

BRAND ENFORCERS 2120

An Original Screenplay by

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OVER BLACK

Minor key synth music FADES IN, pulsing. RED TEXT in a 1980's-retro futuristic font flashes up ON SCREEN:

"One hundred years in the future, corporations have colluded and consolidated their power, becoming de facto governments.

"These corporations exert their control over the populace through their intellectual property and BRANDED CONTENT. Your allegiance to a particular brand can dictate not just what content you consume, but your whole life.

"To protect the integrity of their intellectual property, the corporate collusionary governments employ agents to investigate theft, misuse, and disrespect of their most precious resource: brands.

"These operatives are known as...

"BRAND ENFORCERS."

FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - FLYOVER - NIGHT

"LOS ANGELES. YEAR 2120."

We CYCLE THROUGH shots of the dystopian, festering, future Los Angeles. It looks like a Blade Runner theme park: FLYING CARS, PURPLE NEON, and IMPOSING OBSIDIAN SKYSCRAPERS. And ADS everywhere. On buildings. On the side of the road. Flying through the sky. Oppressive POP-UPS everywhere you turn. Every inch of available space has been taken up by advertising.

The URBAN SPRAWL goes forever in every direction as a RED-TINTED HAZE OF POLLUTION hangs over the sky.

GOODSTEEL (V.O.)

When you've been enforcing brands as long as I have, in a city like this, you learn a few things about human nature. About order and chaos. About how there's only a thin line between a law-abiding citizen who lives his life and respects the brands, values order. Until chaos gets him and pretty soon he's got his hands all over unauthorized pictures of Spongebob having sex with Garfield.

ANGLE ON: the SEA WALL. Huge TIDAL WAVES batter an ENERGY SHIELD on the coastline protecting the city from climate disaster. The beach no longer exists. We pull away from the ocean and PAN BACK OVER towards the city skyline.

GOODSTEEL (V.O.)
Sounds like no big deal, right?
Yeah, maybe not. But then soon
enough Odie's joined in. Jon
Arbuckle. Kramer from Seinfeld and
Clone Kramer from Seinfeld 2. Then
where does it stop? The brands are
order. Sure, they represent the
Corporations. But they represent
us. And what we could be. The best
humanity has to offer. And it's up
to me to protect them. By any means
necessary. It's all I've ever done.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - CONTINUOUS

From the far out in the SKYLINE we TRUCK ALL THE WAY IN to find a DIRTY, DINGY STREET CORNER downtown, bathed in RED NEON LIGHT. Hover bikes and delivery cars float by as MOX GOODSTEEL, late 40's, steps into view, looking like the cyberpunk version of a Raymond Chandler hero. He wears a futuristic trench coat and a futuristic shitty old tie and futuristic fedora. He looks beat up and rusty and unshaven. He hits his vape and starts walking.

GOODSTEEL (V.O.)
I'm Special Agent Mox Goodsteel.
Been a Brand Enforcer for twenty-
eight years. You'd think this job'd
gotten easier by now. But every day
it finds a new way to break you.

Goodsteel approaches two PUNKS leaning up against a building. They're vaping through their DEADPOOL MASKS. He almost passes them, then stops.

GOODSTEEL
Hey! You two. Yeah. You. You got a
license to wear those masks?

PUNK 1
Huh?

GOODSTEEL

The Deadpool masks. Do you have the express and written consent of the Northrop-Grumman-Marvel-Walt Disney Corporation to be a licensed Deadpool Ambassador?

PUNK 1

A what?

GOODSTEEL

Take those masks off. Now.

PUNK 2

Take your pig mask off, pig.

GOODSTEEL

Why would a pig wear a pig mask?

The two punks PULL GUNS and point them at Goodsteel. He doesn't flinch.

PUNK 2

Maybe he doesn't want people to know he's a pig. So he fools them by wearing a pig mask. So nobody thinks that's how he really looks underneath.

GOODSTEEL

Now I understand, thank you. That does make sense.

PUNK 1

It's time for you to leave before you get yourself hurt, old man.

GOODSTEEL

I can't do that. Not until you take off those masks or provide a license to wear them as Certified Deadpool Brand Ambassadors. 'Cuz I got a hunch you don't have enough clout points.

PUNK 2

How's this for some clout points?!

BANG-BANG-BANG! The punks OPEN FIRE on Goodsteel, who dives behind some trash bins just in time. PING! PANG! Their shots ricochet off the trash cans.

GOODSTEEL

Those are Han Solo replica
blasters! You're going to need a
permit for those, too!

BLAM-BLAM! They let off a few more rounds at him. Ducking
behind the trash cans, Goodsteel pulls a SNUB NOSED LASER
REVOLVER out from his coat.

PUNK 1

You're dead, piggie!

Goodsteel ducks back down behind the trash cans as the two
punks come around after him on either side. They leap out to
where he was just crouching -- but find nothing. He's gone.

PUNK 2

Huh? Where'd he go?

WHOOSH! Goodsteel POPS OUT from the trash can. The lid goes
flying. BLAM-BLAM! In quick succession, he BLASTS the guns
out of the punks' hands.

PUNKS

(pained impact screams)

GOODSTEEL

Popping out of refuse bins is a
registered trademark of Oscar the
Grouch and Sesame Street, a paid
subsidiary of the Comcast
MasterCard Dominion!

Dead in Goodsteel's sights, the two punks raise their hands
in surrender. They back away.

PUNK 2

Alright, alright... let's hold on
here, okay? It's no big deal. It's
just some masks, man. We were just
messing around.

GOODSTEEL

Masks. Off.

PUNK 1

I don't even like Deadpool anyway.

The punks RIP OFF their masks and set off running into the
darkness. Stepping out of the garbage can, Goodsteel holsters
his pistol and leans down to pick up one of the Deadpool
masks.

GOODSTEEL

Rest easy, Mister Deadpool, sir. I
am vigilant. You can count on me.

Goodsteel pockets the mask in his coat and keeps walking.

GOODSTEEL (V.O.)

Order or chaos. Good or evil.
Justice or... a guy not thanking
Mister Peanut for allowing him to
enjoy his delicious peanuts upon
purchase. If we lose that, we lose
everything. And so do I.

Goodsteel continues walking into the darkness.

INT. SINGLE FAMILY APARTMENT - LATER

Goodsteel KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCKS on the front door of a small
apartment. A young WOMAN answers the door, cracking it open
and sticking her head out.

YOUNG WOMAN

Hello?

Goodsteel flashes his badge. She reacts, a little fearful.

GOODSTEEL

Special Agent Mox Goodsteel. Brand
Enforcement. Can I come in, miss?

YOUNG WOMAN

Uh... yes. Of course.

She opens the door for Goodsteel and he steps inside. It's
cramped in there with lots of branded nick-nacks: Star Wars,
Harry Potter, Domino's Pizza. The place looks like it was
furnished by Domino's. And it probably was.

Kids toys are scattered all over the floor, lots of completed
LEGO PLAYSETS around. A YOUNG MAN jolts upright on the couch
when he sees Goodsteel come in.

YOUNG MAN

Oh! Hello. Hi. Sir.

GOODSTEEL

You can stay seated. Special Agent
Goodsteel. I only need a little bit
of your time.

YOUNG WOMAN

Can I ask what this is about? We have all our brand licenses. I'm a level thirteen Star Wars ambassador-evangelist. We're fully credentialed with Domino's Pizza--

Goodsteel raises his hand to cut her off.

GOODSTEEL

Oh no. I'm sure you're completely on the level. Not why I'm here.

YOUNG WOMAN

You're not? Why are you here?

Goodsteel crouches down. He picks up a Lego and examines it.

GOODSTEEL

You have a son, yes?

YOUNG WOMAN

Uh, y-y-yeah? Why?

GOODSTEEL

Where is he? Could I talk to him?

The couple share a look.

YOUNG WOMAN

Uhh. Yeah. Okay. Sure. Could you go get him, honey?

YOUNG MAN

Okay...

The young man gets up from the couch and walks down the hall to a bedroom.

GOODSTEEL

Nice place. Great Funko Pop collection. Rare ones. Congratulations. Must have took a lot of clout points.

After a beat, the young man returns with their son, a six-year-old BOY.

YOUNG MAN

Hey buddy... Andy... this is Special Agent Goodsteel.

GOODSTEEL

I just need to ask you a few questions. Is that okay, Andy?

BOY

Okay.

Goodsteel holds up several Lego blocks.

GOODSTEEL

What are these called?

The parents' eyes go wide, full of alarm. Now they realize why Goodsteel is there.

BOY

Legos!

Their expressions turn distraught.

GOODSTEEL

Wrong. You're wrong, son. Very, very wrong. These are Lego bricks. There is no such thing as "Legos."

BOY

Legos!

GOODSTEEL

No. No no no. Listen, if you want to keep your Legos -- bricks, your Lego bricks -- you're going to have to call them by their correct legal name, okay? Or else the Lego-Raytheon-Dow Chemical Company might come take your dad away to mine ice cubes down in Space X Presents Antarctica. Do you want that?

BOY

No...

GOODSTEEL

Of course you don't, Andy. So, let me ask you again. What are these?

The boy looks over to his mom who is currently mouthing "LE-GO BRICKS" very slowly.

BOY

Le... Go... Bridge?

GOODSTEEL

You know what? Close enough for
right now. You get the idea.
(as he stands back up)
I trust that you'll work on this
with him?

YOUNG WOMAN / YOUNG MAN

Yes! / Of course.

GOODSTEEL

Excellent. We don't want anything
happening to your clout score. Else
this could become a Godfather Pizza
household real quick. Night, folks.

Goodsteel nods and turns to exit the apartment.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - LATER

Goodsteel walks the neon-lit streets, crumbling and dirty.
Graffiti everywhere. Trash strewn about juxtaposed next to a
PSA bus stop poster reading: "REMINDER: Have you thanked
Harry Potter for allowing you to experience joy today?"

Goodsteel's PHONE RINGS. He stops in front of a HUGE ANIMATED
BILLBOARD for a "movie event" called THE ULIMATE CROSSOVER,
featuring fictional characters from every universe.

He answers the phone with his watch, and a holographic image
of his EX-WIFE, KHALEESI, 45, pops up. Goodsteel fixes his
hat, tries to straighten himself up.

KHALEESI

What the fuck, Mox?

GOODSTEEL

Oh, hi Khaleesi. What's going on?
What's the matter?

KHALEESI

Kylo's appointment. He's getting
his diagnosis from the doctor. You
said you could take him tonight.

GOODSTEEL

Shit. I had work. I'll be right
over!

KHALEESI

No shit you will!

BOOP. The screen shuts off and Goodsteel runs over to some rentable HOVERSCOOTERS, a whole pile sitting there taking up space like a heap of trash. He grabs one and TAKES OFF.

INT. KHALEESI'S APARTMENT - LATER

Annoyed, Khaleesi swings open the door and lets Goodsteel in. It's a small apartment, but it's nice. Their son KYLO, 11, sits on the floor. He's perfectly still, staring into the middle distance with an expression of utter boredom.

GOODSTEEL

Hey there, Kylo... how's it going?

Kylo doesn't react. Nothing.

KHALEESI

I don't know what's wrong with him. He'll eat and go to bed, but... I try to get him to watch Deadpool. I try to get him to eat Seven-Eleven Deadpool brand chicken-style bug meat barbecue sliders, I try to get him to take Deadpool brand psychotropic "These Pills Will Make You Feel Like You Are Deadpool" vitamins... nothing. He doesn't want any of it. It's like he doesn't care.

GOODSTEEL

The doctor will be able to tell us what's wrong with him.

Goodsteel walks over to Kylo and crouches down beside him.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)

Hey there, sport... enjoying Deadpool and Deadpool-brand products? We love Deadpool, don't we? He's funny, but he has guns and swords that he kills people with. Now that's a brand. Right? ...Buddy?

Goodsteel waits for some kind of reaction. Again, nothing. Getting an idea, he PULLS THE DEADPOOL MASK from his pocket.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)

I got you something, see? A mask! Now you can be Deadpool as you... watch... Deadpool.

Nothing.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)
(deflated)
Alright, let's go for a ride.

Kylo responds by standing up and walking right to the front door and out of the apartment. Goodsteel begins to follow him out, but hangs back for a moment.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)
Khaleesi, I just wanted to say--

KHALEESI
You need to take Kylo to his appointment.

GOODSTEEL
You don't even know what I'm gonna say.

KHALEESI
I guess that's true. But I'm also apathetic towards it. Not interested in hearing it. A lot of factors are at work here.

GOODSTEEL
I told you -- I've changed.

KHALEESI
You have gotten worse, yes. You look worse. Smell worse. Less reliable.

GOODSTEEL
But my heart has grown.

KHALEESI
Oh yes. That too. You have heart disease. C'mon. Kylo's waiting.

Goodsteel nods, accepting. He slllllowsly walks to the door.

KHALEESI (CONT'D)
I know you can walk faster than that, Mox.

He picks up his walking pace only a little bit.

KHALEESI (CONT'D)
(like talking to a dog)
C'mmmmon. Off you go. Walk faster.

He makes like he's about to walk faster but is just taking more, tinier steps.

KHALEESI (CONT'D)

Mox!

Goodsteel actually picks up the pace this time and shuts the door behind him.

EXT. ABOVE DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - LATER

Goodsteel and Kylo FLY THROUGH THE AIR between buildings in a heavy traffic area. It's full of FLYING CARS, TRUCKS, SCOOTERS, and BIKES weaving in and out through the sky.

GOODSTEEL (V.O.)

I guess I am nothing but your typical cop. Bum ticker. Addicted to vaping bubble gum-flavored brain parasites. Ex-wife who hates me. And now a kid who doesn't even care about our most precious branded content.

BOOM! Two flying cars CRASH RIGHT INTO EACH OTHER right in front of Goodsteel's scooter. He very casually swerves and keeps going, not even a reaction, like this is a routine occurrence.

WHAM! A hover biker crashes into the side of a building. It leaves a SCORCH MARK on an ad for an ad for a Netflix Original Series: "THICC DADDY RETURNS." Thicc Daddy is a very muscular athropomorphic cat with huge thighs who wears sunglasses.

GOODSTEEL (V.O.)

Conviction was always the thing that's kept me going. That my work was important. Righteous. But what good has conviction got me when the shit just never stops building up. Is it worth it? I have to believe it is.

WHOOSH! Goodsteel SPEEDS UP and ZOOMS OVER. There are several more MIDAIR COLLISIONS happening behind him.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - LATER

Goodsteel sits by Kylo on the bench. The DOCTOR comes in reading a tablet, scanning through charts and information. Goodsteel stands right up as he comes in.

GOODSTEEL

Doc! You're back.

DOCTOR

I have Kylo's results right here.

GOODSTEEL

What do they say? Is he alright?

DOCTOR

Well... technically, I suppose he is. There's nothing physically wrong with your son.

GOODSTEEL

Technically? What do you mean?

DOCTOR

He has a very rare case of something that we call "Brand Apathy." It's a psychological condition that leads to some errant and unusual behavior.

The doctor taps on the tablet and brings up the information on a LARGE SCREEN encompassing the entire wall. It's got all Kylo's readouts and an image of his brain activity.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

As you can see here, Kylo's brain activity is perfectly healthy, but that only tells a part of the story. He's got a psychological condition that makes him almost immune to even our most powerful brands. The Avengers. Star Wars. Even Shrek.

GOODSTEEL

(while gasping)

Not Shrek.

DOCTOR

So, nothing is "technically" wrong with your son, but with his condition, it will be difficult for him to participate in all society has to offer. It could have dire consequences on Kylo's future.

GOODSTEEL

So, what do you recommend, doc?

DOCTOR

There's a pretty standard procedure for this. I recommend removing several lobes from Kylo's brain.

GOODSTEEL

Beg pardon?

DOCTOR

I know that sounds drastic, but it won't effect his intelligence or his cognitive functions. He's just got a few too many lobes in there. They're interfering with our brands, blocking them from getting through.

GOODSTEEL

Oh.

(beat)

Really? We have to cut out his brain? There's no other way?

DOCTOR

Agent Goodsteel, I suppose this goes without saying, but given your position as a Brand Enforcer... having a brand-apathetic son... I don't have to tell you how it might look. Forgoing this surgery could have dire consequences not just for Kylo's clout score, but yours as well.

Goodsteel nods, taking this information in. He looks over at his son, staring off into space, looking not lifeless as Goodsteel had thought, but bored. He looks up at the chart on the screen and then back at the doctor.

GOODSTEEL

(unsure)

Of course. You're absolutely right.

DOCTOR

Would you like to go ahead and schedule the brain scooping?

(off Goodsteel's reaction)

Sorry, that's the technical name for the procedure.

Goodsteel pauses. He looks back at Kylo. He lets out an exhale and then nods, resigned.

GOODSTEEL

Right. Yeah. Sure. Let's schedule
the... scoop.

DOCTOR

Great. How's tomorrow?

INT. GOODSTEEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Goodsteel tucks Kylo into a twin bed in the living room of his messy ass apartment. IKEA branding all over the place. Goodsteel is crouched over him, pleading.

GOODSTEEL

C'mon, Kylo. Don't you wanna stay
up? Watch some Game of Thrones? How
about Avatar -- it's the most
popular franchise of all time! We
all love those big blue beautiful
breasts and penises, don't we?
Thrusting and bouncing and
quivering...

