

PARALLEL

Written by

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1 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - PHYSICS CLASSROOM - DAY

The mid-2000s classroom buzzes with DRAMA STUDENTS. RICHARD OAKES, athletic and attention-loving, charms the JUNIORS.

RICHARD
(overblown *Gladiator*)
Are you not entertained?!

LOGAN PO is detached. Greasy skin, frosted tips, earnest. He squints at the whiteboard illustrating the Double Slit Experiment as if it holds the secret to the universe.

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

RICHARD (cont'd)
Hey boss. 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.
(dark)
It starts with the late-night phone calls.

(MORE)

MR. RATKIN (cont'd)
The endless sessions with her
Kegels instructor. Eventually, she
takes your dignity and your dog
and leaves you 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 it's downright
cruel.

(checks Po)
Cherish the wins, because in the
end... we all lose control.

Silence. TERESA, an innocent freshman, raises her hand.

TERESA
Mr. Ratkin? My mom said you had a
midlife 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?

Mr. Ratkin sighs and digs into his bag. The students murmur.
Po glances back and his eyes land 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 celebration. Po beams.

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 and 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

Mr. Ratkin checks Po--
tentatively hopeful.

MR. RATKIN
...Logan Po!

Students cheer warmly.
Po is dumbstruck.

KAT
Yay, Logan!!!

Kat bounds over and hugs
Po, mussing his hair.
Richard fumes, glaring
at Mr. Ratkin with venom.

SHOT B

Mr. Ratkin checks Richard--
smug and cocksure.

MR. RATKIN
...Richard Oakes!

Students cheer feebly.
Richard is triumphant.

KAT
Well done, Richard.

Richard saunters up to Kat
and takes a low bow. Po
watches, deflating as he
gazes longingly at Kat.

COLLAPSE ONTO SHOT B.

Mr. Ratkin circulates the room, pointing in their 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 fast and loud in Po's ears.

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

2 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - DAY

An early rehearsal. Kat speaks on stage, ardent and bright.

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

Po admires her from the 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 spots the way Po looks at Kat.

RICHARD
Kat and I are getting close, you
know. She's coming to my place
tonight to practice a love scene.

Po snaps to his feet, facing Richard down.

PO
You know what, asshole?!

Richard straightens, broader and taller than Po. Heads turn
among the scattering of drama students.

RICHARD
Yeah, fuckface?

Po grits his teeth. Convinces himself it's not worth it.

PO
(hostile)
Break a leg.

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

Richard swaggers off while 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

Rehearsal winds down. Po approaches Kat, gauche and raw.

PO
Hey, Kat. Your... uh... monologue
sounds great.

KAT
Aww, thanks, Logan. You wanna know
my secret? I started journaling as
Juliet. Every night.

PO
You journal in Shakespeare??
You're amazing, you know that?

Kat smiles and waves it off.

PO (cont'd)
Do you wanna rehearse with me?

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

PO
I know but... maybe 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 clocks Richard staring 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. Sorry. That's
too many 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. God, no.

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

PO
No! That's not what I meant!

KAT
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. Kat
shoulders her bag and walks 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?

Po dies inside as Kat closes in on Richard, slips her hand
into his and pulls him out the auditorium, smiling.

4 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - EMPTY PARKING LOT - LATER

Elizabeth sits on a wall, chewing her hair. When Po appears,
she tries to make herself invisible. It doesn't work. By the
time he reaches her, she's fumbling and blushing hard.

PO
What are you still doing here?

ELIZABETH
Guess my Mom forgot to pick me up.

PO
Did you call her?

ELIZABETH
I can't. Harley Drump 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.

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.*

Elizabeth cracks up in delight.

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

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

She rocks backward laughing and loses her balance. Po
springs into action and catches her.

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

There's a packed AUDIENCE on opening night. 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.*

In the wings: Kat beams in a puffy Renaissance frock. Mr. 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. But 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
 It just feels that way 'cause
 she's wearing gloves.

Richard stops, confused, and barely dodges a counterstrike.

