

Formula 420

Written and Directed by

Ryan McNulty

Ryan McNulty
rmcnul2@students.towson.edu
4437893322

INT-LAB-DAY

We hear SETH and JAMES, two prevalent chemists in their mid-20's speaking in scientific jargon as they work on some project.

 SETH
 Alright, now heat it for five
 seconds...

 JAMES
 Alright...Now--

 SETH
 Now add the titanium phosphate...

 JAMES
 Got it.

 SETH
 Place it back on the burner...let
 it warm up...and...

 JAMES
 Done!

Cut to JAMES holding up a test tube with a dull yellow liquid, examining it. Seth is watching next to him.

 SETH
 Alright, let's check it out.

He takes the test tube and swirls it, inspecting it closely. He smiles.

 SETH
 You know what we just made, James?

 JAMES
 (smiling) You tell me.

 SETH:
 We've just created a cure for
 hangovers!

 JAMES:
 Hell yeah!

They chest bump, almost spilling the liquid. Seth puts it back on a tray.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES:
Alright, so what do we call it?

SETH:
What do you mean? That's for the
higher-ups to decide.

JAMES:
Fuck that, dude. We're the ones who
just contributed to society, not
those suits. We just made a baby.
What do we name it?

SETH:
(shrugs) I dunno.

JAMES:
(sits on table) Come on, Seth.
Don't you want to be more than
this? More than just one of the
little guys?

SETH:
I don't know, man. I feel pretty
happy making 73 grand a year in a
nice house and enjoyable career.

JAMES:
(scoffs) Alright, man. Suit
yourself. Help me come up with a
name.

SETH:
(sighs) Okay...How about Roxophine?

JAMES:
Really? I was thinking more like
Chlamydiphil.

SETH:
Hmm...Hepatidol?

As they ponder this, an alarm from outside the lab blares,
and a steady pounding sound emanates from the door.

SETH:
Oh, for fuck's sake...

Seth walks calmly toward the door and opens it. JAY saunters
into the room, high as usual.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES:

Jay! What's up, buddy? Why didn't you use the clearance card we gave you?

SETH:

Seriously, Jay. We've been over this. You gotta use the card we gave you to get in. Our supervisors don't like you coming in as it is.

JAY:

The what? Oh, I lost that thing a while back.

DANNY, the maintenance guy, pokes his head through the door.

DANNY:

Everything okay in here, guys?

SETH:

Yeah, Danny, it's fine. It's just Jay again.

DANNY:

Oh. What's up, Jay?

JAY:

Hey dude.

DANNY:

Alright, I'll go turn off the alarm- hey, what's that on the table? Is that a- (looking directly at a bong sitting on the lab table)

JAMES:

(picks up the bong) No, this is, uh...Uh, it's a Cheechmarinflask.)

DANNY:

Oh...I thought it was a-

JAMES:

No, it's not.

DANNY:

Well, do you guys wanna blaze a little?

SETH:

Sorry, Danny, not right now. We're kind of busy.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY:
Oh, alright then. Uh, maybe later?

JAMES:
Yeah, sure. Catch you later, man.

DANNY waves bye, then closes the door.

JAMES:
(angrily places the bong in SETH's hands) Stop leaving this thing out, dude. What if the bosses came in here and saw it?

SETH:
My bad... (stashes the bong under the table.)

JAY:
Why don't you guys wanna get high with Danny? He's cool.

SETH:
Oh, Danny's a great guy. Probably the coolest janitor we know. He just...He gets a little too weird when he's high sometimes, y'know?

JAMES:
Yeah...Remember last time?

INT-GROCERY STORE-NIGHT

DANNY is standing in front of a broken lobster display holding a hammer. There is water, broken glass, and liberated lobsters on the ground in front of him. DANNY Is desperately yelling at the crustaceans.

DANNY:
FUCKING RU-U-UN!

INT-LAB-DAY

JAY:
Oh yeah. How could I forget that?

SETH:
You can't even remember you own name sometimes, dude.

(CONTINUED)

JAY:

Haha, yeah, I guess you're right.

JAMES:

So, what's going on, Jay? Why'd you barge in here like that?

JAY:

I'm in some real shit here, man. I was hopin' you guys could help a brother out.

JAMES:

Dude, relax. We got your back. What's going on?

JAY:

I'm about to get fired, that's what's going on. They're doing random drug tests this week at the gas station. No way I'll be passing any tests. I've got more chemicals in me than I have blood. If I lose my job, I'll be out on the streets. Please, guys, I'm begging ya here. Don't you have some kind of miracle cleanser or some shit?

SETH and JAMES look at each other with concern.

SETH:

Well, Jay, they sell these little kits at some stores that flush out the toxins-

JAY:

No man, that shit don't work. My cousin tried one of them once, ended up doing hard time cuz it didn't work right.

JAMES:

Jay, we're just a couple of chemists. It's not like we can just do our own projects with the lab's supplies. We'd lose our jobs.

JAY:

Dude. James. Seth. Guys. You're my only friends. My clients sure as shit won't help me, and I owe my suppliers money as is. Can't you do something? I won't make it on the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAY: (cont'd)
streets. And I can't work the
street corner anymore, that was a
dark part of my life. Please, man.
I got nowhere to go.

SETH and JAMES look at Jay with pity, who has his hands
together, praying to them. After some deliberation, JAMES
responds.

JAMES:
Okay. We'll see what we can do.
Seth, do a swab in your bong to get
a sample of weed, that' a start.

JAY:
Oh, just weed? I've, uh, got a lot
more than just weed in me, James...

JAMES gives an exasperated look, but is cut off by JAY
before he can speak.

JAY:
Look-look-look. I'm not saying
it'll be easy to make a magic
potion to flush out all the shit in
me. But if you make something that
works, you can probably sell it all
around town. You'll make, like, a
billion dollars! I do deals with
half the people in this city-
almost everyone uses something. If
there was a product that let 'em
smoke or inject or inhale whatever
the hell they want without any
proof, they'll buy that shit by the
barrel! There's money in it for all
of us!

JAMES rubs his chin while SETH looks flustered.

JAMES:
A billion dollars, you say? I could
sway elections with that kind of
money. Alright, I'm in. Seth, go
ahead and swab that bong, we've got
lotsa work to do.

SETH:
I'm not doing it.

JAMES:

What?! What the hell, Seth?! Why not?

SETH looks at James with a stern look.

