

CODE NEON

by

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EXT. DARK VOID

A HUGE EXPLOSION fills the darkness. It illuminates the silhouette of a man. A fast man. He is doing a backflip.

He lands on his feet and jogs towards us, faster than any ordinary mortal could possibly jog.

A crystal hanging from his neck BEGINS TO GLOW, revealing his tracksuit and green rubber alien mask.

He stops and takes up a fighting stance.

EVERYTHING EXPLODES AGAIN.

Text appears out of the explosion:

FASTMAN IN...  
CODE NEON

The explosion fades away. Everything is darkness once more.

EST. THE CITY - NIGHT

The city lights up beneath us.

We fall towards it in a lazy spiral, taking in the seemingly endless urban sprawl that hungers for more, perhaps even for the ocean itself.

For a digital nomad like our hero, it is both paradise... and nothing special.

The streets are BUSTLING, even late at night. Giant digital billboards compete to play CLASHING MUSIC over each other.

Taxis HONK AT PEDESTRIANS, who run onto the sidewalks to AVOID SPEEDING TRUCKS.

Our focus narrows to a single cramped-looking building with a basement entrance.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - CONTINUOUS

The interior of this business is dimly lit and partitioned into small rooms, almost cubicles, with cheap, ineffective sound isolation. A typical internet cafe, where anyone can rent space for a few hours to sit down and use a computer.

We focus on one of these rooms. We move through the closed door to see the customer inside.

Someone in here is RAPIDLY CLICKING BUTTONS on a laptop trackpad.

On the attached screen, we see a character in the popular video game Quest for Miners, jumping up and down and ATTACKING CUBES with a pixelated shovel.

The player is FASTMAN, suited up for moving fast in his trademark tracksuit and alien mask. The game reflects on his mask's polished bulbous black eyes.

His fingers FLUTTER ACROSS THE KEYS.

His laptop GROANS, its hard drive WHIRRING DESPERATELY to keep up with this fast-paced gameplay.

It's almost too much, but a ThinkPad X220 is a force to be reckoned with. And so is he.

Inside the game, a dragon has appeared.

He ATTACKS IT WITH THE SHOVEL.

It casts TAIL WHIP, REDUCING HIS DEFENSE.

He performs a T-SPIN, hoping to put it in check, but it ROLLS A NATURAL TWENTY.

His character TOPPLES WITH A SENSUAL GROAN.

The screen fades to black and tells him, "YOU DIED."

He TEARS OFF HIS HEADSET and CLENCHES HIS FIST so hard that his entire body starts shaking.

FASTMAN  
(in a near-falsetto)  
Oooooooooooooohhhhhh!

Suddenly, he STANDS UP, KICKING THE CHAIR AWAY.

He then DROPS TO THE FLOOR and begins DOING SIT-UPS to recover from this humiliation.

Up, down. Up, down. Up, down. He is GRUNTING with exertion.

He completes a set of fifteen and FLIPS OVER to switch to PUSH-UPS.

The music changes to SYNTHWAVE WITH A DRIVING BEAT, cheering him on in his quest of self-improvement.

He LEAPS TO HIS FEET to RUN IN PLACE.

We see him from every angle. Left. Right. Above. Below. Like a schematic drawn by Leonardo da Vinci.

He is the perfect form of fitness. The ideal, realized. Built for speed, yet still somehow not enough. He must push himself harder. To go even faster.

He stops and SITS ON THE FLOOR, WIPING SWEAT FROM HIS MASK with the sleeve of his tracksuit. The smirk on his mask looks happier somehow. Almost satisfied. For now.

Fastman performs A QUICK BURPEE to get back to his feet.

He ROLLS THE CHAIR BACK INTO PLACE and FLEXES HIS FINGERS over his laptop. It's time to get to work.

He opens an empty terminal and runs "cmatrix." A flood of cryptic-looking text inundates the screen.

He opens a second empty terminal to run "neofetch" and a third for a text editor. His fingers POUND THE KEYS almost as fast as his feet would pound the pavement.

In no time at all, he's written a hacker script. It bounces his connection THROUGH A DIALUP LINE, relays off a Starlink satellite, and keeps going until he's behind seven proxies.

The telepathic crystal hanging from Fastman's neck RESONATES with his laptop and BEGINS TO GLOW.

He PRESSES THE ENTER KEY. White light fills the room.

EXT. CYBERSPACE

Fastman has now JACKED INTO CYBERSPACE.

The music changes to REPETITIVE TECHNO WITH LOTS OF TRITONE INTERVALS to let us know this is happening inside a computer.

He is JOGGING ALONG THE INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAY, floating in an endless void. There are curved, glowing lines, like roads, running through it in all directions.

Fastman speeds past floating popup windows advertising shit like "COOL FREE RINGTONES" and makes a beeline for his destination... the Pentagon.

It is literally just an unshaded flat pentagon, floating in the void.

As he approaches, the words "ACCESS DENIED" appear all over its surface.

Fastman opens a new terminal in the empty space in front of him and TYPES ON IT, QUICKLY.

The text changes to "ACCESS GRANTED" and FADES AWAY.

The center of the shape OPENS UP. It is now a portal into America's military industrial complex.

Fastman SHRINKS DOWN and is SUCKED THROUGH THE PORTAL.

INT. CYBERVAULT - CONTINUOUS

He's in.

All of America's darkest secrets, like tree law, are here for the taking, shelved in a digital warehouse that seems to go on forever.

Fastman doesn't stick around for any sightseeing. He knows what he's here for. He knows exactly where he's going.

He runs right down to the end of an aisle, T-poses, and clips through the wall.

On the other side is a doorless, windowless room, full of boxes with labels related to Iraq and Afghanistan.

Using a pixelated shovel that appears out of nowhere, he BREAKS OPEN A SAFE to reveal the trillions of dollars in slush funds that the Pentagon couldn't account for.

Jackpot. They won't even know it's gone.

He opens a crypto wallet and starts SIPHONING OFF MONEY, converting it to perfectly secure, untraceable Bitcoin.

INT. PENTAGON LAB - CONTINUOUS

Deep in the concrete bowels of the real-life Pentagon, KLAXONS BLARE. Old-fashioned cop car light are spinning.

Men in heavy tactical gear HUSTLE DOWN A CORRIDOR.

A big screen in a dark room shows a complex-looking network map. There's a red arrow pointing to one of the network nodes, with a label: "THERE'S A GUY."

They know he's here.

A bunch of CYBERSPACE OPERATIVES file into the room. They move directly into position at big tables covered in computer shit.

They GEAR UP for intruder countermeasures, STRAPPING ON POWER GLOVES and PLUGGING IN tactical VR headsets.

One by one, their goggles LIGHT UP as they JACK INTO CYBERSPACE.

INT. CYBERVAULT - CONTINUOUS

Fastman has what he came for. It's time to go.

He clips back through the wall into the main chamber and almost runs right into a CYBER SENTINEL. It looks like a fat Gundam or something. But more cyber.

The sentinel CHARGES UP some kind of cyberspace rocket launcher. It FIRES... and misses. Fastman just kind of jogs out of the way. He keeps running.

The sentinel CALLS FOR HELP.

CYBER SENTINEL #4  
(shrilly)  
We've got a contact!

It FLIES AFTER HIM.

Fastman runs from one aisle to the next, easily sidestepping both ROCKET FIRE and LASER FIRE from behind.

They're inside a computer so he doesn't really have to change directions. He just strafes while his running animation makes it look like he's running forward the whole time.

To his left and right, through gaps in the file system, we can see two more sentinels RACING DOWN ADJACENT AISLES.

From overhead, we can see even more, rushing to try and outmaneuver him.

One of them sees an opening and FIRES AT FASTMAN from the side.

He misses and HITS ANOTHER SENTINEL, who SCREAMS IN PAIN. He starts DISSOLVING like a JPEG downloading over a slow dialup connection in reverse.

Fastman makes a U-turn. The sentinels think they have him cornered. They chase after him...

...And they're alone with each other. He's gone.

They stand there with their metaphorical dicks in their metaphorical hands.

CYBER SENTINEL #9  
Well now what?

INT. INTERNET CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Fastman has jacked out. He COLLAPSES IN HIS CHAIR and lets out a LONG NASTY FART.

The fart seems to ECHO across the whole city, into the skies, and even into orbit.

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

High above the city, a spy satellite picks up THE SOUND OF FASTMAN'S FART.

Blinking lights flicker to life all over the damn thing.

It BEGINS TRANSMITTING.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Fastman EXITS THE CAFE, none the wiser. All his belongings are bundled into a single lightweight backpack so he can travel anywhere quickly to code and play games on the go.

He starts jogging.

NOSTALGIC EIGHTIES MUSIC propels him onward as he takes in all the sights the city has to offer.

It's a beautiful night. Clear skies. Bright neon. The street is busy with traffic, but the sidewalks are nearly empty.

He starts picking up speed.

He's outrunning a girl on a bicycle. She's preoccupied with her phone. She does a double take and CRASHES INTO A TREE.

Now he's keeping pace with the cars.

One ASTONISHED DRIVER is absolutely flabbergasted at the speed of this lad. He grips the steering wheel all white-knuckled and his jaw hangs open as if screaming. But silently.

His gaze jumps back and forth between Fastman and the cars in front of him. Hey, buddy, keep those eyes on the road.

Fastman leaves him in the dust.

There are some inebriated office workers trying to shamble to the train station after a rough night having to drink with their boss.

Fastman WHOOSHES PAST THEM with a GUST OF WIND SO STRONG that they struggle to stand, and then their expensive suits start to disintegrate and fly away.

Fastman keeps jogging. It looks damn weird, actually. It's just normal jogging, but sped up. Gotta be just about the lowest-budget possible visual effect for making a guy appear to run really fast.

In fact, running like that is physically impossible. But that's not about to stand in his way.

Nothing can.

He's going to cross this whole city.

Even the audience can't keep up.

He runs into the distance, and he's gone.

The moon is beautiful tonight.

MATCH CUT TO:

EST. PENTAGON - NIGHT

We quickly get sick of looking at the moon and, hey, check it out, there's the Pentagon. It's RECEIVING THE FART RECORDING, IN MORSE CODE FOR SOME REASON.

We dive down into the building's central courtyard... and under the ground.

INT. SECRET LAB - CONTINUOUS

The FART RECORDING is analyzed by a dizzying array of high-tech equipment: GEIGER COUNTERS, PNEUMATIC COMPRESSORS, RATS in elaborate mazes, and BUBBLING TEST TUBES.

A dot matrix printer SCREECHES TO LIFE, drawing a crowd of top secret Pentagon child torture scientists in white coats.

They stare, all obviously uncomfortable with how close together they're standing, but they still want to see what's happening and surely this will only take a few seconds so they're just going to suffer while the print head FUCKS AROUND all over this goddamn piece of paper.

