

GI JOE : THE LAST AMERICAN HEROES

PILOT : A NICE LITTLE TOWN

Written by

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Based on, Hasbro's GI Joe Characters

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EXT. SPRINGFIELD - DAY

Robert Palmer's Every Kind Of People plays as we meander into Springfield, the sign on the way into town reads SPRINGFIELD A NICE LITTLE TOWN. We're driving with MEGYN a typical soccer mom, she's driving a Jeep.

We watch as MEGYN drops her daughter VIOLET off at dance class. Then it's off to the store to do the grocery shopping. While there she nods hello to various other Springfieldians.

We see her picking melons, choosing steaks at the butchers counter, trying a free yogurt sample.

She packs up the car. Picks up the kid and it's back through the town to the outskirts. She pulls up in front of a craftsman type house on a cul de sac of four other similar homes. The lawns are perfect, the cars all clean. Nothing is out of place.

She grabs the groceries from the back of the jeep and heads inside with her daughter. As she does she glimpses the house at the top of the street. It stands out a mile as it's burned out. For a moment her face is grave. She looks at her daughter skipping into their house. She sighs and follows.

INT. MEGYN'S HOUSE- DAY.

The groceries are packed away. She looks in on her daughter who's watching a kids show on a local channel.

MEGYN

Violet honey, dinner will be ready in an hour, I'm just going to the basement to work out.

VIOLET

Ok mom.

MEGYN

And remember don't answer the door

VIOLET

(Interrupting)

For anyone, I know, enjoy your workout.

Megyn opens the door to the basement and walks down the stairs, at the bottom of the stairs there's a reinforced door that can only be opened with facial recognition. Her face is scanned and the door is opened.

It leads to a corridor lit with fluorescent roof lights similar to the ones you'd see in mining tunnels.

She walks along the corridor which leads to a massive central area, Cobra Lair, that mirrors the layout of the cul de sac above. The music stops dead here.

There's a lot of people already there. We've already seen a good few of them from Megyn's earlier travels. Megyn smiles a bell rings EVERYONE turns on their heels in unison towards a raised dais behind which is a heavy red almost Church burgundy curtain.

The curtain pulls back. We don't see him yet, just his boots as he steps onto the dais.

The audience immediately salute and chant.

AUDIENCE

Cobra! Cobra! Cobra! Cobra!

We end on Megyn's face, she's rapt in her adoration of her leader, Cobra Commander.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUKE'S CONDO - DAY

OVERLAY : DENVER, COLORADO.

We're watching as a beat up Saab 900 pulls up. Quick cuts; we see STALKER aka LONZO WILKENSON, early 50's, black, in great shape, get out of the car, he's dressed like a Jehovah's witness / mormon. He pulls a backpack on. And begins knocking on doors.

Door one opens, we're looking at Stalker doing his shtick he's holding a copy of The Light - an evangelical magazine quite prominently so folks are under no illusion as to his purpose there.

STALKER

Sorry to bother you sir but have you.

The door slams in his face.

Door two opens and a sweet old lady allows him to complete his spiel.

STALKER (CONT'D)

Have you accepted Jesus Christ as your own personal saviour?

OLD LADY

Well no and can I be honest with you son?

STALKER

Of course ma'am, the truth shall set you free.

OLD LADY

Well I suppose these days I'm more what you'd call a Satanist.

STALKER

Oh..

OLD LADY

Oh don't worry I won't eat you or anything it's more an alternative lifestyle than a religion you know.

STALKER

I see, well I'll just let you get on with...uh whatever it is that you folks uh do.

Stalker is stepping back from the door, keen to leave.

OLD LADY

Oh, ok, you don't want to come in and have a chat?

STALKER

No, no I'm quite all right, ok bye now.

The door closes, Stalker breathes a sigh of relief.

STALKER (CONT'D)

Goddamn, heh, only you Hauser.

Stalker has walked up to door three, he's about to knock when it's pulled swiftly open.

Stalker claps eyes on DUKE aka CONRAD HAUSER, early 30's, blonde, cut, for the first time in six years.

We wait a beat.

STALKER (CONT'D)

'Morning sir, have you accepted Jesus as your personal savior?

For a second Duke tenses, almost angry. Stalker shakes his head, in a gesture that says "Don't!".

DUKE

No, sir, I have not, well not since the last time I was under fire at least.

STALKER

Oh a military man, thank you for your service.

DUKE

You serve sir?

Stalker gives him a bemused look - he is after all Duke's former CO.

STALKER

No son, just in the army of the lord.

DUKE

Well that's a shame I'm sure we could have used a man like yourself in the field, you look you would have been useful.

DUKE (CONT'D)

(Sarcastically)

In your prime.

Stalker pulls a large padded envelope from his back pack and offers it to Duke.

STALKER

(Shrugging it off)

Maybe you'd be interested in reading more?

Duke knows what this means, his cover's blown. Time to move on.

DUKE

I uh, I've kind of a lot on not sure I'll fit it in.

STALKER

(Forcefully)

Trust me son, you'll get a lot of it.

Duke takes the envelope.

DUKE

Well all right then.

STALKER
Yeah, all right.

We wait a beat as they look at each other for what may be the last time.

DUKE
Ok then, thanks for that.

Duke closes the door.

