

BAYGON



CAN SEE/HILL YOU

Pilot

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2rcyDtPQ9-c>

THIS MATERIAL IS THE PROPERTY OF ADAM NIEZGODA
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FADE IN:

EXT. RED SQUARE, MOSCOW ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

Music over: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4vsKvYHg9zI>
Tourists wander snapping photos and recording videos as if it was their favorite place to be.
The camera rapidly cranes down, almost free falling, reaches the pavement level and passes through the ground to abruptly stop in an...

INT. UNDERGRUND CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

A motorcade comprised of two black armored limos with tinted windows and four black jeeps pull in.
Some ten hulking guys in black suits, bodyguards, get out of the cars. One of them opens the back door of the first limo for a balding man wearing a perfectly tailored, Italian designer suit.
He hardly sets foot out of the car before his bevy of bodyguards come over to supply a power perimeter around him and thus not allowing us to even see his face.
They all start to walk in silence. The bodyguards' eyes darting around for potential assassins. Bodyguard 1 spots something...
Zoom in to a closeup of a mosquito sitting on the back of the man in Italian suit.
Bodyguard 1 thinks for a beat, then flicks it away - the mosquito flies away. Bodyguard 2 has noticed the moment - Bodyguard 1 touching the Man in Italian suit.
Just then, the man in Italian suit sways and teeters on his feet as if he were about to pass out. Bodyguard 1 is the first to notice.
He jumps quickly to support the man in Italian Suit - grabs him but the man in Italian suit just doubles over and lifelessly hangs loosely from the bodyguard's arms like a bunch of clothes.
Bodyguard 1 stands cradling the Man in Italian suit like a baby.
The other bodyguards look on shocked and stunned. They speak Russian and subtitles are seen.

BODYGUARD 2

What have you done?!

BODYGUARD 1

What?! Just grabbed him!

BODYGUARD 2

I saw the whole thing! Before he collapsed, you had like jabbed at him!

BODYGUARD 1

What?! No! There was a mosquito
sitting on his back and just flicked
it away!

In no time, the Bodyguards aim their guns at Bodyguard 1.

BODYGUARD 1 (CONT'D)

C'mon guys. I gotta check his pulse
and breathing and resuscitate him!

BODYGUARD 2

No! Don't touch him!

BODYGUARD 1

OK...

Bodyguard 1 drops the Man in Italian suit - his head hits the
floor with a thunk.

Cut to months earlier.

INT. CONGRESSMAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: TWO MONTHS EARLIER

The camera slowly pans past a couple in their mid-40's making
out passionately by flickering candlelight in a squeaky
bed... until it settles to focus on a bare wall. There is a
bloated mosquito perched above the lovers.

We zoom in on the insect till an extreme close-up. It seems
artificial, robotic and metallic. Its eyes shimmer like
pixels.

Now we see the moaning lovers from the mosquito's POV.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HARVARD MICROROBOTICS LAB - SAME

TIGHT ON a laptop screen playing the sex scene in HD. After a
while, the lovers get obscured by static. The vision is
blurred beyond comprehension and sound is muffled. But soon
the transmission gets back to normal. In the upper right
corner of the screen, the indicator of discharge of the
battery starts blinking in red.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

Fuck! This battery is impotent!

MIKE (O.S.)

On the contrary, given its

microscopic size, it's superpotent!
If it was the size of iPhone's
battery it would be able to power
Steve Job's yacht!

MICHELLE (O.S.)

But now it's almost as dead as Steve
and can't power a mosquito!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: A dimly lit lab, where two nerdy
scientists in their late twenties, Michelle and Mike, watch
this, slack-jawed, having just finished eating pizzas in
boxes.

Mike becomes jittery and his face starts to vibrate like
jello. Michelle notices.

MICHELLE

Hey, Mike, you okay?

MIKE

I'm fine... This always happens when
I watch people having sex.

MICHELLE

What is this?! Epilepsy?!

MIKE

Kind of. It's sexophobia.

MICHELLE

What?!

MIKE

It started when I was three years old
and saw my grandparents doing it.

MICHELLE

Holy shit! You should have sued them
for like one million bucks!

MIKE

What? They're penniless, just like my
parents. They all live on my salary!

MICHELLE

Family business.

MIKE

OK. That's it. We've got enough
material.

Mike is still trembling, much to Michelle's amusement.

MICHELLE

I'm flying back. You seem a bit indisposed.