Finally, the printer SPITS OUT THE PAPER. It's covered in an ASCII art portrait of Fastman's trademark alien mask. Below that is the text "SUBJECT IDENTIFIED" in huge letters, like, 144 point font.

One of the scientists snatches the sheet out of the printer, except he didn't realize it's the continuous feed kind where you're supposed to tear it off, so he pulls out a bunch more paper along with it and then fumbles to tear the printout away from the rest of the sheets while he's running away with all the other scientists tripping over each other to chase after him like they've never run before. They probably haven't. Anyway he runs up some stairs to an office.

INT. WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The war room is gloomy with the fog of war. THE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF are sitting at a table amid clouds of smoke. One of them is COUGHING UP A LUNG and literally dying. Even the actor is dying.

The scientist hands the sheet of paper to a GENERAL.

The general looks over the paper real quick while SUCKING IN his body weight in cigar smoke. THROUGH A CIGAR.

GENERAL

Ladies and gentlemen? We got him.  
It's an exact match. Look here.

He saunters away from the table, all bow-legged, with his COWBOY BOOTS JINGLING.

There's a radar screen. It BEEPS PERIODICALLY. There is a single green blip on the map.

The other officials join him at the radar fuckery while he's copying down some random numbers on a pad of paper. The FBI DIRECTOR leans in for a closer look.

FBI DIRECTOR

Oh, that's great, General. Other side of the world. What's your plan? To extradite him? It would be extremely...

(gesturing)

Well, it could take forever.

The general grins, showing a mouth full of gold teeth.

GENERAL

For you.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

A Boeing B-29 Superfortress, ENGINES DRONING, approaches the city at high altitude.

The doors of the plane's weapons bay SWING WIDE OPEN. Inside are a dozen or so AGENTS in suit jackets and neckties, strapped into the bomb racks.

One by one, THEY DEPLOY.

The wind WHIPS AT THEIR SUIT JACKETS as they fall. They all link hands in a circle. Heads in, feet out.

In perfect unison, they reach up to their necks and YANK OFF THEIR CLIP-ON TIES, BUT IT SOUNDS MORE LIKE THEY'RE UNZIPPING A SLEEPING BAG.

The sleeves of their suit jackets SPLIT OPEN to reveal jumpsuits underneath. The suit jackets are actually parachutes and the neckties were the ripcords. The parachutes UNFURL WITH A WHOOSH, slowing their descent.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The agents touch down in total chaos, some with the RAPID FOOTSTEPS of a veteran skydiver, some HITTING TRASH CANS or LAMP POSTS, others FACEPLANTING. One GETS CAUGHT IN A TREE.

Their leader, AGENT KAYFABE, scores an EXPLOSIVE THREE POINT LANDING.

The smoke dissipates. Kayfabe stands up slowly out of a perfectly smooth crater in the pavement.

The agents all TEAR OFF THEIR JUMPSUITS to reveal normal suits and ties.

Agent Kayfabe FETCHES SUNGLASSES FROM HIS INSIDE POCKET and puts them on to conceal his GLOWING GREEN EYES.

The agents synchronize again. Standing in formation, feet apart, shoulders back, they simultaneously hook their thumbs in their belt loops.

In the distance, the B-29 CRASHES INTO A MOUNTAIN SIDE AND EXPLODES.

The agents MOVE OUT, WALKING RIGHT OVER THE CAMERA.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A woman's naked gyrating breasts fill the entire screen. She SQUEALS LIKE AN AIR RAID SIREN while getting RAILED FROM BEHIND AT LUDICROUS SPEED.

HER MOANS REACH A CRESCENDO. She orgasms, shaking all over, her BREATH HITCHING, knees buckling, desperately clinging to the wall of her tiny apartment so she doesn't fall over and crack her head open on the furniture and fucking die. The hands on her hips grip her tighter to help her stay upright.

This is COSPLAY WAIFU. She's STILL CUMMING. She can barely begin to CATCH HER BREATH as convulsions continue to rack her entire body.

Her MOANS AND GASPS slowly die down into a wobbly series of GENTLE, HIGH-PITCHED SIGHS, as if she is SINGING A HYMN, PRAISING THE HEAVENS that she was blessed with such a lover.

Her face softens, first with satiation, then with happiness, the kind most people seek and never find in their entire lives. Inch by inch, she FALLS TO HER KNEES. She clasps her hands, perhaps in actual prayer.

A FAPPING SOUND BEHIND HER draws her attention. She turns with a gentle smile to look over her shoulder... at Fastman. He's nude except for the mask and JACKING IT LIKE THERE'S NO TOMORROW.

Cosplay Waifu turns her whole body towards him just in time. He UNLOADS ON HER TITS with A THICK, GOOEY SPLAT.

INT. SHOWER - LATER

A hand TWISTS THE VALVE.

Hot water SPEWS FORTH FROM THE SHOWER HEAD and runs over their naked bodies.

Cosplay Waifu, grinning shyly, leans her forehead against Fastman's face. He's as expressionless as the mask, which he obviously wears even in the shower.

She peels back the bottom half of Fastman's mask so she can kiss him. Long, deep, and soft.

She catches his lower lip between her teeth. Tugs on it gently. Her fingers curl into the hair behind his ears.

She climbs onto him, wrapping her legs around his waist. Already going for another round.

He lets her set the pace this time. Obviously that means it's way slower.

She arches her back leisurely in between rolls of her hips.

Her tongue is exploring his throat so greedily it's like she's trying to rebuild the British empire in there.

She picks up the pace a little.

Her QUIET MOANS escape into Fastman's mouth.

The shower is getting really steamy, by which I mean it's filling up with actual steam.

Yeah, we can't see them at all now.

Cosplay Waifu helpfully puts one hand flat against the glass of the shower door, probably to brace herself for whatever gratingly vanilla sex act they're about to try next. She GASPS a little.

Then she MOANS LOUDLY. It TURNS INTO A GIGGLE.

COSPLAY WAIFU  
(genuinely surprised)  
Oh my god.  
(aroused again)  
OH MY GOD!

INT. APARTMENT - MONTAGE

Cosplay Waifu CLOSES HER CURTAINS and puts up a huge white infinity sheet, turning her apartment into a studio.

She changes into a bunch of different costumes, obviously starting with Best Girl, and strikes all kinds of poses for the camera.

Fastman just kind of stands there watching.

Cosplay Waifu's camera is on a tripod. She's going back and forth between the camera and the sheet to set it up how she wants for each shot.

Fastman does some yoga for a few minutes.

Cosplay Waifu interrupts his workout.

She grabs him by the arm and pulls him into frame.

COSPLAY WAIFU  
Pose with me. Come on!

She flashes a winning smile while THE CAMERA FLASHES IN THEIR EYES, blinding them.

She takes another where she's SMOOCHING HIS CHEEK. Or at least his mask.

Fastman goes back into the other room to do some push-ups.

Cosplay Waifu FLOPS DOWN ONTO HER BED. She is once again dressed as Best Girl.

She scrolls through all the photos they just took, marking her favorites.

A few need some minor edits. A crop here, color correction there, removal of EXIF data, and so forth.

She starts posting the best ones to social media.

A shadow falls over her. She turns to see Fastman standing by her bed and smiles.

He grabs her by the thighs and pulls her to the edge of the bed. She GIGGLES.

She starts stripping out of her costume, gets her tits out, and rubs them all over Fastman's cock.

She puts her hair up in a ponytail. We get a nice long good look at her nape.

Fastman gently pulls her head forward and she starts blowing him.

They switch positions a few times.

She RIDES HIM IN COWGIRL for a while.

He starts GOING TOO FAST FOR HER, and stops to let her CATCH HER BREATH.

He takes her hands in his and pins her down on the bed, getting her into missionary.

As he is POUNDING HER ALMOST HARD ENOUGH TO BREAK THE BED, her fingers intertwine with his.

On the other side of the room, her phone lights up. There is A NEW NOTIFICATION.

It reads: "Agent Kayfabe liked this post."

END OF MONTAGE

Cosplay Waifu opens her eyes. Her uncovered chest rises and falls WITH EVERY BREATH, and her skin glistens with sweat.

She ROLLS OVER ON HER SIDE to survey the wreckage. All parts of her costume are now strewn across the floor.

Fastman approaches her. Without a word, he UNLOCKS THE FUZZY HANDCUFFS chaining her to the bedpost.

COSPLAY WAIFU

You're bored of this game already?

FASTMAN

I don't leave you alone here and restrained.

Her reverie ends abruptly. She sits up in bed.

COSPLAY WAIFU

Then it's me you're bored with?

FASTMAN

I will come back. I only leave for a short run.

(pointing)

My ThinkPad is here. I trust you.

COSPLAY WAIFU

(smiling)

Come back before I get lonely. It's almost Christmas.

She relaxes again and watches him SUIT UP, sneaking one hand under the sheet to masturbate. She bites her lip a little.

As soon as Fastman gets his crocs on, he's OUT THE DOOR.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - BEFORE SUNRISE

Fastman steps outside the apartment and takes a DEEP BREATH of the early morning air.

The apartment is on the upper story of a low-rise building, and the door opens out onto a balcony overlooking some lush trees and grass on the other side of the street. Lamps line the pavement.

There's someone on the street below. Staring at him. Waiting for him. A man in a pristine suit and tie. And sunglasses.

Fastman doesn't know him, but regards him with suspicion. He takes up a fighting stance.

FASTMAN

There are no televisions in here.  
(gesturing)  
Collect your licensing fee at some  
other place!

The stranger smiles ominously. As he speaks, we get closer, until it's clearly someone we recognize.

KAYFABE

We're not here for TV, friend.  
(grinning wider)  
We're here to buy you a one way  
ticket. On a submariiiiine.

He SNAPS HIS FINGERS. Instantly, four more agents step out from behind him. A few more poke their heads out of the grass and trees.

Fastman realizes he's outnumbered.

Two agents show up on the balcony, trying to outflank him.

He looks from one to the other.

They both RUSH HIM. He RUNS UP THE WALL and the agents TACKLE EACH OTHER. Fastman BACKFLIPS OFF THE WALL and DIVES OFF THE BALCONY.

He TUMBLES onto the pavement below and immediately rights himself with a BACK HANDSPRING. He's just in time to dodge a RIGHT HOOK from AGENT RIPROCK, who follows through with a ROUNDHOUSE KICK.

Fastman CATCHES THE KICK and takes the agent's shoe.

Riprock doesn't know what the fuck to do. He HOPS ON ONE FOOT trying not to get his sock dirty. Fastman THROWS THE SHOE. IT HITS RIPROCK IN THE FACE.

RIPROCK

Oof!

Fastman steps six inches to the left to avoid another agent FALLING HEADFIRST OUT OF A TREE.

He turns at the sound of TIRES SCREECHING. His mask gleams with the reflections of approaching headlights.

