

CODE NEON

by

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(VERSION 1.0)

EXT. DARK VOID

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

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

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

He stops and takes up a fighting stance.

EVERYTHING EXPLODES AGAIN.

Text appears out of the explosion:

FASTMAN IN...
CODE NEON

The explosion fades away. Everything is darkness once more.

EST. THE CITY - NIGHT

The city lights up beneath us.

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

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

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

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

Amid the chaos is a single cramped-looking building with a basement entrance.

INT. INTERNET CAFE

Inside is a dimly lit internet cafe, renting internet access by the hour to customers in private cubicles.

We can see some of them through the cubicle doors. There are punk rockers in VR gear, hackers in ski masks, a few normal people just listening to music and reading manga...

...and someone with a laptop, CLICKING BUTTONS IN RAPID BURSTS.

He's playing the popular video game Quest for Miners. We can see his avatar on screen, jumping up and down and ATTACKING CUBES with a pixelated shovel.

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

His fingers FLUTTER ACROSS THE KEYS.

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

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

Inside the game, a dragon has appeared.

He ATTACKS IT WITH THE SHOVEL.

It casts TAIL WHIP, REDUCING HIS DEFENSE.

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

His character TOPPLES WITH A SENSUAL GROAN.

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

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

FASTMAN
(in a near-falsetto)
Oooooooooooooohhhhhh!

Suddenly, he STANDS UP, KICKING THE CHAIR AWAY.

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

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

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

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

He LEAPS TO HIS FEET to RUN IN PLACE.

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

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

He stops and SITS ON THE FLOOR, WIPING SWEAT FROM HIS MASK with the sleeve of his tracksuit.

The smirk on his mask looks happier somehow. Almost satisfied. For now.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. CYBERSPACE

Fastman has now JACKED INTO CYBERSPACE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fastman SHRINKS DOWN and is SUCKED THROUGH THE PORTAL.

INT. CYBERVAULT

He's in.

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

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

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

INT. SECRET VAULT

He's now in a doorless, windowless room. There are boxes everywhere, adorned with maps of Iraq and Afghanistan.

Using a pixelated shovel from the video game, he BREAKS OPEN A SAFE.

Inside is a pile of gold coins -- the trillions in slush funds that the Pentagon couldn't account for after the invasion of Iraq.

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

He sticks a hose into the safe and starts SIPHONING OFF MONEY into a big bag of untraceable Bitcoin.

INT. PENTAGON LAB

Deep underground, in a system of concrete tunnels, KLAXONS BLARE. Old-fashioned cop car light are spinning.

Men in heavy tactical gear HUSTLE DOWN A CORRIDOR.

A big circuit diagram is projected on the wall. There's a red arrow pointing to one of the network nodes, with a label: "THERE'S A GUY."

They know he's here.

A bunch of CYBERSPACE OPERATIVES file into the room.

They move directly into position at big tables covered in computer shit.

One by one, they strap on power gloves and VR goggles. Their gear POWERS ON as they JACK INTO CYBERSPACE.

INT. CYBERVAULT

The safe is empty. The bag is full. It's time to go.

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

The sentinel CHARGES UP some kind of cyberspace rocket launcher. It FIRES...

...and misses. Fastman just kind of jogs out of the way.

The sentinel CALLS FOR HELP.

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

It FLIES AFTER HIM.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CYBER SENTINEL #9
Well now what?

INT. INTERNET CAFE

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

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

EXT. SPACE

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

Blinking lights flicker to life all over the damn thing.

It BEGINS TRANSMITTING.

INT. INTERNET CAFE

Fastman is done here. He bundles all his belongings into a single lightweight backpack so he can travel anywhere quickly to code and play games on the go.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK

He EXITS THE CAFE, none the wiser, and takes off jogging.

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

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

He starts picking up speed.

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

Now he's keeping pace with the cars.

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

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

Fastman leaves him in the dust.

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

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

Fastman keeps jogging. It looks damn weird, actually. It's just normal jogging, but sped up. Gotta be just about the lowest-budget possible visual effect for making a guy appear to run really fast. In fact, it's physically impossible. But that's not about to stand in his way.

Nothing can.

He's going to cross this whole city.

Even the audience can't keep up.

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

The moon is beautiful tonight.

MATCH CUT TO:

EST. PENTAGON - NIGHT

We quickly get sick of looking at the moon and, hey, check it out, there's the Pentagon. Black helicopters CIRCLE LIKE VULTURES.

The satellite transmission ARRIVES WITH US, IN MORSE CODE for some reason.

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

INT. SECRET LAB

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

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

They stare, all obviously uncomfortable with how close together they're standing, but they still want to see what's happening and surely this will only take a few seconds so

they're just going to suffer while the print head FUCKS AROUND all over this goddamn piece of paper.

Finally, the printer SPITS OUT THE PAPER.

It reads: "SUBJECT IDENTIFIED." There's even an ASCII art portrait of Fastman's alien mask.

SCIENTIST #1 SNATCHES THE SHEET out of the printer, except it's the continuous feed kind where you're supposed to tear it at the perforation, so he PULLS OUT A BUNCH MORE PAPER along with it before managing to TEAR OFF THE ACTUAL REPORT.

Then they all TEAR ASS down the hallway, limbs flailing, TRIPPING OVER EACH OTHER like they've never run before. They probably haven't.

Scientist #1 SLIPS and almost wipes out turning a corner. He gets back on his feet and RUNS UP SOME STAIRS.

INT. WAR ROOM

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

The scientist hands the sheet of paper to a GENERAL.

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

GENERAL

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

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

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

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

FBI DIRECTOR

Oh, that's great, General. Other
side of the world. What's your plan?
To extradite him? It would be
extremely...
(gesturing)
Well, it could take forever.

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

GENERAL

For you.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

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

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

One by one, THEY DEPLOY.

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

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

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

EXT. STREET

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The agents MOVE OUT, WALKING RIGHT OVER THE CAMERA.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. SHOWER - LATER

A hand TWISTS THE VALVE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She picks up the pace a little.

Her QUIET MOANS escape into Fastman's mouth.

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

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

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

Then she MOANS LOUDLY. It TURNS INTO A GIGGLE.

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

MONTAGE - COSPLAY SEX

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

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

Fastman just kind of stands there watching.

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

Fastman does some yoga for a few minutes.

Cosplay Waifu interrupts his workout.

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

COSPLAY WAIFU
Pose with me. Come on!

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

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

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

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

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

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

She starts posting the best ones to social media.

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

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

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

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

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

They switch positions a few times.

She RIDES HIM IN COWGIRL for a while.

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

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

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

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

It reads: "Agent Kayfabe liked this post."

END MONTAGE.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

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

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

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

COSPLAY WAIFU
You're bored of this game already?

FASTMAN
I don't leave you alone here and restrained.

Her reverie ends abruptly. She sits up in bed.

COSPLAY WAIFU
Then it's me you're bored with?

FASTMAN
I will come back. I only leave for a short run.
(pointing)
My ThinkPad is here. I trust you.

COSPLAY WAIFU
(smiling)
Come back before I get lonely. It's almost Christmas.

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

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

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - BEFORE SUNRISE

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

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

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

Fastman regards him with suspicion. He takes up a fighting stance.

FASTMAN

There are no televisions in here.

(gesturing)

Collect your licensing fee at some other place!

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

KAYFABE

We're not here for TV, friend.

(grinning wider)

We're here to buy you a one way ticket. On a submariiiiine.

He SNAPS HIS FINGERS.

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

Fastman realizes he's outnumbered.

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

He looks from one to the other.

They both RUSH HIM.

He RUNS UP THE WALL and the agents TACKLE EACH OTHER.

Fastman BACKFLIPS OFF THE WALL and DIVES OFF THE BALCONY.

He TUMBLES onto the pavement below and immediately rights himself with a BACK HANDSPRING.

He's just in time to dodge a RIGHT HOOK from AGENT RIPROCK, who follows through with a ROUNDHOUSE KICK.

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

Riprock doesn't know what the fuck to do. He HOPS ON ONE FOOT trying not to get his sock dirty.

Fastman THROWS THE SHOE. IT HITS RIPROCK IN THE FACE.

RIPROCK

Oof!

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

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

He jumps up and RUNS OVER THE TOP OF A MOVING TRUCK.

It SWERVES OUT OF CONTROL behind him, HITS A STREETLAMP, and EXPLODES IN A HUGE FIREBALL.

AGENT BERENSTEIN, the driver, KICKS THE DOOR OPEN TO ESCAPE.

He stumbles around with his suit on fire until he COLLAPSES.

Agent Kayfabe POURS SOME LIQUID METAL ON HIM, EXTINGUISHING THE FLAMES.

He picks Berenstein up by the scruff of his neck. Berenstein's hair looks a little scorched.

KAYFABE
Learn to drive stick.

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

Kayfabe SCOFFS and DROPS HIM.

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

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

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

Kayfabe SNAPS HIS FINGERS EXTRA LOUD.

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

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

They are really good at this.

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

KAYFABE

Jab!

The agents THROW A PUNCH IN UNISON.

Fastman is PUNCHED IN THE FACE BY MANY FISTS SIMULTANEOUSLY.

He STUMBLES BACKWARDS.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)

Foxtrot!

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

He sways as if drunk.

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

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

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

Fastman is down for the count.

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

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

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

KAYFABE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna find out what you look like under that mask. And then...

(thinking really hard)

I'm gonna...

(thinking even harder)

...call you names!

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

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

KAYFABE (CONT'D)

Huh?

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

KAYFABE (CONT'D)

Aauaugh!

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

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

KAYFABE (CONT'D)

Noooooo! No! Aahhh, no! Nooo!
AAAAHHHHHH!! IT'S IN MY EYES!!!

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

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

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

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

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

Fastman snaps out of it. He heads towards the apartment... too late.

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

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

Fastman stumbles.

The apartment building EXPLODES.

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

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - LATER

The sun is about to rise.

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

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

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

The devastation seems to go on forever.

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

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

There, underneath it, Cosplay Waifu lies dead.

Fastman steps over her body to reach his ThinkPad.

He UNLATCHES IT to inspect the damage. Maybe he can at least save the drive...

But as soon as he OPENS THE LID, the whole laptop FALLS TO PIECES IN HIS HANDS. For all its resilience, it couldn't survive the blast.

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

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

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

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

He reaches down to Cosplay Waifu's body and gently closes her eyes.

Then he TAKES OFF RUNNING.

EXT. STREETS - EARLY MORNING

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

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

Fastman needs to move faster. His crystal PULSES WITH POWER...

...and then SOMEHOW FAILS, SPINNING DOWN LIKE A TURBINE.

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

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

He PUSHES THROUGH THE PAIN, PUMPING HIS LEGS HARDER.

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

It's working, though.

The agents SHOUT IN THE DISTANCE.

They know they're going to lose him.

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

Far behind them, someone else is catching up.

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

KAYFABE
(chanting)
I'm NOT owned. I'm NOT owned!

He PEDALS LIKE HIS LIFE IS ON THE LINE.

Kayfabe pulls ahead of the other agents and RINGS THE BELL to get their attention.

One at a time, they take RUNNING LEAPS onto the back of the bicycle, each of them climbing on top of the others.

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

They're gaining on him.

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

He turns a corner.

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

He turns another corner.

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

They gracefully duck under it just in time.

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

OTHER AGENTS

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

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

KAYFABE

(snarling, muttering)

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

He's sweaty enough to fill up the Mediterranean.

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

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

The bicycle wobbles. The agents wobble with it.

OTHER AGENTS

Whooooaaaaa!

The front tire HITS A POTHOLE.

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

Riprock gets up first.

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

RIPROCK

Agent Kayfabe, sir!

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

KAYFABE

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

(pointing)

You're in charge.

RIPROCK

But... but sir...

KAYFABE

Get. Him.

He COLLAPSES.

The agents look at each other.

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

Riprock CLAPS TWICE.

RIPROCK

Well, let's hop to it!

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

EXT. DOWNTOWN

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

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

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

A garbage can next to the station suddenly POPS ITS TOP OFF. AGENT GORDO is hiding inside.

The whole thing BREAKS APART and Gordo STANDS UP, wearing it like a suit of armor.

Fastman veers away from the station.

Agent Gordo STOMPS AFTER HIM, ARMOR CLANGING.

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

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

He THROWS IT LIKE A FRISBEE.

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

Agent Sirloin HANGS FROM THE TREE UPSIDE DOWN, holding the Maltese cat.

He DROPS IT ON FASTMAN.

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

Fastman KICKS something that looks like a parking meter.

It's a fire hydrant. It BREAKS and SPEWS WATER ALL OVER HIM.
The cat FUCKS RIGHT OFF.

Fastman turns to hear something BEEPING.

Agent Berenstein is DRIVING A FORKLIFT.

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

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

Fastman ducks into a network of dark alleys...

...and almost runs right into Agent Riprock, who's holding some kind of real life rocket launcher.

He FIRES... and misses. Fastman just kind of jogs out of the way.

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

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

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

EXT. TOURIST NEIGHBORHOOD

Fastman emerges into a touristy neighborhood full of tourist shit. We can hear a POPULAR DEPARTMENT STORE'S ANNOYING THEME SONG radiating from one of the doors.

Fastman runs past the door and hides.

A bunch of agents run inside the store and START SMASHING THINGS. He's given them the slip.

There are DISTANT EXPLOSIONS from somewhere off screen.

Fastman glances around, confused.

The agents are chasing someone else, too.

Fastman has to make a quick decision here. On one hand, he could take his chances and run, but for how long? If the

agents aren't distracted long enough to totally escape, he won't get another chance to rest.

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

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

He shrugs off his indecision and keeps moving.

There's a huge temple up ahead.

Someone is definitely fighting the agents.

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

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

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

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

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

The flow of time returns to normal.

EXT. TEMPLE GROUNDS

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

...and BOUNCES OFF of something invisible.

He is stunned, but QUICKLY SHAKES IT OFF.

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

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

His crystal REACTS.

He holds it up to inspect it.

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

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

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

EXT. TOURIST NEIGHBORHOOD

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

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

Massive THUNDERCLOUDS swirl overhead.

AGENT CLOVER looks up with concern.

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

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

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

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

Magnus grins at Clover.

MAGNUS
Close enough for government--

He is KICKED IN THE HEAD.

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

Clover comes at him with a haymaker.

Fastman ducks under it to catch his arm.

He THROWS Clover through a broken window.

Clover LANDS IN BROKEN GLASS, SCREAMING.

Magnus crawls along the sidewalk and reaches towards the book.

Fastman KICKS HIM IN THE FACE, BREAKING HIS NOSE.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

Ow, fuck!

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

After the first few hits, Fastman BEGINS DEFLECTING EVERY BLOW.

He trips Foley up with a LEG SWEEP and DODGES A LEFT HOOK.

Foley attempts a DOUBLE SLEDGEHAMMER.

Fastman avoids it with a twisting BACK HANDSPRING, during which he PICKS UP THE BOOK.

Foley CHARGES HIM and Fastman SLAMS THE BOOK CLOSED ON HIS FACE.

FOLEY

(head stuck in book)

Gmmm hmm mmph! Gmmmm mmmm!

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

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

Clover LAUGHS AND JEERS AT HIM.

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

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

She is transfixed by this raw display of violence.

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

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

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

DRAGON MAID

No! The temple!

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

Fastman is swinging Foley's unconscious body overhead like a flail.

He HITS MAGUNS IN THE GROIN. Magnus CRIES IN PAIN and passes out.

DRAGON MAID (CONT'D)

You, in the creepy mask! Come with me if you're not an enemy.

Fastman stands there and looks at her.

FASTMAN

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

DRAGON MAID

(flustered)

What... I... Never mind! Just follow me, quick!

She FLIES AWAY, towards the temple.

Fastman watches her go and jogs after her.

EXT. TEMPLE GROUNDS - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

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

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

Berenstein turns and looks at him.

BERENSTEIN

WHAT?

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

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

RIPROCK
HE'S HERE!

Riprock hops out of the cabin and lunges ineffectually at Fastman.

Fastman just ignores him. He delivers a POWERFUL ROUNDHOUSE KICK to the forklift.

It SPINS AROUND AND FALLS OVER.

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

The forklift SPEWS SMOKE. Its engine DIES.

Berenstein tries to wriggle out of the cabin.

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

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

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

Magnus brandishes his staff. It CRACKLES WITH ELECTRICITY.

The sky darkens.

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

It's aimed right at Fastman.

He leans to one side a little.

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

Magnus CHARGES UP to fire again.

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

The next bolt HITS THE FORKLIFT.

Its EXPLOSION knocks Fastman off his feet. He tucks and rolls.

Dragon Maid is airborne. She tries to BREATHE FIRE on Magnus.

Clover repels her by throwing more BRICKS.

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

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

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

MAGNUS (CONT'D)
This one!

He BEGINS CHANTING.

Dragon Maid circles around for another pass.

Snow and ice SWIRL AROUND the wizard staff.

Dragon Maid SWOOPS DOWN IN ANOTHER DIVE.

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

Frost COVERS EVERYTHING IN SIGHT.

Dragon Maid's wings are FROZEN SOLID.

She tries to defrost them by BREATHING FIRE ON THEM, but
there's just not enough time.

She CRASHES THROUGH A BILLBOARD and lands unconscious in the
street.

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

Magnus SHOOTS AT HER...

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

Dragon Maid is out cold.

Magnus SHOOTS ICICLES at them AGAIN AND AGAIN.

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

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

He sticks his telepathic crystal INTO THE BARRIER like a key.
It RESONATES WITH A HIGH-PITCHED TONE.

A hole OPENS UP, circular, large enough to walk through.

Magnus grits his teeth.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)
You're not walking away that easy.
You picked the wrong nuts to crack.

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

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

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

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

He blacks out...

FADE TO:

MONTAGE - NIGHTMARE

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

Day fades to night.

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

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

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

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

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

His fingers curl in excruciating slow motion.

He can barely twitch a muscle.

Perhaps he is dead, and this is hell.

His feet start to move.

He is slow here, and everything else is fast.

The city speeds past him, buildings and all.

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

Goa. Giza. Hong Kong. Paris. Prague.

The world folds in on itself.

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

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

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

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

It unfurls from around the tree, its skin undulating.

It flies up to meet its prey.

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

He's high in the sky now. Falling.

The snake takes a twisty path through the clouds.

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

The snake approaches, vast enough to eat the world.

It BITES HIS ARM OFF.

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

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

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

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

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

END MONTAGE.

EXT. TEMPLE COURTYARD - MORNING

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

It falls over with a BONK.

INT. TEMPLE BEDROOM

Fastman wakes up.

He's on the floor, lying on his back in a mess of blankets.

His hands find his chest covered in bandages, but at least he's still wearing his telepathic crystal. And his mask.

He sits up to look around.

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

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

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

Fastman finds his discarded track jacket on the floor.

He holds it up to look through the gaping, bloodied hole in the back where the icicles struck him.

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

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN (O.S.)
That should heal faster if you stay
a while.

Fastman's head snaps around.

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

FASTMAN
Where is this?

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

SATORI

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

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

He looks from one woman to the other.

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

FASTMAN

You're blind...!

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

SATORI

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

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

SATORI (CONT'D)

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

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

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

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

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

She sees Fastman getting dressed and LEAPS TO HER FEET.

DRAGON MAID

W-wait! I...

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

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

SATORI
At ease, dear.

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

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

FASTMAN
The ceiling?

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

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

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

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

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

FASTMAN
A first edition...

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

SATORI
He's quite well read for a tourist.

FASTMAN
(instantly)
I'm not a tourist.

SATORI
Oh really?