Michelle puts on Oculus Rift and masterfully manipulating a joystick she steers the remote controlled robotic mosquito. Mike watches what she sees on the laptop screen. Her POV (the mosquito's POV):

INT. CONGRESSMAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME

It lifts off the wall and falls to the floor, belly up.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

Shit! We haven't enough energy left to come back! We can't leave him there! Baygon is the best-functioning prototype! What now?

MIKE (O.S.)

There is only one way to fix it up. Somehow heat up the battery to squeeze some extra juice out of it.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

I know! The candles!

MIKE (O.S.)

Bingo!

MICHELLE (O.S.)

Remember whose idea that was to make him fireproof?

MIKE (O.S.)

Yeah, it resulted in a doubling of costs but you were right, Michelle.

Baygon rolls to its feet and proceeds to crawl towards a candle. Climbs up the candle and plunges into melted wax. He wades towards the wick and gets in the fire.

Music kicks in: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=thP5EXyWH1M>
After a moment, all on fire, Baygon soars up to the ceiling, passing a mirror.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

Oh, Jeez! He is on fire!

MIKE (O.S.)

That must be the wax from the candle.

A burning Baygon flies over the lovers and towards a slightly

open window. A loud INSECT-LIKE BUZZING O.S.

MICHELLE (O.S.)
I got hit by his cum shot!

MIKE (O.S.)
What?! I didn't see anything!

MICHELLE (O.S.)
Cause you don't have panoramic
vision! Just kiddin'!

The robotic mosquito flies out the window.

MIKE (O.S.)
You wanna give me a heart attack?!

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A flying POV of the mosquito as it soars above the street.
There is a city bus going below him.

MICHELLE (O.S.)
Oh, gosh, mere words "cum shot" give
you the creeps?

MIKE (O.S.)
Michelle, please...

MICHELLE (O.S.)
Great. I'll take the bus to save
energy.

The mosquito descends to land on top of a moving city bus,
gleaming under streetlights.

EXT. BUS TOP, CITY STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The insect's electromagnetic legs stick to the bus roof with
an electronic hiss.

MICHELLE (O.S.)
OK, Mr. Congressman, get ready for
cock suction.

MIKE (O.S.)
What?!

The mosquito rides on the bus top, passing office buildings.
We switch from its POV to its side view in extreme close up
while the buildings lining the street move by, all is in
focus like the mosquito. This is how we got the impression

that the mosquito is almost as big as the buildings.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

Sorry, scratch that, money suction.
200 grand for keeping this sex tape
secret is a fair price, isn't it?

MIKE (O.S.)

Yeah. It's a fair trade.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

I will pay off my student loan and
mortgage in one go. I will feel like
a butterfly. Now I feel like a
butterfly too, pinned down to a
board.

The mosquito raises its wings, lifts off the top of the bus
and starts towards the Harvard Microrobotics Labs buildings
looming in the distance.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

Zero, roger. Baygon, you are clear to
land.

INT. HARVARD MICROROBOTICS LAB - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Flight controller in hand, Michelle is walking around in the
dimness dark, wearing Oculus Rift. Mike gets up, crosses to
the light switch and hits it.
The bright light reveals a vast array of insect robots
populating airtight glass cases lining the walls. There is
also an airtight Plexiglas partition which separates Michelle
and Mike from a bugbot assembly line.

MIKE

The runway lights are on.

Angle on the open window where, after a beat, Baygon appears,
closing in on camera. It hovers over the lab table and
alights on it.

MICHELLE

Touchdown!

Michelle takes off her Oculus Rift and slaps five with Mike,
overjoyed. They happily stare into each others eyes for a
beat too long. They are interrupted by sound of door opening.
They look off, alarmed...

CLOSE SHOT at door as a janitor, a pothead slacker in his
late thirties, steps in, wheeling in a mop and bucket. He
notices them. Mike and Michelle heave a sigh of relief.

JANITOR

Sorry. You weren't doing nothing? I'm always afraid I will catch some couple having sex after hours and...

MIKE

I feel your pain.

JANITOR

...and they won't let me join in.

MICHELLE

Well, I guess it's just one of the hazards of your job.

EXT. PARKING LOT, HARVARD MICROROBOTICS LAB - NIGHT - LATER

Michelle and Mike walk across an empty parking lot towards a lone minivan.

MIKE

The mechanic said he would fix it in ten days.

MICHELLE

Ok. I'll drive you home. But you need a new car anyway. Even terrorists use better cars for car-bombing.

Suddenly Michelle stops dead in her tracks, grabs Mike's arm and holds him back.