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

Po charges angrily--only for Richard to dodge at the last second. Po crashes into a backdrop. The audience gasps.

MR. RATKIN
 What the hell?!

RICHARD
 Bring it, bitch!

Po charges again. Richard stands his ground. He swings his sword like a golf club and slugs Po in the crotch. Po hits the ground hard and crumples into a fetal position.

The audience murmur as Kat and Mr. Ratkin rush onstage.

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

RICHARD
Beats me--he just went nuts.

Kat kneels and helps Po sit. He wails in agony.

MR. RATKIN
Ah, ladies and gents, we need to
take an intermission. Tybalt is
down! I repeat, Tybalt is down!

Po makes deep, heaving sobs that echo in the hushed murmur.

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

Po looks down privately: blood soaks into his pants.

PO
Gaaaah--hhh!

KAT
It's okay, Logie. Your gonads are
built to take a hit or evolution
would have tucked them away.

Po stares up at Kat, glassy-eyed. Her face is loaded with concern. It's almost a moment... until Po claps a hand to his mouth and lurches. Vomit sprays through his fingers and glazes her cleavage like a terrible donut.

KAT (cont'd)
Aghh!

MR. RATKIN
Goddamnit.

RICHARD
Jesus, fuckface!

PARENT
This is better than the play!

Kat rises, chunks slopping off her breasts. She locks eyes with Po accusingly then flees the stage in silence.

PO
 Kat! I'm sorry! Kaaaaaaat!

The audience erupts into gossip. The stage curtains twitch but fail to close on Po's raw public shame.

TITLE: 20 Years Later

6 INT. PO'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

The studio is cramped and dark. Action movie posters peel from the walls. Stolen office furniture is packed with junk. A fly buzzes over a bowl of old cat food. Pan to see Po asleep on a futon: mouth open, face aglow from the TV.

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

Po startles awake. Gropes around the floor and knocks over a can of Coke Zero. A magazine lies open on a full-page ad of Po, side-eyeing the camera in an adult diaper: *Shit happens.*

7 INT. BUS - MOVING - LATER

Po sits alone on the bus, thumbing a worn cat collar. Outside is a neon graveyard: derelict theaters, fast food joints, a homeless man wearing a rag like a superhero cape.

8 EXT. B9 LABS - PARKING LOT - LATER

Po shuffles across the empty lot under buzzing fluorescent lights. Trips on the curb ungracefully, then pauses to take in the imposing research building. *B9 Labs Inc* looms, lifeless and silent. Po trudges inside.

9 INT. B9 LABS - RESTROOM - LATER

With a gasp, Po rips his face from a sink of cold water and stares in the mirror. He wears coveralls and a janitor's ID.

PO
 Better get on with it, fuckface.

He wipes his face, flips off his reflection and leaves.

10 INT. B9 LABS - CORRIDOR - LATER

A dim, endless corridor. Po drags his mop behind him, leaving a wet trail like a melancholic snail.

11 INT. B9 LABS - QUANTUM FLUX ZONE - LATER

Po stops at an imposing steel door. *Extreme Caution: Quantum Flux Zone.* He glances around furtively and jabs at the keypad. The console beeps angrily, scolding. Access denied.

12 INT. B9 LABS - CORRIDOR - LATER

An internal window reveals TWO LAB COATS at work. Po smirks, parks his mop and knocks. Performs the trapped 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 methodically when his phone blasts a panicked male scream. He swipes open his cracked screen to a notification. Posted by Kat Kingsley: *Lake Tahoe. Richard surprised us with a private boat trip and secluded beach!*

Po swipes through idyllic photos of Kat and her three young kids. Hearts every one but the last: Richard kissing Kat. Po purses his lips and shoves the phone away.

14 INT. B9 LABS - EMPTY CAFETERIA - LATER

Po sits down with an instant coffee and admires a Ferrari 812 in a magazine. Turns the page to an article: *Dying for a Break: Do You Qualify for Assisted Suicide?*

The question hangs heavy until his phone screams. *Kat Kingsley wants to message you. Accept?*

Po freezes. The coffee trembles in his grip. He swallows hard, thumb hovering over the message icon. He taps it.

