

PARALLEL

Written by

Rebecca Casale

bec1681@gmail.com
WGA: 2278811

1 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - PHYSICS CLASSROOM - DAY

The mid-2000s classroom buzzes with DRAMA STUDENTS. RICHARD OAKES, athletic and attention-loving, charms a HANDFUL OF JUNIORS with his overblown *Gladiator* impression.

RICHARD

Are you not entertained?!

LOGAN PO is detached. Greasy skin, frosted tips, endearingly earnest. He gazes at a whiteboard illustration of the double slit experiment as if it holds the secrets to life.

MR. RATKIN enters, deadpan and extremely divorced. Richard ambushes him and slips him a \$50 bill.

RICHARD (cont'd)

Hey boss, here's that note from my Dad.

MR. RATKIN

Thank you, Richard.

(to students)

Alright folks, settle down. I know you're excited. I am too actually--this is my first time directing the school play since The Incident. You've all heard the rumors. Needless to say I won't be doing any more love scenes.

ELIZABETH, an undersized junior, snickers.

MR. RATKIN (cont'd)

That's not a joke, Elizabeth. I'm trying to open up here.

(then)

I see potential in this room. Some of you could make real careers out of acting. Others will settle for being high school drama teachers.

He checks Elizabeth. She's straight-faced.

MR. RATKIN (cont'd)

I'm *kidding*, Elizabeth. That was a joke. What I'm saying is, don't end up like me. It's no picnic. One day you've got the beautiful wife, the Shih-Tzu-Poo, the house with the white picket fence. Then you hit your second act.

(MORE)

MR. RATKIN (cont'd)

(dark)

It starts with the late-night phone calls. The endless sessions with her Kegels instructor. Eventually, she leaves you in negative equity and with a broken heart no amount of Shakespeare can mend... The point is, when you're in the spotlight, remember: real life doesn't follow a script. It's messy. Sometimes downright cruel.

(checks Po)

Cherish the wins. Because in the end, we all lose control.

An innocent FRESHMAN raises her hand.

FRESHMAN

Mr. Ratkin? My mom said you had a mid-life crisis.

MR. RATKIN

Your mom doesn't know shit, Teresa. It was a nervous breakdown. And I bounced back.

RICHARD

Yo, can we get our roles?

Ratkin sighs and digs into his bag. The class murmurs. Po glances around and lands on KAT KINGSLEY, artsy and self-assured. She flashes him a coy smile. It lights him up.

MR. RATKIN

Juliet--our beautiful, courageous, tragic heroine will be played by... Kat Kingsley!

The students erupt. Kat fist-pumps in quiet celebration.

MR. RATKIN (cont'd)

Well done, Kat. You're gonna kill it. Actually, you're gonna kill *yourself* 'cause of the double suicide. Don't worry, we'll have fun with it. Romeo!

Po straightens. Takes a deep breath.

MR. RATKIN (cont'd)

Our fickle, savage, self-consumed exile will be played by...

The screen splits into two shots:

SHOT A

Ratkin checks Po.

MR. RATKIN
...Logan Po!

Students cheer warmly.
Po is dumbstruck.

KAT
Yay, Logan!

Kat bounds over. Hugs
Po, mussing his hair.

RICHARD
What the fuck?!

SHOT B

Ratkin checks Richard.

MR. RATKIN
...Richard Oakes!

Students cheer weakly.
Richard is triumphant.

KAT
Well done, Richard.

Richard saunters up to Kat,
takes a low bow.

Po is heartbroken.

COLLAPSE ONTO SHOT B.

Ratkin circulates the room with the remaining roles,
pointing up-close and impersonally in students' faces.

MR. RATKIN (cont'd)
(at Po)
Tybalt.
(at others)
Mercutio. Paris. Benvolio.

Po's POV: Audio zoom on Kat giggling. Richard takes her hand
and twirls her. Blood pulses loudly in Po's ears until--

MR. RATKIN (cont'd)
--and I will play Nurse. Any
objections? Speak now or forever
hold your peace.

2 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - DAY

Kat monologues to Ratkin on stage, passionate and bright.

KAT (AS JULIET)
*Come, night, come, Romeo, come,
thou day in night...*

Po admires her from the rear stalls, captivated. Richard
slinks up behind him and hisses in his ear.

RICHARD
Hey, Romeo. Oh, wait--that's me!

PO
Whatever, man. I got Tybalt.

RICHARD
Right, Tybalt... That means I get
to kill you.

PO
Not without a fight.

Richard scoffs. He sees the way Po looks at Kat.

RICHARD
Kat and I are getting close, you
know. All these love scenes. I'm
actually going over to her place
tonight for a *private rehearsal*.

Po snaps to his feet, facing Richard for the first time.

PO
You know what, asshole?!

Richard straightens, broader and taller than Po. Heads turn.

RICHARD
Yeah, fuckface?

Po grits his teeth. Always the hot head. The next time he
speaks, it's slow and deliberate.

PO
Break a leg.

RICHARD
Ha! That's what I thought. Scrawny
little shitpiss.

Richard swaggers off. Kat opines onstage, oblivious.

KAT (AS JULIET)
*Give me my Romeo; and when he
shall die, take him and cut him
out in little stars. And he will
make the face of heaven so fine
that all the world will be in love
with night...*

3 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - LATER

Po approaches Kat self-consciously after rehearsal.

PO
Hey, Kat. So, uh, your monologue's coming along great.

KAT
Thanks! I started journaling as Juliet. It helps so much.

PO
Ha. Of course. Journaling. As Shakespeare... You're amazing, you know that?

Kat smiles and waves off the compliment.

PO (cont'd)
Listen, do you wanna rehearse with me tonight?

KAT
What? Why? We don't have any scenes together.

PO
I know. I could read for Romeo? Whatever you need.

Kat rummages in her backpack, distracted.

KAT
Ugh. Sorry, Logan. I'm swamped. I've got my sister's wedding coming up. And the play...

PO
Right, the play. I could help.

KAT
Hmm?

Po spots Richard staring at him from afar. Grinning and nodding sadistically. *That's right, keep fucking this up.*

PO
Richard's a real dick, you know that? I mean, his name literally *is* Dick. I just thought you might wanna rehearse with someone less, you know... dick-like.

Kat frowns at him, perplexed.

PO (cont'd)
Sorry. That's a lot of dicks.

KAT
Are you trying to save me, Logan
Po?

PO
(flirtatious)
Maybe.

Kat raises an eyebrow.

PO (cont'd)
I mean, no! No, no, no!

KAT
Oh, doughty swain! This feeble
damsel doth crave thy valor!

PO
Noooo... That's not what I meant!

KAT
(testy)
I'll make my own mistakes, thank
you very much. You're welcome to
go make your own.

Kat nods toward Elizabeth, gently head-banging the wall. Po
gapes between the two girls like a fish, lost for words.

KAT (cont'd)
Looks like Elizabeth could use
your help.

Kat shoulders her back and skips backward, softening.

KAT (cont'd)
Don't worry about me, Logie Bear.
Worry about Tybalt. It's all about
putting on a good show, right?

She reaches Richard. Po dies inside as Kat slips her hand
into his and they leave together.

4 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - LATER

Elizabeth sits on a wall chewing her hair. Po emerges from
the auditorium. She tries to make herself invisible but it
doesn't work. She's blushing hard by the time he comes over.

PO
What are you still doing here?

ELIZABETH
Guess my Mom forgot to pick me up.

PO
Did you call her?

ELIZABETH
Harley Hipkins flushed my phone
down the toilet.

PO
That little bitch... Want me to
kill her for you?

Elizabeth giggles as Po perches next to her on the wall.

PO (cont'd)
I'll make it look like an
accident.
(anchorman voice)
A teenage girl was shot in the
face today after a freak deer
hunting mishap.

She cracks up in delight.

PO (cont'd)
This just in: police confirm no
witnesses after a 14-year-old girl
plunges into a vat of toxic waste.

ELIZABETH
(anchorwoman voice)
A teenager fell to her death today
after Segwaying off a cliff top.
Police say: she was on a roll!

Elizabeth rocks backward laughing. A little too far. Po
springs to action, catching her before she falls.

PO
Whoa! I've got you.

ELIZABETH
You've got me? Who's got you?
(embarrassed)
That's from *Superman*.

PO
I know, you goose. Come on, I'll
give you a ride home.

5 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Opening night. A full house. Richard, Po and a mortally wounded STUDENT (AS MERCUTIO) take center stage.

RICHARD (AS ROMEO)
Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

STUDENT (AS MERCUTIO)
'Tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me tomorrow and you shall find me a grave man.

Kat beams in the wings in a puffy Renaissance dress. Behind her, Ratkin is dressed as Nurse with an over-padded bosom.

PO (AS TYBALT)
Thou wretched boy, that didst consort him here, shalt with him hence.

RICHARD (AS ROMEO)
This shall determine that.

Richard and Po enter a choreographed swordfight. The real battle simmers under their breaths.

RICHARD
(hissing)
Come on then, fuckface.

PO
Easy, Dicky Boy.

Richard fakes a swing. Po sidesteps smoothly.

RICHARD
You know, when Kat jerks me off she has to use two hands.

PO
Maybe it just feels that way 'cause she's wearing gloves.

Richard stops, confused. Barely dodges Po's counterstrike.

RICHARD
Kat knows you're crushing on her. She thinks it's fucking lame.

That hit a nerve. Po charges. Richard dodges and Po crashes hard into a backdrop, knocking it to the floor.

MR. RATKIN
 (offstage, to himself)
 What the hell?!

RICHARD
 Bring it, bitch!

Po charges again. Richard stands his ground. Swings his sword like a golf club--and slugs Po in the balls. Po screams, collapsing into a fetal position. Kat runs onstage.

KAT
 Logan! Are you ok?!
 (to Richard, accusing)
 What the hell just happened?!

RICHARD
 He just went nuts.

Kat helps Po sit up. He wails in agony. Ratkin shuffles on stage trailed by drama students. The audience murmurs.

MR. RATKIN
 (to the audience)
 Ladies and gents, we'll take an intermission. Tybalt is down! I repeat, Tybalt is down!

Po ugly cries.

MR. RATKIN (cont'd)
 Easy, buddy, easy. So you flubbed. Happens to the best of us.

Po checks his crotch. A pool of blood seeps into his pants.

KAT
 Come on, Logie. Gonads are made to take a beating. Or evolution would have tucked them away by now.

Po meets her eyes, chin trembling. Her face is full of concern. *She really cares*. It's almost a moment--until he claps a hand over his mouth. Po lurches. Vomit sprays through his fingers, glazing Kat's cleavage. She squeals.

MR. RATKIN
 Goddammit!

RICHARD
 Jesus, fuckface!

PARENT
 This is better than the play!

Kat rises. Chunks of puke fall from her dress. She glares accusingly at Po, both of them stunned into silence. All eyes are on Kat as the audience murmur grows.

PO
I'm so sorry...

Kat turns and flees. Po struggles to process the horror. The curtains twitch but fail to close as the babbling of students, parents and teachers rises to a biting crescendo.

PO (cont'd)
Kat! I'm sorry! Kaaaaaaat!

TITLE: 20 Years Later

6 INT. PO'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

The studio is cramped and dark. Action movie posters. Stolen office furniture. A fly leeching off old cat food.

Po sleeps upright on a futon, mouth hanging open. His face glows blue from *Back To The Future* echoing on TV.

DOC ON TV (O.S.)
Oh my God. They found me. I don't know how, but they found me. Run for it, Marty!

Po startles awake. Fumbles for a can on the floor. Stay on a magazine open on a full-page advert, where Po side-eyes the camera in an adult diaper. "*Life happens. Be prepared.*"

7 INT. BUS - MOVING - LATER

Po toys with a worn cat collar. Outside is a neon graveyard. Derelict theaters. Fast food joints. Glassy-eyed teens loitering under streetlights. A homeless guy wheels his cart of junk, wearing a dirty blanket like a superhero cape.

8 EXT. B9 LABS - PARKING LOT - LATER

Po shuffles across the empty lot under buzzing florescent lights. Trips on the curb ungracefully.

PO
(mutters)
Gah. Dammit.

He stops and takes in the imposing research building. B9 Labs Inc. It looms, lifeless, as usual. He trudges inside.

9 INT. B9 LABS - RESTROOM - LATER

Po rips his face from a sink of cold water. He eyeballs himself in the mirror. Coveralls. Janitor's ID tag.

PO

Better get on with it, fuckface.

He flips off his reflection and leaves the sterile washroom.

10 INT. B9 LABS - CORRIDOR - LATER

Po drags his mop down a dim corridor, leaving a trail of water like a melancholic snail.

11 INT. B9 LABS - QUANTUM FLUX ZONE - LATER

An imposing steel door. *Extreme Caution: Quantum Flux Zone.* Po stops and furtively attempts to hack the passcode. It beeps angrily, scolding him with a harsh red light.

