

OUR WEEKEND IN VEGAS WITH BARACK OBAMA

Written by

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Based on an awesome dream I had

TABLE READ DRAFT  
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INT. CES CONVENTION HALL

The hall is packed. The lights are bright. A silhouette steps up to the podium to thunderous applause. It's Elon Musk.

**WAIT SFX: Footsteps and Thunderous applause**

ELON MUSK

Hello 2019 CES! Who is ready to change the face of the world as we know it?

**WAIT SFX: Crowd cheers**

ELON MUSK (CONT'D)

The best of innovation award. We've seen a lot of world changing technological advancements this year. From the self-driving car, to the self-cooking oven, to the robot that feels emotions.

A row of inventors stand in line, one of which is a robot who puts it's hand over its heart and starts to cry, touched by these sentiments.

ELON MUSK (CONT'D)

But none of these hold an electronic candle- which was the winner of last year's award- to this year's winner.

**SFX: Drumroll**

ELON MUSK (CONT'D)

And the winner... of this year's award and the multi-million dollar Hollywood picture deal that comes with it is... the inventor of the USV: the USB stick that is actually a vape pen and not actually a USB stick- Qusay!

**SFX: Crowd Applause**

QUSAY (35, an endearing beta male type) steps out of the line victoriously.

QUSAY

Yes! Suck it Emotitron!

The robot runs off crying, it's inventors chase after it.

**SFX: Robot Running**

EMOTITRON  
No, leave me alone!

Qusay approaches the podium and accepts his award and a GIANT hug from Elon Musk.

ELON MUSK  
You're *my* hero.

Reporters are clamoring to get their questions in.

**SFX: Flashbulbs**

MSNBC REPORTER  
Qusay! Over here! MSNBC! How does today compare to the day that you and your wife Kate Upton broke your previous record for having sex the most times ever?

GQ REPORTER  
GQ! How do you feel with this win coming on the heels of the news that your high school bully ironically died by trying to suck his own dick just like that rumor he spread about you.

CNET REPORTER  
Qusay! CNET! We simply love your vape stick that looks like a USB drive but is not actually a USB drive. Tell us, how did you come up with it?

QUSAY  
Well, I'll tell you...

**CUE: Fade Flashbulbs**

The lights change, suddenly we're in a sort of HAMILTON-esque homage. JACK BLACK emerges dressed like Aaron Burr.

**SFX: Hamilton Opening Number (instrumental)**

JACK BLACK  
HOW DOES A MASTER, PLAYBOY, SON OF A MOM AND A DOCTOR, STOPPED IN THE MIDDLE OF A RADICAL AND MEDICAL CURRICULUM IN PROVIDENCE, WITH CONSEQUENCED DISHONOR, GROW UP TO BE A HERO AND A BALLER?  
(MORE)

JACK BLACK (CONT'D)  
 // Skipping ahead a bit // WELL E-  
 CIGS GOT ADVANCED AND THE NATION  
 STARTED VAPIN', TIRED OF SECURITY  
 TAKING AWAY HIS VAPE PEN, CAME UP  
 WITH A SOLUTION WHEN PLUGGING A  
 SEAGATE IN, NOW THE WORLD'S GONNA  
 USE YOUR VAPE - WHAT'S YOUR NAME  
 MAN?

QUSAY  
 (now dressed like  
 Alexander Hamilton)  
 QUSAY KAMBARZAHI!

**WAIT AUTO SFX: Alarm Clock**

INT. QUSAY'S BEDROOM

Qusay's alarm goes off. A very weird homemade looking clock says 7:30am. He stirs awake and turns it off.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Qusay is eating a bowl of Apple Jacks next to DANIA (composed yet relaxed) eating her healthy adult breakfast at the table with him. It's clear she has something she wants to talk to him about.

DANIA  
 You know as a kid it never bothered me but why *don't* Apple Jacks taste like apple?

Qusay stops mid-bite and looks at her, almost horrified by her question.

DANIA (CONT'D)  
 Oh my God, I've become the parent in the commercial, haven't I?

QUSAY  
 Yup. Oh my God, what time is it? I should hop in the shower.

DANIA  
 Are you sure you want to do the whole CES thing this year?

QUSAY  
 Why wouldn't I?

DANIA

Because... I don't know, it's just your product is a little... niche.

QUSAY

What's niche? Everyone is vaping these days. Everyone loves computers. This is practically a shoo in for the best in innovation award. I don't want to show my whole hand but... I had a dream last night where I won.

DANIA

And... it was a dream...

QUSAY

And you know that I get psychic messages from my dreams! Remember when I had that dream where Abraham Lincoln killed my mother and then THE NEXT DAY I found 5 dollars? Well, last night I saw the USV winning best of innovation at CES. And Elon Musk hugged me. And then Jack Black was Aaron Burr...

DANIA

Qusay, I love your enthusiasm, but your thing-

She holds up the USV - it looks like a USB stick.

QUSAY

The USV.

DANIA

Whatever, the USV- doesn't even work as a USB drive. It's only a vape pen. In fact, if you were to even plug it into a USB slot of ANY KIND, it explodes.

QUSAY

No it doesn't.

She goes to plug it into her computer. Qusay snatches it away before she can get it in.

QUSAY (CONT'D)

Okay, fine! I'll have you know that I was planning on working on that.

DANIA

I just don't understand why you didn't also make it a functional USB drive.

QUSAY

No. No offense, but that's a really stupid, dumb idea and I hate it. People like this! They like the USV!

DANIA

People have never seen it, Qusay.

QUSAY

Yet. Stop acting like you're my mom. Also, I was wondering if you could Venmo me a little bit of money for the weekend? We're putting the show expenses on my credit card and I want to stay liquid where I can... Pleeeeeease.

He looks at her with a cute puppy dog look. Dania knows she shouldn't but gives in.

DANIA

Ugh, you're lucky I love you.

QUSAY

Yes, thank you!

He gives her a peck on the lips. Dania looks at him, trying to coax the words out of him.

DANIA

I said "I love you."

QUSAY

I muv you too.

DANIA

Did you just say you "muv" me?

QUSAY

Yope!

She takes out her phone and starts to Venmo Qusay.

DANIA

Just promise me you wont let PK spend it.

EXT. USED CAR LOT - DAY

CU on a mouth taking a huge pull from a USV. It's PK (narcissistic man-child), he exhales a big plume of vapor.

He is being led around the lot by a car salesman.

SALESMAN

This right here is a beauty. The '05 Civic is the Cadillac of cars.

PK

Wouldn't the Cadillac be the Cadillac of cars?

SALESMAN

Very sharp! I see we know automobiles.

PK

I am a bit of a connoisseur of cars. A car-noisseur? Car-noisseur. Trademark.

The Salesman stares at him blankly.

PK (CONT'D)

Like I said, my friend and I are going to be making a big splash at CES in Vegas. Las Vegas. And we're in need of some wheels that represent our level of class and sophistication.

He leans on a car mirror which flips in under his weight. He adjusts it back.

SALESMAN

Vegas boys, huh? A nice little ride? I got just what you're looking for.

He walks PK over to a RED MUSTANG.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)

This right here, an '03 Mustang. Near perfect condition, one previous owner. It's perfect for you and your boyfriend. It's the Ferrari of cars.

PK

Wouldn't the Ferrari be the- wait a minute. Did you just say my boyfriend?

SALESMAN

Yes, well, I just assumed.

PK

What about me makes you think I'd have a boyfriend.

SALESMAN

Well, strong cheekbones, clear eyes... I don't see why you'd be single.

PK

No, I mean, what about me makes you think I'd be interested in men.

SALESMAN

I dunno. What about you makes me think you wouldn't be?

PK

That's very progressive, I'll allow it. So what are we talking on this fine vehicle right here?

SALESMAN

Sixteen thousand.

PK

Sixteen thousand is a little steep considering that the front driver side door isn't factory. That coupled with the very new looking left headlight leads me to believe that this car has been in an accident and might even have a salvaged title. Am I right? I'm prepared to go as high as six thousand, not a penny more.

He takes a big drag from his vape in victory.

SALESMAN

Oof. You know your cars.

PK

These "clear eyes" see more than themselves.

SALESMAN  
They see themselves?

PK  
Mirrors.

SALESMAN  
Look, I can go as low as ten  
thousand, but I can't go lower than  
that.

PK looks into the horizon and takes in this new information.

PK  
Will you take a credit card?

He hands the salesman a credit card.

SALESMAN  
Yes sir, Mr.  
(looks at the card)  
Your name is Qusay Kambarzahi?

PK  
My parents were... Filipino?

The used car salesman looks a little skeptical.

EXT. ROAD - LATER

PK drives his new red 'stang down the road, his hair blowing  
in the wind.

**SFX: Car vroom**

EXT. - QUSAY'S HOUSE - LATER

**SFX: Car Pulling up honking**

PK pulls up and wails on his horn. Qusay comes out with his  
bag and sees the car.

QUSAY  
Dude, look at this thing.

PK  
I did. And then I bought it.

QUSAY  
It's so awesome.

PK

Don't touch it too much, we have to return it in a couple of days.

LINSDAY (32, basic) walks up.

LINDSAY

What is this eye-sore.

PK

No, Lindsay, the only sore here is on your lip.

LINDSAY

One in every three people have herpes, I'm not going to let you shame me for that.

QUSAY

What are you doing here?

LINDSAY

Dania is going to watch Peter for me while I'm out of town with Brodley.

She gestures to her tiny chihuahua Peter who is riding a tricycle.

**SFX: Dog on a tricycle 1**

QUSAY

How does he do that?

LINDSAY

He does it, because he's a smart dog and he learns things. Like how to grow up.

PK

What kind of name is Brodley?

LINDSAY

It's Swedish.

QUSAY

It's not.

LINDSAY

It's something. And it doesn't matter. We're going to the Poconos. I think he's going to propose.

QUSAY  
(Gagging noises)

PK  
(Gagging noises)

LINDSAY  
Just the type of response two man-  
childs have.

PK  
Hey! The term is "man-children"  
when there's more than one of us.  
Trademark.

LINDSAY  
You know, maybe one day you'll  
become real adults who know what it  
means to be responsible learn how  
to treat a fine lady.

QUSAY  
And her terrifyingly talented dog.

**SFX: Dog tricycle sound 2**

Peter is now popping a wheelie.

LINDSAY  
He learned that in a day.  
(nuzzling Peter)  
Yes you did! Who's a smart little  
man? You are.

PK  
Are you sure there's room for  
another man in your life with how  
much you wanna fuck that dog?

LINDSAY  
Go fuck yourself, PK. Peter, ROLL  
OUT!

**SFX: Dog Tricycle Sound 3**

Peter peddles his bike into the house as Lindsay walks in  
after him.

QUSAY  
Do you think that dog is better  
than me?

PK  
No, I think it's over compensating  
and your self esteem horrendous.  
Now get in this sweet ass car and  
let's get to VEGAS!!!!!!

Qusay tosses his bag in the back and goes to hop over the side. His foot gets caught and he falls in awkwardly sideways.

PK (CONT'D)  
AND WE'RE OFF!

PK floors it and the car burns out and speeds off.

**SFX: Car speeds off**

QUSAY  
Wait! I haven't fastened my seat  
belt!

EXT. FREEWAY - LATER

PK and Qusay head down the open road. Qusay is looking at a brochure for Cirque Du Soleil.

QUSAY  
So, O looks good, but I don't know  
how much I want to watch a bunch of  
people swimming for an hour, and I  
can't seem to figure out what  
Mystere is about but I guess  
mystery is kind of what they're  
going for with that one.

PK  
Who cares. We're not going to see  
one of your dancing shows.

QUSAY  
It's really acrobatics more than  
it's dance- but, you're right.  
We're here for work, not play. Stay  
focused, Qusay.  
(re: brochure)  
No matter how oddly unsettling  
these costumes are.

PK  
No, of course we're going to play.  
What I'm saying is the only show  
we're going to be seeing is the  
biggest atrocity in Las Vegas:  
Criss Angel.

QUSAY  
What? Why do you want to go see a  
magic show?

PK

Because, Qusay. Criss and I have a history. I knew him way back when he spelled Criss with an H. We were both promising young entrepreneurs at the time.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL COURTYARD - FLASHBACK

A young PK and a young Criss Angel sit on top of lunch tables with a group of friends, enamored by Criss.

PK (V.O.)

Both of us had tremendous amounts going for us. Him with his magic tricks, and me with my ability to call things as I see 'em.

Young Criss Angel magically produces a bird from his blazer.

**SFX: Bird wings**

The crowd "oohs". Young PK stands up and points an accusatory finger at Criss.

YOUNG PK

Bullshit!

CUT BACK TO:

Qusay stares deadpan at PK, not buying it.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - FLASHBACK

**SFX: Hit Me Baby Intro**

ANGELA, a young Britney Spears looking high schooler, makes her way down the hall a la the 'Hit Me Baby One More Time' music video towards young PK.

PK (V.O.)

I had a girlfriend. Angela. My muse.

PK stares as Angela walks.

PK

And Criss stole her from me.

Just before she gets to Young PK, Young Criss Angel steps in front of her and they start making out. It's clear now she was never going for PK.

**SFX: Fade Out Britney**

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

PK looking wistfully, a million miles down the road.

PK

And then *he* became the successful one.

QUSAY

Let me get this straight: Criss Angel stole your girlfriend and you think *that's* why he's successful and you're not?

PK

(correcting)

He stole my *muse*, and yes.

QUSAY

And you want to go to his show why?

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - PK'S FANTASY

Criss Angel performs a trick onstage and disappears in a puff of smoke while Angela watches on.

**SFX: Magic Smoke Puff**

PK (V.O.)

Because, Qusay, I need to steal her back. She's the reason for all his success, I'm sure of it.

Criss appears behind her and she turns to him and they start making out.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

QUSAY

(not buying it)

Yeah, so, I think I'm going to see  
O.

PK

Suit yourself. You can go watch  
some dudes in leotards splash  
around in some puddles instead of  
witnessing the moment in history  
when Mindfuck finally has his world  
come crashing down around him.

QUSAY

Okay, that does sound better.

PK

Glad to hear it. Whoop, here we  
are!

They pass the state line into Nevada. PK Takes out a beer and  
opens it.

**SFX: Beer opening**

QUSAY

What are you doing? You can't drink  
a beer while you're driving!

PK

It's called a "road soda" and it's  
a Nevadan tradition up there with  
rigged boxing matches and being  
confused for New Mexico.

QUSAY

What if a cop sees you, I could get  
in some serious trouble!

PK

Why would you get in trouble?

QUSAY

I don't know if you've noticed  
this, but I'm brown. It's dangerous  
for someone who looks like me to be  
outside of a Green Zone. Which is  
what we call the fifty mile radius  
around a Whole Foods.

PK

Don't be silly.