SETH:

Look at the bigger picture, James. If we sell this thing to the public, this cleanser, what will happen? People will go off shooting up and snorting without any repercussion. Overdose rates will skyrocket. Drug dependency will rise. People won't get the help they need because they'll keep injecting themselves with shit and nobody will notice. I mean, I don't mind doing this for just pot. That stuff doesn't ruin lives like the hard stuff does. But meth? Crack? Heroin? That shit's dangerous.

JAMES:

Come on, man. Jay needs us. He needs you. I can't do this alone, we're a team. Just think of the money, Seth!

SETH inhales, then sharply exhales.

SETH:

I don't care about the money.

SETH begins to walk out of the lab.

JAY:

Dude, wait! Where're you goin'?

SETH:

(turns back dramatically) I'm taking the day off. See you tomorrow, James. Later, Jay. Good luck.

SETH leaves, closing the door.

INT-CAR-DAY

Montage of SETH, by himself, pondering in different environments. Driving home in the rain, only for the rain to turn out to be a carwash.

INT-BEDROOM-NIGHT

Laying awake in bed.

EXT-PARK-DAY

Sitting on a park bench, observing a homeless man beg for change.

INT-GROCEY STORE-DAY

Walking into a grocery store, observing an intoxicated worker being reprimanded by their manager and escorted to the office.

INT-RECORD STORE-NIGHT

Looking at records in the record store, seeing a man purchase a nonworking cleanser.

INT-LAB-NIGHT

Cut to JAMES working alone in the lab, looking sad.

EXT-GAS STATION-DAY

Cut back to SETH Pulling up to the gas station for gas, and witnessing JAY getting fired. JAY gives a despondent look to SETH, who is filling up his car. SETH shakes his head, and sheepishly walks over to hid friend.

SETH:

Hey, what's up, Jay?

JAY:

I just got fired, man. Just like I said would happen. I got nowhere else to go now.

(CONTINUED)

SETH:

Look, Jay, I'm really sorry that-

JAY:

Don't worry about it, dude. It's not your fault. You had your reasons, I don't blame you. I'm gonna go hang out with James for a while, maybe smoke somethin' with him. See ya, Seth.

JAY begins to despondently walk away, hands in his pockets all forlorn-like. SETH hesitates, then calls out to him.

SETH:

Jay! Wait up, man!

JAY turns around, and SETH jogs up to him.

SETH:

Look, dude. I'm really sorry you got fired. It IS my fault- I could've helped you. Look, it's not much, but I want you to have this, as a way of saying sorry.

SETH pulls out his wallet and hands JAY a wad of money.

JAY:

Woah...Really, dude? I can have all this?

SETH:

Yeah. It's the least I can do, Jay. What are friends for?

JAY:

(Holy fuck, dude... I don't know what to say. This'll keep me in my apartment for at least a month or two. Thanks, Seth. It means a lot.)

JAY walks away, more joy in his step than before. SETH watches him, feeling good about himself.

EXT-DONUT SHOP-NIGHT

SETH is exiting a donut shop, eating a donut with content. He takes a bite, and orange filling squirts out and lands on his shirt.

(CONTINUED)

SETH:

Shit...

SETH begins to wipe it off, but is startled by a voice OS.

JONAH:

Well, well. It's been a while,
Seth. How's tricks?

SETH turns around to see JONAH, a large, teardrop-tattooed skinhead wearing a wifebeater and baggy jeans. SETH is surprised.

SETH:

O-Oh, hey. Listen, do I, uh, still
owe you for-

JONAH:

Yeah, Seth. You owe me \$850 for the
Georgia O'Reef.

SETH:

What the hell? That's not what you
told me when I bought it from you!

JONAH:

Interest, bitch. That's what
happens when you don't pay up.

SETH:

sighs Okay. But only because that
was some really good weed.

SETH pulls out his wallet and opens it, only to see that nothing is in it. He remembers giving all the money he had to pay JONAH to JAY.

SETH:

Oh, whoops. I don't have it right
now, Jonah. I'm sorry, I totally
forgot. Pot does that to people,
you know? But I'll have all the
money for you in a week.

JONAH:

You don't have it? Alright. Not a
problem, my man. That'll just be an
extra \$1000 when you pay me next
week then.

SETH:

Wha- A thousand dollars? Christ, I
thought you weed dealers were

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SETH: (cont'd)
supposed to be all carefree and relaxed.

JONAH:
I sell other stuff than just weed, bitch. I run a gang, motherfucker. You see this tear? You want me to add another one?

SETH:
Jonah, listen, the stuff you sell me is good, but it it's not THAT good.

JONAH:
What the fuck did you just say? Not that good? That shit comes straight outta Georgia. Not American Georgia, I mean Russian Georgia. It's grown by a sweet little old Georgian lady who lives in a yurt. I don't even know what a yurt is, motherfucker. She keeps an illegal kush farm. If the cops over there found it, she'd be shot dead on sight. Every month she has the kush smuggled outta Georgia and taken to the Ivory Coast in Africa. And that shit ain't taken by plane or train or boat, motherfucker. That shit's being taken on donkey back by that old lady's ten year old granddaughter. They coat the donkey in sand and pile the kush on its back so it looks like a camel. She rides that donkey hundreds of miles to the west coast of Africa. You know what happens if she gets caught, motherfucker? You don't wanna know. The kid loads the kush in a secret compartment on a boat heading over here. Then she rides all the way back to Georgia, only to load back up again as soon as she gets back to that yurt-thing. Then the boat sails all the way over here, and I gotta meet it at the docks. Now, I'm a busy man, motherfucker. I got a gang to run. I got night classes to take. I got a motherfuckin' doctorate to work at, bitch. You think I got time to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JONAH: (cont'd)
wait around some dock to get some
kush to sell to motherfuckers like
you? I don't. I make time, bitch.
Tell me that shit I sell you ain't
good again.

SETH:
Jesus, alright. I'll pay you back-

JONAH:
-With interest.

SETH:
-With interest, next week. Alright?

SETH hold out his fist, hopeful for a fistbump. Instead, JONAH punches SETH in the gut, making him drop his donut, and sending him to the ground, hunched over in pain. JONAH picks up the donut and takes a bite out of it. Orange filling streams from the corner of his mouth. He lets out a "hmpf" as he walks away from SETH.

JONAH:
Whatever you say, Seth.

INT-LAB-NIGHT

The lab. JAY is hanging out with JAMES as JAMES does work.

JAMES:
He gave you that much money? Wow.
you know, Seth's a real stand-up
guy.

JAY:
Yeah. That's probably the nicest
thing anyone's ever done for me.
'Course, it won't matter in a
coupla months. I can't get a job
without gettin' tested first, and
I'm barely bringin' in enough to
live off of selling crank on the
side. I need that drug cleanser,
dude.