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

His face drops. The words hit like a gut punch. Before the shame can settle, his phone screams again.

Kat Kingsley has blocked you.

PO
What?!? No!!!

15 INT. B9 LABS - EMPTY CAFETERIA - MINUTES LATER

TROY wanders in. Stocky, plaid shirt, Southern drawl.
Totally misplaced in a science lab.

TROY
Hey. You must be new here.

Po stares into nothing, his mind unraveling.

TROY (cont'd)
You speak English, new guy?

PO
(vacant)
I've been here six years.

Troy scrapes back a chair, snapping Po back to reality.

TROY
And why's that?

PO
Uh, let's see. My father was a
janitor... and his father before
him... and his father before him.

TROY
How d'you like it?

PO
I scrub the shit out of 72 toilets
every night. Sometimes I see faces
in them--that's the 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 concedes the possibility.

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

PO
(incensed)
It's not me, okay? It's the
universe. If I so much as smell
success brewing, the universe
shits in my cup.

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
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
Did you know that the flap of a
butterfly's wings in Brazil can
create a tornado in Texas?

PO
Is that another one of your
sayings?

TROY
That's chaos theory.

PO
It sounds messy.

TROY
It's beautiful. The tiniest ripple
can amplify into a tidal wave.

Troy raises Po's coffee cup to their eyeline.

TROY (cont'd)
I could throw this hot coffee over
your face right now.

Po pulls back, wary.

TROY (cont'd)
You'd be furious--maybe you'd even
take a swing at me. And we'd
probably never speak again.
(then)
Or I could set it down. We stay
civil, maybe even become friends.
And I show you somethin' that
changes your whole goddamn life.

PO
I'm already balls deep in
GameStop.

TROY
Think bigger, son.

PO
Who are you? What do you do here?

TROY
I am a technician on Level Six.

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

TROY
Sure is--and I'm gonna let you in.
Because I like you. And your life
is dog shit.

Po throws his hands up in disbelief.

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 it scales 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 shoot the 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 in Alice.

PO
Alice?

TROY
An albino rabbit.

PO
You sent an innocent little bunny
through a wormhole?

TROY
A rabbit hole.

PO
What's the difference?

TROY
Semantics, really. It's a
metaphor. But listen: Alice went
through, sniffed around a bit, and
when we pulled her back, she was
fine! They even fed her!

PO
They?!

TROY
*Us on the other side! Our parallel
twins. 'Course it was years before
we met them. Regulatory bullshit.*

PO
You went through?!

TROY
Brian went first. Then his twin
came straight out. There was a
whole Brian mix-up; it was
hilarious.

Po stares, slack-jawed.

TROY (cont'd)
Anyway, we've got two dozen agents
over there now. And their guys are
here, taking measurements. You may
have met one. Hell--I could be one
of 'em! I don't even know which
side I'm on anymore!

Po stiffens, the gears turning in his head.

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. Notices the overhead light flickering. *Gotta fix that.*

TROY
Name's Troy, by the way.

Po points to his badge.

PO
Logan. Po.

TROY
Shit name.

PO
(incredulous)
Yep.

The elevator dings and the 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. Sees rows of servers, technical equipment, cables snaking across the floor. Then he spots the shimmering purple plasma: the portal beckons.

PO
Holy shit! It's real!

TROY
Told ya.

Troy drops into a chair at a computer terminal and types rapidly. Po circles the portal, marveling.

PO
Is it safe?

TROY
Is it safe?! Pshhht. I got one job
around here. Of course it's safe.

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 his sleeve and sinks his
arm into the plasma dramatically.

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

He nods to the video wall. Po sees Troy's disembodied arm
extending out the parallel portal. He's 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
You're all over the internet.

PO

What am I, a porn star?

Troy recoils, dropping Po's 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

You working here... it's like Tom
Cruise working at Target. Chris
Pratt serving at Cracker Barrel.
Logan Po ain't a janitor--he's a
movie star!