12 INT. B9 LABS - CORRIDOR - LATER

An internal window reveals TWO LAB COATS at work. Po smirks, parks his mop and knocks. Performs a comic mime routine. They stare at him, humorless. Finally, LAB COAT MAN approaches and drops the blind painfully slowly in his face.

13 INT. B9 LABS - LOBBY - LATER

Po mops tiredly. Suddenly, his phone emits a panicked male scream. He pulls it out. Eagerly taps the notification.

KAT (PUBLIC POST)

Lake Tahoe. Richard surprised us with a private boat trip and secluded beach! Paradise!

Po swipes through idyllic photos of Kat and her three young kids. Hearts every single one--except for the last: Richard kissing Kat. Grits his teeth. Shoves the cracked phone away.

14 INT. B9 LABS - EMPTY CAFETERIA - LATER

Po takes an instant coffee and a magazine. Admires the Ferrari 812 on the cover. Flips open to the headline:

"Dying for a Break: Do You Qualify for Assisted Suicide?"

His eyes glaze over, terrorized. Then his phone screams.

"Kat Kingsley wants to message you. Accept?"

Po's dragged out of his horror. *What's this? A message from Kat? Why? How? What? Why?* His finger shakes, hovering over the button. He takes a long time to pluck up the courage.

KAT (DIRECT MESSAGE)

I remember you from high school.
You seemed cool. But please stop
liking every photo of my kids.
It's creeping me out.

Po stares. But before her cold words can sink in, his phone screams again:

"Kat Kingsley has blocked you."

PO

What?!? No!!!

15 INT. B9 LABS - EMPTY CAFETERIA - MINUTES LATER

TROY enters the cafeteria. Stocky, gruff, plaid shirt, Southern drawl. Totally misplaced in a science lab.

TROY

Hey. You must be new here.

Po doesn't respond. His mind is crumbling.

TROY (cont'd)

You speak English, new guy?

PO

(vacant)

Been here six years.

Troy scrapes back a chair. The sound snaps Po to reality.

TROY

And why's that?

PO

My father was a janitor. And his
father before him. And his father
before him.

TROY

Hmph. How d'you like it?

PO

I scrub the shit out of 72 toilets every night. Sometimes I see faces in them. That's a highlight.

TROY

Well, you know what they say. You gotta muck out the stalls to appreciate the wide-open spaces.

PO

(bemused)

I never heard that one.

TROY

That's 'cause I just made it up.

Troy pulls out a hip flask and takes a swig.

TROY (cont'd)

There a girl in your life?

PO

She thinks I'm a pedophile.

Troy analyzes him. Concedes the possibility.

TROY

So where d'you go wrong to wind up this miserable?

PO

(scoffs)

It's not me, okay--it's the universe! If I so much as smell success brewing, the universe shits in my cup. It hates me.

TROY

What does that even mean--*the universe*? You think it's sentient? That it cares about you?!

(softens)

You're a free agent, my friend. A ship sailin' the sea of destiny. Deny that and you're at the mercy of the tides. Fuckin'... flotsam!

PO

Look, what's your point?

TROY

Blamin' the universe for your troubles is like tryin' to teach a pig to sing. It's a waste of time. And it annoys the pig.

PO

Ohhhhh. You're batshit.

TROY

You're batshit. Did you know that a butterfly flapping its wings in Brazil can create a tornado in Texas?

PO

Is that another one of your sayings?

TROY

That's chaos theory.

PO

Sounds messy.

TROY

It's actually beautiful. Chaos theory amplifies the smallest ripple into a tidal wave.

Troy raises the coffee cup to Po's eyeline.

TROY (cont'd)

I could throw this hot coffee over your face right now. You'd be furious. Maybe you'd swing at me. And we'd never speak again.

Po pulls away. Troy sets the cup down.

TROY (cont'd)

Or I could leave it here. We stay civil, maybe even become friends. And I show you somethin' that changes your whole Goddamn life.

PO

(beat)

I'm already balls deep in GameStop.

TROY

Think bigger.

PO
Who are you? What do you do here?

TROY
I'd thought you'd never ask. I'm a technician on level six.

PO
Level six? That's the most mysterious level!

TROY
Indeed it is. And I'm gonna let you in. Because I like you. And your life is dog shit.

Po throws his hands up.

TROY (cont'd)
Ten years ago we created a link to a parallel universe.

PO
(sarcastic)
Of course, I saw that on CNN.

TROY
Shut up, Buttercup. There are infinite universes out there. Each one born of new possibilities at the quantum level. Did you just blink? Boom. Now there's a universe where you didn't.

Po's face crumples in distaste.

TROY (cont'd)
Now, a blink is a trivial thing. But trivial things change everything downstream. 'Cause of the Butterfly Effect. You see?

PO
I see you're a *Star Trek* guy and I'm more of a *Die Hard* fan.

TROY
Do you want in or not?

Po hesitates. Checks his mop and bucket.

PO
Go on.

TROY
So we had a link to another
universe. First thing we did was
send test data.

PO
What kind of data?

TROY
We reflected radio signals and
shit. That ain't the fun part. The
fun part was expanding the link
into a kind of rabbit hole. Then
we sent Alice.

PO
Alice?

TROY
An albino bunny.

PO
You sent an innocent rabbit
through a wormhole?!

TROY
A rabbit hole.

PO
What's the difference?

TROY
Semantics, really. It's a
metaphor. Alice went through,
sniffed around a bit. When we
pulled her back--she was fine!
They even fed her.

PO
They?!

TROY
Our counterparts on the other
side! 'Course it was years before
we met them. Regulatory bullshit.

PO
You went through?!

TROY
Brian went first. Moments later,
Brian-B popped out the portal.
There was a whole big Brian mix-
up, it was hilarious.

Po stares, slack-jawed.

TROY (cont'd)

We've got two dozen agents over there now. And their guys are over here, doing their science. You've probably met one. Hell--I could be one! I don't even know which side I'm on anymore!

(then)

Nah, I'm just messin' with you. Or am I? Yeah, I am. But am I?

PO

I wanna see it! Show me the rabbit's hole!

TROY

That's the spirit!

16 INT. B9 LABS - ELEVATOR - MINUTES LATER

Po jitters in the elevator. The overhead light flickers. Troy side-eyes Po curiously when he's not looking.

TROY

Name's Troy, by the way.

Po points to his badge.

PO

Logan. Po.

TROY

Shit name.

PO

(incredulous)

Yep.

The elevator dings. Doors open. Troy pushes past Po.

17 INT. B9 LABS - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Troy stops at a secure door. Enters the code 80085.

PO

That's it? The passcode to another universe is BOOBS?

TROY

Memorable, ain't it?

He leads Po into the portal room.

18 INT. B9 LABS - PORTAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Po blinks, adjusting to the darkness. Rows of servers. Technical equipment. Snaking cables. Then he sees it: the shimmering disc of purple plasma. The portal. Beckoning.

PO
Holy shit! It's real!

TROY
Told ya.

Troy drops into a chair at a terminal. Types rapidly. Po circles the portal, marveling.

PO
Is it safe?

TROY
You bet your ass. I know my job.

PO
And this other universe--it's not full of xenomorphs or some shit?

Troy turns, raising an eyebrow.

TROY
The fuck you think this is?

The computer beeps.

TROY (cont'd)
Alright, it's stable.

Troy steps up to the portal. Rolls up his sleeve dramatically. And sinks his arm into the plasma.

TROY (cont'd)
Guess what finger I'm holding up.

He nods to the video wall. His disembodied arm extends out the parallel portal, flipping the bird.

PO
Holy fudgebuckets! That's the lab on the other side!

TROY
How 'bout that? And no xenomorphs.

Troy pulls his arm back.

TROY (cont'd)
Your turn.

PO
What? Why?

Troy takes him by the hands intimately.

TROY
Logan Po--you're killing it over there. You gotta see it.

PO
You've met me before?

TROY
I've seen you on the internet.

PO
What am I, a porn star?

Troy recoils, dropping his hands in disgust.

TROY
What the hell is wrong with you?!
No, you're not a porn star! You're a shit hot actor!

PO
Really?!

TROY
Meeting you here is like running into Tom Cruise at Target.

PO
Shut up! Wait, are you for real?

TROY
As real as relativity. Your guy nailed it. Go find out his secrets. Replicate his success.

PO
I can't do that! I'm not the same as him! I'm a loser.

TROY
Bullcrap. You were literally the same guy once.

PO
What were we, embryos?

TROY
Twenty years ago, the butterfly flapped its wings. Our universes split. We've tracked thousands of changes since that moment.

PO
Like what?

TROY
Just last week, Sigourney Weaver became Sigourney Beaver.

PO
(unimpressed)
Anything else?

TROY
Sure. Zoom never took off. Musk never bought Twitter. SpaceX just landed on Mars.

PO
I knew social media was bad for humanity!

TROY
You see? There's a world of possibilities out there!

PO
What if that universe hates me more than this one? What if it traps me and tortures me forever?

TROY
May I remind you--you're a movie star over there! What if that's your true destiny?

PO
You really think so?

TROY
I think you're a fool not to find out. I'm taking a risk here--don't give me time to change my mind.

PO
(shakily)
Okay... Okay, I'll do it!

Po nods, staring at Troy. Troy stares back.

PO (cont'd)
What--now??

TROY
Do you have something better to do? Go on! I'll cover for you. Go mine that gold. And remember me when you're famous.

PO
Okay... Thanks, Troy!

Po goes to hug him but changes his mind. Pats him on the arm instead. Troy gives a two-fingered salute.

TROY
Happy trails.

Po screws his eyes shut and steps into the portal.

19 INT. B9 LABS - PARALLEL PORTAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The parallel portal room is near-identical. Some chairs have moved. There are a couple extra safety signs. On the video wall, Po watches Troy getting back to work in his world.

PO
Son of a biscuit!

20 INT. B9 LABS - ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Po studies everything as if waking up in a dream. The buttons. The mirrored walls. The working overhead light.

PO
(to the light)
You!

His phone screams. "*Network detected.*"

PO (cont'd)
(pleasantly surprised)
Full bars.

Po opens a social app and types *Logan*. The autosuggestion offers *Logan Peaux*. Tanned, groomed, happier.

PO (cont'd)
Cool name!

He taps the profile. "12.2 million followers. Actor. Legend. One-Man Franchise. Follow my girl, Kat Kingsley."

PO (cont'd)
What the fffff...

In disbelief, Po scrolls through selfies. Movie sets. Celebrity friends. He taps on a reel tagged #Moonstar.

BEGIN MOVIE TRAILER

21 EXT. LUNAR SURFACE - DAY

An ASTRONAUT with a probe bounces across the Moon's surface. A distant Earth hangs in the black sky.

22 INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE - DAY

A SEXY SCIENTIST rushes in. Triumphantlly slams a report on the mahogany desk of BOSS MAN.

SEXY SCIENTIST
The helium deposits are a hundred times more than we predicted.

BOSS MAN
And?

SEXY SCIENTIST
They'll supply our fusion reactors for the next thousand years!

BOSS
Get Kane on the phone.

23 INT. KANE'S HOUSE - DAY

LOGAN PEAUX plays KANE, a Marine on his day off, before a golf simulator. He hangs up the phone. Examines a golf ball close-up, like it's a celestial body.

PEAUX (AS KANE)
Honey! I'm going to the Moon.

HONEY (O.S.)
For how long?!

PEAUX (AS KANE)
(to himself)
For as long as it takes.

24 INT. SPACEX STARBASE - DAY

Kane tours Starbase. Shares a bro nod with ELON MUSK.

25 INT. STARSHIP - DAY

Kane is strapped in aboard the Starship as it launches.

26 EXT. STARSHIP - DAY

The Starship docks with the Lunar Gateway.

27 INT. UNDERGROUND CONTROL - DAY

A MOON MINER leads Kane underground. KAT KINGSLEY plays STILES, an engineer watching robots dig the lunar regolith.

MOON MINER

Stiles, meet Kane.

KAT (AS STILES)

Think smart and follow the rules.
We'll get along just fine.

PEAUX (AS KANE)

Did I land on the Moon or the Sun?
Because your hotness is giving me
skin cancer.

Stiles shoots him a smoldering expression.

PEAUX (AS KANE) (cont'd)

Baby, it just metastasized.

28 INT. LUNAR MESS HALL - NIGHT

Kane and Stiles talk shop. Enter JOHNNY ROOK as JAY, a gnarled, skinhead Cockney.

JOHNNY (AS JAY)

What's *he* doing here?

KAT (AS STILES)

You two know each other?

PEAUX (AS KANE)

Yeah. I tried to kill him once.

29 INT. UNDERGROUND CONTROL - DAY

Jay and Stiles scramble to fix the robotic arms.

JOHNNY (AS JAY)
Thirty seconds til shutdown.

KAT (AS STILES)
I got it! I can recalibrate the
servo motors.

Her fingers fly across flatscreen controls. She looks outside hopefully: the robots return to life. Jay whoops, picks her up, spins her. Kane storms in. Sucker punches Jay.