JAMES:
I hear ya, man. But I need Seth's
help.

(CONTINUED)

JAY:
(sighs) Yeah.

Just then, SETH bursts into the lab, surprising JAMES and JAY

SETH:
I'm in. Let's get to work.

JAMES:
Woah, hold up. You wanna make the drug cleanser now?

SETH:
Yep. Let's do it.

JAMES:
Hang on, what changed your mind?

SETH:
I owe my dealer money.

JAY:
Who, Jonah? Did he get you all caught up in all that interest shit?

SETH:
Yeah. Apparently I owe him close to \$2000.

JAMES:
Christ. I thought pot dealers were supposed to be all mellow and shit.

SETH:
He deals other stuff than just pot, dude.

JAMES:
Thought you said you didn't need any more money.

SETH:
Look, man. I wanna work on this thing. You want my help or not?

JAMES and JAY share elated looks of surprise, and a montage scene begins.

Shots of JAMES and SETH doing chemistry things- boiling solutions, mixing chemicals, stuff blowing up in their faces, etc. JAY is seen looking over their shoulders occasionally, sometimes doing nominal tasks like mixing stuff or smoking a joint with the chemists. Fade in to an ECU of the perfected pill.

JAMES:

There...It's finished.

JAY:

Oh man...You guys rock. How does it work?

SETH:

Well, after smoking or injecting whatever you want, you swallow one capsule.

JAMES:

When it's being digested, it releases the formula into your bloodstream, curing the user of the typical signs of drug use.

SETH:

Bloodshot eyes, blackened veins, whatever. It'll reverse all that.

JAMES:

But it still leaves you with that high sensation. Even if you act conspicuous as hell, nothing will show up in any tests. Doesn't matter if you get blood drawn or if you piss in a cup, you won't get caught.

SETH:

It won't save your life if you overdose, though. Still gotta be responsible when you shoot up heroin or whatever.

JAY:

Well, yeah, I know that. I'm not a child.

JAMES:

Alright, so now that this thing is done, how about a name? We used a lot of rutherfordium making this, so I was thinking-

(CONTINUED)

JAY:

Ooh, I know. How about Formula 420?

JAMES:

Sounds good to me. Good marketable name, rolls off the tongue. What do you think, Seth?

SETH:

I think we made a mistake making this. But what the hell, Formula 420 sounds good enough, I guess.

JAMES:

Let's get this baby out on the street, then.

INT-RECORD STORE INTERIOR-DAY

NELSON, a 60 year old aging hippie, is manning the record store counter. 60's rock plays in the background while he lights fresh incense. He is high. A bell rings as the door opens, and in walks the trio.

NELSON:

Hey dudes, can I help you find- Oh, what's up, Jay? These your friends?

JAY:

Yeah, this is Seth and James. They're chemists. Guys, this is Nelson.

NELSON:

Any friend of Jay's. You guys here for business or pleasure?

JAY:

Mostly business today.

NELSON:

Well, I don't really need any more weed at the moment, but if you've got something new-

SETH:

Actually, we'd like to present you with a business venture, if you're interested.

(CONTINUED)

NELSON:

Shoot.

JAMES presents a suitcase on the counter and opens it. He hands the contents, a pill container with orange capsules, to NELSON.

JAMES:

This is our new product, Formula 420. It's a capsule that flushes out every last trace of illicit substances in your body.

NELSON:

What, like those drug cleansers I sell? Hate to say it, man, but those things are bogus. I'm gonna have to say no.

SETH:

Hang on, Nelson. Try it for yourself.

NELSON hesitates, then picks out a capsule from the container. He swallows it. Almost instantly, his red eyes turn clear.

NELSON:

I don't feel anything,

JAMES:

You're not supposed to. Here, take a look.

JAMES hands NELSON his phone, which has the front-facing camera open. He examines his own face, and notices his eyes.

NELSON:

Whoa!

JAMES:

Right? You're now sober in the eyes of the law.

NELSON:

Oh, this is awesome! I'm gonna go get a piss test down at the station just to show off to those pigs!

SETH:

Hold on a second, Nelson. We're in the middle of a sale. How many boxes of Formula 420 can I put you down for?

(CONTINUED)

NELSON:
(smiling) How many you have?

SETH and JAMES smile smugly.

JAMES:
Jay, go unload the car for this
man.

EXT-RECORD STORE EXTERIOR-DAY

JAY and SETH unload boxes of Formula 420 from the trunk of the car and brings them into the store while JAMES shakes NELSON's hand. JAMES joins the others in the store, and NELSON gives a peace sign while holding a box of the stuff.

EXT-SEX SHOP EXTERIOR-DAY

SETH (wearing sunglasses) and JAMES (wearing a baseball cap) nonchalantly walk into a sex shop. JAY carries a few boxes behind them.

INT-SEX SHOP-DAY

Th sex shop owner gives the trio the finger-snap-guns expression. He shakes SETH's hand vigorously, and SETH wipes his hand off on his lab coat.

INT-NOVELTY SHOP-DAY

The trio are signing off on a deal with a novelty shop owner. He shakes JAY's hand with a fake hand that pops off, and JAY freaks out.

EXT-ALLEY-EVENING

SETH is standing with JONAH in his alley. JAMES and JAY are walking back to the car, having delivered a shipment of Formula 420 to JONAH, which is resting beside him. SETH extends his hand to shake Jonah's, but Jonah only delivers another haymaker to SETH's gut. SETH goes down, Jonah walks away, and JAMES and JAY double back to help their friend back to the car.

INT-GROCERY STORE-DAY

Montage sequence of drug addicts around the city getting tested/acting strung out and inebriated and sober people around them wondering what's happening. Druggie workers walk around dazed at a grocery store as the manager looks on, concerned.

GROCERY STORE MANAGER:

There some kind of flu goin'
around?

INT-MEDICAL ROOM-DAY

Shot of an addict getting tested via bloodwork. The phlebotomist is having trouble finding a vein to draw blood from. The impatient druggie takes the needle from her and sticks it into his vein without even looking.

INT-DIFFERENT MEDICAL ROOM-DAY

Shot of a line of druggies in line to urinate in a cup behind a tent - truck shot. Nurse yelling "Next!", the line shuffling forward. Nurses picking up piss cups, very confused.

INT-EXAMINING ROOM-NIGHT

POV shot of a corpse lying on a gurney, being examined by coroners.

CORONER 1:

He's got all the symptoms of a heroin overdose, but there's no trace of it in his body...He's completely clean. What do you make of this, Richards?