PO

Shut up... Are you for real?

TROY

I'm as real as rotational inertia
acting on a frictionless flywheel
mid-spin during an impulse torque
event. Buddy, 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

Not true; you grew up the same
guy. Twenty years ago, a butterfly
flapped its wings. The universe
split. And changes have been
popping off ever since.

PO

Like what else?

TROY

Sigourney Weaver changed her name
to Sigourney Beaver.

PO

Anything else?

TROY
Musk never bought Twitter--SpaceX
just put a team of people on Mars.

PO
I knew social media was bad for
humanity!

TROY
You see? There's a world of
possibilities out there! Now, I'm
taking a risk here--don't give me
time to change my mind.

PO
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! I'll cover for you. Mine
that gold. And remember me when
you're famous!

PO
Wow! Okay! Thanks, Troy!

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

TROY
Happy trails.

Po takes a deep breath, closes his eyes and walks through.

19 INT. B9 LABS - PARALLEL PORTAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The parallel portal room is virtually identical. Po opens
his eyes to see a few chairs are shifted. There's an extra
safety sign. On the video wall, Troy gets back to work.

PO
Son of a biscuit!

20 INT. B9 LABS - ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Po studies the elevator as if waking up in a dream. He searches for differences in the buttons, the mirrored walls, the overhead light that no longer flickers.

PO
(to the light)
You!

His phone screams. *Network detected.*

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

Po opens a social app and starts typing LOGAN. The autosuggestion offers LOGAN PEAUX.

PO (cont'd)
Cool name!

His profile shows a tanned, happier Logan. He taps it.

SCREEN: *12.5 million followers. Actor. Legend. One-Man Franchise. Follow my girl, Kat Kingsley.*

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

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 is 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

Drama 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,
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. 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. 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)
 I mean, I *do* hate bed bugs...
 (rising)
 You're really 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!

Grub, delighted, 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
 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 twinnny 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.

(MORE)

PO (cont'd)

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.

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 turns from the driver's seat and stage winks at Po, instantly infuriating him.

PO
Goddamn it!

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.
(MORE)

PEAUX (cont'd)
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, scrawling on Peaux's arm.

PO (cont'd)
Russian lab. Gather 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. 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 a
version of you driving an 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?!

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
Back there, I was just a janitor,
waiting for my 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!!!

56 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.

57 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.

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

Peaux stirs on the rag pile, sore and confused. His phone is gone. *What the hell happened?* There's writing on his arm. His eyes narrow. He spies the janitor's coveralls.

PEAUX
Just my size.

59 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.

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

Po finishes with Peaux's toothbrush.

PO
Ugh. I feel used.

He catches his reflection and rubs his hair. Finds some clippers in a drawer. Zzzzzzzzzzzzt.

61 EXT. PEAUX'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

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

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

Po is freshly hacked. Wipes fresh blood from his neck and steps back to admire 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.

63 EXT. PEAUX'S MANSION - GARAGE - LATER

Po hits the garage door remote to find a Ferrari 812 and a Range Rover SV. He beelines for the sports car.

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

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

64 EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - LATER

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

65 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!

66 EXT. FERRARI - MOMENTS LATER

Po pulls over and buries his face in the wheel. The 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
A bee, huh? 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, ever since I saw *Above
The Law*, all I wanted was to be a
cop. You're my hero, man.

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

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

PO
Pshhh. Silly. C'mere.

Po puts his arm around the cop and they take a selfie. The cop unbuttons his shirt and puffs out his hairy chest.

COP
My wife's gonna freak!

Po takes a 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.

67 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 humors him, faking inhalation.

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.

68 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.*

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

George and Po enter to find RUDY. The harried Filipino
makeup artist organizes a dense clutter of products.

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.

70 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*).

71 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.*

72 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!

73 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.

74 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.

75 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.

76 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.

77 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

78 INT. B9 LABS - EMPTY CAFETERIA - NIGHT

TWO LAB COATS murmur over coffee when Peaux strolls in.