STALKER
My pleasure son, my pleasure.

CUT TO:

INT. DUKE'S CONDO - DAY

Duke is holding the envelope - he really doesn't want to read what's inside.

He sits at his kitchen counter and opens it, pouring the contents onto the counter. A black credit card, a GLOC 9mm, two mags and a passport fall out.

Duke sighs, he picks up the passport and flicks through it.

DUKE
(To himself)
Hope they used a decent pic this time.

He comes to a yellow post it note that Stalker obviously left for him to see. He pulls it out. It reads THEY'RE WATCHING, THEY'RE CLOSE, he's drawn a little cobra for effect.

DUKE (CONT'D)
(To himself)
God dammit.

Someone knocks on Dukes door, we hear it from inside with Duke. He looks over his shoulder at the door, we see his hand has reached for the GLOC.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN DIEGO BEACH FRONT STRIP MALL - DAY

OVERLAY : SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

A VW Camper is parked in front of SUN STRETCH PILATES. ROCK N' ROLL aka CRAIG MCCONNELL, blonde, bearded, early 30's fit, is leaning against the tail gate of the van, both back doors are open, we can see he's been surfing as he's only wearing surf shorts and his board is leaning up against the van. He's just minding his own business. He gets a start when he hears the thud of a body hitting a mat at speed from within the pilates studio.

ROCK N' ROLL
Whoa, Shanna, take it easy on them.

CUT TO:

INT. SUN STRETCH PILATES - DAY

SCARLETT aka SHANA O'HARA, close cropped red hair, early 30's, fit, is standing over the unfortunate pupil of her self defense class that just got thrown down. She's offered them a hand up the other women in the class are watching with a mix of terror and fascination.

SCARLETT
And that's why we always, always
stand on whatever the opposite side
of our dominant hands is.

PUPIL ONE Takes her hand.

PUPIL 1
Unh, thanks.

Scarlett pulls her to her feet almost too quickly, she's obviously very strong.

She looks out at the others in the studio.

SCARLETT
Ok, who's next?

They stare back, terrified.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)
Oh come on ladies, I'm holding back
here.

Still no volunteers. Scarlett looks at her watch.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)
Hmm, well, I suppose it is coming
up on the hour, I guess we could
finish up early.

The class breathe a sigh of relief.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN DIEGO BEACH FRONT STRIP MALL - DAY

Rock N' Roll watches as a town car rolls into the lot and parks at the wrought iron stairs that lead to the first floor.

A skeezy DEALER type and his HIRED MUSCLE get out of the car and head for the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. SUN STRETCH PILATES - DAY

Scarlett is letting the ladies off the hook.

SCARLETT

Ok then, same time next week.

She looks to the car park through the thin curtains that hang in the studio window.

Rock N' Roll flashes the headlights twice.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Ok great class ladies,

Scarlett starts walking backwards to the back of the building, a door marked staff only is behind her.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Be sure to do your stretches...

She bolts through the door and out to an alley way where she parkours up the side of the building to a first floor balcony.

CUT TO:

INT. VW CAMPER VAN - DAY

Rock N' Roll is getting strapped, he flips over the camper van table, two machine pistols and a GLOC are taped to the underside of the table.

He grabs the Gloc.

He runs out into the car park and up the iron stairs to the first floor.

As he gets there the window of the tanning booth smashes as the dealers bodyguard is thrown out of it.

ROCK N' ROLL
Aww Shanna, honey,

CUT TO:

INT. TANNING SALON - DAY

The op's over, Scarlett has the dealer face down on the ground, hands behind his back in cable ties. Two kilos of heroin are sitting on the desk. Rock N' Roll is standing at the door, gun in hand.

SCARLETT
Jeez McConnell, what took ya?

DEALER
Who the hell are you guys?

Scarlett and Rock N'Roll both produce their ID's. Their FBI ID's.

SCARLETT
Agents O'Hara and McConnell, FBI.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN DIEGO BEACH FRONT STRIP MALL - DAY

The crime scene has been cordoned off. Techs are wrapping up. The perp's being led away to a waiting paddy wagon. Scarlett and Rock N' Roll are sitting beside each other in the camper van, they've since changed back into their work clothes. Toasting their success with a couple of grape sodas.

SCARLETT
Good collar agent McConnell.

ROCK N' ROLL
You too agent O'Hara, although I will admit catching waves for the last couple of weeks was a hell of a lot more fun as a cover than teaching the housewives of San Diego how to body slam a perv.

SCARLETT

Oh I don't know, it wasn't so bad,
they brought cake to every session.

ROCK N' ROLL

You do like cake.

They laugh and both take a swig of their grape sodas and wince.

SCARLETT

God damn, that stuff's terrible.

ROCK N' ROLL

Takes you back though doesn't it.

SCARLETT

Yeah, seems like a million years ago.

ROCK N' ROLL

You miss it?

SCARLETT

Sometimes, I guess, you?

ROCK N' ROLL

(A little sullen)

Can't say as I do.

Scarlett's wise to what's going on, Rock N' Roll thinks she may still have feelings for Snake Eyes.

SCARLETT

Ah, I see, you know you don't have to worry.

She looks around to see if anyone's watching and puts her free hand on his.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

It's all over now anyway, mission accomplished remember.