30 EXT. LUNAR SURFACE - DAY

The lunar surface rumbles. Moon rocks pulse and float.

31 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Alarms blare. Several CREW hover at terminals, panicked.

CONTROLLER
What's wrong with the Moon?!

OFFICER
Seismic activity's off the charts!

CONTROLLER
Dammit! We mined it too fast!

32 INT. KANE'S DORM - NIGHT

Kane pins Stiles in an intense romantic clinch.

PEAUX (AS KANE)
We have to nuke the Moon. It's the
only way to save the Earth.

KAT (AS STILES)
Dammit Kane! The Moon isn't a
star!

PEAUX (AS KANE)
It is now.

33 EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

Starships attack the Moon, loaded with nuclear warheads. A blaze of impact flashes. The Moon erupts in a chain of explosions, chunks of rock splintering off into space.

ON SCREEN: "Moonstar"

END MOVIE TRAILER**34 INT. B9 LABS - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS**

The doors open and close on Po, his face frozen in ecstasy.

35 EXT. B9 LABS - PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Po bursts outside. The breeze combs his hair. He gazes at the distant city lights--then to the stars.

PO

A universe that loves me!

He cheers and punches the air, celebrating the night.

36 INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - EVENT SPACE - DAY

A semi-intimate *Moonstar* promo event. LOGAN PEAUX, magnetic and polished, dazzles an AUDIENCE of fangirls and sci-fi nerds. The host, JUICY, is rapt.

PEAUX

...and that's why in space, you see *light* but don't hear *sound*.

JUICY

Wow. I'm gonna sound so smart on my date tonight! Speaking of--we all know *Moonstar* inspired a little off-set romance...

Peaux beams at KAT KINGSLEY beside him, her sophisticated manner belied by their banter, raw but playful.

PEAUX

Not many people know this--but Kat and I go way back. We played *Romeo and Juliet* in high school.

JUICY

Oh, come on!

KAT
We really were star crossed
lovers. Destined for tragedy.

JUICY
What happened?

PEAUX
Stage school. She left me for New
York!

KAT
You left me for Hollywood!

PEAUX
(theatrical)
I was a broken man. I threw myself
into acting. The years went by and
eventually she stopped sending
Christmas cards. I wanted her--
nay, *needed* her back. So...

KAT
He had me audition for *Moonstar*.

JUICY
You made her audition?! When was
the last time *you* auditioned?

PEAUX
I don't audition for movies.
Movies audition for me.

Fangirls scream. Hiding in the crowd, Po is disguised in a
hat and sunglasses. Plugs his ears, wincing.

JUICY
So how d'you hook up this time?

Kat shakes her head, smiling. *So much for a private life.*

PEAUX
I guess history repeats itself--we
were rehearsing a love scene.

KAT
Logan wanted to perfect it.

PEAUX
And let's just say I'm not usually
a perfectionist.

Fangirls scream again. Po mimes puking into the hood of a
sci-fi fan in front. The guy turns around. Po ducks.

JUICY

Oh my God, that's adorable!

JOHNNY ROOK chimes in, sardonic. Arms crossed. Feet up.

JOHNNY

That's creepy.

KAT

Yeah, if it were you.

JOHNNY

Story of my life. If he's hot,
it's all *come hither*. If not, it's
all *fuck off, restraining order*.

KAT

That's called mate selection.

JOHNNY

So you're saying I'm one plastic
surgery away from true love? Or
should I only date blind women?

JUICY

Beeboop! I think it's time for
some audience questions!

The house lights come up. Po makes a swift exit.

37 INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - SERVICE ROUTE - MOMENTS LATER

A DELIVERY GUY clocks Po scurrying out service route. He
lights up, dropping his cargo with a thud.

DELIVERY GUY

Logan Peaux!? Can I get a selfie?!

Po stiffens, panicked. He forces a smile as the guy drapes
him arm around him and lines up the photo.

DELIVERY GUY (cont'd)

Thanks man! I saw *Death Wish* eight
times in the theater!

PO

Oh. Well done. Well, I gotta go.

The delivery guy buzzes, failing to notice Po's discomfort.
Po peels away awkwardly, stumbling out the fire exit as an
OLD HOUSEKEEPER stops and stares, trying to place him.

38 EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Po dives up a side alley, his breathing ragged. *That was way too close.* But as he recovers, a thrilling idea blooms. His expression evolves from paranoia to curiosity to delight.

39 EXT. PARK - MAGIC HOUR

Po wanders aimlessly, chewing over his options. The raspy female voice of BEAN jolts him out of his reverie.

BEAN (O.S.)
I know that face.

He scans the park, alert. Finally sees her: a weathered old drifter sitting at the base of a large tree.

BEAN
That's the one. You're wrestling
with something. Something big.

PO
(relaxing)
You're good.

BEAN
Hit me with it.

He hesitates before joining her on the ground.

PO
Someone handed me an opportunity
that could change everything.

BEAN
What's the catch?

PO
It's complicated.

BEAN
Look at my face. Don't you think
I've seen it all before?

PO
I think there's no safe answer to
that.

Bean chuckles. She seems kind. Trustworthy.

PO (cont'd)
Say your dad owns a Ferrari.
Strictly off-limits.
(MORE)

PO (cont'd)
But he's away on business and this
is your only chance to drive it.

BEAN
What do I drive?

PO
Nothing, you're dirt poor.

BEAN
Hold up, let me just imagine that.

Bean shuts her eyes and leans back against the tree.

BEAN (cont'd)
Okay, I'm there.

PO
And?

BEAN
No one can afford a Ferrari
without ripping off *someone* along
the way. It's just karma.

PO
Right? So I take a harmless test
drive. What's the big deal?

FRANK (O.S.)
This ain't about a car though.

FRANK is mid-piss behind the tree. He hobbles into view.
Tucks his beard into his pants. Falls next to Bean.

PO
You're right. It's about a dream.

FRANK
Fuck that. What's it really?

PO
I'm just gonna steal someone's
identity, okay? Is that a crime?

BEAN
Well yeah, son.

PO
Look--imagine if everyone mistook
you for Adam Driver.

Bean shoots him a look. *She kinda resembles Driver.*

PO (cont'd)
 You'd go along with it from time
 to time, right? Sign autographs?

BEAN
 Maybe. If the mood took me.

PO
 Okay. And maybe you'd live in his
 house sometimes. Hang out with his
 friends. Make love to his wife.

BEAN
 Do you even human?

FRANK
 This is a logistical nightmare.
 You're gonna drop into some guy's
 life and expect no one to notice?

PO
 He's my twin! We're *identical*.

FRANK
 And what happens when his boss
 demands shit you can't do? Or his
 friend makes an inside joke? Or
 his wife wants to--ha ha ha! Nope.
 This is the worst idea since
 Grub's Fortune Telling Ant Farm.

GRUB (O.S.)
 Heed him not.

GRUB, a peculiar man-child, is mid-squat behind the tree. He
 pulls up his track pants and weebles into view.

GRUB
 Arthropods will rule the world.
 Mark my words.

FRANK
 Here we go...

GRUB
 Embrace your duplicitous cuckold
 the way a bed bug embraces
 traumatic insemination.

PO
 What?

GRUB

To secure his bloodline, the male stabs his member directly into the body cavity of the female.

PO

Ugh.

GRUB

No! Not ugh! 'Tis a bold declaration of passion!

PO

It is?

GRUB

Irrefutably. Take a cue from the insect world. Attack your dreams with vigor--no matter how many bed bugs bleed out!

PO

(confused)

Are you saying... I mean, I *do* hate bed bugs... So that means...

(rising)

I think you're onto something! I need to embrace my destiny--and inseminate it!

He jogs backward, his energy infecting Grub.

PO (cont'd)

Thank you, man whose name escapes me! I'll never forget you!

GRUB

(shouting)

Seek me out in the end times! We shall metamorphose together!

Delighted, Grub watches Po disappear into the distance.

FRANK

Fuckin' weirdo.

40 INT. SCUBA CAR - FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - NIGHT

Po waits in the back of a Scuba--the Uber of this universe. Watches the hotel. The driver, BOBBY, is an endearing misfit. A life-size E.T. is strapped in the passenger seat.

BOBBY
 You know, you're a dead ringer for
 that guy from *Born to Die*.

PO
 (casual, conceding)
 I'm a celebrity impersonator.

BOBBY
 Whoa, really?

PO
 Sure. I do birthdays, funerals.
 You know. *Party with Peaux*.

BOBBY
 Damn! I wish I could do that. Do I
 look like anyone famous?

Bobby makes an unnatural smiley face.

PO
 You look like Genghis Khan...
 (beat)
 ...'s grandmother.

Bobby crumbles. Po returns his attention to the hotel.

PO (cont'd)
 That's them!

41 EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Peaux and Kat find a quiet spot to embrace.

PEAUX
 You were incredible today.

KAT
 You were. If I didn't know better,
 I'd say you enjoy these events.

PEAUX
 I do what I gotta do. I'd much
 rather be alone with my Katnip.

KAT
 I'll believe that when I see it.
 You're a hard man to pin down.

PEAUX
 How about tomorrow night? You can
 pin me down all you want...

He moves in to savor a loving kiss.

42 INT. SCUBA CAR - FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Po watches them from afar.

BOBBY

Isn't that your lookalike? Wait,
are you *stalking* him?

PO

Pssh. We're friends. He told me
to follow him.

Peaux and Kat part ways, taking separate cars.

PO (cont'd)

There he goes! Come on!

Bobby shakes his head and starts the engine.

43 INT. SCUBA CAR - HOLLYWOOD HILLS - LATER

They slow near a mansion in the hills.

PO

Alright, here. Not too close!

The car lurches to a halt. Bobby whips around.

BOBBY

You're suspicious, man! I know
your face. If anything happens--

PO

Relax! Everything's fine. Go home
to your wife and kids.

Po slips out the car.

44 EXT. SCUBA CAR - PEAUX'S STREET - CONTINUOUS

Po ducks behind a hedge. Peaux disappears into his house.
Suddenly, Bobby leans out the car window and shouts.

BOBBY

I don't have a wife and kids!

PO

Shhhhhhh!!! Shh!

BOBBY
 (quieter)
 I don't have a wife and kids.

PO
 So?!?

BOBBY
 So--hook me up with a lookalike!
 You owe me!

PO
 I don't owe you!

BOBBY
 Yes you do! Pay for my silence!
 (fanciful)
 Do you have a Charlize Theron?

PO
 Get outta here!

Po waves him off, furious.

45 EXT. PEAUX'S MANSION - MINUTES LATER

Po knocks on the ornate front door, murmuring. Peaux appears, whiskey in hand.

PO
 (beat)
 Ta-daa!

Peaux freezes. Stares at Po like he's a ghost.

PO (cont'd)
 Pretty weird, huh?

PEAUX
 What the...

PO
 I'm your long-lost twin!

46 INT. PEAUX'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Po strides into the house.

PO
 Jesus, look at this place! Do you
 own or rent?

PEAUX
I don't have a twin.

PO
 You sure about that? 'Cause this
 feels pretty twinnie to me.

Po makes a grandiose self-gesture. Peaux stares.

PO (cont'd)
 You're in shock. Let me take that.

He pulls the whiskey from Peaux's hand. Knocks it back.

PO (cont'd)
 That's good shit. Got any more?

Po spies the liquor cabinet. Helps himself.

PO (cont'd)
 Sit down, sit down. I'll explain.

PEAUX
 I'm calling Mom.

PO
 Don't call Mom! She's asleep! Call
 her in the morning.

Peaux becomes frustrated. The Kane within is activated.

PEAUX
 (intense)
 Then you start making sense.

Po smirks. *This guy's pretty fucking cool.*

PO
 Alright. My name's Tyler. You and
 I--we're part of an experiment.
 Twins separated at birth. Remember
 that time when we were born?

PEAUX
 No.

PO
 Well, it was right after that. I
 was taken from the hospital by a
 rogue scientist named Kevin
 McCallister.

PEAUX

Isn't that the kid from *Home Alone*?

PO

No, that's Christopher Robin. This guy raised me--in a basement. It's not as bad as it sounds, I had a PlayStation and shit. But he never let me out into society.

PEAUX

My God. He raised you an incel?

PO

Exactly. Then one day, I met a three-legged gypsy on eHarmony. We got to sexting and she offered to help me escape. Hester introduced me to the real world--mini golf, competitive eating, depth perception. We made love under the stars. After a while, I barely noticed the extra limb.

PEAUX

Wait a second... Did it actually help her run faster? Or did the extra weight slow her down?

PO

She ran faster, obviously. But listen, she gave me the courage to confront McBannister.

PEAUX

McCallister.

PO

Right. We went to the house for a bitter showdown--but he was long gone. Guess he thought I'd go straight to the cops.

PEAUX

Didn't you?

PO

That's not how I roll.

PEAUX

(impressed)
Nice.

PO
 Anyway, I ransacked Metallica's house. Found all his records. And here we are. Reunited.

PEAUX
 Jesus. Truth really is stranger than fiction.