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

SATORI (CONT'D)
Well, whatever you are, we're all
relieved you've saved the city...

Satori floats gracefully over to Dragon Maid.

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

DRAGON MAID
(curtseying)
As you command, Your Ladyship.

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

DRAGON MAID
Yes, Your Ladyship.

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

SATORI
(in a breathy whisper)
Try not to break her heart.

EXT. TEMPLE COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

FASTMAN
Why everyone is dressed like maids?

DRAGON MAID
(confused)
Um, we ARE maids.

He stares at her.

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

She swallows and averts her gaze.

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

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

DRAGON MAID (CONT'D)

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

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

It looks very familiar.

Uncomfortably familiar.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DINING HALL - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

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

DRAGON MAID

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

FASTMAN

This is good food.

He hasn't eaten any yet.

DRAGON MAID

Is it your favorite? Actually, we
(MORE)

DRAGON MAID (CONT'D)
don't have this often, but I could
make it for you.
(shyly)
And instead of eating here, I could
bring it right to your room, and
then... and then...

She gets embarrassed and loses her train of thought.

Fastman's plate is empty.

FASTMAN
Did you become slowed down without
wings?

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

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

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

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

INT. TEMPLE HALLWAY - LATER

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

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

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

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

She quickly steps inside and SLIDES THE DOOR SHUT.

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

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

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

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - EVENING

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

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

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

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

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

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

SATORI

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

FASTMAN

They are my enemies. Here to look for me.

SATORI

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

FASTMAN

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

SATORI

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

FASTMAN

Yes.

Satori SIGHS and taps her chin in thought.

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

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

EXT. TEMPLE GATE - LATER

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

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

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

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

FASTMAN
I don't like the tree.

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

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

She uses a dainty lace handkerchief to BLOW HER NOSE. It
CATCHES FIRE.

Fastman tries to reassure her.

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

She nods and wipes her own tears.

FASTMAN (CONT'D)
We will meet again.

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

FASTMAN
(nodding)
Let's go.

EXT. TEMPLE STEPS - LATER

The barrier OPENS.

MAGNUS
It's open again. Here they come.

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

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

KAYFABE
After them!

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

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

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

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

They're gaining ground.

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

Riprock starts counting them as they come back into view.

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

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

The barrier closes right in front of Kayfabe.

The other agents all CRASH INTO HIM.

They FALL DOWN IN A PILE.

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

RIPROCK (CONT'D)
(breathlessly)
Agent Kayfabe! Sir, there were more
of them that went out than in... I
mean, there were more of them before
than when they came back... I mean,
one of them went somewhere else!

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

KAYFABE
Rused again!

MONTAGE - MANHUNT

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

They run through busy intersections, causing TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS.

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

They look under bushes and inside newspaper dispensers.

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

BERENSTEIN
Oh. Sorry.

He CLOSES IT AGAIN.

Magnus and Clover walk under a bridge.

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

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

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

He TURNS THE PAGE IN HIS NEWSPAPER.

Behind him, Fastman jogs right past the bench.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - EARLY MORNING

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

He fidgets nervously.

Agents Kayfabe and Riprock appear next to him and PEEK THROUGH THE BUSH. Gordo and Clover aren't far behind.

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

They start WHISPERING OVER EACH OTHER.

RIPROCK

I'm not sure that's him.

BERENSTEIN

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

KAYFABE

He's just...

Kayfabe silently rehearses his words before actually saying them.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)

...crouching there.

BERENSTEIN

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

KAYFABE

He doesn't appear to be.

RIPROCK

He's not... moving?

BERENSTEIN

But he... I said he...

Berenstein BLUSTERS and gesticulates.

RIPROCK

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

KAYFABE

He is in a squatting... position.

(beat)

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

BERENSTEIN
The guy's gotta be Russian, right?

CLOVER
Really?

GORDO
Lotta tourists.

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

KAYFABE
Yes. You were very observant.

GORDO
He didn't SOUND Russian.

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

KAYFABE
Agent Berenstein, are you...
(very softly)
Are you being racist?

Riprock HOPS over to the suspect.

The man's eyes are wide open.

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

No response. It's just a corpse.

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

RIPROCK
Oh, this man's dead.

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

RIPROCK (CONT'D)
(louder)
He's dead, sir!

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

They join Riprock and crowd over the body.

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

Kayfabe PICKS UP THE BOTTLE.

KAYFABE
Vodka.

BERENSTEIN
I TOLD you!

CLOVER
Where's his mask?

GORDO
He coulda ditched it.

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

GORDO
Ohhhhh. Oh yeah.

RIPROCK
Actually, what size are these?

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

Riprock HOPS OVER TO KAYFABE, looking frustrated.

KAYFABE
It's not him.

Riprock nods.

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

RIPROCK
What's our next move, sir?

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

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

KAYFABE

Agent Riprock, we represent the
United States of America.

Riprock puts his hand on his heart.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)

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

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

KAYFABE (CONT'D)

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

(beat)

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

(suddenly onto something)

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

His stiff, regimented posture loosens up into boastful
swagger.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)

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

RIPROCK

Sir?

KAYFABE

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

(beat)

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

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - AFTERNOON

A high speed train ROCKETS THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE.

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

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

The wind WHIPS AT THE HOOD OF HIS TRACK JACKET.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MONTAGE - KEEPING A LOW PROFILE

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

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

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

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

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

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

He's done in no time.

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

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

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

The two of them part ways.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. CANAL - EARLY MORNING

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

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

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

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

EXT. SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

The front door SWINGS OPEN, SHRIEKING HORRIBLY.

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

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

WARUTO
Mister, you don't waste ANY time.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FASTMAN
I was there. This was here.

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

FASTMAN
No.

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

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

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

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

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

The laptop emits a PRIMITIVE BEEP.

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

The door SHRIEKS AGAIN to herald another customer.

WARUTO
Ah, irasshaimase!

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

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

KAYFABE
(in a TERRIBLE accent)
Konnichi wa.

WARUTO
You mean "ohayou," right?

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

WARUTO
Are you English? American?

KAYFABE
American, yeah.

WARUTO
I like English.

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

Waruto's eyebrows go up.

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

The gears turn inside Waruto's head. His eyes involuntarily flicker towards a likely hiding place inside a large metal container.

Kayfabe smiles knowingly and saunters towards the container. He LIFTS THE LID...

...to find some magazines tied in bundles. Probably all burnable trash.

He CLOSES THE LID.

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

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

Waruto looks up at him and smiles a little nervously.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kayfabe grins right back.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)
You're smiling.

WARUTO
Yeah. Y-you look very strong.

KAYFABE
This is supposed to intimidate you.
(MORE)

KAYFABE (CONT'D)

Most people would be intimidated,
but you're smiling. Yes, I'm also
smiling. But I know why I'm smiling.
I don't know why you're smiling.

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

WARUTO

Do you want to look around more?

KAYFABE

Don't miiind if I dooooo.

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

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

KAYFABE (CONT'D)

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

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

WARUTO

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

KAYFABE

So I've heard.

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

KAYFABE (CONT'D)

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

He circles back around to the front desk.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)

...Implied he'll try to replace
what he's lost...

His smile is looking more and more sinister.

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

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

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

Waruto GULPS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The IMPACT sends him FLYING ACROSS THE ROOM.

He lands on an Nvidia GPU the size of a car and rolls over
the top.

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

Fastman drops to the ground and SLIDES UNDER IT, attempting a LEG SWEEP.

Kayfabe JUMPS BACK and reaches down. He manages to grab Fastman's ankle.

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

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

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

Kayfabe runs towards Fastman, grabbing at him.

Fastman BACKFLIPS ONTO A SHELF and then JUMPS UP TO THE RAFTERS.

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

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

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

Kayfabe climbs up on one of the shelves, KNOCKING A BUNCH OF SHIT OVER.

He goes for an elbow drop.

Fastman dodges with a backwards roll.

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

Some CRT monitors fall off the top of the shelves.

One LANDS ON Kayfabe's head like a helmet.

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

Fastman has the power cable. He PLUGS IT IN.

The lights in the shop flicker as Kayfabe is ELECTROCUTED. He SCREAMS.

The fuse box POPS OPEN, and one by one, the fuses EXPLODE.

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

He shoulders his backpack.

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

WARUTO

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

FASTMAN

Keep the extra. For the trouble.

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

Through the glass, we can see a cargo truck DRIFT down the street sideways.

It SKIDS TO A STOP, almost tipping over, and starts BEEPING to signal that it's shifted into reverse.

The truck accelerates hard toward the storefront.

FASTMAN (CONT'D)

Is there a rear door?

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

The front entrance EXPLODES INWARD, RAINING DEBRIS EVERYWHERE.

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

EXT. NARROW ALLEY

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

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

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

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

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

Gordo charges in like a locomotive.

Fastman catches him in a sumo grapple.

They STRUGGLE.

Waruto backs up until he BUMPS INTO A CAR.

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

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

Foley RUNS INTO A VENDING MACHINE and knocks himself out.

Agents stream out of the shop's back door, led by Berenstein.

Magnus and a few others appear at the entrance to the alley.

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

BERENSTEIN
Wait! He's got this.

Gordo GROANS WITH EXERTION, pushing Fastman back...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It CRACKLES WITH LIGHTNING.

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

A bolt of lightning ARCS OUT OF THE CLOUD.

He DODGES, but the metal railings CONDUCT IT. Fastman gets ZAPPED and FALLS TO ONE KNEE.

Magnus TWISTS THE STAFF. The lightning FIZZLES OUT.

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

The remaining agents start RUNNING UP THE STAIRS.

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

They flank him. He's already back on his feet.

They start trying to punch him.

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

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

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

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

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

CLOVER

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

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

CLOVER (CONT'D)
AAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

Fastman dives through after him.

The other agents CLAMBER BACK UP THE STAIRWELL.

INT. SMALL OFFICE

Fastman rolls forward and stands right back up.

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

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

Clover is still lying face down behind him.

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

Clover wakes up and SCREAMS SOME MORE.

CLOVER
AHH!!! AHH, BLOODY MURDER!

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

Behind him, agents start climbing in through the window.

INT. LOBBY

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

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

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

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

CLOVER
JAAAAANEY MACK! What the HELL'S your problem?

Fastman doesn't answer. He drops Clover onto the chandelier.

Some of the glass BREAKS. The whole thing RATTLES.

CLOVER (CONT'D)

Aaahh!!!

Then he JUMPS ON CLOVER'S BACK.

CLOVER (CONT'D)

AAAAHHHHHH!!!!

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

Glass SCATTERS EVERYWHERE.

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

Agents reach the broken window. Some of them run around looking for another way down.

Gordo just jumps down, LANDING ON CLOVER, who SCREAMS LIKE ONE OF THOSE CHICKEN-SHAPED CHEW TOYS FOR DOGS.

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

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

GORDO

HEY!

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

The blast KNOCKS FASTMAN TO THE GROUND.

Burning wallpaper rains down behind him.

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

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

Fastman keeps rolling to avoid all that shit.

He rolls all the way under the front desk of the reception area.

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

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

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

Fastman DEFLECTS EVERY PUNCH with his crocs.

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

Inside the elevator, a lion ROARS.

Sirlon is fending it off with a steel chair.

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

Fastman KICKS FOLEY IN THE HEAD and SENDS HIM FLYING.

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

He BACKFLIPS...

...right onto the lion.

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

They scatter.

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

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

The elevator doors start to close.

Fastman WHIPS OUT HIS THINKPAD.

Sirlon wields the steel chair like a lance.

They JOUST.

The chair EXPLODES IN SIRLOIN'S HANDS.

He's left holding one mangled chair leg. He stares in disbelief.

Fastman throws his ThinkPad like a frisbee.

It JAMS THE DOORS OPEN on the elevator.

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

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

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

The doors CLOSE BEHIND HIM.

INT. ELEVATOR

Muffled LION ROARS and HUMAN SCREAMS trickle into the elevator.

The motor HUMS. Going up.

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

The elevator BEEPS on the second floor.

The doors OPEN. AGENT HUCK and AGENT VENGA rush inside.

Fastman is quick with his PEPPER SPRAY.

He only gets one.

Agent Huck immediately VOMITS ON THE ELEVATOR FLOOR.

The doors CLOSE behind them.

Agent Venga starts THROWING PUNCHES.

Fastman BLOCKS THEM ALL.

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

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

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

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

Huck is back on his feet. He FLAILS BLINDLY.

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

He scurries around to the front to reach the buttons. He pushes one with his toe. The panel BEEPS.

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

Fastman hits another button.

The agents both start WAILING ON THE CONTROL PANEL.

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

He KNOCKS THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.

They PASS OUT ON THE FLOOR.

The elevator BEEPS AGAIN. The doors OPEN.

INT. OFFICES

Fastman steps out into an office area filled with cubicles.

He crouches down below the dividers and starts creeping around.

Above him, an air vent opens VERY QUIETLY in the ceiling.

Agents crawl out of the vent on all fours, like spiders. The four-legged kind.

AGENT NUGENT is right above Fastman. He waits for just the right moment, drops down, and...

...gets KICKED AWAY by Fastman. He arcs over a couple of desks, SCREAMING, and crashes into a divider.

Fastman BACKFLIPS ONTO A DESK.

The other agents all DROP FROM THE CEILING, landing on their feet.

Nugent DUSTS HIMSELF OFF.

They have him surrounded, but he's ready for them.

He PULLS OUT HIS THINKPAD.

Some of the agents glance at each other.

One of them PICKS UP A FAX MACHINE.

Gordo and Foley CHARGE TOWARDS FASTMAN.

Gordo gets there first. He throws A FLURRY OF PUNCHES.

Fastman BLOCKS them all easily with his sturdy ThinkPad and aims a KICK at Foley.

He misses. Foley DROPS DOWN and SLIDES UNDER THE DESK.

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

Gordo is in a defensive boxing stance. He avoids a KICK.

Foley's hands SPROUT UP THROUGH THE DESK to grab Fastman's ankles.

Too slow. Fastman backflips over a divider, LANDING ON THE DESK BEHIND IT.

Berenstein JUMPS UP ON A DESK, holding a filing cabinet over his head. He RUNS OVER THE TOPS OF THE ADJACENT DESKS.

Some of the agents have folded a whole bunch of paper airplanes. They THROW THEM AT FASTMAN.

In slow motion, he BACKFLIPS and TWISTS IN MID-AIR, dodging every last sheet of deadly paperwork.

Berenstein YEETS THE FILING CABINET.

Fastman regains his footing just in time to SWING HIS THINKPAD.

The impact ANNIHILATES the filing cabinet, scattering MAGAZINE PAGES into the air.

Gordo finally lunges in and GRABS FASTMAN FROM BEHIND.

Berenstein gets his other arm, trying to separate him from his ThinkPad.

The three of them struggle.

A bunch of magazine pages are floating around. Some of them WAFT PAST THEIR FACES.

It's all porn.

There's some WEIRD HENTAI mixed in there.

The crystal GLOWS RED and EMITS A LASER from the pointy bottom end.

It FLAILS WILDLY as the agents jostle Fastman.

The laser BURNS HOLES IN THE FLOOR.

Gordo and Berenstein both release their holds on Fastman and HOP AROUND to keep their toes from getting sliced off.

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

Fastman grabs the crystal to steady it. He points it upwards.

With his free hand, he whips out his pepper spray.

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

Agent Berenstein TAKES THE FULL BLAST RIGHT IN THE FACE.

BERENSTEIN

Noooo! Not again! Aaarrnghrgurh!

His entire suit is ENGULFED IN FLAMES.

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

Finally he SMASHES THROUGH A PLATE GLASS WINDOW.

EXT. CANAL

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

Water RAINS DOWN all over the boardwalk.

Then, from under the water, Berenstein EXPLODES.

INT. OFFICES

All the papers Berenstein ran through have caught fire.

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

It CLICKS INTO THE ETHERNET PORT on his T400.

He hefts the resulting weapon like a ball and chain.

The agents are trying to regroup.

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

Fastman SWINGS THE THINKPAD AROUND. It WHIRLS overhead.

He TOSSES IT at Agent Foley, who BELLY FLOPS out of the way.

The ThinkPad DEMOLISHES A COUPLE OF OFFICE CHAIRS in a FIERY EXPLOSION.

Fastman REELS IT BACK IN LIKE A YOYO.

He winds up and SWINGS AGAIN. Three agents DO THE LIMBO underneath it.

One of them FALLS ON HIS ASS.

He SWINGS IT UNDER HIS LEG a couple times, then ARCS IT OVERHEAD.

It SMASHES THROUGH A DESK AND ALSO THE FLOOR.

The desk EXPLODES, flinging agents everywhere.

Fastman pulls on the cable, YANKING THE THINKPAD FREE.

Half the office has caught fire by now.

Nugent brings over the water jug looking like he's going to put out the fire, but instead he just tries to SPLASH IT ON FASTMAN, like maybe he figured he can stop him from doing the flamethrower trick a second time, as if that's the biggest problem in his life right now. All he manages to do is MAKE A BIG PUDDLE, which he immediately slips in. He FALLS OVER.

Fastman whips his ThinkPad around and makes the empty water jug EXPLODE.

The agents are all scrambling away from him. They're out of ideas.

He herds them toward the broken window, WHIRLING HIS THINKPAD like a cowboy with a lasso.

They throw some random shit at him. He no-sells it.

Broken pipes, dangling from the ceiling, SQUIRT WATER INEFFECTUALLY, unable to supply the sprinklers. They must have been damaged in the fight. This building is doomed.

Fastman stops advancing.

He's run out of slack in the ethernet cable.

He glances over his shoulder at the fire consuming literally all the furniture, and calmly DISCONNECTS the cable.

Then he runs toward the broken window, ThinkPad in hand.

The agents SCATTER.

He hops on top of the ThinkPad and dives out the window riding it like a skateboard.

EXT. CANAL

Fastman RAIL GRINDS down a conveniently placed metal pipe on the face of the building.

Above him, the top two floors EXPLODE.

EXT. CANAL BOARDWALK

Riprocks and Magnus are building what seems to be a huge wooden horse.

They spin to look at the explosion. It reflects on their sunglasses.

Riprocks glances over at Kayfabe, who is lying on a stretcher, still unconscious with the CRT on his head.

RIPROCK

We have to wake him up. Right now.

Magnus spits out a mouthful of deck screws and throws his hammer in the canal.

He picks up his magic staff and points it upwards.

Stormclouds swirl overhead.

RIPROCK (CONT'D)

As dark as you can get it.

MAGNUS

All right, all right.

With a DEEP RUMBLE, the sun is swallowed by the storm.

EXT. CANAL

The city has woken up. Pedestrians are everywhere. They're ducking into shops to stay dry in case of sudden rain. A few are shading their eyes to squint up at the sudden explosion.

In rapid succession, every storefront facing the canal LIGHTS UP, their NEON SIGNS FLICKERING TO LIFE.

The city GLOWS.

The music SWELLS as porn and agents rain down from the destroyed building in extreme slow motion.

Most of them hit the ground running.

They've taken a thrashing, but they're still giving chase.

Through the chaos, Fastman GRINDS THE HANDRAIL on the edge of the boardwalk. Sparks SPEW from his ThinkPad.

As if to taunt the agents, he STOMPS the ThinkPad's back edge, OLLYING HIGH INTO THE AIR.

They stare, agape, their faces variously a mix of rage and awe, as he soars over their heads.

He performs a MID-AIR KICKFLIP. The ThinkPad TWIRLS beneath his feet.

Lightning FLASHES in the distance.

EXT. CANAL BOARDWALK

The clouds part.

The lightning cuts through the sky.

It STRIKES KAYFABE DIRECTLY.