(long beat)

Don't we, Kylo?

Nothing. No response.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)

Let's watch something together.
Let's prove to that quack doctor
that your brain has exactly the
amount of lobes it needs to. Right?
We'll show him!

Nothing. Silence.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)

C'mon, Kylo. You gotta give me
something. Don't you know what
they'll do to you?! To me?! I can't
have a son who... who...

(painful)

...disrespects content.

Silence. Finally:

KYLO

Meh.

The "meh" is like a knife in Goodsteel's heart. He winces, stands up and steps away. He doesn't know what to do. His PHONE RINGS. Khaleesi pops up. Goodsteel steps into the kitchen and answers.

KHALEESI

Hey. Did you take him? How's Kylo?

GOODSTEEL

Yeah. Yeah. The doctor took a look at him.

KHALEESI

And?

GOODSTEEL

Uhh. Well...

Goodsteel looks over at Kylo. He's laying in bed staring up at the ceiling.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)

Doc says he's fine. He's okay. It's a... uh... gluten intolerance.

KHALEESI

Gluten? We don't feed him anything with gluten.

GOODSTEEL

And that's the problem. We gotta up his bread intake. Way up. I just took this son of a bitch to the Red Lobster and stuffed him full of cheddar bay biscuits.

KHALEESI

Huh.

(beat)

And this is what's effecting his attention and attitude?

GOODSTEEL

Oh yeah. Big time.

(quickly)

Listen, I gotta go. I'll take him over to you tomorrow night.

KHALEESI

Wait, I--

BOOP. Khaleesi disappears from the holographic image. Goodsteel leans on the kitchen countertop. He's trying to figure out what to do. He looks over at Kylo, eyes open, awake in bed.

Goodsteel walks over to the front door and grabs his coat.

EXT. SEEDY STREET CORNER - LATER

It's the dead of night. The streets are nearly empty as Goodsteel walks alone.

GOODSTEEL (V.O.)

I knew I had no choice but to take Kylo to the doctor to have his bad lobes taken out. I just couldn't tell Khaleesi. She would blame me. Blame the job. But it's the right thing to do. I'd do anything for Kylo, including having extra parts of his brain removed so he could enjoy the Fast and the Furious.

Goodsteel comes to a stop in front of a run-down storefront. Purple neon letters adorn the sign: VR PLEASURE PALACE. CREEPY DUDES loiter out front. Goodsteel exchanges a look with a HOMELESS MAN in a THICC DADDY SWEATSHIRT. He flashes Goodsteel a BIG UGLY SMILE.

Goodsteel looks away as he steps inside.

INT. VR PLEASURE PALACE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Goodsteel makes his way inside the virtual reality porno whack off theater. Everything about the interior gives off skeezy vibes. Sexy fictional characters from various franchises adorn ANIMATED POSTERS on the walls.

He walks up to the counter where MILSON, tank top, hairy shoulders, sits behind bulletproof glass, half paying attention as he plays a handheld video game. He spots Goodsteel step up and gives him a look of recognition. This is not Goodsteel's first rodeo.

MILSON

Damn, Goodsteel. What is it? Third time this week?

GOODSTEEL

I haven't been keeping track. And neither should you, if you know what's good for you.

MILSON

Hey now! I'm all above board here! All my licenses are up to date, you can check! This is a one hundred percent legal operation.

GOODSTEEL

Alright, alright. Calm down. Just give me the usual, okay?

MILSON

Again? Goodsteel, you've played that scenario a hundred times.

GOODSTEEL

And I'll play it a hundred more, dammit!

MILSON

You know, people come in here. They want Princess Leia in the gold bikini. They want Aquaman. They want the sexy blue titty cats from Avatar. Barely legal Hermione. I get it. But you... and the scenario you keep playin'... I just dunno. It's... it's very weird.

Goodsteel BANGS his fist on the countertop in frustration.

GOODSTEEL

Give. Me. The. Usual.

MILSON

Okay! Jeez. Booth two. It's ready for ya.

Milson hits some buttons on his computer and a door to Goodsteel's right marked "2" lights up as READY.

INT. VR BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Goodsteel enters the cramped black VR booth. There is a headset and bodysuit in the middle connected to several clumps of wires. Goodsteel takes off his coat and puts the body suit on. He puts on the headset and--

INT. VIRTUAL WORLD - CONTINUOUS

FLASH! He is transported to a virtual space. The room is much bigger and covered in digital wireframes.

MILSON (O.S.)

Okay, Goodsteel. Loading the usual.

The world starts to load and populate and take shape as Goodsteel looks around. He's in a HOUSE. Very suburban and un-cyberpunk. Goodsteel sits on the couch.

He waits for a moment as CLAPPING FOOTSTEPS approach. The four MEMBERS OF THE BAND KISS appear in the doorway: GENE, PAUL, ACE, and PETER.

GENE
Well hey there, Mox.

GOODSTEEL
Hello, former President of the
United States Gene Simmons.

GENE
Heard you were feeling pretty down.

GOODSTEEL
Yes, that's right.

ACE
What's bugging ya, Goodsteel?

GOODSTEEL
Well, my son is going through
something. And I just hope I'm
doing the right thing for him.

GENE
It's always the worst feeling...
not knowing how to help the ones we
love the most.

GOODSTEEL
You said it.

PAUL
Well, is there anything we can do
to help you?

GOODSTEEL
Hmm. I'm not sure.

Peter Criss takes a seat on the couch right next to Goodsteel. He places a comforting hand on his back.

PETER
Do you... do you want us to beat
the shit out of you?

GOODSTEEL
Yes. That is what I want.

Gene cracks his knuckles.

GENE
We can help you there, Mox!

WHAP! Gene punches Goodsteel in the face.

GOODSTEEL
(hit grunt)

The rest of the band joins in, PUMMELLING Goodsteel. He falls to the floor, passively taking his beating.

ACE
Hey Mox, just saying, maybe you need a therapist instead of us doing this all the time.

GENE
Shut up and hit him, Ace.

GOODSTEEL
(more pained grunts)

They continue beating and kicking Goodsteel.

EXT. SEEDY STREET CORNER - LATER

Goodsteel stumbles out of the VR place, clutching his ribs. He's in real pain. He LEANS UP against the building wall and SLIDES DOWN to the sidewalk.

GOODSTEEL
(pained coughing)

Goodsteel looks over. The THICC DADDY HOMELESS MAN from before is seated a few feet away, watching Goodsteel.

HOMELESS MAN
Find what you were after?

GOODSTEEL
Maybe. What's it to you?

HOMELESS MAN
Hm. Sounds like a no.

Goodsteel sneers. He looks the man up and down.

GOODSTEEL
Thicc Daddy. That's a popular brand. You need a high clout score to wear that sweatshirt, pal.

HOMELESS MAN
That's right. Thicc Daddy's the most popular piece of IP created in the last twenty years.

GOODSTEEL

Exactly... which is why I'm wondering what you're doing in that shirt.

HOMELESS MAN

Yeah? You gonna take me off the street? Have me incinerated?

GOODSTEEL

We don't incinerate homeless people in Los Angeles. It's not like the Olympics are this year.

HOMELESS MAN

Why don't you leave me alone, man? I'm just minding my own business. I got every right to sit in this spot and wear my Thicc Daddy sweatshirt.

Goodsteel gives him another look. He gets up.

GOODSTEEL

I'm letting you off with a warning. But don't let me see you here again, got it?

HOMELESS MAN

Yeah. Got it.

Goodsteel lingers for a moment and then walks away, heading down the street.

GOODSTEEL (V.O.)

Ten years ago, I woulda wasted that guy for looking at me the wrong way. Maybe I was getting soft. Maybe I was losing my way. Maybe an Ace Frehley hologram hit me too many times. Whatever it was, I needed to figure out what it was and fix it. The brands... are counting on me.

EXT. BRAD ENFORCEMENT HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

The structure is a black obsidian obelisk jutting into the sky. It's at the top of a black staircase. The sign out front reads "BRAND ENFORCEMENT HEADQUARTERS, LOS ANGELES DIVISION." Inscribed underneath: "Let people enjoy things."

The stairs are crowded with OFFICERS, uniformed and plainclothes. Goodsteel approaches. He looks terrible.

INT. HEADQUARTERS BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

Goodsteel makes his way through the crowded open office to his desk. It looks like a police station got set up in a WeWork. His desk is positioned opposite AGENT HESTER, 35, real dumpy-looking. The entire area of his desk is covered by boxed Funko Pop vinyl figurines and other branded trinkets.

HESTER
Mornin' Mox. Rough night?

GOODSTEEL
Hm? Yeah. Guess so.

HESTER
You excited?

GOODSTEEL
For what?

HESTER
"For what?!" Pssh. This week's the week! Biggest week in branding history!

GOODSTEEL
Right.. The Ultimate Crossover.

HESTER
Yeah! Batman! Captain America! Gandalf! Hello Kitty! Shaking hands! Kicking butt! After all this time!

GOODSTEEL
(distracted)
It'll be good.

Hester leans forward across his desk. He looks over each shoulder to make sure nobody's listening.

HESTER
And word is there are gonna be some big cameos.

GOODSTEEL
Great. I love cameos.

HESTER
The X-Men. The sexy blue cats from Avatar. Scooby Doo. John Wick. Thicc Daddy. The MyPillow guy -- hey. What's with you? Are you okay?

GOODSTEEL

(snapping out of his daze)
Yeah. Sorry. I'm fine. Just a
little distracted this morning.
I'll be okay. I love John Wick. You
think John Wick Junior is gonna be
in it?

HESTER

Oh, I'd say that's a very likely
possibility!

GOODSTEEL

What about Joan Wick?

HESTER

Hmmm... well, there's been a lot of
controversy surrounding her
character--

POUNDER (O.S.)

Goodsteel! In my office! Now!

HESTER

Chief's in a mood this morning.
Watch out.

GOODSTEEL

Thanks for the tip, Hester.

Goodsteel gets up from his desk and makes his way towards the
Chief's office at the far end of the bullpen.

INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Goodsteel steps into the office. Standing behind her desk is
the Chief of Brand Enforcement, C.C.H. POUNDER V2.7 (as her
nameplate displays), an android replica of the celebrated no-
nonsense character actress. Leaning on the far wall in the
corner is a young woman looking exactly as you would envision
a badass cyberpunk assassin femme fatale, DAHLIA WHOTE, 30.

GOODSTEEL

Chief Pounder.

POUNDER

Close the door behind you,
Goodsteel. Take a seat.

Goodsteel does exactly that. He takes a long look at Dahlia.

GOODSTEEL

What's this all about?

POUNDER

I don't have to tell you how important this week is.

GOODSTEEL

Right. Avengers. Justice League. John Wick Junior. It's The Ultimate Crossover.

Pounder and Whote share an urgent look.

POUNDER

How did you hear about John Wick Junior?

GOODSTEEL

Just word on the street. Sources.

POUNDER

Dammit. This whole thing is a clusterfuck. There was enough damn trouble consolidating and merging all the different companies to make this thing possible! And the shit just keeps piling up.

GOODSTEEL

Should we reinstate the kill command on all unauthorized leaks and spoilers?

POUNDER

No need. Goodsteel, I have an assignment for you that is top priority. And for this mission, I'm assigning you a partner. This is Agent Dahlia Whote. She's being posted here on special assignment for the premiere.

GOODSTEEL

Partner? I work alone! It's literally my personal brand.

POUNDER

Well, you've got a new brand now. You work with a partner.

Dahlia walks forward. She extends her hand towards Goodsteel.

DAHLIA

Dahlia Whote. It's a pleasure to finally meet you, Agent. You're a legend.

GOODSTEEL

I know. That's also my brand.

Goodsteel shakes her hand. But he's still not sold on this.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)

I don't know about this, Chief.
I've always worked best alone. What
is this assignment anyway? What's
happening with the premiere?

Chief Pounder gestures to the viewscreen on her wall. As she explains, everything she's talking about is visualized.

POUNDER

We have reason to believe that the
premiere of The Ultimate Crossover
is going to be the target of
digital pirate groups. There's a
plan to leak pirated copies of the
movie before it comes out.

GOODSTEEL

My God...

POUNDER

If they pull it off, this will be
the most damaging thing to happen
to brands ever. We need a huge
premiere just to recoup the losses
sustained by acquiring all the
different IP. This could bring the
whole system down. This is top
priority and that's why we're
giving you back-up.

GOODSTEEL

How did we even get this
information? This is beyond the
scope of anything we've seen from
the pirate groups.

Goodsteel looks down, distracted by his PHONE BUZZING. It's the DOCTOR. Goodsteel ignores the call and looks back up. He looks up and makes eye contact with Dahlia, who's been watching him.

DAHLIA

We were contacted by a source who
raised concerns. The Influencer.

GOODSTEEL

The Influencer? The YouTuber? I
know him. Pretty well, actually.

(MORE)

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)

He can make or break an entire
brand with a single unboxing video.
How'd he get tied up in all this?

DAHLIA

That's what we're going to find
out. But there's the possibility
that a powerful new piracy group
has formed--

BZZ! Goodsteel's phone vibrates again, harder, shaking his
chair. It gets Dahlia's and Pounder's attention. Goodsteel
silences it again. When he looks down, he sees the Doctor has
texted him a picture of a large AMAZON SHIPPING BOX with the
label on it "LOAD BOY IN HERE."

DAHLIA (CONT'D)

Uh... one with the ambition to
destroy branded content forever.

GOODSTEEL

(trying to act natural)
This... this sounds like quite a
case.

Goodsteel's phone starts buzzing again. It increases in
volume and intensity.

POUNDER

That's -- that's why we got our
best agents on it. Meet the... you
wanna get that, Goodsteel?

Goodsteel nods, popping up from his seat.

GOODSTEEL

Yes! I'll be right back.

He darts out the office as Dahlia and Pounder share a look.

INT. HEADQUARTERS BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Goodsteel finds an isolated corner of the office and answers
the Doctor's phone call. He pops up on the hologram screen.

GOODSTEEL

Hello? Sorry, doc. I was in a
meeting.

DOCTOR

Quite alright, Agent Goodsteel. As you can see, the Amazon delivery drone is at your apartment and ready to load Kylo into the box to be sent to his brain removal appointment.

A new visual POPS UP replacing the Doctor on the hologram. It's GOODSTEEL'S APARTMENT. POV from an AMAZON DRONE looking at Kylo. Its GRABBER ARM is SNAPPING, ready to grab him.

GOODSTEEL

Oh. Hey Kylo. It's me. Your Dad.
Can he hear me?

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Goodsteel, I just need your authorization for the drone to grab him.

GOODSTEEL

Authorization? Already? Can't I come down there in person and figure this out?

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Well, I don't know why you'd need to do that. Drone can load him up just fine.

GOODSTEEL

It's just... it's... his brain?

DOCTOR (O.S.)

It's a perfectly safe operation, Goodsteel. Kylo needs this for full brand access to his brain.

(beat)

...are you having second thoughts?

POUNDER (O.S.)

Goodsteel!

Goodsteel looks over across the bullpen. Pounder and Dahlia are standing and waiting outside the chief's office.

POUNDER (CONT'D)

Time to go! You gotta meet with the Influencer. Today.

GOODSTEEL

One second, Chief!

Goodsteel panics. He doesn't know what to do. He looks down at his son's face on the hologram.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)

Kylo. I'm doing this for you. It's all for you. It's the right thing. And once it's done, you're gonna feel so much better! And you're going to enter a whole new world of branded content and crossovers and...

DOCTOR (O.S.)

He can't hear you, Goodsteel.

POUNDER

Goodsteel! Now!

GOODSTEEL

Cancel the procedure, Doc.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Cancel it?!

GOODSTEEL

He's not getting his brain removed. We'll... find another way. No authorization.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

But Goodsteel--

BOOP. Goodsteel ends the call and strides towards the Chief and Dahlia like nothing was the matter.

DAHLIA

What was that about?

GOODSTEEL

Nothing. Dad stuff. My son got an award for loving the Carebears the most.

POUNDER

Congratulations, Goodsteel. Now get to work.

GOODSTEEL

You got it, Chief.

Goodsteel nods to Dahlia and the two of them make their way out of the office.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - LATER

Goodsteel and Dahlia walk through the parking garage together towards Goodsteel's hover car.

GOODSTEEL
So what division you coming from?

DAHLIA
I'm not from a different division.

GOODSTEEL
Where, then? Central?

DAHLIA
I'm not at liberty to say.

Goodsteel stops in his tracks. He turns to her.

GOODSTEEL
Not at liberty? Special detail?
Deep cover? Counter-intelligence?
Intellectual property requisition?
(long beat, contemplating)
Are you a robot?

DAHLIA
I'm not a robot.

GOODSTEEL
You seem like you could be a robot.
You've got a robot vibe.

DAHLIA
I do not have a robot vibe.

GOODSTEEL
You come upon a turtle in the
woods. It's turned over--

DAHLIA
I turn the turtle back over and I
put the baby bird back in its nest.

Goodsteel pauses.

GOODSTEEL
Ah. Okay. Maybe you're not a robot.

They continue to walk towards the car. Suddenly--

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)
Rah! Catch this!