**SFX: Police Siren**

PK (CONT'D)

Well that was unfortunate timing.  
Don't worry, I'll handle this.

PK starts to pull the car over as Qusay rolls his eyes- "here we go".

**SFX: Pulling over**

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The OFFICER walks up to the driver side of the car. He peers over his aviator glasses.

OFFICER WILLIAMSON

Could you step out of the car, sir?

PK

Officer, there's a very good explanation for this if you'll just give me a second to think of one.

OFFICER WILLIAMSON

Oh no, you're fine. I was talking to him.

He gestures towards Qusay.

PK

Him?

OFFICER WILLIAMSON

(whispering)

Are you in danger, brother?

The officer's eyes dart back and forth alluding to Qusay.

PK

I mean, my cholesterol has been called "worryingly high"... but nothing the highway patrol should be concerned about.

OFFICER WILLIAMSON

Oh, I'm not highway patrol. I'm with Homeland Security.

He gestures back to his squad car which has "Homeland Security- To Protect And Surveil" written on the side.

QUSAY  
They have cars now?

OFFICER WILLIAMSON  
(to Qusay)  
Would you step out of the car?

PK  
What? He didn't do anything.

QUSAY  
I told you.

Qusay starts to get out of the car.

**SFX: Car door**

PK  
Officer, this is my friend Qusay,  
he's not a terrorist.

QUSAY  
Don't say 'terrorist'.

OFFICER WILLIAMSON  
(to Qusay)  
Did you just say terrorist?

The officer draws his gun and points it at Qusay.

**SFX: Gun Draw**

QUSAY  
Woah! Woah, woah, woah. Officer,  
I'm cooperating.

PK  
There's been a big misunderstanding  
here. Qusay is not a terrorist.

QUSAY  
Stop saying 'terrorist'.

OFFICER WILLIAMSON  
Ah, again! So, you admit it! Come  
towards me slowly. No sudden  
movements.

PK  
There's been a big misunderstanding  
here.

OFFICER  
 (into his radio)  
 I've got a T-10, I'm bringing him  
 in, for Ol' Glory.

Qusay slowly makes his way back towards the officer with his hands up.

QUSAY  
 I told you this would happen.

OFFICER WILLIAMSON  
 You're going away for a long time,  
 son. Hope you like water, because  
 you're about to be boarded by it.

QUSAY  
 I'm pretty sure that's not how  
 waterboarding works.

PK throws the car into reverse and slams on the gas, bumping into the officer and knocking him down.

**WAIT SFX: Car screeching**

QUSAY (CONT'D)  
 What are you doing??

PK  
 I'm saving you! Let's go!

PK throws the car into drive. Qusay jumps back into the front seat as PK speeds off.

**SFX: Car Speeding away**

QUSAY (O.S.)  
 Wait! I need to fasten my seat  
 belt!

Officer Williamson stands up and gives chase after them on foot a bit.

OFFICER WILLIAMSON  
 Hey! Get back here! I'm gonna count  
 to ten and if you're not back here  
 by then, you're in big trouble!  
 10!...9- Fuck.

He squints trying to make out the license plate.

OFFICER WILLIAMSON (CONT'D)  
K-6-7... Something... Dammit. I'm  
gonna be in so much trouble for  
letting another one get away.  
(into radio)  
False alarm. All clear over here.  
(to the mountains)  
I'm sorry Ol' Glory!

He kicks the dust in frustration.

EXT. FREEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Qusay is upset.

QUSAY  
We're so fucked. I can't believe  
you just did that.

PK  
"Thank you for saving me, PK."  
You're welcome.

QUSAY  
You just pissed off Homeland  
Security.

PK  
Relax, it was just one guy. He has  
no idea who you are. If Homeland  
Security was that good, wouldn't  
they have caught Osama Bin Laden by  
now?

QUSAY  
They did and they killed him. Years  
ago.

PK  
Pff, yeah like that was the real  
Osama Bin Laden. The only thing  
being killed here is the vibe and  
by you. I hope you're not going to  
be like this the whole trip.

QUSAY  
You suck.

INT. LAS VEGAS CONVENTION CENTER - LATER

**SFX: CES Room chatter**

CES is in full swing. A giant banner hangs over the lobby floor that reads "WELCOME TO CES" as people wearing badges bustle around.

Qusay walks carrying a shoulder bag as PK keeps tow a few steps behind.

QUSAY

Okay, we don't have a ton of time so I'll get the product demos set up and you can get the sign and table ready...

Qusay notices PK isn't carrying anything.

QUSAY (CONT'D)

You did bring our booth materials...

PK doesn't respond.

QUSAY (CONT'D)

PK... Tell me you brought the booth materials. For our booth. At CES. The reason why we're in Vegas...

PK

(caving)

It couldn't fit in the trunk with all our other stuff!

QUSAY

And you didn't think that might have been a good reason to get a different car?

PK

Let's not blame this on the car.

QUSAY

I'm not blaming this on the car, I'm blaming it on you.

PK

Don't worry about it. Go sit at the booth and I'll figure something out and see you in there.

Qusay relents and heads off, leaving PK staring at the CES banner above him.

INT. LAS VEGAS CONVENTION CENTER FLOOR - LATER

Qusay opens his duffel and puts a small display of USVs on a table in his blank booth. PK shows up with a balled up banner in his arms.

PK  
Check it out!

He unfolds it to reveal the letters USV sprawled in sharpie.

QUSAY  
Where did you get that?

PK  
Don't worry about it.

He goes to hang it up, on the other side it clearly says  
"WELCOME TO CES"

QUSAY  
Did you steal the banner from  
the... How did you even get it  
down?

PK  
I'm resourceful.

QUSAY  
PK! Put that back, we're going to  
get into trouble-

YOUNG CES ATTENDEE (O.S.)  
Oh, cool a USB stick that doubles  
as a vape pen.

This steals Qusay's attention as a YOUNG CES ATTENDEE (20s)  
is examining the USV.

QUSAY  
Yeah, cool, right? But actually  
it's not really a USB stick, it  
just looks like one.

YOUNG CES ATTENDEE  
So... it's just a vape pen?

QUSAY  
Yes, but that *looks* like a USB  
stick.

YOUNG CES ATTENDEE  
But it's not actually.

QUSAY

Exactly.

YOUNG CES ATTENDEE

That's stupid. What's the point of making it look like a USB if it doesn't function like one? Why wouldn't I just have a vape pen.

QUSAY

Maybe because you're just some little entitled shit who's here on daddy's dime.

YOUNG CES ATTENDEE

Actually, I invented a holodeck experience that recreates virtual reality in the first ever headset-free environment, so you can go fuck yourself.

The Young CES Attendee walks off.

PK

Oh, I've heard of that kid. He's hot shit.

PK pops in a new cartridge into his USV and takes a pull from his vape.

QUSAY

Did you augment your USV?

PK

Yeah, I created these little pods because the weak ass juice you use stopped getting me buzzed. One hit of this has 13 times the nicotine of a normal pod.

He exhales and a guy walks through the giant plume of vape smoke and passes out immediately.

**WAIT SFX: Body Thud**

QUSAY

You can't just rework the prototype the day of the show.

PK

Sure I can, 'cause I did. Look.

He takes out a little pouch and opens it up, it's lined with pods.

PK (CONT'D)

Now it's more versatile. We've got our sour apple, chai, straight west coastin'- which is weed, and FUBAR which is DMT.

QUSAY

DMT???

PK

Dimethyltryptamine. It's the drug your brain releases when you die, give you an overwhelming sense of love and oneness-

QUSAY

I know what DMT is! You brought DMT to CES?!

PK

Yeah, like I'm the only one.

QUSAY

Put that away!

PK

Fine, but if shit goes down and you start asking for a hit I'm going to give you one hell of an "I told you so".

CURIOUS CES ATTENDEE (O.S.)

Uh, what's happening?

**SFX: Short ciruiting**

Qusay turns to see that another CES attendee has plugged the USB into their computer and it's now starting to smoke.

QUSAY

You're not supposed to plug it in!

CURIOUS CES ATTENDEE

But it's a USB.

QUSAY

No, it's a USB!

CURIOUS CES ATTENDEE

Stop yelling at me.

The smoke starts to billow, the Curious CES Attendee starts to cough.

CURIOUS CES ATTENDEE (CONT'D)  
What is this stuff?

People are starting to take notice. A crowd of concerned onlookers starts to gather.

**SFX: Small Explosion**

PK  
Uh, Qusay, maybe we better take our stuff and get out of here.

CONCERNED ATTENDEE  
Is that a gas bomb?

QUSAY  
No. Stay calm, it's USV- it's not a gas bomb.

PANICKED ATTENDEE  
Someone said "bomb"!

ALARMED ATTENDEE  
Hey, is that the guy who stole the banner in the lobby!

QUSAY  
(To PK)  
Okay yeah, let's bail. Let's go.  
Come on.

Qusay and PK quickly gather their products together and start to leave.

INT. BELLAGIO HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Qusay is laying on the bed defeated

PK  
So what. The USV didn't make the splash you wanted it to. You know what they say: when you fall off the horse- fuck the horse and get a car.

QUSAY  
You fucking ruined it before it began. Everyone was right. Maybe I should have just made a stupid USB drive.

PK

No, you can't think like that. If you think other people are right then that means that you were wrong. That's a dangerous path to go down. Bright side: we're in Vegas: the land where anything is possible and we suddenly have a lot more time on our hands. The night is young! Let's go out tonight and have a little fun, and tomorrow morning, I'll find the people we need to talk to, explain the whole mishap, and get us unbanned. That's the PK guarantee.

Qusay doesn't move. PK blows a raspberry into his stomach.

QUSAY

(giggling)

Stop it! I hate you so much.

PK

No time for hate. VEGAS!!!

PK jumps on the bed.

INT. BELLAGIO CASINO - LATER

**BEAT SFX: Vegas Song**

PK and Qusay make their way through the casino floor in slow motion, looking as "Vegas Cool" as they can. PK wearing a blazer, with a deep v, gold chain and a fang earring. Qusay, less successfully, as he's wearing a blazer, a Santa Cruz skate apparel t-shirt, jeans, and vans sneakers. PK is snapping his fingers at cute girls as they pass. Qusay grabs a drink off of a passing tray- snap to normal speed.

**SFX: Vegas Song stops**

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Hey, you can't do that.

QUSAY

I thought these were free.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Yeah, if you're playing. That's someone else's drink.

QUSAY

I'm sorry.

He puts the drink back.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS  
Jesus, men are so entitled.

She leaves. PK surveys the casino floor.

**SFX: Casino Sounds**

QUSAY  
What do you want to play first?  
Poker, Pai Gow...

PK  
Pai Gow? Please, everyone knows the  
only game worth playing is Black  
Jack.

QUSAY  
Technically, craps is the only game  
with even odds for both the house  
and the-

PK  
And the only room worth playing it  
in...

PK gestures to the high roller area.

**WAIT SFX: Angel Choir**

PK (CONT'D)  
The high roller room.

QUSAY  
It looks crowded.

PK  
It does look a little populated.

They head over to the high roller area where a large crowd  
has gathered.

PK (CONT'D)  
There must be some big roller at a  
table like some celebrity or...

QUSAY  
(sees who it is)  
Try someone a little bigger.

PK sees who it is - **Former President Barack Obama.**

In slow motion, Obama throws his head back in a big laugh and flashes his million dollar beaming smile. Qusay and PK are enamored.

PK QUSAY (CONT'D)  
Former President Barack Obama Former President Barack Obama

Obama tosses a couple hundred dollar chips to the dealer as a tip.

PK (CONT'D)  
The man who single handedly kept me covered under my parents healthcare until I was 26, and then again until I was 32.

Obama looks up and makes eye contact with Qusay and PK. He waves at them.

PK (CONT'D)  
Did he just wave at us?

QUSAY  
I think so.

PK  
Should we wave back?

QUSAY  
Yes.

They both wave. Obama smiles and goes back to his game.

PK  
Why would he wave at us?

QUSAY  
I've met him once, maybe he remembers me.

PK  
You've met Obama? When?

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - FLASHBACK

Qusay holds poorly assembled clock in a line of a dozen middle eastern men holding weird looking clocks and shaking hands with Obama.

QUSAY (V.O.)

I was part of a group of middle eastern men who were invited to the white house because we built clocks that were wrongly thought to be bombs- turns out it happens a lot. Any clock on a brown guy and people think it's a bomb.

Qusay cozies up next to Obama as their picture is taken.

**SFX: Camera Photo**

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BELAGIO CASINO - CONTINUOUS

PK

Should we go in there? I feel like we should go in there and play black jack with the former President.

QUSAY

Yes please.

Qusay and PK push their way through the crowd.

PK

Make way.

QUSAY

Pardon us.

They're stopped by two very strong looking Secret Service agents.

AGENT

Sorry guys, this room is closed.

QUSAY

It's okay, the former president just waved to us.

The agents don't even look back to check.

PK

So, if you'll just step aside.

AGENT

Room's closed.

PK

You see, my friend here is an old friend of the former president, and I am an old friend of my friend here, so by the transitive property of friendship-

AGENT

Are we going to have a problem here?

QUSAY

No we are not.  
(to PK)  
Let's just go.

PK

(to Agent)  
You got lucky.

They walk away.

QUSAY

Well, that would've been cool.

PK

Don't past tense that sentence just yet. Look over there: another entrance.

PK gestures over to a curtain where cocktail waitresses are going in and out.

PK and Qusay duck behind the curtain, sure enough it's a servers entrance to the high roller room.

PK (CONT'D)

See, I told you.

PK straightens up his jacket.

PK (CONT'D)

Okay, bucket list moment. Let's go do cocaine with Barack Obama.

QUSAY

Woah, woah, woah. You brought cocaine??

PK

Of course I brought cocaine, what am I, not me? Woah.

PK stops to ponder if he is in fact, not him.

QUSAY

You can't say 'cocaine' in front of a former president.

PK

Normally, I'd agree with you. But this is Barack Hussein Obama, the coolest president in the history of the United States, minus Taft. I bet this guy lives for cocaine.

A cocktail waitress walks in not really paying attention.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Ashley, can you bring this to table 4?— Oh, sorry. I just heard the word "cocaine" a bunch and assumed it was Ashley. Hey, wait a second. You're the guy who stole the drink earlier.

QUSAY

We— uh...

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

You can't be back here.

PK

We're with the president, actually.

QUSAY

(correcting)  
Former president.

PK

Former president.

The cocktail waitress looks them up and down, seeing Qusay's Vans sneakers.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Yeah, I doubt it. I'm going to have to call security.

PK

(to Qusay)  
I always knew your poor style would be our downfall.

(to the waitress)  
Wait. We are security. We're deep undercover.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Hey Bruce!

QUSAY

Wait! Please don't get us in trouble.