MICHELLE

Wait. Let's take a taxi to some nightclub. I feel like celebrating! We're almost halfway there.

After some hesitation, Mike complies.

MIKE

OK. Although, the only intoxicating drink I ever had in my life was a dragonfly specimen in 70% isopropyl alcohol.

MICHELLE

What?! Why would you drink that?

MIKE

I was a boy and wanted to become a Dragonfly-Man.

Shaking her head, Michelle whips out her cell phone and speed dials.

INT. HIP HIP CLUB, NIGHT

This is a place where hipsters come to see how to reach the next level of being hipster.

Mike and Michelle are in their element, making their way towards a bar through a crowd of hipsters dancing like zombies to this song:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EieMBql05K4>

Michelle signals to get the bartender's attention.

MICHELLE

Two mezcals.

BARTENDER

You got it.

MIKE

(to Michelle)

Mezcal? Is this the booze with the caterpillar of the Hypopta agavis moth?

The bartender sets two glasses on the bar and fills them with Mezcal. It just so happens that the worm plunges into Michelle's glass. She raises her glass and offers it to Mike.

MICHELLE

Exactly! Check for yourself!

Mike takes the glass to examine the worm. Then he lifts it to his nose and takes a sniff.

MIKE

Well, this worm has spent a hot and sunny summer dreaming of a cold bath in Mezcal!

Michelle scoops up the worm and sensually slips it between her lips like a cigarette, chewing it slowly. Mike freezes, discomfited.

MIKE

What... what are you doing?

MICHELLE

This is the best protein source.

MIKE

Ah... Right... Protein source...

Michelle swallows the grub. Mike gulps. Michelle raises her glass and clinks it with his. They take a swig. Mike winces but he likes it. Then, they down their mezcals. The bartender refills the glasses as soon as they are emptied.

MICHELLE

(to the bartender)

I love your telepathic skills.

BARTENDER

(re: Mike)

I could tell you what this guy is
wanna do with you, but it's too
gross...

MIKE

Hey! I... I just wanna dance!

MICHELLE

Really?

MIKE

Come fly with me!

Michelle swallows her drink in one gulp. So does Mike. They share excited looks and hit the dance floor. Our couple goes into a contorted dance, flapping their hands crazily like a fly flapping its wings in slo mo. The hipsters watch them curiously.

FEMALE HIPSTER 1

Check this out! It's gotta be some
some kind of modern dance.

MALE HIPSTER 1

Looks weird, doesn't it?

FEMALE HIPSTER 2

Looks very weird!

MALE HIPSTER 2

So...

The hipsters launch into "flapping" dance routine, which spreads across the dance floor like wildfire. Mike and Michelle are having time of their lives, losing themselves to dance.

EXT. HIP HIP CLUB - SAME

A spindly hipster bouncer appraises two heavysset men in plain black suits, one is in his late forties, the other one is in his mid-thirties.

HIPSTER BOUNCER

Sorry guys, this is not a Men in Black movie set.

MAN IN BLACK 1

Why? You look like some extraterrestrial who crashed into a seedy second-hand clothing store.

MAN IN BLACK 2

(to man in black 1)

Hey, take it easy, man.

(to hipster bouncer)

Karl Lagerfeld sent us here. You know, a tight black suit, white shirt.

Man in black 1 shoots his partner a WTF look.

HIPSTER BOUNCER

Who do you think I am?! I know who Karl Lagerfeld is.

MAN IN BLACK 2

Good. We are his secret trend spotters. Looking to the cutting edge hipsters for inspiration.

HIPSTER BOUNCER

Wow! That's very flattering. Please, come in and enjoy yourselves!

The bouncer opens the door and invites them in. They take a step and stop as:

HIPSTER BOUNCER

Wait! Is Karl still trying to marry his cat?

MAN IN BLACK 1

What?!

MAN IN BLACK 2

Oh yes. The wedding ceremony is scheduled for the next month. NBC has acquired the live-and-in-full transmission rights so stay tuned.

HIPSTER BOUNCER

Thanks, bro!

INT. HIP HIP CLUB, CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

The men walk down an empty narrow dim lit corridor.

MAN IN BLACK 2

You should work on your soft skills.

MAN IN BLACK 1

And act like some gay gossip columnist? Fuck you!

The corridor opens into the dance floor where the men in black see the hipsters dancing like drunk flies.

MAN IN BLACK 1

Holy fuck... This looks like a job for DEA.

MAN IN BLACK 2

It's gotta be some some kind of modern dance.