Goodsteel tosses his keys at Dahlia. They bounce off her chest and hit the pavement.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)
Robot woulda caught that...

Goodsteel picks up his keys and unlocks his car.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Goodsteel's car exits the parking garage and pulls out on to the highway. We PULL OUT to reveal a DARK SHADOWY FIGURE perched on the roof of the building opposite. The figure is watching Goodsteel. As his hover car pulls away, the figure hops on a HOVER BIKE and takes off after them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES OUTSKIRTS - AFTERNOON

Goodsteel's hovercar zooms down the road, away from the filthy sprawl of the city into a post-apocalyptic desert. It looks blasted and barren, like the surface of Mars. Stacks of homes fashioned out of SHIPPING CONTAINERS populate the otherwise sparse landscape.

The car soars through the city's exurbs towards a HAUNTED-LOOKING GRAVEYARD OF SCRAP AND TOWERING STRUCTURES in the distance.

INT. / EXT. GOODSTEEL'S CAR / OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

Goodsteel drives and occasionally glances over at Dahlia. She stares straight ahead in the passenger's seat.

GOODSTEEL
Don't talk much, huh?

DAHLIA
What would you like to talk about,
Agent Goodsteel?

GOODSTEEL
Well, if we're gonna be partners,
we should get to know each other.

DAHLIA
So what would you like to know?

GOODSTEEL
Alright. What's your brand?

DAHLIA

You want to know my personal brand?
I'm mysterious.

GOODSTEEL

Mysterious. Alright, who do you
stan? Favorite brand?

DAHLIA

I stan all brands equally.

GOODSTEEL

Huh? What do you mean?

DAHLIA

I don't have a favorite brand. I
love them all.

GOODSTEEL

You like everything equally? You
like Star Wars exactly as much as
you like Star Trek?

DAHLIA

Exactly as much as I like DC
Universe. I'm a stan of brands,
Agent.

GOODSTEEL

You like the Hardy Boys as much as
you like Spider-Man?

DAHLIA

That's right. Is that a problem?

GOODSTEEL

No. No problem. I've just never met
anyone whose favorite character in
all of fiction was the WB frog.

DAHLIA

Oh, you mean Michigan J. Frog? Yes.
I love him and his top hat.

GOODSTEEL

So your favorite movie is the
banned nineteen forty-six racist
Disney film, Song of the South?
Very interesting that you love
depictions of racism...

DAHLIA

No. Since no such movie exists, I
do not stan it.

(MORE)

DAHLIA (CONT'D)

How would you even know about such a hypothetical racist film, Agent Goodsteel?

GOODSTEEL

(quickly)

Alright. We're almost there.

Goodsteel keeps driving. A self-satisfied smile curls on Dahlia's lips.

EXT. INFLUENCER'S COMPOUND - LATER

Goodsteel's car swerves off the highway towards desert and into the GRAVEYARD OF STRUCTURES and OLD BUILDINGS. As the car approaches and enters the graveyard, we see what the structures are:

Old RIDES and ROLLER COASTERS from ABANDONED AMUSEMENT PARKS. Huge abandoned artifacts from the twentieth and twenty-first century of brands, characters, and IP.

The car passes HUGE CONSTRUCTIONS of advertisements for BACK TO THE FUTURE MOVIES, each one getting more ridiculous and shitty looking than the last: BACK TO THE FUTURE 4, 5, 6, 7, and so on.

The structures and skeletons LOOM OVER THEM as they approach the MAIN STRUCTURE: a DEATH STAR BUILT INTO THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN. The car slows to a stop and they step out.

DAHLIA

You've been here before, Goodsteel?

GOODSTEEL

Couple times. Long ago.

DAHLIA

I'm assuming most of this stuff is contraband.

GOODSTEEL

No, this is all one hundred percent legal. The Influencer has a clout score over twenty seven million.

Dahlia looks around, agog. Goodsteel pops his trunk and walks back to it.

DAHLIA

Twenty seven million? That's a higher clout score than half the nations of the world!

GOODSTEEL

Exactly, that's right. More clout
than three countries put together.

Goodsteel tosses Dahlia a small cardboard box. She catches it and looks down: it's a OJ SIMPSON AS DETECTIVE NORDBERG FROM NAKED GUN FUNKO POP.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)

That is contraband. But it won't be
when we give it to the Influencer.
That's clout you can't buy.

Goodsteel walks up the LONG STAIRCASE leading to the DEATH STAR. Dahlia pauses for a moment and joins him.

INT. INFLUENCER'S LAIR - MOMENTS LATER

Goodsteel and Dahlia enter the Influencer's lair. It is modeled after the Emperor's Death Star throne room. But the walls are lined with HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF FUNKO POPS. Across the hall, the INFLUENCER sits in his replica throne.

INFLUENCER

Agent Goodsteel, it's been so
long... what did you bring for me?

GOODSTEEL

I have a Detective Nordberg and a
Cliff Clavin alternate outfit.
Original flannel. Before they
established he was a postal worker.

INFLUENCER

Numbers four thousand twenty-two
and sixty-seven thousand three
hundred and twelve. Quite rare.

GOODSTEEL

Problem? You don't sound happy.

The Influencer spins his chair around to face them. He's the most beautiful man who ever lived. Ten feet tall. Golden skin and long golden hair. Physique of a Greek statue. Dahlia's surprised when she gets a load of him.

DAHLIA

You've been... enhanced.

INFLUENCER

And? What of it? I have clout and
now the physique to match... which
only nets me more clout.

(MORE)

INFLUENCER (CONT'D)

I am a self-perpetuating clout
factory.

(testy)

Do you expect me to lose
subscribers by posting cringe?!
I'll be laughed off YouTube! Even
the crypto-fascists will be
laughing! Now, are you going to
present me with these paltry
offerings or are you going to give
me something I need, Goodsteel?

Goodsteel and Dahlia share a look. Goodsteel approaches the
Influencer and reaches in his coat.

GOODSTEEL

Funko Pop Number Zero.

INFLUENCER

Hmm?

GOODSTEEL

I have Funko Pop Number Zero.

INFLUENCER

There is no Funko Pop Number Zero.
What do you take me for?

GOODSTEEL

Oh, but there is a Funko Pop Number
Zero. And I have it right here.

INFLUENCER

You lie.

The Influencer can't help but show his interest. He leans
forward in his chair.

GOODSTEEL

The original parent company of
Funko was Zuriche Holdings. Isn't
that right, Agent Whote?

DAHLIA

Um. Yes... that's right.

GOODSTEEL

Do you know who Ernst Zuriche was?

The Influencer remains silent. He doesn't.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)

I'll tell you. He was one of the founders of the National Socialist Party in Germany. Allowed to live by the American government after World War Two. Seventy years later, his company makes this as a prototype.

Goodsteel produces the Funko Pop from his coat: ADOLF HITLER.

INFLUENCER

My God!

GOODSTEEL

Adolf Hitler. It was thought destroyed. The only one of its kind ever made.

INFLUENCER

You want to know about the attack on The Ultimate Crossover premiere. I've heard some rumblings. Nothing specific.

GOODSTEEL

If they get their way... it could mean the end of brand crossovers for good. All that potential clout -- gone just like that.

Goodsteel SNAPS his fingers. The point has been made.

INFLUENCER

Okay. There are rumors. About a new pirate group. They've been doing things nobody's ever done before. Brazen violations. They're not just in it for clout -- they're trying to start a revolution. But no one can find them. Nobody knows where they operate. Just their name.

GOODSTEEL

...which is?

INFLUENCER

LXG.

DAHLIA

LXG? I can search the databases, try to Bing some results, but it doesn't ring any bells for me.

INFLUENCER

That's the point. People like you aren't supposed to know about it.

GOODSTEEL

Nothing else we can go on?

INFLUENCER

I told you all I know. I would like my Hitler toy now please.

Dahlia's about to say something, but Goodsteel signals that it's no use. He tosses the Funko Pop over to the Influencer. They turn around and walk towards the exit.

GOODSTEEL

Thanks. We'll be in touch if we need anything else.

INFLUENCER

Mhm. Yes. Very good.

As they walk, Dahlia leans in to whisper.

DAHLIA

How did you get your hands on that Funko?

GOODSTEEL

I pried it out of Hitler's hands when I killed him back in my commando days. Granted, it was only a clone of Hitler and there was an entire army of Hitler clones. And I didn't kill the leader of the Hitler clones. But I did kill the one carrying that Funko Pop.

Dahlia gives a look of being very mildly impressed.

INT. / EXT. GOODSTEEL'S CAR / OUTSKIRTS - EVENING

Goodsteel and Dahlia climb into the car. He starts it and they head out from the Influencer's complex.

DAHLIA

What do we do now? I just Bing'd "LXG" and nothing's turned up.

GOODSTEEL

There are a few spots we can hit up when we get back to the city, a few arms to twist. Someone's bound to have made contact--

DAHLIA

Wait. Shh!

Goodsteel's car passes by a SMALL ROCK FORMATION. Dahlia points out what looks like a FIGURE IN SHADOWS nearby.

GOODSTEEL

I didn't see anything. What was it?

DAHLIA

I swear I saw someone watching us when we were leaving LA...

GOODSTEEL

You think we were followed here?

DAHLIA

I'd count on it.

GOODSTEEL

But why? Who would know we were coming out here?

DAHLIA

An organization so advanced there's no trace of them anywhere.

GOODSTEEL

LXG? We just learned about them like three seconds ago.

DAHLIA

Seems like they knew about us already. Turn the car around.

Goodsteel turns the car, BLASTING DUST AROUND as it swerves off road and TURNS AROUND, back towards the rock formation.

GOODSTEEL

He's gonna see us coming.

Dahlia produces a LONG, ELEGANT PISTOL from her coat. She rolls down her window.

DAHLIA

I'll get him before he does.

GOODSTEEL

Get him? Get him how? As in "shoot him" get him?

WHOOSH! A HOVER BIKE ZOOMS OUT from behind the rocks and sideswipes Goodsteel's car, ridden by a FIGURE ALL IN BLACK. Dahlia BLASTS OFF a few shots at him.

DAHLIA

Follow him!

Goodsteel STEPS ON IT and his car surges ahead, making up the distance between them and the hover bike.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)

Ram him! Kill him!

GOODSTEEL

What happened to "follow him?!"

DAHLIA

Follow him to get close enough to kill him!

GOODSTEEL

No! We need to question him! He might have information!

DAHLIA

He can answer questions when he's dead!

GOODSTEEL

No. No he cannot. The "robot" column keeps getting longer here!

Dahlia sticks her entire upper torso out the window.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)

No! Stop it! Get back in here!

Dahlia FIRES OFF SEVERAL BLASTS. But each time she shoots, Goodsteel SWERVES THE CAR a little so she misses.

DAHLIA

Stop doing that!

GOODSTEEL

You stop doing that!

ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! Each blast HITS PAVEMENT as Goodsteel swerves from side to side.

DAHLIA

You're going to make me fall out
the window!

GOODSTEEL

That is easily rectifiable by
getting back into the car!

The BIKER pulls out a HUGE GUN from a slot on his hoverbike
and POWERS IT UP. He turns and points it RIGHT AT GOODSTEEL.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)

Aw nuts.

WHOOZH! WHOOZH! WOOZH! The biker FIRES THREE SHOTS right at
Goodsteel. The WINDSHIELD SHATTERS and the blasts BARELY
MISS.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)

Don't shoot at me -- shoot at her,
she's the one trying to kill you!

DAHLIA

He's trying to kill you, Goodsteel!
Let me kill him before he does!

GOODSTEEL

(each with a jerk of the
steering wheel)

NOBODY'S -- KILLING -- ANYBODY!

As they approach the distant CITY CENTER, there are more and
more CARS ON THE ROAD. They WEAVE IN AND OUT OF BUMPER TO
BUMPER TRAFFIC, driving between the lanes and on the
shoulder. Dahlia keeps trying to line up a good shot.

DAHLIA

He's getting away! You should have
let me kill him! Wait. Look -- he's
getting off the highway!

GOODSTEEL

Dammit, he's going for the suburbs!

The biker serves HARD RIGHT and LEAPS onto an offramp.
Goodsteel SWERVES HARD, CUTTING OFF SEVERAL CARS. Two of them
CRASH into each other.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)

(calling out the window)

The Brand Enforcement Department
thanks you for your sacrifice!

INT. / EXT. GOODSTEEL'S CAR / SUBURBS - CONTINUOUS

Goodsteel is hot on the biker's tail. CARS SCREECH TO A STOP as they RACE THROUGH the SUBURBS. Goodsteel's siren BLARES. Everything is HUGE. Huge BIG BOX STORES and FAST FOOD RESTAURANTS. The CHEESECAKE FACTORY looks like an ANCIENT PALACE of a very fancy prince.

With too many moving objects and potential targets, Dahlia can't line up a shot.

DAHLIA

I can't get a clear shot -- the cars are too big here!

GOODSTEEL

Don't insult their big cars -- people get killed for that!

DAHLIA

He's turning towards a neighborhood. Don't lose him.

Goodsteel makes a HARD TURN down a neighborhood street. Each house looks like a COMPOUND. The small lots have TEN FOOT HIGH ARMORED WALLS blocking them all off. Goodsteel slows down, rolling down the street.

GOODSTEEL

Where'd he go?

DAHLIA

Hold on. Stop here. Maybe we can scan for him...

As Goodsteel SLOWS TO A STOP in front of one of the walled-off lots, an AUTOMATED LASER TURRET RISES UP from behind the wall and targets Goodsteel's car.

TURRET

Attention! No loitering on private property! You have fifteen seconds to comply or you will be fired up! This house is a sovereign nation!

GOODSTEEL

Goddammit.

Goodsteel hits the gas and PULLS AWAY, stopping in front of the next house. Another TURRET rises up.

TURRET 2

Attention! No loitering!

Goodsteel drives away as the REST OF THE TURRETS on the block
RISE UP and TARGET HIS CAR.

ALL TURRETS
(unintelligible shouted threats)

GOODSTEEL
I hate the fuckin' suburbs...

ZOOM! At the end of the block, the BIKER RIDES RIGHT PAST
THEM. Goodsteel SLAMS on the gas and they TAKE OFF.

DAHLIA
He's heading to the Walmart
district!

Ahead, the BIKE CUTS HARD turning into a FENCED-OFF REGION
with a sign reading "WALMART SUPER DISTRICT." Goodsteel cuts
over to follow him in.

GOODSTEEL
Aw shit.

DAHLIA
What?

GOODSTEEL
I don't have a Walmart
subscription!

DAHLIA
You what?

GOODSTEEL
I was using my ex-wife's! She just
kicked me off.

As Goodsteel passes through the gate, his car's dashboard and
heads up display are inundated with WALMART POP-UP ADS. A
friendly little SMILEY FACE appears on his DASHBOARD.

POP-UP
Mox Goodsteel. Whoopsie! Looks like
you're an unauthorized customer.
Would you like to purchase a
Walmart Day Pass?

GOODSTEEL
Brand Enforcement -- official
business -- code 228!

POP-UP
Second whoopsie! Code denied.

GOODSTEEL

Code denied?! FUCK YOU!

(immediate regret)

Oh God. No. I'm so sorry, Walmart.
I'm sorry. So so so sorry. I didn't
mean it--

POP-UP

I don't believe you. Restricting
access.

GOODSTEEL

No-no-no-no-no. I love you,
Walmart. I love Walmart so much.
Please forgive me, Walmart.

POP-UP

Do you really love me, Mox?

GOODSTEEL

Well, of course I love you! I will
always love--

POP-UP

Then why did you not renew your
subscription?

(baby voice)

That makes Wawmaht vewwy vewwy sad--

DAHLIA

Dahlia Whote. Genesis Division.
Code three eight two four six nine.

The pop-up BOOPS to the affirmative.

POP-UP

Access granted! Thank you for
choosing Walmart.

The smiley face disappears.

GOODSTEEL

Oh. Thanks.

(beat)

What's Genesis Division?

Dahlia points to the biker swerving right.

DAHLIA

Up ahead. Sporting goods.

Goodspeed turns to follow the bike towards a TOWERING WALMART
COMPLEX with a sign labeled SPORTING GOODS.

The biker SCREECHES to a stop out front, gracefully dismounts and GOES RUNNING into the store.

Goodsteel HITS THE BREAKS and CRASHES TO A STOP, SLAMMING INTO THE BIKE. By the time he puts his car in park and unbuckles his seatbelt, Dahlia DIVES out her window and SPRINTS IN after the biker.

GOODSTEEL
Hey! Don't shoot him! Walmart
generally discourages it! Wait!

Goodsteel struggles to get his seatbelt off and his door open and sets off into the Walmart after them.

INT. WALMART SPORTING GOODS COMPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

The biker, still helmeted and clad in black leather, races down the aisle, far ahead of Dahlia. He weaves in and out of CUSTOMERS and DISPLAYS.

DAHLIA
Brand Enforcement! Stop where you
are! Clear the area!

Dahlia FIRES OFF SEVERAL SHOTS at the ceiling. CUSTOMERS scramble to get away.

CUSTOMERS
(screaming)

As the customers clear the path, Dahlia keeps running. She trains her gun on the fleeing biker and FIRES.