PEAUX

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

The nerds avert their eyes, shyly.

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 stare at him in horror. One drops a fork.

PEAUX (cont'd)

You know, when you fart and piss at the same time?

Peaux takes a step toward them. They flinch.

PEAUX (cont'd)

Look, I'm just a regular guy--

They leap up, knock back their chairs and scurry away.

PEAUX (cont'd)

(shaking his head)

Extras.

Peaux raids the cabinet for a sandwich when 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
I see the mission's doing wonders
for your ego.

Troy regards him inhaling his sandwich.

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

PEAUX
No time for hygiene. I'm here to
refuel then I'm back into it.

TROY
Guess I admire your commitment...

Troy watches him 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
Frankly, I've barely scratched
surface. These are some well-
guarded secrets. But 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.

79 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.

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...
(checks other tables)
...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!

80 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.

All diners stop and stare. It slides down the glass. Crawls under tables. Then deliberately slips out the door.

PO
He's LA's problem now.

The others stare at Po, baffled.

81 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 dominance 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.

82 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.

83 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.

84 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.*

85 INT. MOVIE SET - RUSSIAN VIRUS LAB - DAY

The director of *Bioweapon*, HUGO, is a pot of simmering vexation. He coaches Po and a LAB COAT actor.

HUGO

Get a firm chokehold. Really fight that struggle for one... two... three... The nerd goes limp.

The lab coat slithers to the floor like a fish.

HUGO (cont'd)

Got it?

PO
Piece of piss.

HUGO
Good. Get up nerd.

The lab coat 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. Gets a terrible chokehold. The lab coat resists easily. *Po's struggle is real.*

PO
Get down!

The lab coat keeps resisting. Slips out of the hold. In desperation, Po grabs his collar. Slaps him in the face.

HUGO (O.S.)
CUT!

They separate. Po slaps him one more time out of spite. The lab coat staggers back, glaring at Po.

HUGO (O.S.) (cont'd)
CUT!!!

Po feigns a lunge. The lab coat flinches. As Hugo approaches, the lab coat straightens his jacket.

HUGO
 (to lab coat)
 Take five.
 (to Po, furious)
 Do you wanna explain? Or shall I
 just jump to my own conclusion?

PO
 Pffft. What a jerk! Fighting back.

HUGO
 He's supposed to fight back!
 That's realism!

PO
 Yeah, well, realism hurts!

HUGO
 (deep breath)
 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
 Goddamnit, 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!

86 INT. ELEESIA'S CAFE - DAY

Richard fawns over Kat at lunch. 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! 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
(sighs, confessional)
I'm just so scared, you know..?
When I was 18, everyone said we
were right to break up. That I
shouldn't give up drama 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 a
Variety buzz piece. It was like
 the universe wanted us to be
 together. So when he reached out
 for *Moonstar* I thought--YES! This
 is my chance for true love.

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

KAT (cont'd)
 But now that 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
 head all these years? Richard,
 there's a voice in my head,
 getting louder and louder. 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
 (defensive)
 I wouldn't go that far. He's a
 little self-absorbed. Maybe too
 charming for his own good. Is he a
 bad guy? No. It's just lately I've
 realized--I don't know *who* he is.
 He keeps... *changing*.

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

She spits her drink on Richard.

KAT

I'm sorry.

She mops him up, embarrassed. Richard 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 before they take over the brain. Or maybe it's drugs, you know? He's obviously a workaholic. Maybe 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 do 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. 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.

87 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!

88 INT. MOVIE SET - PRIMATE HOLDING - MINUTES LATER

George kneels beside 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.

89 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 and browses photos of the pair.

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

In 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 his shoulder.

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 can mean more hairs
in the bed.

PO
(frowning)
I can live with that.

KAT
Plus the smell. You know she likes
to rub herself on your pillow.

Po, utterly confused, rolls with it.

KAT (cont'd)
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 utterly sincere, it stops her in her tracks.

KAT
This really isn't an act?