Rock N' Roll stands, breaking their connection.

ROCK N' ROLL

Yeah, come on, let's get out of here.

He walks around the far side of the van and gets into the driver's seat.

Scarlett sits staring at the sea for a second.

SCARLETT
Yeah, let's go home.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SHARD BUILDING, LONDON - DAY

OVERLAY : LONDON, UK.

Tourists are milling about at the entrance to the iconic office building. There are two entrances on the ground floor one for tourists who have bought tickets for the "View From The Shard" experience and the other for people with business there.

BREAKER aka ALVIN R. KIBBY, brown hair, dark beard, early 30's, fit, steps into frame, he's in civilian dress, every inch the American tourist in London.

We wait a beat as he assesses the building, he pushes a stick of gum into his mouth, then he proceeds on in.

A TOUR GUIDE, British, female, middle aged, is directing tourists to have their tickets scanned at an infrared turnstile. Breaker notices the lobby sign welcoming MARS SHAREHOLDERS and the elevator reserved for the MARS AGM.

He processes through the turnstile and into the tourist elevator.

TOUR GUIDE
Lovely, everybody in?

She pushes the button for the penthouse.

TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)
Next stop floor 72.

Breaker smiles nervously at this information. The tour guide notices his anxiety.

TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)
Oh don't worry sir, we'll be there
in a jiffy.

BREAKER
Heh, much obliged ma'am.

TOUR GUIDE
Oh you're American?

BREAKER

That I am Ma'am, but I do so love
your wonderful country right down
to my socks.

She looks, he's wearing union jack socks.

TOUR GUIDE

I see, well you must be used to
skyscrapers coming from over there?

Breaker starts sweating.

BREAKER

Well not so much Ma'am, more of a
prairie dog myself.

Breaker getting quite agitated almost hyperventilating. The
other passengers in the elevator or gravitating to the
opposite side of the carriage.

BREAKER (CONT'D)

(Nauseous)

Do - do you think there's a chance
we could make a hukk - pit stop
ma'am?

TOUR GUIDE

(Worried)

Oh my, yes, yes of course.

She turns a key in the control panel to override the
elevator.

The elevator dinging open on floor 47.

Breaker emerges from it. The tour guide is giving him
instructions to the mens room.

TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)

Just down that corridor to the
left.

BREAKER

Thank you kindly ma'am.

TOUR GUIDE

I'll have to go on up now.

Breaker heading away from her.

BREAKER

That's ok, guess some things

Breaker breaks into a run as if he's going to puke everywhere.

BREAKER (CONT'D)
You're just not meant to see.

The elevator, the doors have dinged shut.

TOUR GUIDE
Thank the lord for that.

Breaker walking into the men's room. He's looking at the ceiling for an access point but there's nothing there. Frustrated he looks down and notices a hatch in the floor.

BREAKER
Hey there beautiful.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM. DAY

We're at the MARS board meeting. Shareholders of every type fill the tiered seating. A board room table has been set up on the stage. The board are all there in person, bar one, their seat is empty a phone speaker unit sits on the table in front of the chair, they're dialing in. There's a LED indicator on the speaker unit that lights when they're talking. We can see it glowing lightly as it picks up labored breathing on the other end.

A slick LAWYER is going through the motions of reading the accounts summaries.

LAWYER
Our acquisitions in H2 stood at just under 3 billion dollars which while having an effect on our overall profitability for the period..

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM. DAY

Breaker's on his hands and knees attaching a transceiver onto some CAT 5 cabling in the floor, via the hatch in the bathroom floor. It's tricky and he's having trouble as the hatch is quite small.

A BUSINESS MAN has walked into the bathroom, he gives Breaker a disapproving look.

BUSINESS MAN

And what do you think you're doing?

BREAKER

Oh, don't mind me sir, I came in here earlier on account of me having a bit of a panic attack on the elevator, a lift as you know it, and well I did that thing, you know the thing.

The business man is beginning to lose patience.

BREAKER (CONT'D)

You know the thing.

BUSINESS MAN

I honestly don't and I've a good mind to call security.

BREAKER

They do it in the movies all the time.

CUT TO:

INT. CAT 5 CABLING - DAY

Breaker's feeling around for the right line.

BREAKER

Where you splash water on your face.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM. DAY

The man is getting really impatient now. Cut back and forth between the bathroom and the CAT 5 cabling.

BREAKER

You ever do that?

BUSINESS MAN

NO.

BREAKER

But I bet you wondered why folks do? I mean it's in nearly every movie there is.

BUSINESS MAN

Anyway...

BREAKER

Oh yeah, well I did that and
between the panic attack
dehydrating my normally fine girthy
Gatlinberg fingers and the
slipperiness of the water well I
just gone done lost my wedding ring
down this here hatch.

BUSINESS MAN

A tragedy.

BREAKER

Yeah, well it will be if I go back
to old Irma May one wedding ring
down.

BUSINESS MAN

Irma May is your lovely wife no
doubt?

BREAKER

Wife? Wife? No,

CUT TO:

INT. CAT 5 CABLING - DAY

Breaker attaches the transceiver successfully.

BREAKER

No sir she's my pig.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM. DAY

Breaker stands up.

BUSINESS MAN

Why on earth would you care what a
pig thinks about what you've done
with your wedding ring.