He jumps up and RUNS OVER THE TOP OF A MOVING TRUCK. It SWERVES OUT OF CONTROL behind him, HITS A STREETLAMP, and EXPLODES IN A HUGE FIREBALL.

AGENT BERENSTEIN, the driver, KICKS THE DOOR OPEN TO ESCAPE. He stumbles around with his suit on fire until he COLLAPSES.

Agent Kayfabe POURS SOME LIQUID METAL ON HIM, EXTINGUISHING THE FLAMES. He picks him up by the scruff of his neck. Berenstein's hair looks a little scorched.

KAYFABE

Learn to drive stick.

BERENSTEIN

I can drive fine. It was just on the wrong side.

Kayfabe SCOFFS and DROPS HIM.

Fastman is taking on three other agents. They're trying to whip him with garden hoses or something but he's basically toying with them. Like he's playing jump rope.

Kayfabe STRUTS TOWARD HIM with something like an exaggerated runway walk. He's here to show off and he doesn't hide it.

In between cuts, Fastman has somehow gotten his hands on the garden hoses and used them to tie up all three of those agents. They're GROANING and wiggling on the ground. Fastman is doing yoga.

Kayfabe SNAPS HIS FINGERS EXTRA LOUD. The other agents, at least the ones who can still move, INSTANTLY FALL INTO FORMATION BEHIND HIM. They match his RIDICULOUS WALK.

The agents start doing FLASH MOB DANCE MOVES IN SYNC WITH THE FUNKY MUSIC.

They are really good at this.

Fastman is flummoxed. His head twists left and right. He doesn't know where to look.

KAYFABE

Jab!

The agents THROW A PUNCH IN UNISON.

Fastman is PUNCHED IN THE FACE BY MANY FISTS SIMULTANEOUSLY.

He STUMBLES BACKWARDS.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)

Foxtrot!

Fastman is KICKED IN THE HEAD BY MANY FEET, including one with no shoe.

He sways as if drunk.

Kayfabe dismisses the other agents with a wave, rolls up his sleeves, and CATCHES FASTMAN IN A BEAR HUG.

Fastman struggles to break free, but his arms are pinned.

He grins maniacally and SUPLEXES FASTMAN INTO THE PAVEMENT. It CRACKS AND SHATTERS.

Fastman is down for the count.

Agent Kayfabe looms over him with a MENACING CHUCKLE and TAKES OFF HIS SHADES.

He picks Fastman up by the lapels and lifts him into the air, feet dangling helplessly.

His eyes are bulging out of his head. They start GLOWING GREEN.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna find out what you look  
like under that mask. And then...  
(thinking really hard)  
I'm gonna...  
(thinking even harder)  
...call you names!

His hand ALSO STARTS GLOWING GREEN. It gives off AN OMINOUS HUM and CRACKLES WITH ELECTRICITY.

Fastman's crystal reacts to it. It starts GLOWING WHITE.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)  
Huh?

He makes the mistake of looking at the crystal just as it gives off a BRIGHT FLASH, blinding him.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)  
Auaugh!

He DROPS FASTMAN and backs away, struggling clumsily to PUT HIS SHADES BACK ON using only his non-glowing hand.

He's too slow. Fastman WHIPS OUT his trusty pepper spray, and SPRAYS.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)  
Noooooo! No! Aahhh, no! Nooo!  
AAAHHHHHHH!! IT'S IN MY EYES!!!

Kayfabe LUNGES WILDLY WITH HIS GLOWING HAND, swinging at where he imagines Fastman must be.

The green glow shines MORE AND MORE BRIGHTLY from his eyes and mouth.

Fastman stands there in a half-crouch, primed to run, but too stunned to actually move. As frozen as a deer in the headlights in southern Antarctica.

He's never seen anything like this, but the other agents have. They are GETTING THE HELL OUT OF HERE.

Kayfabe FALLS TO HIS KNEES. Green lightning ARCS OUT OF HIS BODY and REACTS WITH NEARBY POWER LINES.

Fastman snaps out of it. He heads towards the apartment... but he's too late.

Kayfabe VOMITS GREEN LIGHT INTO THE GROUND, triggering a VIOLENT EARTHQUAKE.

Cracks in the pavement OPEN UP EVERYWHERE. Green light pours out of them.

Fastman stumbles.

The apartment building EXPLODES.

Fastman is knocked off his feet, falling towards us in slow motion while a fireball FILLS THE ENTIRE SCREEN.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - LATER

The sun is about to rise.

Fastman is conscious. He DUSTS OFF HIS TRACKSUIT and climbs to his feet.

The apartment building is flattened. So are half of the buildings around it.

He WALKS ACROSS THE RUBBLE, clutching his side in pain, choosing his footing with care.

The devastation seems to go on forever.

He stops. There's a door nearby. One with an ornament stuck to it. Something he recognizes.

He moves urgently now, jumping over bits of rebar to reach the door. He grabs it with both hands and PULLS IT LOOSE.

There, underneath it, Cosplay Waifu lies dead.

Fastman steps over her body to reach his ThinkPad.

He UNLATCHES IT to inspect the damage. Maybe he can at least save the drive. But as soon as he OPENS THE LID, the whole laptop FALLS TO PIECES IN HIS HANDS. For all its resilience, it couldn't survive the blast.

Fastman's fingers curl around twisted bits of plastic. His hands shake.

He would sob, but the tears just won't come.

He can't stay. There's no time to mourn.

The agents are still here. They're coming closer.

He reaches down to Cosplay Waifu's body and gently closes her eyes. Then he TAKES OFF RUNNING.

EXT. STREETS - EARLY MORNING

Fastman runs through the street because there aren't any fucking sidewalks. It's still early enough in the morning that there's no traffic to be seen.

Behind him, in the distance, a bunch of agents scramble into the street and tear ass chasing after him.

Fastman needs to move faster. His crystal PULSES WITH POWER, and then SOMEHOW FAILS, SPINNING DOWN LIKE A TURBINE.

He GASPS WITH PAIN and clutches his side. His injuries are slowing him down. He can't call on his full power right now.

Behind him, the agents are getting closer. They start LEAPFROGGING over each other just to show off how nimble they are.

He PUSHES THROUGH THE PAIN, PUMPING HIS LEGS HARDER.

He's got to do this the old-fashioned way.

It's working, though.

The agents SHOUT IN THE DISTANCE.

They know they're going to lose him.

AGENT SIRLOIN is suddenly ATTACKED BY A CAT. He KNOCKS OVER SOME TRASH BAGS trying to get away from it.

Far behind them, someone else is starting to catch up.

It's Agent Kayfabe. He's on a bicycle he acquired through... let's call it "civil asset forfeiture." His face is red, swollen, and wet with tears.

KAYFABE

(chanting)

I'm NOT owned. I'm NOT owned!

He PEDALS LIKE HIS LIFE IS ON THE LINE.

Kayfabe pulls ahead of the other agents and RINGS THE BELL to get their attention. One at a time, they take RUNNING LEAPS onto the back of the bicycle, each of them climbing on top of the others.

Fastman glances over his shoulder to see them forming a human pyramid.

They're gaining on him.

They can't know this city half as well as he does. He'll lead them downtown and throw them off.

He turns a corner.

The agents follow him. The ones on the top level of the pyramid have to duck under some low-strung power lines.

He turns another corner.

There's a low bridge. They're going to hit it.

They gracefully duck under it just in time.

The street on the other side is full of grooves. Riding over it JOSTLES THE BICYCLE and makes all the agents VIBRATE.

OTHER AGENTS

Uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh.

Kayfabe can taste Fastman's fear. He SPEEDS UP.

KAYFABE

(snarling, muttering)

Gonna getcha, gonna tear your limbs off, kick your butt, dirty rotten freedom hating little monster...

He's sweaty enough to fill up the Mediterranean.

One of the other agents, hanging upside down, produces a small towel and tries to pat him dry.

Kayfabe's eyes are unfocusing. He GRUNTS AND GROANS AS IF CONSTIPATED AND ALSO DYING OF A HEART ATTACK.

The bicycle wobbles. The agents wobble with it.

## OTHER AGENTS

Whooooaaaaa!

The front tire HITS A POTHOLE.

The bike FLIPS OVER, DUMPING ALL THE AGENTS ON THE PAVEMENT.

Riprock grabs Kayfabe, trying to help him up while standing on one foot.

## RIPROCK

Agent Kayfabe, sir!

Kayfabe climbs up the front of Riprock's suit to snarl in his face.

## KAYFABE

(struggling to speak)

Agent... Riprock. Order... eleven.

(pointing)

You're in charge.

## RIPROCK

But... but sir...

## KAYFABE

Get. Him.

He COLLAPSES.

The agents look at each other.

They look at Fastman. They can see him slowing down.

## RIPROCK

(clapping twice)

Well, let's hop to it!

The others take off running, scattering in all directions and climbing over buildings. One of them walks on the power lines like a tightrope, SCARING AWAY SOME DOVES.

## EXT. DOWNTOWN - CONTINUOUS

The sun is climbing higher, but in this part of town, the shadows cast by taller buildings make it as dark as dusk.

Fastman has lost sight of the agents, but he's not about to stop moving now.

There's a subway station just ahead. He jogs towards it.

A garbage can next to the station suddenly POPS ITS TOP OFF. AGENT GORDO is hiding inside. The whole thing BREAKS APART and he STANDS UP, wearing it like a suit of armor.

Fastman veers away from the station. Agent Gordo STOMPS AFTER HIM, ARMOR CLANGING.

There's a tree growing out of the sidewalk now that they're in the part of town where there are actual sidewalks.

Inside a nearby restaurant, an agent is body surfing on a conveyor belt, holding a plate of sushi.

He THROWS IT LIKE A FRISBEE.

Rice and tuna COVER FASTMAN'S TRACK SUIT WITH A GOOEY SPLAT.

Agent Sirloin HANGS FROM THE TREE UPSIDE DOWN, holding the cat that attacked him earlier. He DROPS IT ON FASTMAN.

The cat scrambles all over Fastman, TRYING TO EAT ALL THE TUNA.

He KICKS something that looks like a parking meter. It's a fire hydrant. It BREAKS and SPEWS WATER ALL OVER HIM. The cat FUCKS RIGHT OFF.

Fastman turns to hear something BEEPING.

Agent Berenstein is DRIVING A FORKLIFT.

He is multitasking, holding the driver's manual in one hand and a dictionary on the other while his knuckles operate the steering wheel.

If Fastman stands there for another fifteen minutes, Berenstein might actually manage to run him over.

Fastman ducks into a network of dark alleys and almost runs right into Agent Riprock, who's holding some kind of real life rocket launcher. He FIRES... and misses. Fastman just kind of jogs out of the way.

The rocket HITS A WINDOW AND EXPLODES, KNOCKING RIPROCK OFF HIS FOOT.