The curtain starts to move a bit. The guys brace themselves to be thrown out of the hotel, when a familiar face pokes through. It's Obama.

OBAMA

Is the bathroom through here?

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

President Obama!

OBAMA

(reading her nametag)

Nice to meet you... Chandall

(re: PK and Qusay)

I hope these guys aren't giving you too much trouble.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

You know them?

OBAMA

Know them? They're my security detail.

He winks at them.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

I'm so sorry. It's just they don't look like secret service.

OBAMA

That's why they're so good at their jobs. Undetectable.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

I'm so sorry, can I get you anything?

Obama hands her his empty glass.

OBAMA

Could I get a refresh on this Gin and Tonic?

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Absolutely, Mr. President. I'll be right back.

She leaves. His smile drops.

OBAMA

Look I don't know who the fuck you guys think you are, but I've had people killed for less and didn't lose a wink of sleep- I'm just fucking with you! You should've seen your faces!

PK and Qusay breathe a sigh of relief.

QUSAY

Mr. President, it's such an honor, sir. I don't know if you remember me, but-

OBAMA

Of course I remember you. Qusay, right? The clock maker. That was some fine wiring.

PK

You remember him after just meeting him once?

OBAMA

I was the President of the United States. I remember everyone I've ever met ever.

QUSAY

What are you doing in Las Vegas?

OBAMA

I'm the keynote speaker at Adult Con.

PK

Adult Con the convention for adult film stars' Keynote speaker is Barack-

OBAMA

No, AdultCon the convention for Adults who act like adults. They've definitely had some marketing troubles with that.

QUSAY

Well, I'm sure that you're very busy doing adult things so we can let you get back to it.

OBAMA

Nonsense. Nice shoes. Reminds me of a simpler time in my life before I had to wear a suit all the time and give up cigarettes. Sometimes you just long for the days before you were responsible for representing an entire nation to the world and were able to live a little, you know?

Totally. QUSAY Absolutely. PK

OBAMA

I've been surrounded by secret service for over a decade. Sure, they're here to keep me safe, but sometimes I wish I could sneak away for even an hour- feel a little danger in my balls again.

PK

Well, we'd love to inject some danger into your balls- you're welcome to kick it with us if you want. We get wild.

QUSAY

I'm sure the president has got to get ready to make an inspiring, life-changing speech to a room full of responsible adults tomorrow and isn't interested in spending time partying it up with a couple of dudes in Vegas like a twenty five year old.

OBAMA

Fuck it. Let's do it.

(excited) PK (surprised) QUSAY  
 Seriously? Seriously?

OBAMA

Yeah. Fuck my speech, I'm with you guys tonight. Just give me a second to tell my secret service detail...

Obama grabs a bottle of alcohol and a rag, takes a lighter out of his pocket and lights it up. He slams it on the ground right outside the curtain.

**BEAT SFX: Molotov Cocktail**

OBAMA (CONT'D)  
 Okay. Let's go big.

**SFX: Fire Roaring and Screaming**

The secret service swarm, panicked, and look for a fire extinguisher.

PK and Qusay look on in shock.

OBAMA (CONT'D)  
 Don't worry, there wasn't anyone nearby. And if there were...  
 Obamacare. We should move quickly.  
 Get ready to fuck your mind wide open.

He places his hands on both of their shoulders.

INT. HIGH ROLLER SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Multiple Secret service agents storm the fire and pull out their pistols and start firing at it.

**SFX: Gun Shots**

AGENT  
 We've got a live one!

One agent walks up with a fire extinguisher and throws it into the fire. The extinguisher explodes foam everywhere coincidentally putting out the fire.

**SFX: Foam Explosion**

The agent looks around, the curtain that Obama was standing behind has burned away revealing that the president is gone.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
 (into ear piece)  
 I don't have eyes on Renegade.  
 Repeat- Renegade has gone missing.

INT. LUXURY SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Obama opens the doors and strides in. Qusay and PK look on in amazement. The room is filled with high profile people, smoking, drinking, petting exotic animals.

Obama turns back towards the guys and spreads his arms as if to welcome them to his den.

OBAMA

Now, let's get this party started!

PK

Let's do it!

PK takes out his little baggie of cocaine.

QUSAY

What are you doing? Put that away.

OBAMA

Is that cocaine?

QUSAY

Mr. President, this is highly out of character for us and I want to let you know that I do not partake in any sort of-

OBAMA

Fuck it! Let's do some coke!

PK

Alright! Let's do some coke with the former president!

QUSAY

I don't know.

PK

Come on, doing a little coke with a former president never hurt anybody. Where do you want me to line this up, do you have a table, or a DVD case, or...

Obama walks off, PK and Qusay follow suit. Obama opens a door and walks into the next room, revealing...

INT. COCAINE LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Obama steps behind a giant desk piled high with cocaine ala Scarface. PK stops shaking his little baggie in shock as the door closes behind them.

OBAMA

You want some?

QUSAY

That's more than a little coke.  
That's a tiny mountain.

OBAMA

Suit yourself.

PK

That... is a LOT of cocaine. Are  
you sure you-

Obama puts his face in the mountain of cocaine and starts to sniff it up.

PK (CONT'D)

Oh my God, he Scarfaced-it.

QUSAY

He's still going.

PK

Maybe we should slow down a bit?

Without stopping sniffing, Obama holds up a finger as if asking for a minute.

QUSAY

Oh my God, we're about to watch a  
former president overdose on  
cocaine.

The sniffing stops, the entire mountain of cocaine is gone. Obama stands up.

OBAMA

That is...GOOD stuff.

QUSAY

You're not dead?

OBAMA

I'm more alive than I've ever been.  
Come on, let's keep a move on. Time  
just sped up a lot.

Obama walks back into the other lounge leaving Qusay and PK with their tiny bag of cocaine dumbfounded as to what they just saw.

QUSAY

He's super-human. He just did a  
MOUNTAIN of cocaine and walked away  
like nothing happened. He's...

PK  
My hero.

INT. LUXURY LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

PK and Qusay walk into the main room to see Obama smoking a cigar on a nice chez lounge.

OBAMA  
Now we're ready to start.

**BEAT CUE: Tubthumping by Chumbawamba**

MONTAGE

1. Obama and the guys pop open bottles and start to pour drinks.
2. At a craps table Obama holds dice out, Qusay and PK blow on it as he rolls an 11. They celebrate
3. Women are dancing around them like they're straight out of a music video. Poppin' bottles, pouring it over people.

**CUE: Music stops**

OBAMA  
What are you doing?

QUSAY  
I'm sorry, I just thought that's what people do with champagne.

OBAMA  
No. They drink it.

QUSAY  
Right.

OBAMA  
I'm just fucking with you!

**CUE: Music Resumes**

Obama starts pouring champagne over Qusay. Montage music resumes.

4. Qusay ecstatically basks underneath the stream of champagne
5. They eat sushi off of a naked Japanese business man's chest

6. They're clearly fucked up at this point trying to push Qusay to fight an ostrich, Qusay is terrified.

END MONTAGE

**SFX: Music fades**

INT. LUXURY LOUNGE - LATER

Entirely inebriated, PK, Qusay, and Obama recline on the chez lounge.

PK  
You know what would be amazing  
right now?

QUSAY  
World peace.

OBAMA  
Been there. Never gonna happen.

QUSAY  
Really? Aw, that makes me sad...

PK  
No, a hot tub.

QUSAY  
Oh! That makes me happy again.

OBAMA  
Let's go.

QUSAY  
You know a hot tub?

OBAMA  
Yeah, there's a spa downstairs.

INT. SPA ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The guys wobble down the hall PK and Qusay have those super big alcoholic slushy drinks.

PK  
It's so cold, I feel like my brain  
is frozen.

OBAMA  
What say you guys? A little spa  
break and then we keep going?

QUSAY

Keep going! Keep going! Keep going!

OBAMA

Let's roll!

PK and Qusay carry in their towels and flip flops and start to change.

QUSAY

This is the greatest night of my life.

PK

Well, yes, but that's not saying much. This is the greatest night of MY life, which is a hard title to earn seeing as how I live one magnificent adventure to the next—are there shorts or something? I'm not seeing any shorts.

QUSAY

Yeah, I was wondering about that. Do we just wear our underwear or...

Obama steps out of his changing area wearing a towel around his neck.

OBAMA

How we looking boys. What's the hold up.

QUSAY

We were just wondering—

The guys look at Obama and realize that he's ass naked. Qusay and PK's eyes immediately go to Obama's cock. Qusay sobers up.

QUSAY (CONT'D)

Holy penis.

OBAMA

What, you guys aren't gun shy are you?

QUSAY

No. Not at all.

Qusay and PK turn their backs and whisper amongst themselves

QUSAY (CONT'D)

Holy crap.

PK  
I know, did you see that thing?

QUSAY  
It's so big!

PK  
It's the biggest thing I've ever  
seen and I've seen a lot of penis.

OBAMA  
What's the hold up?

QUSAY  
(to Obama)  
No hold up. Just figuring out the  
towel situation.

OBAMA  
There are two of them.

QUSAY  
Oh, great. Thanks! I see it now.  
(back to whispering)  
I think we're going to have to get  
naked. I don't want the president  
to see my penis. I wasn't prepared  
for this.

PK  
I don't think you can be prepared  
for something like this. We just  
gotta go for it. On three we drop  
the towel. Ready?

QUSAY  
No.

PK  
(quickly)  
1,2,3!

They both drop their towels and cover their penises with  
their hands.

OBAMA  
What's this? What are you- best  
friends and have never seen each  
others penises before?

Yup!

PK

Bingo!

QUSAY

OBAMA  
That's cute.

Obama gets into the hot tub. Qusay and PK turn to each other.

QUSAY  
It's like the loch ness monster.

PK  
I believe.

PK and Qusay look at each other.

1, 2, 3! QUSAY 1, 2, 3! PK (CONT'D)

They remove their hands and look at each others penises.

Huh. QUSAY (CONT'D) Huh. PK (CONT'D)

They settle into the hot tub. PK grabs his USV and takes a big draw as they relax into the warm water.

OBAMA  
What's that you got there?

PK  
My vape?

OBAMA  
It looks like a USB stick.

QUSAY  
Oh, yeah. It's something I made,  
but I guess it's kind of stupid.

OBAMA  
Pass it here.

Obama examines it.

OBAMA (CONT'D)  
It looks like a USB stick but it's  
not a USB stick. It's just a vape.  
That's pretty cool.

QUSAY  
You don't think it'd be cooler if  
it was also a USB stick?

OBAMA

No, that'd be stupid. This is discrete. I like it. Mind if I try it out?

PK

Sure. You ever hit one of these before?

OBAMA

Sure. Vape Nashe.

Obama takes a super deep drag.

PK

You'll wanna go slow because there's a lot of nicotine in that.

QUSAY

Please, this guy took down a mountain of cocaine earlier, you think a vape is going to-

Obama blows out a billow of vapor and immediately passes out. Qusay and PK look at each other for a beat before scrambling to get Obama's head above water.

**SFX: Splashing**

QUSAY (CONT'D)

Holy fuck!

PK

I think our dicks just touched!

QUSAY

Who cares, Obama just nic'd out on your vape.

PK

I do have a powerful pull.

QUSAY

Get him out of the water!

INT. SPA - MOMENTS LATER

Obama is lying unconscious on the ground. PK and Qusay stand over him. Everyone is still naked.

Qusay starts pacing.

QUSAY

Oh man, we're so fucked! We're SO fucked! We've got the former president UNCONSCIOUS in a Las Vegas Spa, with COCAINE in his system- I can't go to jail! You know what they do to guys like me in jail?

PK

They trade them.

QUSAY

They WHAT??

PK

We'll just carry him back to his room, put him in his bed and everything is going to be fine. First things first, we gotta get some clothes on.

Qusay stops pacing. They look down at Obama's unconscious body and still exposed penis.

PK (CONT'D)

It's wrapped around his leg, somehow.

Qusay is still distressed but mildly impressed.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Qusay peeks around a corner.

QUSAY

It's clear, let's go.

PK and Qusay carry an unconscious Obama *Weekend At Bernie's* style down the hallway and into an elevator.

**SFX: Elevator Doors and card beep**

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

PK uses Obama's key card on the elevator and hits the Penthouse button. They shift his weight uncomfortably between the two of them.

**SFX: Elevator Doors**

The elevator opens on the third floor and an older woman gets in. Qusay and PK hold perfectly still. She surveys them. PK gives a tiny nod and a nervous smile.

OLDER WOMAN  
I remember those days.

The elevator stops and she gets out.

**SFX: Elevator Doors 2**

PK  
Okay, when the doors open, we're  
just going to book it to the Luxury  
Lounge, drop him off, and bail.

The ride continues up and the doors open on the Penthouse to reveal-

**SFX: Exterior Elevator Doors**

EXT. PENTHOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

-the hallway is swarming with secret service agents taking statements from everyone that was in the luxury lounge. PK and Qusay immediately start scrambling to close the elevator. As the doors begin to close a secret service agent spots them.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT  
Hey!

**SFX: Elevator Doors Close**

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Qusay is panicking

QUSAY  
We're so fucked, we're so fucked,  
we're so fucked, we're so fucked.

PK  
It's okay. It's okay! We'll take  
him to our room and regroup from  
there.

QUSAY

We're in the other tower! You think we're going to be able to make it across the casino with one of the most recognizable former world leaders' UNCONSCIOUS BODY?

PK

Well, not if you're screaming about it! We'll have to get him a disguise...

INT. HOTEL CASINO - CONTINUOUS

**SFX: Elevator Doors 3 to Casino**

The elevator doors open to reveal the guys carrying Obama who is now wearing SUNGLASSES. They start to move forward while talking to each other quietly out of the side of their mouths.

QUSAY

Not much of a disguise.

PK

We'll not if you're screaming about. Besides, I didn't see you having any other ideas.

They make their way through the casino nodding at people, no one seems to notice. They look up and see the signs that point them to TOWER II.

QUSAY

This way.

PK

Told you this would work.

They turn the corner to find more secret service agents and security guards blocking their direct path to the elevator.

QUSAY

Oh fuck.

PK

Go around!

They depart the carpet walkway and start to lumber through the casino tables and slot machines, starting to lose their composure.

QUSAY  
 Sorry. Coming through. Pardon us.

They're bumping into people, spilling drinks-

**SFX: Falling Drink**

Obama's arm falls off of PK and hits someone in the back of the head.

PK  
 Sorry, he's had a lot to drink.

The COCKTAIL WAITRESS from before spots them and recognizes them.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS  
 Hey! What's going on here?

PK  
 Run!

COCKTAIL WAITRESS  
 What are you guys doing with  
 President Obama?!

The guys run towards the elevator dragging Obama's limp body along with them like they're in a terribly coordinated three legged race.