BREAKER

Oh glory, I don't, but my wife
Sally well she'll take one look at
this here naked ring finger and set
that old snaggle toothed ornery sow
on me like a gater on a golf
course.

BUSINESS MAN

A gater on golf course?

BREAKER

Yup, angry, fast and chomping down
balls.

The business man winces.

BUSINESS MAN

Gosh.

BREAKER

But look buddy I'll get out your
way, I'm sure you need your
privacy.

BUSINESS MAN

Thank you.

Breaker leaving.

BREAKER

And if it really comes down to it I
can always get a replacement, you
got Walmarts here right?

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Breaker has left the bathroom and is out in the corridor,
he's placing earbuds in his ears and is calibrating the bug
he placed on the phone line to an app on his phone.

BREAKER

(To himself)

Come on, almost, there.

Close on the earbuds, we hear the Lawyer.

LAWYER (O.S.)

Moving on, the matter of the
McCullen estate..

BREAKER
(To himself)
Got ya!

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM. DAY

The lawyer is reading from his notes. The audience and the board are very interested in what he's to say.

LAWYER
As the last of the McCullen line
and in accordance with the board
guidelines the entirety of the late
Lord McCullen's shares will pass to
his nominated successor..

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Breaker is in the stairwell listening.

LAWYER (O.S.)
The - uh - gentleman -

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM. DAY

The lawyer gets a little nervous.

LAWYER
The gentleman -

He looks towards the empty seat we can hear the breathing on the speaker, quicken and get a little more excited.

LAWYER (CONT'D)
The gentleman from Springfield.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Breaker, wide eyed he knows what that means but he can't believe it.

BREAKER

No way.

There's a hubbub about the place. The lawyer is staring at the speaker.

LAWYER

Would the gentleman care to comment?

The breathing grows heavier and raspier. We wait a couple of beats, looking at the faces of the board, the audience all transfixed by what they're hearing.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Breaker tense, waiting.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM. DAY

The speaker, the LED lights up fully when we hear..

COBRA COMMANDER (O.S.)

No.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL. - DAY

Breaker waits a beat astonished, visibly shook by what he's just heard and then bolts down the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM. DAY

The lawyer relaxes.

LAWYER

Moving on.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Breaker is running away from the Shard, towards his parked motorbike, he's calling up Stalker on a secure line, we hear the phone ringing.

STALKER

5 AM Alvin, this better be good.

BREAKER

No sir it's very, very bad, I've sent you a voice file, run it through the lab.

STALKER

Is it him?

BREAKER

I - I'm not sure sir, I'd have to see the voice prints lined up, but,

STALKER

But?

BREAKER

It sure sounds like him.

We wait a beat.

BREAKER (CONT'D)

Sir?

STALKER

Just get back here pronto.

BREAKER

Way ahead of you sir, I'm hitching a ride out of a local RAF base with an old buddy in 20.

STALKER

Ok, be safe.

Breaker pulling on his bike helmet and revving up his Ducati.

BREAKER

You know me sir, always.

CUT TO:

INT. STALKER'S CAR - DAY

OVERLAY : WASHINGTON, D.C.

Stalker is ending the call, he's sitting in his car watching the sun rise over Washington DC. ROADBLOCK aka MARVIN F. HINTON, bald, big, black early 30's, sits in the driver's seat.

ROADBLOCK
What do you think boss?

STALKER
I think you and I need to talk to the brass Marvin.

Roadblock starts the engine.

ROADBLOCK
Pentagon it is.

The car heading off.

ROADBLOCK (CONT'D)
(Within)
But we're getting breakfast first right?

STALKER
(Within)
What do you think?

ROADBLOCK
(Within)
Now you're talking.

CUT TO:

INT. DUKE'S CONDO - DAY

The old lady from earlier is dropping off a package that's been misdelivered to her. We're inside looking at the door.

OLD LADY
(From Outside)
Conrad you there honey?

She knocks. The door falls open with her knocks, it's unlocked, barely still on its hinges.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)
Conrad,

Her face says it all, she looks horrified.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)
Oh Conrad!

We get a look at the place, it's trashed, and there's signs of a definite struggle, one of the burners on the stove is on, the smoke alarm's going off, a chunk of the kitchen counter top has been broken off where Duke slammed a Dreadnok's head against it, there's a couple of pools of blood, and a few bloody smears around the place too.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)
What happened, Conrad?

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN RETREAT - DAY

OVERLAY : REDACTED

We're in a heavily wooded area somewhere in the Pacific North West between Oregon and Canada. Before we see him, we hear him, losing his balance and falling over. It's SNAKE EYES, bald, heavily scarred, late 30's or the man that used to be him at least. He's practicing meditative yoga on a tree branch about ten feet up, but is having trouble maintaining a crane pose. We never see his face in detail but we get enough of a look to know it's ravaged. He falls again.

While on the ground he drinks some water from a cantina, it's warm and humid, he pulls off his t-shirt revealing a body that's a roadmap of scars, too many for a man his age.

He vaults back up the tree, gets back into the pose and begins again.

CUT TO:

EXT. MCNAIR AIRFORCE BASE - DAY

The sun is up over McNair, airmen are drilling, a cadre of blacked out SUV's is heading out of the base towards the city.