From overhead, we can see more agents in adjacent alleys rushing to try and outmaneuver him.

This is similar to the cyberspace chase scene. It is a "callback," a writing technique that deliberately repeats or alludes to other content from earlier in the same story instead of making outside references to, for example, stupid internet memes. It is not an accident. It is not botched copy and paste. Try reading a book. Seriously.

EXT. TOURIST NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Fastman emerges into a touristy neighborhood full of tourist shit.

He runs past a popular department store and hides. We can hear THE STORE'S ANNOYING THEME SONG radiating from its front door. A bunch of agents run inside and START SMASHING THINGS. He's given them the slip.

There are DISTANT EXPLOSIONS from somewhere off screen.

Fastman glances around, confused.

The agents are chasing someone else, too.

Fastman has to make a quick decision here. On one hand, he could take his chances and run, but for how long? If the agents aren't distracted long enough to totally escape, he won't get another chance to rest.

On the other hand, if he and others share a common enemy, they could fight together, and win.

Fastman glances over his shoulder. There are a few agents still chasing after him, holding random shit like brooms, rakes, and scythes.

He shrugs off his indecision and keeps moving.

There's a huge temple up ahead.

Someone is definitely fighting the agents.

Someone, or something. It kind of looks like a DRAGON.

SWOOPING DOWN BETWEEN BUILDINGS, the dragon divebombs several agents, SPEWING FIRE BREATH.

Fastman slows down a little bit to admire how fast this dragon can move. Time slows down with him.

We can now clearly see that the dragon is more of a human girl with dragon wings. She is dressed as a maid; she is in fact a DRAGON MAID. It's a legitimate profession with reasonable pay and good benefits.

Her FIRE BREATH is chasing agents away from the temple. They run in slow motion, limbs flailing.

The flow of time returns to normal.

EXT. TEMPLE GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Fastman jogs towards the front steps of the temple...

...and BOUNCES OFF of something invisible.

He is stunned, but QUICKLY SHAKES IT OFF.

He approaches more calmly, hands outstretched to touch whatever he ran into.

His handprints SHIMMER WITH LIGHT that ripples outward along a dome-shaped surface. It seems to completely enclose the hill the temple is built on.

His crystal REACTS.

He holds it up to inspect it.

The closer he brings it to the forcefield, the BRIGHTER IT GLOWS. Even when he moves it away, it CONTINUES GLOWING.

Nearby EXPLOSIONS catch his attention. He doesn't have time for experimentation right now.

He crouches down like a sprinter, and then takes off jogging really fast.

EXT. TOURIST NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Half a block away, three agents are huddled together. AGENT MAGNUS is reading from a gigantic leather-bound tome. The other two supply him with a robe and wizard hat.

He raises his glowing staff and CHANTS SOMETHING IN ANCIENT SUMERIAN.

Massive THUNDERCLOUDS swirl overhead.

AGENT CLOVER looks up with concern.

CLOVER

Are ye shore ye're reading it  
c'rectly?

Before Magnus can reply, all of the windows in the building behind them EXPLODE, SPRAYING GLASS SHARDS EVERYWHERE.

Dragon Maid is trying to SWOOP DOWN on them. She has to REVERSE COURSE to avoid the glass.

A few shards CUT HER ANYWAY. She bites back a CRY OF PAIN.

Magnus grins at Clover.

MAGNUS  
Close enough for government--

He is KICKED IN THE HEAD.

It's Fastman. He SLAPS THE BOOK TO THE GROUND and starts STOMPING ON IT REALLY FAST.

Clover comes at him with a haymaker. He ducks under it to catch his arm and THROW HIM through a broken window.

Clover LANDS IN BROKEN GLASS, SCREAMING.

Magnus crawls along the sidewalk and reaches towards the book. Fastman KICKS HIM IN THE FACE, BREAKING HIS NOSE.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)  
Ow, fuck!

AGENT FOLEY backs him up. He pummels Fastman with RAPID JABS to the HEAD, CHEST, and GUT.

After the first few hits, Fastman BEGINS DEFLECTING EVERY BLOW. He trips Foley up with a LEG SWEEP and DODGES A LEFT HOOK.

Foley attempts a DOUBLE SLEDGEHAMMER. Fastman avoids it with a twisting BACK HANDSPRING, during which he PICKS UP THE BOOK. Foley CHARGES HIM and Fastman SLAMS THE BOOK CLOSED ON HIS FACE.

FOLEY  
(head stuck in book)  
Gmmm hmm mmph! Gmmmm mmm!

Clover reappears in a second story window carrying an armful of bricks.

He THROWS THEM LIKE CONFETTI. They RAIN DOWN ON FASTMAN.

Clover LAUGHS AND JEERS AT HIM.

Fastman kicks one of the bricks straight up like he's dribbling a soccer ball. He catches it and THROWS IT DIRECTLY INTO CLOVER'S FACE.

Dragon Maid peers over the edge of a flat rooftop as Fastman and the agents CONTINUE BASHING EACH OTHER'S HEADS IN from offscreen.

She is transfixed by this raw display of violence.

It's awakening something in her. Something kind of bad.

She clutches her hand to her chest and PANTS WITH AROUSAL.

More DISTANT EXPLOSIONS interrupt her gawking. Her head snaps around.

DRAGON MAID  
No! The temple!

She SWOOPS DOWN and HOVERS IN PLACE near the fight, wings FLAPPING SLOWLY to keep her aloft.

Fastman is swinging Foley's unconscious body overhead like a flail. He HITS MAGUNS IN THE GROIN. Magnus CRIES IN PAIN and passes out.

DRAGON MAID (CONT'D)  
You, in the creepy mask! Come with me if you're not an enemy.

Fastman stands there and looks at her.

FASTMAN  
What if I come, and then I am an enemy? How do you know?

DRAGON MAID  
(flustered)  
What... I... Never mind! Just follow me, quick!

She FLIES AWAY, towards the temple. Fastman watches her go and jogs after her.

EXT. TEMPLE GROUNDS - MOMENTS LATER

The NOISE OF A FORKLIFT'S ENGINE overpowers all other sound. Berenstein is back in the driver's seat. For some reason he's trying to LIFT UP THE ENTIRE TEMPLE, BARRIER AND ALL.

The ground RUMBLES as the soil inside the barrier glides upward a centimeter at a time.

A few SHRINE MAIDENS cower inside the temple grounds, helpless to stop the agents.

Agent Riprock climbs into the cabin next to Berenstein. He's holding the driver's manual.

He points to one of the pages and tries to EXPLAIN SOMETHING TO BERENSTEIN, but WHATEVER HE'S SAYING IS COMPLETELY UNINTELLIGIBLE OVER THE NOISE OF THE ROARING ENGINE.

Berenstein turns and looks at him.

BERENSTEIN  
(loudly)  
What?

Riprock tries to explain again, but is distracted. He does a double take at something off screen.

Fastman and Dragon Maid are BEATING THE SHIT OUT OF THE OTHER AGENTS.

RIPROCK  
(screaming)  
He's here!

Riprock hops out of the cabin and lunges ineffectually at Fastman, who ignores him and delivers a POWERFUL ROUNDHOUSE KICK to the forklift. It SPINS AROUND AND FALLS OVER.

The temple grounds DESCEND BACK INTO PLACE WITH A DEAFENING THUD.

The forklift SPEWS SMOKE. Its engine DIES.

Berenstein tries to wriggle out of the cabin.

Fastman does a flying KICK FLIP off of Agent Sirloin's face.

Riprock puts his thumb and forefinger in his mouth and WHISTLES REALLY LOUD.

METALLIC STOMPING answers his call. Agents Gordo and Clover are on the way, carrying Magnus and Foley on their backs. The book is still stuck to Foley's face.

Magnus brandishes his staff. It CRACKLES WITH ELECTRICITY.

The sky darkens.

A huge BALL OF LIGHTNING emerges from the head of the staff, taking a jagged, meandering path a few meters through the air before EXPLODING INTO A BOLT OF LIGHTNING.

It's aimed right at Fastman.

He leans to one side a little.

The lightning GLANCES OFF THE BARRIER and hits a truck, which EXPLODES.

Magnus CHARGES UP to fire again.

Riprock pulls Berenstein from the cabin of the forklift and hauls him away.

The next bolt HITS THE FORKLIFT. The EXPLOSION knocks Fastman off his feet. He tucks and rolls.

Dragon Maid is airborne. She tries to BREATHE FIRE on Magnus, but is repelled by Clover, throwing more BRICKS.

GORDO  
(gruffly)  
Hey, asshole, I'm wearing metal here! Can't you do something else?

MAGNUS  
I'm trying, all right?  
(gesturing)  
Bring him closer.

Clover leans over so Magnus can PAGE THROUGH THE BOOK, over MUFFLED COMPLAINTS FROM FOLEY.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)  
This one!

He BEGINS CHANTING.

Dragon Maid circles around for another pass.

Snow and ice SWIRL AROUND the wizard staff.

Dragon Maid SWOOPS DOWN IN ANOTHER DIVE.

From the head of the staff, a wave of cold EXPLODES OUTWARD WITH A LOUD CRACK.

Frost COVERS EVERYTHING IN SIGHT.

Dragon Maid's wings are FROZEN SOLID.

She tries to defrost them by BREATHING FIRE ON THEM, but there's just not enough time. She CRASHES THROUGH A BILLBOARD and lands unconscious in the street.

Ice SWIRLS AROUND the staff again, this time coalescing into HUGE, POINTY ICICLES.

Magnus SHOOTS AT HER...

...and Fastman ROLLS OVER HER, SCOOPING HER UP IN HIS ARMS. The icicles STRIKE PAVEMENT.

Dragon Maid is out cold.

Magnus SHOOTS ICICLES at them AGAIN AND AGAIN.

Fastman runs back and forth across the street, trying to get back to the temple.

He doesn't know if this next trick will work, but he's out of options.

He sticks his telepathic crystal INTO THE BARRIER like a key. It RESONATES WITH A HIGH-PITCHED TONE. A hole OPENS UP, circular, large enough to walk through.

Magnus grits his teeth.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

You're not walking away that easy.  
You picked the wrong nuts to crack.

Fastman ducks inside just as the hole in the barrier STARTS TO SHRINK...

...but not fast enough to dodge a final salvo of FLYING ICICLES. They hit him SQUARELY IN THE BACK.

Fastman FALLS TO HIS KNEES, losing his grip on Dragon Maid. She TUMBLES TO THE GROUND, still unconscious.

He COUGHS BLOOD into his hand, then TIPS OVER ON HIS SIDE.

He blacks out...

FADE TO:

EXT. CITY - MONTAGE

Outside the temple, the ice melts away and the thunderclouds disperse.

Day fades to night.

The city lights up once more, oblivious to the battle that has taken place.