Goodsteel comes up the rear, already out of breath.

GOODSTEEL
Would you stop that?! We need to
question him!

The biker darts into an aisle with Dahlia gaining on him. He grabs the shelf and PULLS IT DOWN, blocking her way. Basketballs and soccer balls bounce on the floor. Barely missing a step, Dahlia jumps on the overturned shelf and keeps going after him, FIRING OFF SEVERAL SHOTS.

Goodsteel catches up, spotting all the balls and the overturned shelves in the way. He narrowly avoids slipping on a bunch of golf balls and has to take the long way around.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)
Aw, for chrissakes...

As he goes, the HOLO SMILEY FACE POP-UP gets in his way.

POP-UP

Hi Mox! We see that you're a day pass user. Any chance Walmart can interest you in a twenty year commitment?

GOODSTEEL

Uhh... not right now!

POP-UP

Did you know there are alternatives to paying in cash? Walmart offers an indentured work program to--

GOODSTEEL

Not interested!

Goodsteel tries to go around the pop up, but it moves right in front of him to block his way.

POP-UP

Are you sure? We see that you're a former subscriber. What happened?
(baby voice)
Did we do somefing wong?

GOODSTEEL

No! Get out of the way, damn you!

POP-UP

(turning, menacing)
What did you just say to Walmart?

GOODSTEEL

No! Nothing! I'm sorry!

ANGLE ON: Dahlia stops running in the middle of a labyrinth-like MAZE OF DIFFERENT AISLES. It's full of HUGE RIFLES and OTHER HUNTING EQUIPMENT: ammo, compound bows, camo. She's lost the biker.

DAHLIA

Hm.

She stalks slowly down the aisle. She spots an empty spot on a shelf where a COMPOUND BOW used to be.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)

Hmmm...

Dahlia holds her gun up to the empty spot and FIRES, BLASTING A HOLE in the shelving. She looks through to the other side. Nothing's there.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)
I'll find you!

Dahlia GRUNTS and KICKS DOWN the shelf, causing a DOMINO EFFECT, KNOCKING DOWN SHELF AFTER SHELF AFTER SHELF. No sign of the biker. Merchandise is everywhere.

CREEK. She hears something behind her. She spins, ready to fire, and--

DAHLIA (CONT'D)
Yah!--

It's Goodsteel. He CUFFS HER to a shelf and SWIPES HER GUN.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)
Goodsteel! What are you--

GOODSTEEL
I don't know what you are or where
you're from, but in Brand
Enforcement we kill our suspects
after we question them.

Dahlia STRUGGLES but she's completely bound in place.

DAHLIA
Dammit, Goodsteel!

Goodsteel tips his futuristic fedora.

GOODSTEEL
Ma'am.

He TURNS and RUNS, leaving Dahlia behind. She's still struggling to get free.

Goodsteel runs down the middle of the aisles, when -- THWAP!

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)
(pained scream)

An ARROW sticks out of Goodsteel's shoulder. He keeps running through the pain.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)
Aw, for Chrissakes -- an arrow?!

THWIP! Goodsteel NARROWLY DODGES another arrow coming straight for his other arm. He spots the source: the BIKER is perched on top of a shelf, crouching in firing position.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)
Stop! Brand Enforcement!

The biker DROPS DOWN from the shelf onto a FUTURISTIC FOUR WHEELER from a big display. He STARTS IT UP and TAKES OFF DOWN THE AISLE.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)
You're stealing! Stop -- committing
-- more -- crimes!

Goodsteel hops onto a FUTURE DIRT BIKE and starts it up -- but nothing happens. Beat. The POP-UP reappears.

POP-UP
Can I help you?

GOODSTEEL
Let me use this! Brand Enforcement!
That guy just stole one.

POP-UP
Would you like to purchase this
Rick and Morty Brand "I'm Pickle
Rick and I Love Verizon Wireless"
Edition Recreational Off-Road
Powered Bicycle?

GOODSTEEL
No -- I just need to use it for
Brand Enforcement business!

POP-UP
You cannot use this vehicle without
an ownership license.

GOODSTEEL
That guy over there just did it
with a four-wheeler!

POP-UP
I don't understand what you're
referring to. Would you like to
purchase this Rick and Morty Brand--

GOODSTEEL
Yes! Fine! Okay! I'll buy it!

POP-UP

Great! We've already debited your account for the purchase. Have fun!

Goodsteel, exasperated, shakes his head. He starts up the bike. Nothing happens.

GOODSTEEL

What the hell?!

POP-UP

You may not use this vehicle on Walmart premises. Please enjoy in designated pleasure zones.

GOODSTEEL

Ugh! I hate Walmart! I've always hated Walmart. Hey, guess which membership I've got that hasn't expired? That's right. Target, you stupid lump of shit.

The pop-up retracts, as if wounded.

POP-UP

You've... hurt Walmart.

Goodsteel's expression changes. He realizes what he's done. The pop-up's eyes FLASH RED.

POP-UP (CONT'D)

(demonic)

You've angered Walmart.

GOODSTEEL

Sorry -- again! Gotta go!

POP-UP

Please report to the customer service desk to receive your complimentary discipline.

Goodsteel scrambles to get off the bike and run away from the pop-up. He goes the way that the biker went.

POP-UP (CONT'D)

Please don't run without your free discipline, Mox.

GOODSTEEL

I'll come back for it!

POP-UP

Yes. You will.

As Goodsteel flees, a GIANT WALMART-BRANDED DEATHBOT STOMPS OUT after him.

DEATHBOT

Halt! You have disrespected Walmart
on Walmart territory. You have
violated Walmart-Law.

THE FLOOR SHAKES as the deathbot CHASES AFTER GOODSTEEL. He heads straight for the EMPLOYEES ONLY: RESTRICTED AREA door in the back. He pushes through the doors and ESCAPES right as the deathbot GRABS for him.

INT. WALMART RESTRICTED AREA - CONTINUOUS

As Goodsteel enters the employees-only section, SIRENS GO OFF and the POP-UP reappears.

POP-UP

Oh no, Mox! You can't stop making
whoopsies today, huh?

GOODSTEEL

Leave me alone! I'm a police
officer, dammit!

POP-UP

We here at Walmart respect and
appreciate all law enforcement
(darker)
but we demand you respect Walmart's
sovereignty while on our territory.

As he runs, Goodsteel raises Dahlia's gun and BLASTS the hologram. It pixelates for a moment and then COMES BACK TOGETHER WHOLE.

POP-UP (CONT'D)

Oh, that won't do at all.

BLAM! BLAM! Goodsteel fires off two more shots right between the eyes.

POP-UP (CONT'D)

Do that again and see what happens.
See how that badge protects you
against Walmart's power.

Goodsteel RUNS AHEAD. He passes by a LINE OF WALMART EMPLOYEES BEING LOADED INTO PODS.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
(through loudspeaker)
Attention all Walmart day shift
team members. Please report to
sleep pods for designated rest
time. Attention all...

Goodsteel keeps running, he comes to the end of the building
and face to face with a STEEL STAIRCASE leading high up
towards the ceiling. He looks up: the biker is CLIMBING
TOWARDS THE ROOF.

GOODSTEEL
Hey! Stop! Brand Enforcement!

Goodsteel starts climbing the stairs, but is already out of
breath, moving slow.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)
Hey! C'mon...

He's climbing and climbing, but moving slower. Once he
reaches the second STORY, he's COMPLETELY WINDED.

DEATHBOT (O.S.)
Attention, Walmart shopper--

Goodsteel turns to see the deathbot HOVERING OVER THE GROUND
AT EYE LEVEL WITH HIM. Its guns are trained on Goodsteel.

DEATHBOT (CONT'D)
You are in violation of Walmart
Law. Come with me.

GOODSTEEL
Well... an order's an order.

Goodsteel jumps from the staircase to on top of the
deathbot's head. He points his gun down at it and BLASTS.

DEATHBOT
(malfunction)
Wait. No. Do not want.

BOOM! The deathbot SHORT CIRCUITS and its REPULSORS BLAST
UPWARDS, SKYROCKETING towards the roof. Goodsteel rides it up
and LEAPS OFF at the top level and grabs hold of the
staircase's railing right in front of the ROOF ACCESS DOOR.

KA-BOOM!! A huge explosion as the deathbot HITS THE CEILING.
Goodsteel almost loses his grip, but manages to PULL HIMSELF
onto the grated steel staircase. He lies there, catching his
breath for a moment. The POP-UP REAPPEARS, standing over him
with its arms folded.

POP-UP

You killed my son, you rat bastard.

GOODSTEEL

Send the bill to Brand Enforcement.

POP-UP

I'll send the bill to your ass,
motherfucker!

Goodsteel pulls himself to his feet and RUNS OUT the ROOF
ACCESS door.

POP-UP (CONT'D)

Hey! Come back here!

EXT. WALMART ROOF - CONTINUOUS

With his gun drawn, Goodsteel races out and spots the biker
out on the ledge, clearly about to jump.

GOODSTEEL

No! Wait! Brand Enforcement! You're
under arrest.

The biker turns to face Goodsteel.

BIKER

You don't understand what you're
doing!

GOODSTEEL

I'm arresting you. I've done it
plenty of times.

BIKER

You don't know what power you're
serving. What's at stake.

GOODSTEEL

You can explain it to me downtown.

BIKER

We can help you, Goodsteel. We can
help your son.

Goodsteel reacts. He's shocked. This stops him.

GOODSTEEL

What do you mean?

ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! Goodsteel ducks at three LASER BLASTS fly by
his head. He turns, and behind him we REVEAL:

Dahlia, holding the deathbot's huge severed BLASTER CANNON. She's recharging it to fire again.

DAHLIA
Stop him! Kill him!

A HOVER CAR floats up right in front of the biker on the ledge. The suicide door SWINGS OPEN and the biker LEAPS INTO THE CAR. It takes off as Dahlia FIRES SEVERAL SHOTS.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)
You let him get away!

GOODSTEEL
I let him get away? You were trying to murder a suspect before we could extract information from him! He's the key to our case.

DAHLIA
He was too dangerous to be left alive.

Goodsteel is shocked. But slowly, he puts it all together.

GOODSTEEL
Hold on a second... you already knew about the LXG before the Influencer said anything. You've known about them all along.

Dahlia says nothing. He's got her.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)
Who are you? Where are you from?
What is Genesis Division?

Dahlia's still silent, considering whether or not to tell Goodsteel anything. Finally, she breaks.

DAHLIA
We've been tracking the LXG for months, but we've never been able to get ahold of them. But they seem to know about us. Everything. The identities of every Genesis Division agent. So I knew they would track me today if I stuck my head out. Only choice was to kill him and swipe the data I could from the corpse.

GOODSTEEL
Didn't think about cluing me in?

DAHLIA

I didn't think you could be trusted. I made a mistake.

GOODSTEEL

Now you think I can be trusted?

DAHLIA

No, now I just realize you would screw up my operation either way.

GOODSTEEL

What is Genesis Division?

DAHLIA

Elite Brand Enforcement division. Reports only to the head of Corporate. Top secret. That's all I can say.

GOODSTEEL

Hm.

DAHLIA

We're getting close. They'll come out again.

(beat)

What did he say to you?

GOODSTEEL

Hm? Just nonsense. Couldn't understand it.

DAHLIA

("I don't believe you.")

Huh.

(considering, then)

Listen, Goodsteel. I owe you an apology. Can I buy you a drink?

GOODSTEEL

Won't alcohol fry your circuits?

DAHLIA

C'mon. We'll find a bar out here.

EXT. SUBURBAN CHILI'S - ESTABLISHING - LATER

We PUSH IN on the GIGANTIC SUBURBAN CHILI'S surrounded by GIGANTIC CARS.

INT. SUBURBAN CHILI'S - CONTINUOUS

Goodsteel and Dahlia sit at the bar. Everything is bright and garish. A band plays CLASSIC ROCK covers on a stage at the far end. They each have a GALLON of GLOWING COLOR-CHANGING MARGARITA in front of them. Dahlia takes a sip.

DAHLIA

Tastes like a unicorn's asshole.

GOODSTEEL

I like it too.

DAHLIA

I'm not sure about this atmosphere.
Hold on. Grab a booth and let me
fix it in here.

Goodsteel lugs both drinks off the counter top and crosses over to an empty booth in the corner. Dahlia goes to a TOUCH SCREEN and starts hitting options.

Instantly, the whole atmosphere of the place changes to a FUTURISTIC JAZZ CLUB, right out of a futuristic noir. The classic rock cover band is a HOLOGRAM that switches over to a SULTRY FEMALE SINGER and PIANO PLAYER. Dahlia walks back over to Goodsteel and the now-elegant booth.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)

Seemed more appropriate, don't you
think?

GOODSTEEL

More my speed, anyway.

DAHLIA

I know. I know all about you,
Goodsteel. You're a legend in Brand
Enforcement.

GOODSTEEL

That's what they tell me. Thought
it just meant I was washed up.

DAHLIA

Even in Genesis Division we talk
about what you did. Back in the old
days.

GOODSTEEL

Yeah. Old days. Long gone now. You
saw me out there. I've lost a step.

DAHLIA

Here's to you getting it back.

They clink their huge glasses in a toast. Goodsteel contemplates before taking a drink.

GOODSTEEL

I gotta ask you, though. You're a stan of brands? That's bullshit too, right? Your favorite character is every character?

DAHLIA

No... it's true. It's not that I watch every show and every movie. It's the idea of branded content. What it represents. Humanity's highest achievement. Legends and religions and fables and lore all coming together to enrich and guide society. They represent corporations... as avatars of our new gods.

(coming down from ecstasy)

I love it... and it's what I'll lay down my life to protect. If I ever harmed a brand... I think it would literally destroy me.

Goodsteel watches her.

GOODSTEEL

Yeah... I like Star Trek.

DAHLIA

What about you? What keeps you going, Goodsteel?

GOODSTEEL

The brands. All that stuff you said, same. Duty.

(then)

My son. And doing what's right for him.

DAHLIA

You can do that by getting these LXG bastards and bringing them to justice.

GOODSTEEL

(unconvinced)

Yeah.

DAHLIA

I believe in you, Goodsteel. You've given your life to the badge. I respect that about you. Admire it. You're the reason I joined this outfit... the legends about you.

They share a long silent look. There's a little tension. The song in the background is full of longing.

GOODSTEEL

I appreciate you saying this. But I should let you know I can't have sex with you tonight. I'm trying to reconcile with my ex-wife.

DAHLIA

I wasn't trying to--

GOODSTEEL

It's okay. You'll find someone. I hear Tinder has very cheap offers on purchasing boyfriends.

DAHLIA

You're trying to trick me into saying I can't have sex and admitting that I'm a robot.

GOODSTEEL

Yes.

DAHLIA

No chance. I can have sex. I am not a robot. And I don't want to have sex with you.

GOODSTEEL

At least one of those is a lie and we both know it. We just have to figure out which one.

DAHLIA

Okay, I'm ready to go home now.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - NIGHT

It's after midnight and the streets are empty. Goodsteel wanders along, hitting his vape pen.

GOODSTEEL (V.O.)

Twenty years ago, I would have shot that punk on the roof.

(MORE)

GOODSTEEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I wouldn't've thought twice about it. Twenty years ago, a dame like that would have been all over me like rat meat on a school lunch. Maybe it's me who's got a few extra lobes. Making me soft. Making me forget my mission. I needed to get tougher. Dahlia was right. I needed to remember my duty.

Goodsteel walks past the VR Pleasure Palace. The homeless man is still there. But he's got even more Thicc Daddy gear on.

HOMELESS MAN

Evenin' officer.

GOODSTEEL

Where did you get that swag?

HOMELESS MAN

This swag? It's mine.

GOODSTEEL

That's Epic Swag. How did you get your hands on it? There's no way you have enough clout points.

HOMELESS MAN

You don't know shit about my clout points. For your information, this is Epic Schwiggity Shwag. Fire ass shit. Top turds. Best of the best.

Goodsteel pulls his gun. He trains it right between the homeless man's eyes.

GOODSTEEL

Alright, punk. Remove the swag or I shoot.

HOMELESS MAN

Why don't you check my profile first? Isn't that protocol?

Goodsteel hesitates. He lowers his gun and grabs his phone, scanning the homeless man.

GOODSTEEL

(reading)

Huh... I don't understand. How... how could you have authorization to wear this Thicc Daddy swag?

HOMELESS MAN

Because I created Thicc Daddy, you stupid pig. I came up with his IP!

GOODSTEEL

But Thicc Daddy is the most popular new original property in decades! How could you end up like this?

HOMELESS MAN

You're the Brand Enforcer. Why don't you fuck off and put two and two together? Ask your Corporate Bosses what they do to creators.

Goodsteel is shook up. He turns slowly and walks away. He's clearly disturbed by this.

INT. GOODSTEEL'S APARTMENT - LATER

Goodsteel cracks the door open. He sees KYLO SLEEPING SOUNDLY in bed. He lingers and watches him sleep for a moment before grabbing the Amazon shipping box, crushing it in his hands, and crossing into the other room.

INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE - MORNING

Dahlia and Goodsteel are seated side by side in the chief's office. She's pissed, pacing back and forth behind her desk. Dahlia is typing something on her wrist computer, half paying attention. Goodsteel is still disturbed from last night.