CORONER 2:

takes off face mask, obviously stoned What? I wasn't listening.

EXT-CONSTRUCTION SITE-DAY

Shot of a construction worker looking on as a building falls apart/blows up, back to the camera. Turns around with a goofy smile, shrugs a "what-can-you-do" shrug, and starts to take a hit off a bong, until another construction worker smacks it out of his hand and begins to strangle the druggie.

INT-RESTAURANT-NIGHT

Well-dressed patrons dine with wine all around the eatery, making small talk and laughing politely. Wine glass clinks can be heard sporadically. SETH, JAMES, and JAY are laughing raucously at their table, celebrating their success. SETH and JAMES are dressed in black tuxedos with green bowties, looking very fancy. They are drinking champagne from glass flutes. JAY is wearing a slightly worn tuxedo t-shirt with a black clip-on tie. He is drinking a tall glass of beer.

JAY:

...And then- Then I said, I said,
"No, officer, it's 'Hi, how are
you?'"

The trio laugh uproariously and JAY pounds the table with his fist. The other patrons look at them with distasteful looks.

JAY:

Haha...Yeah, that's how I got my
first cavity search.

JAMES:

Haha, wow...

SETH:

Heh...Gentlemen, I'd like to
propose a toast. To us. With our
hard work, we've created a new
industry, worthy of being on the
New York Stock Exchange. Formula
420 has been a tremendous success.
I had my doubts, but our product
has really done some good-
drug-related arrest rates are down
a ton, keeping our clientele out of
prison and buying our shit.

JAMES:

Hear, hear.

SETH:

I couldn't ask for better business
partners or friends. Now, let's get
shitfaced.

SETH AND JAY:

FUCK YEAH!

(CONTINUED)

The trio clink glasses, JAY spilling some beer, and down their respective drinks. The restaurant patrons once again look at them with admonishment. One clears his throat in disgust, but the trio doesn't notice.

JAMES:

(to a passing waitress) Hey sweet thing, get us a round of shots, will ya? The finest scotch you got.

WAITRESS:

Will that be all, sir?

JAMES:

Well, if you wanna meet me in the men's room later tonight... (Winks, clicks his cheeks)

WAITRESS:

(sighs) I'll be back with your scotch, sir. She walks away. JAMES tries to slap her ass as she goes, but misses.

SETH:

(laughing) Don't let success change you, buddy.

JAMES:

Who, me? Nah, I'll be the same James until I die.

SETH:

God help us, then. (They all laugh.)

JAMES:

Hey, you think that waitress was into me? I couldaswore she was giving me the fuck-me eyes.

JAY:

I don't know man, she looked kind of young.

JAMES:

Ha! The pot calls the kettle black! (JAMES and SETH laugh at this.)

JAY:

What?

(CONTINUED)

Just then, a strung-out busboy comes by the table and address JAY.

BUSBOY:
Hey, Jay, you got any?

JAY:
(quietly) Not right now, man. Talk to me tomorrow, alright?

The busboy leaves, scratching his neck obsessively.

SETH:
Who was that?

JAY:
(proudly) One of my best clients, Craig. He's the reason I'm able to pay for myself tonight.

SETH:
You're dealing again?

JAY:
Sure am. I do these deals where I bundle Formula 420 with my customer's selection of product. I sell the formula for less than store price, but I add a markup to the drugs I bundle with it and no one notices. They get the formula at a discount price while I get more money.

JAMES:
Damn, dude. That's really smart.

JAY:
Shit yeah, business has been so good I'm able to afford a nice apartment with plenty of dough to live off of. I don't even have to look for a real job anymore!

SETH:
Awesome, Jay. We're real proud of you.

JAMES:
Hey, where's our scotch?

Suddenly, a scream pierces the quiet background chatter of the restaurant. A female patron has her hands clasped to her

(CONTINUED)

mouth as the busboy violently seizes on the floor. Orange liquid is seeping out of his eyes, nose, and mouth, pooling on the floor. His eyes are rolled back into his head. After a minute of seizing, he is motionless. The trio look on, startled.

JAY:

Holy shit...Is he...?

The waitress steps onto the scene with a tray of scotch.

WAITRESS:

Everyone, stay back. I'm in med school, I'll see what I can do.

She puts the tray on a table and leans down to take the BUSBOY's pulse.

WAITRESS:

His pulse is racing...

Suddenly, the BUSBOY jolts back to life, biting down on the WAITRESS's arm. She screams, and backs away quickly.

BUSBOY stands back up slowly, growling deeply. His hair falls off, and he angrily yanks off whatever is left on his head. More orange liquid seeps from his orifices. His skin has turned an ashy gray color, his orange-tinted veins clearly visible through his flesh. He scans the restaurant, roars, and lunges at the

WAITRESS, who has tied her apron to her arm to staunch the blood flow. She screams, but her screams are cut off as he tears into her throat. He takes her to the ground. Meanwhile, the restaurant patrons scream and scamper for the exit. Someone pulls the fire alarm.

The BUSBOY mutant noshes on the WAITRESS's corpse, growling. Several visceral shots of it devouring her viscera. Suddenly, it is sprayed with a cloud of gas. It turns its head to see the source. Shift to JAMES holding a depleted fire extinguisher, looking frightened.

JAMES:

(drops the fire extinguisher)
Alright, alright, alright, let's all just calm down, maybe blaze one- you want a hit? I think I've got a doobie one me- (he reaches into his suit jacket as the BUSBOY mutant smacks him, sending JAMES flying across the room.)

(CONTINUED)

JAY yells a battle cry and runs at the BUSBOY mutant, brandishing a chair. The BUSBOY picks him up by the throat with one arm, then slams him to the ground. It gets on all fours above JAY's inert body, about to tear into him. Orange drool falls onto JAY's panicked face, as JAY whimpers and braces for the end.

 SETH: (OS)
 Hey, asshole!

The BUSBOY mutant turns its mug to face him, growling quizzically, and is met with a fire extinguisher to the face. It gets sent down to the ground.

Low angle POV shot of SETH looking down at the mutant. JAY scrambles back up and joins SETH, looking down. JAMES limps over, a cut on his cheek and his tuxedo sleeve ripped, and joins the others. The BUSBOY mutant growls once more. JAY and JAMES tense up; SETH slams the fire extinguisher on the camera. Black out.

INT-LAB-NIGHT

The trio rush back into the lab, panicked.

 JAY:
 What the fuck was that!? The fuck
 happened back there!?

 SETH:
 I don't know...I don't know...The
 guy was obviously strung out on
 something, did he just...Maybe it
 was a radical episode of psychosis?