PO
I swear. This is me.

Kat gulps. Then laughs at herself bitterly.

KAT
God, I'm such an idiot!

PO
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.
Irritability. Memory problems.
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 an addict!
That's what you are, right? Unless
it's syphilis, but I figured he
was reaching with that one.

PO
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.

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

Kat sits alone, still and tight, staring at nothing. The silence stretches. Finally, she exhales sharply. Picks up her phone and dials, forcing her trembling voice to calm.

KAT

(on phone)

Rupert. It's Kat. Are you still casting...

(listens)

12 months...? Yeah, okay. I can make that work. Set it up.

She hangs up--then drops the phone like it's on fire. Takes in the weight of her actions, self-soothing. For a second, it looks like she might change her mind. She doesn't.

91 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.

92 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

93 INT. MOVIE SET - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Po reaches the front of the line.

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!

94 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!

95 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!

96 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.

97 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.

98 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!

99 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

100 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 starfishes against the wall, face squashed, like the alien-controlled scientist in *Independence Day*.

HUGO

(demonic whisper)

Release... me...

101 INT. B9 LABS - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Peaux lurks, spying on NERDS #1-5 glued to computers. NERD #6, a sharp-eyed woman, startles him from behind.

NERD #6
You here for the spill? In the
buffer room.

Peaux smiles and nods. Collects a janitor's cart from a
nook. Wheels it casually through the room, scanning for
intel. Nerd #1 spies him in the monitor's reflection.

NERD #1
Where's your ID?

PEAUX
It's... in the wash.

NERD #1
Security!

Nerd #1 jumps to his feet. Peaux spins and plunges the soapy
mop head in his face, sending him gargling to the ground.

Nerd #2 charges, incensed. Peaux snatches an aerosol off the
cart and sprays him square in the eyes.

NERD #2
(screaming)
My corneas!

A polite tap on Peaux's shoulder. He turns.

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 creeps up behind Peaux, brandishing a ballpoint pen.

PEAUX
Nice try.

Peaux spins, grabs the pen and stabs him in the side.

NERD #4
Oh, my intestines!

He shoves nerd #4 into #3. They collapse in a tangled heap.

Two nerds remain. Peaux grabs the mop and hurls it like a
javelin. It hits the lights, plunging them in darkness.

Peaux whistles softly, skulking in the shadows. He tosses a spray across the floor.

NERD #5

There!

Nerds #5 and #6 charge toward the decoy. Peaux kicks the janitor's bucket, sending a wave of soapy water in their path. They slip and hit the deck, writhing in pain.

Peaux saunters over, looming. Wipes his hands on a rag.

PEAUX

This ain't personal, sweetheart.

He tosses the rag in nerd #6's face and struts away.

102 INT. SUNSET GRILL - DAY

Po slouches, 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 dumps 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 look like you've aged ten years in two days. And what about your performance today? Coma woman was more believable than you. And she was texting.

They're interrupted by LOLA--mesmerizing and sultry--gazing seductively at Po. George may as well be invisible.

LOLA

Hi, Logan. 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?

She slides her hand into his, her eyes lingering.

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

Lola floats away. Po watches, dumbstruck. When he looks down, he's holding her panties. She waits 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!

103 INT. SUNSET GRILL - RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lola backs into a stall, kissing Po in a frenzy. She yanks at his pants--but he stops, panting.

PO
Wait. I have a girlfriend.

LOLA
Mmm-hmm. You know, I've seen *Heart Attack* twelve times. I know the real you--perhaps better than you know yourself. *Does she?*

Po contemplates. Shakes his head slowly.

PO

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

He pulls Lola into a deep kiss.

104 INT. SUNSET GRILL - RESTROOM - MINUTES LATER

MCKONE, a skinny guy with a mustache, sneaks in. Climbs on a toilet and films covertly over the stall with his phone.

105 INT. SUNSET GRILL - MINUTES LATER

Po returns to the table, smug. Lola emerges from the restroom a few seconds later, smoothing her hair.