POUNDER

Don't you know better than to mess with Walmart? You do realize we work for them!

GOODSTEEL

Have them send us a bill.

POUNDER

Us? They're gonna send you a bill, smart guy. It's gonna be in the form of a Walmart prison jumpsuit with a blue vest and a nametag.

DAHLIA

It's been taken care of.

POUNDER

Excuse me?

DAHLIA

Genesis Division took care of the damages. Goodsteel, you now have a lifetime subscription to Walmart. On the house.

Pounder and Goodsteel share a look: "what the fuck?"

GOODSTEEL

I'm more of a... Target shopper.

DAHLIA

Not anymore.

Chief Pounder is still confused, but she decides to move on.

POUNDER

Alright. Well. The LXG showed their faces once. They might not be so cautious next time. Was there anything you saw we might be able to lure them out in the open again?

DAHLIA

No, but we know they're tracking us. They're going to be following our movements very closely.

POUNDER

So maybe we set a trap.

DAHLIA

That's a possible solution, yes.

POUNDER

Make it happen, agents.

Chief Pounder turns to Goodsteel. He is clearly lost in thought, staring into the middle distance.

POUNDER (CONT'D)

Agent Goodsteel? Are you with us?

GOODSTEEL

Hm? Yes. Trap. Of course.

POUNDER

...are you alright?

GOODSTEEL

Yeah, I was, uh, just thinking about all those deals I'm going to start getting as a Licensed Walmart Enjoyer.

POUNDER

Right. Congratulations on that. But
get on this. You're dismissed.

Goodsteel and Dahlia get up and leave the office.

INT. HEADQUARTERS BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Goodsteel and Dahlia make their way out of the chief's office
and through the crowded police bullpen.

GOODSTEEL

Free Walmart lifetime subscription.
Even the commissioner doesn't have
that type of power.

DAHLIA

Genesis Division does.

GOODSTEEL

Apparently. So, who exactly do you
report to--

HESTER (O.S.)

Hey Goodsteel!

Milson calls over from Goodsteel's desk. There's a RED ALERT
popping up from Goodsteel's computer.

HESTER (CONT'D)

Your phone's been ringing off the
hook. I think it's your ex-wife.

GOODSTEEL

(to Dahlia)

I'll meet you outside.

HESTER

Heh. Ex-wife problems. This is why
I married my anime body pillow.

GOODSTEEL

Yeah. That's why.

Goodsteel sits down and Khaleesi POPS UP on his computer
screen. She's panicked.

KHALEESI

Mox! He's gone! He was just right
here and now he's gone! He--

GOODSTEEL

Wait, hold on. Who? Who's gone?

KHALEESI

Kylo! Kylo's gone! I don't know where he could have went! He took his leash off and disappeared!

GOODSTEEL

What about the chip we put in his head?

KHALEESI

THE CHIP'S HERE, MOX! THE CHIP AND THE LEASH ARE HERE BUT KYLO ISN'T!

GOODSTEEL

Hold on, I'll be right there!

Goodsteel gets up from his desk and RUSHES OUT.

HESTER

(calling out after)

My son is also an anime body pillow!

EXT. BRAD ENFORCEMENT HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Goodsteel runs out the front door of HQ. Dahlia is posted up on his car out front, waiting.

GOODSTEEL

Hold on! Change of plans!

DAHLIA

What do you mean?

GOODSTEEL

I'll meet up with you later -- family emergency!

DAHLIA

Emergency? What is it?

Goodsteel crosses around the car and steps into to the driver's side.

GOODSTEEL

(thinking up an excuse)

Uhh... ex-wife! You know how it is.

DAHLIA

No. I don't.

GOODSTEEL
Maybe you'll learn someday --
goodbye!

The driver door SLAMS SHUT and Goodsteel BLASTS OFF. Dahlia watches him go.

INT. KHALEESI'S APARTMENT - LATER

Goodsteel BURSTS IN through the front door. Khaleesi is pacing, looking like a nervous wreck.

KHALEESI
Mox!

Goodsteel goes right past Khaleesi towards Kylo's room. Khaleesi follows him right behind.

KHALEESI (CONT'D)
What happened to our son, Mox?

GOODSTEEL
I'm gonna figure it out!

INT. KYLO'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Goodsteel comes to a stop in Kylo's room. It all looks well in order. No signs of a mess or a struggle. Khaleesi stomps in after him. She's pissed now.

KHALEESI
I know this is your fault, Mox.

GOODSTEEL
My fault?!

KHALEESI
How many times have you gotten our son kidnapped over the years?
Seven? Eight?

GOODSTEEL
Five. And sure. You would bring that up. Typical.

KHALEESI
I brought it up because it's relevant! He keeps getting kidnapped because of your job and the criminals you keep pissing off!

Khaleesi shoves Goodsteel. He stumbles into the wall.

GOODSTEEL

Well, there's no proof that's what happened this time!

KHALEESI

I would marry you again just to divorce your ass another time.

GOODSTEEL

Well, too bad. You remarried me to divorce me once already and I'm not falling for it again.

KHALEESI

Find our son. Or I swear to God you will lose so many clout points you're going to start seeing Mister Pibb commercials in your sleep.

Khaleesi turns and walks away. Goodsteel looks distraught. He walks towards the window and it starts to rain. He opens up the window and STEPS OUT onto the fire escape outside.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

Goodsteel walks to the rain, looking for any clues. He looks out at the city, rain falling on his head.

GOODSTEEL (V.O.)

Of course, she was right. I got our son kidnapped. Again. But this time, I couldn't be sure who it was. Was it the hackers? Dahlia and her mysterious Genesis Division? Or maybe the pediatrician took him so he lobotomize my son. Any which way you slice it, I was screwed.

(beat)

Slice the situation, that is. Not my son's brain.

Goodsteel turns towards the apartment to go back inside. Right then, the glass on the window starts getting STATIC and FEEDBACK. ZZZT! Goodsteel backs away, startled. An ERROR MESSAGE appears on the glass:

"MAKE NO SOUND. YOU'RE BEING WATCHED."

Goodsteel is about to say something, but he holds his tongue. Instead, he gives a thumbs up, but he's not sure about that.

"DON'T DO THAT EITHER. I JUST SAID YOU'RE BEING WATCHED. STAND THERE REGULAR."

Goodsteel puts his thumb down and attempts a normal standing style. He's not doing great at it.

"WE HAVE YOUR SON. COME TO THE UNDERCITY. ALONE."

Goodsteel tries to stop himself from reaction. One final message appears:

"-LXG"

And then disappears. The window readout returns to normal. After a beat, Goodsteel LEAPS DOWN another level, running down the fire escape as fast as he can go. Khaleesi opens the window and sticks her head out, watching him go.

KHALEESI
Yeah, you better run.
(beat, under breath)
Piece of shit...

EXT. UNDERCITY ENTRANCE - EVENING

In the pouring rain, Goodsteel gazes at remains of the old UNION STATION building. It's crumbled and broken. NEON PAINT has the word UNDERCITY sprayed on it in HUGE GLOWING LETTERS.

With trepidation, Goodsteel walks towards the FRONT DOORS.

GOODSTEEL (V.O.)
The Undercity. The place nobody
talks about. Lawless. Copyright
abuse openly flaunted. It's the
last refuge of the cloutless. The
den of Those Without Brands. You'd
need a whole platoon of Brand
Enforcers to clean this place out.

Goodsteel's soaking wet, his face full of dread. An ARM reaches out from the SHADOWS and GRASPS HIS LEG. An OLD URCHIN reveals himself and PULLS HIM CLOSE.

URCHIN
Please sir! I need spare clout
points! I need my Nintendo Dream
Vacation!

Goodsteel wrestles himself away and RUNS towards the door.

URCHIN (CONT'D)
Please! I want to kiss Waluigi, but
it costs so much clout!

Goodsteel passes through the MAIN DOORS and into...

INT. UNDERCITY MAIN TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

Goodsteel walks through the GIANT, EXPANSIVE UNDERCITY. It's crumbling. Rain leaks in. There are remains from a project that was under construction at some point but abandoned. All over there are signs of a GIANT UNFINISHED RAIL PROJECT that never came to pass. Hints of what could have happened if we didn't live in the absolute worst possible timeline.

Groups of the CLOUTLESS huddle around flaming barrels. Other HAWK off-brand versions of popular brands and products. A MERCHANT jumps right in Goodsteel's face.

MERCHANT

You look like you got some clout.
How about some Funko Pops? You got
a kid?

Mentioning a kid triggers Goodsteel. He grabs the Funko Pop and reads the package.

GOODSTEEL

This says "Fucko Pops."

MERCHANT

Yeah, that's right. Deadpool's got
tits now. He's horny.

Goodsteel tosses the Fucko Pop aside and pushes past the merchant. He marches deeper into the undercity terminal.

Goodsteel passes various scenes of blatant copyright infringement:

Bootleg movies and t-shirts of unauthorized mash-ups. X-MANS, START TRUCK, SONIC THE HEDGEHOG WHO FUCKS. It's all weird and mildly pornographic.

As Goodsteel passes there's a GROUP gathered and CHEERING as DONATELLO FROM NINJA TURTLES fights CHEWBACCA. Chewie grabs Donatello by the shoulders and RIPS HIS ARMS OFF.

GROUP

(cheers)

Goodsteel stops in front of an entrance to a MAKESHIFT BAR. He LOCKS EYES with the mean-looking BOUNCER and steps inside.

INT. UNDERCITY BAR - CONTINUOUS

Goodsteel steps into the bar and sees it's an EXACT REPLICA of the CANTINA from the first Star Wars movie. Same characters, same music. Goodsteel's disgusted.

GOODSTEEL

Never seen so many copyright violations in one place...

Goodsteel walks inside, looking at all the familiar Star Wars monsters. He leans up against the bar. The CANTINA BARTENDER comes his way.

CANTINA BARTENER

What do you want?

GOODSTEEL

I have some questions. Need information.

CANTINA BARTENR

We don't serve your kind here.

GOODSTEEL

Ah. Right. Like from the movie. "Droids."

CANTINA BARTENR

No. I mean Brand Enforcers. No cops.

GOODSTEEL

You know how many laws you're violating with this place? Somebody gets wind of this, they'll put you all in Stormtrooper outfits with shock collars and you'll be working the lines at Disneyland for the next twenty-five years.

(long beat)

Unless you want to answer some of my questions.

OBI-WAN KENOBI sidles up to Goodsteel. He looks exactly like Alec Guinness in the movie.

OBI-WAN

You don't have any questions for him.

GOODSTEEL

That's a nice cosplay. Those are licensed robes and everything. Stolen?

OBI-WAN

You're going to turn around and go back to the surface where you belong.

GOODSTEEL
Jedi mind tricks aren't real.

OBI-WAN
It was an order, asshole.

WHAM! Obi-Wan SLUGS Goodsteel in the jaw, sending him stumbling back. When Goodsteel collects himself and readies a swing, CHEWBACCA storms in. He lifts up Goodsteel and FLINGS HIM INTO THE WALL.

CHEWBACCA
(roars)

The bar patrons SWARM Goodsteel. Soon he's getting his ass beat by GREEDO, HAN SOLO, LUKE SKYWALKER, and FIGRIN D'AN and his whole JAZZ BAND.

GOODSTEEL
(pained hits) Ow! No! Wait! Stop!

Figin D'an SWINGS and Goodsteel gets his space clarinet HARD to the face and KNOCKS HIM OUT COLD.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. UNDERCITY EMPTY TERMINAL - MOMENTS LATER

Goodsteel slowly WAKES UP. He's in the middle of a HUGE, EMPTY UNDERGROUND TERMINAL. He's alone.

GOODSTEEL
...the hell?

His words ECHO down the terminal into blackness. He stands up and turns to a PASSAGEWAY with a STAIRCASE LEADING UP. He walks towards it and THOOM! A HEAVY METALLIC DOOR SLAMS SHUT, blocking his way.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)
Huh?

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK-CLICK. Lights SWITCH ON above him, highlighting a path forward. The lights shut off everywhere else except the path.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Hello? ...LXG?

Nothing. Silence.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)
I just want my son back!

The lights SWITCH ON AND OFF AND ON AGAIN, obviously trying to gesture him forward.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)
Give me back my son!

HACKER VOICE (O.S.)
(over PA system)
Just follow the lights, man.

GOODSTEEL
I will when I see Kylo!

HACKER VOICE (O.S.)
We're trying to lead you to him.
Walk forward.

GOODSTEEL
Maybe I don't want to.

HACKER VOICE (O.S.)
That's where your son is, dumbass.

GOODSTEEL
Prove it.

HACKER VOICE (O.S.)
Walk forward and we will!

GOODSTEEL
Who are you people? Why should I trust you?

HACKER VOICE (O.S.)
Questions we will answer once you come down stairs.

GOODSTEEL
Maybe I don't want to--

Goodsteel looks down in shock as his legs start moving -- jerky and robotic -- walking forward down the lit path.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)
What's going on?! What are you doing?!

HACKER VOICE (O.S.)
We hacked the chip in your head to make you walk forward.

GOODSTEEL

You put a chip in my head?!

HACKER VOICE (O.S.)

No. The government did. You let them do it in exchange for a year of free Spotify.

GOODSTEEL

Oh. Right. I thought that was just to store my password.

HACKER VOICE (O.S.)

C'mon. You're a government agent. How do you not know this stuff?

GOODSTEEL

I -- hey! Would -- you stop -- moving my -- legs -- let me -- go!

Goodsteel fights his own body as he lurches forward down the path. He steps down a LONG, STEEP STAIRCASE.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)

Wait -- no--

HACKER VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, you gotta stop fighting me. You're gonna--

As he struggles against himself, he takes a HARD TUMBLE ALL THE WAY DOWN THE NON-FUNCTIONING ESCALATOR.

GOODSTEEL

(pained screams and hits)

HACKER VOICE (O.S.)

I told you what was going happen, didn't I? Anyway, see you in a minute.

Goodsteel falls down the stairs until he hits bottom.

INT. LXG BASE - CONTINUOUS

Goodsteel hits the concrete floor. He looks up and sees a group of MASKED CYBERPUNK HACKERS in front of a messy network of COMPUTERS and MAINFRAMES in the middle of a large empty concrete room. One of the masked hackers, QUARTERMAIN, steps forward and outstretches his hand.

QUARTERMAIN

Are you alright, Agent Goodsteel?

Goodsteel takes Quartermain's hand and pulls himself up. In a single motion he brings Quartermain in CLOSE and DRAWS HIS PISTOL, pressing up against his neck.

GOODSTEEL

I'm fine. You better show me Kylo
right now or else you won't be.

QUARTERMAIN

Kylo's right behind me. Look:

Quartermain STEPS OUT OF THE WAY and reveals KYLO sitting on an OLD COUCH playing a video game on a handheld.

GOODSTEEL

Kylo!

Goodsteel pushes past Quartermain and runs over to Kylo.

KYLO

Oh, hey dad.

Goodsteel stops short. He can't believe it.

GOODSTEEL

Kylo... you're talking... and
you're playing a video game! You're
enjoying our precious brands!

Goodsteel grabs Kylo by each shoulder and then pulls him in for a HARD EMBRACE.

KYLO

Huh? Oh yeah. Sure.

Goodsteel turns back to the hackers. He's in shock.

GOODSTEEL

You fixed him? How?! Did you remove
those bad parts of his brain?!

QUARTERMAIN

We didn't do anything, Agent
Goodsteel. There was nothing wrong
with your son.

GOODSTEEL

Huh? But he wasn't enjoying branded
content before but now he is.

Another masked hacker, the BIKER from the day before: NEMO, shakes his head.

NEMO

You were broadcasting content to him almost twenty-four seven. Awake, asleep, in school. It was just too much. He'll be fine if you just, you know, do it... less.

QUARTERMAIN

Also, you're feeding him too much corn syrup. We just gave him some vegetables and it made him feel better.

GOODSTEEL

We only inject him with the government recommended amount of corn syrup, but okay...

(beat)

Wait. Who... who are you?

QUARTERMAIN

You already know some about us, I'm sure. I'm Quartermain, this is Nemo, Murray, Hyde, Griffin, Sawyer, Orlando. We're the LXG. That's short for... the League of Extraordinary Gentlemen.

Quartermain emphasizes the last part like it's supposed to have significance. No recognition from Goodsteel.

GOODSTEEL

The League of...?

Another hacker, MURRAY, gestures to a chair and invites Goodsteel to have a seat.

MURRAY

You might want to have a seat, Agent. You have a lot of catching up to do.

Reluctantly, cautiously, Goodsteel walks over to the chair and sits down.

QUARTERMAIN

You've never heard of the League of Extraordinary Gentlemen, have you?

GOODSTEEL

Should I have?

Quartermain switches the screen on: it's the poster for the 2003 film, THE LEAGUE OF EXTRAORDINARY GENTLEMAN, starring Sean Connery.

QUARTERMAIN

The League of Extraordinary Gentleman was an early attempt at branded content... at least in the way we know it today. Based on a comic book that incorporated public domain literary character assembled into an Avengers-like team. It was a huge flop. Almost killed brands entirely until Marvel came around ten years later. We've taken their name as our own. To fight the supremacy of branded content. And destroy it.