KAYFABE
HNGGGGGGGHHHHH!!!!

His limbs SURGE WITH POWER.

The lightning turns A SICKLY GREEN.

The CRT TURNS BACK ON, once again showing a pixelated version of Kayfabe's face.

His fingers CURL.

Green lightning CRACKLES AROUND HIM as he slowly climbs to his feet.

He speaks through the glass. Even his voice sounds pixelated. He slurs his words as if blackout drunk.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)
Agent... Riprock.

RIPROCK
Sir!

Kayfabe SIGHS, and green lightning crackles out of the glass of the CRT where his pixelated mouth is.

KAYFABE
Status report.

RIPROCK
Uh, well, sir, we... we haven't...

An EXPLOSION draws their attention.

All three agents turn to look at it.

In the distance, ALL OF THE AGENTS ARE CURRENTLY
MID-BACKFLIP. Fastman SKATES PAST THEM in slow motion.

RIPROCK (CONT'D)
...Sir, we may have lost control of
the situation.

There is ANOTHER EXPLOSION off screen.

KAYFABE
Riprock, what did I tell you about
self-confidence? You've got the
target right where I want him...
(beat)
And it's niiiiice and dark outside.

Riprock GULPS.

Magnus STEPS FORWARD, prepared to join the fight. Riprock
gently restrains him, ominously shaking his head.

Kayfabe grins in Fastman's direction.

A green glow emanates from his fingertips. It spreads up
along his hands and arms and soon wreathes his entire body.

The pavement crackles with green lightning where it touches
his shoes.

Without leaving his wide upright stance, or even moving a
muscle, Kayfabe slides forward as if skiing, en route to join
the battle.

EXT. CANAL

Fastman lands gracefully on the boardwalk.

His ThinkPad falls right into his backpack.

Two agents RUSH HIM from opposite sides. He simply grabs
their foreheads while they swing at him ineffectually, their
legs flailing in the breeze.

Distant EXPLOSIONS draw his gaze.

Kayfabe is HURTLING TOWARDS HIM, and picking up speed.

Every obstacle in his path EXPLODES the instant he touches it.

Fastman chucks the two agents over his shoulder. They fall, SCREAMING, into the canal.

Kayfabe arrives abruptly with a PUFF OF AIR. He grins green lightning at Fastman.

Fastman draws his ThinkPad and swings it with both hands, BASHING KAYFABE IN THE FACE.

The CRT SHATTERS into a million pieces. Bits of glass RAIN EVERYWHERE.

Kayfabe is unharmed. He's still grinning.

He grabs Fastman by the arm and FLINGS HIM CLEAR ACROSS THE CANAL.

Fastman tumbles through the air, clinging to his ThinkPad for dear life.

He holds it up as a shield just in time and CRASHES THROUGH A STOREFRONT.

The neon lights inside are demolished. They SPEW SPARKS in every direction while civilians with no sense of self-preservation try to capture the spectacle on their fucking telephones.

Kayfabe JUMPS straight up into the air and FLAPS HIS LEGS LIKE WINGS to fly towards Fastman.

He lands near the store, turns, and MOONWALKS PAST IT, trying to cut Fastman off from the obvious escape routes.

Fastman's ThinkPad comes SPINNING out of the wreckage like a frisbee.

Kayfabe dodges, watching it go by.

It LODGES IN THE ROOF RACK of a passing car. The attached ethernet cable PULLS TAUT, dragging Fastman out of the demolished store.

He arcs clear over Kayfabe's head and lands in a crouch on the car's rear bumper.

Kayfabe doesn't know whether to be mad or impressed so he RESEATS HIS JAW.

Another car ALMOST HITS HIM.

He picks it up with one hand.

The driver panics and starts STOMPING ON THE BRAKES.

Fastman YOINKS HIS THINKPAD loose.

Kayfabe FLINGS THE CAR at Fastman.

Fastman GRAPPLES ONTO A THIRD CAR and SWINGS AWAY just in time.

Behind him, the other two cars COLLIDE and EXPLODE.

The third car is driving him back towards Kayfabe.

Fastman stands up on the car's roof, staring him down.

Glowing green sparks rush into Kayfabe's mouth as he TAKES A REALLY REALLY DEEP BREATH.

Behind Kayfabe, the huge sign from this morning is fully lit and clearly visible, its sprinter mascot vulnerable and alone, held hostage on his own race course by Chekhov's starter pistol.

Fastman WHIRLS his ThinkPad like a lasso again.

Kayfabe closes his mouth. The green aura around him intensifies. His cheeks bulge outward like balloons.

There's a decorative arch over the street. Fastman GRAPPLES ONTO IT as the car passes under it. He SWINGS THROUGH THE AIR.

Kayfabe BARFS A FAT GREEN LASER right through the car and all the way down the street, VAPORIZING everything in its path.

Still airborne, Fastman TUGS on the cable, unhooking his ThinkPad from the archway and RECALLING IT LIKE A YOYO. He GRAPPLES ONTO a sign on a taller building and SWINGS AWAY FROM KAYFABE.

Kayfabe wheels towards him, still BARFING LASERS.

The beam SLICES CLEAN THROUGH building after building.

Dozens of storefronts EXPLODE, their customers instantly reduced to skeletons as green fire SCOURS THE FLESH FROM THEIR BONES.

Kayfabe's laser flails out of control. He can't even see where he's aiming.

Fastman is still mid-swing when his ThinkPad comes loose from its grapple point on a collapsing building, throwing him off course.

He tucks in his arms and SPINS, ROLLING as he hits the pavement.

Kayfabe's laser breath finally TRAILS OFF into a spooky green sigh.

Fastman SKIDS TO A HALT and gets up on one knee to survey the wreckage.

Half the city is ruined. Jagged scorch marks have taken chunks out of most of the buildings, even on the other side of the canal.

Sparks BURST from all over Fastman's favorite sign.

The camera rushes toward Fastman. It's obviously carried on foot but the footage is sped up to make it look like a dolly zoom effect that the film crew was too stoned to figure out how to actually achieve.

In slow motion, the slain mascot separates from the rest of the sign, disintegrating, the head and limbs coming loose from the body.

All of it crumbles pathetically into the canal.

The runner has won his last race.

Still in slow motion, Fastman CLENCHES HIS FIST.

The music INTENSIFIES.

Heartbeat by heartbeat, he rises to his feet.

He POINTS ACCUSINGLY at Kayfabe.

Kayfabe grins. He steps back and spreads his arms wide, welcoming Fastman to do whatever the fuck he thinks he can even do.

The other agents fall into formation between them.

Fastman puts one foot in front of the other.

He takes another step, and another.

His crocs POUND the pavement.

The agents try to pile on him.

He brushes off all their attacks.

He has bigger fish to fry.

He's picking up speed.

He's running now.

His feet MOVE LIKE LIGHTNING.

Like the blades of a blender.

They are literally a blender.

His crocs PULVERIZE THE ASPHALT, KICKING UP DUST.

He even ruptures the water main. Huge plumes of water SPEW OUT OF THE PAVEMENT.

It mixes with the dust and turns to mud in mid-air.

The agents are COATED WITH IT. They SHRIEK IN DEFEAT.

AGENTS

Waaaargarbl!

Agent Kayfabe's face contorts in rage. The other agents are useless, but he'll do this alone.

He LEAPS ON TOP OF A BUS.

KAYFABE

It's Boxing Day, you speedy little
boll weevil!

He strikes a fighting pose. Green smoke SWIRLS AROUND HIS HANDS. It coalesces into boxing gloves.

He THROWS A PUNCH, and his arm EXTENDS like a toy.

His punch reaches all the way down the street and almost hits Fastman...

Almost. He misses. His punch DEMOLISHES A STARBUCKS.

Fastman ZIPS BACK AND FORTH, serpentining back up the street towards the bus.

Kayfabe THROWS ANOTHER PUNCH. Again, he misses.

This time he GIBS A RANDOM CIVILIAN. The guy's severed head falls to the sidewalk, blinking in surprise.

Fastman runs past the bus, and around it, in a wide circle.

Kayfabe throws punch after punch like he's playing whack-a-mole. He's smashing up the entire street.

Fastman keeps circling around the bus, not getting any closer...

...but clearly going faster.

Kayfabe turns his head back and forth so much he's getting dizzy.

His boxing gloves VANISH.

He CLAPS HIS HANDS TO HIS CHEEKS to stop his head from oscillating, and FALLS TO HIS KNEES.

The wind is BLOWING HARD in Fastman's wake. It's ROCKING THE BUS.

The passengers are starting to look worried. One of them TAKES A PICTURE.

Kayfabe is now clinging to the roof of the bus.

His fingers DIG INTO THE METAL.

The wind BLOWS HIS LIPS BACK.

Fastman leaps into the air, does A BUNCH MORE FLIPS, and then DROPKICKS THE PAVEMENT.

Kayfabe is FLUNG OFF THE BUS.

The shockwave from Fastman's landing EXPANDS UPWARD, DISSIPATING THE THUNDERCLOUDS.

Kayfabe gets back up to fight, but his rage turns to horror when he's bathed in daylight.

He looks at his hand. The green glow is dripping off of him like fat from a burger on the 4th of July.

He's not ready to give up. He winds up a punch...

...and Fastman KICKS HIM into the front of the bus, where he makes a KAYFABE-SHAPED DENT, his arms and legs stretched out spreadeagle.

Fastman fishes an Ethernet cable out of a pile of debris.

He WHIPS IT, tossing his ThinkPad into the air, and CATCHES IT in his backpack.

Then he turns to Kayfabe and flips the bird. With both hands.

The bus driver LEANS ON THE HORN.

Kayfabe peels himself loose from the dent in the bus.

Fastman is running off. He's already a distant blur, but Kayfabe's still not done.

He gives chase, TEARING ASS DOWN THE ROAD, and leaving the city altogether.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD

Kayfabe's feet move so fast they seem to blend together into wheels.

They are actually wheels now.

His body STRETCHES AND DISTORTS as he SHAPESHIFTS INTO A CAR.

He VROOMS, streaking green light behind him.

He's catching up.

But he can't fight the sun.

He's hemorrhaging green sparks. He's already lost too much power.

His car transformation quickly MELTS AWAY, leaving him just a normal human man running on foot in the middle of the road.

KAYFABE

Get back here! You... you...

Fastman rounds a bend in the road and vanishes into the distance.

Kayfabe looks like he might actually cry.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)

Wait... Come back...

Finally, he slows to a halt.

He leans forward with his hands on his knees, PANTING HARD.

He is utterly alone.

He stands up straight, sweaty, his face contorted in misery, and stares down the open road in crushing, hopeless silence.

His self pity is interrupted by A COOL FREE RINGTONE with a beat that sounds almost like a romantic pop song by a ginger in a trench coat. He whips a sturdy Nokia out of his suit jacket and ANSWERS.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)

General.

GENERAL (O.S.)
Agent Kayfabe. You're not dead yet.

KAYFABE
Well, I'm doing my best... sir.

GENERAL (O.S.)
If I really wanted that I'd send you
to Jersey. Why aren't you with your
team?

Kayfabe glances over his shoulder, confused, and squints at
the horizon.

GENERAL (CONT'D)
Up here, agent.

Kayfabe looks straight up. We ZOOM OUT all the way into
orbit, past a spy satellite, which is busily TRANSMITTING IN
MORSE CODE.

Back on ground level, Kayfabe SWALLOWS.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

The General SIPS FROM A GLASS OF SCOTCH ON THE ROCKS. He's
watching the live feed from the satellite, projected on an
entire wall of a dark room. A glowing device on the table
indicates that Kayfabe is on speakerphone.

KAYFABE
How much did you see?

GENERAL
Every single part where there
weren't clouds in the way.

He carefully inspects some ice cubes, holding each one up to
the light before ADDING IT TO HIS DRINK.

INTERCUT - SITUATION ROOM/COUNTRYSIDE ROAD - PHONE CALL

KAYFABE
General, sir, I'm not going to make
excuses. The target is one slippery
devil. I realize the collateral
damage is somewhat higher than
usual, but we--

The General SLAMS HIS FIST on a table, KNOCKING OVER his
entire glass.

GENERAL

Dammit, Kayfabe, you RAN OFF ALONE!
I don't give a parrot's PECKER about
the buildings or the civilians! This
isn't a solo mission, you understand
me? You're supposed to be setting an
example for your successors!

He DUMPS ALL THE ICE ON HIS GLASS. Most of it SCATTERS across
the table. With his other hand, he SLOSHES the scotch in the
general direction of his drink.

KAYFABE

With all due respect, sir... They're
not bright.

The General is trying to DOWN THE ENTIRE GLASS all at once.
He CHOKES ON AN ICE CUBE.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)

I've seen them use computers. Sir,
they don't know what a file is. I'm
no expert, but that's a basic skill
they completely lack, and I am
unable to teach them. I've explained
it and they just give me blank
stares... Like a doll's eyes.

The General HEIMLICHs HIMSELF on the back of a chair. The ice
cube ESCAPES FROM HIS MOUTH and BOUNCES AWAY HARMLESSLY
across a thick shag carpet.

He turns his attention back to the phone call.

GENERAL

I don't know how that stuff works
either! That is BESIDE THE POINT.
Kayfabe, you are IN CHARGE of that
team. You hear me? They depend on
you! Stupid or smart, they're still
Americans...

KAYFABE

...mostly...

GENERAL

...and they're YOUR subordinates!
Now unscrew your head from between
your glutes, agent, or you'll get
shipped back here so fast it'll
unscrew itself!

KAYFABE

(strangling the phone)

SHIP AWAY, GENERAL! I'll bring back
souvenirs! Some tea, and a NINJA
SWORD, and A CHEW TOY FOR MR.
MUNCHYBEANS!!!

(beat)

...Sir?

GENERAL

Agent Kayfabe. I was going to keep
this to myself so as not to distract
you from the mission, but you're
sometimes sharper than I give you
credit for, and the thing is...
Well. I'm sorry to say that there's
one less good dog in the world.

Kayfabe straightens his posture as if to pretend he isn't
taking this news like a kick in the dick.

KAYFABE

Did he suffer?

GENERAL

He didn't die, idiot. But he's not a
good dog anymore... He's a bad dog
now.

Kayfabe's lower lip trembles.

KAYFABE

I understand, sir. Over and out.

He HANGS UP and TAKES OFF HIS SHADES. Tears flow like a burst
dam.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)

Why, God? Why... God?

FADE TO:

MONTAGE - CAMPING

Trees and mountains frame the autumn sky.

A gentle breeze RUSTLES SOME LEAVES.

Fastman jogs through the countryside.

For once, he's going nowhere in particular.

He runs along the top of a ridge alongside some rice paddies.
The farmers watch him and wave.

He jogs through an isolated village.

He's in a shop now, buying some kind of supplies. Obviously nothing big. He still carries around literally all of his belongings.

He shows up on a winding mountain road and stops to look at the weather.

Big clouds rolling in. He'd better make camp.

He finds a free-standing lean-to with a tent inside.

He unfolds the tent. It's the huge canopy kind. He starts propping it up right in front of the lean-to.

Rain drops fall intermittently on the canopy.

Fastman puts together a makeshift table.

He opens a small portable chair and sits down to read.

He's got an old paperback of The Art of War.

The rain is still gentle, but it's dark outside. He lights a lantern.

Now he has a portable soldering station set up on the table.

He disassembles his laptop and hooks it up to some other gear.

He is jailbreaking the BIOS and installing Coreboot.

The soldering tools are put away. He's standing on the table, hanging his phone modem from the canopy for a better signal.

The OS is reinstalling.

Now it's downloading updates.

The rain lets up just enough for him to read some more.

He's sipping McDonald's coffee. Wonder where he got that.

All the updates are finally finished.

The sun is setting.

The music winds down.

The sun sinks below the horizon.

END MONTAGE.

INT. GAME - UNDERGROUND

With a THUMP, perfect cubes are carved out of a featureless gray stone wall, revealing a blocky caricature of Fastman.

He is playing a video game.

It's Quest for Miners. He's already played it for like a million hours. Yes, of course there are other games. That's not the point. He is not a man content to practice a hundred kicks a hundred times. He is the kind of man who would make Bruce Lee so thoroughly, absolutely terrified that he'd come back to life and die again and then his ghost would die too.

Besides, it's addictive.

His in-game avatar SWINGS A PICKAXE, slicing out one stone cube after another.

Behind him, the mine's featureless gray tunnel walls seem to stretch on forever; an eerie, lonely labyrinth. Torches FLICKER at the touch of a cold wind.

Whoops. His inventory is full. He turns around and BUILDS A TREASURE CHEST.

He's halfway through filling it up with stone when A PHONE STARTS RINGING.

He looks around, confused...

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

In real life, Fastman seems to jerk awake.

He presses some keys to TAB OVER to a VOIP app, then flips down the microphone on his jawbone headset to ACCEPT THE CALL.

INTERCUT - TEMPLE/CAMPSITE

The caller is none other than Dragon Maid.

She listens intently, unsure if the call went through. The rain just sounds like static.

DRAGON MAID

Um... Hello???

FASTMAN

What?

DRAGON MAID
Oh! You picked up. It's me, from the
temple. Actually, I didn't--

FASTMAN
I know.

They're both silent for a while.

Dragon Maid goes through various stages of embarrassment and
confusion.

FASTMAN (CONT'D)
What do you want?

DRAGON MAID
Um, I'm just free tonight, so I
thought I'd call... Where are you?

FASTMAN
A remote location where I cannot be
easily found.

He SIPS HIS COFFEE.

DRAGON MAID
Oh... What's that tapping sound?

FASTMAN
I am in a game.

DRAGON MAID
Really? Which one?

FASTMAN
Quest for Miners.

She takes the phone down from her ear and TAPS FRENETICALLY
on the keyboard.

DRAGON MAID
How do I run it?

FASTMAN
Compiling is necessary.

DRAGON MAID
Okay. It's starting.

FASTMAN
You have a laptop?

DRAGON MAID
I'm just doing it on my phone.

INTERCUT - GAME/TEMPLE

Fastman's avatar starts hauling ass. He's going back to the surface.

FASTMAN

How?

DRAGON MAID

Well, it's a maid phone.

He pauses, confused, at the foot of a spiral staircase.

He's reached the deep, square-shaped pit that all his tunnels branch off of. The night sky above is starting to lighten with the in-game sunrise.

FASTMAN

What that means?

DRAGON MAID

They're small computers that fit in an apron and can be used standing or walking. Oh, it's already done.

FASTMAN

I send you server credentials.

Her phone PINGS. She resumes typing.

The game's splash screen appears.

EXT. GAME - SURFACE

Dragon Maid's avatar pops out of the sky and lands on a snow-covered mountainside. The blocky landscape is dotted with crudely rendered pine trees.

DRAGON MAID

I did it! What now?

FASTMAN

Stay there. Wait for me to meet you.

Fastman's avatar arrives next to hers only moments later.

He immediately plops down various tools and items and starts cutting down the nearest tree.

DRAGON MAID

What's all this stuff?

FASTMAN
Pickaxes and shovels. It is a
digging game. Also supplies.

DRAGON MAID
Where do I dig?

FASTMAN
Anywhere, but not straight up or
straight down. There is a chance you
fall in lava or be suffocated under
sand and gravel.

DRAGON MAID
I see a cow. Can I pet it?

FASTMAN
Put wheat in your hand. It will
follow you. You can milk it with a
bucket.

DRAGON MAID
Is milking... something you like?

FASTMAN
I am lactose intolerant. Take these
woods.

He gives her a shitload of wood.

FASTMAN
When night comes, hide inside here.

He runs down the mountainside. She follows.