Music fades in slowly, playing MONOTONOUS SYNTH SEQUENCES, like Morse code, over a SYNCOPATED BEAT.

Fastman stands in the middle of a busy street like a ghost, the traffic racing silently around him.

The moon swings overhead, mocking him. The sun follows it.

The traffic comes in a constant rush, no matter the hour.

His fingers curl in excruciating slow motion.

He can barely twitch a muscle.

Perhaps he is dead, and this is hell.

His feet start to move.

He is slow here, and everything else is fast.

The city speeds past him, buildings and all.

It blends together with every place he's ever been.

Goa. Giza. Hong Kong. Paris. Prague.

The world folds in on itself.

Still cursed with slow motion, he is running across a giant mockery of his own mask.

He falls through the polished black eye, into a dark void.

Beneath him floats an enormous tree. Around it is wrapped an equally enormous snake.

It looks up at Fastman with cartoonish black and white eyes, and its mouth opens into a gleeful shit-eating grin.

It unfurls from around the tree, its skin undulating.

It flies up to meet its prey.

Fastman is back in traffic, still running in slow motion. He cannot go any faster.

He's high in the sky now. Falling.

The snake takes a twisty path through the clouds.

Fastman puts one hand up to shield his eyes from the sun.

The snake approaches, vast enough to eat the world.

It BITES HIS ARM OFF.

His wound bleeds an ocean in bright, clashing tie-dye colors.

He's back in traffic with both arms. Still trying to run. Grasping at the air in front of him.

He's in the sky again. Or the ocean. Rays of sun shine down through the water and his psychedelic blood.

The snake comes back up underneath him, somehow bigger than ever. His limbs flail as he drowns.

He falls towards the darkness of the snake's endless gullet, powerless to avoid his fate.

END MONTAGE

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. TEMPLE COURTYARD - MORNING

In a perfectly manicured garden, a traditional bamboo shishi-odoshi FILLS UP WITH WATER.

It falls over with a BONK.

INT. TEMPLE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fastman wakes up.

He's on the floor, lying on his back in a mess of blankets. His hands find his chest covered in bandages, but at least he's still wearing his telepathic crystal. And his mask.

He sits up to look around.

It's a traditional sort of room. One he doesn't recognize. Paper thin walls with sliding panels for doors.

He climbs to his feet gingerly, EXHALING HEAVILY with the pain of his wounds.

He can't make too much noise. Dragon Maid is propped up in the corner as if to watch over him. Right now she's SNORING SOFTLY.

Fastman finds his discarded track jacket off the floor and holds it up to look through the gaping, bloodied hole in the back where the icicles struck him.

Something doesn't make sense. He reaches one hand behind his back and gingerly touches the site of the wound.

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN (O.S.)

That should heal faster if you stay  
a while.

Fastman's head snaps around. He glances down at Dragon Maid, who's still asleep, and SLIDES A DOOR OPEN to meet SATORI, a priestess. Her face is shrouded by an enormously wide brimmed hat, but her kimono is falling off her shoulders to reveal some slutty, slutty cleavage.

FASTMAN

Where is this?

Satori gently PAGES THROUGH A BOOK, tracing lines of text with her fingertips. Her gloves have the fingers cut out so she can feel the texture of the page.

SATORI

My temple. The place you helped defend while I was... out on business. One of my acolytes brought you inside for healing. She's very grateful you saved her life.

She indicates Dragon Maid with a lazy finger, but does not look up at Fastman.

He looks from one woman to the other.

The pages of the book catch his eye. He can't see any print.

FASTMAN

You're blind.

Satori puts a hand to her mouth and GASPS in mock surprise.

SATORI

Am I? Oh, I hadn't noticed...

She flashes a grin from under her gigantic hat. We can just see the edge of a blindfold on her face.

SATORI (CONT'D)

My acolytes are not. They noted that your damaged clothes are a common brand and have taken the liberty of finding replacements the same size.

Another maid approaches, her face bowed low to avoid eye contact. With both hands, she presents to him a neatly folded track jacket.

He accepts it. She curtsies even lower and walks backwards the way she came.

The jacket is identical to his old one. He SHRUGS IT ON.

In the room behind him, Dragon Maid SLUMPS OVER, BONKS HER HEAD ON THE WALL, and STARTLES HERSELF AWAKE.

She sees Fastman getting dressed and LEAPS TO HER FEET.

DRAGON MAID

W-wait! I...

As she approaches him, she catches sight of Satori and instantly drops into a curtsy, her head bowed.

DRAGON MAID (CONT'D)  
Lady Satori! My apologies.

SATORI  
At ease, dear.

She makes a slight gesture. Dragon Maid STANDS BACK UP.

SATORI (CONT'D)  
I'm not here to make pronouncements.  
Our guest was due to wake, and we'd  
begun a betting pool over whether  
his first words would be about the  
ceiling.

FASTMAN  
The ceiling?

Fastman looks over his shoulder, bewildered. It's just a ceiling.

SATORI  
(chuckling softly)  
As you can see, my side lost.

A maid approaches to take her book. Two more help her stand up without tripping over the long skirts of her kimono that are spread out all over the floor.

Dragon Maid tugs on Fastman's sleeve, trying to get him to bow and/or kneel.

He ignores her. He's staring at the book, a black and red hardcover. It's a 1984 printing of The Structure and Interpretation of Computer Programs.

FASTMAN  
A first edition...

Satori tilts her head slightly, then turns to face Dragon Maid with a smile.

SATORI  
He's quite well read for a tourist.

FASTMAN  
(instantly)  
I'm not a tourist.

SATORI  
Oh really?

He doesn't elaborate. He's busy trying to figure out where the fuck she got a Braille version of first edition SICP.

SATORI (CONT'D)

Well, whatever you are, we're all relieved you've saved the city...

Satori floats gracefully over to Dragon Maid.

SATORI (CONT'D)

And you're relieved of duty. Take some time off. You can show our guest around the temple.

DRAGON MAID

(curtseying)

As you command, Your Ladyship.

SATORI

Oh my. I do wonder what part of that I left unclear. Let's have a chat some other time.

DRAGON MAID

Yes, Your Ladyship.

As Satori leaves the room, she passes close by Fastman.

SATORI

(in a breathy whisper)

Try not to break her heart.

EXT. TEMPLE COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Dragon Maid leads Fastman on a leisurely stroll through the central courtyard. Unlike the pentagonal one in the Pentagon, this one is square.

Fastman looks around at a whole bunch of shrine maidens doing odd jobs like SWEEPING, DUSTING, POURING TEA, and CHURNING BUTTER.

Every last one of them is dressed in a classic French maid uniform with frilly white aprons, a poofy black dress, and those weird little hats.

FASTMAN

Why everyone is dressed like maids?

DRAGON MAID

(confused)

Um, we ARE maids.

He stares at her.

She looks at his track jacket. It's not zipped up all the way. He's shirtless underneath, leaving his collarbone exposed.

She swallows and averts her gaze.

Two maids walk past them carrying a large, decorated cauldron through an archway. Two guards, also dressed as maids, but also obviously ninjas, stop them and inspect the cauldron's contents.

Something on the other side of the archway catches Fastman's eye, but the guards CLOSE SOME HEAVY DOORS, blocking his view.

DRAGON MAID (CONT'D)

Oh, you can't go in there. Even I can't. It's off limits.

His head tilts back so he can see over the archway to the branches of a gigantic tree.

It looks very familiar.

Uncomfortably familiar.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DINING HALL - MOMENTS LATER

A large iron skillet HISSES ON THE STOVE. One of the maids is STIR FRYING some beef and broccoli.

Another maid scoops some very fluffy white rice ONTO A PLATE.

Someone else carefully, delicately positions some pieces of ginger on the plate in the shape of a cute rabbit.

Fastman and Dragon Maid SIT AT A DINING TABLE WITH THEIR PLATES.

DRAGON MAID

It's not bad, really, but I'm sure there's something else you'd like more, isn't there?

FASTMAN

This is good food.

He hasn't eaten any yet.

DRAGON MAID

Is it your favorite? Actually, we  
(MORE)

DRAGON MAID (CONT'D)  
 don't have this often, but I could  
 make it for you.

(shyly)  
 And instead of eating here, I could  
 bring it right to your room, and  
 then... and then...

She gets embarrassed and loses her train of thought.

Fastman's plate is empty.

FASTMAN  
 Did you become slowed down without  
 wings?

DRAGON MAID  
 My wings? Oh, no, they're fine now.

She tugs her braid away from the low-cut back of her dress.  
 Her wings sprout out of her back all at once, OPENING LIKE  
 UMBRELLAS and KNOCKING A BUNCH OF SHIT OFF THE TABLE.

Dragon Maid jumps to her feet and starts bowing  
 apologetically to the maids whose lunch she just ruined.

DRAGON MAID (CONT'D)  
 Sorry! I'm sorry! I know I'm not  
 supposed to open them inside. I  
 won't do it again!

INT. TEMPLE HALLWAY - LATER

They're walking through a hallway again. At the far end  
 there's an open door giving us a view of the warm summer  
 afternoon.

Dragon Maid is BABBLING AWAY. She starts to get self  
 conscious. She's just figured out that she can't tell exactly  
 where he's looking when he's wearing the mask that he  
 literally always wears.

Dragon Maid realizes they're standing right in front of her  
 bedroom. She flushes scarlet.

DRAGON MAID  
 Well, this is my room. Okay, good  
 night!

She quickly steps inside and SLIDES THE DOOR SHUT.

Fastman stands there for a moment, serenaded by the buzzing  
 cicadas.

He walks outside and jogs to the right, doing laps around the temple.

A second later, he reappears from the left. He keeps jogging.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - EVENING

In a dimly lit room, the sleeve of a kimono WHOOSHES over a mechanical keyboard.

A finger HITS A SWITCH. A CRT monitor HISSES TO LIFE.

The screen displays some text: "Welcome to GRUB!"

Satori TYPES ON THE KEYBOARD. Fastman and Dragon Maid stand behind her, illuminated only by the glow of the CRT.

The cursor changes to a dancing banana. Windows tile across the screen.

Every window shows a feed from a security camera outside the temple. Agents are visible from every angle, lurking behind bushes. Some are wearing mascot costumes over their suits, but we can still see their standard issue black sunglasses.

SATORI

I returned with my guards shortly after the two of you were carried inside for healing. Once these men saw how outnumbered they were, they fled. They've followed my acolytes outside, but haven't attacked them again. Quite odd.

FASTMAN

They are my enemies. Here to look for me.

SATORI

Hmmm. I'm told they attacked the temple before you arrived.

FASTMAN

To set traps for me. They did that many times chasing me in the city.

SATORI

And you think if you leave, they'll follow?

FASTMAN

Yes.

Satori SIGHS and taps her chin in thought.

Fastman tugs on the collar of his track jacket. Dragon Maid blushes.