GEORGE

Did you just have a dalliance with that prostitute?

PO

She's 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 swaggers out, still filming, and marches up to 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 and drapes her arm around McKone. George clocks it immediately. Yanks Po from the table.

GEORGE
Excuse us, we're late.

PO
Late for what?

The pair grin, watching George usher Po toward the exit. Lola mouths silently and ironically to Po: *call me*.

GEORGE
I think you just cooked your own
goose.

106 INT. B9 LABS - BUFFER ROOM - DAY

A sparse buffer room: steel tables, lockers, cleansuits. A slack GUARD strolls around the corner, spraying whipped cream in his mouth. Sees Peaux and stops dead.

GUARD
Who are you? Where's Juan?

Peaux launches, giftwraps the guard and slams him down.

PEAUX
Where do they keep the virus?!

GUARD
What virus?!

Peaux snatches can and 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's nose with cream.

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

Peaux stops. The guard gasps for breath. 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, whoa! Let's work this out! What exactly do you need?

PEAUX

I need to find the bioweapon!

GUARD

Dude, 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. A mist of blood 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.

107 INT. B9 LABS - CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER

Peaux skulks down the hall, ignoring severe warning signs.

Quantum Flux Zone... Projectile Risk... No Metal Beyond This Point... Electromagnetic Field: Always On... Danger of Death

He grips the gun at high ready. Drags open a reinforced steel door. A pneumatic hiss.

108 INT. B9 LABS - QUANTUM CORE - MOMENTS LATER

The quantum core pulses, a glowing orb of pure energy. Lightning arcs across the surface.

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

COMPUTER VOICE (O.S.)

Warning. Core disturbance.

PEAUX

Shit!

Peaux lunges for the gun. It won't budge. TWO CLEANSUITS burst in. An alarm wails in rapid bursts.

CLEANSUIT #1

What the hell?!

CLEANSUIT #2

Get away from there!

Cleansuit #1 hammers at a terminal. Peaux stumbles back, bewildered. Energy bolts shoot from the core in spasms.

CLEANSUIT #1

I can't shut it down!

PEAUX

What is that thing?!

CLEANSUIT #2

Get out of here! It's gonna blow!

A blinding flash. The core erupts. A shockwave throws everyone to the ground. Fires break out. Alarms scream.

Peaux struggles to stand. His vision doubles.

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

Peaux staggers out the quantum flux zone. Distant alarms wail. Troy barrels down the corridor, wide-eyed.

TROY

What's going on?!

PEAUX

What the hell is this place?!

Troy freezes. 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
(sarcastic)
Of course you did! 'Cause the
whole world resolves around 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. 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.

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

Kat sits in darkness. Watches a remix of McKone's livestream
narrated by 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 onto the couch next to her.

KAT
So this is how it ends.

Po startles, scrambling for the lights.

PO
Jesus! I thought you were The
Devil!

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

PO
Honey, that hurts!

KAT

You know what *hurts*, Logan? Ending a string of perfectly good relationships, year after year--because you're hung up on your high school sweetheart who went and became a goddamn movie star?

(then)

Or how about quitting my entire life to be with him--only to find out he doesn't have the time for a relationship, let alone a family?

(then)

No, no, wait. How about when the love of your life actually changes 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. His wallpaper shows Po snuggling a scruffy cat.

PO

(sincere)

I'm not your boyfriend.

KAT

Thanks for the heads up.

PO

No. 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

Telling the truth. I'm from a parallel universe.

KAT

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

PO
(shameful)
Yeah.

KAT
That's a fucking ego, Logan.

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 and hands it to her.

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 yet.

Kat angry-swipes through photos on his phone until it dawns on her. *This is too elaborate to be fake.*

PO (cont'd)
There's all the proof you need. Check my email. My bank account.

KAT
No...

PO
Yes!

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

Po bites his entire lower lip.

111 EXT. PEAUX'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Kat bursts out the front door. Po chases her, desperate.

PO
Kat! I'm sorry!

A Scuba sits parked on the road. Richard hops out.