They soon arrive at a tiny stone hut.

DRAGON MAID
You made a house?

The DOOR OPENS. Dragon Maid peeks inside.

The interior is sparse and cramped, lit by a single torch,
with a bed and a treasure chest on a dirt floor.

DRAGON MAID (CONT'D)
It's a little bit... prehistoric.

FASTMAN
It is only an emergency shelter.
Better equipment is in the mines.

DRAGON MAID
Underground?

Fastman's avatar looks skyward, as if it has just now occurred to him to attempt to mine the clouds.

DRAGON MAID (CONT'D)
Can we make it cozier? More like a house?

He looks at her again.

FASTMAN
Okay.

We see a QUICK MONTAGE as they remodel the hut...

...Fastman KNOCKING DOWN WALLS with his pickaxe...

...Dragon Maid building a frame out of logs...

...a furnace smelting materials...

...Fastman PLACING WINDOWS...

...Dragon Maid SHEARING SHEEP...

...and the two of them LIGHTING TORCHES.

The hut is now a log cabin. The wooden floors are covered in gray carpet. A brick hearth with a chimney encloses two furnaces.

It's almost sunset. Fastman CLOSES THE FRONT DOOR.

FASTMAN
Night will end fast if all players sleep.

He PLOPS DOWN a second bed, side by side with the first, so they look like one big bed.

Dragon Maid HUMS A LITTLE and hops in next to him.

They wait.

It gets darker and darker outside.

Monsters LURK in the woods.

DRAGON MAID
How long does it take?

FASTMAN
Possibly it works for one player only. I try to remember the defaults of this game version. It was changed
(MORE)

FASTMAN (CONT'D)
after MineClone 3, and Minequest,
which I played most. I do not play
together like this in a long time.
There were no more people I trust.

DRAGON MAID
You mean... friends?

FASTMAN
Sometimes.

DRAGON MAID
Someone special? A girlfriend...?

FASTMAN
...We were not that close. She did
not endorse how I live.

DRAGON MAID
And you drifted apart?

FASTMAN
No... She is dead. Killed, by the
American agents.

DRAGON MAID
Oh, no... I didn't know they'd
caused you so much grief...

A THREATENING VOICE cuts in:

THREATENING VOICE
Believe me, we're just getting
started.

INT. GAMER LAIR

It's Kayfabe, calling from a featureless black room. He
CHUCKLES DIABOLICALLY.

All the other agents are with him, laughing their own stupid
EVIL LAUGHS.

Riprock has a Mac Pro on a desk made from a thick slab of
maple. Clover is sitting on a bean bag chair, balancing a
Chromebook on his knees. Magnus is trying to wear a Power
Glove but it won't fit. Huck and Gordo crowd together over a
single e-waste keyboard and a repurposed Dell thin client.
Berenstein has a custom tower with an overclocked Intel
i5-2500K and a Titan X. Foley's reading a book.

Kayfabe is in the darkest part of the room, ensconced in a
scorpion-shaped gaming cockpit. He has a prebuilt Razer tower

with a Razer-branded GPU, a Razer monitor, a Razer keyboard, a Razer mouse, a Razer cable bungee, and a Razer headset. It's all glowing green.

INTERCUT - GAME/GAMER LAIR

Fastman FLINGS THE DOOR OPEN.

They've found him. In Minecraft.

They're everywhere, running around in suits and ties, LIGHTING TREES ON FIRE and PUNCHING CHICKENS TO DEATH.

He chases after the ones he can see. There are more in the opposite direction, SETTING OFF EXPLOSIVES.

He's outnumbered. He can't chase all of them.

DRAGON MAID

Oh noooooo!

Their log cabin is BURNING.

One of the agents ambushes her and KILLS HER WITH A SWORD.

Her avatar collapses...

...and respawns inside the cabin, only to BURN TO DEATH.

More EXPLOSIONS rock the mountainside.

Fastman opens the admin console, but before he can ban the agents, it stops responding to his inputs.

His avatar starts glitching and vibrating.

The physics system is breaking down, a sure sign of a Columbus griever. This is a classic technique for sabotaging open world games by doing bad math, crossing the ocean in search of India, attacking a random island, and forcing the whole population into sex slavery.

The game is reduced to a choppy slide show.

Magnus leans to one side to exchange HIGH FIVES with Berenstein, and some kind of SECRET HANDSHAKE.

While they're doing that, Berenstein's PC starts BOTTLENECKING.

The fans inside WHINE LOUDLY. One of them GIVES OUT.

The tower SPEWS FIRE at Berenstein.

He WAILS IN DISTRESS, leaning back in his chair as far as possible. It TOPPLES OVER BACKWARDS.

The game server crashes. Everyone gets LOGGED OUT.

INTERCUT - CAMPSITE/TEMPLE/GAMER LAIR

Kayfabe kicks back, OPENS A CAN OF MONSTER, and SLURPS LOUDLY.

KAYFABE

Aaaahhhh. Now that's what I call refreshing.

DRAGON MAID

What kind of petty, uncivilized...

KAYFABE

Uh-uh-uh. Don't get so excited. You're a hostage. You, and aaalllllllll the other maids. We've got eyes on your temple around the clock. Now it's down to our friend in the mask whether we leave it alone or blow it up, hmm?

Fastman says nothing. He's busy SEETHING.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)

Suit yourself. Maybe you're the loner type after all. Friends with feather dusters would only slow you down.

FASTMAN

No. I will come back to the city. I will find you.

KAYFABE

That's more like it. Don't be late.

Kayfabe HANGS UP.

Dragon Maid is gesturing to some of the other maids. They run off in different direction.

She cups her hand over her phone for a little privacy.

DRAGON MAID

Don't fall for his taunts. We're already on high alert, and you know we can fight them off. We'll take care of ourselves. We'll be fine.

FASTMAN

I just made that world. We just made that house.

DRAGON MAID

Wh... in the game??

FASTMAN

They are making it personal.

DRAGON MAID

But it's only a game!

He HANGS UP on her.

The music starts to sound UTTERLY DANGEROUS.

The camera zooms in really close, all the way into one of the eyes of his mask.

EST. CAVE - NIGHT

Fastman jogs into a cave entrance.

By the time we catch up with him, he's sitting under a waterfall in the lotus position. Meditating.

He's been too lenient with these guys. Too forgiving.

It's time to get serious.

His crystal GLOWS.

MONTAGE - SUITING UP

He strips down to his underwear -- fundoshi -- and bathes with his mask on in a metal drum.

In that same drum, he does the laundry. Six track jackets. Four matching pairs of pants. Spare underwear. No socks.

He's in his sleeping bag. Cranking his hog.

He lays out all his belongings, Knoll-style, on the cavern floor.

He TURNS ON SOME FLOODLIGHTS. They are so goddamn bright.

He takes off his mask. We don't see his face, because we never do. He's just a silhouette, a lone shadow in a world bathed in light.

He stands there in fundoshi while a SAMPLED CHOIR swells.

He puts on the track suit pants.

He pulls on the track suit jacket and adjusts the hood.

He puts on the crocs.

At last, he picks up the mask and puts it back on.

He is a man.

He is fast.

He is Fastman.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. CROSSWALK - DAY

Traffic lights turn red. Cars roll to a stop.

The intersection is empty... and then full of pedestrians. They cross in every direction, walking from one huge glass building to another.

Among them, feet clad in crocs HIT THE PAVEMENT.

Fastman prowls through the crowd into the center of the intersection.

He turns to look at every building in the area, surveying the agents' hiding places.

On the roof of a high-rise mall, glaring down over a sign reading "108," is a figure with arms crossed and feet apart.

It's Kayfabe. He's looking particularly shadowy today, even in broad daylight. His gaze meets Fastman's.

Riprock is behind him somewhere, balanced on one foot.

Kayfabe gestures to him. He HOPS AWAY.

As the walk signals count down, the crowd begins to dissipate, leaving some of the other agents standing there in the street.

Fastman turns to look at them. They have him surrounded. That doesn't seem to bother him in the slightest.

They all stand there staring at each other.

The walk signals start CHIRPING URGENTLY.

Synthesizer notes like AIR RAID SIRENS begin invading our ears.

The light's about to change.

Some of the drivers shift nervously in their drivers' seats.

A techno beat starts working its way up from a DULL THUMP to a HARDCORE, DISTORTED DOOF.

The astonished driver from the other day is here. He turns his head to look at the other cars, his mouth still gaping in amazement.

The vehicles start REVVING THEIR ENGINES.

The traffic lights flip from red to a pale blue-green.

ALL OF THE CARS PEEL OUT.

The hardcore techno is now DEMOLISHING OUR EARS.

Everyone starts walljumping between moving cars.

Fastman ducks under some opportunistic punches and leaps over another agent's outstretched arms.

He runs over the top of one car, jumps, and GRABS ONTO THE SIDE of a truck going the opposite direction.

Agents fall off the tops of other cars trying to follow him.

He monkeys over to the back of the truck and LEAPS straight up to reach the mast arm where the traffic lights are mounted.

He swings all the way over it like a gymnast, jumps again, and LANDS on a big eighteen-wheeler. Two agents join him there and start some shit.

While they're fighting, Agent Foley drops down onto the truck's front hood.

He PUNCHES A HOLE IN THE WINDSHIELD and grabs the steering wheel.

The truck FISHTAILS ALL OVER THE PLACE while Foley and the truck driver fight over the steering wheel.

One of the other agents loses his balance and teeters on the edge of the truck's roof, windmilling his arms.

The trailer SIDESWIPES a sedan, pushing it into two other cars, all of which CRASH at an intersection.

Agent Riprock hops along the sidewalk. He reaches one of the wrecked cars and OPENS THE RIGHT SIDE DOOR.

The driver is still conscious. Riprock PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE.

He takes the guy's shoe and tries it on. It's just barely too small.

He flings it into the street and hops away.

RIPROCK
Why does this need to be so gosh
darn difficult?

The wrecked car is STRUCK BY ANOTHER CAR. They both EXPLODE.

Another truck drives right through the explosion. Its tires catch on fire.

Fastman is skating on his ThinkPad again, skitching from the truck's back bumper.

An agent hangs upside-down by the ankles, taking wild swings at Fastman with a CHAINSAW.

The truck JACKKNIFES, TIRES SCREECHING.

Fastman lets go of the bumper. He rides the momentum...

...ollies onto the hood of a car...

...uses the windshield as a ramp to get some crazy air...

...and does some cool grabs and stuff while the truck ROLLS OVER AND EXPLODES behind him.

On the sidewalk below, Agent Sirloin FIRES A ROCKET LAUNCHER.

Fastman dodges by planking in mid air.

Sirloin DROPS the rocket launcher and RUNS.

Fastman LANDS ON HIM, KNOCKING HIM OUT.

His ThinkPad drops into his backpack.

Behind him, two more agents on motorcycles jump over the flames. One of them is in a steampunk diving helmet. The other has a clown wig.

Fastman HAULS ASS across the street.

He slides under a truck that's SPEEDING towards the burning wreckage.

An agent comes at him with a huge wooden hammer.

The speeding truck HITS the wreckage.

It FLIPS OVER, back to front, and EXPLODES.

Fastman lights up his pepper spray and BURNS the hammer.

The agent DROPS IT in surprise.

One of the motorcycles HITS him. The driver's clown wig goes flying.

The other biker closes in with a machete. He swings at Fastman's knees.

Fastman BACKFLIPS over the blade and keeps running.

He's looking for a way into the 108 building.

One of the entrances EXPLODES as he approaches.

He ducks, then keeps moving, circling around to the other side.

As he rounds a corner, three more agents come into view. Two of them run right at him.

Fastman JUMP-KICKS Agent Clover, making him DROP HIS RAKE.

Venga holds a broom by the end of the handle. He gets in a fancy fencing stance and tries to BRUSH FASTMAN.

Fastman ducks under the broom and pulls on it, bringing Venga close enough to HEADBUTT.

Clover STEPS ON HIS OWN RAKE.

Fastman turns to AGENT URIST.

Urist doesn't attack. He's just PLAYING AN ELECTRIC GUITAR.

Fastman stands there watching him shred out a SICK GUITAR SOLO.

Then he takes the guitar away and BREAKS IT over his knee.

Fastman resumes jogging around the building.

The second motorcycle is approaching again.

Before it gets anywhere near Fastman, a lion ROARS and chases it off course.

A distant WHISTLING approaches.

Fireworks DETONATE all around Fastman.

He zig-zags between the EXPLOSIONS.

Up ahead, there's a restaurant attached to the mall complex.

Outside the restaurant's entrance, an anthropomorphic hot dog statue offers scant cover to a BOOTH BABE, who is costumed as something that's part badger, part anaconda. Confused and terrified, she cowers from the chaos around her.

She reaches out and hands Fastman a coupon as he jogs past her to enter the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT

The customers here don't seem to have noticed all the explosions outside. They're just wolfing down their food.

Two of them are agents. Both jump to their feet.

Foley starts VAULTING OVER TABLES.

Magnus has a bowl of ramen. He plucks out noodles with his chopsticks, one by one, and flings them at Fastman.

Foley picks up a menu mid-leap.

Fastman grabs one too.

They SLAP EACH OTHER WITH THE MENUS.

Agent Gordo BODY SLAMS Fastman halfway across the restaurant.

Fastman lands on a table, flat on his back.

He swings his legs in huge circles and BACKFLIPS OFF THE TABLE, then BACKFLIPS AGAIN to get over a counter.

He picks up a serving tray, holding it up like a shield.

The agents swipe a bunch of food and drinks from the other tables and throw it all at Fastman.

Fastman catches everything on the tray.

Handing it to a waiter, he DUCKS THROUGH A SWINGING DOOR into the kitchen.

The agents try to follow.

The RESTAURANT MANAGER blocks their path.

RESTAURANT MANAGER
Stop! Valued customers, I must
respectfully ask you to leave. As
anyone can see, you are
underdressed.

The agents ADJUST THEIR TIES. Riprock glances down.

The head waiter TAPS on a sign depicting a pair of shoes.

RESTAURANT MANAGER (CONT'D)
You need TWO shoes! You have ONE
shoe! That's not enough.

RIPROCK
Uh, I beg your pardon. But what
about the man before us? At least I
have socks. This is more sanitary.
He only had sandals.

GORDO
Yeah! Kick him out too!

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN

Fastman's crystal is GLOWING.

He has commandeered the stove.

The cooks back away in horror and amazement.

Fastman CUTS UP some vegetables and puts them in a skillet.

His hands are a blur as he raids the shelves for more
ingredients.

He CUTS UP some beef and rolls the pieces in flour.

The beef goes into the skillet along with some soy sauce.

The food SIZZLES. Fastman STIRS.

ASSISTANT CHEF
What on EARTH is HAPPENING!?

The laws of physics are somehow different when he's stirring
the fry.

The sheer force of his cooking speed PUSHES THEM AGAINST THE
WALL and UP TOWARDS THE CEILING.

HEAD CHEF
This man...

Fastman FLIPS HIS STIR FRY into the air and CATCHES IT ON A PLATE.

He grabs some chopsticks and RAPIDLY SHOVELS IT ALL INTO HIS MOUTH.

HEAD CHEF (CONT'D)
...is fast!

The agents THROW THE DOOR OPEN. Behind them, someone is desperately trying to EXTINGUISH A FIRE.

The agents turn to see the back door SWING CLOSED. Fastman is already gone.

INT. MALL SERVICE CORRIDOR

Workers are pushing shrink-wrapped pallets of merchandise down a hazily lit hallway.

They're in Fastman's way.

He runs up a wall, across the ceiling, and down the opposite wall.

The agents come running after him. The workers SHOUT, alarmed.

Agent Gordo PLOWS THROUGH THE MERCHANDISE, KOOL-AID MAN STYLE.

Kitchen appliances SCATTER EVERYWHERE. The other agents pick some up.

INT. MALL CENTRAL COURT

The mall opens up into a vast promenade with fountains and staircases everywhere.

There are some fancy glass elevators set into open shafts in a huge central column. As one of them rises high into the atrium, the shoppers inside it press their faces against the glass to watch Fastman run right underneath them.

The agents show up just in time to see him walljumping up the elevator shaft.

Agent Venga holds up an armful of blenders. Agent Huck pulls the blades out and THROWS THEM LIKE SHURIKENS.

He SCORES A HIT on one of Fastman's crocs, making him SLIP AND FALL.

Fastman WRAPS HIMSELF AROUND THE CABLE, halting his descent.

The agents close in on him, carrying some more random shit.

Huck THROWS MORE SHURIKENS.

Fastman uses the elevator cable as a stripper pole and SPINS AROUND IT, DEFLECTING ALL THE BLADES.

They RICOCHET everywhere. Some of the agents SHOUT and dive for cover.

Riprock whispers something inaudible into Huck's ear.

Huck takes careful aim at the bottom of the cable, and THROWS ANOTHER SHURIKEN.

The cable SNAPS.

The counterweight DROPS.

Fastman is FLUNG ACROSS THE COURT.

He does some mid-air flips and ROLLS TO A STOP next to a TOUGH GUY SHOPPER with tattoos and Timberlands.

TOUGH GUY SHOPPER
That was NUTS, bro! How'd you do
that? Are you making a movie?

Fastman ignores him.

Clover's approaching.

He's got something in his hand. Something small.

It's not a weapon at all. It's a cockroach.

He drops it on the ground.

Every single civilian lets out a BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM.

In under ten seconds, they completely evacuate the mall.

Fastman just stands there while the roach SCUTTLES OVER TO HIM.

He STOMPS ON IT, killing it instantly.

Clover is dismayed, but he's got a really good backup plan.

He turns and RUNS, LIMBS FLAILING.

Fastman chases after him.

He tries to grab Clover's suit jacket, but can't reach.

Clover runs between some potted plants.

Foley and Sirloin sit up out of the pots and grab each other's arms.

Fastman can't slow down in time. He gets CLOTHESLINED.

He SLIDES across the polished floor, flips himself over, and burpees himself upright.

Venga drops down from a balcony, SWINGING A KATANA.

Fastman dodges. The blade WHOOSHES past, millimeters from his mask.

Venga follows through with another SWING. He has studied the blade.

The sword SLICES clean through a marble column.

In slow motion, Fastman dodges SWING after SWING.

He's on the retreat.

He notices one of the appliances the agents dropped earlier -- a microwave. There's a power outlet not far away.

He ROLLS FORWARD under the sword and PLUGS IN the microwave.

Venga SWINGS again...

...and Fastman CATCHES the katana. In the microwave.

Venga can't pull it free.

Fastman TURNS IT ON. It immediately SPEWS SPARKS.

Venga drops the katana.

Fastman BASHES HIM OVER THE HEAD with the microwave, picks up the katana, and THROWS IT at Sirloin, who was trying to sneak up on him.

The katana pierces Sirloin's suit jacket and pins him to the wall.

Fastman looks up.

Riprock is SHOUTING and gesticulating from halfway up a staircase, coordinating the agents' movements.

Fastman doesn't have time to think. Gordo PLOWS INTO HIM with a wheeled dumpster.

Clover watches the spectacle from his seat on a marble fountain on the second floor.

He JEERS FASTMAN a little and takes a huge swig of a pint of Guinness as Gordo pushes Fastman all the way into a service elevator.

HUNDREDS OF ARMY TROOPERS, all loaded down with body armor and heavy weapons, come STORMING INTO THE MALL.

One of the EVACUATED SHOPPERS is with them. She points at Clover, enraged.

EVACUATED SHOPPER
Him! It was him, over there!

Clover glances around, confused, like maybe she's talking about some other guy.

The troopers point their standard issue NATO round assault rifles. They OPEN FIRE.