 JAY:
 He only bought crack off of me,
 maybe he was doing bath salts or
 something on the side.

 JAMES:
 No...No drug could cause that
 radical of a change. Did you see
 his hair fall out? And his skin
 changed color. Had to be something
 worse than ordinary drugs.

 JAY:
 touches the orange stains on his
 face left by the mutant's saliva
 And what about that thing's spit?
 It was all...orange and sludgy.

(CONTINUED)

SETH:
Orange... Just like...

JAMES and SETH look back at the table at a vial of Formula 420.

JAMES:
...No, there's...there's no way...
The clinical trials for the formula
would've shown some sign of drastic
mutation in the subject, right? It
couldn't be.

SETH:
Jay, call one of your clients. One
you sold Formula 420 to. See if
he's responsive. If he sounds
normal, we've got nothing to worry
about.

JAY:
Right. JAY makes a call on his
phone, putting the call on speaker.
Hey, Tommy, just calling my clients
to make sure they're doing fine.
You doing fine?

His query is met with animalistic growls and snarls, then with a cracking sound, as though the phone was crushed on the other end. Jay slowly lowers the phone.

JAMES:
Holy shit... We did this... How
many people are affected?

JAY:
Well...We've sold it all around the
city at retail stores, plus me and
Jonah selling it with drug deals...

SETH:
Yeah, but there can't be that many
drug addicts in the city, can
there?

(Beat.)

JAY:
I've sold shit to the goddamn
mayor, dude. The entire city could
be mutated as far as we know.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES:

And then there's the death toll
we'd be responsible for...All those
people who didn't use the formula,
getting torn apart by friends and
family who did... Pot-smoking
teenagers working in old folks'
homes, feasting on the elderly...
school teachers taking the edge off
with weed, locked in classrooms
with little kids-

SETH:

STOP! Fuck, I-I feel sick...I knew
we shouldn't have made this thing.
I knew it would be disastrous...I
should have thought about it more.
I should've bargained with
Jonah...I-Fuck... We've killed the
city. We're like- this is like
Nagasaki and Hiroshima. We're
murderers now.

JAMES:

Calm down, dude. We can fix this,
alright? We can-we can cure them.
There's no sign of it being lethal
or permanent. We're the best damn
chemists in this city, especially
now. We made this thing, we can
make the cure. Nobody else has to
die.

SETH:

Yeah...You're right. You're right!
Bitching and moaning won't fix any
problems. Okay, let's get to work.
James, prepare that sample of
Formula 420. Jay, I need you to go
into the cabinet on the left there
and measure out 250 mm of-

JAY:

(examining a flask) What kind of
bong is this...?

SETH:

...Jay, go...sit in the corner.
Okay, let's get to work. Ready,
James?

(CONTINUED)

JAMES:

Hell yeah.

JAMES and SETH tear off their tuxedos, revealing lab coats underneath the formal wear.

JAMES:

Let's do this.

Montage scene similar to the earlier one in which JAMES and SETH work to find the cure while JAY is largely unhelpful. Shots of the chemists working tirelessly, boiling the orange liquid, taking notes, distilling it, etc. Shot of the trio passing a bong around. Shots of them working with a blue-tinted liquid, observing it, taking notes, etc. JAY tries to touch it, but SETH slaps his hand away. The blue liquid is boiled, then distilled into a series of vials.

SETH:

And...That should be it.

JAY:

Holy shit, you guys are like wizards! Will that stuff actually work?

JAMES:

Yeah, but we won't know if this works until we test it out on a live mutant.

SETH:

What should we call it?

JAMES:

What?

SETH:

How about "Holy Water"?

JAY:

That sounds kinda pretentious.

JAMES:

We're not naming it, Seth, this is serious.

SETH:

Yeah, it is, but we name everything we make, right? Let's continue the tradition, especially if this is our last time making something together.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES:

Okay...Yeah, sure, Holy Water sounds good.

JAY:

But how are you guys gonna cure them with that stuff? You gonna throw those bottles at them?

JAMES:

Good question...How are we going to administer the cure?

SETH:

We'll need something that can pierce the skin, but not so much that it causes serious injuries.

JAY:

What, like syringes? Cuz I've got plenty of those at home.

SETH:

No, those have plungers that have to be manually pushed. I don't intend on getting that close to these things. Besides, we don't need them getting infected by Jay's used syringes once they're cured. That's like waking up from a coma to find out that you have AIDS.

JAMES:

How about...nails? We can infuse them with the Holy Water and fire them from a nail gun.

SETH:

Yeah, yeah, that could work. Are there any nail guns in the building?

JAMES:

Probably in the janitor's closet.

SETH:

Great, we can get Danny to help us then. Let's go.

INT-LAB HALLWAY-NIGHT

Narrow hallway, with a closet marked "JANITOR" at the far end. The trio walk to it casually.

JAMES:

Hopefully, Danny's around here somewhere. He's got the keys.

JAY:

Plus, it would be great to have some extra help.

JAMES:

Yeah. We haven't hung out with Danny in a while.

SETH:

Wonder where he is?

SETH turns the door handle, expecting it to be locked. To his surprise, it opens. DANNY is inside, mutated beyond recognition apart from his work uniform and nametag. He roars, and SETH slams the door shut, pressing against it with JAMES and JAY. DANNY is pushing against it from the other side and growling

JAMES:

FUCK! Danny's been mutated! We have to kill him!

SETH:

What!? After all that talk about "no one else has to die"!? The fuck you mean!?

JAMES:

It's too dangerous! The second we let go of the door, he'll kill us!

SETH:

It's Danny! We can't just kill him!

JAMES:

HE'S NOT DANNY ANYMORE! We don't even know if the cure works! We might have to kill the whole city, or just fuckin' evacuate and let the army deal with this!

SETH:

What the fuck are you saying!?

(CONTINUED)

JAMES:

All that motivational shit was just to calm you down! I don't know if we can really save anyone!

SETH:

Ah- FUCK! FUCK! MOTHERF- FINE! One of us needs to get something to kill Danny with then! Some kind of weapon that can take him out quickly and safely! James, go to the lab, see what you find!

JAMES:

No way, I'm not killing Danny!

SETH:

What the fuck dude!? You're a fucking hypocrite!

JAMES:

I'm not killing Danny, Seth!

SETH:

I didn't want to do any of this in the first place! This is all your fault!

JAY:

Jesus fucking Christ, I'LL DO IT!

JAY dashes away from the door, back to the lab, and JAMES and SETH push against the door even harder to make up for the lack of JAY.