Po pours two whiskeys. They drop on the couch in sync.

PEAUX (cont'd)
 What was it like growing up in a basement? Is that why you're all squinty and pale?

PO
 We have a lot to catch up on. For now, let's celebrate. We're twins!
 (toasting)
 To trusting strangers!

PEAUX
 To trusting strangers.

They clink.

47 INT. PEAUX'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Peaux lies on the couch. Wasted. Po is merely tipsy as he pours the last drop of whiskey into Peaux's glass.

PEAUX
 (slurring)
 If they ever make a movie about my life... I want *you* to play *me*.

PO
 Well ain't that sweet. And you're the actor.

PEAUX
 You have a job, little brother?

PO
 Actually, I work at a lab.

PEAUX
 Oh yeah? What kind of lab?

PO
 Quantum physics. I've seen things you can't even CGI. Wanna see it?

PEAUX

Huh? Now?

PO

Sure. I've got access.

PEAUX

What time is it? I've an early start tomorrow.

Po pulls out his cracked phone. 1.35am.

PO

We'll be back by midnight.

PEAUX

Okey dokey! Lead the way!

48 INT. SCUBA CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Po bundles Peaux into the car. Bobby stage winks at Po.

PO

Goddammit.

BOBBY

Hey fellas, having a good night?

PEAUX

Freakin' wild, man. I just met my long-lost twin here!

BOBBY

Your twin, huh?

PO

Yeah, yeah. We're all surprised.

(to Peaux)

Tell me more about you and Kat.

PEAUX

She's the one, man. I let her get away from me once. Never again. I'm gonna ask her to marry me.

Po buries a pang of guilt.

PO

I can't wait to meet her.

PEAUX

She'll love you, man--you're basically me! Just don't run off with her, okay, science boy?

Po laughs weakly. Bobby forces a louder laugh.

PO

(silent, at Bobby)
Shut the fuck up!
 (to Peaux)
 So what are you shooting now?

PEAUX

It's called *Bioweapon*. The Russians brew up a deadly virus. I have to infiltrate the lab and burn it to the ground! I've got full immersion coming up.

PO

Full immersion? What's that?

PEAUX

Hardcore method training. I live in my character's world. Feel it first hand. I dig it. It's a much needed break.

PO

A break? Break from what?

PEAUX

I know how it sounds. But celibacy ain't easy! The internet is always dissecting my love life, my mental state, my belly fat.

He pinches a quarter inch. Scrutinizes Po.

PEAUX (cont'd)

You'll have to deal with it, too.

PO

Me? Why?

PEAUX

We're *twins*! They're gonna compare us! Who's hotter? Who wore it better? Are they secretly fucking?

BOBBY

Well, are you?!

Bobby stares over his shoulder.

PEAUX
EYES ON THE ROAD!!!

PO
EYES ON THE ROAD!!!

Po and Peaux eye each other curiously.

49 EXT. B9 LABS - PARKING LOT - LATER

Peaux tumbles out the car. Bobby and Po help him up.

PO
Easy, fella.

BOBBY
Want me to wait, man? I can wait.

PO
You're a fuckin' liability!

BOBBY
Cool, cool. I'll just stay here.

Po enters the lobby with Peaux slumped against him.

50 INT. B9 LABS - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Peaux drunkenly performs vocal exercises.

PEAUX
Betty Botter bought some butter
but she said this butter's bitter!

51 INT. B9 LABS - ELEVATOR - MINUTES LATER

Peaux leans on the wall, trying out a new word.

PEAUX
A-nus-less-ness.
A-nus-less-ness.

52 INT. B9 LABS - PARALLEL PORTAL ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Po peeks into the empty portal room.

PO
Okay, come on in.

Peaux leans against the portal. Startles belatedly.

PEAUX
Holy Fukushima! What's this?!

PO
This, my man, is full immersion.

He shoves Peaux into the plasma with both hands.

53 INT. B9 LABS - PORTAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peaux stumbles out the other side. Po follows.

PEAUX
What the-- What just happened?!

PO
Don't worry, we're almost there.

PEAUX
Did I just take on a new
dimension?

PO
Uh-huh. Depth looks great on you.

54 INT. B9 LABS - JANITOR'S CLOSET - MINUTES LATER

Po swings open the door to the janitor's closet.

PO
Well, this is you.

PEAUX
Huh?

Po grabs him by the shoulders.

PO
(intense)
This is the Moscow Institute of
Virology. Home of the bioweapon!

Peaux burps and giggles. Po scans the room and grabs a marker. Scrawls on Peaux's arm.

PO (cont'd)
Russian lab. Get intel.
Understand?

PEAUX
Understand.

PO
Gimme your keys and phone.

PEAUX
How will I contact you?

PO
Stay sharp. Look for the signs.

Peaux nods and hands over his items. Enters the closet.
Finds a rag pile and turns on the spot before settling.

PO (cont'd)
Good boy. Lie down.
(then)
I'm counting on you, soldier.

PEAUX
I won't let you down.

He regards Peaux's innocent little face. Hesitates briefly.
Then shuts the door and leaves.

55 EXT. CAR - PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Bobby leans against the hood, vaping.

BOBBY
Where's your "twin"?

PO
He's working. Let's go.

BOBBY
Man, this is some real shady shit!
Are you gonna tell me the truth?!

PO
You want the truth??? Fine. Inside
that building is a portal to a
parallel universe. Where there's
another version of you, driving a
slightly different Uber.

BOBBY
What's an Uber?

PO
Oh, you have a problem with that?
You're a *Scuba driver*! Do you know
how confusing that is?! I'm headed
downtown--not the Mariana Trench!

BOBBY

Hey, don't blame me! I'm not the CEO of Scuba!

PO

Not in this universe. But somewhere out there. You're a rock star. You're the President. You're Kanye West.

BOBBY

How do you know my proctologist?

PO

(smirks)

This multiverse shit is insane. Back there, I was adult diaper guy, waiting for my big shot. And now I'm taking it--I'm taking the life I'm owed. Because, motherfucker, *I am Logan Peaux.*

BOBBY

I knew it!!!

57 INT. PEAUX'S MANSION - BEDROOM - DAWN

Po sleeps on an enormous bed when Peaux's phone alarm starts up (e.g. *Girls Just Wanna Have Fun*). His eyes snap open.

He beams. Springs out of bed. The alarm reads: *Press Day. Four Seasons*. He hits the walk-in wardrobe, selects designer clothes and holds them up to himself.

PO

Just my size.

58 INT. PEAUX'S MANSION - BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

A marble bathroom. Freestanding tub. Overstocked vanity. Po sniffs a jar of skin cream--it's pleasant. Dips his tongue in--not pleasant. Tastes it again to be sure. Nope.

59 INT. B9 LABS - JANITOR'S CLOSET - DAWN

Peaux stirs on the rag pile, looking like shit. Sore and confused. His phone is gone. *What the hell happened?*

There's writing on his arm. *Russian lab. Get intel.* His eyes narrow. He scans the room. Spies the janitor's coveralls.

PEAUX
Just my size.

60 INT. B9 LABS - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Peaux sneaks down the hall. Steals a peek round the corner. THREE LAB COATS talk quietly.

PEAUX
Russians.

They disband. Two of them start toward him. Peaux glances around urgently and slips into a storeroom.

61 INT. PEAUX'S MANSION - BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Po finishes with Peaux's toothbrush. Spits and gags.

PO
Ugh. I feel used.

He catches his reflection. Rubs his hair. Rummages through drawers. Retrieves some clippers. Switches them on. *Zzzzzzt.*

62 EXT. PEAUX'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The mansion from above. A cacophony of clipper, scissor, hairdryer and crashing sounds interspersed with Po cursing.

63 INT. PEAUX'S MANSION - BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Po is freshly hacked. Wipes fresh blood from his neck, wincing. Finally steps back, admiring the look.

PO
(impersonating Peaux)
Moonstar allowed me to show my
full range as an astronaut.

He poses as Kane, daring the world to throw the next punch.

PO (cont'd)
I don't direct movies. Movies
direct me.

64 EXT. PEAUX'S MANSION - GARAGE - LATER

Po hits the garage remote. A Ferrari 812. A Range Rover SV. He beelines for the pristine sports car.

PO
 (quoting Romeo)
*O, she doth teach the torches to
 burn bright!*

He slides into the driver's seat and starts the engine.

65 EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - LATER

Po speeds around winding curves, the wind in his hair. He whoops with delight, taking the iconic hills of LA.

66 INT. FERRARI - MOVING - LATER

Po skims past a parked police car and clips the side mirror. *Oopsie!* Moments later, sirens blare.

PO
 (pissed)
 Of course!

67 EXT. FERRARI - MOMENTS LATER

Po pulls over and buries his face in the wheel. The balding, overweight COP storms toward him, furious.

COP
 Out of the car, dumbass!

PO
 I'm sorry, Officer. There was a
 bee in my eye.

The cop yanks open the door.

COP
 Oh yeah?! I hope it stung you
 right in the vitreous--

Po looks up, cringing. The cop lurches back suddenly.

COP (cont'd)
 Oh shit!

Po rises from the car, bemused.

PO
 You okay, man?

COP

I'm so sorry--I had no idea. Oh my God, I'm such an *idiot!*

PO

Hey, hey. It's okay. You were just doing your job.

COP

Oh my God. Really? You're so nice! You know, *Above The Law* made me wanna be a cop. You're my hero.

PO

(kindly)

I get that a lot. You want a selfie? Maybe an autograph?

COP

Really?! Damn, man. I thought you were gonna ball me out.

PO

Pshhh. Silly. C'mere.

The cop snaps a selfie of them in arms. Then he unbuttons his shirt and puffs out his hairy chest.

COP

My wife's gonna freak!

Po takes his pen and scrawls across the cop's flabby pec.

PO

Your hero, Logan Peaux. How's that?

COP

I love it. I love you, man!

PO

I love you, too! Say hi to your wife for me!

Po winks, jumps in the Ferrari and speeds away. The cop watches him go, awestruck, his shirt hanging open.

COP

What a guy.

68 EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - DAY

Po skids to a stop. He's greeted by a VALET.

VALET

Good morning, sir. I believe Ms. Kingsley's already inside.

PO

Great! How's my breath?

Po rapid-fire exhales in his face. The valet closes his eyes and takes it in.

VALET

Wonderful. Hints of caffeine with a cherry aftertaste.

PO

Ooh, nice!

Po hands over his keys.

PO (cont'd)

Look after her for me. She's my favorite.

VALET

Absolutely.

69 INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Kat chats with GEORGE, a low-key, self-sabotaging nerd.

GEORGE

...then I tripped over the Corgi and the pail flew out of my hands.

KAT

Ugh. Where d'it go?

GEORGE

Oh God, everywhere. Her hair, her crown--some of it went in her mouth. Suffice to say, I'm no longer welcome at the Palace. Oh look, here's your man.

Kat double-takes as Po enters the lobby in slow motion. Choral horror music (e.g. *Ave Satani*) as she takes in his haggard appearance. Terror blooms on her face.

Cut to Po recognizing Kat. Upbeat pop music (e.g. *Good Vibrations*) sets off his increasingly manic grin.

PO

Morning, sweetheart!

KAT
What happened?!? Are you okay?!

PO
I'm great! How's my girl?

Po moves in to kiss her. Kat swerves.

KAT
Are you infectious?!

PO
I'm not sick.

KAT
You look *terrible*.

PO
I didn't get much sleep is all.

KAT
Are you kidding me? You look like you're dying! You should lie down.

PO
I'm fine! Besides, nothing's taking me away from you.

GEORGE
(conspiratorial)
Rudy needs you in makeup.

PO
Fine. But I'll be back--looking like the man of your dreams!

George ushers him away. Kat is stunned. Watches him from behind. His walk, his manner, his hair. *It's all wrong.*

70 INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

George and Po enter to find RUDY, a harried Filipino makeup artist, organizing a dense clutter of products on the bench.

RUDY
(barely looking up)
There you are. Take a seat.

She briskly capes Po. Then freezes at his reflection.

RUDY (cont'd)
Did you cut your hair?!?

PO

I, uh... I got gum in it.

She spins Po in the chair to face her point-blank.

RUDY

Gum!?! Logan--no, no, no! Your hair could be full of elephant semen! You never cut!

PO

Why eleph--? I was drunk. It's never your fault if you're drunk.

GEORGE

That doesn't hold up in court.

She whirls him back. Runs her fingers through his hair.

RUDY

How are the sides so long?!

PO

That's the, uh... growth tonic.

RUDY

Growth tonic. So that's why it's so greasy.

PO

(offended)

Sure, why not.

RUDY

Ugh. This is bizarre, Logan. And it's not just your hair. It's your skin too--it's all wrong.

PO

My *skin* is wrong?

RUDY

Your pallor is *green*. George, doesn't he look putrid to you?

GEORGE

Ah, yep. Putrid. That's the word I'd use.

PO

Guys, this is my face! I'm a movie star! You can't say this shit to me--I'll lose my mojo!