Clover is RIDDLED WITH BULLETS.

His pint glass falls and SHATTERS.

The shooting stops.

Clover touches his suit. His hand comes away bloody.

CLOVER
Ah, lads...

He COUGHS BLOOD and COLLAPSES, DEAD.

INT. MALL ATRIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Several stories up, Fastman exits the service elevator. Gordo is out cold on the floor behind him. The dumpster is on fire.

He can see more agents in the distance. They don't seem to have noticed him yet.

There's Riprock again. He's halfway up a very wide staircase, explaining something to the agents below him.

Two of them take off. The others start arguing with him.

Riprock turns to look around, and does a double take. He's spotted Fastman.

Fastman glares back at him hard enough to bore holes through his skull.

Riprock sends the other agents after him and starts hopping up the stairs.

Fastman makes a beeline for Riprock. The real brains of this outfit.

The other agents SHOUT and run to intercept him.

He wallruns right over them and gives them the slip.

They can't possibly keep up, but Riprock is maintaining his lead. On one foot.

Riprock HOPS around a marble column and up another staircase.

Fastman PARKOURS his way up the same stairs.

Riprock HOPS along a skywalk, crossing the mall's vast atrium.

Fastman CLIMBS onto a railing and WALLJUMPS up to the next floor.

Their movements ECHO through the huge open spaces.

He's nearly caught up.

One more flight. Riprock is right there at the top.

Fastman lifts his foot up to rush the stairs...

...and stops.

That's no staircase. It's an escalator.

He was so focused on the chase he didn't even hear the WHIRRING of this deadly machinery.

He looks down. The atrium is infested. Hundreds of escalators with millions of steel teeth, the gaping maw of his own private Charybdis.

Riprock hasn't budged from the top of the escalator. He's still standing there, balanced on one foot.

He planned this. And Fastman jogged right into his trap.

Riprock looks down at him with something like pity.

RIPROCK

It's the end of the line. If you
make one wrong move, those shoes of
yours will be ground up into
mincemeat... Or, um, more like

(MORE)

RIPROCK (CONT'D)
Salisbury steak, which is actual
meat.

Fastman doesn't reply.

RIPROCK (CONT'D)
You know, if you'd just come quietly
in the first place, none of this
would have had to happen. Fighting
us isn't worth it. Running isn't
worth it.

Fastman tenses his muscles.

He hops up and does the splits on the handrails, one hand and
one foot on either side.

Then he SCRAMBLES UP THE HANDRAILS REALLY FAST.

Riprock puts his other foot down and RUNS.

Fastman's close behind him.

He's got him cornered.

Riprock runs up the wall and BACKFLIPS right over Fastman --
and off a balcony.

Fastman KICKS off the wall and dives down after him.

Riprock THROWS A FEW PUNCHES.

Fastman BLOCKS them all and goes for a ROUNDHOUSE KICK.

Riprock CATCHES IT and TAKES HIS SHOE.

He throws it off a balcony...

...onto an escalator, which DEVOURS it.

RIPROCK
How does that feel, big guy? Taste
of your own medicine.

Fastman holds up one finger to tell Riprock to wait a second.

In one fluid motion, he UNZIPS HIS BACKPACK, fishes out a
spare croc, and SLAPS it onto his foot.

Riprock is crestfallen.

RIPROCK (CONT'D)
You know, I... I really wish I'd
thought of that.

Fastman closes in for the kill.

Riprock punches and misses.

Fastman counters with a SQUARE FRONT KICK, and this time, he hits HARD.

In slow motion, Riprock clears the balcony and falls towards the ground floor.

Fastman leans over the railing and watches.

Riprock reaches into his suit jacket and takes out a remote detonator with a big red button.

He presses it.

All around Fastman, dozens of staircases and bridges EXPLODE, cutting him off from the roof.

Slow motion ends. Riprock HITS A CHRISTMAS TREE, SMASHING IT TO THE GROUND, its lights SPEWING SPARKS.

The tree BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

Fastman looks up at the burning wreckage and down at the remaining agents.

They're fanning out, scrambling up the escalators to follow him.

He climbs up on the railing and takes out his pepper spray.

This time, he points the can at the ground.

His FLAMETHROWER is now a JETPACK.

The gout of flame LAUNCHES HIM INTO THE AIR.

The agents' jaws drop as Fastman flies all the way up the atrium and into the roof access stairwell.

Berenstein and Gordo both TAKE OFF THEIR SHADES, swap them back and forth in some kind of complicated shell game or secret handshake, and put their respective shades back on.

EXT. MALL ROOF - DAY

The stairwell door opens with a KICK.

Wasting no time, Fastman MAKES A BEELINE towards Kayfabe, who is still standing there with his back turned and his arms crossed.

Huck tries to intercept him.

Fastman one-shots him with a FLYING DROPKICK and KEEPS RUNNING without missing a beat.

He reaches Kayfabe, GRABS HIM, and THROWS HIM OVERHEAD, BASHING HIM AGAINST THE ROOF.

Then he KICKS KAYFABE'S HEAD CLEAR OFF HIS SHOULDERS.

The decapitated head goes flying and BOUNCES ACROSS THE ROOFTOP.

It's just a mannequin.

The real Kayfabe is RUNNING FOR THE DOOR. He LAUGHS MISCHIEVOUSLY and DUCKS INTO THE STAIRWELL.

Two more agents appear, swiveling up at the heel like vampires emerging from their graves.

Fastman jumps, does the splits, KICKS THEM BOTH IN THE HEAD at the same time, and runs for the stairs.

INT. MALL ATRIUM - MOMENTS LATER

The only remaining path down through the atrium is a walkway that spirals around the outer walls. It's dotted with just the kind of shops you'd expect on the highest floors of a skyscraper. Like, for example, a sporting goods store.

Kayfabe EXPLODES out of the sporting goods store in the seat of a mountain bike.

Fastman chases after him, riding his ThinkPad along the handrails.

Kayfabe POPS A WHEELIE and jumps off a staircase.

Fastman SURFS down the stairs.

Kayfabe flips his bike sideways for a RAIL GRIND of his own. He's pretty nimble with bike stunts when he hasn't violently expunged his bodily fluids in the summer heat. Remember to stay hydrated.

They pass a cookware shop.

A bunch of agents rush out carrying pots and pans to use as improvised skateboards.

Half of them fall on their faces trying to grind on the handrails.

Magnus ends up leading the pack in a huge cauldron. He's making it levitate with his magic staff.

Fastman glances over his shoulder. Of course this was another trap.

Whatever. He PUSHES HARDER.

He's gaining on Kayfabe.

Ahead of them, a few more agents are setting up a soccer net.

Kayfabe REARS BACK and takes a FLYING LEAP over it with the bike.

Fastman doesn't avoid it. He just BUSTS THROUGH IT.

Behind him, the agents turn back and forth in confusion, not sure where to take the goalposts.

A couple of agents ride their cookware through the hole Fastman made.

A few more get stuck in the net. The rest PILE UP ON TOP OF THEM.

Foley is getting close to Fastman. He's riding his frying pan HARD and carrying a big armful of textbooks.

He FLINGS them at Fastman, trying to get him to read.

Fastman YANKS the frying pan out from under him.

Foley BOUNCES AND TUMBLES down some stairs into a recycling bin.

Fastman throws the frying pan into the spokes of Kayfabe's front wheel.

The bike is instantly MANGLED.

Kayfabe goes FLYING off the walkway.

He WIPES OUT on the polished marble of the ground floor, SKIDDING to a halt.

Riprock appears out of some bushes right behind him, covered in pine needles and wearing a Santa hat.

Magnus cuts Fastman off and blasts FIRE and LIGHTNING to keep him occupied.

Riprock helps Kayfabe to his feet and starts brushing off the pine needles. He keeps the hat, though.

KAYFABE
A net? That was your plan?

RIPROCK
Just plan E3, sir! We still have
sixty ni--

The building is ROCKED BY A MASSIVE EXPLOSION.

Kayfabe and Riprock duck and cover as glass shards RAIN DOWN
FROM ABOVE.

RIPROCK (CONT'D)
...We still have sixty eight
backups!

Magnus falls from above and FACEPLANTS right next to them.
His staff and cauldron are gone.

RIPROCK (CONT'D)
Uh... Fifty two!

Fastman prowls toward them, his crystal SHIMMERING.

Kayfabe and Riprock run.

EXT. MALL EXIT - MOMENTS LATER

The surviving agents all join them outside.

Kayfabe looks like he's totally out of ideas.

RIPROCK
Sir, it's your call.

KAYFABE
You go that way. I'll go this way!

RIPROCK
That's G4. Let's move!

Kayfabe runs off alone. All the other agents follow Riprock.

Fastman is pretty far behind them. He doesn't see Kayfabe.

He jogs at full speed, trying to circle around the other
agents and cut them off.

EXT. CROSSWALK - MOMENTS LATER

A bus PULLS UP next to a statue of a dog and starts unloading
passengers.

A few of them look up in confusion at all the destroyed buildings, wondering if they disembarked in the wrong place.

The agents huddle behind a bench, watching Fastman board the bus.

They nod to each other and follow him.

INT. BUS - MOMENTS LATER

The bus driver SCREAMS at each one as they board. He's sick and tired of tourists who don't how to pay.

The agents RANSACK the inside of the bus, RIPPING OPEN seat cushions and overhead luggage compartments.

Gordo grabs something from under one of the seats and holds it up to the light.

It's Fastman's ThinkPad.

GORDO
I got his laptop!

RIPROCK
Good work. Where's the target?

They look at each other.

They look out the window.

Fastman is waving to them from the sidewalk.

The bus HAULS THEM AWAY.

EXT. CROSSWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Kayfabe comes running around the corner, too late to do anything but watch them go.

Fastman turns and faces him.

Nothing left between them but an empty street.

With a rotten scowl, Kayfabe OPENS A BEACH UMBRELLA. The shade underneath it is dark enough that he instantly starts GLOWING.

He leans forward, BARFS A LASER straight down into the pavement, and drops down through the resulting hole.

The umbrella covers it with a dull THUMP.

Fastman jogs over and KICKS the umbrella out of his way.

The edges of the hole are still SIZZLING.

Fastman steels himself and dives in.

He hurtles down the narrow tunnel head-first, arms tucked against his sides.

It doesn't go too deep. He BRAKES with his feet.

Suspended upside-down, he sticks his head out through the opening...

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL

...and almost takes an APPROACHING TRAIN to the face.

The train ROLLS AWAY.

Fastman sticks his head through the ceiling again, glances around, and drops down, flipping over to LAND ON HIS FEET.

No sign of Kayfabe.

Fastman gets away from the tracks, careful not to touch the third rail.

He looks kind of lost. The city's hazily lit underbelly might be his biggest blind spot.

He glances past a chain link fence and its warning labels, all facing the other way -- and looks again.

There's a gate in the fence. Left unlatched.

He gets closer.

The latch isn't just open. It's gone. Vaporized.

The surrounding wire is still SIZZLING.

Fastman limbers up with some quick yoga, expecting an ambush.

He opens the gate gently. The well-oiled hinges don't make a sound.

As he steps through, a Maltese cat -- the same one from earlier -- peeks at him from behind the fence.

When he looks over his shoulder, it's already gone.

If he sees that cat one more goddamn time...

Another train FLASHES PAST HIM, illuminating his silhouette.

INT. SERVICE TUNNEL

Beyond the gate, a maintenance area unfolds like a labyrinth.

As he creeps down a corridor, THE SUBWAY fades away behind him. THE VOICE OF HATSUNE MIKU trails off while announcing stops along a train route and reminding passengers to collect their belongings from under their seats.

Down here, EVERY SOUND is deafening...

...the distant RUMBLE of machinery...

...the BUZZ of the backup lighting...

...the occasional DROP OF WATER...

Below, a DOOR SLAMS.

Fastman RUNS DOWN SEVERAL FLIGHTS OF A SPIRAL STAIRCASE REALLY REALLY FAST.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Fastman THROWS THE DOOR OPEN -- and pauses.

Above him, wooden crates are stacked two or three stories high, on dozens of rows of skeletal metal shelves.

He stalks down the length of the warehouse.

Behind him, Kayfabe sneaks around in a cartoonishly long stride, hands dangling in front of him.

Fastman comes around a corner to where he's lurking... and he just missed him.

He looks around slowly. Suspiciously.

Another door hangs open, gently swinging on its hinges.

He approaches it in silence...

...and is stopped by a SHRILL METALLIC SCREECH from the other end of the room.

One of the shelving units has just collapsed, TOPPLING dozens of crates into a low double door.

Through a gap between the crates, he can see Kayfabe creeping away.

He KICKS a few crates out of the way.

The pile SETTLES. More crates FALL DOWN.

On the wall nearby, there's a crowbar in a glass and metal cabinet. The sign next to it depicts a cartoon alien head with a red X over it.

Fastman borrows the crowbar and starts SMASHING CRATES TO PIECES.

He swings it so fast, it SOUNDS LIKE A MACHINE GUN.

He's through. He DROPS THE CROWBAR and moves.

INT. CRAWLSPACE

Kayfabe is nowhere to be seen, but there's only one way he could have gone.

This hallway is so cramped that Fastman has to hunch over.

The RUMBLE OF MACHINERY is getting louder.

One wall falls away, turning the floor into a precarious ledge, littered with warning signs about the hopelessly steep drop into the pit below.

Fastman can tell at a glance that there's no easy way back up if he falls.

At the far end of the ledge, a glimpse of motion lures him.

He presses onward.

INT. VENTILATED TUNNEL

The next area can hardly be called a room. The floor is a rectangular platform suspended over a bottomless pit. On one side, the nude concrete walls open into a steep diagonal tunnel. Opposite that is an oversized fan. Its turd-brown blades spin silently, lazily, casting a really cool shadow.

Kayfabe is waiting here. Alone.

Fastman hops down from the ledge.

They stare each other down, each taking a leisurely stroll around the edge of the platform. Circling each other. Counterclockwise, obviously.

KAYFABE

So... Just you and me, huh? One on one. No distractions. Man-oh eye man-oh.

FASTMAN

You'll give up?

KAYFABE

Give up? I've been looking forward to this.

Somewhere beneath them, machinery WHIRS TO LIFE.

The platform STARTS MOVING along a track. Down the tunnel.

FASTMAN

Every time you fight me is a mistake. You will lose.

KAYFABE

I'm the home team here. I'm your worst nightmare.

FASTMAN

I look on you not with fear. Instead, with pity. You choose to live slow.

KAYFABE

I savor my victories.

FASTMAN

Even if I lose it is not your victory. Your commanders will know already the money has gone.

KAYFABE

What money?

FASTMAN

The exchange rate is crashed. Bitcoin is worthless now.

KAYFABE

What bit coin?

FASTMAN

They don't tell you the reason what your orders are?

KAYFABE

It's called a need-to-know basis.

FASTMAN
So you are just a pawn.

KAYFABE
Chess is criiinnnge. The king's weak. He doesn't kill his enemies, he just sends his queen to "mate" with them. Chess players say it's for strategists. I say it's for cucks.

FASTMAN
It has rules. It's a game.

KAYFABE
You know what's not a game? Hell.

FASTMAN
The heaven you want is also a prison.

KAYFABE
Not me. I'm Mormon. I get a planet.

FASTMAN
What if all of it is water?

KAYFABE
I'll use a boat.

FASTMAN
And suffer scurvy, like a pirate.

KAYFABE
I'm an upstanding citizen. I obey copyright law and uphold the terms of every license agreement.

Fastman stops.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)
What? Too obvious?

FASTMAN
So far, I go easy on you. You think talking more will help.

KAYFABE
You're out of laptops. I can already take you with one hand tied behind my back.

FASTMAN
Not without the others. They are your strength.

KAYFABE

The darkness is my strength. You haven't worked that out yet? Maybe I'm overestimating you.

FASTMAN

You make a mistake to rely too much on it. I find out already every thing you can do.

KAYFABE

Heh. You think you've seen my power?

Kayfabe holds up his index finger, then splays his other fingers to make the "one" into a "five."

KAYFABE (CONT'D)

You haven't even seen five percent of my power.

The subtitles clarify that he actually means one fifth.

Kayfabe steps over Cosplay Waifu. She looks up at him, still bound and gagged, her eyes wet with fear. The ropes are strategically placed so we can tell she is, as usual, dressed as Best Girl.

Kayfabe puts on his brass knuckles.

He takes out a knife.

Fastman flexes his neck and does some quick stretches, quickly.

Kayfabe starts LICKING the knife, really going at it, working it hard, slobbering all over the fucking thing, getting his tongue into all the little notches on the back of the blade, then running it long and slow along the side, like he's practicing for all the pussy he's gonna eat when he dies and goes to Mormon heaven. That's how that works, right? Fuck if I know. I'm just the messenger.

He lunges at Fastman.

Fastman avoids the knife easily and KICKS it out of Kayfabe's hand.

It BOUNCES off the platform and falls into the abyss below.

The same knife is back in Kayfabe's hand.

Fastman's not sure what just happened, but he shakes it off.

He KICKS again...

...through empty air. Kayfabe is gone. No sound. He's simply vanished.

Further up the tunnel, hundreds of feet away, he reappears and falls into the abyss, his hands stuck in his pockets as casually as if he's waiting in line to buy a sandwich.

Fastman is alone on the platform.

He steps back nervously. It can't be that easy...

It isn't. Kayfabe reappears and PUNCHES FASTMAN IN THE HEAD.

Fastman ROLLS across the platform and comes back up in a crouch. He's on the defensive.

Kayfabe spreads his arms and smiles.

A metal object BOUNCES off the ceiling above them.

Kayfabe CATCHES it.

It's that same knife again.

Kayfabe wields it like he's going to butter a slice of toast.

Fastman LEAPS forward and immediately BACKFLIPS AWAY to dodge a KNIFE SLASH.

Kayfabe falls for his feint -- and a LEG SWEEP. He's down.

He tries to stand. Fastman POUNCES and gets him in a choke hold.

They STRUGGLE over the knife.

Kayfabe vanishes again. Fastman is left holding his empty suit.

He turns his head at the sound of ice cubes in a glass.

Kayfabe is sitting in a deck chair, holding a cocktail. He's wearing shorts and a Hawaiian shirt. Ahogao print.

Fastman advances, still holding the suit.

The suit starts PUNCHING Fastman.

He struggles to get it away from his face. The tie is prehensile.

Kayfabe SIPS his drink.

Fastman is trying to STOMP on the suit.

It writhes like a worm.

Kayfabe stands up and T-poses.

The suit flies back onto him. His other clothes EVAPORATE, along with his tan.

He straightens his tie.

The cocktail's still in his other hand. He pulls a little plastic sword out of a piece of pineapple.

Kayfabe hauls back and THROWS the plastic sword.

Fastman CATCHES the knife.

It's WET.

Kayfabe POURS the rest of his drink over the side of the platform.

As they pass by a concrete bulkhead, he reaches out and BREAKS the rim off the glass. A sharp point glints under the sodium lamps.

They circle each other again.

Kayfabe teleports close enough to glass him.

Fastman REPELS his attack...

...and turns right around to BLOCK THE NEXT ONE with the hilt.

A shard of glass SKIPS across the platform.

Kayfabe scowls and vanishes again.

Fastman EXHALES SLOWLY.

He's getting the hang of Kayfabe's attack pattern.

He holds still, ready to react.

Kayfabe reappears behind him and instantly gets a KNIFE TO THE GUT.

He flickers in and out of existence, RECOILING in shock and pain.

Fastman lets his guard down for just a moment.

It's enough. Kayfabe appears, glowing bright green, and TACKLES HIM OFF THE PLATFORM...