FASTMAN (CONT'D)  
Are there more of these clothes?

EXT. TEMPLE GATE - LATER

Fastman SHOULDERS HIS BACKPACK as he heads for the front steps of the temple.

SATORI  
I wish you'd reconsider. We've made this place a paradise.

FASTMAN  
It has healed my body. Now I must replace something.

DRAGON MAID  
So replace it, then, but come right back!

FASTMAN  
I don't like the tree.

Satori's face slips into an uncomfortable frown. She FLIPS OPEN A PAPER FAN and starts FANNING HERSELF.

DRAGON MAID  
(crying a little)  
It's amazing how fast you are, but it worries me... There's this saying, you know. People who live fast all die young!

She uses a dainty lace handkerchief to BLOW HER NOSE.

Fastman tries to reassure her.

FASTMAN  
Being fast is a reward. For itself. I live the way I want and not have regrets.

She nods and wipes her own tears.

FASTMAN (CONT'D)  
We will meet again.

SATORI  
(looking away)  
Well, it's a shame, but everything  
is ready.

FASTMAN  
(nodding)  
Let's go.

EXT. TEMPLE STEPS - LATER

The barrier OPENS.

MAGNUS  
It's open again. Here they come.

A bunch of people jog out of the barrier. Each of them is dressed exactly like Fastman, mask and all.

Magnus crosses his legs. Kayfabe glares at him and SNAPS HIS FINGERS.

KAYFABE  
After them!

They hustle after the fastmen. Riprock falls behind and ends up just standing there on one foot.

The fastmen turn a corner. They're running behind the temple.

Kayfabe leads the pack, FEET POUNDING. He is brimming with confidence.

His enthusiasm is infectious. The other agents are increasingly hype for this shit. They're doing random cartwheels, leapfrogging each other, and knocking over pedestrians. One of them has a skateboard.

They're gaining ground.

The fastmen turn a corner again. They've gone almost all the way around the barrier.

Riprock starts counting them as they come back into view.

RIPROCK  
(mouthing)  
Yan, tan, tethera, pethera...

The barrier opens up again. All of the fastmen jog back inside.

The barrier closes right in front of Kayfabe.

The other agents all CRASH INTO HIM.

They FALL DOWN IN A PILE.

Riprock HOPS OVER TO THEM while they stand up one by one and straighten out their suits and ties.

RIPROCK (CONT'D)

(breathlessly)

Agent Kayfabe! Sir, there were more of them that went out than in... I mean, there were more of them before than when they came back... I mean, one of them went somewhere else!

Kayfabe picks his jaw up off the ground. He is THIS MAD.

KAYFABE

Rused again!

EXT. CITY - MONTAGE

The agents spread out all over the city to hunt Fastman down.

They run through busy intersections, causing TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS.

They pose as window washers and press their faces against the glass to look inside some offices.

They look under bushes and inside newspaper dispensers.

Agent Berenstein OPENS A TRASH CAN. Agent Gordo is inside.

BERENSTEIN

Oh. Sorry.

He CLOSES IT AGAIN.

Magnus and Clover walk under a bridge.

They neglect to look up. If they did, they'd see Fastman stretched out spreadeagle between the girders.

As soon as they're gone, he drops down and jogs away.

Kayfabe sits on a park bench wearing a trenchcoat and one of those stupid Groucho Marx disguises.

He TURNS THE PAGE IN HIS NEWSPAPER.

Behind him, Fastman jogs right past the bench.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. PLAYGROUND - EARLY MORNING

Berenstein huddles behind a bush, staring at a guy in a navy blue track suit.

He fidgets nervously.

Agents Kayfabe and Riprock appear next to him and PEEK THROUGH THE BUSH.

They all stare intently, like they can glare a hole in his back. Well, Kayfabe probably could, but only in the dark.

They start WHISPERING OVER EACH OTHER.

RIPROCK

I'm not sure that's him.

BERENSTEIN

Yeah? No, it's... It's him. It's gotta be him. It's him. Look.

KAYFABE

He's just...

Kayfabe silently rehearses his words before actually saying them.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)

...crouching there.

BERENSTEIN

That's, no sir, he's doing squats.

KAYFABE

He doesn't appear to be.

Berenstein gesticulates, agitated.

RIPROCK

He's not... moving?

BERENSTEIN

I said he's doing squats, and he's doing squats.

RIPROCK

Squats are an exercise. It's not just one squat.

KAYFABE

He is in a squatting... position.

(beat)

Who's your training supervisor? I have a complaint to file.

BERENSTEIN

The guy's gotta be Russian, right?

CLOVER

Really?

GORDO

Lotta tourists.

BERENSTEIN

Budapest. Remember Budapest? With all those music guys and the thing?

KAYFABE

Yes. You were very observant.

GORDO

He didn't SOUND Russian.

BERENSTEIN

(pointing)

Those guys all dressed like he does and they did the squats. That guy is Russian. I'm certain of it.

KAYFABE

Agent Berenstein, are you...

(very softly)

Are you being racist?

Riprock HOPS over to the suspect.

The man's eyes are wide open.

He waves a hand in front of the guy's face.

No response. It's just a corpse.

An empty glass bottle FALLS FROM HIS HAND and ROLLS AWAY.

RIPROCK

Oh, this man's dead.

He looks at the other agents. Kayfabe and Berenstein are in a Serious Conversation. They both have chairs now. Kayfabe's is turned around so he can straddle the seat back.

RIPROCK (CONT'D)

(louder)

He's dead, sir!

All the other agents climb over the bushes. Berenstein lags behind the others, head hung in shame.

They all join Riprock and crowd over the body.

GORDO  
Wow. Look at that. 'Sgotta be  
alcohol poisoning.

KAYFABE  
(picking up the bottle)  
Vodka.

BERENSTEIN  
I TOLD you!

CLOVER  
Where's his mask?

GORDO  
He coulda ditched it.

RIPROCK  
No, the shoes are different. See? He  
had those plastic sandal things. You  
can't wear them on an escalator.

GORDO  
Ohhhhh. Oh yeah.

RIPROCK  
Actually, what size are these?

Kayfabe leaves the huddle, pinching the bridge of his nose to  
relieve a headache. He recycles the vodka bottle like a  
responsible adult.

Riprock HOPS OVER TO KAYFABE, looking frustrated.

KAYFABE  
It's not him.

Riprock nods.

Behind them, Clover has picked up the dead man's cap. He  
clutches it to his stomach and crosses himself. Gordo is  
teaching Berenstein how to do squats.

RIPROCK  
What's our next move, sir?

Kayfabe scans the horizon. There's not another soul to be  
seen at this hour.

He adjusts his suit, straightens his tie, and paces in  
circles around Riprock. Counterclockwise, obviously.

KAYFABE  
Agent Riprock, we represent the  
United States of America.

Riprock puts his hand on his heart.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)

We are among her best qualified, most highly trained operatives. The pride and joy of our democracy... excuse me... our republic. We have a reputation to uphold. Up to now, the subject has outmaneuvered us with cheap diversionary tactics...

He waves vaguely at the body. The other agents are putting it in the Family Guy death pose.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)

But, after all, he is not from our great country. There is something we have that he does not...

(beat)

...The bottom line is, we have to work smarter, not harder. We have to...

(suddenly onto something)

We have to put ourselves in his shoes. Figure out what it is he wants that we can use against him.

His stiff, regimented posture loosens up into boastful swagger.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)

Riprock, you are a very good agent. At times, I think to myself, if you weren't around I wouldn't have a leg left to stand on.

RIPROCK

Sir?

KAYFABE

The other day, you said something to me that's been stuck in my head this whole time. I've just worked out how to use it. We'll outmaneuver him yet.

(beat)

Of course, we'll have to do it quick. He could be anywhere.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - AFTERNOON

A high speed train ROCKETS THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE.

Through the windows, we see passengers reading, eating boxed lunches, and scrolling on their phones.

Meanwhile, on the roof of the train, Fastman is lying facedown. Planking.

The wind WHIPS AT THE HOOD OF HIS TRACK JACKET.

It doesn't seem to bother him. He is holding so still that he could be asleep.

A faint BEEPING from his watch, a Casio F91-W, prompts him to look up.

His surroundings here are already far more urbanized, and the train is approaching what looks like a station.

He tilts his body to one side and then ROLLS OFF THE ROOF, spinning wildly in mid-air as he falls.

He ROLLS diagonally down a grassy hill, LEAPS back into the air, and HITS THE GROUND RUNNING.

Things are a little different in this city. He jogs past pedestrians who totally saw him do all that. They don't seem bothered by it. One of them is wearing a horse mask.

This is just the place to be if he's going to keep a low profile. Only, he can't stand out by moving too fast.

EXT. STREETS - MONTAGE

Fastman slows from a jog to more of a strut as the comfy synthwave picks up.

There's a street food vendor ahead. He ducks under a tiny curtain and sits on a stool, CHATTING AMICABLY WITH THE LOCALS, their conversation unintelligible over the music.

He leaves again, carrying a tray full of what might look like donut holes if you didn't know they were fried octopus.

He tugs the hood of his track jacket down over his head and walks for a while.

He's not far from downtown, but the skyline here is nowhere near as high, close, or oppressive as in the other city, not that it ever bothered him.

He sits on a bench to eat his snacks with a toothpick.

He's done in no time.

He goes to a vending machine and buys some canned coffee to wash it all down.

A stranger in a weird costume joins him and tries telling some jokes. Again, their conversation is inaudible over the music.

Fastman planks on top of a newspaper dispenser. The stranger tries to do the same on top of the one next to it. He can't keep his arms and legs straight and keeps laughing at his own failure.

The two of them part ways.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. CANAL - EARLY MORNING

By the time Fastman reaches the canal, the sun is coming up.

It's strangely quiet now. The remains of some kind of celebration are scattered all over the streets. Here and there, public works employees PICK UP LITTER from the sidewalks.

Fastman crosses a bridge and stops to admire a famous neon sign. It depicts a running man, hands raised skyward in triumph, perhaps because he's just won a race. His smile towers over the canal. He is the guardian spirit of this entire city.

Fastman lifts one foot and strikes the same pose, as if saluting him.

EXT. SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

A dingy little computer parts store is tucked away under the flashy signs and buildings that crowd this neighborhood.

From inside, someone UNLOCKS THE DOOR and OPENS UP SHOP.

The front door SWINGS OPEN, SHRIEKING HORRIBLY.

WARUTO, the shopkeeper, comes outside. He speaks with the halting drawl of a Kansai native who learned English from Australians. I cannot adequately describe what this sounds like. I tried writing his dialogue phonetically but couldn't do it justice. Please use your imagination.

Waruto greets Fastman with a friendly smile and a tip of his outback hat.

WARUTO  
Mister, you don't waste ANY time.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

The door CLOSES behind Fastman, BELL JINGLING. Fastman stands there at the counter while Waruto goes to find the item he's after.