GOODSTEEL

Wait. Hold on. One second. The hell is "public domain?"

The hackers all look at each other.

SAWYER

My God, man...

MURRAY

It's worse than we thought. He knows nothing.

QUARTERMAIN

Agent Goodsteel... public domain is what used to happen to content. After a certain amount of years, copyright would expire and creative works would enter the public domain and everyone would be free to use that content legally and for free.

Quartermain brings up a slide of SHERLOCK HOLMES in his various film and literary incarnations.

QUARTERMAIN (CONT'D)

Sherlock Holmes was created by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in eighteen eighty-seven. Due to legal maneuvering after his death, his estate owned the character and the rights until twenty twenty-three when they passed into the public domain.

(MORE)

QUARTERMAIN (CONT'D)

Then everyone was free to profit off of the character and write stories and make movies and draw weird naked pictures of him how they liked.

GOODSTEEL

You're full of shit! The We Own Sherlock Holmes Company owns the rights to Sherlock Holmes. Everyone knows that.

QUARTERMAIN

No. They just made people think they did by starting a company called "The We Own Sherlock Holmes Company." How many Sherlock-related busts have you made in twenty years on the force?

GOODSTEEL

Well... none, now that I think of it. But... huh.

NEMO

It wasn't always this way. Used to be characters weren't under ownership long after their original creator's death. Used to be one person made money off a fictional character. But that was before. Before Disney. Before the Mickey Mouse Law.

GOODSTEEL

I think you mean "Mickey Mouse is Law." It's on all our money.

ALL LXG

(heavy sighs and frustrated walla)

Another slide comes on screen. Details for the COPYRIGHT TERM EXTENSION ACT.

QUARTERMAIN

No, Goodsteel. He's talking about the Copyright Term Extension Act. Or, as it is popularly known, the Mickey Mouse Law.

(MORE)

QUARTERMAIN (CONT'D)

Every few decades whenever the copyright was about to expire, Disney would lobby Congress to extend the terms so Mickey Mouse wouldn't go into the public domain and everyone and their dad would be able to profit off of him. But now that Disney is the government, they're about to quietly make sure that copyright is extended indefinitely. This is happening just as Disney has bought up every last piece of branded and copyrighted content in existence.

As Quartermain speaks, Goodsteel watches the screen. It demonstrates how Disney has expanded its network and controls every part of everyone's life. Goodsteel looks on in horror, as if understanding all this for the very first time.

QUARTERMAIN (CONT'D)

When Disney owns all the brands, we'll all be too distracted by crossovers and synergy that no one will notice that they've gone full fascist. And as long as they have the Avengers, maybe no one will care. And they're timing it to happen as The Ultimate Crossover premieres so nobody even notices. Tomorrow, the Walt Disney Corporation will own everything you see and consume. They've been buying up brands for a hundred years and now all the pieces are in place for them to own everything forever. And, more importantly, own us.

(beat)

Unless...

GOODSTEEL

Unless what?

MURRAY

Unless we stop them. With your help.

GOODSTEEL

My help?! I'm a damn Brand Enforcer! Why would I help you?

QUARTERMAIN

You've got clearance, Goodsteel.
You can get into Corporate
Headquarters and stop the bill from
transmitting from their servers
just in time for all the copyrights
to run out -- reverting everything
back to public domain. People will
be free. The corporations will lose
their power over us. Clout points --
will be meaningless!

GOODSTEEL

But that's anarchy!

QUARTERMAIN

It's freedom! Admit it. You want
this. Deep down. Deep down you know
you don't actually like Deadpool.

GOODSTEEL

What? I love Deadpool. He's funny
and badass. I like it when he says
chimichanga.

QUARTERMAIN

No, you don't! You just like that
you gain three clout points when
you say you like it when he says
chimichanga!

GOODSTEEL

What's the difference?

SAWYER

Dammit, man! Don't you want to be
free?

GOODSTEEL

I mean... no? Sounds stressful.
Makes me feel less safe.

Quartermain shakes his head in frustration. He crosses over
towards Kylo, who is no longer playing his video game. He's
reading the ingredients of a soda can.

QUARTERMAIN

Kylo! Do you have any ideas?

KYLO

Ideas? What do you mean?

QUARTERMAIN

For content. Do you have a Star Wars idea you think would be cool?

GOODSTEEL

Kylo, no! Don't answer him. You're not authorized to think of any Star Wars ideas. You'll lose all your clout points.

Kylo ignores Goodsteel and gets to thinking about this.

KYLO

Well. Hmm. I think it would be cool if maybe there was a story about a Dark Jedi who was like... good. But dark. Like the Punisher. He would only be bad to other bad guys.

QUARTERMAIN

Pretty cool, Kylo. Don't you agree, Agent Goodsteel? Think of all the other ideas your son could have if he had the chance.

Goodsteel is silent. He's never seen Kylo like this.

MURRAY

We know you saw Bilbo Troberts, Goodsteel. The creator of Thicc Daddy. He had an original idea. And look what they did to him. Stole his work and gave him a hat and a sweatshirt to thank him for it.

Goodsteel's really thinking about this now.

QUARTERMAIN

Come with me, Goodsteel. I want to show you something.

Quartermain turns and walks down a dark passageway. Goodsteel stays seated. He hesitates.

NEMO

You better go or we're gonna do the leg thing to you again.

This makes Goodsteel stand right up and follow Quartermain.

INT. EARTHQUAKE CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

Goodsteel enters through a heavy metal service door into a HUGE UNDERGROUND CAVE with a BOTTOMLESS BLACK PIT at the center and a GIGANTIC BOLT-LIKE OBJECT jutting out of the darkness, thousands of feet tall. It SWAYS SLOWLY back and forth CREEKING AND SCREECHING. We hear RUMBLES FROM BELOW.

Quartermain looks out, leaning against a METAL SAFETY RAILING from the decades-old construction site overlooking the pit.

QUARTERMAIN

Do you know what this is,
Goodsteel? Not many people
remember.

GOODSTEEL

Can't say I do.

QUARTERMAIN

That's a shock absorber that goes deep underground into the tectonic plates below. There are twenty of these shocks, going all the way up and down the San Andreas fault line. And everybody's forgotten about them. For decades they've been down here, the only thing protecting us from the Big One. But the stress on the electrical grid from protecting the coastline is getting too great. These things are gonna give out eventually.

GOODSTEEL

I thought your whole thing was intellectual property. You're confusing your messaging with this earthquake stuff. You always gotta pick a brand.

QUARTERMAIN

It's all connected, Goodsteel.
That's what we're saying. The Corporations use brands to subdue us. To distract us from the things that are important. We're asking you to help us break people free.

GOODSTEEL

You don't think people are free? If you don't like McDonald's, you're free to subscribe to Wendy's. That's freedom. That's choice.

QUARTERMAIN

Not if they're owned by the same company. And if their burgers are thirty percent sawdust.

GOODSTEEL

Hey, that's down from sixty percent sawdust!

Quartermain clasps Goodsteel's hand. He places a SMALL DRIVE in his palm.

QUARTERMAIN

The night of the premiere, insert this drive into mainframe one-one-three-eight at Corporate Headquarters. We'll create a disturbance to get you in there. This will block the bill from being transmitted and it'll get us inside the Corporate Network. We can do the rest from there.

GOODSTEEL

How do you know I'm not just gonna turn you in? I could take you all down this afternoon.

QUARTERMAIN

I don't. But I think you want a better world for your son. One where he doesn't get his brain scooped out for not liking Deadpool enough.

(beat)

And for right now, he's staying with us. For insurance. If you want him back, you'll do what we ask.

GOODSTEEL

I thought you were the good guys.

QUARTERMAIN

Good guys need leverage, don't they? Think it over, Goodsteel.

Goodsteel looks at the shock absorber. It WHINES as it STRAINS against another LOW RUMBLE. He's obviously conflicted.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - AFTERNOON

Goodsteel walks down the street, away from the old Union Station entrance. The rain is now at a DRIZZLE. The sky is gray. He looks down at the drive. He clutches it. His PHONE IS RINGING, incessant.

GOODSTEEL (V.O.)

You work your whole life for something. You believe in it. You fight for it. Then you wonder if it was even worth it. And if you were the villain the whole time.

Goodsteel stops. He looks at a bunch of DEADPOOL MERCH in a storefront window. He sees his reflection and stares into his own eyes reflected over Deadpool's mask.

GOODSTEEL (V.O.)

You spend your whole life thinking you're Deadpool. But then it turns out you're... uh... whoever the bad guy of Deadpool is... the guy he does Looney Tunes stuff on.

His phone rings LOUDER AND LOUDER. Goodsteel snaps out of it, and sees who is calling -- it's DAHLIA. He takes a deep breath and BRINGS HER ON SCREEN.

DAHLIA

Goodsteel! Where were you?! I've been trying to reach you for hours -- what happened?!

Goodsteel turns away from Deadpool. He's torn. He doesn't know what to do.

GOODSTEEL

Uhh. It was...
(deep sigh)
Family problems. Crazy ex-wife. You know how it is.

DAHLIA

Would you please stop telling me that I know how things are when I do not know how things are?

GOODSTEEL

Will do.

DAHLIA

I'll meet you back at base
tomorrow, Goodsteel. The premiere
is happening. We gotta be sharp.

CLICK. Dahlia switches herself off and disappears. Goodsteel looks back up at the window display. Deadpool is no longer there. His reflection is now over an unrecognizable VILLAIN character whose sign reads "THE VILLAIN FROM DEADPOOL."

All at once it STARTS TO POUR RAIN AGAIN. His reflection gets WASHED OUT from the window in front of him.

GOODSTEEL (V.O.)

I knew what I had to do. The choice
I had to make. Between my son and
my duty. Between my conscience and
the Corporations I swore to
protect. But honestly... I'd rather
Deadpool bash me in the head with a
big wooden mallet and then flatten
my body with a steamroller. But
first... there was somebody I had
to go see.

Goodsteel keeps walking through the rain down the sidewalk.

EXT. SEEDY STREET CORNER - LATER

Goodsteel walks up to the VR Pleasure Palace. The usual spot where the homeless man was sitting is now EMPTY. Goodsteel LOOKS AROUND for him. He doesn't see anything. He looks back. He leans down and finds a CRUMPLED UP THICC DADDY HAT.

INT. VR PLEASURE PALACE - EVENING

Goodsteel enters the VR Pleasure Palace, rain thundering down behind him, soaking wet as he enters.

MILSON

Well, look who it is. Been a whole
two days. Almost thought you moved
on--

GOODSTEEL

Milson, what happened to the guy
who always sat outside? Where did
he go?

MILSON

Oh, that homeless guy? I think
somebody called the city on him.

(MORE)

MILSON (CONT'D)

He got vacuumed up into one of the
clean-up trucks.

Goodsteel SLAMS his fist on the table. He's fuming mad.

MILSON (CONT'D)

Yeah, they got him this morning.
Sorry. Why? Did you want to waste
him first?

GOODSTEEL

Usual. Give me the damn... usual.

Goodsteel slams his money on the counter. He means business.

INT. VIRTUAL WORLD - MOMENTS LATER

Goodsteel is transported to the same virtual wireframe world
as last time. The world transforms and he's back in the
house. The members of KISS appear to him once again.

GENE

Well hey there, Mox.

GOODSTEEL

Hello... former President of the
United States Gene Simmons.

GENE

Heard you were feeling pretty down.

GOODSTEEL

Oh yeah? Who told you that?

ACE

What's bugging ya, Goodsteel?

Goodsteel is silent. He's seething.

ACE (CONT'D)

...Goodsteel? Why isn't he saying
anything?

GENE

I bet he wants us to kick his ass.
C'mon, boys!

Gene Simmons SNEERS and then sticks out his huge tongue. He
PUNCHES at Goodsteel for a jab. Goodsteel catches his fist.

GENE (CONT'D)

Huh?!

Goodsteel YANKS Gene forward and he goes flying face first into Goodsteel's WAITING ELBOW. He topples to the floor.

GENE (CONT'D)
(groaning in pain)

PETER
What the hell, Mox?! I thought we
had a good thing going!

WHAM! Goodsteel punches a hole through Peter Criss's face, blowing out through the back of his skull.

GOODSTEEL
I'm -- sick -- of getting knocked
around -- by you!

Ace and Paul back away slowly, arms extended signaling for Goodsteel to calm down.

ACE
To be fair, you asked us to do it.

PAUL
Yeah, man... let's take it easy.

Goodsteel LUNGES at Ace and RIPS OFF HIS LEFT ARM.

ACE
Aw man!

WHAM-WHAM! He swings the arm around, KNOCKING OUT BOTH band members. Goodsteel stands panting atop a heap of their broken bodies.

MILSON (O.S.)
Hey Mox, you okay in there?

Goodsteel pants, silent, considering the question.

GOODSTEEL
Okay? Yeah I'm pretty okay.
Finally... I think I'm doing okay.
From now on... it's gonna be...
okay.

MILSON (O.S.)
(long beat)
Cool. I was just asking.

Goodsteel adjusts his coat and steps on Gene Simmons's head on his way out of the door.

INT. HEADQUARTERS BULLPEN - MORNING

Goodsteel sits at his desk, distracted. Hester looks up at him, just about bursting with gleeful energy.

HESTER
You exciited?

GOODSTEEL
Hm?

HESTER
"Hm?" What do you mean, "hm?"

GOODSTEEL
Oh. Right. The premiere.

HESTER
"The premiere?"

GOODSTEEL
Hester, would you stop repeating the things that I say as if you're saying them with quotation marks around them?

HESTER
Sorry, it's just the biggest brand crossover of all time and thus the most important day in history. Just thought you'd be more excited.

GOODSTEEL
The most important day in history?

HESTER
Now you just quoted what I said back to me, hypocrite. And yes. All our favorite characters from games, comics, cartoons, TV shows, movies and books are gonna come together for a huge party and--

GOODSTEEL
Alright, alright. I'm excited. You're right. It really is the most important day in history.

HESTER
Thank you.

Goodsteel looks up. He's startled to see Dahlia there
STANDING OVER HIM. Her arms are folded.

DAHLIA
Agent Goodsteel.

GOODSTEEL
Agent Whote. How can I help you?

DAHLIA
How goes the LXG investigation?
Follow up at all yesterday?

GOODSTEEL
Yeah, I think there might be a
break in the case, actually.

This legitimately takes Dahlia by surprise.

DAHLIA
Oh, really? Such as?

CHIEF POUNDER bursts out from her office and SWINGS OPEN THE
DOOR. She calls out from across the CROWDED BULLPEN.

POUNDER
Goodsteel! Whote! Office! Now!

Dahlia and Goodsteel exchange a look and head over.

INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Goodsteel and Dahlia enter the office. Goodsteel shuts the
door behind him.

POUNDER
There's been a new development. LXG
has been making moves. We have
reason to believe they're going to
strike Corporate Headquarters with
a cyber attack as soon as the
Crossover premieres.

DAHLIA
Strike? What sort of strike?

POUNDER
We can't know for sure at this
point. We're flying blind here.
Have you two made any sort of
progress in your investigation?

DAHLIA
Goodsteel just said he had some
potential intel...

Goodsteel reacts. Pounder looks at him expectantly.

POUNDER

...well?

Goodsteel feels around his coat pocket. His hand finds the drive, fiddles with it for a moment.

POUNDER (CONT'D)

Do you know something about LXG?
Plans? Location?

GOODSTEEL

I, uh... heard something about a mainframe attack. Something about compromised servers. From one of my Undercity contacts. Think it could be the mainframe at corporate headquarters.

Goodsteel catches Dahlia staring at him. She's almost studying him.

POUNDER

Good work, Goodsteel. You two should get down there. Make sure there are no vulnerabilities. This LXG is powerful and dangerous. We've just linked them to intellectual property stolen, over a ten trillion clout points.

GOODSTEEL

Well, I mean, they didn't steal it, per se. They just made copies of it. The original is there. They didn't take it from anyone.

Dahlia and Pounder shoot Goodsteel a look like he's talking absolutely batshit crazy.

POUNDER

Excuse me, Agent?

Goodsteel realizes his fuck up and starts to cover.

GOODSTEEL

That's, uh, how LXG justifies it. It's possible they've got an agent inside Corporate HQ. To get mainframe access.

POUNDER

Well if they do, you've gotta find them. Now. Good luck, agents. We're all counting on you.

Goodsteel and Dahlia stand up and exit.

INT./EXT. GOODSTEEL'S CAR / CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Goodsteel's car pulls in through the security gate into the HUGE CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS complex. It's like a dark mirror of the GOOGLE CAMPUS, black obsidian and gold all over.

GOODSTEEL

I haven't been here in years.
Always freaks me out.

DAHLIA

Really? I'm here every day.

GOODSTEEL

(snorts)
Yeah? You sleep here or something?

DAHLIA

(flat)
Yes.

Goodsteel wasn't expecting that. He reacts.

EXT. CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

The car pulls away on its own as Goodsteel and Dahlia ascend the staircase leading up to the entrance. On either side of the wide staircase are GIANT GOLDEN STATUES of the most famous fictional characters: HAN SOLO, JAMES BOND, WONDER WOMAN, MARIO, HARRY POTTER, and more. Giant glimmering golden idols to the stupidest bullshit of all time.