Any chance of doing this incognito is gone. Heads are turning, cell phones are coming out to take photos and videos. The commotion gets the attention of the secret service and security as they make moves to close in.

GAMBLER  
 Those guys have Obama!

FEMALE GAMBLER  
 Obama's here? Where?

They make it to the elevator and start to press the floor button in a panic. The doors close.

**SFX: Elevator Doors Close 2**

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

**SFX: Hallway Commotion**

The elevator doors open and they rush towards their room. Shoving guests out of the way, knocking over room service carts, they reach their door.

Qusay fumbles with the key as agents start to emerge from the other elevators, guns drawn.

Qusay gets the door open and they hurry in and slam the door shut just as a bullet connects with it.

**SFX: Door Slam and Bullet hit**

INT. PK AND QUSAY'S HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Barack Obama is splayed out on the bed.

PK turns on the TV.

QUSAY

What are you doing?

PK

I'm watching some TV, it helps me unwind. I think better when I'm unwound.

QUSAY

This is not a time to unwind! If anything this is a time to wind up tight, into a small little ball, and cry.

TV NEWS ANCHOR

Breaking news as former President Barack Obama has been kidnapped in Las Vegas by terrorists.

Qusay slowly turns towards the television where a news anchor is breaking down the situation and showing live helicopter footage of the outside of their hotel which now has dozens of cop cars surrounding it.

QUSAY

Ungh, it's happening.

Qusay starts to shrink into a tight ball.

PK

Don't worry, they said terrorists. When people think of terrorists they think of the Taliban or ISIS. No one knows it was us. We can just climb out the window.

TV NEWS ANCHOR

Cell phone footage captured on the scene reveals the two terrorists to be male. One middle eastern man and the other to be what we are assuming to be a lighter skinned middle eastern man.

The news shows footage of PK and Qusay carrying Obama through the casino.

PK

Oh, come on.

QUSAY

We're dead.

PK

It's just Fox News, no one in their right mind takes them seriously.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Donald Trump sits on a couch watching Fox News eating a burger next to a GIANT bag of McDonald's. It sounds disgusting as he crams the food into his gullet with heavy, labored breathing between loud chews.

FOX NEWS ANCHOR

I've heard enough about this anti-American agenda that the media is perpetrating against Donald Trump. It's clear that Obama has a vendetta against our president and is using his ties to Big Internet to create thousands of fake accounts pretending to be outraged.

TRUMP

(grunt of agreement)

FOX NEWS ANCHOR

SPEAKING of Obama, we have some breaking news as terrorists in Las Vegas have kidnapped the former President, if you can even call him that.

Donald Trump pauses mid-bite. His eyebrows go up with an idea. He starts to call for someone, his mouth still full.

DONALD TRUMP  
Haammlhlrrrr. Hamllrrrr!  
Hermamnan!

FOX NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)  
You see, this is just the type of  
polarizing, divisive behavior  
you've come to expect from the  
Democrats. You know who never  
would've let themselves get  
kidnapped by terrorists? Donald  
Trump!

An aide comes rushing in.

AIDE  
You screamed, sir?

Trump swallows the way too big of a bite.

DONALD TRUMP  
Get me to Vegas.

INT. PK AND QUSAY'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

PK is standing up now, Obama is still splayed out on the bed.

PK  
Okay. Okay. There's got to be a way  
out of this.

QUSAY (O.S.)  
Has there? We've been in here for 6  
hours.

Qusay is curled in a ball on the floor.

PK  
Get up. Come on.

Qusay reluctantly stands up.

PK (CONT'D)  
We can still climb out the window.

TV NEWS ANCHOR  
As we enter into our 10th hour of  
this standoff - we've got Special  
Agent John Michaelowski on the  
line. Thank you for joining us.  
What precautions have been taken to  
ensure that these terrorists don't  
escape?

AGENT MICHAELOWSKI

Well, we have snipers who have been instructed to fire on sight should they try anything wild like climbing out a window.

QUSAY

I'm getting back into my ball.

PK

Wait! What about the air vents? We can climb through the air vents and escape.

QUSAY

This isn't Die Hard! And if it was we're not Bruce Willis, if anything we're more of the Reginald VelJohnson type.

PK

Look, it's only a matter of time before these guys come in here-

TV NEWS ANCHOR

Why not just go in there and take these guys out?

PK (CONT'D)

-guns blazing and take us out.

AGENT MICHAELOWSKI

In situations like these our top priority is ensuring the former president's safety. We can't be sure if these guys are armed or what. It would be too risky.

Qusay stands up, a determined look in his eye.

QUSAY

Okay. I'm just going go out and surrender. Throw myself on the mercy of the court. My parents always told me that there's nothing more powerful than the truth.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

Qusay opens the door and peeks his head out. A bunch of agents have their guns trained on him.

**SFX: Guns cocking**

He loses his nerve, swallows, puts the "Do Not Disturb" sign on the outer handle, and slinks back inside.

INT. PK AND QUSAY'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

QUSAY

Guns. Guns are more powerful than the truth. This is your fault! With your damn cocaine and need to look so cool in front of everybody all the time! Modding the USV with your stupidly powerful vape juice pods.

PK

Let's not go blaming cocaine.

Qusay jumps on top of Obama's body and start shaking him.

QUSAY

Wake up! Wake up Mr. President!  
Wake up!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL ROOFTOP - INTERCUT

SNIPER RIFLE POV: Through the window we see Qusay straddling Obama and shaking his body.

A SNIPER radios his boss.

SNIPER

I've got eyes on one of them, you want me to take the shot?

AGENT (V.O.)

Hold your fire. We have to try to take them alive and we can't risk them harming the former President.

Qusay is now lifting up Obama's torso by his collar and shaking him.

SNIPER

Copy.

AGENT

What do you see?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

QUSAY

I'm going to give him mouth to mouth.

PK

Why? He's breathing. You only need to do CPR if they're not breathing.

QUSAY

I don't see you with any better ideas!

Qusay goes to give Obama mouth to mouth and PK comes from behind him to pull him off.

PK

Stop! Stop doing that! Calm down!

SNIPER POV: It looks like PK is giving it to Qusay from behind as Qusay makes out with Obama's unconscious body.

SNIPER

Ugh. I really want to take the shot.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TV NEWS ANCHOR

We've just got word that President Donald Trump has landed in Las Vegas and is going live with a press conference, we'll go to that now.

This stops the commotion and Qusay and PK fixate their attention towards the TV. On the TV we see Donald Trump at a press conference.

DONALD TRUMP

Of course by now, you've all heard the news about Barack Obama. Very sad. I was busy doing a lot of hard work for the American people when I heard the news. He wasn't nice to me, Barack Obama, but it's very sad. I mean, is he in on it? We don't really know. No way to know. I've always said Obama was a secret Muslim. Maybe he's the orchestrator of all this to undermine my presidency- just saying. A lot of attention is going to this instead of being focused on what I'm doing. Who knows, though. I'm not saying that. People are saying that.

(MORE)

DONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)

Either way, we need to secure our borders to prevent these terrorists from getting onto American soil and into American political offices like Muslim terrorist Barack Obama. This is exactly what I was talking about, people. I have a message for these terrorists: I will get you. Personally. I am coming to get you. And when I do, which I will, America will be safe once again! We're gonna build a wall, and Mexico is going to pay for it!

**SFX: Crowd Cheers**

Qusay and PK watch on in horror.

QUSAY

So, run me through the air vent plan again.

Now it's PK's turn to collapse.

PK

How the fuck did this happen? You know, 24 hours ago I was just an innocent little boy who wanted nothing more than to do cocaine with Barack Obama... and now look at me- a terrorist and enemy of the United States spooning with an unconscious former president.

At the mention of "24 hours ago" Qusay looks at the clock. His eyes light up. He tunes out PK as he looks at the footage of the hotel on TV... he has an idea.

QUSAY

That's it!

PK

Yeah, that's it. We're gonna die.

QUSAY

No. The snipers. If we can make it across the hall to another room, the snipers wont have an angle on us from that side.

PK

We can escape through the window! But how are we going to get across the hall?

QUSAY  
We have a hostage.

PK  
Yeah, but once they realize we have  
no weapons they'll just arrest us.

QUSAY  
That's only if they realize that we  
have no weapons...

Qusay looks to the clock between them. PK suddenly  
understands where he's going with this.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The door starts to crack open slowly.

**SFX: Door opening slowly**

AGENT  
We've got movement.

Qusay and PK come out carrying the still unconscious Obama.  
Qusay is holding the clock.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
He's got a bomb. Hold back  
everyone.

QUSAY  
Stand back! I'm not afraid to use  
this thing!

AGENT  
Stay calm, nobody has to get hurt.

PK sees a middle-aged couple watching from a doorway across  
the hall a couple of rooms down and starts to guide them in  
that direction.

QUSAY  
One false move and I'll use this  
thing!

AGENT  
We're cooperating. We just want to  
talk.

They make it to the door. The scared onlookers are frozen.

PK

Get out of here! This is our room now!

(quieter)

We're so sorry about this. I hope the rest of your trip is more enjoyable.

The couple scatters, a little confused. Qusay makes one last jab with the clock towards the racists.

QUSAY

Good. Fucking racists.

They close the door.

**SFX: Door Slam**

AGENT

Fuck. Move the snipers. Now!

INT. ROOM ACROSS THE HALL - CONTINUOUS

PK and Qusay drop Obama on the bed and celebrate and hug.

PK

I can't believe that worked!

QUSAY

Okay, now what?

PK

Now we've got to get out of here.

He looks around the room to see a bunch of weird sex toys, costumes, and sex machines.

PK (CONT'D)

Holy fuck, this couple is amazing.

Qusay goes to the window and looks out of it.

QUSAY

We've only got a little bit of time before they get new snipers in position.

PK

I mean, they're on vacation and they BRING this stuff? Relationship. Goals.

He picks up some costumes - a giant baby costume, a latex suit that looks like it's made for two people.

PK (CONT'D)

I don't even know what some of this stuff is? Is this a latex suit built for two people?

QUSAY

Focus! There's no fire escape to climb down. How do we do this?

PK

Well, we jump.

PK looks around the room

QUSAY

We jump???

PK

Yeah.

QUSAY

The pool is like fifty feet out-

PK

Jump far!

QUSAY

That's certain death!

PK runs up to the window and throws the chair at it, it bounces off the window and hits Qusay.

**WAIT SFX: Chair Window Bounce**

QUSAY (CONT'D)

Ow! Fuck!

PK

Damn, that's a strong window.

They take turns trying to break the window with different pieces of furniture, but to no avail.

**WAIT SFX: Throwing things at the window**

PK (CONT'D)

Damn. This place is built really solid-

**WAIT SFX: Crash through floor**

The floor gives out beneath them and they fall down into it leaving a cloud of dust where they once were standing.

QUSAY  
What the *fuck*?!

They stand up, the hole is about 5 feet deep.

PK  
Look! It's a crawlspace, we can take this and get out of here!

QUSAY  
Wait, what about Obama?

PK  
What about him?

QUSAY  
We can't just leave him here.

They look at Obama passed out on the bed next to all the weird sex toys.

PK  
He'll be fine.

QUSAY  
No, the whole world thinks we're terrorists and the only reason why those agents didn't KILL us at first sight out there was because we had him with us. We need to take him.

PK  
And how, good sir, would you suggest we do that?

Qusay looks over to the bed where the latex suit for two people is sitting. PK gets the idea and hates it.

INT. DANIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

**SFX: Piano**

Dania watches TV as Lindsey's dog Peter plays the piano behind her.

Dania flips through the TV channels when she comes across the news showing footage of PK and Qusay with Obama.

TV NEWS ANCHOR  
-kidnapped President Obama in a Las Vegas hotel. As of now, the identities of the terrorists are unknown.

DANIA  
Peter, heel!

**SFX: Dog Bark Stop Piano**

We see that Lindsey's dog Peter has been playing the piano behind her.

She raises the volume and leans in.

TV NEWS ANCHOR  
The FBI and Secret Service are asking anyone with information about these two suspected terrorists is being asked to come forward immediately to aid in the active hostage situation.

DANIA  
Oh. My. God.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

PK is now wearing the latex suit with Obama, belly to belly. It works relatively well, even if uncomfortably fitting.

PK  
I still don't see why I have to be the one wearing the suit.

QUSAY  
You're so much bigger and stronger than me. I would just fall over. Okay, let's get crawling.

He drops down into the hole in the ground. PK rolls his eyes and follows after.

INT. CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Qusay and PK (with Obama essentially strapped to his belly) scurry along the tunnel and make their way down into what seems like some scaffolding.

QUSAY

This is so much better than jumping  
50 feet down into a pool-

**SFX: Ground Gives Out**

The ground gives out from underneath Qusay and he falls from view.

QUSAY (CONT'D)

(high pitched scream)

PK

Qusay!

**SFX: SPLASH!**

PK looks down to see a giant pool of water about 50 feet beneath them.

INT. CIRQUE DU SOLEIL ARENA - CONTINUOUS

**SFX: Audience Applause and Splashing**

The audience applauds loudly as Qusay flounders in the water, surrounded by dancers in odd costumes. He comes up for air still screaming. PK watches from the hole in the ceiling.

**SFX: O Music**

PK

What the actual fuck.

The show continues with amazing acrobatics and moving stages. Silks drop down from the ceiling and dancers in leather skin tight suits start to climb and swing on them.

PK (CONT'D)

You know, seeing it in person, I  
kind of get it-

**SFX: Ground Gives Out 2**

The ground under PK gives out and he and Obama plummet from the ceiling. He reaches and grabs onto one of the silks, swinging wildly around 45 feet in the air.

**SFX: Crowd Ooooh**

PK loses his grip and slips another 5 feet. His foot gets caught in the silk and wrapped up, flipping him upside down.

PK (CONT'D)

Help!

**SFX: Crowd Cheering**

The crowd goes wild. Qusay has calmed himself a bit and sees what's going on from below. He tries to swim to the edge of the pool, every way he tries he is blocked by a swim dancer doing their choreography.

The edges of the pool start to shrink inward, the dancers one by one duck under the water. Qusay tries to climb out the increasingly shrinking pool, but can't get a grip and slips back into the water. The edges of the pool are closing in on his head and he has no choice to but to take a giant breath and go underwater, narrowly missing decapitation. Holding his breath, he's trapped.

PK (and Obama) continue to whip around on the silks, now being spun up like a fly in a spider web by other silks hanging from the ceiling and the acrobats flying around on them.

The other acrobats roll down to the bottom of their silks and dismount, leaving PK alone in the air. His foot starts to slip and he desperately tries to hold on...

PK (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no, no...

The silk slips off and PK and Obama free-fall/tumble down the other silks towards the hard ground below. PK braces for the impact. YANK! The silks pull tight and catch him about 10 feet off the ground. The crowd goes nuts!

**SFX: Crowd Goes Nuts**

PK (CONT'D)

Haha! Yeah! Thank you!