INT. FLAGG'S SUV - DAY

We're in the back of one of the SUV's, General Lawrence FLAGG sits with his ASSISTANT in the back. They're going over the morning's tasks.

ASSISTANT
The budget oversight prelim is at eleven which means you'll have time for a tight fifteen with the West Point grads.

FLAGG

West Point huh? Reeves still up there.

ASSISTANT

Yes sir.

FLAGG

Good man, ok what else we got?

ASSISTANT

There is a special request.

FLAGG

What's that? Is that a surprise, what have I told you about surprises?

ASSISTANT

They're only good for kids and casualties I know, I know sir but I thought you'd be interested in this one.

FLAGG

Well, what is it?

ASSISTANT

It's Stalker sir.

FLAGG

(Incredulous)
Stalker?

ASSISTANT

Well you know, I am a fan.

FLAGG

Stalker, it's Colonel Wilkenson to you and everyone else who wasn't a Joe, you got that?

ASSISTANT

Yes sir, I do, anyway, Stalker called me directly and wants five with you this morning.

FLAGG

Does he now?

ASSISTANT

You've a 20 minute window from 8:15 so I told him to drop by then.

Flagg's not too happy about it but he'll roll with it.

FLAGG
Fine, fine.

He looks out the window and realizes they've missed their exit.

FLAGG (CONT'D)
Hey driver that was our exit and
you've missed it.

He's ignored, Flagg looks at the assistant bemused.

FLAGG (CONT'D)
(Raising voice)
You've just missed our exit man, we
need to go back,

The driver is speeding along.

FLAGG (CONT'D)
Can you hear me?

The driver looking intense.

DRIVER
Can you hear me?

FLAGG
Nothing wrong with my hearing son

The driver pulls a grenade out of his jacket.

DRIVER
In that case,

He pulls the pin out.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
COBRAAAAA!

The SUV blows up.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PENTAGON - DAY

We hear Stalker and Roadblock as they wait for the General to arrive.

STALKER (O.S.)

He's a practical man Marvin, he's bound to acknowledge the reality of the threat.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL FLAGG'S OFFICE - DAY

Roadblock and Stalker are sitting in an ante room in front of the main office. As always Roadblock looks ridiculously large in what are regular sized armchairs.

ROADBLOCK

He was pretty definite it was all done.

STALKER

He wasn't the only one either, hell I remember a certain heavy weapons specialist heading off to culinary college when we were MA.

ROADBLOCK

Yeah, and let me tell you if you'd tasted my strawberry ganache you'd know that wasn't time wasted.

STALKER

So why'd you come back?

Roadblock looks askance at his CO.

ROADBLOCK

For real? You're the Colonel sir, you call I come running, you know that.

This touches Stalker. He chokes down his feelings.

STALKER

Well, that, that is...encouraging.

Roadblock knows he's fronting, but keeps it to himself.

The General's DESK SERGEANT enters the room, she looks shocked.

DESK SERGEANT

Excuse me Colonel.

Stalker and Roadblock stand.

STALKER

Sergeant, are you all right?

The desk sergeant is shook.

DESK SERGEANT

It's the general sir, we think his transport was the target of an attack.

STALKER

(Shocked)

No, is he?

DESK SERGEANT

(Shakes her head)

No survivors sir.

Stalker turns to Roadblock both at a loss.

ROADBLOCK

What now?

Back to the Desk Sergeant.

DESK SERGEANT

We're on full alert sir, I've been instructed to show you to General Abernathy's offices.

Stalker and Roadblock aren't relishing this reunion.

ROADBLOCK

General "Hawk" Abernathy?

STALKER

Yeah...

DESK SERGEANT

If you would care to follow me Colonel.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

We're looking at a shitty two story motel in the arsehole of nowhere in Florida. Custom choppers and Harleys are parked up in front of the building. There's a grape soda vending machine in a corner by the stairs to the next floor. MONKEYWRENCH (actually CHUCKLES, aka PHILIP M. PROVOST), bearded, late 20's, is humming the 1812 overture while working the vending machine for a free grape soda.

MONKEYWRENCH
 (Humming)
 Ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba

He punches the machine on the BAM-BAM

MONKEYWRENCH (CONT'D)
 BAM BAM

Two cans of grape soda roll out of the machine, he gathers them up.

MONKEYWRENCH (CONT'D)
 Ah, thank you Beethoven.

A dusty looking Hummer rolls up, THRASHER aka BRUNO LACROSSE, green hair, late 20's, is driving, he hits the horn, it plays the opening bar of Sweet Home Alabama.

MONKEYWRENCH (CONT'D)
 (Disappointed)
 Great.

The hummer parks, Thrasher gets out.

MONKEYWRENCH (CONT'D)
 So, you got him.

THRASHER
 See for yourself Monkeywrench mate.

Thrasher pulls the back door open. A hooded and cuffed Duke is kicked out onto the dusty lot.

MONKEYWRENCH
 Whoa.

ZARTAN alights the Hummer, he's terrifying, a modern viking, face tattoos, shaved head, his trademark hood is down, he has an angry looking jagged scar that runs from the back of his skull, disappearing under his shirt, you get the idea he's been more or less bisected by something sharp. He looks at Monkeywrench, takes one of his grape sodas, opens it and chugs it down. He crushes the empty, drops it and walks on into an open motel room.