DAHLIA

Always takes your breath away,
doesn't it?

GOODSTEEL

Yeah... right... I always get
choked up when I see... Waluigi.

DAHLIA

I'm glad to hear you say that,
Agent. Waluigi is a very tragic
character. Wario treats him so
terribly.

They pass through the GOLDEN LEGS of MICKEY MOUSE as they get to the top of the stairs, passing into the entrance.

INT. CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Goodsteel enters the BUSTLING lobby. Everything inside is black and gold with abstract and high art tributes to the heroes of branded content.

Goodsteel slows down. His gaze shifts around the room. He makes EYE CONTACT with various people -- the CONCIERGE, SECURITY, WHITE COLLAR WORKERS. Time SLOWS DOWN for him. He's definitely getting the feeling that everyone's watching him. Dahlia steps in front of him--

DAHLIA

Goodsteel? Let's go.

Goodsteel JERKS back. Beat. He collects himself and nods. He walks with Dahlia towards the SECURITY DESK.

SECURITY

Agent Dahlia. Agent Goodsteel. We have your clearances right here.

GOODSTEEL

You were expecting us?

DAHLIA

We called ahead.

GOODSTEEL

And you know why we're here?

SECURITY

Possible security breach in the mainframe. We need to get you two down there right away.

GOODSTEEL

Huh. Just like that?

DAHLIA

We have highest clearance on this, Goodsteel. This is how it works.

GOODSTEEL

And we're just gonna go right on down there. Walk right in. And that's okay.

SECURITY

Correct.

The guard leans up and points at an OPEN ELEVATOR waiting for them at the far end of the lobby.

SECURITY (CONT'D)
You just gotta get into that
elevator right there.

GOODSTEEL
That one? I think the doors are
gonna close. We're so far away.

SECURITY
I'm holding it open for you.

GOODSTEEL
Somebody else will get on before
us.

SECURITY
Everyone knows not to get on that
elevator.

GOODSTEEL
What if they see us get on and try
to stop us because they think that
we too are banned from the special
elevator--

DAHLIA
What's the matter, Goodsteel?
You're acting strange.

GOODSTEEL
Hm? Me? Nothing. I'm doing great at
this.

DAHLIA
Let's go.

Dahlia walks from the security desk, but Goodsteel is
dragging his feet. He doesn't want to go.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)
(like calling a dog)
C'mon, Goodsteel. Let's go. C'mon.

Slowly, Goodsteel accepts it and starts walking down the
lobby and towards the elevator.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)
Good job! Let's go.

Dahlia steps into the elevator. Goodsteel walks right up to
it and stops.

GOODSTEEL
Why don't I take the next one?
Seems... cramped.

DAHLIA
(command)
Get in.

Goodsteel, with great trepidation, steps onto the elevator.
The door slides shut behind him.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Goodsteel and Dahlia stand side by side. The elevator noise is very loud. Goodsteel looks over, examining her. She doesn't react. Cool and smug and unshakable.

DING! The doors SLIDE OPEN. Neither of them move.

GOODSTEEL
Ladies first?

DAHLIA
After you.

GOODSTEEL
I was polite first. You go.

Dahlia shakes her head and rolls her eyes.

DAHLIA
Of course.

Dahlia exits the elevator, walking into the server room.
Goodsteel hesitates and walks in behind her.

INT. SERVER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Row after row after row of HUGE SERVERS as far as the eye can see. Dahlia strides through, breathing in deep.

DAHLIA
It's incredible, isn't it? All our franchises, brands, characters, influencers... it all is transmitted directly from here to all over the world. Pure content all around us. It's intoxicating.

GOODSTEEL
Yeah, TV's great.

Goodsteel walks through the rows of the server stacks. He's trying to look casual as he searches for the correct one, looking at the numbers.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)
(to himself)
One one three eight...

DAHLIA
This is a momentous day, Agent Goodsteel. A day you've spent your entire life trying to bring about. You should be proud.

GOODSTEEL
Are you proud of yourself?

DAHLIA
I have no self. I am brands. I am Spongebob Squarepants and Mister Crab. I am Kramer and I am Costanza, the first and the last. I am the sexy blue cat from Avatar and the Space Marines.

As Goodsteel reacts, weirded out, he sees the right server -- number 1138 -- and the SLOT to INSERT HIS DRIVE. It's several rows down. He'd have to make a dash for it.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)
I am Sherlock Holmes. I am Dracula.
I am Sherlock Holmes Meets Dracula.
I protect them. I love them. And they love me.

GOODSTEEL
That's really great. I'm happy for you. I'm Mox Goodsteel.

Goodsteel DASHES OVER to the server and SLAMS the drive into it. He lets out a huge SIGH OF RELIEF and looks up. Dahlia APPEARS, now standing right in front of him. Goodsteel jumps back a step, surprised.

DAHLIA
Thank you, Mox Goodsteel. And thank you for your help. Now we'll be able to track the LXG to their base and bring them to justice.

GOODSTEEL
I knew you knew.

Dahlia steps towards Goodsteel, full of aggression. He steps back and keeps backing away as she advances forward on him.

DAHLIA

So? You still put the drive in anyway. You still lost. You lost from the start. We knew the LXG was targeting you because of your son. Because you were weak. That's why we assigned you to the case. Because we knew the only way to catch them was through you!

GOODSTEEL

Haven't caught them yet. There's still a chance!

DAHLIA

Our agents are swarming their base right now! They're probably already dead! And you'll join them!

Dahlia LUNGES FORWARD at Goodsteel. He dives out of the way and TUMBLES ACROSS THE FLOOR.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)

I lied to you, Goodsteel. There is one brand I prefer above all others.

Dahlia's arm MORPHS into LIQUID METAL and solidifies as a HUGE SWORD. She JABS at Goodsteel. He ducks and it goes RIGHT THROUGH a server. SPARKS FLY.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)

Terminator. T-1000.

GOODSTEEL

Aha! I knew you were a robot! I can always tell. That's why you didn't want to have sex with me!

DAHLIA

Yeah. That's why.

Dahlia's other arm TRANSFORMS into a HUGE SLEDGEHAMMER. She brings it down on Goodsteel. He ROLLS out of the way and it CRACKS THE FLOOR TILE where he once sat.

GOODSTEEL

Alright, you wanna fight?

Goodsteel springs to his feet and puts his hands up like a street boxer.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)
Let's fight.

WHOOSH! He ducks as Dahlia's HAMMER swings past his head.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)
No robot stuff! Fight me fair!

THWANK! He dodges again as she puts her sword hand through a SERVER behind him. As she strains to get it unstuck, Goodsteel RUNS. He pulls his gun and start FIRING WILDLY behind at Dahlia.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)
Can't fight fair, huh?! Well, I got a gun! These things were invented so people wouldn't have to have fair fights!

DAHLIA
Get back here!

Dahlia SLASHES WILDLY. She SLICES server stacks in half.

GOODSTEEL
No!

Goodsteel keeps running down the center row of servers as Dahlia starts gaining on him at superhuman speed.

DAHLIA
Prepare to die, Goodsteel!

Dahlia runs and LEAPS up in the air. She's going to bring her sword down on Goodsteel. But--

DAHLIA (CONT'D)
YAHH--

--she jerks wildly in midair and SPASMS. Her swords PIERCES the floor right behind Goodsteel. He trips and falls.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)
(voice becoming slow,
inhuman)
What... iiiis... haaaappeninng...?

She tries to RAISE HER HAMMER but it DRAGS and SCREECHES across the concrete floor. It's too heavy for her now.

QUARTERMAIN (O.S.)
(in Goodsteel's ear)
Goodsteel. Get up. The far door is open for you.

GOODSTEEL

Quartermain?! You're alive?! The plan worked?!

QUARTERMAIN (O.S.)

Kind of. We knew they knew we were targeting for you to get to us. We planned for this. Now get up.

GOODSTEEL

Wait... you knew? You set me up?!

QUARTERMAIN (O.S.)

Do want me to say yes? Yes. You got played twice. By both sides. You're the one who should feel bad. Because you're a double dupe. Now get up! She's gonna kick us out of her system in a minute.

Goodsteel scrambles to his feet. He sprints to a door at the FAR END OF THE SERVER ROOM.

DAHLIA

(glitching)

Nnnoo -- get baack -- heurrrr...

GOODSTEEL

That's what you get! Robot stuff is being used against you now! Hoisted by your own petard!

QUARTERMAIN (O.S.)

Goodsteel, they're blocking our virus from spreading to their systems. So we're not able to execute the block on the law's transmission. We need you to enter a restricted room on the far end of the complex. You can take their cyber security out from there. The terminal is in research and development.

GOODSTEEL

I thought all I had to do was just plug the drive in!

QUARTERMAIN (O.S.)

Yes. We lied to you. Get over it. But since you're already in there you might as well do it. Agent Whote is functional again. Duck.

GOODSTEEL

Huh?

Goodsteel DUCKS his head in the nick of time just as Dahlia swings her blade. She's already BACK UP and in a full sprint.

DAHLIA

Traitor! Heretic!

Goodsteel passes through the doors. They SLIDE SHUT.

GOODSTEEL

That's nice. Goodbye!

WHAM! She SLAMS HER HAMMER into the door, making a HUGE DENT.

INT. TOP SECRET LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Goodsteel finds himself in an underground network of HALLWAYS. It's industrial and unfinished, like a secret government facility.

GOODSTEEL

Okay, where do I go?

QUARTERMAIN (O.S.)

It looks like you keep going
straight (static) then you (static)
just avoid the (static)

GOODSTEEL

Could you not have static over
every single noun, please?

(beat)

Hello? ...Quartermain?

Quartermain's gone. Goodsteel runs through the hallway and passes by windows showing VARIOUS ROOMS OF SECRET PROJECTS. He runs past a room labeled SOCIAL MEDIA CLAPBACK HIVEMIND.

There's a SCIENTIST at the head of a room in front of a screen and a bunch of INTERNS hooked up to an ELECTRIC GENERATOR.

SCIENTIST

Okay this guy just asked Hot
Pockets to rate his outfit. We need
a clapback.

INTERN

Tell him to kill his parents!

SCIENTIST

No! Too mean!

The scientist FLIPS A SWITCH and all the interns are ELECTROSHOCKED.

INTERNS

(electrified screaming)

SCIENTIST

We need something snappy! Light-hearted ribbing, you fools!

Goodsteel runs past this room. He looks behind him and DAHLIA is now STOMPING AFTER HIM. He FIRES A FEW SHOTS back at her.

He turns the corner and DUCKS INTO a large WAREHOUSE ROOM. It's lined with LIFELIKE ROBOTS. ANIME CHARACTERS with ridiculous proportions, BEEFCAKE SUPERHEROES, and GOLDEN BIKINI PRINCESS LEIAS all lined up and deactivated. Goodsteel comes face to face with an ANIME CAT GIRL.

GOODSTEEL

Sex bots... all sex bots...

He keeps walking and comes face to face with PETER GRIFFIN. He winces.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)

That's fine. That's okay. Nothing wrong with this. No kink shaming.

The next robot is a MAN-SIZED GARFIELD with HUGE MUSCLES.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)

I feel like this one is not okay, though.

Goodsteel hears Dahlia's coming and finds a spot to hide.

DAHLIA

Goodsteel! I know you're in here. Do you think hiding will save you?

Dahlia steps forward, walking down the rows of bots.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)

These sexbots are fully functional. All kinks have been activated. Do you think that only holograms of the members of KISS inflict pain on paying customers?

GOODSTEEL
(under his breath)
That was supposed to be private.

DAHLIA
We know everything, Goodsteel.
That's why it's useless to fight
us. We have your whole life.
(to the sexbots)
Code three two seven seven!
Activate!

In unison, the SEXBOTS STAND UP STRAIGHT, eyes LIGHTING UP.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)
Seize him!

All the robots in the room HEEL TURN right at Goodsteel. He
BOLTS FOR THE EXIT.

PETER GRIFFIN
Holy freaking crap, Lois! I'm gonna
give this guy a big sexy spanking!

GOODSTEEL
No you are not, Peter Griffin!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Goodsteel fires off shots right at Peter's
face, blasting it apart, revealing robot parts underneath. He
continues SPRAYING FIRE at the advancing robots.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)
No! Leave me alone, dammit!

ANIME CAT GIRL
Come back, Goodsteel! I have
something for you!

GOODSTEEL
I don't want it!

THREE FULLY NUDE WARIOS pull ahead of the pack.

WARIOS
("wah ha ha" laughing)

GOODSTEEL
No! No! No!

WARIO 1
Wah I'm-a gonna get you, Goodsteel!

WARIO 2
Waahhh that's a-right!

The first Wario LEAPS forward and SLIDES on the ground, reaching for Goodsteel's leg. The other two LEAP and SLIDE right behind him.

WARIOS
(sustained "waaaaahhhh's")

Goodsteel BLASTS the first Wario's hand off and then EXPLODES the second one's head with another shot.

WARIO 1
Oh no! Meat-ah-ball too spicy!
Waahh!

He JUMPS and LANDS ON THE BACK of the third sliding Wario.

WARIO 3
Knock it off! Get off-a me!

Goodsteel turns and crouches. He takes aim at the oncoming swarm of SEXBOTS. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! He takes out three Harrison Fords in a row: HAN SOLO, INDIANA JONES, and OLD HAN SOLO. OLD INDIANA JONES trips over their BROKEN BODIES.

As Goodsteel FIRES on the robots, the door ahead SLIDES SHUT SLOWLY. He surfs on Wario all the way to the door and LEAPS OFF OF HIM and THROUGH THE DOORWAY as it CLOSES SHUT.

WARIO 3 (CONT'D)
WAHHH!--

The Wario CRASHES AND EXPLODES, starting a CHAIN REACTION, LIGHTING UP all the SEXBOTS. The FLOOR SHAKES WITH EXPLOSION.

INT. DARK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Goodsteel picks himself back up, bruised and battered. This hallway is darker, more ominous. At the far end is a HEAVY DOOR LIT UP IN RED. The sign reads "RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT: RESTRICTED AREA."

GOODSTEEL
There you are...

Goodsteel limps towards the door. As he approaches it, the LOCK MECHANISMS OPEN and the DOOR RUMBLES OPEN.

He hesitates for a moment before walking inside. The door shuts behind him.

INT. RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT - CONTINUOUS

Goodsteel looks on at all the SUPER ADVANCED GADGETS and SYSTEMS populating the vast R&D room. They glimmer and pulse with LIGHT and ELECTRICITY.

Goodsteel approaches a SCREEN and COMPUTER at one end of the room. An A.I. writes a MOVIE SCRIPT. Words FILL OUT on the screen in real time as it broadcasts its feed.

SCRIPT AI

Sonic: Mister President, we're
looking for something and we need
your help. The president chuckles.
President: You mean the chaos
emeralds? Sonic...

Goodsteel keeps walking. Another computer is using A.I. to create a brand new character. The character is displayed as a hologram before Goodsteel. It is being designed and redesigned in REAL TIME, making image adjustments as the A.I. plugs in new inputs.

CHARACTER AI

Female... superhero... lawyer...
strong... libertarian... tall...
long legs, short torso... small
business owner... gun rights
activist... red hair... feminist...

Goodsteel keeps walking. He comes up on a 3D hologram globe. It displays pulsating lines from all around the world all going directly towards Corporate Headquarters. He turns to a nearby WALL OF SCREENS.

They all display different HAZY IMAGES of various WORLDS, PEOPLE, PLACES, IMAGINARY OBJECTS. The images CYCLE EVERY FEW SECONDS. Goodsteel doesn't understand what he's looking at.

DAHLIA (O.S.)

I'm glad you're seeing this,
Goodsteel.

Dahlia's footsteps echo in the HUGE EMPTY ROOM. She approaches Goodsteel, full of smug victory.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)

Maybe you'll finally understand
what you're up against.

GOODSTEEL

All this? Looks like dogshit.
Absolutely awful. Don't even care
what it is.

DAHLIA

What you're looking at is the sum of creativity from every human being in the entire world. The collective ideas of every single person as they think them. And they belong to us.

Goodsteel reacts with shock. The BATTERED SEX ROBOTS march into the room. They fill in formation behind Dahlia.

GOODSTEEL

You're reading people's minds to steal their ideas as soon as they have them?

DAHLIA

And when copyright law extends indefinitely we will own every single piece of intellectual property in existence forever. Including everyone's imaginations.

GOODSTEEL

That's... that's wrong! It's disgusting, dammit! It's what you did to the Thicc Daddy guy... times a thousand!

DAHLIA

Don't you see, Goodsteel? It's better this way. We can use these ideas better than a regular person can. We're not stealing, we're shaping, improving. We're... collaborating.

GOODSTEEL

It's domination. Control.

DAHLIA

Well, we agree on that. You've earned a temporary reprieve from death. Someone wants to meet you, Goodsteel. Follow me.

GOODSTEEL

I'm not going anywhere with you.

DAHLIA

Very well. Seize him -- again!

SEX BOTS

(frenzied screaming)

The SEX BOTS SURGE FORWARD at Goodsteel, TACKLING HIM and OVERWHELMING HIM.

GOODSTEEL
(screaming)

Goodsteel is on the ground as the robots put their hands on him. A BLASTED-APART WARIO STANDS OVER HIM.