He spreads his arms to accept the applause allowing the rest of the silks to slip off and he falls the remaining ten feet onto the ground, landing with Obama on top of him.

**WAIT SFX: Body Thud**

PK (CONT'D)

Unngghhh.

INT. POOL - CONTINUOUS

Qusay feels along the now closed platform above him for some sort of opening. Losing air and losing hope.

Just when all is about lost, he looks down to see one of the swim dancers swimming out through a tunnel. He kicks his feet down and follows.

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Qusay emerges from a pool backstage, gasping for air. He steps up onto dry land. The performers are busy getting ready for their next part of the show. Qusay looks out to the stage where he sees-

INT. CIRQUE DU SOLEIL ARENA - CONTINUOUS

PK is laying on the ground with Obama on top of him. He tries to stand up but is like a turtle on his back, Obama is too heavy. He sees some more acrobats leaping and flying off of giant see-saws and realizes that he's landed on one as well. He looks behind him in time to see two performers, one standing on the other's shoulders making their way towards him.

PK

Oh no.

**SFX: See Saw Launch**

The top performer leaps onto the high end of PK's respective see-saw launching PK and Obama into the air. PK closes his eyes tight as he flips through the air and, surprisingly, sticks the landing. The audience applauds.

**SFX: Audience Applause**

He opens his eyes to see what happened and realizes that he landed the flip perfectly. He hears a whistle and turns to see a sopping wet Qusay standing in the wings.

QUSAY

Psst! Let's go!

PK

Right.

PK waddles off stage waving at the audience who is still applauding.

**SFX: FADE O MUSIC**

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

PK and Qusay make their way through the backstage towards the exit.

PK

Did you see me out there? I was amazing.

QUSAY

I hate this show.

PK

Really? Because now I kinda want to see all of them.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

AGENT MICHAELOWSKI makes his way down the hall as he passes, the other Agents stand up straight - this guy is a head honcho.

AGENT MICHAELOWSKI

What are we doing here?

AGENT

We lost visual on them when they moved rooms, but we've got the negotiator trying to talk them out.

Agents surround the hotel room, waiting patiently. A negotiator is crouched by the door with a guitar.

NEGOTIATOR

Come on guys. We can work this out.  
(singing The Beatles)  
We can work it out. We can work it out.

Agent Michaelowski grabs the negotiator by the shoulder and yanks him out of the way.

AGENT MICHAELOWSKI

Enough of this.

AGENT

But, sir-

**SFX: Kick in door**

Agent Michaelowski kicks in the door to reveal an empty room, he storms in and sees the hole in the ground as the other agents pile in after him. They lower their weapons and surveil the weird sex scene that lies in front of them.

AGENT MICHAELOWSKI

Get in there. Now!

Agents start to climb into the hole. Agent Michaelowski looks at another Agent who is holding up the adult baby costume with a giant double sided dildo.

AGENT MICHAELOWSKI (CONT'D)

These are some sick fucks.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

Qusay and PK make their way away from The Bellagio, police lights and SWAT Trucks are in the background.

QUSAY

Oh man, my phone was in my pocket.  
Good thing it's waterproof. I hope  
it still works.

He takes out his phone.

PK

If it doesn't you gave up that  
headphone jack for nothing.

QUSAY

Oh shit, Dania has called me 12  
times.

PK

Ugh, needy much?

QUSAY

Maybe she can help us!

PK

Like the Chloe to our Jack Bauer.  
But in this case, we're the  
terrorists.

Qusay dials his phone.

INT. DANIA'S HOUSE - INTERCUT

Dania is glued to the TV, when she sees Qusay is calling she leaps up and answers it.

DANIA

What the fuck, Qusay? What is going on?

Qusay starts crying.

QUSAY

They think we're terrorists but we're not terrorists and now they're going to kill us.

PK

Way to go Jack Bauer.

DANIA

Stop crying. I know you're not a terrorist. I'm just happy that you're okay. I was so worried. I love you.

QUSAY

I... 'm so happy to hear that.

DANIA

Everyone on TV is trying to find out who you guys are still.

QUSAY

They don't know our identities yet?

DANIA

No, the footage is kind of blurry which give you a little wiggle room if you can find a way out of town. Is there anyone in Vegas who either of you know? Someone who will believe you and can help you out?

QUSAY

No! Nobody! Who would we know in Vegas?

Qusay looks up and sees a Billboard for Criss Angel. He stops crying and looks at PK.

QUSAY (CONT'D)

Actually, there might be one person.

EXT. TRUMP TOWER VEGAS - NIGHT

We zoom into the top floor window of the Trump Tower building to reveal that inside:

INT. WAR ROOM - TRUMP TOWER - NIGHT

Donald Trump meets with an intelligence committee.

INTELLIGENCE AGENT

We just got word that the threats have escaped with former president Obama. A new cellphone video has been leaked from a performance of Cirque Du Soleil O this evening.

They open a computer and show a clip of PK doing a flip in the air and landing it.

INTELLIGENCE AGENT 2

We can't tell if that type of training is ISIS, HAMAS, or what, but it seems like these guys are highly skilled.

INTELLIGENCE AGENT

This is what we know so far, as well as some strong possible-

**SFX: Throwing the folder**

An intelligence agent tries to hand Trump a folder. Trump grabs the folder and throws it.

DONALD TRUMP

What are you doing? I don't read. I watch movies and TV. Make it like movies and TV.

INTELLIGENCE AGENT 2

You want us to... tell it to you?

DONALD TRUMP

Yeah. Like TV does.

INTELLIGENCE AGENT 2

Okay... There are two men who we believe to have kidnapped-

DONALD TRUMP

Boring! Do it with voices.

INTELLIGENCE AGENT

Sir, this is a very serious situation.

DONALD TRUMP

Oooh, okay, now it's getting good.  
Now act it out - you be the one guy  
and you be the other.

The other Intelligence Agent starts to stand up as if he's going to act it out when the lead Intelligence Agent stops him.

INTELLIGENCE AGENT

Bottom line is we still know very  
little about who these guys are,  
who they're working for- if anyone,  
or what they want.

DONALD TRUMP

Eh, Hannity does it better. And  
DUH! I know who they are.

INTELLIGENCE AGENT 2

You do?

DONALD TRUMP

Of course! They're Muslims! They're  
working for terrorism and they want  
to destroy America.

An agent enters with the Homeland Security patrolman from earlier.

AGENT

Mr. President, this here is Officer  
Williamson from our Homeland  
Security Road Division. He says he  
had a confrontation with two men  
who fit the description of our  
terrorists two days ago near the  
Nevada border.

DONALD TRUMP

Border! This would've never  
happened if we built the wall that  
Mexico's paying for.

OFFICER WILLIAMSON

Mr. President, it is such an honor  
to meet you, sir.

DONALD TRUMP

I know!

The Intelligence Agent hands a folder to Officer Williamson

AGENT

We've also come across some footage that was taken yesterday morning at CES of what looks to be one of the terrorists making a political statement against America.

Presented on a laptop is footage of PK trying to get the CES banner down from the ceiling by using an American flag pole. Eventually throwing it like a javelin and spearing it down.

AGENT (CONT'D)

Cross referencing the cell phone footage of the terrorists with this video, reports of two men setting off a small gas device on the show floor who match the description of the terrorists, as well as the footage from Officer Williamson's dash cam and it looks like we've got our guys and our motive.

INTELLIGENCE AGENT 2

Can you confirm that these are the two men you had the altercation with?

Officer Williamson looks at stills from the cell phone footage and the laptop.

OFFICER WILLIAMSON

Yes sir, that's them. They kept saying the word "terrorist" over and over again. I tried to take them in but the out-terroristed me and left me to die in the desert.

DONALD TRUMP

I've heard enough! I'm bored! All I know is that there is an ongoing terrorist attack on American soil and that makes me able to do whatever I want. We're going to build the wall, we're going to shut the borders, and I'm going to prove once and for all that Barack Obama is a muslim terrorist who was born in Kenya.

Officer Williamson's eyes are wide in admiration.

OFFICER WILLIAMSON

God bless you sir!

DONALD TRUMP  
Find out who these guys are.

INTELLIGENCE AGENT 2  
I mean... that's what we've been trying to do. If you'd look at the briefing we have a couple of prominent terrorists who have made credible threats in the past six-

DONALD TRUMP  
FIND THEM! FIND THEM! FIND THEM!  
FIND THEM!

INTELLIGENCE AGENT  
I don't know if yelling is going to be the way to solve this.

DONALD TRUMP  
FIND THEM! FIND THEM! FIND THEM!  
FIND THEM!

**WAIT SFX: Phone Ring and Answer**

INTELLIGENCE AGENT 2  
Yes. Patch her through.  
(to Trump)  
Um, sir. We have a woman named Lindsay Cunningham on the line who says that she recognizes the terrorists and is close friends with one of their girlfriends.

Donald Trump is red in the face and out of breath.

DONALD TRUMP  
Yelling always works.

**EXT. VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT**

Qusay and PK make their way down the sidewalk being very careful not to make eye contact with anyone.

QUSAY  
We have to go to him because he's our only hope.

PK  
Criss Angel is the biggest dick in the entire world. I refuse. Besides he might not even remember me.

QUSAY

You went to high school with him,  
right? He must remember you.

PK

Why don't we go find one of your  
enemies from high school.

QUSAY

Well, next time when we're  
fugitives in India we will.

(turns towards PK)

Look, unless some miracle comes out  
of the sky, I don't see how we have  
any other way out of this.

PK's eyes look upward and a smile comes across his face.

QUSAY (CONT'D)

What. Why are you smiling?

PK

Dude, it's you. That guy has your  
face.

Qusay turns around to see a giant billboard for THUNDER FROM  
DOWN UNDER and the lead guy looks EXACTLY like him.

PK (CONT'D)

You're a stripper you hot hunk of  
ass, why didn't you tell me?

QUSAY

Oh my God, I'm a stripper.

PK

Don't you see?

QUSAY

I'm trying really hard not to.

PK

No- mistaken identity! This is your  
fall guy! And I clearly look just  
like that one.

He points to a ridiculously handsome man on the billboard.

QUSAY

Well, I wouldn't say that-

PK

We have doppelgängers! We drop Obama with them and let them take the fall.

QUSAY

I really think we should stick to the Criss Angel plan.

PK

Nope- we're doing this now!

PK takes off towards the Excalibur hotel. Qusay takes one last look at the billboard and touches his own face in disbelief before following after PK.

INT. EXCALIBUR HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

PK is walking briskly with the still sopping wet Qusay in tow. No one is looking in their direction.

QUSAY

I don't want to look a gift horse in the mouth, but no one is looking at us.

PK

It's Vegas, unless you've got tits or dollars on you no one cares.

They make it to the Thunder Showroom.

PK (CONT'D)

Come on. In here.

They duck into the dressing room.

INT. THUNDER FROM DOWN UNDER DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PK walks up to a line of costumes, there's everything from cowboys to trench coats, to army rangers, and a Jason costume. He starts sifting through them.

PK

First things first we gotta change our look. This latex is really starting to wear on me. What do you want, cowboy? Dick Tracy? Giant baby?

He pulls out an adult baby costume.

PK (CONT'D)  
Jesus, is this a popular trend  
right now that I'm not aware of?

QUSAY  
I don't care.

PK  
Just choose one.

QUSAY  
Fine. Cowboy.

PK  
Really? Because I was thinking I'm  
really more of the cowboy between  
us. How about giant baby?

QUSAY  
No! Whatever, give me Dick Tracy.

PK  
Fine.

PK tosses the outfit to Qusay.

INT. TRUMP TOWER VEGAS

Donald Trump is sitting at a table with four bags of  
McDonalds.

DONALD TRUMP  
What do you mean "you lost them?"

AGENT  
They were last seen headed towards  
the Excalibur. We have our people  
scouring the hotel from top to  
bottom.

DONALD TRUMP  
We blow it up.

AGENT  
Sir, there are civilians in there.

Donald Trump starts thrashing in his chair like a 3 year old  
having a tantrum.

DONALD TRUMP  
I'm going to end terrorism!

AGENT

Yes sir.

DONALD TRUMP

And people are going to say Donald Trump is so great! He made terrorism OVER! And we'll have a parade and everyone will come and it will be SO MUCH BIGGER than Obama's parade.

AGENT

I don't think Obama ever had a parade, sir.

DONALD TRUMP

Get me them!

AGENT

We're working on it sir.

DONALD TRUMP

Get me them now! Get me them now!  
Get me them now!

The agents scramble.

AGENT 2

We've got one of them, sir.

DONALD TRUMP

Yelling always works.

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA

Qusay is almost fully changed when a row of feet step in front of him. He slowly looks up to see the cast of Thunder From Down Under standing with their arms crossed in front of them.

TARZAN

What the fuck are you doing back here?

PK ducks back behind the clothes rack and hurries to get Obama into a Jason costume and puts the mask over his face.

TARZAN (CONT'D)

We go on in 5 minutes and we've been looking for you everywhere, Kevin.

Qusay laughs a bit.

QUSAY

Oh, I see what's going on. You see,  
I'm not actually Kevin.

TARZAN

Oh you're not? Well you look like  
Kevin, you're in Kevin's costume.  
So if you're not Kevin, who would  
you say you are?

Qusay looks to PK who nods him on. Qusay sadly resigns  
knowing he can't say the truth.

QUSAY

I guess I'm Kevin.

TARZAN

Let's go.

Tarzan puts his arm around Qusay and drags him away. Qusay  
looks back to PK as one last resigned look for help.

INT. HOLDING ROOM

Kevin the stripper is tied to a chair and being interrogated.  
The agent has Lindsey on facetime.

AGENT

Are you sure this is him? This is  
your friend's roommate?

LINDSAY

It's definitely him.

AGENT

Where is your partner and what have  
you done with President Obama?

KEVIN

I don't know what you're going on  
about. I'm telling you, I'm a  
stripper, mate! Watch!

**SFX: Buttons bursting**

The stripper pulls his shoulders back and his shirt bursts  
open revealing amazing abs. He then thrusts his pelvis and  
grinds on the chair. Lindsay is in awe, aroused.

LINDSAY

Okay... it might not be him. He looks like him, but Qusay is much more... not that. Can I see those abs again?

INT. THUNDER SHOWROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The stage is dark and the showroom is full of women.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies, prepare yourselves, as your about to get hot as we go DOWN UNDER!

**SFX: Candy Shop by 50 Cent and ladies screaming**

The ladies in the crowd start cheering as the curtains part and the lights go up revealing a row of sexy men ready to strip and Qusay.

The men all start doing a choreographed dance that Qusay does his best to follow along with. He's not great at it. The crowd doesn't seem to notice as the ladies go wild. He reluctantly follows the guys as they all strip down to their underwear.