INT-LAB-NIGHT

JAY bursts into the lab with a hurried look. He scrambles around, looking for a weapon. He takes a scalpel from a drawer and makes some stabbing motions.

JAY:

(muttering to self) Don't wanna...stab...

He goes to the table to a flask of liquid resting on a hot plate.

JAY:

(muttering to self) Acid? Maybe? Sizzling sound effect, JAY drops it with a pained yelp. Shattering

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAY: (cont'd)
sound effect and melting sound
effect, which JAY ignores.

He rummages through a cabinet and finds a futuristic, lethal looking weapon, inspecting it.

JAY:
(muttering to self) No, no...

POV shot from the table of JAY looking around the lab frantically, scanning for something to use. His eyes meet the camera, and he smiles.

JAY:
Yes!

JAY moves to the camera and grabs it. Black out.

INT-LAB HALLWAY-NIGHT

Cut back to a tracking shot of JAY approaching the door SETH and JAMES are holding. The camera focuses on the bong that JAY is grasping.

JAY:
Let go of the door! I'm ready for
him!

SETH and JAMES glance at JAY, then dive to either side. DANNY slams open the door, targets JAY, and bolts right at him, roaring. JAY lets loose a battle cry, running at DANNY and brandishing the bong. He brings the bong down hard on DANNY's head, shattering it and downing DANNY. SETH and JAMES regroup with JAY.

SETH:
(irritated) Dude...That was my
bong!

INT-LAB-NIGHT

DANNY is tied to a chair, unmoving and bleeding from the top of his bald head. The trio surrounds him, making sure that he's out.

JAMES:
I'm real sorry, Seth. I was a real
dick back there.

(CONTINUED)

SETH:

Don't worry about it, man. This is more important. We've got a shot at saving Danny, so long as the Holy Water works.

JAMES:

Right. (Picks up a vial of Holy Water) And since he's secured and unconscious, we can use the liquid for now. How much do you think would work?

SETH:

Probably just a drop or two. Jay could you get the eye dropper in the drawer over there?

JAY walks over to the drawer, takes something, and returns to SETH. He hands him a pair of tweezers. SETH drops it to the floor, walks over himself, and gets an eyedropper from the drawer. (The camera is motionless this whole time.) JAMES takes some Holy Water into the eyedropper, then drops a few droplets into DANNY'S gaping mouth.

Nothing happens at first. Then, slowly, his skin returns to normal and his orange veins fade away. The trio cheer.

JAMES:

I don't believe it! It actually worked!

SETH:

You were right, James! We can save everyone! Nobody else has to die! Danny, wake up!

Close up of DANNY, still not moving.

JAY:

C'mon, Danny, you're okay now. Lightly slaps DANNY's cheeks. Still nothing.

Nothing happens for a moment. SETH takes his pulse.

SETH:

He's dead. Fuck, Jay, how hard did you hit him?

JAY:

I mean...Hard enough to stop a charging mutant...Fuck, Danny, I'm
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAY: (cont'd)
sorry... (He holds his face in his hands)

SETH:
It's alright, Jay. This is probably how he would've wanted to go. Surrounded by his friends.

JAMES:
He lived by the bong and died by the bong. So long, pal.

INT-LAB HALLWAY-NIGHT

The trio drag DANNY's body back to the closet. JAMES is carrying an empty cardboard box.

JAMES:
Take anything that will help. Those two nail guns, those nail belts, soldering iron and solder, anything that looks like it can be used. Oh, and get Danny's knife.

Cut to a shot of the emptied closet. DANNY is ceremoniously lifted and placed inside. JAMES closes the door, then carves "R.I.P." on it with DANNY's knife.

INT-LAB-NIGHT

Series of quick action shots, a la Edgar Wright. The trio dip nails into vials of Holy Water, modify the nail gun to shoot projectiles, make some chemical bombs with the substance, sling the nail belts around their shoulders like bandoliers, attach the grenades to their belts.

SETH:
Alright, we're all set. Just one more thing- we'll need protection. If one of those things gets too close and we can't fire the nail guns, we'll need a gun to actually kill them. Maybe nobody else has to die, but that may not be the case. These things are incredibly dangerous, and better one of them die than one of us. Where can we get a gun and ammunition?

(CONTINUED)

JAMES:
How about my gun?

JAMES pulls a gun up from seemingly nowhere and cocks it

SETH:
What- What the fuck, James? how
long have you had that thing?

JAMES:
I've always had this. I've got a
wear-and-carry permit.

SETH:
James, why the FUCK have you not
used that yet? Like back in the
restaurant, for starters?

JAMES:
I didn't want to scare the
bystanders any more than they
already were.

JAY:
He's got a point, Seth, fear
doesn't help in any situation.

SETH:
What about Danny? You could've shot
Danny and saved some trouble.

JAMES:
I wasn't gonna shoot Danny, he's a
good guy.

SETH:
James, seriously, what the fuck is
your-

JAMES:
Does it really matter? We've got a
gun, isn't that what matters?

SETH: FINE, SURE, OKAY. LET'S JUST GO
BEFORE IT GETS ANY WORSE.

JAY:
Hang on a second, I just thought of
something. Did either of you use
the formula?

(CONTINUED)

JAMES:
I didn't. Seth?

SETH:
Nope. Did you take any, Jay?

JAY stares into space.

SETH:
(concerned) ...Jay? Did you use the
formula?

JAY stares into space some more, then snaps back to reality.

JAY
What? Sorry, I spaced out for a
second there.

JAMES:
(annoyed) Did you use Formula 420,
Jay?

JAY:
Oh, no, I didn't, I've just been
selling it.

SETH:
Okay, good. Now that we got that
out of the way, let's get a move
on.

They kick open the door to the building dramatically and
step outside.

EXT-LAB EXTERIOR-DAY

The trio looks at the orange-tinted sky with awe.

JAY:

Jesus...How long were we in there?

SETH:
Long enough.

INT-CAR-DAY

The trio is speeding down the road in a mediocre sedan.
JAMES is driving, SETH is reading a map.

(CONTINUED)

SETH:

We've been selling Formula 420 here, here, here, and Jonah's been distributing around here. Jay, where did you operate out of?

JAY:

Oh, pff, all around. But I guess I did a lot of sales around the gas station.

SETH:

Alright, we'll go there after checking on Jonah.

JAMES:

Where we heading first?

SETH:

staring at camera The record shop.

EXT-RECORD STORE EXTERIOR-DAY

Many mutants surround the place. Suddenly, we see the car speed around the corner, heading for them. The mutants become restless, getting up and growling at it.

