pin drop.

ON PRESIDENT KANE: WHAT THE FUCK, LAZARO!?

LAZARO (CONT'D)
B-squad in the house!

The crowd resumes the ovation.

Marvin and Lazaro put their arms around each other and smile at the attendees.

EXT. FIELD - ITALY - DAY

Lazaro, Margarita and Yana lead a blindfolded Marvin across the field.

LAZARO
Almost there. Almost there.

MARGARITA
And...take it off!

Marvin removes the blindfold to find a mint-condition black Marussia B2 sports car at the starting line of the Autodromo Nazionale Monza race track.

MARVIN
Holy cannoli. Is that mine?

LAZARO
She's all yours...well until two o'clock when the track closes.

YANA
Auto-pilot disengaged.

Lazaro tosses the keys to Marvin. The foursome joyfully hops into the car.

INT. MARUSSIA B2 - CONTINUOUS

Marvin starts the engine, rubs the dashboard. His cell phone rings. It's a FACETIME CALL from President Kane.

MARVIN
It's your father.

LAZARO
Ugh. Send it to voicemail.

MARVIN
I can't dodge the President.

Marvin answers the call.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Good afternoon, Mr. President!

PRESIDENT KANE
Agent Cockburn, Agent Kane. I have a mission for the A-team.

LAZARO
Dad, how many times do I have to tell you -- we're the B-squad!

PRESIDENT KANE
Apologies, apologies...I have a mission for the B-squad. I need you to stop whatever you're doing and get on a plane to Albania.

MARVIN
Stop what we're doing, as in stop right now...or stop in like five minutes?

PRESIDENT KANE
Stop right now.

Marvin sighs, deflated.

LAZARO
I told you not to answer.

ON MARVIN: Fuck it.

Marvin revs the engine. Lazaro smirks.

PRESIDENT KANE
What's that noise?

MARVIN

That's...uh...a lawn mower.

PRESIDENT KANE

That doesn't sound like a lawn
mower.

LAZARO

On our way to the airport. Gotta
go. Love you.

Lazaro disconnects the call. Marvin puts the car in drive.

EXT. AUTODROMO NAZIONALE MONZA RACE TRACK - CONTINUOUS

ZOOM!!! Marvin speeds down the track, whizzes around a bend.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.