MAN IN BLACK 1

Oh yeah, it's called DAS.

MAN IN BLACK 2

What?

MAN IN BLACK 1

DAS - drug abuse signs.

(beat)

I see them. There.

The man in black 1 nods at Michelle and Mike dancing in the middle of the dance floor. Some hipsters glance at them suspiciously.

MAN IN BLACK 2

Don't stand like this. Blend into the crowd!

MAN IN BLACK 1

How?!

MAN IN BLACK 2

Like this! Follow me.

The man in black 1 starts towards the dance floor, flailing

his arms. Man in black 1 embraces the suck and follows suit.

MAN IN BLACK 1
 Fuck. This is more humiliating than
 what I was put through in that
 prisoner camp in North Korea!

Stared down by the hipsters, the men in black make their way
 through the dance floor toward Michelle and Mike who are
 oblivious to all around them.

MAN IN BLACK 2
 (to the hipsters)
 Be cool, we are from Karl Lagerfeld.
 Be cool, we are Karl Lagerfeld's
 people. Be cool...

The men in black approach Michelle and Mike.

MAN IN BLACK 1
 Hello, voyeurs. Why don't we go to a
 dark room. We like it private.

MAN IN BLACK 2
 We gotta talk about the birds,
 bees... and especially Baygon.

Michelle and Mike deflate and freeze.

INT. HIP HIP CLUB, DARK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The men in black are sitting together with Michelle and Mike
 on a pink circular water bed. Their weight creates a wave
 that nearly pushes Michelle and Mike off their edge of the
 bed.

MAN IN BLACK 1
 This congressman supported strong
 budget increases for the CIA. And
 guess who is financing your
 roboinsects? YMCA? No! It's the CIA.

MIKE
 Ups... I'm not interested in
 politics.

MICHELLE
 We only knew that he was a stallion.
 And we didn't know that you were
 spying on us.

MIKE

Speaking of budget increases. We need more money to develop our bugbots.

MAN IN BLACK 1

But that's not why you tried to extort 200 grand in hush money.

MICHELLE

We feel underinvested, personally.

MAN IN BLACK 2

The smaller your bugbots get, the more money you are asking for. Most people at the CIA prefer larger, 10 000 times larger drones that can kill terrorists instead of just tickling them.

MAN IN BLACK 1

Your mosquitoes are much less harmful than Surprise Egg toys.

MICHELLE

What?! Did you take your brain from a Surprise Egg?!

Man in black 1 takes a Surprise Egg out of his inner left jacket pocket and starts to unwrap it.

MAN IN BLACK 1

Surprise Egg toys pose a huge choking hazard. We use them against terrorist toddlers.

Man in black 1 nibbles on his Surprise Egg.

MIKE

Terrorist toddlers?!

MAN IN BLACK 2

Kids that show signs of sympathy with terrorists or are a risk of potential radicalization. The CIA covertly treats them to free Surprise Eggs.

MICHELLE

Jesus! It's immoral!

MIKE

You are underestimating our bugbots. They can sting to death!

MAN IN BLACK 2

That mice you tested your mosquitoes
on died... of old age.

MICHELLE

Really?! How do you know?!

MAN IN BLACK 1

The CIA knows everything.

MIKE

Shit.

(beat)

How many agents does it take to track
one terrorist suspect round the
clock?

MAN IN BLACK 2

About 20.

MIKE

It could be done by one tiny
robomosquito!

MAN IN BLACK 1

With one-hour battery life? As we saw
it, this is not even enough to shoot
a feature-length porn movie!

MAN IN BLACK 2

So... Delete the sex tape and play
nice with your funny tiny insects.

The men in black stand up to go.

MIKE

I'll sell them to the Germans or...
the Russians!

The man in black 1 takes a toy out of his Surprise Egg and
puts it to Mike's mouth.

MAN IN BLACK 1

Hey, buddy. Don't force us to shove
this down your throat.

(beat)

See you!

The men in black leave the room. Mike and Michelle stare
hopelessly at each other.

MICHELLE

Don't worry I've got a plan.

MIKE

What plan?

MICHELLE

Let's go get drunk.

Everything becomes pixelated to resemble insect vision. We watch a mosaic of hexagonal pixels.
Music up: Tensnake, Jacques Lu Cont - Feel Of Love ft. Jamie Lidell

CUT TO: QUICK SERIES OF PIXELATED SHOTS

Pixelated Mike and Michelle do a series of shots at the bar. Mike picks up Michelle and twirls her in the air on the dance floor. Michelle pirouettes in a final whirl of the dance and knocks Mike out with her outstretched arm before her falling to the floor.