WARIO 3
Time-a to go to sleep! Waahhh!

Wario WINDS UP for a punch and -- WHAM!

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. CORPORATE THRONE ROOM - EVENING

Goodsteel wakes up, groggy as he looks around at the SOLID GOLD THRONE ROOM up in a HIGH TOWER with a HUGE WINDOW OVERLOOKING THE CITY. There are LARGE SCREENS ALL OVER the opposite wall with dozens of video feeds of the ULTIMATE CROSSOVER premiere. One of the RED CARPET, one of COMMENTATORS (including THE INFLUENCER), and VARIOUS FEEDS OF MOVIE THEATERS all over the world.

GOODSTEEL
(confused grunt)

He struggles. He's strapped to a SOLID GOLD OPERATING TABLE.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)
Huh... where am I...? Dahlia...?

BOOMING VOICE (O.S.)
Agent Whote is waiting outside.
It's just you and I.

Goodsteel looks over. There's a FIGURE LURKING at the far end of the room, cloaked in shadow. Huge. Inhuman. Mechanical.

GOODSTEEL
And who are you?

BOOMING VOICE (O.S.)
I've been watching you for a long time, Agent Goodsteel. You've served me well for decades. But you've grown soft. You lack nerve. You no longer have what it takes.

GOODSTEEL

So you're... the boss? You're the one in charge? The leader of Genesis Division?

BOOMING VOICE (O.S.)

I suppose you could say that.

GOODSTEEL

They said you didn't exist.

BOOMING VOICE (O.S.)

I didn't. I was gone for a long time. While I waited. For this moment. And when it happens... I'll finally live forever. Immortality by imagination. By the dreams of the people. Isn't it beautiful Goodsteel? Poetic.

GOODSTEEL

Wait a second... that voice... I know that voice.

CLANK! CLANK! CLANK! The figure behind the shadows moves forward on GIANT MECHANICAL SPIDER LEGS. It steps into the light and Goodsteel reacts, full of fear and dread.

GOODSTEEL (CONT'D)

No... it's you.

WALT DISNEY, half-alive and full of tubes is propped up in a LIFE POD on a huge mechanical SPIDER BODY. He smiles pleasantly at Goodsteel. He's still got that warm smile and that funny little mustache.

DISNEY

It's nice to finally meet you, Goodsteel. I'm Walt Disney. I own your mind.

GOODSTEEL

You're supposed to be dead.

DISNEY

I was. For a long time. Kept on ice. Deep underground.

(chuckles)

Heard a rumor they were keeping my head in storage at Cinderella's castle. Nope, nope. I was in a storage facility in Van Nuys the whole time.

GOODSTEEL

So, you own everything...
intellectual property, brans,
people's thoughts... then what?
What's the goal?

DISNEY

Immortality, Mister Goodsteel! What
else? They always said I would live
forever through Mickey Mouse... but
what's the point if he's doing
things others are making him do...
(full of disgust)
...skateboarding... cavorting with
undesirables... miscegenation...

GOODSTEEL

This has quickly taken a turn.

DISNEY

Before I kill you, Goodsteel, I
want you to watch. I want you to
see the premiere of the Ultimate
Crossover. I want you to witness
the birth of the New Order of
Creativity.

GOODSTEEL

It's okay. You can just kill me.

DISNEY

(tickled laughter)
Just watch.

Disney turns to the screen. The premiere's start is
approaching. Out of the corner of his eye, Goodsteel spots a
HUGE HOVERCRAFT floating outside the window. A HUGE CANNON at
the side FOLDS OUT and LIGHTS UP.

CRASH! The window SHATTERS as the cannon OPENS FIRE RIGHT AT
DISNEY. He is blasted backwards as he SHIELDS HIMSELF with
his robot legs.

DISNEY (CONT'D)

Dagnabbit! What in tarnation?!

The members of the League of Extraordinary Gentlemen LEAP OUT
from the craft into the throne room. They open fire on Disney
as they move towards Goodsteel.

QUARTERMAIN

Goodsteel!

Quartermain crosses over to Goodsteel and SEVERES HIS RESTRAINTS. Goodsteel pops up and OPENS FIRE on Disney, who seems to be getting beaten back by the combined firepower.

DISNEY

Agent Whote! Get in here!

The door SLIDES OPEN. Dahlia's arms are transformed into MULTI-POINTED STEEL PAIN IMPLIMENTS, complicated and terrifying.

SAWYER

Oh shit.

QUARTERMAIN

Can you get back into her systems?

NEMO

Negative! She locked us out!

GOODSTEEL

I'll handle her.

The LXG nods as Goodsteel gets up and MARCHES DETERMINEDLY towards Dahlia. She smiles, relishing the confrontation.

DAHLIA

You're slow, Goodsteel. Battered.
What do you hope to accomplish?

GOODSTEEL

I guess we're about to find out.

Goodsteel raises his gun. Dahlia smiles.

DAHLIA

How cute.

Before he can get a shot off, Dahlia SWINGS HER SWORD and PIERCES Goodsteel's stomach through his COAT POCKET.

GOODSTEEL

(screams)

DAHLIA

I got you, you... you...
(glitching)
Wait. What is...

Dahlia's blade is starting to LIQUEFY. She pulls her blade out from GOODSTEEL -- the Deadpool mask is pierced, hanging off the end of it, covered in blood.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)

Oh no... I've damaged the Brand...
I failed...

GOODSTEEL

You said harming a brand would
destroy you... but I thought you
meant figuratively.

DAHLIA

Everything's... literal... for
robots...

(coughs)

I'm... sorry Deadpool...

Dahlia slowly **MELTS** into a **METALLIC PUDDLE** where she once
stood. Goodsteel reaches down into the puddle and scoops some
up. He molds the liquid metal into a **HARDENED STEEL BALL**.

GOODSTEEL

Huh.

QUARTERMAIN

Goodsteel! It's happening! Look!

As they beat back Disney with firepower, he turns to the
screens. The feeds **SHORT OUT** with **STATIC** and get interrupted.
An **LXG** logo appears on **ALL SCREENS**. We see the **MOVIE THEATER**
PATRONS watching and **REACTING** in confusion. A display feed
shows that all across the world, **FEEDS HAVE BEEN INTERRUPTED**.

NARRATOR (O.S.)

The Ultimate Crossover is a scam. A
ploy by the Corporations to
distract you from the real truth...

A video continues, displaying the evidence against the
corporations and outlining the **LXG's** plot and what they
explained to Goodsteel. The firing stops. Disney watches the
video in silence.

GOODSTEEL

You did it... you stopped the
Mickey Mouse Law...

QUARTERMAIN

We did it, Goodsteel.

NARRATOR (O.S.)

...if we do nothing, the
corporations will have full control
of our ideas, our minds, and us.
But now... we're free.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The Copyright Term Extension Act
has expired. All intellectual
property is now in the public
domain! Information, creativity!
It's all free! Mickey Mouse can do
anything you can imagine him doing!

They all watch the video as it scrolls through different
things Mickey Mouse can now do, some unspeakable.

NARRATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Together, we can build a new world.
And a future of freedom of thought
and expression and the free
exchange of ideas. Rise up!
Consumers of the world, rise up!

The LXG logo pops up again. The video is over. It goes back
to the NORMAL PREMIERE FEED.

QUARTERMAIN

You've been defeated, Disney. Your
stranglehold on copyright is over.
The people know the truth.

Disney is still silent. Deathly silent. Beat. He smiles.

DISNEY

(laughing)

I'd keep watching if I were you.

ANGLE ON: the view screens. VARIOUS CROWDS awaiting the
premiere are becoming restless. Starting to RIOT.

CROWD

(on screen)

(booing)

CROWD GUY

Who cares!

CROWD LADY

Yeah! We wanna see the Ultimate
Crossover!

CROWD

(louder jeering and boos)

QUARTERMAIN

Oh no. But we...

DISNEY

They don't care who owns the intellectual property as long as we do it better than they could.

QUARTERMAIN

But -- but -- but I--

DISNEY

This kind of stuff might matter to someone like you who's very invested in art and justice... but to most people out there, they're just movies. It's just a way to blow off steam.

GOODSTEEL

I think I'd buy that more if you weren't using those movies trying to install yourself as God Emperor of the whole world.

DISNEY

Fair point, can't deny that. But I gotta tell you... I've been union busting since you were a twinkle in your grandpappy's eye.

SHINK! SHINK! Disney's two front legs unsheathe GIANT BLADES. He assumes a battle stance.

DISNEY (CONT'D)

You punks are nothin' compared to teamsters.

The LXG raise their weapons and OPEN FIRE on Disney. He deflects their shots as he advances, SLASHING in wide cuts, absolutely slaughtering the hackers.

SAWYER

(pained death screams)

Disney continues to eviscerate and dismember the League in increasingly grotesque ways as Goodsteel winces in horror.

NEMO

AHHH NO! STOP! AHH!

DISNEY

(evil laughter)

Disney takes pleasure as he dismembers Nemo and pulls him apart, limb for limb.

Disney slows down as he is face to face with Quartermain mask off, standing alone in the pool of blood and mess of bodies.

DISNEY (CONT'D)

Was it worth it? Did your dreams
come true?

QUARTERMAIN

We changed the law. We did what we
set out to do.

DISNEY

I am the law. My control is deeper
than any law. I have built
mankind's ultimate monument to his
imagination. And to me. The
Ultimate Crossover.

QUARTERMAIN

I saw the movie. It sucked. It's
six and a half hours long.

DISNEY

(laughter)

It sucked? Who cares! That's
besides the point entirely!

QUARTERMAIN

I'll see you in hell you old
bastard--

THWACK! THWACK! Disney sinks his two blades DEEP INTO
QUARTERMAIN'S CHEST. He smiles as the light escapes his eyes.

DISNEY

What are you smiling about? Hmm...
perhaps an episode of classic
cartoon, The Simpsons, which got
good again after I bought it.

QUARTERMAIN

(coughing up blood)

Do it, Goodsteel...

Disney turns around behind him. Goodsteel's at the gunner's
seat of the hovercraft. He's molded DAHLIA'S METAL FORM in
the shape of a HUGE HARPOON. The harpoon's head has been
shaped to resemble MICKEY MOUSE.

GOODSTEEL

How's this for branding, you
twisted old monster.

BLAM! Goodsteel FIRES and the harpoon THROTTLES DISNEY right through the torso. He goes FLYING BACKWARDS and STICKS INTO the WALL, suspended. Quartermain topples over, dead.

DISNEY

No! (coughs) No! Goodsteel, no!

Goodsteel hops off the hovercraft and draws his pistol. He approaches the straining and struggling Disney, bleeding out.

DISNEY (CONT'D)

If you kill me right now, you still lose! Look at them -- look how much they love the Ultimate Crossover!

Goodsteel watches the audiences LAUGHING, WHOOPING, and CHEERING at the events unfolding on the screen. Captain America has just shaken hands with Harry Potter.

GOODSTEEL

Ah, so he shook hands with Harry Potter. Huh. Not who I woulda guessed.

DISNEY

He shakes hands with everyone. That's the whole goddamn movie and it's beautiful. You can finish me off, but you can't change the minds of billions of people around the world! They don't want what you want. They want Captain America to shake hands with Harry Potter. And Clifford the Big Red Dog. And the Berenstain Bears. That's right. I said "stein," not "stain." I went back in time and changed it just to fuck with people.

Goodsteel watches the smiling, happy faces of the people in the theater.

DISNEY (CONT'D)

We can make a deal, Goodsteel. You can save your son. And you can be more than a man.

(beat, dramatic)

Come on, Goodsteel. Let people enjoy things.

Goodsteel watches the video feeds. He slowly turns to face Disney. His expression is unreadable.

GOODSTEEL (V.O.)
There are times in your life when
you have to make a choice.

FADE TO BLACK.

GOODSTEEL (V.O.)
Sometimes the choice is easy. Like
when your favorite character asks
you to buy a particular brand of
potato-style chip-adjacent snacks.
Other times the choice is hard.
Like when a two hundred year old
fascist psychopath makes you choose
between justice and family.

FADE IN:

EXT. POST APOCALYPTIC CITY RUBBLE - TWILIGHT

We MOVE THROUGH the rubble of a DESTROYED Los Angeles,
TRUCKING IN on Goodsteel from behind. He's UNLEASHING HEAVY
FIRE on a SWARM of MASKED MARAUDERS.

GOODSTEEL (V.O.)
Usually what makes choosing hard is
your conscience. There's the right
thing to do on one side and the
easy thing to do on the other.

He keeps firing, but more and more marauders are getting
closer and closer. Just as it seems he's gonna get overrun --
BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!

A HOVER BIKE soars in, raining down EXPLOSIONS on the
marauders, scattering them and saving the day for Goodsteel.
But he turns around and it is definitely NOT GOODSTEEL.
Someone who looks almost exactly like him.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Figured you could use a hand,
Goodsteel!

The hover bike lands in front of Goodsteel. A woman's form.
She takes off her helmet. It is NOT DAHLIA.

NOT GOODSTEEL
Dahlia! I've been expecting you,
Agent Whote.

Not Dahlia saunters up to Not Goodsteel. She wraps her arms
around his neck.

NOT DAHLIA

Brand Enforcers never leave an agent behind. And now the LXG is toast.

NOT GOODSTEEL

I'll toast to that.

They share a PASSIONATE KISS.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Cut! Beautiful!

They break their kiss. We PULL OUT to REVEAL A FILM SET. CREW MILL ABOUT and do their jobs.

GOODSTEEL (V.O.)

And sometimes you don't have a choice.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - EVENING

A hovercar drives down the freeway through the neon-lit city. It passes by a BILLBOARD for MOX GOODSTEEL: BRAND ENFORCEMENT. It's got the actors portraying him and Dahlia. C.C.H. Pounder plays herself.

GOODSTEEL (V.O.)

You can reject the choice put before you. Quit. Start anew.

The hover car keeps going, right out of the city and towards the desert in the distance.

INT./EXT. GOODSTEEL'S CAR / DESERT - LATER

Goodsteel's car ZOOMS down the highway. It FLIES PAST the Influencer's complex and into the scarred, alien wastes.

GOODSTEEL (V.O.)

Pick your battles, but you don't stop fighting.

Inside Goodsteel's car, he looks over at Kylo in the passengers seat. He looks out the window.

KYLO

Where are we going, Dad?

GOODSTEEL

People's Republic of Indiana.

KYLO

Oh. Do they have brands out in
Indiana?

GOODSTEEL

Yeah, but they suck.

KYLO

What about mom?

GOODSTEEL

She's already out there.

KYLO

Can I put on some music?

GOODSTEEL

Sure. But how about something...
old. Something... in the public
domain.

KYLO

What is public domain?

GOODSTEEL

Anything nobody cares about
anymore.

Goodsteel turns on the radio. "Ode to Joy" from Beethoven's
Ninth Symphony plays as the car FLIES INTO THE DISTANT
DESERT. It continues playing as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - FLYOVER - SAME TIME

SWEEPING ESTABLISHING SHOTS of Los Angeles to match the
opening. The SEA WALL IS getting ABSOLUTELY BATTERED by a
storm. It WAVERS and FLICKERS MOMENTARILY. We PULL AWAY from
the coast towards the city.

SHOTS OF DOWNTOWN. WE TRUCK IN TOWARDS...

EXT. UNDERCITY - CONTINUOUS

We keep trucking into the ENTRANCE...

INT. UNDERCITY EMPTY TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

We keep going, TRUCKING RIGHT IN THROUGH A WALL to...

INT. EARTHQUAKE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The giant EARTHQUAKE SHOCK ABSORBER. It SHAKES HARDER AND HARDER. It starts to CRACK and then it CRUMBLES into the DEEP PIT. SMASH! The GROUND SHAKES and STARTS TO OPEN UP.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - FLYOVER - SAME TIME

The whole CITY SHAKES and RUMBLES. Buildings CRACK and one by one, start to TOPPLE AND FALL.

Set to "Ode to Joy" we go into a MONTAGE ALL ACROSS LOS ANGELES of various LANDMARKS...

-- The Hollywood sign falls down the hill as it SPLITS AND OPENS UP.

-- All the shops and luxury storefronts at the Grove and Rodeo Drive CRUMBLE as the FOUNTAIN EXPLODES WITH LAVA AND ASH.

-- The SEA WALL BREAKS and a GIGANTIC MAMMOTH TIDAL WAVE BREAKS THROUGH, SWALLOWING THE REST OF THE CITY UP WHOLE.

-- Corporate Headquarters is SMOLDERING RUIN. The tower has crumbled. Walt Disney, bandaged up from the last confrontation with Goodsteel. He runs around PANICKING as everything CRUMBLES DOWN AROUND HIM. The golden statues on either side of the staircase FALL INTO THE GROUND one by one: Batman, a big blue Avatar cat, the DeLorean, and MICKEY MOUSE. WHAM! Disney is CRUSHED by the Mickey statue.

We zoom out on the DISASTER that was once Los Angeles. Flooded, smoking, in flames.

ON SCREEN:

"I am Ozymandias, King of Kings. Look upon my works, ye mighty, and despair."

"-Walter White, Breaking Bad (copyright Walt Disney Entertainment)"

FADE OUT.