RUDY

(sighs)

Fine, keep your mojo. We'll just have to work *really* fast today.

Orchestral music (e.g. *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*) to a makeover montage. Rudy finally whips off the cape with a flourish.

PO

Oh my God... I'm gorgeous!

GEORGE

Yeah. I think I'd fuck you now.

RUDY

Go get 'em, tiger.

71 INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - BACKSTAGE - MINUTES LATER

Kat and Johnny wait offstage for their next round with Juicy. But Kat's bothered. *Where the hell is Logan?*

JOHNNY

Look, I was saving it for the big finish but--you want me to stall with my levitating arse trick?

KAT

Remind me never to work with you again.

JUICY

(onstage)

...he's gnarly, he's British and he's played more orcs than humans--it's Johnny Rook!

Kat watches Johnny jog onstage. Po bursts out of nowhere.

PO

Kat!

KAT

Jesus!

PO

Hey--before we go on, I just wanna say how good it is to see you.

KAT

You too, babe. You look so much better. You sure you're okay though? How are your stools?

PO
I'm fine, I'm fine.

KAT
Whew. Thank God. I love you.

Kat pecks him on the lips.

JUICY
...she's the toughest, the
smartest, the *only* woman on the
Moon--Kat Kingsley!

KAT
See you out there.

Kat sashays onstage. Po touches his lips in amazement.

PO
I love you, too.

JUICY
...and the man who taught
Hollywood the slow-motion orgasm,
the one and only--Logan Peaux!

Po staggers onstage to blinding lights. Screaming fans. An overwhelming cacophony of adoration. He's paralyzed--until the loving smile of Kat beckons him toward the couch.

BEGIN PRESS DAY MONTAGE

Upbeat dance music (e.g. *Party Rock Anthem*).

72 INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - EVENT SPACE - LATER

Johnny goofs with Juicy onstage. Po takes the cue to go full clown. Flamboyant gestures. Wacky faces. Uncertainty builds on Kat's face as she realizes... *He's not fine at all.*

73 INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - EVENT SPACE - LATER

Po jumps on the couch, Tom Cruise style, as Juicy and Kat recoil in shock. The audience goes wild.

PO
(silent)
I'm in love! I love her!

74 INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - EVENT SPACE - LATER

Johnny cracks up in delight as Po humps a stool, Joe Rogan style. Kat is mortified. Juicy signals her producer.

75 INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - EVENT SPACE - LATER

Po grabs a disinterested FAT WOMAN by the face. Kisses her passionately on the lips, Heath Ledger style. He then mic drops her and struts off. Kat runs in apologizing.

76 INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - EVENT SPACE - LATER

A dapper DWARF offers a handshake. Po ruffles his hair, scoops him up and spins him like a toddler. The dwarf pumps his fists in rage. Po body-slams him on the couch, lifts up his shirt and blows raspberries on his stomach.

77 INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - EXECUTIVE SUITE - LATER

A SMALL FILM CREW interviews Kat. Po flagrantly interrupts her to show off his moonwalk. He doesn't see her storm out.

78 INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - EXECUTIVE SUITE - LATER

Onstage with Juicy, Po mimes in zero gravity. Dances. Shits. Autoerotically asphyxiates. Johnny laps it up, cheering him on. Juicy is stunned. Kat prays for a sinkhole.

END PRESS DAY MONTAGE**79 INT. B9 LABS - CAFETERIA - NIGHT**

Back at B9 Labs, TWO LAB COATS murmur over coffee.

PEAUX

Sorry guys, I gotta break character. I'm starving.

They avert their eyes awkwardly.

PEAUX (cont'd)

I get it--you're starstruck. Happens to the best of us. The first time I met Robert De Niro, I actually fished myself.

They stop and stare at him in horror.

PEAUX (cont'd)
 You know, when you fart and piss
 at the same time?

The lab coats stare. Peaux takes a step toward them.

PEAUX (cont'd)
 Look, I'm just a regular guy--

They leap up, knocking their chairs down, and scurry away.

PEAUX (cont'd)
 (shaking his head)
 Extras.

Peaux raids the cabinet for a sandwich. Troy strolls in.

TROY
 Well, if it ain't Mr. Movie Star!

PEAUX
 Hey, man, I'll give you a selfie.
 Just give me a minute to eat.

TROY
 (surprised)
 I see the mission's doing wonders
 for your ego.

Troy regards him inhaling his sandwich.

TROY (cont'd)
 When d'you last shower?

PEAUX
 No time to shower. I'm just here
 to refuel then I'm back at it.

TROY
 Well. I admire your commitment.

Troy watches Peaux closely. *He seems different.*

TROY (cont'd)
 So, what d'you learn from the dark
 side? What's the secret sauce?

PEAUX
 (distracted by food)
 The secret sauce...

TROY
 How does one conquer the world?

PEAUX

To be honest, I've barely scratched surface. The secrets are under lock and key. But don't worry, I'll figure it out.

TROY

Color me impressed. You're really rising to the challenge. Hang in there. You'll figure it out.

PEAUX

Thanks, man. I do my best.

80 INT. SAMHAP JUNG RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A classy Korean eatery. While the HOST shows them to their table, Kat admonishes Po, harried after a stressful day.

KAT

I just think people will find out you didn't really train on the International Space Station.

PO

Relax, it was a joke.

KAT

You said you taught Yuri Gagarin how to stunt roll. He died in 1968.

HOST

Here we are!

RICHARD is already seated, working on the soju. Now a well-groomed professional, he greets Kat with a hug and kiss.

PO

Richard? What are you doing here?!

RICHARD

I just flew in from New York.
(to Kat)
Boy are my arms tired.

Kat smiles weakly.

RICHARD (cont'd)

Is everything okay?

KAT

I'm just exhausted.

PO
Press day. You wouldn't get it.

Po drums on the table with chopsticks, glaring at Richard.

RICHARD
Perhaps this'll cheer you up. It's
for your birthday.

He hands Kat two theater tickets.

KAT
Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?
Aww, Richard!

RICHARD
Can you make it? It's the day of.
(to Po)
Unless you have something planned?

PO
I guess I can move things around.

The SERVER arrives, visibly enjoying the presence of Po.

SERVER
Are we ready to order?

KAT
I'll have the Dakgalbi.

RICHARD
Ooh, me too!

SERVER
Two Daks. And for Mr. Peaux?

PO
I'll get a Coke Zero and...

Po check outs other tables, feigning judiciousness.

PO (cont'd)
...whatever the chef recommends.

SERVER
You got it.

The server winks at Po and leaves.

PO
(to Richard)
So, fuckface.

Richard balks. Kat knocks back soju from the bottle.

PO (cont'd)

What? You don't remember what you called me in high school?

RICHARD

That was a long time ago.

PO

And yet here we all are. How'd that happen? Did you star in a movie with Kat too?

KAT

Richard looked me up in New York.

RICHARD

Three years ago today, actually.

KAT

How do you know that?

RICHARD

I like to keep track of the important things in my life.

Kat feels his eyes penetrate her. She shifts uncomfortably.

PO

(attorney voice)

And in that time, have you and Kat engaged in any bedroom gymnastics?

KAT

Logan, what the fuck!?

RICHARD

What's this all about, buddy?

KAT

He's been like this *all day*.

PO

It's a simple question, Ricochet.

RICHARD

You know Kat and I are just friends. Well--*best* friends.

PO

Mmm-hmm. And darling, how do you feel about Ricotta here?

KAT
If I answer that, will you stop
this stupid bit?

PO
Of course.

KAT
Then I love Richard. He's like a
brother to me.

Direct hit. Po stares Richard down while he deflates. Kat
sees the fire in Po. Tries not to smirk.

RICHARD
Excuse me for a moment.

Richard rises, colliding with a SEXYFAN bee-lining for Po.

RICHARD (cont'd)
Geez, I'm so sorry! Are you okay?

SEXYFAN
Eww!

Kat and Po exchange amused looks while Richard flusters. The
server places a *Coke Hero* before Po, who frowns and titters.

PO
From *Zero* to *Hero*...

Kat studies him, confused and intrigued at once. Finally,
Richard slinks off and the sexyfan takes her shot.

SEXYFAN
OMG Logan Peaux! Can I get a
selfie?

PO
With me? Sure!

81 INT. SAMHAP JUNG RESTAURANT - LATER

Po's dinner arrives inside a wooden box.

SERVER
And for Mr. Peaux, our chef honors
you with... Sannakji!

He reveals an entire live octopus, writhing and glistening.

PO
Oh God--why?!?

Po gapes at the KOREAN CHEF, who beams and waves from the open kitchen. He mimes enthusiastically: *yum yum!*

KAT

Are you really gonna eat that?!

RICHARD

He can't waste it.

SERVER

The trick is to take the whole thing in one bite. Then butcher it in your mouth.

They exchange looks of disgust.

SERVER (cont'd)

Seriously, don't swallow that alive. It'll cling to your throat.

Po extends his chopsticks. A tentacle spirals around his finger. He locks eyes with the octopus.

RICHARD

Are you gonna eat it or make friends with it?

KAT

(to Richard)

Stop it. That's an intelligent creature.

RICHARD

It's a traditional cuisine. Let's not be culturally insensitive.

The octopus climbs up Po's hand. Then his arm.

PO

Argh! Get off me!

It reaches his shoulder. Po panics as the tentacles explore his neck... his lips... his tongue...

PO (cont'd)

Aughhh! Allgghh!

SERVER

That's not how you do it.

Po finally grips the slimy, undulating body. He flings it across the room and it splats on the window with a wet thud.

Everyone in the restaurant stops and stares as it slides down the glass, crawls under tables and slips out the door.

PO
He's LA's problem now.

Kat, Richard and the server stare at Po, baffled.

82 INT. PEAUX'S MANSION - BEDROOM - LATER

Kat limps into the bedroom and kicks off her heels.

KAT
Well, that was a fucking night.
What's with you and Richard?

PO
He's a worm. I'm just defending
what's mine.

KAT
What's *yours*?

PO
Mm-hmm. Now get over here.

His confidence wins her over. She sinks into him.

KAT
Am I getting the real Logan now?

PO
You're getting the real me.

They share a tender kiss.

KAT
Wow. You're so *desperate*.

PO
Desperate?

KAT
Yeah. It's hot.

She pushes him back firmly on the bed. He's spooked.

PO
Wait, aren't you super tired?

Kat pulls out a pair of handcuffs. Snaps them on Po.

PO (cont'd)
What are you doing?!

She opens a drawer of bizarre and exotic sex toys. Grabs a flogger and holds it behind her back as she looms over him.

KAT
Punishment.

84 INT. B9 LABS - JANITOR'S CLOSET - NIGHT

Peaux beds down on the rag pile. Sketches like a professional artist, then kisses the drawing lovingly.

PEAUX
Goodnight, sweetheart.

It's a dreadful rendition of Kat. He holds the drawing against his chest and snuggles down to sleep.

85 INT. PEAUX'S MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY

Kat plods downstairs in a dressing gown. Po's hard at work in an apron and chef's hat. The kitchen is a disaster.

PO
Good morning! I made pancakes!

KAT
What, no tornado warning?

PO
True creation is messy! Sit down.

Po tucks in, chewing with his mouth open. Kat stares.

PO (cont'd)
Let's hang out by the pool today.
Call some of my celebrity friends.

KAT
Aren't you on set?

He unlocks Peaux's phone with a biometric face scan.

PO
You're right. Hey, what do you
think about *Bioweapon*?

KAT
It's fine. For a pandemic movie.

PO
You don't think it's too soon?

KAT
Too soon?

PO
Since Covid.

KAT
What's Covid?

Po sputters on his coffee.

PO
Nothing. Doesn't matter.

He recovers and watches her play with her food aimlessly.

PO (cont'd)
Do you remember our first kiss?

Her eyes twinkle. She smiles despite herself.

KAT
I had a pimple the size of a walnut. You offered to kiss it to make me feel better. What--you don't remember that?

PO
Oh, I remember.

KAT
Go on, then.

PO
I licked my lips, ogling the disgusting, oozing pustule. And I thought to myself: she's still the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. I'd be lucky to kiss that humongous pus-filled walnut.

KAT
I couldn't let you do it! I turned my head. Our lips met...

Kat sighs at the memory. Po beams, imagining the moment.

KAT (cont'd)
There you are.

86 INT. B9 LABS - QUANTUM FLUX ZONE - DAY

Peaux hides in an air duct. Spies a LAB COAT approach a door and enter a code. Silently drops down. Chokes him out. Drags his limp body through the door. *Smooth as ice.*

87 INT. MOVIE SET - VIRUS LAB - DAY

The director of *Bioweapon*, HUGO, is a simmering pot of frustration. He coaches Po (as DAVE MANN) on choking out ANDRES (as a RUSSIAN SCIENTIST).

HUGO

Get the chokehold. Really fight that struggle for one... two... three. Then the nerd goes limp.

Andres slithers to the floor like a fish.