The car stops just in front of the store. As the mutants come closer, JAMES and SETH light up the crowd with their nail guns (close up, slightly low angle) from the windows of the car. Shot of the mutants getting hit with nails, then falling.

SETH:

Well damn. Think that they're cured?

JAMES:

(looking out window) ...Yeah, their skin is turning normal. They should wake up after a few hours. Hopefully, we'll be done by then.

SETH:

Great. Alright, next we'll head to-

SETH is cut off by a mutant who suddenly stands up to JAMES's window, roaring and about to grab JAMES. The trio screams, and JAMES almost immediately fires his revolver into its head. The trio react to the loud sound of a gun being fired in an enclosed space.

(CONTINUED)

JAY:

Ah, fuck!

SETH:

Goddammit!

INT-SEX SHOP-DAY

Another montage. Sex shop, interior. Truck shot of the aisles, until the camera rests on a mutant at the far end of an aisle. A whistle is heard behind the camera, and the mutant turns around, seeing the trio behind the camera. It sprints towards the camera. Floor shot of the aisle floor- there is a thin veneer of a slick-looking fluid with a few spent bottles of lube nearby. The mutant runs over it and slips. Cut to close up of mutant slipping. Cut to POV of mutant looking up at trio. SETH aims his nail gun and fires.

INT-NOVELTY STORE-DAY

Cut to novelty shop, interior. Store owner, dead, is being eaten by mutants. A grenade rolls over towards the group of mutants. One picks it up, examining it. Blue gas billows out of it, enveloping the mutants and camera.

INT-CAR-DAY

A short cut to the trio driving down the road, looking badass. JAY is smoking a joint.

EXT-CITY-DAY

Cut to the trio being chased by mutants, running back to the car. They are firing their nail guns and revolver furiously back at the horde and yelling.

EXT-PARK-DAY

JAY is walking alone in the park, lost and separated. He is holding a nail gun, but his hands are shaking. Suddenly, he is jumped by a mutant- the homeless man SETH encountered earlier. JAY struggles, trying to reach the nail gun, but is unable to. The mutant's mandibles reach closer, closer, gnashing his teeth, until we see SETH approach from behind and whack him off of JAY with a branch. He helps up JAY.

(CONTINUED)

SETH:
You alright?

 JAY:
Bodacious.

They head OS.

EXT-ALLEY-DAY

Wide alley with a dumpster at the far end. The trio enter from the street tentatively.

 SETH:
This is where Jonah typically works, but I don't see any sign of him.

 JAMES:
Maybe he's in hiding? The streets are pretty dangerous to be out on at the moment.

 JAY:
He could be dead already. He's one of the biggest distributors in the city. Maybe his clients already got to him.

 SETH:
Yeah, but I was expecting to see a bunch of mutants here. It's way too deserted for such a popular site.

 JAY:
Wait, you guys hear that?

Silence. Faint chewing and tearing sounds can be heard from the dumpster.

 SETH:
Ohh, shit...

 JAMES:
It's alright, we've got the drop on 'im. We'll just sneak up, open the lid, drop a grenade in and hold it down. Just gotta be real-

A man yelling can be heard behind the trio on the street. Mutants are chasing him as he yells and begs, until he falls and they swarm him. The trio watch in horror, then turn

(CONTINUED)

their heads back to the dumpster. Groaning can be heard, until the lid slams open. JONAH is mutated and very irritated, driven to the sound of the carnage outside. He is holding a bloody gray arm. He takes a big bite out of it, and roars at the trio. They freeze for a second, then JAY runs away. JONAH vaults out of the dumpster and sprints full-force at the duo.

SETH raises his nail gun and fires a round of nails at JONAH. The nails penetrate his skin, but have no effect, and only make him angrier. JONAH smacks the nail gun out of his hands, and punches SETH os. JAMES cocks and aims the revolver at JONAH's head. He fires, but no bullets come out. He tries several times, but is out of ammo. The clicking gets the attention of JONAH, who knocks JAMES down with a headbutt. He's about to send a fist through JAME's head on the ground, when SETH jumps on JONAH's back.

SETH grapples with JONAH, who whirls around, trying to shake him off. SETH is attempting to choke JONAH out, with no success. This carries on a while, until JAMES (close up) yells.

JAMES:

SETH! GET OUT THE WAY!

Interior shot of the car speeding towards JONAH and SETH. The two turn their heads towards the vehicle. SETH jumps off of JONAH, who roars at the car. The car slams into JONAH, then slams into the wall, pinning and killing him. SETH looks in awe, and JAMES scrambles up, holding his head in pain. JAY gets out of the car.

JAY:

Sorry about the car, man.

Looks at JONAH.

JAY:

And your dealer.

SETH:

No worries Jay. He was kind of a cunt.

EXT-CONVENIENCE STORE-DAY

Fade to exterior shot of a convenience store swarmed by a horde of 100+ mutants.

INT-CONVENIENCE STORE-DAY

Interior shot of the inside of the store. The handsome CLERK is looking out at the horde, who is pressing up against the glass and looking at him hungrily. He shakily pours himself a cup of coffee from a half-empty coffee pot.

EXT-GAS STATION-DAY

The trio approach an abandoned car, examining the horde.

JAMES:

Jesus, there's so many of them. No way we can take them on by ourselves.

JAY:

How many nails we still got?

JAMES:

Next to none. And I've only got a few bullets left in my gun.

JAY:

Any grenades left?

JAMES:

Not enough to take out that horde. Maybe it's time that we back out. We've saved most of the city already without killing too many of them. I'd call that a success. I think we should see ourselves out, let the military do the rest. (He begins to walk away)

SETH:

(grabbing JAMES and pulling him back down) Are you insane? They'll just shoot everyone, or drop a bomb on the city. We're the only ones with the cure. We've come this far, we're finishing it.

JAMES:

I know, I know, but we can't make any more Holy Water. The lab is mile away, and we don't even have a car anymore. (JAY looks at the car quizzically) And we used up all our supplies to make what we have. There's hardly any cure left.

(CONTINUED)

SETH:
Fuck... Alright, let me think...

Close up shots of the horde. Camera pans from the horde, to a propane tank next to the store.

SETH:
What about that propane tank? If we can get the last of the grenades over to it, then blow it up somehow, the explosion could take out the inner radius of the horde, and disperse the gas to the rest of the horde.

JAMES:
That sounds ridiculous enough the work. But how are we going to get the grenade belt over there?