The shop is cramped and strewn with old stuff. The lights are those LED strings stuck in clear glass bulbs so they look like incandescent tech from 1903. They don't help at all.

A bunch of computer parts are suspended from the ceiling with twine. They are actually wired together into a computer. It's running. We can tell by the blinking LEDs.

Waruto sets a laptop down on the counter with a hefty THUMP.

WARUTO  
I did not imagine we would ever sell  
this one. It was on the shelf for  
more than ten years. It was here  
when I started this job.

On the wall is a photo of Waruto as a teenager next to a man with a chonmage haircut.

Fastman UNLATCHES the laptop. It's a ThinkPad T400 with a Core 2 Duo and 4GB of RAM. The display aspect ratio is a comfortable 16:10 and it even has a FireWire port.

He OPENS it and TRIES OUT THE KEYBOARD. The keys respond with SATISFYING THOCKS. He quickly CLOSES IT again.

WARUTO (CONT'D)  
You took a long trip to get here.

FASTMAN  
I was there. This was here.

WARUTO  
I meant, you could have saved  
yourself the trip. You could get a  
laptop faster than this one.

FASTMAN  
No.

He leaves it at that and continues his inspection. Waruto stops trying to chat him up and just watches.

Fastman works quickly. He REMOVES THE BATTERY to check for cracks or corrosion, then OPENS THE DRIVE BAY to inspect the internal drive. It's an SSD. 256GB should be enough for anybody.

He reassembles everything, plugs in a USB flash drive, and powers on the laptop while MASHING ONE OF THE KEYS. It boots into a command prompt.

He runs diagnostics. A deluge of scrolling text reflects off the shiny black eyes of Fastman's alien mask. He watches, not moving a muscle.

Through the door, we can see a distant figure in a black suit crossing the street. Coming closer.

The laptop emits a PRIMITIVE BEEP.

FASTMAN (CONT'D)  
I'll take it.

The door SHRIEKS AGAIN to herald another customer.

WARUTO  
Ah, irasshaimase!

It's Agent Kayfabe. He prowls dangerously towards the counter.

Fastman and his newly acquired laptop are nowhere to be seen.

KAYFABE  
(in a TERRIBLE accent)  
Konnnichi wa.

WARUTO  
You mean "ohayou," right?

KAYFABE  
(sic)  
Sou desu ka. Mou asa desu ne.

WARUTO  
Are you English? American?

KAYFABE  
American, yeah.

WARUTO  
I like English.

KAYFABE  
Me too. That makes things easier.  
Maybe you can help me out. You see,  
I'm looking for a man...

Waruto's eyebrows go up.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)  
A man who is... fast.

The gears turn inside Waruto's head. When he realizes Kayfabe is talking about Fastman, his eyes involuntarily flicker towards a likely hiding place inside a large metal container.

Kayfabe smiles knowingly and saunters merrily towards the container. He LIFTS THE LID... to find some magazines tied in bundles. Probably all burnable trash.

He CLOSES THE LID.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)  
This is a nice shop you've got here.  
Lots of old... devices.

Kayfabe leans close to the counter. He towers over Waruto.

Waruto looks up at him and smiles a little nervously.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)  
Lots of... laptops.

Kayfabe shifts his posture slightly, moving one hand up to grab his bicep and bending his knee in a classic bodybuilder pose. He FLEXES HIS MUSCLES.

Waruto looks down in surprise at Kayfabe's bulging muscles, then looks back up smiling a little less nervously.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)  
Not a lot of shops carry those  
nowadays.

Kayfabe switches poses to FLEX HARDER. His muscles are in danger of ESCAPING FROM HIS SUIT.

Waruto grins widely and nods a little, cheering him on.

Kayfabe grins right back.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)  
You're smiling.

WARUTO  
Yeah. Y-you look very strong.

KAYFABE  
This is supposed to intimidate you.  
Most people would be intimidated,  
but you're smiling. Yes, I'm also  
(MORE)

KAYFABE (CONT'D)  
smiling. But I know why I'm smiling.  
I don't know why you're smiling.

Waruto looks like he's trying to swallow his own lips. Maybe he should change the subject.

WARUTO  
Do you want to look around?

KAYFABE  
Don't miiind if I dooooo.

He stalks his way up and down aisle after aisle of old electronics crap.

There are robot dogs, answering machines, commercial tape rewinders, rubber ball mice with the balls missing, and huge piles of unsold Sega consoles from the 90s.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)  
The man I'm after was seen holding a laptop. A strange sight, very strange indeed outside of offices, or schools.

Every time he gets close to Fastman's current hiding place, the camera moves just far enough for Fastman to disappear offscreen and reappear somewhere else.

WARUTO  
Offices here use a lot of things.  
They use fax machines.

KAYFABE  
So I've heard.

He finds the one empty shelf in the store where the fax machines used to be; they're all sold out.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)  
However, the man in question is not from around here. He doesn't have a job, and he's not in school. A colleague of mine suggested it's a matter of personal preference, implying...

He circles back around to the front desk.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)  
...Implying he'll try to replace what he's lost...

His smile is looking more and more sinister.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)  
...Which brings us here.

He holds up his index finger. There's dust on the tip.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)  
That shelf over there was home to an item that hadn't been moved in some time... Quite some time. And now it's gone. I wonder when that happened?

Waruto GULPS.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)  
You've seen him, haven't you? Just in the last day or two. Could have come in right before I did.

WARUTO  
I... I don't...

KAYFABE  
How old was that dust? Tell me, or not. Either way, I'll know.

He LICKS HIS FINGER and starts SMACKING HIS LIPS. His thoughtful expression turns to extreme disgust. He shudders.

Fastman swings down from the ceiling and KICKS HIM IN THE FACE.

He stumbles backwards. Fastman follows up with a ROUNDHOUSE KICK. Kayfabe fails to block it and CRASHES THROUGH A SHELF FULL OF MODEL M KEYBOARDS.

Fastman bolts for the exit, but Kayfabe THROWS A KEYBOARD INTO THE HANDLE, jamming the door shut.

Fastman YANKS ON IT once, hard. He can't pry it loose fast enough.

He spins just in time to see Kayfabe swinging another keyboard like a baseball bat.

The IMPACT sends him FLYING ACROSS THE ROOM. He lands on an Nvidia GPU the size of a car and rolls over the top.

Kayfabe runs up to the GPU and tries to push it over. He GROANS with the effort.

Fastman drops to the ground and SLIDES UNDER IT, attempting a LEG SWEEP, but Kayfabe JUMPS BACK. He manages to grab Fastman's ankle.

Fastman scrambles to grab onto anything within reach as he is HAULED INTO THE OPEN.

Kayfabe FLINGS HIM ACROSS THE ROOM, BREAKING GLASS somewhere offscreen.

Waruto ducks, dares to peek over the top of the counter, and ducks again, one hand on his hat.

Kayfabe runs towards Fastman, grabbing at him. Fastman BACKFLIPS ONTO A SHELF and then JUMPS UP TO THE RAFTERS.

Kayfabe can't reach that high. He ROARS and SMASHES OPEN a random crate. A bunch of CDs spill out. They're labeled "America Online."

He wields the CDs like throwing stars and THROWS THEM AT FASTMAN, who dodges by swinging between the rafters like monkey bars.

Kayfabe THROWS THE ENTIRE CRATE. It knocks Fastman down. The CDs go absolutely everywhere.

Kayfabe climbs up on one of the shelves, knocking a bunch of shit over. He goes for an elbow drop. Fastman dodges with a backwards roll.

He runs up a wall, flips over, pushes off with his hands, and tucks his arms in, spinning like a figure skater for a flying MISSILE DROPKICK that drives Kayfabe against another shelf.

Some CRT monitors fall off the top of the shelves. One lands on Kayfabe's head like a helmet.

Green lightning arcs all over it. The screen lights up to show a pixelated image of Kayfabe's face, twisting into a pixelated scowl.

Fastman has the power cable. He PLUGS IT IN.

The lights in the shop flicker as Kayfabe is ELECTROCUTED. He SCREAMS. The fuse box POPS OPEN, and one by one, the fuses EXPLODE.

Fastman carefully removes the Model M keyboard from the handle of the front door and returns it to what's left of the shelf. He shoulders his backpack.

Waruto peeks over the counter. His eyes go wide as Fastman SLAPS DOWN A FAT GOLD COIN.

WARUTO

I... I can't make change for that.

FASTMAN

Keep the extra. For the trouble.

He turns to leave through the front door... and halts at the sound of SCREECHING TIRES.

Through the glass, we can see a cargo truck drift down the street sideways. It SKIDS TO A STOP, almost tipping over, and starts BEEPING to signal that it's shifted into reverse.

The truck accelerates hard toward the storefront.

FASTMAN (CONT'D)

Is there a rear door?

Waruto pockets the gold and takes off running, holding onto his hat. Fastman is close behind.

The front entrance EXPLODES INWARD, RAINING DEBRIS EVERYWHERE.

The truck's back door ROLLS UP. Agents leap out and storm the shop.

EXT. NARROW ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The space behind the shop is cramped and claustrophobic. A self-serve parking lot with three tiny parking spots is enclosed by tall buildings on all sides. An open stairwell looms overhead.

Steel double doors are set into a brick wall. With a BANG, one of them FLIES OFF ITS HINGES. Fastman tumbles through the doorway after it. He rolls and springs back upright.

Waruto stands in the doorway holding a severed door handle. He shrugs, drops it, and runs after Fastman.

They head for the street -- and skid to a halt at the sight of Agents Gordo and Foley rounding the corner.

Waruto glances around frantically, hiding behind Fastman. They're cornered.

Gordo charges in like a locomotive.

Fastman catches him in a sumo grapple.

They STRUGGLE.

Waruto backs up until he BUMPS INTO A CAR.

Foley can't see him through the book on his face, but he hears him. He RUNS TOWARDS WARUTO.

Waruto tries to hide. He STEPS ON A GRATE and FALLS INTO A STORM DRAIN, SCREAMING.

Foley RUNS INTO A VENDING MACHINE and knocks himself out.

Agents stream out of the shop's back door, led by Berenstein. Magnus and a few others appear at the entrance to the alley.

Berenstein stops, arms outstretched, to block the agents behind him.

BERENSTEIN  
Wait! He's got this.

Gordo GROANS WITH EXERTION, pushing Fastman back...

...and Fastman DIGS IN HIS HEELS. Gordo's GROAN becomes a CRY OF CONFUSION as Fastman lifts him into the air and THROWS HIM at Berenstein.

Gordo ROLLS into the other agents, TOPPLING THEM LIKE BOWLING PINS.

Fastman runs towards them. He dives down to avoid a LIGHTNING BOLT from Magnus, burpees back to his feet, and runs over the top of the agent pile without missing a beat.