INT. MICHELLE'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - MORNING

CLOSE ON a disheveled Mike who turns over in a bed, about to wake up. There is a bright red mark on his neck. He feels the hickey. We see him framed by a pair of a giant insect's jiggling antennae. Then, Mike slowly opens his eyes wide to see...

His POV: Mike finds himself face-to-face with a gigantic praying mantis, which has its head on the pillow, peeking out from under the quilt!

Scared shitless, Mike explodes out of the bed, springing up to escape in his boxers, screaming bloody murder. He acts like he doesn't know where he is.

MIKE

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!

The praying mantis wakes up with a start to the scream. As it turns out, it's Michelle wearing a full face mask of mantis. She pulls it off and sits up, groggily. She looks around to see Mike trying to open the door to her apartment, still screaming. Michelle covers herself with the quilt.

MICHELLE

WTF, Mike!? Stop squealing!

Mike turns back to see Michelle sitting in the bed with a the mantis mask in her hand.

MIKE

Jesus!

(re: the mantis mask)

Why do you sleep with this on your face?! Some kind of a beauty treatment?! Like "use our praying mantis mask and men will be praying to you?!" And can you tell me why I was sleeping with you and where I am?!

MICHELLE

Don't shout when I'm hung-over.

(beat)

I this is probably my house and we've probably been playing she-mantis and he-mantis. Don't you remember?

MIKE

No, I kind of blacked out... What are the rules of that game?

Mike crosses slowly toward Michelle, passing a mirror on the wall. He looks at himself in the mirror, seeing his hickeys.

MICHELLE

I bite you on the neck while riding you.

And Mike begins to realize it, standing still.

MIKE

That sounds like the mating ritual...

(beat)

Oh, no...

MICHELLE

Oh, yes! You were great... and your neck tastes like Doritos! I remember these two things very well... Reverse doggy-style.

Mike crouches down on the floor, burying his head in his hands.

MICHELLE

What?

(beat)

I see. You're sad 'cause you don't remember anything but look on the bright side. I think you said goodbye to your sexophobia and learned to use your selfie stick the right way!

MIKE

Can we pretend this never happened?

MICHELLE

Sure. I tend to totally ignore the guys I had one-night stand with. When we meet again, I just look straight through them. They no longer turn me on.

MIKE

OK. Great... So just follow your standard procedure.

(beat)

But how many guys have you slept with? I mean sexually transmitted diseases. These can ruin your health... You know... In real life Californication's Hank Moody would look like a gigantic pimply amoeba with a rash...

MICHELLE

Do I look like a gigantic pimply amoeba with a rash?

MIKE

Hell, no! You look way, way, way, way, way... way better!

MICHELLE

Thanks for the compliment.

(beat)

Don't worry. I'm not a biohazard.

(beat)

Where is the bathroom?

MIKE

I don't know! Whose house is this?!

MICHELLE

I guess it's mine. Sorry, I have the most wretched hangover.

Michelle slowly gets out of the bed, naked and walks past a stunned Mike as if he wasn't there.

MIKE

Whaaatttt arrre youuu doooing???

MICHELLE

Totally ignoring you.

Mike watches wide eyed as Michelle leaves the bedroom. Then after a beat, he gets up and crosses...

INT. MICHELLE'S HOUSE, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

...to the bathroom door. We can hear the shower running.

MIKE

Michelle, I gotta pee!

(beat)

Michelle, I really gotta pee!

(beat)

Michelle, can you hear me?!

MICHELLE (O.S.)

No, because I am totally ignoring you!

Mike grabs his crotch, looks around and spots a large flowerpot with a tree-like plant sitting in the corner. He shakes his head no, but then thinks better of it and nods yes.

MIKE

(to himself)

Doggy-style?

INT. HARVARD MICROROBOTICS LAB - LATER THAT DAY

Music over: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vlqiXEctZ6s>

A hungover Mike is working on a robomosquito using a microscope with an LCD and a remote robotic micromanipulator. The robomosquito is mounted on the assembly line which is separated from Mike by the airtight Plexiglas partition. Mike sits in front of the screen and operates two joysticks. He's deep into it, with all of his attention focused, but his hangover is self-evident.

Cut to:

microscopic view of the robomosquito. Suddenly the arms of the micromanipulator rip the mosquito apart.

MIKE (O.S.)

Oh, shit!!! Shit! Shit! Shit!