ZARTAN
 Get him on his feet and bring him in here.

MONKEYWRENCH
 Yes sir.

Thrasher and Monkeywrench lift Duke up by his armpits, they give each other knowing looks.

THRASHER

That's the most he's said all day.

DUKE

(Gasping)

I guess, I am just that intimidating.

Thrasher laughs.

THRASHER

Boy, you have no idea what you're in for.

MONKEYWRENCH

Yeah, shut it Joe.

Monkeywrench delivers a gut punch to Duke. He creases. The two Dreadnoks drag him inside. RIPPER a long grey haired Dreadnok pulls the door shut after them and stands on guard.

CUT TO:

INT. THE PENTAGON - HAWKS OFFICE - DAY

Stalker and Roadblock are standing at the entrance to the office. It's a hive of activity, comms personnel are loading the office up with equipment, radar screens, radio arrays, digital screens etc., HAWK's aka General CLAYTON M. ABERNATHY, in the middle of it all, he looks like he's been carved out of granite, he barely looks up from a report being handed to him by COVERGIRL aka COURTNEY A. KRIEGER, a tall, black trans woman.

HAWK

Colonel Wilkenson get in here.

STALKER

Yes sir.

HAWK

Cut the sir crap, what is it?

STALKER

Sir, we've reason to believe that the threat from disparate domestic terror factions has never been greater.

HAWK

So, this is America boys, if you don't love us you want to blow us up.

STALKER

Well sir there's mounting evidence that these terror cells have organized themselves under what we thought was a long since defeated hierarchy.

HAWK

What? You gonna speak English or do I need Sergeant Krieger here to translate from one of the seven languages

COVERGIRL

(Interrupting)

Eleven languages sir.

HAWK

Eleven? Ok Eleven languages she speaks.

ROADBLOCK

(Interrupting)

Sir Cobra's back, we've evidence and we need to reinstate Delta team asap.

HAWK

(Smiling)

We know son.

Stalker and Roadblock are a little shocked.

HAWK (CONT'D)

We've had an agent in deep cover for the last year.

STALKER

Where?

HAWK

It's best you don't know but we got intel today that they're about to make a move, what have you got?

Stalker holds up his phone.

STALKER

Audio.

HAWK
 (Sarcastic)
 What, you want me to listen to your
 podcast?

Stalker hits play on the voice file. It plays.

COBRA COMMANDER (V.O.)
 No.

The air chills in the room. They've Hawk's attention.

HAWK
 How, how did you get this.

STALKER
 We have our agents in play too sir.

Hawk smiles and realizes he's been beaten at his own game.
 He's smart enough to know that you work with smart folks not
 against them.

HAWK
 Ok.

STALKER
 Ok sir?

HAWK
 Ok, Delta's back, funded whatever,
 you got a team in mind.

Stalker smiling.

STALKER
 We do sir.

HAWK
 Ok well, add Sergeant Krieger here
 to the mix, best damned gunnery
 sergeant I've had the pleasure to
 work with.

COVERGIRL
 Thank you sir.

HAWK
 Don't mention it, she also knows
 where the only empty office is in
 this place.

We wait a beat.

HAWK (CONT'D)
So, what are you doing here, go get them.

STALKER
Yes sir.

Stalker, Covergirl and Roadblock head off.

HAWK
Oh and colonel, sergeants?

They turn back.

ROADBLOCK
Yes sir?

HAWK
Yo Joe.

STALKER
(Saluting)
Yes sir.

Hawk immediately goes back to work. Stalker, Covergirl and Roadblock head off.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCARLETT'S HOUSE - DAY.

Dawn is breaking in Scarlett and Rock N' Roll's neighborhood in northern California. Her house is at the end of a small suburban street. We hear her phone BUZZ BUZZ from within.

CUT TO:

INT. SCARLETT'S BEDROOM - DAY

Scarlett's in bed, Rock n' Roll is sleeping heavily beside her. She fumbles for the phone that's continuing to BUZZ.

She eventually grabs it and sees the screen displaying LONZO as the caller.

She sits upright immediately answering.

SCARLETT
Sir?

STALKER

(Phone)

Check your feed, I'll wait.

Scarlett looks at her phone and scrolls up, all of her news feeds are alive with reports of Flaggs death.

SCARLETT

(Astonished)

The general.

She puts the phone back to her ear.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Was it them?

STALKER

We don't know, yet, what we do know is that they're back.

SCARLETT

If they're back...are we?

STALKER

We are.

Scarlett's visibly delighted.

STALKER (CONT'D)

I've already processed a sabbatical request, your bureau chief should have it on his desk at 0900.

Scarlett looks over at the sleeping Rock N'Roll.

SCARLETT

And Craig sir?

We wait a beat.

STALKER

And Craig, you can thank Marvin for that one.

SCARLETT

Yes sir, I will, I promise he won't step out of line, not this time.

STALKER

He better not Scarlett, I'm sending you gps coordinates across a secure channel. Rendezvous there 0600 tomorrow.

SCARLETT

Yes sir.

STALKER

Stalker out.

She looks over at the snoring Rock N' Roll and while delighted to be back in service she knows this is going to be a hard sell for him.