Initially self conscious, Qusay starts to enjoy the attention and lets himself go a little bit, eventually breaking away into his own improvised, weird choreography. The crowd absolutely eats it up. The other guys notice something is a little off, but they see that the crowd is loving it so they let it continue.

**SFX: Ladies Scream**

Qusay busts out a really weird, big move and the crowd erupts!

Two of the dancers pick him up and carry him back stage as the song keeps going.

TARZAN

I don't know what the fuck kinda new stuff you're trying out there, Kevin, but they are loving it.

QUSAY

Thanks, you know, it's something I've been working on.

TARZAN

Okay, time for the finale.

The guys grab the baby costume and bring it over to Qusay.

QUSAY

Oh, this? I don't know-

They put the costume on him, hand him a giant lollipop and push him back out onto the stage.

Qusay is standing in the middle of the stage dressed like a giant baby with a lollipop.

PK pokes his head around to see what's going down on stage.

PK

If this wasn't the worst day of my  
life it would be the best day of my  
life.

Qusay is now very self conscious again. Kevin bursts in from the back - shirtless and with cuffs on with a couple of Agents.

**SFX: Stop music**

KEVIN

See? I told you I'm not him. That's  
the guy you're looking for!

The agents hop on their radios

AGENT

We've got eyes on them.

Qusay runs backstage where PK is waiting for him with Obama. Qusay grabs a tuxedo costume to cover himself up as they run out the side door.

The agents try to make their way through the crowd of screaming ladies who think this is all part of the show and are clawing at the agents, trying to take their clothes off.

INT. BACK STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

They trek down the staircase as Qusay tries to put on the jacket from the tuxedo and they drop Obama who tumbles down a flight of stairs.

**SFX: Tumbling Down Stairs**

QUSAY

Shit!

PK

He's okay! Obamacare, remember?

They rush down and pick him up and exit through the door and find themselves in a back tunnel.

INT. BACK TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

They see a sign that says "Planet Hollywood"

QUSAY

Planet Hollywood! This way!

They hobble off towards Planet Hollywood.

INT. PLANET HOLLYWOOD CASINO - CRISS ANGEL THEATER

Back to carrying Obama between them, they approach the theater where an audience is filing in.

QUSAY

Come on.

PK

No. I'm not going in there. I refuse to support that monster.

QUSAY

How are you supporting him? We didn't buy tickets. Fuck. How are we supposed to get in without tickets?

He sees the security at the front scanning tickets of the people filing into the show.

PK

Aw, too bad. I guess we can't go. What else can we-

PK sees a woman go through an unmarked door.

PK (CONT'D)

Angela?

PK drops his side of Obama and starts walking towards the door.

QUSAY

Where are you going? I can't carry him by myself.

PK catches the door before it closes and walks in. Qusay fireman drags Obama back towards the door, barely catching it before it closes.

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Qusay lugs Obama through and drops him in order to grab PK.

QUSAY  
What are you doing?

PK  
I'm getting my girl back.

QUSAY  
And how are you planning on doing that?

PK  
I haven't thought that far ahead yet!

QUSAY  
Hi Angela, it's me- PK from high school. Why don't you leave this world famous magician and come be with me - a thirty five year old Post Mate who is currently a terrorist on the run for kidnapping the former president of the United States.

PK  
Sure, that's a good start and then I can wing it from there.

QUSAY  
You are delusional.

**SFX: Door Slam**

A door slams behind a curtain.

CRISS ANGEL (O.S.)  
I'm looking for my fingerless gloves!

QUSAY  
Oh shit! Hide.

Qusay and PK grab Obama and drag him into another area behind a curtain.

INT. MAGIC TRICK STORAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

They crouch down and listen to what's going on the other side of the curtain.

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - INTERCUT

Criss Angel walks in and grabs his fingerless gloves off the table.

CRISS ANGEL

Ah, here they are. Now my palms are warm but my fingers wont get sweaty. Very practical.

Qusay is standing by the door but PK is distracted.

PK

Qusay.

QUSAY

Shh!

PK

Qusay, look.

Qusay looks behind him to see that they're in an area full of magic contraptions.

PK (CONT'D)

It's all his tricks.

QUSAY

Yes, I see that.

PK

Finally, I can exact my revenge.

QUSAY

PK, no. What are you talking about?

PK

These are all of his tricks! Don't you see? If he has no tricks then Angela will see what a little bitch he is and leave him and then I can scoop her back.

QUSAY

This is flawed logic.

PK touches a giant box made of glass and a guillotine SLAMS down inside of it.

**SFX: Guillotine Slam**

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Criss hears the noise from the room and stops in his tracks.  
He turns towards his trick room.

INT. MAGIC TRICK STORAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

QUSAY

Shhh! That was so loud!

PK is dismantling the trick.

PK

Look at this, it's a mirrored back.  
I knew this magic stuff was  
bullshit.

QUSAY

Yes, PK. It's magic. It's pretend.  
It's not real.

PK

The world needs to know. Angela  
needs to know.

QUSAY

She's an adult I think she knows  
that magic isn't real.

PK

I'm going to ruin him.

CRISS ANGEL (O.S.)

Hello? Is someone in there?

QUSAY

Oh, shit! He's coming! We have to  
hide! Help me get Obama into this  
giant box thing.

**SFX: Putting Obama into a Box**

They lift Obama into the giant box and close the latch behind  
them just as Criss Angel comes in.

He looks around and sees no one there.

CRISS ANGEL

Hello?

He walks right up to the trick that PK was messing with and examines it. Inside - PK, Qusay, and Obama stand crammed together.

CRISS ANGEL (CONT'D)

Hmmm.

**SFX: Trick Reset**

He pulls a lever and resets the trick and walks out.

QUSAY

What was that?

PK

He reset the trick.

QUSAY

What does that mean.

PK

It means we're stuck in here unless you want that guillotine to come down on our heads.

QUSAY

I just want to go home.

INT. MINDFREAK ARENA - MOMENTS LATER

**SFX: Magic Intro**

The show kicks off and Criss Angel appears on the stage in truly spectacular fashion. The crowd "oohs and ahs" and applauds.

Inside of the box, the tightly packed PK and Qusay listen to the fanfare. PK has his eye pressed against a slit where he can see a little bit.

PK

Ugh. That faker.

QUSAY

I know where this is going and I hate it.

**SFX: Magic Trick 1**

Criss Angel, wearing a straight jacket, hangs from the ceiling by his feet and twirls around. In a flash of light the straight jacket is gone. The crowd goes insane.

Another flash of light and Criss is gone, reappearing moments later on a platform on the opposite side of the stage.

                  CRISS ANGEL  
                   And now, please welcome my  
                   wonderful assistant Angela!

**SFX: Magic Trick 2**

A motor cycle is brought onto the stage and then lowered into a machine that crushes it into a cube. From the cube emerges Angela.

PK and Qusay's box starts moving.

                  QUSAY  
                   (whispering)  
                   Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit!

                  PK  
                   Good. Bring me to her.

Criss points to a giant satin sheet that Angela is holding up. He rips it away to reveal the guillotine contraption that Qusay, PK and Obama are trapped inside. Angela displays the contraption and walks around behind it. She opens the back of it to reveal the guys. Qusay and Obama fall out the back onto the floor.

                  ANGELA  
                   What the fuck?

                  PK  
                   Good to see you, Angela. You look  
                   beautiful as ever.

Criss continues on with the fanfare, oblivious to what's going on behind the scenes.

PK helps Angela up into the contraption.

                  PK (CONT'D)  
                   Come on.

Angela steps into the trick.

                  PK (CONT'D)  
                   (whispers)  
                   Don't worry. It's not real. It'll  
                   be okay.

Her head pops through the slot where the guillotine is.

**SFX: Guillotine Smash**

Criss pulls a lever and the guillotine comes down only this time the mirrored back shatters with it revealing PK standing in all his glory.

PK (CONT'D)  
Bullshit!

The audience goes silent. Criss looks at PK. Initially surprised, his eyes narrow in determination.

PK (CONT'D)  
You see, ladies and gentlemen. This man here- one Mr. Criss Angel, if that IS your real name, is none other than a LIAR and a FRAU-

**SFX: Flash Bang**

Criss throws down a flash bang and a flame erupts from the ground as the floor drops away from underneath the contraption that PK was standing on. Qusay and Obama fall down into the floor as well.

As the flash fades away, the audience sees that PK and the contraption have disappeared and erupt into thunderous applause.

**SFX: Crowd Cheers**

INT. BENEATH THE STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Qusay and Obama land safely on a cushioned mat where as PK lands hard on the contraption.

**WAIT SFX: Landing**

PK  
What the fuck!

QUSAY  
That was one of my better falls for today.

PK  
I got the wind knocked out of me.

ANGELA  
And yet you're still talking.

Angela is standing over them.

PK  
Angela.

CRISS ANGEL (O.S.)  
It's good to see you PK.

Criss appears behind them.

                  PK  
Holy shit!

                  QUSAY  
It is?

                  CRISS ANGEL  
Yeah. When I saw that video on the  
news I figured I'd be seeing you  
sooner or later. I'll be right  
back.

**SFX: Criss Trick 1**

Criss springs up through a trap door in the stage. We hear audience applause and then he drops back down through a different trap door on the other side. More audience applause.

                  CRISS ANGEL (CONT'D)  
You've really gotten yourself into  
quite the mess, though. I must say.

                  QUSAY  
You don't think we're terrorists?

                  CRISS ANGEL  
Please, I'm in the business of  
things that don't look as they  
seem.

**SFX: Criss Trick 2**

Criss shoots back up through the stage. Fire shoots out of cannons and he pops back down through another trap door with a knife in his mouth.

                  QUSAY  
We need your help.

                  CRISS ANGEL  
Of course. Anything I can do for an  
old friend.

PK grits his teeth. Criss lies down on a platform and Angela straps his arms and legs into it.

                  PK  
We're not friends!

                  QUSAY  
Old friend?

CRISS ANGEL

This guy changed my life. My whole life everyone told me my magic was great. But not PK. It was because of him that I strived to get better and was able to become the best magician in the world.

PK

David Blaine is the best magician in the world.

CRISS ANGEL

See? That's the stuff I'm talking about. Thank you PK. You've got a real ability to call it as you see it.

**WAIT SFX: Criss Trick 3**

Qusay and PK look at the trap door above them and await his return.

ANGELA

This is a bit of a longer trick.

**WAIT SFX: Criss Trick 3 Continued**

Criss pops down through the trap door.

QUSAY

We need to find a way out of here.

CRISS ANGEL

Well if you're looking to disappear, you've come to the right guy. One thing I've got to know. Is that...?

He lifts up the mask on Obama's face.

CRISS ANGEL (CONT'D)

Holy crap, it really is Barack Obama.

PK

We can explain.

CRISS ANGEL

No need. I've been in Vegas for over a decade. I've seen my fair share of world leaders who've partied too hard.

**SFX: Smoke Bomb**

Criss throws down a smoke bomb and disappears. Criss walks in through a side door.

                  CRISS ANGEL (CONT'D)  
                  Sorry, force of habit. Follow me.

The guys follow Criss down a side stairwell as he explains.

                  CRISS ANGEL (CONT'D)  
                  The final trick of the show I  
                  disappear from the stage and  
                  reappear in the rafters above the  
                  crowd.

                  QUSAY  
                  Okay, what does that have to do  
                  with us escaping.

                  CRISS ANGEL  
                  Nothing. It's just a really great  
                  trick, I'm sorry you wont get to  
                  see it. This place is teeming with  
                  cameras, the hotels, the streets,  
                  the theaters. Nowhere is safe for  
                  you. Except...

**WAIT SFX: Cellar Door**

Criss Angel opens a cellar door in the floor.

                  CRISS ANGEL (CONT'D)  
                  Below.

                  QUSAY  
                  What's down there?

                  CRISS ANGEL  
                  The only place in Vegas that isn't  
                  monitored. The flood tunnels. Head  
                  down there and wait for me. I'll  
                  meet up with you after the show.

                  QUSAY  
                  Thank you!

Qusay and PK carry Obama down into the flood tunnels. Criss Angel closes the cellar door.

INT. DANIA'S HOUSE

Dania is watching the news. Peter is next to her chewing on some knitting needles which seem to have knitted the very impressive makings of a sweater.

TV NEWS ANCHOR

We just received confirmation on the identity of the terrorists as Qusay Kamarzahi and PK Miller of Los Angeles, California.

Pictures of Qusay holding a potbelly big and smiling and PK hitting a vape pen pop up on the screen.

TV NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Here to speak with us is an acquaintance of the terrorists Lindsey Stiller. Lindsay, what can you tell us about these two radicalized terrorists.

LINDSAY

Well, they've always been pieces of shit but when I saw their faces on TV it really put everything into perspective for me.

Dania's eyes go wide.

DANIA

Fucking Lindsay!

Dania goes to call Qusay but it goes right to voicemail.

DANIA (CONT'D)

Fuck! Qusay. It's me. They know who you are. I'm sorry. I... I wish I could tell you what to do here, but... good luck. I love you.

She hangs up and chews her fingernails.

DANIA (CONT'D)

Fuck it. PETER! ROLL OUT!

**SFX: Peter Bark**

She grabs her keys and heads to the door. Peter BARKS and hops off the couch carrying his knitting.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS

Qusay's cell phone says 'No signal' as he uses it as a flashlight. It's quiet save for the dripping of pipes. Qusay delicately steps down into what feels like six inches of water.

QUSAY  
Ugh, gross!

PK  
Don't be such a baby.

PK steps down into the water.

PK (CONT'D)  
Ah! It's so gross and wet!

QUSAY  
Shh! Calm down. Where do we go?

PK  
I don't know.

QUSAY  
Can you see anything?

He shines the flashlight right in PK's eyes.

PK  
Not if you keep pointing that thing  
into my eyes.

He slaps the phone and it falls into the water.

QUSAY  
Fuck, PK!

Qusay drops to the ground and starts fishing for his phone.

QUSAY (CONT'D)  
Ugh... I think I found it.

He pulls his arm up and there's something strung over his hand.

QUSAY (CONT'D)  
Ah! What's that?

PK  
It looks like human hair!

QUSAY  
Ah!!!

As Qusay screams and shakes his arm to get the hair off, the light off his cellphone illuminates a face behind them.

PK

Ahhh!

Qusay turns to see what PK is screaming about and they come face to face with a skinny, pale figure with long stringy hair. A crooked, almost evil smile reveals horrible teeth!

The two scream and take off running away from the figure down the tunnel.

QUSAY

What the fuck is that thing?

PK

I don't know but I'm not turning around to find out!

**SFX: TRIP AND SPLASH**

They trip and Obama falls into the water. The figure is making it's way towards them. They struggle for a moment to try to pick Obama back up.

PK (CONT'D)

Leave him!

QUSAY

We can't leave him! He's the former president!