Mike is getting increasingly panicked. Widen to reveal a hungover Michelle, who swings her chair away from her computer screen which displays a 3D mesh model of a robomosquito.

MICHELLE

What happened?

MIKE

We are out almost 300 grand...

MICHELLE

Why?! Our pension fund went bust?

MIKE

No... I just discovered
robomosquitoes aren't hangover-proof.

Michelle crosses over to the microscope and takes a look at the screen. She goes bug-eyed to see the robomosquito torn apart. She looks like she's about to explode.

MICHELLE

Jesus!!! It was my child!!! I'm gonna
kill you!!!

Michelle starts to catfight Mike with pure anger up until she kicks him in the balls. He grabs his crotch, moaning.

MIKE

It was my child, too!!!
(moans)

Maybe now the only children I can
have are bugbots.

MICHELLE

You can still have yourself cloned
and have a perfect son! No friends,
no sex life, no problems!

The door buzzer sounds. Mike hobbles over to the door and opens it. There is a way too hot blonde woman - Xenia - in her 30's, wearing a pizza delivery outfit and hat, holding two pizza boxes with two cans of cola sitting on top. Xenia speaks with a Russian accent.

XENIA

Hi Michelle, Hello Mike. Two quattro
fromaggi and two colas.

Mike pulls out a fifty-dollar bill and hands it to her.

MIKE

Oh, yes... yes... Thanks, Xenia.
Smells delicious as always. Keep the
change.

XENIA

Not so fast. Speedzza arranged a little surprise for our regular customers. You get to eat our pizza in Dodge Charger Hellcat at a speed of 150 miles per hour. Are you game?

MICHELLE

Great. I was just starting to think of some way to kill myself.

MIKE

And she tried to kill me but unfortunately it didn't go as planned. So...

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY, MINUTES LATER

A white Dodge Charger Hellcat with Speedzza logo on its side barrels down the highway. A black Chevrolet Camaro with two Men in Black in it follows it from a discreet distance. Man in Black 1 is at the wheel. Man in Black 2 is sitting next to him in the passenger seat and has a laptop on his knees.

INT. CAMARO, HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

MAN IN BLACK 2

Why don't we ever let'em off the leash? Been watching them have that kinky sex. And now this. Isn't it enough that their phones are taped? We can triangulate their phones and trace'em!

Close on the laptop screen showing a city map with a red dot moving along.

MAN IN BLACK 1

Yeah, sit at home and follow them on Twitter! I wanna follow that pizza girl in our Chevy...

MAN IN BLACK 2

Do you like her?

MAN IN BLACK 1

I don't like her... Russian accent.

INT. DODGE CHARGER, HIGHWAY - SAME

Close on Xenia's hand as she presses a "FLIGHT MODE" button on the dashboard.

INT. CAMARO, HIGHWAY - SAME

Close on the laptop screen showing a city map with a red dot moving along. The dot blinks and disappears.

MAN IN BLACK 2
Shit! We're losing the signal.

MAN IN BLACK 1
This pizza must have some state-of-the-art toppings...

Man in Black 1 guns it.

INT. DODGE CARGER, HIGHWAY - SAME

Xenia is driving while, in the back seats, Michelle and Mike munch pizza, bobbing their heads to the music blasting from the car sound system:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=coCnU_EHGP0

Xenia glances up in the rear view mirror and spies the Camaro. She floors it and the car lurches forward with the acceleration.

Michelle drops a slice of pizza on her blouse.

MICHELLE
Oh no, it won't wash clean...

XENIA
Don't worry, Michelle. You'll buy yourself a new blouse. A whole lot of new blouses. Prada, Gucci, Dior... Anything you want!

MICHELLE
What are you talking about?!

XENIA
You will pay off your student loan and mortgage in one go. You will feel like a butterfly... Mike, your parents won't be a burden to you anymore. And I don't mean killing them...

Mike stops chewing and shares a puzzled look with Michelle.

MICHELLE
How do you know...

MIKE

Xenia, who are you!?

XENIA

Somebody who believes in you and your bugbots. I'm your new sponsor. Much more generous than the CIA.

Xenia reaches over for a pizza box sitting on the front seat and hands it to them.

XENIA

Open this box.

Mike takes the box and opens it. Michelle and Mike go bug-eyed seeing what's inside. The pizza box is tightly packed with hundred dollar bills. Both Michelle and Mike appear to go into a trance.

MIKE

Holy moly! This is the most spectacular unboxing ever!