SETH:
That's the catch. Whoever does it won't come back. The tank can be ruptured by a bullet from your gun, but you'd have to be close enough to the tank to toss the belt and shoot it, which means you'd be caught in the blast radius.

JAMES:
So, it's a suicide mission.

SETH:
Looks like it.

JAMES:
(inhales, exhales) Alright. I'll do it. I pressured you into making Formula 420. This whole thing is my fault.

SETH:
(grabs the gun from JAMES) No, James. It's my fault. I didn't have to make the damn formula. I should have stuck to my guns, ignored the project. I'll do it.)

JAY:
(takes the gun from SETH) No guys, it was all my fault. I came to you with a problem I

(CONTINUED)

could have solved myself. If I didn't ask you guys to help, none of this would have happened. Let me do it.)

JAMES:

I can't let you do that, Jay. Takes grenade belt from SETH. I didn't think about the consequences like Seth did. I wasn't cautious, something every good chemist should be. I don't deserve to live through this.

JAY:

James, I'm not askin' ya. (Reaches across SETH, saying "'scuse me", takes the belt from JAMES) Look, I knew a lot of these guys. They were my clients, my friends. I got stones with a bunch of them before the outbreak. If anyone's killing them, it'll be me. They're my people.

SETH:

Dammit Jay, I'm trying to make up for being a shitty friend here. (Grabs gun from JAY) I only wanted to make Formula 420 to pay off a debt to a drug dealer. I'm the one who doesn't deserve to live through this.

JAY:

I don't blame you for that, man. I totally understood your reasoning for not wanting to make the formula. I belong with these people, Seth. Let me be with them.

JAMES:

Oh, and another thing-

One mutant in the horde finally takes notice of the increasingly-louder volume of the bickering of the trio. It turns and looks at them, and roars to signal the rest of the horde, who look back as well. The trio take notice of the horde taking notice of them. Brief pause as the camera cuts back to them behind the car.

(CONTINUED)

JAY:
Later, my dudes.

Grabs the gun from SETH and takes off towards the horde, also holding the belt and a nail gun

JAMES AND SETH:
JAY!

JAY sprints towards the horde of mutants, nail gun and grenade belt in hand, revolver tucked into the front of his pants. Scene shot in slow-motion. JAY fires nail gun sporadically at mutants to his front and sides, until it runs out of nails. He tosses it into the horde, and punches a mutant in the face that gets too close. He grabs the revolver from his pants and begins physically pushing through the horde. One mutant takes a chunk out of his arm. He yells in pain, but keeps going. He smacks some mutants in the face with the gun, shooting one in the head that comes close to taking another bite in his arm. He nears the tank and throws the grenade belt. It lands right at its base.

INT-CONVENIENCE STORE-DAY

The clerk is watching the events unfold outside, and seeing JAY toss the grenades, he runs to the back of the store, to the bathroom, enters, and audibly locks the door.

EXT-CONVENIENCE STORE-DAY

JAY aims the pistol, but he is taken down just as he fires and misses. He is now prone on the ground, trying to aim the revolver again. A mutant digs into the back of his neck, and JAY yells again. He continues aiming the gun at the propane tank, but cannot aim straight.

JAY:
You got the munchies,
motherfuckers? Then EAT THIS!

JAY fires a shot just as more mutants swarm him that misses every mutant blocking his path and strikes the propane tank. It explodes. Aerial shot of the tank exploding, incinerating everything near it. Blue gas inexorably circulates around the rest of the horde, and the remaining mutants fall.

SETH and JAMES look at the wreckage in awe.

SETH:
Jay...

(CONTINUED)

CLERK:

Can I help you?

SETH and JAMES turn to look. Shot of a very surprised CLERK standing outside of the store. They look at each other, let out a breathless laugh, and hug.

JAMES: IS IT OVER?

SETH: YEAH, IT IS.

EXT-CITY-DAY

Aerial view of the city, now looking normal, minus a small black crater near the convenience store. Shots of people walking peacefully, if not gingerly, in the streets. Shot of the record store interior, with a young female cashier looking bored at the counter. One can see the noticeable absence of Formula 420 on the shelf. Shot of the grocery store interior. Everyone is friendly and sober, feeling lucky that they're alive.

EXT-LAB EXTERIOR-DAY

Exterior shot of the lab building.

INT-LAB-DAY

Interior shot of lab. SETH is cautiously pouring a clear liquid into a vial, measuring it out carefully. He picks it up. Camera pans out, revealing that JAMES is also holding one next to him.

SETH:

To Jay.

JAMES:

To Jay.

They clink vials and down them. Camera pans out farther to reveal a bottle of vodka on the table.

JAMES:

So, a virus, huh?

SETH:

That's what everyone's saying. The transformations, the killings, the orange haze- all being attributed to some kind of super virus.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES:

Ungrateful bastards will never know that we saved the city.

SETH:

Those ungrateful bastards will never know we almost killed the city, either, so long as they keep thinking it was a virus.

JAMES:

Yeah, sure. Unless they connect us pulling Formula 420 from shelves and issuing a state-wide recall with all this.

SETH:

Nah, the mutations were so delayed, they'll never think it was the formula that did it. I think we're safe.

JAMES:

Well, we are...

SETH:

Look, we can't blame ourselves for Jay and Danny. We didn't intend for an apocalypse, and we didn't intend for them to die. We've been over this, pal.

JAMES:

I know... I'll just miss 'em, that's all.

SETH:

So will I, man. So will I. We'll drink in their honortonight.

JAMES:

Right.

Beat, silence ensues.

JAMES:

So, I was thinking...

SETH:

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

JAMES:

Well, we used a lot of the company's supplies to make Holy Water. That stuff's gonna show up in inventory reports.

SETH:

...Yeah?

JAMES:

Pretty sure the bosses are gonna know something's up with those number. They're gonna do some investigating.

SETH:

Shit, I didn't think about that. We replaced Formula 420 supplies as we sold it, but Holy Water was really pricey.

JAMES:

How much do you think it would cost to replace everything we used to make it?

SETH reaches into his pocket for a calculator. He does some math on it, then reads the display.

SETH:

...\$509,456. And nine cents.

SETH looks at JAMES. JAMES looks at SETH.

JAMES:

Alright, let's try this again.

They begin to reach for chemical equipment just as it cuts to black. Music swells, title is shown, credits roll.

FORMULA 420

THE END

EXT-HARBOR-DAY

Outdoors, daytime. City harbor. Ships are being unloaded of their contents. Stacks of barrels exist around dock workers unloading them.

One shady-looking dock worker is holding a box with Russian written on it. He appears confused and is standing around awkwardly, as if he were waiting for someone.