HUGO (cont'd)

Got it?

PO

Piece of piss.

HUGO

Good. Get up Andres.

Andres clambers up, dazed.

HUGO (cont'd)

Ready?

PO

Action!

HUGO

That's my line. Jesus. Positions!

The CREW take their places.

HUGO (cont'd)

Quiet on set! Standby.

Po looks into the camera. The CAMERAMAN raises his eyebrows. Gestures at the floor. Po cocks his head.

HUGO

Logan, your mark!

PO

(sees his mark)

Sorry! Sorry.

HUGO
Loving that focus, Logan. Okay
standby. And... ACTION!

Po sneaks up on Andres. Tries to choke him out. He has
terrible form. Andres resists. *The struggle is real.*

PO
(whispers)
GET DOWN!

Andres keeps fighting. Slips out of the hold. Po grabs his
collar and slaps him in the face repeatedly.

PO (cont'd)
Sleep, dirty Russian! Sleep!

HUGO (O.S.)
CUT!!!

They separate. Po slaps him once more time. Andres staggers
back, glaring. Straightens his lab coat and storms off set.

HUGO
Do you wanna explain or shall I
just jump to my own conclusion?

PO
Pffft. What a jerk!

HUGO
He's *supposed* to fight back!
That's what gives it realism!

PO
Yeah, well, realism hurts!

HUGO
Please tell me this has nothing to
do with *Our Secret Affair*.

PO
Come again?

Hugo searches his eyes. Shakes his head, wounded.

HUGO
I know your girlfriend's shooting
Our Secret Affair next month. And
let me guess--she wants you for
it. So you want out of *Bioweapon*.

PO
Oh God! No, no. Not at all.

HUGO

Then what?! You forgot how to act overnight? You look like a sock puppet with stage fright!

PO

Heh, that rhymed.

HUGO

Goddammit, Peaux! Get your shit together! Or I'll have legal on you faster than you can say breach of motherfucking contract!

Hugo strides away. Spins round for one final, public jab.

HUGO (cont'd)

And you can forget about *Our Secret Affair*, Logan Peaux! You don't get to screw me ever again! Not even if Kat and her hot fucking manager get involved!

88 INT. ELEESIA'S CAFE - DAY

Richard fawns over Kat at lunch. But she's miles away.

RICHARD

So I arranged my herb rack along X, Y and Z axes. What do you think, was it a sage use of thyme?

KAT

Something's wrong with Logan.

RICHARD

Right?! He thinks he's God's gift to women when he's barely a seven! Maybe an eight if I was drunk.

KAT

What? No. Don't you think he was acting strange last night?

RICHARD

He was off. Like old milk. Or a dead rat under the floorboards that you don't find until it's practically liquefied.

KAT

Jesus.

RICHARD

That never happened to me. It's just an example.

KAT

I'm just so scared, you know?

(confessional)

When we were teenagers, they said we were right to break up. That I shouldn't give up stage school for some puppy-love relationship.

Richard half-listens, chewing vigorously.

KAT (cont'd)

But it *tore my heart out*. I carried Logan with me for 20 years. Do you know how many guys I rejected because of him?

Richard slows his chewing.

KAT (cont'd)

Every day, I saw his face on a Times Square billboard, or on *Netflix*, or in a *Variety* buzz piece. It was like the universe wanted us to be together. So when he reached out for *Moonstar* I thought, fuck yes! This is my chance to be with my true love.

Richard stops chewing. Throws up in his mouth a little.

KAT (cont'd)

But now I'm here--I hardly see him. His work is his *life*. I'm not even sure I know him that well. Was I building him up in my mind all these years? Was I fooled? There's a voice in my head, Richard. It's getting louder and louder. And it's telling me I made a huge mistake.

Richard nods solemnly. Puts on his wisest voice.

RICHARD

I feared this would happen. The mask is slipping. You were charmed by his big screen persona--I get it, I really do. But the real Logan Peaux... is an asshole.

KAT

I wouldn't go that far. He's just a little self-absorbed. Maybe too charming for his own good. Though lately--I don't know *what* he is. It's like he's a different person.

RICHARD

Mmm-hmm. You know, syphilis can cause personality changes...

She spits her drink on Richard.

KAT

Shit! I'm sorry.

She mops him up, embarrassed. He quietly enjoys it. Finally takes her elbow and tries to create a moment.

RICHARD

Hey, it's okay.

She pulls away, breaking the tension.

KAT

What do you mean, syphilis?

RICHARD

I saw it on *House* once. The bacteria lie dormant for decades-- then takeover the brain. Or maybe it's drugs, you know? He's obviously a workaholic. What if he's running on rocket fuel?

KAT

You're kidding.

RICHARD

I'm sorry, Kat. It explains his behavior too. Logan's an addict.

KAT

Oh my God. What should I do?

RICHARD

Get him to a doctor. Stat. His bloodwork'll tell you everything. He'll go into rehab. And you can make a clean break.

(takes her hand)

For the record, I'd never make you move cross-country.

(MORE)

RICHARD (cont'd)
 Hell, if you were my girlfriend,
 I'd move continents for you.
 You're a Goddess and he doesn't
 even see it. Frankly, you're right
 to be scared of a future with
 Logan Peaux.

Kat swallows every word and drowns in despair.

89 INT. MOVIE SET - PRIMATE HOLDING - DAY

George shows Po a dating app, swiping profiles rapidly.

GEORGE
 I can't believe you never heard of
 Fumble!

PO
 Are you trying to right-swipe the
 entire state of California?

GEORGE
 God, no. I go global.

Enter JEZ, a deadpan animal handler with a Kiwi accent.
 MILO, a rhesus macaque, perches on his shoulder.

PO
 Hey! That's a real monkey!

JEZ
 Yep, he's a right little sausage.
 He's been asking for you all day.
 (taps on Po)
 Milo, jump.

Milo resists, suddenly nervous.

JEZ (cont'd)
 Lean in, Logue.

Po comes closer. Milo screeches aggressively.

PO
 Jesus bananas!

GEORGE
 He won't bite, will he?

JEZ
 Nah, nah, nah. Well, yeah. I mean,
 we all bite under the right
 circumstances.

PO

Maybe I should give him his space.

JEZ

What is it? Still got the runs?

PO

Come again? He has diarrhea?

JEZ

Shat all through the bed last night didn't you, sweetheart?

GEORGE

Oh dear God.

PO

Can we just go over the scene?

GEORGE

It's basically what you did in *Love City*. But instead of liberating a lesbian from a Saudi prison, it's a macaque from a virus lab. And instead of falling in love and getting married, you put him out the fire escape.

JEZ

An apt comparison.

Po takes a deep breath.

PO

C'mere little guy. I'm not gonna hurt you. That's it.

GEORGE

Is that hate in his eyes?

The monkey shrieks. Launches at Po's face. Tiny fingers grip his eyelids and stretch them beyond natural means.

PO

Argh!!! Fuck!!!

Milo wraps his limbs around Po's head. Po runs blind until he's clotheslined by cables. Falls flat on his back. He struggles while Milo bobs triumphantly on his face.

PO (cont'd)

Get him off! Get him off!

JEZ

Ah, Logue. He *is* getting off.

A reluctant CAMERAWOMAN moves in closer and gets an eyeful.

CAMERAWOMAN

Oh God! He's like a Facehugger in heat!

Close on Milo's thin red penis penetrating Po's nostril.

PO

Argghhh!

JEZ

Use your safe word, Logue!

PO

What's the safe word???

JEZ

That's really between you and Milo.

PO

Oh God! Is it barbed!?!?

GEORGE

C'mon, Logan! Take it like a man!

JEZ

Relax. Primates are swift and efficient lovers. Let him finish.

PO

DO NOT LET HIM FINISH!

90 INT. MOVIE SET - PRIMATE HOLDING - MINUTES LATER

George kneels besides Po. He blows macaque semen from his nose, spits into the tissue and examines it with morbid disgust. A RUNNER eyes it up with unnatural interest.

RUNNER

Are you gonna keep that...?

George and Po recoil in dismay.

91 INT. PEAUX'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Po lies his head on Kat's lap on the couch. She holds an ice pack to his swollen nose, stroking his hair.

KAT
And you didn't do anything to
provoke him?

PO
Hey! I'm the victim here!

KAT
He's a wild animal! I'm just
saying. Maybe you flared your
nostrils at him or something.

PO
He's a trained actor. He knew
exactly what he was doing.

Kat picks up her phone, browsing photos.

KAT
Are you sure it was the same
monkey? You guys were so cute at
the fair last week.

In the photos: Peaux and Milo upside down in a Gravitron.
Peaux wins a stuffed monkey at a stall. Hands it to Milo.

KAT (O.S.)
How can you stay mad at him?

More photos: Milo intercepts a romantic kiss on the Ferris
wheel. Peaux and Milo feed each other cotton candy.

PO
I guess face rape can really color
your opinion of someone.

KAT
Don't be so dramatic! He's just
confused about his feelings. You
do lead him on sometimes.

Unbeknown to Po, the next photo shows Kat and a Pomeranian.

KAT (cont'd)
Naww. I miss Rita. Hey, I never
asked this before. Can she sleep
with us when she comes to LA?

Po bolts upright. Tosses the ice pack over the couch.

PO
Really?!

KAT

Yeah. I mean... you're fine with it in New York.

PO

I am fine with it in New York.

KAT

Even though it means more of those gross little hairs in the bed.

PO

(frowning)

I think I can live with that.

KAT

Plus the smell. You know she likes to rub her butt on your pillow.

PO

Apparently I do.

KAT

So it's okay when I move in here?

PO

You're moving in?!?

KAT

Did you forget?!?

PO

No! I was just distracted by all this threesome talk.

Kat sinks. *He's playing the fool again.*

KAT

Logan. Rita's a Pomeranian.

PO

That's cool, I have a thing for Eastern Europeans. Is it the accent? The malnourishment? Who knows? Who cares! They're hot!

KAT

She's a dog. And you know it.

PO

That's harsh! Would you say that to her face?

KAT

Oh my God! Why are you so invested in this character?!

PO

What character?

He's so sincere. It stops her in her tracks.

KAT

This really isn't an act?

PO

I swear. This is the real me.

Kat gulps. Then starts laughing at herself.

KAT

He was right. I'm such an idiot!

PO

What? No, you're not! You're the smartest woman I know.

KAT

We made a whole movie together. How could I not have seen it?

PO

Seen what?

KAT

It explains everything. The behavior... the memory lapses... the sexual dysfunction.

PO

Sexual dysfunction!? Wow. Anything else you'd like to attack?

KAT

I'm not attacking you. I'm describing the life of a functional addict. That's what you are, right? Unless we're talking syphilis, but I figured he was reaching with that one.

PO

What? Who said I had syphilis?

KAT

Richard.

PO

Ha! Of course! Richard's got into your head! I should have known.

KAT

This isn't about Richard. This is about you, Logan. *I don't know who you are.* Maybe I never did.

PO

This is ridiculous! I'm trying to be a better man and you think I'm riddled with syphilis!

KAT

Logan--

PO

No! Just no! I'm gonna take a bath and forget this ever happened. I suggest you do the same. Not the bath part--I need to be alone.

Po storms upstairs, leaving Kat mad and hopeless.

92 INT. PEAUX'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Po pads downstairs with a towel around his waist.

PO

Babe...? Wanna have makeup sex?

The house is empty. Kat is gone.

93 INT. MOVIE SET - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

An ICU DOCTOR stands over COMA WOMAN. Po (as Dave Mann) bursts in and delivers a hammy performance.

PO (AS DAVE MANN)

Oh my God!

ICU DOCTOR

David Mann?

PO (AS DAVE MANN)

What happened?!

ICU DOCTOR

Your wife is in a coma.

PO (AS DAVE MANN)
Jesus! No!

ICU DOCTOR
The virus has entered her brain.
She may never regain
consciousness.

PO (AS DAVE MANN)
No! Baby! No!

Po shakes coma woman violently by the shoulders.

PO (AS DAVE MANN) (cont'd)
Wake up! Wake up!

COMA WOMAN
Ow! What the fuck?!

HUGO (O.S.)
CUT!

The doctor sags. Pulls a prescription bottle from his pocket. Throws back two pills.

PO
Oh, come on! That was fine!

HUGO
For God's sake! You can't shake
her out of her coma!
(to the doctor)
Tell him!

ICU DOCTOR
I'm not a real doctor.

Hugo waves him off dismissively.

HUGO
And that's the problem. None of
this is real.

PO
Isn't that the point?

Hugo winces and pulls Po aside.

HUGO
My great mentor once told me...
good acting is like a whisper to
the soul.

PO
 (whispers)
 Like this?

HUGO
 No, Logan. When you act, my soul
hurts. You douse it with gasoline,
 torch it and extinguish it with a
 baseball bat.

PO
 I'm not really a metaphor guy.
 Just be straight with me, Hugo.

BEGIN FAIL MONTAGE

94 INT. MOVIE SET - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Po reaches the head of the queue.

PO (V.O.)
 I didn't block anyone.