XENIA

This is your new weekly salary.

Michelle sniffs the money.

MICHELLE

This dough smells way better than your pizza.

EXT. HIGHWAY (AERIAL SHOT) - SAME

The black Camaro follows the Dodge Charger in hot pursuit.

INT. CAMARO, HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Man in Black 2, holds something like a paintball gun with a scope on it. He sticks it out of the window and aims at the Dodge Charger and fires.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

We follow a transparent round bullet with a microchip inside. The bullet heads fast toward the Dodge Charger which swerves from the fast lane and hides in front of a Kenworth truck. The bullet flattens against rear window of a Ford station wagon, forming an almost invisible transparent blob sticking to the glass.

INT. FORD STATION WAGON, HIGHWAY - SAME

A young couple with two kids are going on vacation singing the THE VACATION SONG by Shane Dawson.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HhtUuWUMQ4E>

INT. CAMARO, HIGHWAY - SAME

Man in Black 1 and Man in Black 2, both with headphones on, look at each other nonplussed. Man in Black 1 rips his headphones off, pissed.

Man in Black 1
I fucking hate that song!

INT. DODGE CHARGER, HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Close on Xenia's hand as she presses a "COLOR" button on the dashboard.

INT. KENWORTH, HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Thru the windshield, the trucker sees the Dodge change its color - it goes from white to black and the Speedzza logo disappears. The trucker squints, furrows his brow and shakes his head.

TRUCKER
(to himself)
Hey, buddy, you should take a vacation.

INT. DODGE CARGER, HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Michelle and Mike, both in a daze, stare at Xenia questioningly while checking if the money isn't counterfeit.

MICHELLE/Mike
Are you a Russian spy?

XENIA
You're so damn prejudiced! Not every woman named Xenia, speaking with a Russian accent is a Russian spy!

MICHELLE
So you must be an all-knowing fortune teller underemployed as a pizza delivery driver who decided to invest their tips in microdrone industry!

MIKE
That's exactly what I was gonna tell!

Xenia just smiles, checks the side mirror, spots something, rapidly changes lanes and slows down.

EXT. HIGHWAY (AERIAL SHOT) - SAME

The black Camaro overtakes the Kenworth just as the now-black Dodge Charger drives on the other side of the truck. Then, the Dodge Charger swerves off the highway down an exit ramp.

INT. CAMARO, HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Men in Black look wildly around - the Dodge Camaro vanished into thin air.

Man in Black 1
Where the hell are they?!

Man in Black 1 catches a glimpse of the now-black Dodge Charger going down the exit ramp but he doesn't even suspect it could be the car they are after.

INT. DODGE CHARGER, ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Michelle and Mike are still checking the money for authenticity.

XENIA
Hey, poor Americans, never seen that many hundred dollar bills?

MIKE
Actually no... Cause we are civilized and we use cashless payments.

XENIA
Civilized? Ha! Ha! Like the pot shop owners who drench their proceeds in air freshener to remove the stink of marijuana and try to fool banks into accepting their money?

MIKE/MICHELLE
Hey! I like you!

XENIA
Are you twins or something?

MIKE/MICHELLE
No! Why?

EXT. DODGE CHARGER, RUN-DOWN FACTORY AREA - MOMENTS LATER

The black Dodge Charger is parked at deserted factory site, doors ajar.

Michelle, Michael and Xenia are sitting in their seats, nibbling on their pizzas, sipping colas.

MICHELLE

Never heard of such an organization!

XENIA

That's good because we are top secret.

MIKE

Where do you get your money from? Are you hosting charity balls?

XENIA

You were so close... We are supported by Russian businessmen who are at odds with Putin.

MICHELLE

Good Russians! Why don't you collaborate with the CIA?

XENIA

It would be like asking some fat redneck to dance in Bolshoi ballet. We just need your technology, not bureaucracy. Not to mention the fact that some of us neutralized several CIA agents.

MIKE/MICHELLE

Neutralized?

Michelle and Mike stare at Xenia in flabbergasted disbelief.

XENIA

Hey, can you stop doing this cause it really bugs me.

MIKE/MICHELLE

No problem.

XENIA

Thanks.

(beat)

Many of us worked for Russian counterintelligence, doing terrible things like neutralizing your

people... until we got fired. Now we are trying to neutralize the same number of bad guys, including those who fired us, to be able to live with ourselves. It's way better than drowning your sorrows.

MIKE

Yeah, there is nothing worse than drinking. Although, you Russians are said to...