...almost. He CATCHES THE EDGE.

Kayfabe is hurt bad. Bleeding everywhere.

He vanishes again.

The platform has reached the end of the tunnel. It's about to dock with some kind of loading area.

Fastman hauls himself back up on the platform before the deck of the loading bay cuts him in half. His crocs clear the gap by millimeters.

The platform STOPS.

Fastman waits for Kayfabe to show up.

He glances at the knife, still in his hand, covered in Kayfabe's blood...

...and suddenly clean.

All the blood on the platform vanishes, along with the knife.

A SPLATTERING sound turns Fastman's head.

Blood has appeared in a hallway leading to the next room. Footprints on the floor. Handprints on the wall.

Fastman starts down the hallway, carelessly STEPPING ON A TWIG.

The bloodstains start vanishing again.

He picks up the pace.

Behind him, the twig -- now a knife again -- lies broken in half.

INT. FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

The hallway spills out into a vast, cluttered factory, if we can even call it that. None of the machines seem to build anything; they exist only to destroy. There are CHOMPERS, random FIRE, and SPINNING BLADES, all covered in rust and networked together by CONVEYOR BELTS. This factory makes nothing but death.

Fastman leans over a safety railing.

Kayfabe is below him somewhere, RUNNING AROUND between conveyor belts.

Fastman takes a flying leap OVER THE RAILING...

...and ONTO A LADDER, gripping the edges loosely so he can SLIDE THE WHOLE WAY DOWN.

He chases after Kayfabe.

Kayfabe teleports right in front of him with a HAYMAKER TO THE FACE.

Fastman SLIDES ACROSS THE FLOOR.

He BURPEES to his feet to evade an ELBOW DROP.

Kayfabe teleports and SHOULDER CHARGES right into him.

Fastman GRABS HIS FACE. He gets his fingers in Kayfabe's eyes.

Kayfabe GRUNTS and GAGS.

Fastman KICKS him into an industrial shredder.

The metal teeth DEVOUR Kayfabe from the feet up.

He SCREAMS IN PAIN, SPITTING BLOOD, and blacks out.

The machine GRINDS UP his whole body. He is clearly, unambiguously killed.

His skull, still wearing the shades, TUMBLES OUT OF A CHUTE and onto a conveyor belt.

Gouts of flame BURN OFF ALL THE GORE and MELT THE SHADES.

Fastman DROPS DOWN to reach the conveyor belt.

He picks up the skull so he can do the Hamlet pose.

Kayfabe, alive and unharmed, SLIDES DOWN THE CHUTE like it's a ride at a water park.

Fastman looks back and forth between the skull and Kayfabe.

He HITS KAYFABE WITH HIS OWN SKULL.

Kayfabe COUNTERS with a pipe wrench. The skull SHATTERS.

KAYFABE
(inaudibly)
[INAUDIBLE]

Kayfabe looks more smug with every syllable of his little monologue. Mercifully, we can't hear him at all.

There's a control panel next to Fastman. He THROWS A SWITCH.

A huge electromagnet POWERS UP and ATTRACTS KAYFABE'S PIPE WRENCH.

He can't pry it loose.

Fastman ELBOWS HIM IN THE FACE, then grabs him by the ears and KNEES HIM IN THE GUT.

Kayfabe vanishes.

He reappears, GRUNTING as if struck again, and falls onto some bright yellow caution tape.

He leans into the tape, STRETCHING IT, and SLINGSHOTS HIMSELF back towards Fastman.

Fastman dodges his PUNCH -- and A FEW MORE PUNCHES as Kayfabe teleports around.

The attacks stop.

SOUNDS OF MOVEMENT echo throughout the factory, but Fastman can't see where they're coming from.

He BACKS UP a little.

There's a full length mirror set into the wall here. He glances at his reflection...

...and looks again. In place of a track suit, his reflection has a strange white leisure suit with a priest collar. Like maybe it's a version of him who was about to lead a wedding ceremony under a disco ball.

Fastman looks down at his tracksuit.

He makes a few random poses.

His reflection perfectly copies his every movement.

Fastman lets his arms dangle at his sides. His reflection shrugs.

Kayfabe TACKLES HIM into the mirror, SMASHING THE GLASS.

Fastman grabs a glass shard. He SLASHES AT KAYFABE.

Kayfabe BACKS OFF FAST. His stab wound from earlier has healed somehow, but he's not looking forward to another.

They stare each other down.

Eyes still locked on his enemy, Kayfabe retreats onto a slowly turning platform, part of some huge whirling death machine. He rotates out of sight.

The platform rotates back around the other side. Without Kayfabe.

Fastman jogs over to some metal stairs leading deeper into the abyss. His gaze turns to the far wall, noting the positions of huge drainage pipes.

Close to where the pipes are routed through the wall, he sees a guard station -- unoccupied -- defending heavy double doors.

He HOPS DOWN THE STAIRS and crosses the walkway leading to the doors, his crocs CLATTERING ON THE STEEL.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The doors lead to an equipment control room. Chairs are lined up on one side of a long white table, facing plate glass windows. Above those are lots of CRT monitors. The HUM OF ELECTRICITY fills the room.

Fastman leans forward to look out the window.

INT. RUNOFF CHAMBER

The chamber outside the window is part of a storm drain system. There's an enormous spout high up on the wall. Every surface below that is stained by decades of runoff. At this moment, it's empty.

The floor of the chamber is one huge floodgate made of sliding panels that meet in the center.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Fastman turns to the control console for the floodgate.

He WIGGLES some levers, but they're locked in position.

He PUSHES various buttons. Nothing.

He crouches down and RIPS OPEN a service panel on the front of the console.

He starts to HOTWIRE the controls like he's defusing a bomb.

While he's focused on this, someone walks right past him in a gorilla costume. Nobody notices.

Inside the control panel, the wires SPARK.

A loud ALARM signals his success.

He stands up and looks outside again. He can see the panels of the floodgate slowly SLIDING APART.

Beneath it yawns darkness, a vast cistern, too deep to see the bottom.

INTERCUT - CONTROL ROOM/TRAIN TRACKS

Somewhere nearby, a SUBWAY TRAIN is THUNDERING ALONG THE TRACKS.

Fastman glances around. He hears it, but doesn't see it.

Kayfabe is at the controls. He grins maniacally, SHIFTS GEARS, puts the engine in FULL STEAM AHEAD, and STEPS ON THE GAS.

The train SMASHES THROUGH THE WALL next to Fastman.

He dives out of the way just in time.

Kayfabe SWERVES HARD WITH THE STEERING WHEEL.

The train DERAILS and ROLLS OVER.

It PINS FASTMAN AGAINST THE CONTROL ROOM WINDOW.

The window CRACKS...

...and SHATTERS.

INT. RUNOFF CHAMBER

The train starts to SLIDE OUT THROUGH THE WINDOW.

It CATCHES ON SOMETHING and dangles perilously over the gaping cistern.

Shorted wiring CRACKLES, causing the lights to FLICKER RANDOMLY.

Fastman hangs by one hand from the open door of the last car.

He HAULS HIMSELF UP...

...in time to see Kayfabe FREE-FALLING TOWARDS HIM down the whole length of the train.

He BELLY FLOPS right onto Fastman's face.

They both FALL -- through the floodgate. Into the abyss.

INT. CISTERN

The space underneath the factory is cavernous. Its ceiling is held up by columns large enough to make the great pyramids blush.

Fastman and Kayfabe fall through a darkness that goes on for miles.

They FIGHT as they fall.

Their KICKS and PUNCHES are strangely muted, as if the gloom itself is swallowing up all sound.

The deeper they fall, the brighter Kayfabe GLOWS.

Fastman gets some distance from him. He needs a countermeasure.

He pulls some PAPERS out of his backpack. A copy of the shooting script for some movie about a house.

With his crystal, he LIGHTS IT ON FIRE.

Kayfabe puts his fingers to his temples and purses his lips, spitting a NARROW LASER BEAM.

He BLASTS A HOLE through the script. A plot hole.

Scraps of burning paper SCATTER like fireflies.

The ground beneath them is coming into view. Unfinished stone. Perhaps bedrock.

Fastman glides over to one of the pillars.

He SLIDES DOWN THE SIDE, braking with his crocs.

At the bottom, he KICKS AWAY FROM IT and ROLLS.

Kayfabe hits the ground with an EXPLOSIVE THREE POINT LANDING. Just like in his introduction.

The air is tense -- palpable -- for a long, dangerous split second.

Fastman moves first.

He rushes in. Hit and run. Kayfabe BLOCKS.

Again, and again.

It's too fast to follow.

Almost too fast to see with our eyes.

A relentless flurry of PUNCHES, KICKS, and LASER BLASTS.

One moment, Fastman is SLIDING under Kayfabe's BREATH.

The next, he's backflipping over a PUNCH.

He lands BLOW after BLOW after BLOW...

Yet Kayfabe seems unfazed.

He won't let up.

His hands are green streaks of light as he ANSWERS FASTMAN'S ATTACKS, tracing afterimages right onto our retinas.

His breath POWDERS a column thousands of feet away.

A soundless flash erupts an instant later from nearly the opposite direction.

We get too close to the fight. It disintegrates into choppy, inscrutable chaos; rapid camera cuts, CLASHING LIMBS.

We almost miss Kayfabe SNATCHING the crystal right off Fastman's neck.

Fastman immediately KICKS it out of his hand.

It goes flying.

They race after it.

Both reach out...

Kayfabe's hand TIGHTENS INTO A FIST and changes course to PUNCH FASTMAN IN THE FACE.

Fastman TUMBLES off course, spinning, BOUNCING across the rough-hewn stone.

He rolls to a stop, tries to stand, and falls back down on his face.

Kayfabe picks up the crystal.

He CHUCKLES a little smugly.

KAYFABE

This'll make a nice trophy... A retirement gift, to myself.

(beat)

Maybe with power like yours, I won't even need to retire.

He hangs the crystal from his own neck and holds it in his palm.

He glows at maximum brightness.

The crystal isn't reacting.

KAYFABE (CONT'D)
So, how do I turn it on?

Fastman manages half a push-up.

FASTMAN
It is a focus. There is no "on."
There is not even "off." It is
simple silicon and oxygen.

KAYFABE
Quartz? This is quartz?

FASTMAN
Of no particular purity.

KAYFABE
Wait... It's just a rock?

FASTMAN
Always has been.

All at once, glowing white lines spread out over the ground, spiderwebbing like cracks in a windshield. And the pebble is Fastman.

The crystal shimmers faintly.

KAYFABE
What...?!

FASTMAN
You chose this battleground. Close
to bedrock. Do you know what this
planet is made of?

Fastman struggles to his feet.

The white light surrounds him.

Kayfabe realizes he's fucked.

He tries to approach...

Fastman starts RUNNING IN PLACE.

The white light INTENSIFIES.

It REPULSES Kayfabe. He can't get any closer.

Fastman pushes harder. To go even faster...

And even faster than that.

Impossibly fast.

Faster than fast.

Recursively fast.

So fast that he SHINES LIKE THE SUN.

Kayfabe can't handle the light. He puts his hands up like he's trying to push it away from his eyes.

His vision unfocuses. He's seeing double...

No, wait. Fastman is going fast enough to duplicate himself. By outrunning time itself, he has reversed the polarity of the flow of energy, inverting the decoherence of his own quantum waveform, uniting all his alternate selves from every alternate timeline, harnessing the entire potential of every possibility in the phase space of a multiverse of Fastmen.

They all step forward at once.

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

The Fastmen THROW A PUNCH IN UNISON.

Kayfabe is PUNCHED IN THE FACE BY MANY FISTS SIMULTANEOUSLY.

He STUMBLES BACKWARDS.

He is KICKED BY MANY FEET, all wearing crocs.

He sways as if drunk.

The Fastmen MERGE back together into a singular Fastman.

He CATCHES KAYFABE IN A BEAR HUG...

...and SUPLEXES HIM INTO THE DIRT.

The resulting shockwave SHAKES DUST FROM THE COLUMNS.

Kayfabe is too stunned to move. Maybe for the rest of his life.

His green glow is completely gone.

Fastman gently unloops the crystal from Kayfabe's neck and puts it back on himself.

He turns to walk away...

Kayfabe musters a slow, forced, gravelly laugh, WHEEZING ONE SYLLABLE AT A TIME.

He FLOPS one arm across his torso.

KAYFABE
I might have lost... but you still
haven't won.

There's one more trick up his sleeve.

He touches a device on his wrist. Not a watch. A remote.

He PRESSES BUTTONS.

Points of red light glimmer in the darkness.

There are devices duct taped to every column.

Bombs. Counting down.

Fastman looks down at Kayfabe. He has nothing left to say.

He picks a column and runs...

...directly toward it, and straight up the side.

The bomb at its base TICKS AWAY.

Its countdown reaches zero, and it EXPLODES.

Fireballs ENGULF the column, expanding upward, closing in on Fastman.

The column SHATTERS. The fragments are huge, but they TUMBLE TOWARDS THE GROUND -- including the one Fastman is on.

In slow motion, he BACKFLIPS AWAY.

An adjacent column ALSO EXPLODES.

He lands on a fragment of the next column...

...and BACKFLIPS to the next one.

The EXPLOSIONS light him up from every angle. Like a diagram drawn by Leonardo da Vinci... if he'd been really into explosions. And backflips.

He lands on one of the flying fragments.

Underneath it, another EXPLOSION lifts it higher into the air.

He rides it like a surfboard.

INT. RUNOFF CHAMBER

The explosions SHAKE EVERYTHING.

The train SWAYS.

It SHIFTS -- by just a few feet.

Another EXPLOSION shakes it loose.

It falls into the cistern...

INTERCUT - TRAIN/CISTERN

The train plummets toward Fastman, its lights streaking like a shooting star.

He crouches down like a sprinter...

...waits for just the right timing...

...and LEAPS, doing all kinds of mid-air flips...

...right through the door of the last car of the train.

Then he JOGS along its entire length.

He's going much faster than the train is falling.

Every time he passes through a car...

...it UNLINKS from the rest of the train.

Kayfabe watches from the ground, helpless to get away.

All those train cars are going to land right on him.

Fastman reaches the last car...

...and BURSTS THROUGH the window, SPINNING like a bullet shot from a rifle.

Fastman vanishes through the floodgate. He's out.

Tears run from Kayfabe's eyes, making little puddles in the dust.

He SALUTES.

KAYFABE
 God bless the United States of
 America. YEEAAAARRRRGGHHHHH!!!!!!

All the train cars FALL ON HIS FACE and EXPLODE, each more
 VIOLENTLY than the last.

The remaining columns COLLAPSE ALL AT ONCE.

INT. FACTORY

The factory SHAKES from the explosions below as Fastman runs
 through it.

All the machines, conveyor belts, safety railings, and
 assorted death traps SPONTANEOUSLY COMBUST.

EXPLOSIONS pulverize them into CHUNKY STEEL CONFETTI.

EXT. FACTORY

Corrugated sheet metal doors are FLUNG OPEN.

Fastman jogs through them, and away from the building.

Behind him, it is entirely CONSUMED BY A FIREBALL.

Far above, a HELICOPTER observes the scene as miles and miles
 of infrastructure ALSO EXPLODE.

All the wreckage then COLLAPSES into a vast crater.

When the dust eventually begins to settle...

...the crater ALSO EXPLODES, spewing fire and debris like a
 volcano.

The helicopter is forced to flee.

Fastman emerges unscathed.

It's finally over.

MONTAGE - AFTERMATH

Fastman is back in the city.

He jogs along a major road with an actual decent proper
 sidewalk.

Wide and even. Smooth and flat.

Workmanship of the highest quality.

He's taking it easy.

He likes running. He loves being fast.

Even so...

It's nice to just relax sometimes when there's no existential threat breathing down his neck.

He turns a corner near the wreckage of the downed flying saucer.

Children point and gape at his alien mask.

His usual internet cafe is still infested with demons.

The shrine maidens are busy trying to exorcise them.

He passes the site where workers are dismantling Berenstain's Statue of Liberty replica mech.

Gawkers keep sneaking past the caution tape to take upskirt photos with their phones.

Security officers chase them off again with yaoi paddles.

Most of the people he passes don't notice him at all.

They would never believe what he's been through these past few days.

...To be fair, that's how it's been every day for his entire life.

He runs under a bridge and turns a corner, and he's on the home stretch.

Past the sushi restaurant.

Past the department store.

Up the hill.

Up the steps.

Into the temple.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. TEMPLE ROOFTOP - SUNSET

Fastman has done enough running today. He sits on the shingles, relaxing while he can, admiring the bright orange clouds as they fade to the rich dark purple of a slowly healing bruise.

Dragon Maid is watching him from the other end of the rooftop. She approaches slowly, holding her skirt up, choosing her footing carefully on the slippery shingles.

Finally, she reaches his side and SITS DOWN.

They watch the sunset together.

Streaks of light reach out to them between the skyscrapers. Sensually caressing the silhouette of every parking garage. Fingering every office window. Oozing erotically across the air handler units and above-ground power lines. The city is wet now. A sticky mess.

Dragon Maid catches herself salivating. She closes her mouth and wipes the drool from her chin.

She looks at Fastman. He has not acknowledged her presence. He's preoccupied, his soul burdened by all the carnage he's seen, the oppression of government regulations, the people moving as slowly as possible through their pathetic lives when they could have been going fast.

The pain shows on his mask.

DRAGON MAID

You're leaving again, aren't you? In the morning.

FASTMAN

(instantly)

I don't wait for morning. I'll leave any time.

She turns over his words in her mind. Tries to share his pain while he SIPS HIS McDONALD'S COFFEE.

DRAGON MAID

Do you want to kiss me?

He SPITS OUT HIS COFFEE.

Dragon Maid BURIES HER FACE IN HER HANDS.

FASTMAN

You are attracted to me?

DRAGON MAID
A little...!

FASTMAN
In the romantic way?

DRAGON MAID
Maybe!!!

FASTMAN
Why?

DRAGON MAID
I don't know! I just am! You're...
you're so mysterious, and strong,
and... something like a hero...

Fastman contemplates his life choices.

FASTMAN
Sorry for not noticing. If you like
to go somewhere private...

She's already leaning in. Eyes closed. Lips puckered.

He gets the bottom half of his mask peeled back so fast we
don't see it happen.

They kiss.

FADE TO:

INT. DRAGON MAID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A futon is spread out on the floor. They're sitting in the
middle, a tangle of hands and limbs. She's been all over him
for hours.

DRAGON MAID
It's really dark out. I can't see
your face.

FASTMAN
The mask stays.

She GIGGLES.

DRAGON MAID
I can't see that either, you know?

She stands up out of his lap.

DRAGON MAID (CONT'D)
I'll turn a light on. Just a little,
okay?

She starts to cross the room, so giddy she's almost skipping.

She TRIPS and FALLS FACEDOWN.

Fastman moves to check on her, but she's fine.

DRAGON MAID
I fell odd my doze...

There's a little flashlight in a drawer. She CLICKS IT ON and sets it on its side, aimed at the wall.

Kneeling on the futon, she cracks a hazy, crooked little smile at the warm glint of the light on the bulbous black eyes of his alien mask.

Her hands approach his track jacket.

DRAGON MAID
Can I...?

He nods his assent.

She UNZIPS IT.

He is as still as a statue while she drowns his collarbone in SLOPPY KISSES.

She trails her lips down over his pecs...

...gets all the way down to his hips...

...and comes back up, tongue out, LICKING his abs. Her eyes roll back in her head.

His fingers tease her braid.

Her hands wander down to the hem of his pants -- and she CRACKS UP, GIGGLING UNCONTROLLABLY.