KAT
Get in. We're going to find Logan.

RICHARD
He's right there.

KAT
He's not even a real person.

Richard recoils, then pokes Po tentatively, as if he's a hologram. Kat launches into the backseat.

112 INT. B9 LABS - PORTAL ROOM - NIGHT

Troy bursts in and drops at a terminal, typing fast. Peaux follows and leans against the portal to catch his breath.

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.

113 INT. SCUBA CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Kat, Richard and Po ride awkwardly in the backseat.

PO
...then the sexyfan lured me into
nasty, hot restroom sex. And I
think we can all agree, it wasn't
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 outside, stone-faced.

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 rides shotgun.

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!

114 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 between them.

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 really secure building, full of really smart people. I know you're scared, but I promise--he's safe.

115 INT. B9 LABS - PORTAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The power is down. Emergency lights flash. An ominous alarm blares. The 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!!!

116 INT. B9 LABS - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The group rides up in silence. Ding. The doors open on a JANITOR with a cart (action star cameo). Po gawps, starstruck. The janitor sees them and slumps.

JANITOR

I'll take the next one.

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

The portal spasms. Arcs of electrons fly off the edges.

PO

This is it. The portal to my
universe.

Bobby steps up and 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. Their
faces are an unholy mashup of good
and evil.

RICHARD

We're married!?!

KAT

No--we're not!!!

RICHARD

Is that why you hate me?

PO

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
from me. And rupture my ballsack.

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 taps at the keyboard
and says it's stable. Then you
just... go through. It doesn't
really hurt. Just scrambles your
brain for a bit.

KAT
Does it look stable to you?

Po takes in the wildly convulsing vortex.

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.

118 INT. B9 LABS - PORTAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Troy and Peaux argue amid the 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
Goddamnit. 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.

119 INT. B9 LABS - PARALLEL PORTAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Po backs toward the plasma, rising to the occasion.

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.
(two-fingered salute)
Yippee ki-yay, motherf--

Peaux bursts out the portal and crashes into Po. Troy comes next--smacking into both of them. All three hit the deck as a backdraft flares over their heads.

TROY	PO
Ow! Christ!	My organs!

Peaux stunt-rolls to his feet, then stumbles with double vision. Troy and Po reunite in the missionary position.

TROY	PO
.....You!	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.

Peaux pulls Kat into a passionate kiss. Richard grimaces.
 Bobby snaps a selfie with the movie stars.

TROY
(seeing the portal)
 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 punches at a terminal. Richard
 looks to Kat--then the portal--psyching 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!

In slow motion: Kat lunges at Richard and grabs his pinky.
 Po jumps to save Kat, enveloping her mid-air. Richard
 disappears into the plasma just as the portal snaps shut.

Normal speed: Kat lands hard on Po, knocking the wind out of him. Peaux misses everything, shaking off his double vision.

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

Kat flings Richard's severed pinky across the floor.

BOBBY
Awesome!

Bobby grabs the finger, freshly cauterized by the portal. Po groans from underneath Kat. Peaux helps her to her feet.

PEAUX
Babe--are you okay?

KAT
(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* our night.

BOBBY
But before the toilet hooker!

PEAUX
I don't know what to do with this.
(to Kat)
Did you know?

KAT
No! 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 maybe Troy. It's 60/40.

TROY
90/10!

PO
(imploring Kat)
Kat, I did some really messed up shit. Because I hated my life. I mean, I thought I was a cosmic stress ball! But I'm not! I'm a great big 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.

120 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.

Meanwhile, George pleads with a STAGE MANAGER in the wings.

GEORGE

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 Macaque!

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

JEZ

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

(MORE)

JEZ (cont'd)

(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 rockets toward Po, screeching.

PO

No, no, no, no, no!

He scrambles up Po and adopts the facehugger position. Po
panics, running blind. The stage manager dashes in.

STAGE MANAGER

Can't you get him off?!

JEZ

Nah, 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.

121 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.

They exchange loving looks and kiss.

PO (O.S.)

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

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