O.S. we hear a truck engine approaching. Xenia looks to see the truck - it's the same truck she was hiding behind on the highway. Everybody is watching the truck in mute suspicion. The truck is about to pass by, as the Black Camaro bursts out from behind it and nearly rams the Dodge Charger, stopping inches short of a head-on collision with it. The truck turns and almost clips the rear end of the Dodge Charger. The Men in Black jump out of the Camaro and point their guns at Xenia who nods in approval. The trucker slides down in his seat, obscuring himself from view.

XENIA

Nice!

Mike and Michelle sink in their seats, devastated.

MAN IN BLACK 1

We need to talk!

XENIA

Maybe this is something we can discuss over the phone?

MAN IN BLACK 2

He prefers a direct contact.

MAN IN BLACK 1

How much did you pay them for the bugbots?

XENIA

Let me put it this way, their dogwalkers will earn more than you.

MICHELLE

Hell no! She kidnapped us and almost killed! You got here at the very last minute!

Michelle gives Mike a knowing look.

MIKE

And before that, she threatened to
invite us for tea with polonium!

The men in black are a bit confused. Mike and Michelle bolt
from the car, frantically run up to and behind the men in
black for cover.

XENIA

What?! I'll kill you, you poor
patriotic bastards!

MAN IN BLACK 1

That would require some special
skills, cause most dead women can't
kill anybody.

MAN IN BLACK 2

Hey, wanna kill her?! Why?

MAN IN BLACK 1

Just kidding!

MAN IN BLACK 2

Sorry, he likes to play tough guy in
front of sizzling hot girls like you.

MAN IN BLACK 1

Can't wait to make you confess.

Wham! Mike and Michelle simultaneously hit the men in black
over heads with rusty metal rods. Both men fall, out cold.
Xenia nods in approval.

XENIA

Nicely handled!

Michelle and Mike stand still, realizing what they have done.

MIKE

Maybe we hit them too hard?

MICHELLE

No... they didn't yell with pain...
But I'll call an ambulance.

XENIA

That is not necessary. I'll take care
of them.

Xenia gets out of the Dodge with a first aid kit and walks over to the unconscious men in black.

XENIA

They look dressed for their own funeral.

Xenia squats down on her haunches, puts the first aid kit down and opens it - it's lined with syringes containing colorful liquids.

Mike and Michelle just look on, still holding the rusty metal rods.

In the truck seat, the trucker pops his head up to see what is going on - he didn't see it coming. Then, he rolls his window down.

TRUCKER

Hey. Those guys promised to pay me 10 grand for the job!

Xenia picks up one of the syringes and takes off the needle cap.

TRUCKER

Hey. Those guys promised to pay me 10 grand for the job!

XENIA

I will do that on their behalf!

Xenia goes to her car and comes back with a handful of ten thousand dollar packets of hundreds. She throws them into the truck thru the open window. The trucker grabs the money, enthralled.

XENIA

Here you are. Go with God.

TRUCKER

A thousand thanks, madam!

The trucker starts the engine and pulls away, waving goodbye to Xenia who goes back to preparing an injection.

MICHELLE

Will that help them?

XENIA

This will help us all.

MIKE

What do you mean?

XENIA

This substance erases memory of last two weeks.

MICHELLE

Wow! Really?

MIKE

You're serious?

XENIA

As brain damage.

Xenia gives a shot to the Man in Black 1, then to the Man in Black 2.

INT. HARVARD LAB, HALLWAY - EVENING, FEW DAYS LATER

Music over: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NszjM29lqpc>
In slow motion, Michelle, dressed like a Prada model, walks down the microrobotics lab hallway as if she were strutting on a catwalk in a fashion show. She walks past other engineers who pull out their smartphones and snap photos of her.
Mike, wearing a nerdy T-shirt and blue jeans, trails behind Michelle.

EXT. HARVARD MICROROBOTICS LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Mike and Michelle come out of the lab building to see a black Camaro in the parking lot. They stop, petrified.
The car's driver door opens to reveal Norman - Mike's father.

MIKE

Dad?! Where did you get that car?

NORMAN

From a Chevy dealer.

Mike and Michelle step closer to the car to check it out.

MIKE

Where did you get the money?!

NORMAN

From you.

MIKE

You told me you needed money for the operation!

NORMAN

Oh yeah! It's Operation Camaro! You were ashamed of me when I picked you up from school in our old Fiat. Now I have a brand new Camaro, so I came here to pick you up from work.

Michelle smiles at Mike who is moved.

FADE OUT