She gets up energized.

CUT TO:

INT. SCARLETT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A montage of Scarlett, making breakfast, blueberry pancakes and bacon, fresh coffee.

She's lined everything up on a plate to bring to Rock N' Roll in bed when she accidentally knocks a milk carton onto the floor.

Distracted by cleaning it up she doesn't notice Rock N' Roll stepping into the room.

ROCK N' ROLL

Ya know for a former covert ops specialist you're pretty clumsy.

She looks up.

SCARLETT

Yeah but I made you breakfast, it's your favorite.

ROCK N' ROLL

(Non-plussed)
You didn't have to.

SCARLETT

Oh, it was no trouble.

ROCK N' ROLL

No, you didn't have to do all this, the chief just called me about our Pentagon ordered "sabbaticals"

SCARLETT

(Guilty)
Oh.

ROCK N' ROLL

Yeah oh.

SCARLETT

So, what do you think?

ROCK N' ROLL

I think...

ROCK N' ROLL (CONT'D)

I think I'm going to catch some waves.

He walks out of the room leaving Scarlett a little defeated.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCARLETT'S HOUSE - DAY

Scarlett is at her front door as Rock N' Roll pulls away in the camper van.

We wait a beat.

Her phone rings, she checks the screen, it reads UNKNOWN.

A bitter sweet smile and then she rejects the call.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUKE'S CONDO - DAY

The local cops are investigating the apparent abduction. The Old Lady is on the street being questioned by a uniform. A haggard DETECTIVE WALKER is leaning on the bonnet of his car, parked out front of the building. A uniform hands him a coffee.

DETECTIVE WALKER

Look, that's all I know, your boy's gone and it's not looking good.

STALKER (V.O.)

Appreciate the tip Chris, keep me posted on any developments.

DETECTIVE WALKER

Will do sir, Semper Fi.

He ends the call, takes a sip of his coffee.

DETECTIVE WALKER (CONT'D)
(To himself)
Poor bastard.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE OFFICE - DAY

Roadblock and Covergirl are setting up the office, it's dusty, cramped and a lot less than they were expecting.

COVERGIRL
So, you engaged with them much over the years?

ROADBLOCK
Yeah, way too many times.

COVERGIRL
And what were they like?

ROADBLOCK
Like no enemy I'd ever encountered before, they're obsessed, dedicated to their commander to the extent that they'll give their lives, their kids lives, anyones lives for their cause really.

COVERGIRL
Which is what?

ROADBLOCK
They want to tear it all down Krieger, every nation, every government and don't get me wrong, I dig John Lennon as much as the next guy but all they want is for their guy to rule over us all.

Stalker walks in, his phone in hand.

STALKER
We got a problem.

ROADBLOCK
More than this excuse for an office?

STALKER
We got a big problem.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Duke is still hooded and bound on a chair in the middle of a bare motel room. He's breathing heavily. And has obviously been beaten quite badly. Zartan sits in the room too but we don't see him yet.

ZARTAN (O.S.)
Hit him again.

Thrasher belts Duke across the face, it's a deep, wet thump.

DUKE
Hunh.

His head hangs, blood streams out of the hood.

ZARTAN
Amazing, you who would label us
fanatics won't do so much as utter
a single word in your defense.

Duke breathing heavily.

DUKE
I'll give you a word, heck...

He raises his head and straightens his back, even in such dire circumstances he's a leader to the end.

DUKE (CONT'D)
I'll give you two, F -

Thrasher hits him again, he goes limp.

ZARTAN
Thrasher, restraint please, the
hierarchy expressly ordered him
alive.

THRASHER
Fine - I need a donut anyway.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Thrasher exits, rubbing his knuckles. Monkeywrench is out on the porch watching him from afar.

Thrasher gets into his hummer and heads for the local Dunkins. When he's far enough away, Monkeywrench pulls a phone from his pocket. Things are afoot.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN RETREAT - DAY

Snake Eyes' cabin, it's very basic, four walls and a roof. An out door campfire smolders, the woods are alive with dawn choruses.

A phone buzzes from within the cabin.

We follow the BUZZ BUZZ into the cabin.

CUT TO:

INT. SNAKE EYES CABIN - DAY

Snake Eyes sits at a table with his back to us, he's eating, his phone sits across the room, next to his bed.

Without looking he flicks a blue berry over his shoulder it lands on the phone screen accepting the call it's Stalker.

STALKER (V.O.)

Hey brother, I'll keep this brief.

He listens, back to us.

STALKER (V.O.)

Don't know if you've been keeping tabs but the world's gone to shit since we hung it up.

STALKER (V.O.)

I've been riding a desk for 6 years and I swear to god man I've seen more corruption and decay up here in DC than we did on most of our ops.

STALKER (V.O.)

But a new broom's changed a lot of that and well, heck I don't know if this is bad news or good but Snake Eyes old buddy, they're back.

This causes Snake Eyes to drop his spoon and half turn towards the phone. We have his attention.

STALKER (V.O.)

I don't know how and we don't know
where but we have it on good
authority that they're back and
planning something.

STALKER (V.O.)

They already got Duke.

Quick cuts of Snake Eyes packing up the bare essentials,
including his swords.

STALKER (V.O.)