PK

Leave him or we all die.

Qusay realizes this is true, he looks down at Obama.

QUSAY

I'm sorry Obama.

PK and Qusay scramble forward, looking back over their shoulder at the figure who stops at Obama and looks at him. The two are distracted and bump directly into a giant chest.

**SFX: Thud**

They stop for a moment and look up at the towering figure in front of them who knocks them out with a swift swing of it's arm.

**SFX: Knock out**

INT. TUNNELS - LATER

Qusay rolls his head back and opens his eyes to find that he and PK have been tied to a chair. In front of them are a group of masked men holding guns. PK starts to come to.

PK  
What the fuuuuuuccckkk.

QUSAY  
Now's maybe not the time for that.

PK  
My head is fucking wrecked!  
(opens his eyes)  
Oh shit.

TERRORIST LEADER  
You have five seconds to start talking.

PK  
I'll do it in less than that. Who the fuck are you guys?

TERRORIST LEADER  
No, not talking about us. Who the fuck are you?

PK  
I'm PK and this is Qusay-

QUSAY  
What are you doing?

PK  
I'm being polite, it's called manners. Our lovely captors here have gone through all of this trouble to tie us up in this beautiful underground tunnel- love what you've done with the place, by the way - the lamps are a nice touch.

**WAIT SFX: Pistol Whip**

A terrorist pistol whips PK across the face.

TERRORIST LEADER  
We know your names. Everyone knows your names, it's all over the news. I want to know who are you working for.

**WAIT SFX: Gun Cock**

A gun is cocked in Qusay's face.

QUSAY

I worked for Microsoft for a bit but lately I've really been more freelancing, and I'm currently in between projects-

TERRORIST LEADER

Shut up! Which group are you with?

QUSAY

I'm not... we're not with a group. I'm confused. Who are you?

TERRORIST LEADER

We are the members of Al Saddaff-

CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK - OBAMA AT THE CASINO**

We see that the dealer at Obama's table is keeping his eye on Obama, watching him laugh. The dealer nods to someone across the room who nods back and continues walking.

TERRORIST LEADER (V.O.)

We've been living and in Las Vegas as a sleeper cell for two years, plotting and waiting for President Obama to come for Adult Con so we could kidnap him and further divide your already divided nation. But then you two came along and grabbed him first. He never made it to the conference...

The flashback continues:

**INT. CONFERENCE HALL - NIGHT**

A group of confused would-be terrorists look at each other unsure of what to do as wait patiently amongst each other in front of a vacant stage.

EMCEE

Ladies and gentlemen of Adult Con we regret to inform you that the keynote speech by Barack Obama has been cancelled until further notice.

The attendees very calmly start to gather their things.

ADULT CON ATTENDEE 1

I'm okay with this because I handle disappointment very well.

ADULT CON ATTENDEE 2

Early to bed for me, I guess!

ADULT CON ATTENDEE 3

(picking their cup off the ground)

I'm picking up after myself.

TERRORIST LEADER (V.O.)

And therefore we were never able to take him.

END FLASHBACK

TERRORIST LEADER

So I'm going to ask you this again. Who are you working for?

PK

We didn't kidnap him! We just partied with him and then he took a hit from my vape and nic'd out.

TERRORIST LEADER

Nic'd out?

TERRORIST 1

It's slang for what happens when you pass out from too much nicotine. You must have a really strong pull.

PK

That I do.

TERRORIST LEADER

You're telling me that you aren't with a terrorist organization?

QUSAY

I went to UC Berkeley for a semester but I hardly think that counts.

TERRORIST LEADER

Enough! Where is Obama.

PK

What do you mean? Don't you have him?

TERRORIST LEADER

No...

QUSAY

We dropped him in the tunnel when we were running from that monster.

TERRORIST LEADER

What monster?

PK

You didn't see the monster?

TERRORIST 1

Monster?

QUSAY

Yeah! With the stringy hair and the clicking noises...

TERRORIST 1

Hey, you never said there were going to be monsters.

TERRORIST LEADER

There aren't any monsters! They're trying to use psychological tactics on us to let them go free! Now, I'm only going to ask this one more time...

**WAIT SFX: Gun Cock 2**

He cocks his gun and points it in Qusay's face.

**SFX: Growling Sound**

A GROWLING SOUND echoes from down the tunnel. The terrorists shift their guns down towards the direction it came from.

TERRORIST 1

The fuck was that?

**SFX: Growling Sound 2**

The GROWLING SOUND comes from the other direction and they spin the other way. The terrorist leader unloads a clip of his gun down the dark tunnel.

TERRORIST LEADER

There. Happy? Now whatever it is,  
is dead! Now-

**SFX: Growling Sound 3**

TERRORIST 1

You pissed off the monster!

TERRORIST LEADER

Come on, let's get out of here,  
they don't have Obama anyway.

QUSAY

Wait! Take us!

PK

Please don't leave us to die!

TERRORIST LEADER

Good luck.

**SFX: Growling Intensifies**

The growling intensifies and the terrorist leader and terrorists escape up a ladder and out of a manhole cover.

Left alone, the growling gets louder as PK and Qusay struggle with their ropes.

PK

I've got an idea.

QUSAY

Enough of your ideas! Enough of all  
your ideas! You want to go out in  
Vegas instead of reworking our  
product, we go out in Vegas, you  
want to party with Obama, we party  
with Obama! Why do I ever listen to  
you? My life is nothing. My life is  
absolutely nothing. I'm going to  
die in a SEWER because of you and  
what do I have to show for it?  
Failure after failure.

PK

You're putting this all on me?

QUSAY

Yeah, I am!

PK

What about you, huh? Am I responsible for your life? No. You can't ever make a damn decision? You're the most fearful person I've ever met. You're so smart but instead of DOING anything with it, you just choose to quit everything. Berkeley, you quit. That sleep deprivation study- you quit!

QUSAY

I was tired!

PK

That's the point of a sleep deprivation study! They study you when you're deprived of sleep! And now you're going to quit this, just when it matters most.

QUSAY

You're right. I quit! I quit this friendship. I quit you.

PK

Gasp. There's a shock. Well, get ready to quit life because we're about to die.

The growling gets louder as out of the shadows comes the thin figure.

QUSAY

My one regret is that I'm going to die here tied to you.

PK

I can list a couple more for you if you'd like.

From the other side, another figure starts to emerge into the light and the growling noise stops.

**SFX: Stop Growling**

The Thin Figure leans in as Qusay and PK brace for the end.

CRISS ANGEL (O.S.)

Jesus, you two look terrible.

Qusay and PK open their eyes in confusion. Criss Angel emerges into the light.

QUSAY

Criss!

PK

We look terrible? This guy looks like gaunt and jaundice had a baby.

THIN FIGURE

We don't have mirrors down here.

CRISS ANGEL

Yes, I see you've met my friend The Thin Figure.

(calling out)

It's safe! Come on out!

A bunch of wiry and malnourished looking figures come out of the shadows as the thin figured man unties Qusay and PK.

THIN FIGURE

It's okay. Do not be afraid.

PK

I'm not afraid.

THIN FIGURE

I was talking to them.

QUSAY

Who are these people?

THIN FIGURE

We are the ones who live in the tunnels.

PK

Mole people?

THIN FIGURE

No. Not mole people. We've survived in these here flood tunnels for years. Living mostly off of scavenged food and discarded buffet scraps.

QUSAY

What happens when it floods?

THIN FIGURE

A lot of us die, mostly. We don't like to talk about it.

QUSAY

I see.

CRISS ANGEL

I've learned a lot from the wisdom of the tunnel people over the years. They've helped me develop my mind along with my mysticism.

THIN FIGURE

I came to warn you of the intruders who were intending to do harm but you ran before I could communicate. We have your friend. He is unharmed.

A couple Mole People carry forward Obama on a mattress.

PK

Obama!

QUSAY

Oh, thank God!

THIN FIGURE

Why, may I ask, do you carry this friend for so far?

QUSAY

You don't know who that is?

THIN FIGURE

No.

PK

That's President Barack Obama.

The Thin Figure shows no recognition.

PK (CONT'D)

Of the United States.

THIN FIGURE

I'm afraid the rules and world of the above ground do not make their way down here. We rule from love and abundance rather than from want and greed.

PK

(whispers)  
Preachy much?

CRISS ANGEL  
See what I mean about the wisdom?

                  PK  
No.

                  QUSAY  
We're so fucked. Our identities are  
out there. Everyone knows who we  
are and thinks that we're  
terrorists. Even if we get out of  
Vegas alive our lives are ruined.

                  PK  
And the only person who can clear  
our names is fully knocked out.

                  THIN FIGURE  
Would you like for him not to be?

                  PK  
...yes?

The thin figure clicks his tongue three times and the other  
tunnel people start to respond with their tongues clicking in  
unison.

                  THIN FIGURE  
Many times we find the unconscious  
drifting through the tunnels. We  
have developed rituals and healings  
that can bring them back from the  
states of incapacitation.

The tunnel people surround Obama and start to sway back and  
forth. One pulls out a vile and puts a drop on his hands and  
starts to rub them together.

**SFX: Tribal hum**

                  TUNNEL PEOPLE  
Ahhhhhhmmmmmmmmmm

                  QUSAY  
What's going on?

                  CRISS ANGEL  
Shhh!

                  TUNNEL PEOPLE  
Oooowwwwwnnnnnn

## THIN FIGURE

Years ago, our ancestors discovered a magical potion that when breathed would bring clarity and focus.

## TUNNEL PEOPLE

EEEEYYYYYAAAAAHHHHHHHHH. Ahhhhhh-  
mooaaannnnnnnnnn-  
eeeeeyyaahhhh...

They continue chanting. The tunnel person puts his hands in front of Obama's face.

## QUSAY

Ammonia? Are they saying Ammonia?

## THIN FIGURE

Yes. That is the inscription on the sacred potion bottle.

A tunnel person holds up a battle that says "Ammonia"

## TUNNEL PEOPLE

Ahhhhhmooaaannnnneeeeyyaaahhhhhh

Obama's eyes slowly start to flicker and eventually open. He starts coughing.

**SFX: Stop Tribal Hum**

## OBAMA

Holy shit!

## QUSAY

Obama!

## PK

It's a miracle!

Obama looks around and takes in his surroundings.

## OBAMA

How long was I out? Am I in New Jersey?

## INT. TRUMP TOWER VEGAS

Trump is staring at a giant screen on the wall projecting a map of the Las Vegas strip with his intelligence committee surrounding him.

INTELLIGENCE AGENT 2  
After the Thunder From Down Under  
escape they were spotted at Criss  
Angel's Mindfreak, which, as I  
understand, is a show not to be  
missed-

DONALD TRUMP  
Pass!

INTELLIGENCE AGENT 2  
But they haven't resurfaced in over  
an hour.

DONALD TRUMP  
This is just the kind of thing that  
I won't tolerate! People are  
laughing at me! Was that a laugh?

He points to one of the agents who was in no way laughing.

DONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)  
How are we looking on that border  
wall?

Confused, the agents look at each other.

INTELLIGENCE AGENT  
Um... well, we've been kind of  
focused pretty heavily on this,  
sir.

DONALD TRUMP  
Ugh! Why does everyone care about  
Obama all of a sudden? He's all  
over the news! Obama *this* and Obama  
*that*, and Obama's been kidnapped by  
terrorist. What about me? I'm the  
president now, not him.

INTELLIGENCE AGENT 2  
Are you... jealous that the news  
isn't talking about you right now?

DONALD TRUMP  
I'm not jealous! Literally no one  
has ever said that about me ever.  
Fake news! I'm just seeing that  
people are talking and saying nice  
things about Obama and INSTEAD want  
them to be saying things about ME!  
Explain to me how that sounds  
jealous?

The agents exchange looks but stay quiet.

DONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)  
Why are you all so quiet? I'm not  
paying you people...

INTELLIGENCE AGENT 2  
(attempting to finish the  
sentence)  
To stay quiet?

DONALD TRUMP  
Sure. Give me IDEAS!... IDEAS!  
IDEAS! IDEAS! IDEAS!

INTELLIGENCE AGENT  
What if you were the one to take  
down the terrorists personally?

Donald Trump stops screaming, he turns waiting for more.

INTELLIGENCE AGENT (CONT'D)  
Then everyone would think that  
you're a hero. And the news would  
all be talking about how great you  
are- hell, even the democrats would  
love you.

DONALD TRUMP  
Yelling always works.

INT. FLOOD TUNNELS - LATER

PK, Qusay, Criss Angel, Angela, and Obama sit around a table  
with a map laid out in front of them.

OBAMA  
Okay, what are we facing here?

QUSAY  
The entire FBI and secret service  
are combing through the entire  
strip looking for us because they  
think that we're terrorists who  
kidnapped you.

OBAMA  
Oof. That's tough.

QUSAY

So we were thinking that you could just go up there, tell everyone you're okay, that this was all a big misunderstanding and how you got knocked out after partying all night with us.

PK

And really emphasize the partying all night with us, if you could. There are some people back home that got a photo with Drake that I want to one up.

OBAMA

Yeah, I can't do that?

QUSAY

What?

PK

What?

OBAMA

Look guys, what happened last night I take complete responsibility for. Here. However, out there- I'm still the former president of the United States and arguably the last remaining sensible figurehead of our country. If people were to find out what we did, it could tear the country apart and set us back decades.

They can't argue with this.

QUSAY

So, what can we do?

OBAMA

I'm afraid you guys might have to take the fall for this one.

This hits hard.

QUSAY

Okay. Okay, I'll do it.

PK

What?

QUSAY

I'll take the fall.

PK

What are you talking about?

QUSAY

You're right, PK. I've quit everything I've ever started in my entire life. I've amounted to nothing and it's entirely my fault. I don't want to be that anymore. I want to be someone who stands for something, even if everyone in the world thinks I'm a terrorist and no one knows what really happened here tonight. I'll know. And you'll know. And President Obama will know. And Criss Angel will know. And... I'm sorry I didn't get your name.

ANGELA

Angela.

QUSAY

And Angela will know. And that's enough.

PK

No. I'll do it. Angela, I love you. I've always loved you. And if you want to be with this two-bit magician instead of me then I can't stop you. So I'll sacrifice myself for the good of the country and die a hero in your eyes.

ANGELA

Aw, PK...

PK

Yes?

ANGELA

You never needed me. Your talents have been in you all along.

PK

They have?

Angela looks deep into PK's eyes.

ANGELA

Mhmmm...

QUSAY

So, if he's going do I not need to?

PK

You just said you were done quitting.

QUSAY

I'm not quitting! I'm just asking a clarifying question!

CRISS ANGEL

You guys... I think I have a way to get everyone out of this alive...

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Qusay climbs out of a manhole and helps PK and Obama up. Criss Angel pokes his had out

CRISS ANGEL

Remember the plan and don't worry... Vegas has your back.