He steps up. Fully blocks the RECEPTIONIST.

PO (AS DAVE MANN)
 I need your best virologist.

RECEPTIONIST
 Sir, this is a hospital.

HUGO (O.S.)
 CUT!

95 INT. MOVIE SET - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

A senior ER DOCTOR peers into Po's throat. He coughs. The doctor wipes spittle from his eye.

PO (V.O.)
 I didn't improvise any lines.

ER DOCTOR
 Have you been overseas? Had
 contact with any wild animals?

PO (AS DAVE MANN)
 Well, there was that French vixen.

HUGO (O.S.)
 CUT!

96 INT. MOVIE SET - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

PO (V.O.)
I didn't trip over any props.

Po lurches into the room. Collides with the IV stand. The lines tighten and rip the tape off coma woman's hand.

COMA WOMAN
Owww!

HUGO (O.S.)
CUT!

97 INT. MOVIE SET - HOSPITAL ROOM - RESUMED

Coma woman scrolls her phone. Hugo stares vacantly, career flashing before his eyes. Po consults a handwritten list.

PO
I didn't swat at the boom.

98 INT. MOVIE SET - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The ICU doctor gestures solemnly to coma woman.

ICU DOCTOR
She may never regain
consciousness.

Po glances up. The sound boom hovers menacingly.

PO
No...

He swats at it like a giant bee. The boom retreats then swings back, determined to close in on him.

PO (cont'd)
No!

He swats again with unhinged vigor.

PO (cont'd)
No!!!

HUGO (O.S.)
CUT!

Po rests, panting, still perturbed by the hanging predator.

99 INT. MOVIE SET - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Hugo lines up a shot of the busy ER.

PO (V.O.)
I didn't fall asleep.

Po stands, leaning on a pillar, out cold. His mouth hangs open like a fish gasping for air. Steaming coffee in hand.

HUGO (O.S.)
CUT!

Po jolts awake. Spills the coffee disastrously in the face of EYE PATCH MAN sitting under him.

EYE PATCH MAN
Argh! My good eye!

100 INT. MOVIE SET - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

The senior ER doctor checks Po's lymph nodes.

PO (V.O.)
I didn't use my own props.

Po's smartwatch chimes. He glances at it surreptitiously.

HUGO (O.S.)
CUT!

END FAIL MONTAGE**101 INT. MOVIE SET - HOSPITAL ROOM - RESUMED**

Po looks up, baffled.

PO
So where'd I go wrong?

Hugo drifts away in a fugue state. Hits a wall and keeps walking at it like a buggy NPC. A STUDIO EXEC approaches.

STUDIO EXEC
Walk with me, Logan. What's the issue? Is it alcohol?

PO
What? I'm completely sober.

STUDIO EXEC

I believe you. But between the bestiality and the aggression, you need a full medical.

PO

What next, a psych evaluation?!

STUDIO EXEC

If necessary. You certainly don't seem yourself.

PO

Of course I'm myself!

STUDIO EXEC

You don't act like it. And you don't act like Dave Mann, either.

They've walked full circle. Hugo's still at the wall.

PO

I'm just tired. All I need is a good night's sleep.

STUDIO EXEC

We're way past that. Production's going on hold.

PO

What?! No!!!

STUDIO EXEC

I'm sorry. There's no point shooting more until we find out what's wrong with Logan Peaux. Who knows if we'll ever get Hugo back.

Hugo's starfished against the wall, face squashed like the alien-controlled scientist in *Independence Day*.

HUGO

(demonic whisper)
Release... me...

102 INT. B9 LABS - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Peaux lurks by the control room watching FIVE NERDS at computers. A woman, NERD #6, startles him from behind.

NERD #6

You here for the spill? It's in the buffer room.

Peaux smiles and nods. He collects a trolley from a janitor's nook and lurks among the workstations seeking intel. NERD #1 spies him in the monitor's reflection.

NERD #1
Hey, where's your ID?

PEAUX
It's... in the wash.

NERD #1
Security!

Nerd #1 rises. Peaux plunges the soapy mop head in his face. The nerd gargles and drops to the ground.

NERD #2 approaches. Peaux sprays cleaning fluid in his eyes and slams his head into a keyboard.

NERD #3 politely taps Peaux on the shoulder from behind.

NERD #3
I'm not really a fighter. Can I help you in some way?

PEAUX
Where's your Russian accent?

NERD #3
My what?

NERD #4 sneaks behind Peaux, brandishing a ballpoint pen.

PEAUX
Nice try.

Peaux spins. Grabs the pen. Stabs him in the pancreas. He shoves nerd #4 into nerd #3, who pins him to the floor.

Two nerds remain. Peaux grabs the mop and lobs it-- miraculously, it hits the lights, plunging them in darkness.

Peaux whistles, creeping in the shadows. Tosses a spray can for misdirection. It clatters across the floor.

NERD #5
There!

Nerds #5 and #6 charge at the decoy. Peaux chucks a bucket of soapy water in their path. They slip and hit the deck, writing in pain. He struts up and looms over them, wiping his hands with a dirty rag.

PEAUX (AS DAVE MANN)
This ain't personal, sweetheart.

He tosses the rag in the face of nerd #6 and walks away.

103 INT. SUNSET GRILL - DAY

Po slouches at the table eating his feelings. George stares into the abyss, mourning the demise of his biggest client.

PO
You want those fries?

GEORGE
Knock yourself out.

Po tips the leftovers on his plate.

PO
I need another beer.

GEORGE
And what's the piss test gonna show? Urine with a head on it?

PO
I'm a picture of clean living!

GEORGE
Come off it. You're no Dwayne.

PO
Who?

GEORGE
The Rock. I'm trying to get on first name terms with him.

PO
Everyone knows The Rock's first name is The.

GEORGE
Be that as it may--you still look like you've aged ten years in two days. And what about your performance? Coma woman was more believable than you. And she was texting.

LOLA, a deeply mesmerizing sexyfan, interrupts them. Gazes seductively at Po. George may as well be invisible.

LOLA
Hi. I'm a huge fan.

Po gulps. George stares at her, swiping hard on Fumble.

PO
Th-thanks. What's your name?

LOLA
I'm Lola.

PO
Loh-la.

LOLA
Could I shake your hand?

Lola slides her hand into his. Stares deeply.

LOLA (cont'd)
Thank you. It's an honor.

She bows and floats away. Once she's gone, Po glances down.
He's holding her panties. Lola's waiting by the restroom.

PO
I'm going to the restroom.

GEORGE
I'll join you.

PO
No, no. This is a one-man job.

Po strides toward Lola.

GEORGE
(to himself)
Unleash the Kraken!

104 INT. SUNSET GRILL - RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lola backs into a stall, kissing Po in a passionate frenzy.
She unbuttons his pants urgently--but he stops.

PO
Wait. I can't do this. I have a girlfriend.

LOLA
Mmm-hmm. You know, I've seen *Heart Attack* twelve times.
(MORE)

LOLA (cont'd)
 I know the real you--perhaps
 better than you know yourself.
Does she?

Po contemplates this. He shakes his head.

PO
 She doesn't know me at all...

He stares into her eyes. Pulls her into a deep kiss.

105 INT. SUNSET GRILL - RESTROOM - MINUTES LATER

MCKONE, a skinny guy with a mustache, tiptoes into the restroom. Climbs on a toilet. Films covertly over the stall.

106 INT. SUNSET GRILL - MINUTES LATER

Po returns to the table with a self-satisfied grin. Lola emerges from the restroom, smoothing her hair.

GEORGE
 Did you just have a dalliance with
 that prostitute?

PO
 That was a fan!

Po gulps a fresh beer. George is dismayed.

GEORGE
 So now you're Casanova? What about
 Kat?

PO
 She's not even talking to me.

GEORGE
 Come on, man. One fight and you
 hook up with a fan?

PO
 You don't know what you're talking
 about.

McKone exits the restroom, still filming. Approaches Po.

MCKONE
 How's it going, Logan Peaux!
 You're live on The McKone Zone!

PO
Hey, what's up?

MCKONE
I had no idea it was Fan
Appreciation Week!

Lola sidles up next to McKone. Drapes her arm around him.
George clocks it and pulls Po from the table suddenly.

GEORGE
Excuse us, we're late.

PO
Late for what?

The pair grin, watching George usher Po toward the exit.

GEORGE
I think you just cooked your own
goose.

107 INT. B9 LABS - BUFFER ROOM - DAY

Peaux sneaks in the sparse buffer room. Steel tables.
Lockers. Cleansuits. A slack GUARD strolls around the
corner, spraying whipped cream in his mouth.

GUARD
Who are you? Where's Juan?

Peaux launches. Giftwraps the guard. Slams him to the floor.

PEAUX
Where do they keep the virus?!

GUARD
What are you talking about?

Peaux grabs the can. Jams the nozzle up the guard's nose.

PEAUX
Don't make me do it!

GUARD
I have no idea what you mean!

Peaux sprays. Fills the guard with cream.

GUARD (cont'd)
Gaggghh! Stop!!!

Peaux stops. The guard recovers, his breathing ragged. Then he laps at the cream.

PEAUX
Stop it! Stop that!

Peaux tosses the can. Pulls the gun from the guard's belt. Presses it against his knee.

GUARD
Whoa, whoa! Okay! Let's work this out. What exactly do you need?

PEAUX
Take me to the bioweapon!

GUARD
Buddy, I've got six kids. I swear on their lives, I don't know anything about any bioweapon.

PEAUX
Wise guy, huh?

Peaux pulls the trigger. Blood mists on his face. The guard screams in agony.

PEAUX (cont'd)
Now. Where were we?

The guard blanches and passes out.

PEAUX (cont'd)
Dammit.

Peaux rises, weighing the gun in his hand.

PEAUX (cont'd)
Nice gun. Feels real.

108 INT. B9 LABS - CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER

Peaux skulks down the hall. Ignores the warning signs.

Quantum Flux Zone--Cleansuits Mandatory--Strong Magnetic Field--Projectile Risk--No Metal Beyond This Point--Electromagnetic Field: Always On--Danger of Death!

He holds the gun at high ready. Drags open a reinforced steel door. The pneumatic seal hisses.

109 INT. B9 LABS - QUANTUM CORE - MOMENTS LATER

The quantum core glows purple, a kernel of pure energy. Arcs of lightning crackle on the surface. The orb is housed in rotating metal rings, hanging in mid-air.

Peaux advances. Suddenly, a magnetic force rips the gun from his grip. Strikes the core with a shower of sparks.

COMPUTER VOICE (O.S.)
Warning. Core disturbance.

PEAUX
Shit!

Peaux rushes forward. Pulls at the gun. It won't budge. TWO CLEANSUITS dash in. An alarm wails in rapid bursts.

CLEANSUIT #1
What the hell?!

CLEANSUIT #2
Get away from there!!!

Cleansuit #1 hops on a terminal and types fast. Peaux steps back, bewildered. Violent bolts of energy shoot off the orb.

CLEANSUIT #1
I can't shut it down!

The rings wobble in chaotic orbits. The core spasms.

PEAUX
What is that thing?!

CLEANSUIT #2
Get out of here! It's gonna blow!

The core erupts with a flash of blinding light. The shockwave throws them all down. Multiple fires erupt. New alarms blare. Peaux struggles to stand. His vision doubles.

PEAUX
(to himself)
What the hell is this place?!

110 INT. B9 LABS - QUANTUM FLUX ZONE - MINUTES LATER

Peaux staggers out the quantum flux zone, the alarms now quieter in the distance. Troy barrels down the corridor.

TROY
What's going on?!

PEAUX
What is this place?!

Troy squints. The realization hits him.

TROY
Son of a bitch!

Smoke seeps out the secure door.

TROY (cont'd)
What did you do?!

PEAUX
I thought it was a simulation!

TROY
Of course! Why wouldn't you?!

PEAUX
Oh, man. I shot a guy. And I
creamed in his nose.

TROY
The fuck is wrong with you two?
Don't answer that. Shut up and
follow me. We gotta get you back
before the core melts.

PEAUX
Back where? What happens if the
core melts?

TROY
Our chickens come home to roost.
And we're both plucked.

They sprint down the corridor.

112 INT. PEAUX'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kat sits in darkness, watching a remix of McKone's
livestream narrated by the spoof YouTuber, ZE FRANK.

ZE FRANK (V.O.)
Let's make bebbies. Next to this
public toilet. Because that's how
the movie star do.

The front door clicks. Kat shuts off her phone and waits. Po
collapses next to her.

KAT
So this is how it ends.

Po startles. Scrambles for the lights.

PO
Jesus! I thought you were a demon!

KAT
Funny, I was just thinking the same about you.

PO
Honey, that hurts!

KAT
You know what hurts, Logan? How about ending a string of perfectly good relationships, year after year--because you're hung up on your high school sweetheart who became a Goddamn movie star?

(then)

Or how about quitting your dream career to be with him, leaving all your friends behind--only to find he doesn't have time for a love life, let alone to start a family?