Roadblock's here, Breaker's on his
way.

A beat.

STALKER (V.O.)

Scarlett's coming back in.

Snake Eyes pauses at her name. Then goes back to packing.

STALKER (V.O.)

Might be bringing that surf bum
with her too.

He's standing outside his cabin, wearing his commando gear,
he's holding an axe, his bag packed and on the ground.

STALKER (V.O.)

I've arranged a pick up for you,
don't look so surprised, I've
always known where you were. I'm a
tracker remember.

He takes out the four main load bearing posts of the cabin
with the axe and it collapses in on itself.

He looks to the sky - a Tomahawk is coming in over the
clearing.

STALKER (V.O.)

So get your ass to D.C. buddy,

Snake Eyes being winched up into the Tomahawk.

STALKER (V.O.)

We've work to do.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPRINGFIELD - DAY

It's dusk in Springfield, we glide over the suburbs and then dive under ground, as we approach the lair we hear the chanting rising. COBRA! COBRA! COBRA!

We're picking back up where we left off at the start, DECOY COBRA COMMANDER has taken the stage, the audience are in rapturous applause, it's very much a rally.

DECOY COBRA COMMANDER
(Waiving)
Yes, yes, thank you my friends,
thank you so much.

We see Megyn in the crowd of adoring fans.

DECOY COBRA COMMANDER (CONT'D)
(Pointing)
It's so good to see so many of you
here.

A random woman screams.

RANDOM WOMAAN
(Screaming)
I love you!

Decoy Cobra Commander raises his palms in mock defense.

DECOY COBRA COMMANDER
I love you too!

He appeals for calm.

DECOY COBRA COMMANDER (CONT'D)
Ok, ok settle down, we've some work
to do, serious work, great work.

DECOY COBRA COMMANDER (CONT'D)
Looking out at you here I can
safely say Springfield has been my
greatest achievement.

An applause break.

DECOY COBRA COMMANDER (CONT'D)
 You're all happy aren't you, aren't
 you happy? Prosperous and thriving
 in our nice little town. Really
 isn't it the nicest little town.

More applause.

DECOY COBRA COMMANDER (CONT'D)
 Our technological output rivals
 small nations, our economy puts
 large ones to shame and our
 scientific research in genetics,
 life sciences and medicine will
 soon be the envy of the world.

More applause.

DECOY COBRA COMMANDER (CONT'D)
 Which is why I come to you today,
 your sacrifice no doubt great has
 led you to personal greatness,
 riches and security beyond your
 dreams and for that there is a
 price. Always a price.

No applause, Cobra troopers have appeared, they're lining the
 room. Megyn looks around worried.

DECOY COBRA COMMANDER (CONT'D)
 Our latest technological leap is
 almost at hand but dear people of
 Springfield it require test
 subjects, many test subjects and
 who amongst you here would refuse
 your leader that.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPRINGFIELD - DAY

We're on the cul de sac, Cobra troopers are walking up to the
 hall doors, more are stationed at the drive ways.

DECOY COBRA COMMANDER (V.O.)
 Exactly no one, for I am assured of
 your faith in me, so much so that
 right now my men, and women - can't
 forget them, just as important -
 are in your homes.

We're watching Cobra troopers grabbing kids from their homes.

DECOY COBRA COMMANDER (V.O.)
 Right now offering your children,
 our children, my children, the
 chance of a lifetime.

We're watching Violet being chased by a trooper, into her kitchen, she fights back and stabs the guy in the hand with kitchen knife.

DECOY COBRA COMMANDER (V.O.)
 The chance to lead the world as the
 next generation of my Crimson
 Guard.

Violet bolts out the back door, making a run for the hills in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. COBRA UNDERGROUND LAIR - DAY

The audience are stunned, they know that while they've been listening their children have been abducted.

We wait a beat.

A man in the crowd shouts.

MAN
 You monster, you can't take our
 kids.

Cobra Commander points to the man and a trooper on the sidelines fires upon him instantly killing him.

DECOY COBRA COMMANDER
 What a shame, but at least now we
 know he wasn't true cobra material.

CUT TO:

INT. COBRA LAIR - BACKSTAGE - DAY

The REAL COBRA COMMANDER is backstage, 70, in a wheelchair, hood on, standing behind him is DESTRO - Big, metal mask, the works. Real Cobra Commander is breathing heavily, he's clearly struggling, he's breathing oxygen from a tank in the bottom of his wheelchair. From outside we hear the decoy.

DECOY COBRA COMMANDER (O.S.)
 And knowing is half the battle.

Both Destro and real CC begin to laugh at that.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

Violet is still running, she's made it through the mountains and into the woods. She's scared, cold, alone and hungry.

She continues into the darkness, turning to find herself face to face with CROCMaster and FIONA (His croc), he's a beast of a man, masked with a constant supply of aerosolized HGH making him bigger, he's holding a meat hook and is about to strike her down.

VIOLET
(Screams)
Ahhhhh!!!

When three, very fast and very sharp arrows hit him squarely in the chest. He falls to the ground.

Violet turns around to see who fired the arrows and we see STORM SHADOW in his JOE uniform, standing in the moonlight, bow in hand, katanas on his back.

STORM SHADOW
Worry not child, you're with Storm
Shadow now.

END