She's too nervous. She has to cover her face in embarrassment.

When she calms down, she peeks at him through her fingers. He hasn't budged.

She shows him her smile again.

DRAGON MAID
To tell the truth...

Her hands fold together in her lap.

DRAGON MAID (CONT'D)
Lately, I've been wearing battle
underwear every day, just in case...

She lifts up her skirt.

DRAGON MAID (CONT'D)
You... want to, right?

Fastman dives in and starts kissing her thighs.

DRAGON MAID
Ah! Wa... Wait! Waitwaitwait!
Waitwaitwaitwaitwait.

She flails her legs for a few seconds and pushes him away.

He's got her panties in his teeth. They're outrageously lacy.

DRAGON MAID (CONT'D)
I... I meant show you! I want to,
but this... We haven't known each
other that long, and... I mean, it's
not like that! It's just, we're
going so fast...

He stares at her, the very picture of incredulity.

DRAGON MAID (CONT'D)
Oh, all right! FINE!

She throws her skirt over his head and lies on her back.

A few YELPS OF SHOCK escape her lips...

...but she soon relaxes. He's easing her into a rhythm that
works for her.

She tries to suppress her reactions to what he's doing, but
increasingly lets out TINY GASPS, her head rolling from side
to side.

Her breathing SPEEDS UP.

She MOANS LOUDLY and covers her own mouth.

Her fingers grasp at the futon.

Her legs start kicking out over his shoulders.

Her gasps turn to RAPID PANTING.

She arches her back and clings to him, pulling his head closer and closer, grinding her hips into his mouth, afraid on some level she'll squeeze her thighs together tight enough to pop his melon, but her mind is so blank she can't possibly voice it aloud...

And he won't stop. She rides wave after wave, SHAKING THE WALLS. The whole temple must know what's going on in here. The whole city, maybe. Or the whole world...

INT. DRAGON MAID'S BEDROOM - LATER

Dragon Maid stirs.

Not from sleep. From a trance even more distant, and more satisfying.

DRAGON MAID
What time...?

FASTMAN
I don't look. Not morning yet.

She gazes at him for a little while.

DRAGON MAID
Were you hoping to keep me up all night?

He turns to face her.

Her pupils dilate.

She sits up with a dazed smile. She's still in uniform.

DRAGON MAID (CONT'D)
Even if we're not going to sleep, we should change our clothes...

She turns away, tugging her long, long braid to one side.

DRAGON MAID (CONT'D)
Help me out? It's hard to do by myself...

A slight shiver washes over her as he unclasps the back of her dress.

She tugs it away from her shoulders and leans her bare skin against his craggy hands.

He pulls at the strap of her intricate black bra.

FASTMAN

This also?

DRAGON MAID

(whispering)

Yes, please.

He unhooks it and her bra falls away.

She crosses her arms over her heaving milkers and shyly peeks over her shoulder.

He overshadows her, his hunger palpable, his hand on her upper arm.

She turns, bit by bit, showing him an inch, and another, of her soft fleshy badonkadonks.

Now she's too embarrassed even to manage a nervous giggle -- but wired enough to keep going.

She shifts her legs, getting her dress all the way down off her ankles, then starts to take off her stockings.

FASTMAN

Wait.

He stays her hand.

FASTMAN (CONT'D)

Leave those on.

DRAGON MAID

O... okay...

With the backs of his fingers, he traces the soft lines of her face, tucking some stray hairs behind her ear, and carressing her neck and shoulder.

She hides her face, embarrassed at her own vulnerability.

He leans in close. She shivers at the warmth of his breath on her neck, arches her back as his rough fingers find her perky, sensitive eraser heads.

He lowers his face further and starts MOTORBOATING her jigglejogglers.

She LAUGHS and SLAPS him a little.

DRAGON MAID

You're totally unfair!

In a flash of inspiration, she reaches down and yanks his pants off.

She freezes.

He's nude now except for the mask.

She might be in over her head a little.

FASTMAN

Are you considering to change your mind?

DRAGON MAID

Uh? Um, no... Should I... with my mouth...?

FASTMAN

Do you want to?

DRAGON MAID

...Do you like it better?

FASTMAN

No.

She looks up at his eyes, puts her arms straight out, and beckons him into her embrace.

He guides her down onto her back.

FASTMAN

You are nervous.

DRAGON MAID

A little...

FASTMAN

I'll be gentle to start.

DRAGON MAID

Okay, just not TOO gentle... ah...
ahhhh... oh...

Her body stiffens, jostling her sweater puppies.

Eyes shut tight, mouth hanging open, she rakes her fingers across his back, urging him onward...

...and freezes again. Her brow knits in confusion.

DRAGON MAID (CONT'D)

Wait, I... I don't...

FASTMAN

It is too hard?

She shakes her head.

DRAGON MAID
I just... it doesn't, um... doesn't
hurt...

FASTMAN
You thought it would?

She nods a little.

An awkward silence is born between them, lives a long full
life, and dies peacefully in its sleep.

FASTMAN (CONT'D)
This time is your first?

She hesitates, then nods repeatedly.

Fastman holds perfectly still.

He is planking whilst balls deep in Dragon Maid.

DRAGON MAID
Is that okay?

FASTMAN
...Yes.

DRAGON MAID
Then... why'd you stop?

She hooks one ankle around his leg and pulls him closer.

How does the idiom go? Something about refusing a meal?

He puts his concerns aside and plumbs her with abandon.

They match each other's rhythm.

His hand reaches for one of her high beams, but she guides it
to her throat.

FASTMAN
Are you sure?

She nods urgently.

His grip tightens.

She MOANS with abandon, beginning a QUICK MONTAGE of
different positions.

They switch to prone bone...

...cowgirl...

FASTMAN
It's okay. It will be okay. I
forgive you.

He strokes her hair.

She's calming down.

The music LINGERS on soft, slow notes as they hold each other
for the rest of the night.

FADE TO:

EST. OCEAN - EARLY MORNING

From a few miles offshore, the city looks like a hazy blur.

The General is standing on the prow of a nuclear submarine,
arms crossed, brow knitted. He is staring at the city and
giving himself an ulcer with how mad he's getting. He's so
mad his hair would be falling out if he wasn't already bald
underneath his stupid hat. Maybe his pubes are falling out.
We can't tell, though. He's wearing pants.

There is a big red button in front of him, underneath some
glass.

GENERAL
You failed me, Kayfabe. But I know
what won't fail me...
(beat)
CRAAAAB!!!!

He balls up his fist and FUCKING SMASHES RIGHT THROUGH THE
GLASS AND HITS THE BUTTON.

THE MUSIC SWELLS while some sailors run over to the console
with the button on it and pick it up to carry it back below
decks, and also some medics bandage up the general's hand.

Near the submarine, we can see the ocean bulging as SOME
REALLY HUGE OBJECT SURFACES.

It's a crab.

It has LASER EYES. The lasers ARC DOWN INTO THE WATER IN ITS
PATH, sending up HUGE PLUMES OF STEAM.

It approaches the city on its long spindly legs. Every step
SHAKES THE OCEAN FLOOR and also the people on the submarine.

BOMBASTIC CLASSICAL MUSIC OVERWHELMS OUR EARS. A real
old-school boss fight theme. Maybe with some Latin chanting
for good measure. Except definitely not lyrics from Carmina

Burana. We've all heard that like a million times already. Come on, have some originality for once.

The crab MARCHES THREATENINGLY AND INEXORABLY towards the city.

Towards Fastman.

INT. DRAGON MAID'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dragon Maid slowly stirs awake with a groggy YAWN.

Her eyes open. She lifts her head up to look at Fastman.

His green mask is still there, peeking out of the blankets.

She smiles warmly and relaxes again, reaching for his hand.

Her fingers are groping around for a while.

She finds his sleeve.

It's empty.

Fully alert now, she sits up to hit Fastman with an accusing glare.

She snatches the mask off the pillow.

In Fastman's place is a dummy made from a sheet, some blankets, and a spare tracksuit, with a crude face doodled on the "head."

A hand-written note FALLS from inside the mask.

She picks it up and starts reading.

Her face flickers with emotion.

She looks from the note to a clock, back to the note again, and out the window behind her.

Fastman has been gone for hours. He left town without her.

DRAGON MAID
You... DUMMY!

Dragon Maid THROWS THE NOTE at the dummy's face, then crosses her arms and POUTS.

EXT. HARBOR - MOMENTS LATER

The city is waking up. There's light foot traffic all over the marina.

The water swells.

A DOCK WORKER abandons his forklift and runs, one hand on his hard hat to keep it steady.

DOCK WORKER

Tsunami!

A few people follow him immediately. Others stare in vacant disbelief.

The water overtakes the seawall. They understand now. Panic sets in and the crowds RUN, SCREAMING.

Two ships are lifted by the rising tide...

...and keep rising, held aloft by enormous crab claws.

The tsunami RECEDES, washing the abandoned forklift out to sea, as the crab's eyes break the surface.

Rivulets of seawater run off the edge of its massive body.

The crab slowly closes one of its claws.

Steel GROANS as one of the ships it picked up is sliced in half.

Both halves PLUMMET BACK INTO THE OCEAN and sink with a HUGE SPLASH.

The crab marches forth.

The escaping shoppers keep looking back at it. Some of them STUMBLE AND FALL as its massive footsteps SHAKE THE GROUND.

It hauls back its other claw, lifting the second ship high over its head...

...and FLINGS IT AT THE CAMERA.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. FISH MARKET - CONTINUOUS

A LID OPENS on a big heavy plastic cooler.

A SEAFOOD SHOPPER peers inside at the day's catch -- tiny crabs.

She frowns at a nearby FISHMONGER.

SEAFOOD SHOPPER
Don't you have anything... bigger?

FISHMONGER
Well... you see...

An enormous crab leg PIERCES THE CEILING, instantly MASHING THE FISHMONGER into a WET RED PASTE.

The shopper backpedals in shock and horror and FALLS ON HER ASS.

She SCRAMBLES AWAY FROM THE LEG ON ALL FOURS. Crabwalking.

The leg LIFTS BACK UP through the ceiling, TEARING A MUCH BIGGER HOLE.

Bits of seaweed RAIN DOWN ON THE WRECKAGE as the crab CLIMBS OVER THE BUILDING.

EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT

The crab's claw is huge enough to fit all the way around a skyscraper. We can tell because it is putting its claw around a skyscraper.

It SHUTS ITS CLAW, CUTTING THE BUILDING IN HALF.

The top half BEGINS TO CRUMBLE AND FALL.

INT. COLLAPSING SKYSCRAPER

Office workers inside are RUNNING FOR THEIR LIVES as the floor tilts under them.

Every piece of furniture COMES LOOSE AND SLIDES AROUND. Some of the workers are HIT BY STRAY FAX MACHINES.

One DESPERATE SALARYMAN runs all the way up the slope to a window.

He DIVES THROUGH IT IN A SHOWER OF BROKEN GLASS.

EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT

There is nothing below for him to land on. He is falling to his death.

He SHRIEKS THE WHOLE WAY DOWN.

The whole building CRASHES TO THE GROUND IN A PLUME OF DUST AND SMOKE that FILLS THE STREETS FOR BLOCKS AROUND IT.

Nearly all light is blocked out, except the crab's GLOWING EYES. It SHOOTS LASERS out of the dust cloud at something behind us in the city.

EXT. TEMPLE STEPS

Dragon Maid runs outside through the temple's front entrance, still tugging her maid uniform back into place.

All the other maids are out here already. They're looking at the crab.

It's far away from the temple, but not so far that they can't see its laser eyes or hear the EXPLOSIONS.

Satori is out here too. She's leaning against a stone lion, smoking through her freakishly long cigarette holder.

SATORI

It's targeting the banks.

DRAGON MAID

Your Ladyship?

Fighter jets ROAR OVERHEAD, en route to engage the crab.

EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT

SATORI (V.O.)

Stock exchanges... crime bosses... securities markets... small-time sharks... 7-Eleven. Money-lending institutions of every size and scale. Its attacks are systematic and precise. By cornering the financial sector, it can freeze the movement of all forms of liquid currency throughout the economy.

The crab LASERS SOME COSPLAYERS, melting them down into skeletons.

A priest and some nuns run out of a church, SHOUTING and waving bibles and crosses at the crab as civilians crowd inside for shelter.

It STEPS ON THE CHURCH.

SATORI (CONT'D)

Without money velocity, the economy is paralyzed. First, the housing market will grind to a halt. Existing businesses will put their dealings on hold, and even collapse. New businesses will be unable to take their place. Bond failure rates will skyrocket. Layoffs will cascade across all economic sectors. Without steady jobs, ordinary citizens will be unable to find guarantors even for a small apartment, or a car.

Two missiles HIT THE CRAB and EXPLODE.

The jets WHOOSH PAST IT and circle back for another pass.

SATORI (CONT'D)

Food will become impossible to find, except at the source -- farms. The government will be powerless to help. The collapse of this city alone will be our nation's largest mass migration in almost two thousand years... Untold millions will have nowhere left to stay.

The crab snatches one jet out of the air. Then the other.

It raises them over its head and SMASHES THEM TOGETHER.

EXT. TEMPLE STEPS

Dragon Maid watches, her eyes tinged with both sadness and hope.

DRAGON MAID

Maybe that wouldn't be so bad. Maybe a nomadic lifestyle...

SATORI

I know what you're thinking, but when we live that way, there is much we cannot protect... Only because we cannot take it with us.

Satori turns towards the giant tree a little and INHALES DEEPLY from her carcinogenic fidget spinner.

SATORI (CONT'D)

Ironic, really... At this rate, we'll have to do "that."

A CHORUS OF GASPS rises from all the maids.

DRAGON MAID

"That?"

Satori turns towards her.

SATORI

It's up to you. If you can't...

Dragon Maid straightens her back.

DRAGON MAID

I'm prepared.

Under Satori's hat, we see what looks like a wry smile.

INT. INNER SANCTUM - MOMENTS LATER

The doors to the inner sanctum are FLUNG OPEN.

DARK, DRAMATIC SYNTHWAVE accompanies Satori as she strides down the hallway in slow motion.

Maids help remove her hat.

She pulls a ribbon out of her hair, allowing it to unfurl.

It is an absolutely ludicrous amount of hair, bushy and wild, reaching down to her ankles and billowing out behind her as she walks.

We get a glimpse of the front of her blindfold, depicting a shield and the Greek letter lambda.

She reaches the end of the hallway and the doors SLAM SHUT behind her.

INT. ROOT CHAMBER

The inmost chamber of the inner sanctum is built around the tree. Very little sunlight filters in through the roof, enough to see the inches of water that the roots are submerged in.

The trunk is wreathed in chains and plastered with protective seals. Two stone lions flank the entrance, facing towards the tree as if guarding the outside world from what dangers lurk here.

Satori, barefoot, STEPS INTO THE WATER and APPROACHES THE TREE.

She stretches her arms out, palms facing skyward.

SATORI

Here comes a candle to light you to
bed.

Over a hundred candles are mounted high on the wall of the circular chamber. One by one, they LIGHT THEMSELVES with alternating blue and yellow flames.

SATORI (CONT'D)

Here comes a chopper to chop off
your head.

The statues are SPONTANEOUSLY DECAPITATED.

A small metal drinking flask is secured to the tree trunk by a rope as thick as a human leg. It TWITCHES. The rope WIGGLES SOFTLY.

Satori raises her hands higher.

She whispers something inaudible.

One by one, the protective seals BURST INTO FLAMES.

The ground RUMBLES.

The flask POPS OPEN.

EXT. TEMPLE GROUNDS

Dragon Maid's wings FLAP GENTLY as she hovers high over the temple.

Below her, the barrier SHIMMERS, straining, and then SHATTERS into a million points of light.

An enormous snake SPIRALS AROUND THE TREE TRUNK and RUSHES UP THROUGH THE LEAVES.

It emerges into the sky, SHRIEKING TRIUMPHANTLY.

It is really fucking big.

It circles back on itself in lots of complicated-looking loops, and then bolts directly towards Dragon Maid.

She DODGES. It starts to turn back.

She FLIES HIGHER, her wings WORKING AS HARD AS THEY EVER HAVE.

She looks towards the crab. It's still rampaging in the distance.

Dragon Maid FLIES TOWARDS IT.

The snake FOLLOWS.

EST. DOWNTOWN - MOMENTS LATER

Sunlight glimmers off the skyline, or what's left of it.

Dragon Maid WHOOSHES past us, followed closely by the snake.

Too closely. She can hear it HISSING.

She dives between buildings, zipping around tight corners to regain some distance.

The snake can't maneuver so precisely. It SLAMS INTO A NEON SIGN, RAINING DEBRIS all over the street, its body COILING IN ON ITSELF with its incredible momentum.

It HISSSES AND ROARS, and again TAKES OFF AFTER HER, uncoiling back into the sky.

DRAGON MAID

You're supposed to be slower than this!

She races around a skyscraper, then under a bridge, then around the snake's own body.

It follows her -- and loops back on itself.

Dragon Maid slows down to catch her breath while it ties itself in a knot. She turns to look for the crab.

The snake WHIPS ITS TAIL, SMASHING THE BRIDGE AND EVERYTHING AROUND IT.

The end of its tail WHOOSHES TOWARDS DRAGON MAID.

She can't avoid it.

It SWATS HER. She is FLUNG THROUGH A BILLBOARD and hurtles into the distance until she HITS ANOTHER SKYSCRAPER.

INTERCUT - WRECKED PENTHOUSE/DOWNTOWN

Dragon Maid has crashed into some rich jerk's fancy apartment. Single-serve coffee pods ROLL OFF THE KITCHEN COUNTER onto her head.

Her eyes are shut. She's not moving.

Through the gaping hole in the wall, we can see the snake untangling itself and regrouping for its next attack.

Its scales slide past each other.

It looks furious. Who fucking knows if anger is even something snakes can feel? I sure don't.

It SHRIEKS and WHOOSHES towards Dragon Maid.

It's already more than halfway there.

Her eyes open.

She TAKES OFF FLYING -- towards the snake -- and dives under its gaping jaws just in time.

It PLOWS THROUGH THE SKYSCRAPER.

Dragon Maid turns back towards it and puffs up her chest.

She BREATHES FIRE on the building.

The heat MELTS THE STEEL BEAMS.

The snake is still only halfway through when the upper floors COLLAPSE ON TOP OF IT, TRAPPING IT.

Dragon Maid SWOOPS LOW over the street below.

She regains altitude and continues onward.

There are coffee pods in her apron. She shakes them off by DOING A BARREL ROLL.

Ahead, she can see the crab kicking up plumes of smoke.

Behind her, in the distance, the snake SHRIEKS and THRASHES ANGRILY.

Its tail FLAYS THE BUILDING. It won't be long before it tears it down to its foundations.

Dragon Maid keeps going. She's approaching the smoke...

EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT

...and two GLOWING EYES appear inside.

They SHIMMER BRIGHTLY and fire twin lasers RIGHT AT HER.

She dodges. Barely. The lasers SIZZLE PAST HER...

...and ARC TOWARDS HER as she flies, DEMOLISHING EVERYTHING THEY TOUCH.

On the street below, the lasers pass right through cars, VAPORIZING THEM INSTANTLY and BLASTING BITS OF PAVEMENT INTO THE AIR.

As the smoke clears, the crab emerges in all its horrid enormity.

It FIRES ITS LASERS AGAIN.

Dragon Maid closes the distance fast.

She WHOOSHES right past its enormous eye stalks, hewing close to the curve of its shell.

It tries to turn to face her, but it's much too slow.

She orbits around it like an electron, SPITTING DOZENS OF FIREBALLS from every angle.