(then)

Wait, no, here's the best one. How about when the love of your life sheds his personality overnight and reveals himself to be a lying, cheating scumbag--on YouTube?

Po collapses, mortified.

PO
Kat, I--

KAT
You're so full of shit. I don't even wanna know what *this* is.

She tosses his cracked phone in his lap. It lights up to reveal the wallpaper of him snuggling a scruffy cat.

PO
(sincere)
I'm not your boyfriend.

KAT
Thanks for the heads up.

PO

I mean, I never was. I'm an imposter. That's the real me in the photo. And that's my dead cat.

KAT

What the fuck are you doing?

PO

I'm trying to tell you the truth. I'm from a parallel universe.

KAT

Did you just invoke the multiverse to explain why you're such a dick?

PO

Yeah.

KAT

That's a fucking ego.

PO

But it's true! I swear, I'm the same Logan you knew in high school--right up to when Mr. Ratkin cast the play. That's when the universe split. I didn't get Romeo. I didn't get you. I didn't get to be a movie star.

He unlocks the phone. Hands it to Kat.

PO (cont'd)

My world is exactly the same as yours--except over there, I'm a janitor. And we had a pandemic. And a bunch of other stuff I haven't looked into.

Kat browses the phone, angry-swiping through photos until it finally hits her. *This is too elaborate to be fake.*

PO (cont'd)

See--there's the proof! Check my emails. My socials. Bank accounts.

KAT

No...

PO

Yes!

KAT
 If you're not him... *Then where's
 the real Logan Peaux?!?*

Po bites his entire lower lip.

113 EXT. PEAUX'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Kat bursts out the front door. Po chases her.

PO
 Kat! I'm sorry!

KAT
 So you claim!

A Scuba pulls up and Richard climbs out.

KAT (cont'd)
 Get in. We're going to find Logan.

RICHARD
 He's right there...

KAT
 He's not real!

Richard recoils. Touches Po tentatively, as if he's a hologram. Kat jumps into the backseat.

114 INT. B9 LABS - PORTAL ROOM - NIGHT

Troy tears into the portal room and drops at a terminal. Peaux follows, catching his breath against the portal.

TROY
 It's stable. For now.

PEAUX
 What's stable?

Troy nods to the portal. Peaux startles.

PEAUX (cont'd)
 Pickle my nipples! What's that?!

Troy shakes his head.

115 INT. SCUBA CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Kat, Richard and Po ride in the backseat.

PO

...then the sexyfan lured me into nasty, hot restroom sex. And I think we can all agree, it wasn't really cheating since I'm not your real boyfriend, so you don't have to be mad about that anymore.

Richard covers his mouth. Kat stares out the window.

PO (cont'd)

Please say something.

KAT

I don't know what to say.

PO

Say I'm not the bad guy.

BOBBY (O.S.)

You're absolutely the bad guy!

Pull out to see Bobby driving. E.T. still next to him.

BOBBY

You could be the keynote speaker at an ISIS graduation!

PO

Come on! It's not like that!

RICHARD

Logan, you committed battery, kidnapping, fraud, sexual assault--

PO

Hey--that was consensual!

KAT

I thought you were Logan!

PO

I *am* Logan!

Kat scoffs.

RICHARD

You lied, cheated, manipulated--

They stop at a red light. Bobby hisses at Po.

BOBBY
And you left me a one-star review,
you piece of shit!

116 EXT. B9 LABS - PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

The car screeches to a stop. Kat jumps out first. The others scramble after her. Po trips on the curb in his usual spot.

BOBBY
Parkour!

PO
Kat, please don't hate the player!
Hate the game!

KAT
Fuck you! My Logan could be lost
forever!

Bobby jumps in front of Po.

BOBBY
Whoa, whoa! I'm sure your man's
fine! He probably enjoyed the
downtime--met some nerds, did a
little science.

Po pushes him out the way.

PO
Kat, I'm... Fuck. I'm gonna fix
this. I know where he is. That's a
very secure building, full of very
smart people. I know you're scared
now but I promise you--he's safe.

117 INT. B9 LABS - PORTAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The power is down. Emergency lights flash. A new, ominous alarm blares. The portal room fills with smoke.

TROY
Get in there--now!

PEAUX
I'm not going in that thing! It's
gonna pixelate me!

TROY
This ain't *The Fly*! That ain't a
teleporter!

PEAUX
What is it, then?!

TROY
It's just a quantum vacuum with
subatomic microsplicers for
ultrarapid spaghettification!

PEAUX
Argh!!!

118 INT. B9 LABS - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

They ride the elevator in awkward silence. The doors open on a JANITOR with a trolley (action star cameo). Po gawps, starstruck. The janitor sees them and slumps.

JANITOR
I'll take the next one.

119 INT. B9 LABS - PARALLEL PORTAL ROOM - MINUTES LATER

They gather around the portal. It hums and spasms. Errant loops of plasma escape from the edges.

PO
This is it. The portal to my
universe.

Bobby steps up. Hovers a finger over the swirling plasma.

BOBBY
(E.T. voice)
Por-tal.

RICHARD
There's something I still don't
understand... Why not just find
Kat in your own universe?

PO
Because she's married to you,
fuckface.

KAT
What?!?

PO
You guys have three kids. I like
to think of their faces as an
unholy mashup of good and evil.

RICHARD
We're married!?!

KAT
No! We're not!

RICHARD
Is that why you hate me?

PO
No, I hate you because you stole
Kat from me in high school.

RICHARD
No, I didn't.

PO
Oh, right. But you did steal Romeo
and rupture my ballsack in front
of the whole school.

RICHARD
No--I *didn't*.

PO
Oh, right. But you did call me
fuckface.

RICHARD
Your face *is* fucked.

KAT
Shut up, you morons! We need to
get Logan back! How does this
thing work?

PO
Right. Troy just taps at the
keyboard and says it's stable.
Then you just kinda... walk in. It
doesn't hurt. It just scrambles
your brain for a bit.

KAT
Does it look stable to you?

Po examines the portal, convulsing violently.

PO
Yep.

KAT
Okay. Here I go.

Kat backs up, preparing to run at the portal.

PO
Wait! It should be me!

KAT
What?

PO
(*Taken style*)
I have a very particular set of
skills. Skills I have acquired
over a very long career in
corporate cleaning services.

Bobby watches dark smoke diffuse out the portal.

PO (cont'd)
If Logan comes back now, that'll
be the end of it. But if he
doesn't, I will look for him, I
will find him and I will--
(winces)
--bring him back safely.

120 INT. B9 LABS - PORTAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Troy and Peaux argue amid the flashing, smoking chaos.

PEAUX
Come on, man! Give me something!
What the hell is all this?!

Troy peeks out the door. A SWAT team creeps toward them.

TROY
Goddammit. Alright--it's a portal
to a parallel dimension where a
fucked up version of you is trying
to steal your life. And your Kat.

Peaux's eyes narrow. Kane is back.

PEAUX
Say no more.

121 INT. B9 LABS - PARALLEL PORTAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Po's heroic speech continues.

PO

It won't be easy. It might even be
perilous. But you know what?

(Dark Knight)

You either die a villain, or you
live long enough to see yourself
become the hero.

Po backs toward the plasma, making a two-fingered salute.

PO (cont'd)

Yippee ki-yay, motherf--

Peaux bursts out the portal and crashes into Po. They're
still off-balance when Troy smacks into them. All three hit
the deck. A backdraft flares over their heads.

TROY

Ow! Christ!

PO

My organs!

Peaux stunt-rolls up. Shakes his head, his vision still
doubled. Troy and Po reunite in the missionary position.

TROY

.....You!

PO

.....You!

Kat runs up to Peaux and flings her arms around him.

KAT

Logan!

PEAUX

(Total Recall)

You think this is the real Peaux?
It is.

He pulls her into a passionate kiss. Richard grimaces,
looking away. Bobby snaps a selfie with the movie stars.

The portal convulses hard, shooting off arcs of plasma.

TROY

I gotta shut that thing down!

PO

No! We need to go back!

TROY

There is no goin' back! Your twin
here melted the core! There's a
SWAT team wants to shoot you!

Peaux looks sheepish. Troy types at a terminal. Richard
looks at Kat, then the portal. He psyches himself up.

TROY (cont'd)
Disconnecting in three.

PEAUX
Tyler?

TROY
Two.

PO
Kat?

TROY
One.

KAT
Richard!

Richard Naruto-runs at the portal.

RICHARD
I love you, Kat!

KAT
No!

Slow motion: Kat lunges at Richard, grabs his pinky. Po lunges at Kat, envelopes her mid-air. Richard disappears into the plasma, just as the portal snaps shut.

Normal speed: Po cushions Kat's landing, knocking the wind out of him. Peaux misses everything, shaking off his double vision which resolves the moment the portal disappears.

KAT (cont'd)
Ugh! What the fuck!?

Kat sees she's holding Richard's severed pinky, freshly cauterized by the portal. She flings it across the floor.

BOBBY
Awesome!

Bobby grabs the finger and immediately pockets it. Po groans from underneath Kat. Peaux pulls her up.

PEAUX
Babe--are you okay?

KAT
I'm fine.
(stunned, of Po)
I could have been cut in half if
it wasn't for him.

Po rises, wincing in pain. Peaux extends a hand.

PEAUX

I owe you an apology. And thanks.
You stepped in when it mattered.

PO

It's the least I could do.

PEAUX

What do you mean?

PO

Well, I used your toothbrush.

BOBBY

And he imposed as you!

PEAUX

(amused)

You pretended to be me?

(concerned)

Wait--did Kat know?!

BOBBY

Don't worry, man. She only jerked
him off! And now she hates him!

PEAUX

You used my Kat?!

PO

I-- Uh-- A monkey raped my face!

KAT

That was *after* me.

BOBBY

But before the toilet hooker!

PEAUX

I don't know what to do with this.

(to Kat)

Did you know?

KAT

I thought he was you!

PO

I *am* him! Just on a different day.

KAT

You tell yourself that.

PEAUX

(to Kat)

So are we mad or not?

PO

We're not! Look, an hour ago, Kat was ready to break up with us. Now she knows all the bad stuff was me! This is your second chance!

PEAUX

What? But I didn't--

PO

(to Kat)

If anyone's to blame, it's me. And Troy. It's 60/40.

TROY

90/10!

PO

(imploring Kat)

I did some really messed up shit. I hated life so much--I thought I was a cosmic stress ball! But I'm not! I'm a ship! Sailing the sea of destiny! Navigating by the stars! Stopping at every port!

TROY

Don't overmilk the cow.

PO

The point is, you don't have to worry about me anymore. I'll never impersonate Logan again. Ever.

PEAUX

Not so fast, Mr. Ripley. Look, I'm not happy about your penis work. But on some level, I think we can agree you're somehow *me*. We'll bash it out in therapy. In the meantime, I have a job for you.

122 INT. AWARDS CEREMONY - NIGHT

Po stands on stage addressing a CLASSY AUDIENCE.

PO

It's an honor to present tonight's
Lifetime Achievement Award--to a
performer who has redefined the
fundamentals of primate acting.

In the wings, George pleads with a STAGE MANAGER.

GEORGE

...no, no, you don't understand.
Putting these two together is the
worst idea since the bagpipe...

PO

...imbuing a depth of character
that resonates not just across
cultures, but across species...

GEORGE

...alright, but it's your funeral.
Just be ready to cut to B-roll...

PO

...ladies and gentlemen, please
raise your glasses to a paragon of
simian talent: Milo the macaque!

Jez crosses the stage with Milo on his shoulder. Both wear
tuxedos. Milo is naked from the waist down.

JEZ

I'm going to speak for Milo due to
his under-evolved vocal tract.

(reading)

When I first came to Hollywood, I
was but a humble Old World Monkey.
Fresh from the world of leaky
vaccine trials, I unwittingly
spread rabies through a beginners'
improv class, killing three
promising young performers--

Suddenly, Milo spots Po and rockets toward him, screeching.

PO

No, no, no, no, no!

Milo climbs his body and adopts the facehugger position. Po
flails, running blind onstage. The stage manager runs in.

STAGE MANAGER

Can't you get him off?!

JEZ

He's really backed up.

Po trips and collapses. He writhes on the floor, fighting Milo's grip. A CAMERAWOMAN runs in for a close-up.

JEZ (cont'd)

Besides, we have a deal. I don't cockblock Milo. He doesn't cockblock me.

123 EXT. PEAUX'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The shaky close-up of the macaque attack plays live on TV. Kat and Peaux snuggle on the couch.

KAT

Not that I don't appreciate his public appearances. But he really does make you look like an idiot.

PEAUX

He makes *himself* look like an idiot. We know the difference.

Kat smiles. Strokes the chest of an INFANT in a bassinet. Exchanges a loving look with Peaux. They kiss.

PO (O.S.)

Ow! Ow! Ah! Yes! Argh! No! NO!

Pull back over the sprawling mansion. The Hollywood skyline. The starry night reminding us of the infinite universe.