He pushes a button and the manhole cover slides right back into place.

PK

That's vague. What do you think that means?

QUSAY

I think it's more of a metaphor than anything. Now, how can we find a way to get to the convention center without being seen?

They look around, PK spots something.

PK

Hey! Look!

A bunch of Homeland Security cars are parked in the parking lot.

PK (CONT'D)

We can take one of these.

QUSAY

How, may I ask, do you suggest we do that?

OBAMA  
I've got this.

Obama takes out a key and slides it into the car door. He turns it and the car opens.

QUSAY  
You have a key to the homeland security car?

OBAMA  
It's an America Master key. Every president gets one. I made a duplicate before I gave mine back.

QUSAY  
That's a master key?

OBAMA  
Yup.

QUSAY  
And it opens literally everything in America?

OBAMA  
And parts of Iraq now too. Get in.

The guys get in the car.

INT. HIGH STAKES ROOM

Angela walks by one of the dealers that we saw earlier as one of the terrorists.

ANGELA  
I hear they just found Obama at the convention center.

The dealer overhears this and takes out his phone and sends a text message.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP

**SFX: Phone Buzz**

The Terrorist Leader gets a buzz on his phone.

TERRORIST LEADER  
Convention center. Let's go!

The team of terrorists move out.

INT. TRUMP TOWER VEGAS

Donald Trump is getting fitted with a bullet proof vest.

The intelligence Agent spins around in their chair.

INTELLIGENCE AGENT

We've got eyes on them.

DONALD TRUMP

I'm ready.

He grabs a machine gun.

**SFX: Gun Loading**

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP

Obama drives fast down the strip towards the convention center.

**SFX: Fast Driving**

OBAMA

Oh man, this feels good. I haven't driven myself in a long time.

QUSAY

There it is!

OBAMA

Okay, just one donut, before we go.

**SFX: Donuts**

Obama grabs the emergency brake and pulls it up, the car starts spinning donuts in front of the hotel.

Qusay is terrified, PK is elated.

INT. DANIA'S CAR - NIGHT

Dania is driving furiously, listening to the radio.

NPR HOST

We're getting word now that the terrorists are now doing donuts in a car with the president in front of the CES conference at the Las Vegas Convention Center.

(MORE)

NPR HOST (CONT'D)

Now not only are they threatening  
President Obama, but the  
environment as well. This is NPR.

Dania looks determined as she speeds past a sign that says  
LAS VEGAS 15 MILES.

EXT. LAS VEGAS CONVENTION CENTER

**SFX: Spin and Crash**

Obama's car continues to donut and spins out before slamming  
into the entry way.

INT. LAS VEGAS CONVENTION CENTER - LOBBY

PK, Qusay and Obama climb out of the car and brush themselves  
off.

QUSAY

I hated that. You ready for this?

PK

No.

QUSAY

Me either.

They hold hands and brace themselves. The terrorists run in  
through the front door and look around.

QUSAY (CONT'D)

Hey!

The Terrorist Leader spins to look at them.

TERRORIST LEADER

You!

QUSAY

(gesturing to Obama)  
Looking for him?

OBAMA

Na, na, na, boo, boo. Stick your  
head in doo-doo.

TERRORIST LEADER

Give him to us.

PK

You have to give us something we want first.

TERRORIST LEADER

No.

PK

Don't you want to at least know what we want?

TERRORIST LEADER

Not really. We have guns. Give us Obama.

PK

Well, too bad. Because what we wanted was time. And you gave it to us anyway.

**SFX: Swat Rush**

The doors behind the terrorists fly open as FBI and Secret Service Agents swarm the building. Qusay pulls out one of Criss Angel's flashbangs and holds it up - tauntingly.

QUSAY

See you in a flash.

**SFX: Metal Clang**

He throws the flashbang down and it lands in between the FBI agents and the terrorists. It doesn't go off but instead spins on the floor doing nothing.

The FBI agents take aim towards Qusay and PK. The terrorists have an amused look on their face.

QUSAY (CONT'D)

Dammit. And I had that cool line and everything.

Qusay and PK put their hands up. It's the end of the road for them.

CRISS ANGEL (O.S.)

Not so fast.

Everyone looks to see Criss Angel in a straight jacket standing on top of a kiosk.

CRISS ANGEL (CONT'D)

I told you... Vegas has your back. Assemble!

Emerging from every nook and cranny of the lobby forms an army of Vegas performers and personalities- stepping into a lined formation in front of Qusay, PK and Obama.

- Elvises readying their hair and sideburns
- Caesars Palace Centurions standing at attention with their spears
- Showgirls with their feathered hats
- The Thunder From Down Under dancers tear off their snap pants
- Pirates from treasure island sharpen their swords
- A lion from MGM lets out a roar

**SFX: Lion Roar**

The terrorists and FBI agents can't believe what's in front of them.

CRISS ANGEL (CONT'D)  
Vegas! Attack!

**SFX: Vegas Attack**

The vegas cavalcade unleashes upon the terrorists and FBI agents. The fight ensues.

The centurions lock spears with the riot shields of the FBI agents.

The dancers line up and can-can kick a terrorist repeatedly in the face.

A pirate swings on a rope bowling into a group of FBI agents.

The lion eats a terrorist whole.

Criss nods to Qusay, PK and Obama to make a break for it and they sneak off towards the show floor.

**SFX: Fade Vegas Attack**

EXT. LAS VEGAS CONVENTION CENTER

An Escalade pulls up and Donald Trump hops out and runs into the lobby.

DONALD TRUMP  
Mine! Mine! Mine! Mine! Mine!

INT. LAS VEGAS CONVENTION CENTER LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Donald Trump arrives on the scene and surveys the agents exchanging shots with the terrorists. He sees Qusay, PK and Obama run into the showroom. He runs after them (as best as he can).

INT. CES SHOW FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Qusay, PK, and Obama scan the floor. It's totally vacant.

PK

Where is everyone?

QUSAY

The keynote speech is happening- everyone is in the north hall.

OBAMA

Is that being broadcasted?

QUSAY

Technically, it's being live-streamed which is a more vastly and globally available form of-

OBAMA

If we can make it to that stage, I think we can get ahead of this story and craft our own narrative.

PK

What are you saying?

OBAMA

If you get me there, you guys might not have to take the fall for anything. I must say, it's been a pleasure partying with you boys this weekend.

QUSAY

The pleasure was all ours. You are and always will be my favorite president.

DONALD TRUMP (O.S.)

Oh really?

Everyone spins around to see Donald Trump standing behind them.

QUSAY

Run!

DONALD TRUMP

I already have been! It's terrible!

Qusay, PK and Obama take off running. They duck into to a covered dome.

DONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)

Stop! I'm President and what I say goes!

He chases after them.

INT. HOLODECK - CONTINUOUS

The guys look around.

QUSAY

We're trapped.

PK

Looking back this might not have been the best move.

Donald Trump bursts in.

DONALD TRUMP

Aha! Once again, I ran and I won.  
NO COLLUSION!

QUSAY

Wait a minute, I think we're in the holodeck..

Qusay goes over to a keypad and starts typing into it.

**SFX: Keyboard Typing**

DONALD TRUMP

You just couldn't stay away, could you? You just had to come back and steal all of the attention.

**SFX: Holodeck Powers On**

The holodeck starts to come to life projecting twenty Obamas that surround Donald Trump.

DONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)

Oh no! It's the nightmare again!

EXT. LAS VEGAS CONVENTION CENTER - SIMULTANEOUS

**SFX: Car Pulling Up and Tricycle**

Dania pulls up to the building and hops out of the car and runs into the convention center with Peter on his tricycle in tow.

INT. HOLODECK - CONTINUOUS

Donald Trump twirls around, trying to figure out which Obama is the real one. As Obama speaks, all the projections speak.

OBAMA

Donald, that's not what this was about-

DONALD TRUMP

SHUT UP! I know how to use this!

He gestures to the gun.

OBAMA

Come on, Donald. Let's handle this like adults.

DONALD TRUMP

Like Adults? I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE MEANING OF THE WORD!

**WAIT SFX: Gun Shot**

He shoots at one of the Obamas and the bullet passes through the hologram, narrowly missing PK and Qusay.

DONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)

I meant to do that! I've got a lot of bullets, Obama. The most bullets! More than you've got yours.

INT. CES SHOW FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Dania enters the room and hears Trump's screams from inside the holodeck. She runs over.

INT. HOLODECK - CONTINUOUS

PK fumbles with his USV and his pod pack.

QUSAY

What are you doing?

PK

Look, we're trapped in an enclosed space with Donald Trump and he has a gun. The odds of us getting out of this are slim to none. I'm going out high as a kite.

QUSAY

Fubar?

PK

I knew you'd want a hit when the time came.

QUSAY

Give that to me.

Qusay grabs the USV from PK.

PK

Wait!

**SFX: Dog Distraction and Gun Shot**

Darting behind Trump is Peter the dog on his tricycle. Startled by the noise Trump jumps around and shoots another hologram Obama.

DONALD TRUMP

The fuck was that?

**SFX: Dog Distraction 2**

Peter darts by behind Trump again. Trump jumps around, distracted by the dog. Peter starts pedaling around Donald, spinning him into a tizzy. Trump starts to open fire on the dog, missing wildly but breaking the holodeck in the process.

**SFX: Gun Shots and Holodeck Breaking**

DONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)

Who are you? What are you trying to say? Do you think you're better than me?!

**SFX: Dog Distraction 3**

Peter rides off to safety, leaving an out of breath and turned around Donald Trump.

OBAMA

Donald, look what you've become. You're a yelling child.

Trump spins around and looks at Obama. He raises the gun and points it at him.

DONALD TRUMP  
Yelling always works.

He raises the gun to Obama - the real one. Qusay, takes a big deep breath and holds it as he jams the USV into the USB port on the holodeck control panel.

**SFX: Fried USV**

It immediately starts to smoke, the DMT vapor starts to swirl around the room, right up to Donald Trump's face.

DONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)  
AAAAAAHHHHH!!!!

TRUMP POV: Obama's face suddenly becomes infinite and blends into the aether.

Donald Trump is starting to trip balls. His scream turns from one of anger into an expression of amazement and understanding.

He lowers his gun and walks calmly up to the real Obama. He reaches out his hand and places it on Obama's heart.

DONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)  
I am you. You are me. We are the same.

Tears of understanding, peace, love, and joy start to stream down Donald's face. He collapses into Obama's arms and starts to sob, releasing years of anguish. Obama holds Trump, comforting him.

EXT. HOLODECK - MOMENTS LATER

PK, Qusay, Obama and Trump emerge from the holodeck. Dania runs up to Qusay.

QUSAY  
(choked)  
Dania! I saved the president-  
former president. I've learned so  
much today. About who I am, and who  
I want to be. I want to be with  
you. Will you marry me?

DANIA  
Oh, Qusay... No.

QUSAY

What?

DANIA

Yeah, no. That's not what I needed from you. We're in no place to get married. Maybe after a couple of years of saving or something. I just wanted to hear you say that you love me.

QUSAY

I do! I love you. You're an infinite being and I have nothing but love for the limitless goodness that you are.

DANIA

What?

QUSAY

You know, I even though I held my breath I think some of that DMT got to me.

PK

You're welcome.

An FBI agent runs in and sees Obama and Trump.

FBI AGENT

They're in here!

Obama gives a nod to Qusay, PK, and Dania who nod back and run off.

A bunch of agents swarm in around Obama.

FBI AGENT (CONT'D)

Mr. President, you're safe now. The terrorists have all been disposed of.

TRUMP

I'm President.

OBAMA

Yes you are. Boys, you've done a fantastic job.

Trump suddenly stands up straight, eyes clear and open wide.

TRUMP

I'm gonna fix the world! I see it  
now!

Trump takes off running, bursting out the doors of the convention hall.

INT. CES CONVENTION HALL - MOMENTS LATER

A lit podium is on stage in front of a packed hall of CES attendees.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and Gentlemen, Elon Musk.

**SFX: Elon Takes Stage**

Elon Musk approaches the podium to thunderous applause. Just as he reaches the podium and is about to speak, Donald Trump bursts onto the stage. The crowd hushes in shock.

TRUMP

Elon, may I?

ELON MUSK

Sure...

TRUMP

My fellow citizens of Earth. I see everything so clearly now. We don't need to make America great again. We need to make the whole world great again! And the only way we can do that is if we use our unique perspectives and strengths and band together. We don't need to build a wall from Mexico, we need to build a *bridge* to Mexico! And we're going to pay for it! Innovation! Creation! Harmony! It's all here. Can you feel it? It's in all of us! And we should all be helping each other out. You're all special and I love you all!

The crowd is silent for a minute before erupting into **thunderous applause**. Emotitron puts its hand over its heart, deeply moved.

CROWD

TRUMP! TRUMP! TRUMP!

Trump basks in the adoration and glow of universal love.

EXT. MONTE CARLO ROOFTOP - LATER

Qusay, PK, and Dania wait on top of the roof.

QUSAY

I don't think he's coming.

PK

Of course he's coming. He said he'd come, he'll be here.

QUSAY

I'm just wanting to get back home and start a life. Get a stable job. Buy a car.

PK

Good news there: you already technically own a red mustang.

QUSAY

I what?!

**SFX: Helicopter**

A helicopter rises above the building and lands on the rooftop. Obama steps out.

OBAMA

Didn't think I'd forget about you two, did you? I want to thank you both and apologize for what happened. We had a crazy night and I learned not to hit a vape so hard I blackout. You have quite a strong pull. So as a way of saying Thank You - I've had you both killed.

Qusay and PK's eyes go wide.

OBAMA (CONT'D)

And reborn again.

He hands them both passports.

OBAMA (CONT'D)

Your new identities since the old PK and Qusay were terrorists that got killed.

They open their passports.

QUSAY

I'm a neuroscientist!

PK

And I'm an antique car salesman!

OBAMA

Oh, and boys- remember...

QUSAY

We know. You can't quit when things get rough.

PK

We've got to be adults and stop running from responsibilities.

QUSAY

And just because we're getting older, doesn't mean we're maturing. We've got to do that ourselves. Whether that's finishing something we start or telling someone that I love them.

Qusay looks and Dania and smiles.

OBAMA

Yeah... Or- I was gonna say "don't be a little bitch"

QUSAY

Hey, how are we supposed to get home?

OBAMA

Take the chopper.

PK

Well, then what are you going to do?

OBAMA

What I always do.

Obama takes out a pair of sunglasses, puts them on, and expands his arms to reveal he's wearing a wing suit.

Obama turns to the guys and flashes his famous big Obama smile.

OBAMA (CONT'D)

Peace out, bitches.

He runs and jumps off the side of the building, flying off into the night. Qusay and PK look off in amazement and then back at each other.

Holy fuck. QUSAY

END.