At the far end of the alley, the buildings are closer together. It's a tight enough squeeze for Fastman to walljump.

He JUMPS BACK AND FORTH between the open stairwell and the opposite wall.

He's gaining height. If he can reach the top, he's out.

Magnus tilts his staff upward and FIRES AGAIN. He doesn't hit Fastman...

...but he didn't need to. The air condenses and darkens above the alley, FORMING A THUNDERCLOUD.

It CRACKLES WITH LIGHTNING.

Fastman SKIDS TO A HALT on a landing near the top of the stairwell. The lightning REFLECTS on the eyes of his mask. He hesitates.

A bolt of lightning ARCS OUT OF THE CLOUD. He DODGES, but the metal railings CONDUCT IT. Fastman gets ZAPPED and FALLS TO ONE KNEE.

Magnus TWISTS THE STAFF. The lightning SHUTS OFF WITH A SHORT BUZZ.

The other agents are back on their feet by now. A few of them are CLIMBING ONTO the stairwell.

The remaining agents start RUNNING UP THE STAIRS.

Two of the climbers do some SICK PARKOUR on the outside of the stairwell and reach the landing where Fastman is.

They flank him. He's already back on his feet. They start trying to punch him.

He sidesteps a few punches, ducks under others, and gets them to PUNCH EACH OTHER.

Another agent comes up from the stairs and jumps on his back.

Fastman SMASHES HIM AGAINST A WINDOW and then THROWS HIM OFF THE RAILING.

The agent falls, SCREAMING, but someone on the stairwell grabs his hand. He CRASHES INTO THE RAILING and then climbs back in to rejoin the chase.

Clover pops in from above Fastman. He grabs him by the lapels.

CLOVER

It's time to face... the pavement!

Fastman grabs Clover's wrists and rolls onto his back, PULLING THE AGENT ON TOP OF HIM, and simultaneously brings his feet up to KICK HIM THROUGH THE WINDOW, SMASHING THE GLASS.

CLOVER (CONT'D)

AAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

Fastman dives through after him.

The other agents CLAMBER BACK UP THE STAIRWELL.

INT. SMALL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Fastman rolls forward and stands right back up.

He's in some kind of tiny office, surrounded by boxes of documents.

The door is all glass. He tries the handle. Locked.

Clover is still lying face down behind him.

Fastman picks him up by the back of the head and SMASHES HIS FACE THROUGH THE DOOR.

Clover wakes up and SCREAMS SOME MORE.

CLOVER  
Ahh!!! Ahh, bloody murder!

Fastman leaves the office and runs down the hallway, still carrying Clover.

Behind him, agents start climbing in through the window.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Fastman comes to a part of the hallway that's sort of a balcony. The whole wall is a plate glass window overlooking the front lobby from two stories up.

He stops running and scopes it out. Below, in the lobby, there's a chandelier, and below that, a fountain.

He looks back the way he came. He can hear AGENTS SHOUTING, and rapid footsteps.

He hefts Clover, who is SOBBING, and SMASHES HIS FACE THROUGH THE BALCONY WINDOW.

CLOVER  
Jaaaaaney Mack! What the hell's your problem?

Fastman doesn't answer. He drops Clover onto the chandelier. Some of the glass BREAKS. The whole thing RATTLES.

CLOVER (CONT'D)  
Aaahh!!!

Then he JUMPS ON CLOVER'S BACK.

CLOVER (CONT'D)  
AAAHHHHHHH!!!!

The chandelier BREAKS FREE OF THE CEILING and falls, CRUSHING THE FOUNTAIN UNDERNEATH IT. Glass SCATTERS EVERYWHERE.

Fastman steps down off of Clover's unconscious body and jogs towards the building's front entrance.

Agents reach the broken window. Some of them run around looking for another way down. Gordo just jumps down, LANDING ON CLOVER, who SCREAMS LIKE ONE OF THOSE CHICKEN-SHAPED CHEW TOYS FOR DOGS.

Just as Fastman reaches the revolving doors, a shadow passes over the pavement outside.

He REVOLVES OUT THROUGH THE DOOR, and instead of actually exiting, COMES RIGHT BACK INSIDE and runs past Gordo.

GORDO

HEY!

Outside the building, an enormous tanker truck falls from the sky. It SLAMS INTO THE ENTRANCE and EXPLODES.

The blast KNOCKS FASTMAN TO THE GROUND.

Burning wallpaper rains down behind him.

He lifts his head up out of the debris, shakes himself off, and ROLLS TO ONE SIDE to avoid having his face SMASHED IN BY A FLOWER POT.

There are still agents up on the balcony. They're raiding rooms for random stuff and THROWING IT DOWN AT FASTMAN: Printers, suitcases, fire extinguishers, and ceramic cat statues.

Fastman keeps rolling to avoid all that shit. He rolls all the way under the front desk of the reception area.

A few more agents have reached the ground floor by now. They're running over to the desk.

Fastman KICKS the desk up into the air. It flips over on one agent's head and TAKES HIM OUT.

Agent Foley stands over Fastman and flails at him blindly, trying to punch him.

Fastman DEFLECTS EVERY PUNCH with his crocs.

Behind them, the elevator DINGS, and the doors SLIDE OPEN.

Inside the elevator, a lion ROARS.

Sirlon is fending it off with a steel chair.

He throws some cat treats in Fastman's general direction. The lion TAKES OFF RUNNING.

Fastman KICKS FOLEY IN THE HEAD and SENDS HIM FLYING.

He stands up slowly. The lion is almost on him.

He BACKFLIPS INTO THE AIR and onto the lion.

He's riding it now. Trying to run down the agents.

They scatter.

Gordo gives Sirloin a piggyback ride and starts running towards the lion.

Fastman steers the lion towards the elevator -- and towards Gordo and Sirloin.

The elevator doors start to close.

Fastman WHIPS OUT HIS THINKPAD.

Sirlon wields the steel chair like a lance.

They JOUST.

The chair EXPLODES IN SIRLOIN'S HANDS. He stares in disbelief at the mangled piece of debris in his hand.

Fastman throws his ThinkPad like a frisbee.

It JAMS THE DOORS OPEN on the elevator.

He pulls back on the lion's mane. The lion SKIDS TO A HALT...

...and Fastman LEAPS OFF OF ITS BACK, diving into the elevator.

In slow motion, he twists in mid air to catch the ThinkPad in his backpack.

The doors CLOSE BEHIND HIM.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Muffled LION ROARS and HUMAN SCREAMS trickle into the elevator.

The motor HUMS. Going up.

Fastman relaxes a little. He shifts his weight from foot to foot.

The elevator BEEPS on the second floor.

The doors OPEN. AGENTS HUCK AND VENGA rush inside.

Fastman is quick with his PEPPER SPRAY.

He only gets one.

Agent Huck immediately VOMITS ON THE ELEVATOR FLOOR.

The doors CLOSE behind them.

Agent Venga starts THROWING PUNCHES.

Fastman BLOCKS THEM ALL.

Venga SLIPS on Huck's vomit. He RUNS INTO THE WALL face-first.

Fastman JUMPS ON VENGA'S BACK. His legs snap around Venga's neck in a sleeper hold.

Venga struggles to throw him off. He starts BANGING INTO MORE WALLS.

Fastman gets a couple squirts of pepper spray right inside Venga's sunglasses. Venga SCREAMS.

Huck is back on his feet. He FLAILS BLINDLY.

Fastman DISMOUNTS. He stands on the waist-high handrail while Huck and Venga start BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF EACH OTHER.

He scurries around to the front to reach the buttons. He pushes one with his foot, making it BEEP.

The agents both react, SLAM INTO THE BUTTONS, and resume trying to tear each other's throats out.

Fastman hits another button.

The agents both start WAILING ON THE CONTROL PANEL.

They forget they were fighting each other. They just start MASHING A BUNCH OF BUTTONS.

He KNOCKS THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.

They PASS OUT ON THE FLOOR.

The elevator BEEPS AGAIN. The doors OPEN.

INT. OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Fastman steps out into an office area filled with cubicles. He crouches down below the dividers and starts creeping around.

Above him, an air vent opens VERY QUIETLY in the ceiling. Several agents crawl out of the vent on all fours, like spiders. Four-legged spiders.

One of them is right above Fastman. He waits for just the right moment, and drops down...

...only to get KICKED IN THE FACE FROM BELOW.

Fastman turns his BACK HANDSPRING into a mid-air twist. He LANDS ON A DESK.

The other agents all DROP FROM THE CEILING, landing on their feet. The guy who got kicked DUSTS HIMSELF OFF.

Fastman is surrounded again, but he's ready for them.

Fastman whips out his pepper spray, and with his free hand, points his crystal upward. The crystal emits a RED BEAM.

He sprays through the laser, IGNITING IT WITH A WHOOSH, and WIELDS THE COMBINED ITEMS AS A FLAMETHROWER.

Agent Berenstein TAKES THE FULL BLAST RIGHT IN THE FACE.

BERENSTEIN  
Noooo! Not again! Aaarrrrughrgrh!

His entire suit is ENGULFED IN FLAMES.

He TEARS ASS across the room, limbs flailing, running fast enough to KICK UP RANDOM PAPERS in his wake.

Finally he SMASHES THROUGH A PLATE GLASS WINDOW.

EXT. CANAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

Berenstein FALLS, SHRIEKING, INTO THE CANAL, where he LANDS WITH A HUGE SPLASH.

Water RAINS DOWN all over the sidewalks.

Then, from under the water, Berenstein EXPLODES.

INT. OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

The agents start picking up random items from around the office to use as weapons.

One of them GRABS A FAX MACHINE.

Another takes a jug of water out of a water cooler. It SPILLS ALL OVER HIS SHOES AND THE CARPET.

AGENT CLOVER wields a raw potato as threateningly as he can. He TAKES A BITE OF THE POTATO. What a badass.

The guy with the water TRIES TO POUR IT on Fastman so he can't do the flamethrower thing again. He SLIPS IN A PUDDLE and CRASHES INTO SOME FILING CABINETS.

Another one tries to hit him with a microwave. Fastman KICKS IT and it BOUNCES OFF ALL THREE AGENTS. Some of them COLLAPSE.

While we weren't looking, Agent Clover fell facedown on the floor. He's been defeated by food poisoning.

Fastman grabs an Ethernet cable from the wreckage of one of the desks.

It CLICKS INTO THE ETHERNET PORT on his T400.

He hefts the resulting weapon like a ball and chain.

He SWINGS IT AROUND. It WHIRLS overhead.

The agents try to back away. One of them bumps into a table, turning it, just like Fastman turned the tables in this fight.

He SWINGS AT AN AGENT, who dodges. It SMASHES THROUGH A DESK AND ALSO THE FLOOR.

He WHIRLS the ThinkPad, winding up, and SWINGS AGAIN. Three agents DO THE LIMBO underneath it.

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