It SWINGS ITS CLAWS, more annoyed than threatened.

She's consistently avoiding its attacks.

The crab raises one claw high into the sky and then brings it down with all its strength.

Dragon Maid dodges with ease, but it wasn't aiming for her. It SMASHES THE GROUND.

The impact produces a SHOCKWAVE that TOPPLES NEARBY BUILDINGS and KICKS UP A DUST CLOUD.

The dust envelops Dragon Maid.

She slows down because she can't see shit.

She starts COUGHING, giving away her position.

The crab, obscured by the dust, FIRES LASERS AT HER.

She dodges...

...right into a PLATE GLASS WINDOW, SMASHING IT TO PIECES.

INT. SMALL BUILDING

Dragon Maid lands on her hands and feet. She's cut by the glass.

The lasers FOLLOW HER INSIDE. So does the camera.

She takes off FLYING down a hallway...

...taking a roundabout course to avoid the lasers...

...using a quick burst of fire breath to BLAST A DOOR OPEN...

...and pulling all kinds of nimble little maneuvers to navigate between collapsing walls as THE BUILDING CRUMBLES AROUND HER.

Finally, she BURSTS THROUGH THE OPPOSITE WINDOW...

EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT

...where she barely avoids being swallowed whole by the snake.

She falls to the ground.

It's coming back for another try.

The lasers CUT ALL THE WAY THROUGH THE BUILDING and HIT THE SNAKE. It SHRIEKS IN PAIN.

The snake begins ATTACKING THE CRAB.

Dragon Maid watches in amazement. The plan is working.

All around her, buildings COLLAPSE, engulfing her in dust.

FADE TO:

EST. SEAFLOOR COURTROOM

Deep beneath the sea, flecks of sediment tumble through the crystalline spires of a vast underwater palace.

A magical viewing screen RIPPLES with an image of the snake.

The LEADERS OF THE SEA PEOPLES, gathered here by the SEAHORSE KING, watch with trepidation.

An URCHIN WIZARD adjusts the image, scrolling and zooming with the strange spiny tentacles he has instead of hands.

He turns to face the Seahorse King. Their voices ECHO TELEPATHICALLY, as if they are here to discuss the construction of additional pylons.

URCHIN WIZARD

My liege, the surface dwellers have betrayed us! The pact is broken. The great serpent is loose.

SEAHORSE KING
(pregnant)
Harumph. Amateurs. Then we are left
with no choice but to immanentize
the eschaton. Summon the meteor!

Seven SAGES float into position, standing on sigils engraved
in the floor.

The sigils are connected by GLOWING LINES as they channel
their magic power.

The courtroom FILLS WITH LIGHT...

EST. MOON

The night sky looks over a dilapidated wooden building draped
with torn, faded American flags.

It's the sound stage on the moon where NASA faked the moon
landing.

A MOONQUAKE shakes everything around and knocks stuff over.

Far above, a PORTAL OPENS...

...and spits out a single METEOR.

It's headed for Earth. The flames behind it fill the screen.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN

The crab's EYE LASERS arc past the camera, cutting through
thick clouds of dust.

It fires AGAIN and AGAIN at something just out of sight.

The snake LUNGES through the dust cloud.

Its fangs GLANCE OFF the crab's heavily armored shell. It
vanishes back into the dust.

The crab doesn't follow. It PLUNGES one huge claw through a
building -- a train station.

It CATCHES A TRAIN.

Passengers inside SCREAM as the train is pulled up off the
tracks.

The crab TEARS THE TRAIN IN HALF.

It SWINGS ITS IMPROVISED NUNCHUCKS, dispersing some of the dust and smoke.

A sinuous shadow fades into view.

The crab FLINGS one half of the train, passengers still SCREAMING as the cars WHIRL through the air.

The snake undulates out of the projectile's path -- and attacks again.

It SPIRALS AROUND the other half of the train and DRAGS IT FROM THE CRAB'S GRASP, metal TWISTING, glass SHATTERING.

The crab FIRES LASERS. Too late.

The snake comes back, weaving back and forth along the ground -- and right between the crab's legs.

It PULLS THE CRAB OFF BALANCE.

The snake wraps itself around the crab, constricting it.

Its shell CRACKS in several places.

It starts to BUCKLE.

The crab BODY SLAMS SOME BUILDINGS.

The snake WRITHES, shifting its grip.

One of the crab's claws RIPS AND STRETCHES...

...and is TORN COMPLETELY OFF, GUSHING BLUE BLOOD.

The other claw CATCHES THE SNAKE BY THE NECK.

The snake's tail WHIPS AROUND CHAOTICALLY.

The crab TIGHTENS ITS GRIP.

The snake's mouth gapes open.

Its cartoonish eyes bulge cartoonishly out of its head.

The crab CLOSES its claw like a guillotine, and it's over.

The snake's entire body INFLATES LIKE A BALLOON...

...and BURSTS into a million little flecks of light.

The lights GATHER into a single glowing ball -- and fly away.

EXT. TEMPLE GROUNDS

Some maids are escorting Satori back out of the inner sanctum.

The snake's soul WHOOSHES over their heads and RIGHT BACK INTO THE FLASK.

The impact KICKS UP A HUGE GUST OF WIND IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

Satori is THROWN INTO THE AIR.

She flips over a couple times and LANDS FACEDOWN IN A MUDDY PUDDLE with her skirt up on her head.

SATORI

Aw, shit!

EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT

The crab TURNS.

It faces the temple -- bruised, battered, but now utterly unopposed. Nothing can stand in its way. Okay, yeah, buildings, but I mean look at this shit. They barely count.

The crab ADVANCES, lurching towards a really shiny building. A museum or something.

Behind it, a tiny red dot twinkles in the sky, almost as if to cheer it on.

Crab legs SMASH A PATH through cars and houses alike.

A shadow passes over it. A shadow with dragon wings. A shadow in a frilly dress.

It's obviously Dragon Maid.

She BREATHES SOME FIRE on it.

It just ignores her. She's no threat at all.

That kind of pisses her off.

She SWOOPS DOWN really close...

...and BREATHES MORE FIRE -- right into some of its wounds.

This time, it reacts. It SHRIEKS or something. I don't think crabs can do that, usually, but this one can, for roughly the same reason it can stomp on buildings. The noise is REALLY HORRIBLE, too.

It replies with some LASERS.

It can't hit her. She's too close.

She makes another pass along its shell, SPITTING FIREBALLS into the cracks here and there.

She's practically bullying the crab. It already beat something way bigger and stronger than her, not to mention distinctly more reptilian. This is such an insult to its self-image.

She approaches its amputated claw, warming up her fire breath...

...and it beats her to the punch by LASERING OFF the end of its own stump. The wound is CAUTERIZED.

She FLAPS HARD into a SHARP TURN, peeling away.

The crab CROUCHES, all its legs FLEXING at once.

Then it JUMPS STRAIGHT UP.

The RUSH OF WIND catches her.

She CRIES OUT, struggling to control her flight path...

Her wings go limp.

She FALLS.

The crab has her in its sights. Straight ahead.

In slow motion, it CHARGES ITS LASERS.

Suddenly, we can see two of her.

She's not in front of the crab at all. She's above it. Behind its eyestalks.

It's aiming at her reflection on the side of the museum.

It FIRES.

The lasers bounce off the mirror...

...and right back into the crab's eyestalks.

Its eyestalks GLOW.

Dragon Maid pulls out of her dive.

Rays of light leak out through all the cracks in the crab's shell.

The crab EXPLODES.

The SHOCKWAVE is catastrophic. It instantly DEMOLISHES whole city blocks...

...and REACTS with every shrine it passes over.

There are dozens of them -- hundreds -- nestled in between ruined buildings, felled trees, and narrow alleys.

A fox statue CRACKS OPEN. Something inside is SNARLING.

Somewhere else, a shadow spills like oil down a carved stone staircase.

An ancient urn, undamaged by the collapse of a wooden roof, spontaneously SHATTERS.

Beams of light SHOOT INTO THE SKY all over the city. A few erupt into dueling thunderclouds.

Where the clouds meet, TORNADOES appear.

The remains of cars and buildings -- and the occasional fighter jet -- are SWEEPED UP by the winds.

Dragon Maid is caught in a tornado.

She's conscious, but her strength is finally spent. She knows this is the end, but she's done what she can.

As she's tossed around by the whirlwind, she realizes this must be what it's like to have her life flash before her eyes. She's hallucinating -- seeing Fastman running back to her.

A slight, sad smile crosses her face. There's not even ground under his feet. This is nonsense. Is he running on the wind?

He does a KICK FLIP off a piece of debris.

Dragon Maid's eyes go wide.

He's actually here.

He reaches out to her.

Her fingers stir.

FASTMAN

Grab me!

She's struggling to move.

She stretches towards him, SHOUTING and GROANING...

Their hands MEET.

He pulls her into his arms.

The wind THROWS THEM AROUND. They can barely hold onto each other.

Fastman tries to hold her princess-style, but almost loses her.

They switch to Finnish wife-carry, with her legs around his head and her face right by his ass.

This gives Dragon Maid an idea.

She TAKES A DEEP BREATH...

...and BREATHES FIRE.

She's a jetpack now.

The skies below are suddenly clear. They're out of the tornado.

They're also coming down too fast, but that's solvable.

Fastman does his PEPPER SPRAY TRICK.

They touch down quite gracefully.

A Harley-Davidson motorcycle -- a 1991 Fat Boy with a holster for a shotgun (but no actual shotgun) -- SCREECHES TO A HALT a few feet away.

The driver pops off his goggles. It's Waruto. He looks a little small for this thing, not to mention utterly amazed.

WARUTO

What happened here?

FASTMAN

That's what I want to know.

EXT. DOWNTOWN

Dragon Maid flies towards the temple and Fastman runs along the ground while Waruto just awkwardly chugs alongside them like a fifth wheel. Not a third wheel. A fifth. Adding a third or fourth wheel makes a vehicle more stable, but a fifth wheel is completely redundant. It takes up space and accomplishes nothing. That's the whole point of the saying, never mind the mutated version where the original meaning is lost. If Ted Kaczynski ever heard someone use "third wheel" like that, he'd kill himself. Anyway, Waruto is here too.

FASTMAN

How did the snake get out?

DRAGON MAID

We let it out on purpose. Lady Satori is part of the pact with the Sea Peoples. Having the snake loose was supposed to force them to act, but they never showed!

Fastman shakes his head. He knew there was something fishy going on.

FASTMAN

That was a bad plan.

DRAGON MAID

We can fix this! We just have to get back to the temple.

FASTMAN

I'll come with you.

(to Waruto)

And you, get away. Go to the mountains. Fast.

Waruto STOPS HIS BIKE.

WARUTO

Wait!

The other stop too.

Waruto pulls out a flat, rectangular object and tosses it into the air.

Fastman CATCHES IT... and UNLATCHES IT.

It's a ThinkPad X230. Heavily modded. Replacement motherboard. Upgraded high DPI display. USB-C charging port. Keyboard transplanted from an X220 -- Japanese layout, mint condition, and it's even from the one OEM that was actually good.

Fastman FOLDS IT CLOSED with one hand and sticks it in his backpack.

He gives Waruto a thumbs up.

That just made Waruto's fucking day. He returns the thumbs up and smiles.

Goggles on, he SPEEDS OFF down the road.

Fastman and Dragon Maid face the other way...

...towards a distant EXPLOSION and sudden SCREAMING.

Ahead of them, the city is in chaos. All hell has broken loose. Plumes of smoke rise lazily from damaged buildings. Something is STOMPING AROUND, something heavy enough to vibrate the camera.

Fastman hands Dragon Maid a Mcdonald's coffee. Wonder where he got that.

She TAKES A SIP -- and makes a face.

FASTMAN

Bad?

DRAGON MAID

No, it's... it's not bad. It's okay.

FASTMAN

An acquired taste. With milk next time.

She hands the coffee back to him and tries not to gag.

DRAGON MAID

My wings are still weakened from fighting... I can't fly over this.

FASTMAN

Through is fast enough.

They just go for it.

Racing down the road, they turn a corner and almost run right into a giant fox BREATHING FIRE on things. It doesn't see them. Moving on.

They cross the street to avoid some BEAR CAVALRY. In hot pursuit is some ELEPHANT CAVALRY.

Someone throws a SPEAR at them. It gets LODGED IN A CAR WINDOW. Fastman does the limbo under it without slowing down.

Around the next corner are black-feathered BIRD MEN with faces red enough to get them instantly diagnosed with alcohol poisoning.

They SWOOP DOWN, trying to nab Dragon Maid.

Fastman gets two with PEPPER SPRAY and a third with a BOOT TO THE HEAD. Well, the boot is a croc. It's a metaphor.

There's a knight in armor fighting some kind of tentacle demon. Whoever wins, society loses.

They make a quick detour around that spectacle...

...and right into the path of a bunch of cops.

The cops all draw guns and START SHOOTING.

Fastman and Dragon Maid duck behind an overturned car while bullets RICOCHET off of everything.

A huge orb ROLLS OVER THE POLICE. They stick to its surface, SCREAMING and flailing their limbs.

The orb KEEPS ROLLING. The way is clear.

They reach the steps leading up to the temple.

FASTMAN

The barrier is down. That is not a good sign.

DRAGON MAID

Lady Satori will fix it. She has to!
She always knows exactly what to do.

EXT. TEMPLE COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

SATORI

Sorry, I'm all out of ideas.

Dragon Maid covers a gasp. Some of the other maids bow their heads in solemn silence.

DRAGON MAID

Isn't there any way...?

SATORI

I doubt the barrier could stand up to it. I tried to restore it anyway, but there's simply not enough time. At this rate, even evacuation is hopeless... Except perhaps for you.

They all look at Fastman.

He looks up at the meteor.

It's close enough to see in broad daylight -- an ominous red twinkle above the faint crescent moon.

FASTMAN

This kind of stone is not threatening me.

SATORI

You have quite some confidence. I wish I shared it, but I know when I'm beaten... Well, do as you wish. You're welcome here for as long as the temple still stands.

She stops fanning herself and fucks off to her bedchamber to spend the last hours of her life gooning to mermaid porn.

Dragon Maid's knees are weak. She sits down.

Behind her, another maid goes back to SWEEPING.

Fastman is still staring at the meteor.

FASTMAN

It is almost far enough. If I had more time...

Dragon Maid blinks.

She stands up again.

DRAGON MAID

How much do you need?

FASTMAN

As much as you buy for me.

She decides that if he believes in her, that's all she needs.

She clenches her fist.

DRAGON MAID

I'll do my best!

MONTAGE - TEMPLE DEFENSE

Inside the temple, Fastman KNOCKS A BUNCH OF RANDOM CRAP off a table.

He PLUGS IN a power adapter. A two hour battery life isn't gonna cut it.

He SITS on the floor, UNLATCHES his ThinkPad, and STARTS TYPING.

Dragon Maid stands in the courtyard, just watching the skies.

The red dot is growing larger.

Fastman's fingers are DANCING AWAY. He's rewriting a driver to hack the firmware in the radio module.

It's getting darker out.

The WIND is picking up.

Fastman turns on his ThinkLight.

Some falling leaves drift past Dragon Maid.

She's looking very determined.

The radio module is now transmitting...

...into his telepathic crystal.

Tiny points of light appear inside.

The connection is stable. He can bitbang a custom instruction set right into the silicon.

Outside the temple, civilians are starting to notice the meteor.

A sweaty hapa fujo points at the sky and gawks.

The knight and the tentacle demon gawk with her.

A couple of maids are POURING TEA for Dragon Maid.

She quietly thanks them and TAKES A SIP.

Streetlights are coming on wherever there's still power.

Flashlights appear in darkened windows.

Dragon Maid is meditating to gather energy.

Fastman has written and uploaded an entire Forth-based firmware.

The lights inside his crystal are as busy as the city itself.

Pebbles float off the ground around Dragon Maid.

She's meditating in the lotus position.

Fastman has SSH working. The crystal is tethered to the temple's wifi via his laptop so he can bootstrap emerge in a chroot.

The civilians can tell the meteor is getting brighter.

They're starting to PANIC.

Fastman plugs in a USB thumb drive and starts copying files.

He SIPS SOME COFFEE.

Behind Dragon Maid, other maids are holding up encouraging signs.

They're being really quiet because she's still meditating.

Panicking civilians are RUNNING EVERYWHERE.

Someone notices the barrier is down. They start mobbing the temple steps.

The maids keep trying to refill Fastman's coffee while he's drinking it because he drinks it so fast. One of them brings out some spare cups.

His kernel is still recompiling.

The cheerleader-maids see people coming up the steps.

They BACKFLIP INTO ACTION to stop them from interrupting Dragon Maid.

The civilians and maids are all SHOUTING OVER EACH OTHER.

One of the maids is handing out parfaits.

The meteor is going FSSHSHSHSHSHSHSHHHHH.

Dragon Maid opens her eyes.

She takes off into SUPERSONIC FLIGHT.

Fastman SWAPS USB DRIVES.

A REFUGE SEEKER is SCREAMING WORDLESSLY.

One of the maids gives him A PIE TO THE FACE.

He's calm now.

Dragon Maid HURTLES THROUGH THE SKY.

Fastman is still compiling. His ThinkPad's fans are GOING FULL BLAST.

Dragon Maid makes an airborne U-turn...

...gets in front of the meteor...

...and GRABS ONTO IT WITH HER BARE HANDS.

It's HOT, but this is nothing.

She's slowing it down, but she can't stop it. It's pushing back. Anyone who knows what a meteor is can tell you this is not how they work, but fuck you, that's what's happening.

The refuge seekers watch, agape.

The cheerleader-maids have light sticks. They're doing rave dances.

Some of the civilians join them.

Fastman is still trying to boot the system.

He's almost got it.

Wait a second. He forgot the drivers.

He tries to swap thumb drives.

He CAN'T GET IT TO FIT.

He turns it over. IT STILL WON'T FIT.

He turns it over again. IT FITS.

The meteor pushes Dragon Maid all the way back to the courtyard.

Her feet DIG INTO THE GROUND, FLIPPING OVER COBBLESTONES.

She absolutely cannot let it touch the ground.

An ASCII progress bar marches across the ThinkPad's screen.

97%...

98%...

99%...

The meteor is winning. Dragon Maid is bowled over backwards. She's tanking it with her face.

The progress bar finishes.

All the lights in the temple flicker off.

The crystal is rebooting.

A message flashes in Fastman's terminal:

Welcome to Gentoo Linux!

The crystal SHINES WITH A STRANGE PATTERN.

He JOGS OUTSIDE, runs right up to the meteor, and DOES A QUADRUPLE BACKFLIP.

We see him from like a million different angles.

Time slows to a crawl.

Fastman hovers in the air mid-flip, hanging upside down, to KICK THE METEOR REPEATEDLY.

His legs pump like he's stomping on ants, his crocs SLAMMING INTO THE ROCK WITH BLASTS LIKE CANNON FIRE.

His crystal PULSES with every kick.

The meteor begins to reverse direction.

Time returns to normal. The meteor DEPARTS WITH A WHOOSH.

He LANDS THE FLIP. Dragon Maid looks up at him, PANTING WITH EXERTION.

The meteor is FLYING AWAY INTO THE SKY...

...where it harmlessly EXPLODES, and that's the end of the movie. It's over.

FADE TO:

EXT. DARK VOID

Fastman jogs towards us through the darkness, from a point in the distance.

He comes right up to us, stops, and stares.

Then he jogs back the way he came.

FASTMAN WILL RETURN

IN

DYNAMITE CENTIPEDE

ROLL CREDITS.

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