

DISTRICT 33
PILOT
DISTRICT CASE: PAINT-'SPLOSION

Written by

Roan Lucas

Roan Lucas
404-747-2255
roan.ac.lucas@gmail.com

THE HAND RAP

Lyrics by Ila Finn

*It's The Hand, mother-frienders, and we want to say
The Hand will make you smile every day!
Whether in the gulag, the death games, or the mines,
The Hand will make sure you're feelin' fine!
The Hand is cool! The Hand is rad! The Hand is not a short-lived
fad!
The Hand is real! The Hand is here! The Hand will forcibly make
you cheer!
Give me a Hand! Give me a Hand! Give me a Hand!*

COLD OPEN

D-4V3 TALKING HEAD

B-ROLL: An ornate banner hanging over an ARMY OF MARCHING SOLDIERS. On the banner is the symbol of THE HAND (Massive hand with an eye on the palm).

D-4V3

What is there to say about The Hand, really?

Focus on D-4V3 (32, he/him, supermodel handsome but has a twitch in his eye), sitting in a spinny chair.

D-4V3

It started out as a humble multi-billion dollar shipping corporation, but after buying a healthcare company, a few major religions, and eventually the entire government, it became the beautiful regime we see today. The Hand is a leader, a provider, but personally, I consider it a friend.

B-ROLL: An office breakroom. D eats lunch next to a poster of The Hand with a security camera imbedded in the eye.

D-4V3

So, how was your weekend?

The camera focuses.

D-4V3

Ha! Classic.

BACK TO TALKING HEAD:

D-4V3

The Hand means the world to me, which is why if this speech goes poorly, I'll cry.

INT. DISTRICT 33 LAUNDROMAT - DAY

A laundromat that also doubles as the town square. Rows and rows of washing machines line the grey walls.

The front of the stage is guarded by a line of POLICE DUDES, led by M-1T7 (29, he/him, harsh eyes and buzzcut). Off to the wings is R-0N4 (35, she/her, tight bun and pencil skirt).

T-3S5 (22, they/she, better than you) films the event on their phone, while C-0D3 (25, mad scientist energy) tampers with a large COVERED DEVICE off to the wings.

D steps out from behind a curtain, and struts up to a podium.

D-4V3

What's going on, District 33?

Out in the audience are the PEOPLE OF DISTRICT 33 (various ages, various genders, all suicidal). They don't applaud.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)

Woof. Tough crowd. Hi! I'm Serial Number D-4V3, but most folks call me The D, and I am your new District Head! Now, can I be real with y'all for a sec?

D kicks the podium over. Everyone CRINGES. J-0S1 (19, she/her, fades into the background... for now) wheels out a chair and places it with its back facing the audience.

D pops a squat on it like a really cool youth pastor.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)

Look, D-33's got a bit of a rep for 'the most rebellions out of any District,' and I get why. You're underfunded, uneducated, and the only service you provide is washing and drying clothes.

D gestures to the various machines. J pulls him aside, and WHISPERS something in his ear.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)

I'm getting word here that you don't dry clothes. That's District 34's job. Got it. My point is, I'm not your last District Head. I know The Hand has flaws. Personally, not a fan of the 24/7 surveillance. Not a fan of the death games. Not a fan of the time they used an AI likeness of me to sell laxatives. But I still believe in the ideals of this great authoritarian oligarchy - and those are ideals of freedom. So, what can I do to help?

D points to RANDOM CITIZEN 1, who is raising their hand.

RANDOM CITIZEN 1
 Will he shoot us if we voice our
 dissents?

Random Citizen points to M. He GROWLS back at them.

D-4V3
 No. Nobody's getting shot. Our
 wonderful Head of Belief Police, M-
 1T7, will assure that. Right, M?

M-1T7
 Probability's low, but not zero.

RANDOM CITIZEN 1
 Cool. So I'm allergic to the soap
 we use and I don't really have, uh,
 skin on my hands anymore?

The crowd BREAKS OUT into a CACOPHONY OF COMPLAINTS: Long
 hours, constant surveillance, their water supply is all Hand-
 brand energy drinks, the usual stuff. D silences them by
 throwing up a quiet coyote symbol.

D-4V3
 Wow. Some powerful feelings here,
 and it's so important to express
 those. However, most of your
 complaints are a matter of Hand
 Policy, which is out of my control.

The crowd BOOS him.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)
 But! What we can do is this.

C wheels out a large THING with a tarp covering it.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)
 I'd like to introduce to you all...
 The Feelings-O-Meter!

C pulls off the tarp, and reveals in all its glory THE
 FEELINGS-O-METER - a big board with five faces drawn on it,
 each displaying a different emotion.

On the edges are literally thousands of clothespins, with
 names scribbled on them. On top of it is a MASSIVE GUN.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)
 Every District Citizen-employee
 gets a clothespin. If you are sad
 about the government, you will put
 your clothespin here.

D takes his clothespin and puts it next to the Sad Face.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)
But if you're happy with the
government, you put it over here.

D takes a clothespin and puts it next to the HAPPY FACE.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)
See! Easy-peasy, right?

He points at Random Citizen 1, who is raising their hand.

RANDOM CITIZEN 1
Why is there a gun strapped to it?

Random Citizen 1 points up to the massive military-grade
weapon on top of the Feelings-o-Meter. The crowd MURMURS.

R-0N4
It's a safety precaution.

The gun GOES OFF, almost shooting Random Citizen 1.

R-0N4 (CONT'D)
Ignore that.

D-4V3
I know it's not perfect, but we
genuinely want to hear -

We hear BEEPING. D looks around, when he spots it: a BOMB
attached to the bottomside of the Feelings-o-Meter.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)
Oh, shoot -

M-1T7
Rebel attack!

The citizens are SCREAMING, pushing each other over to get
out of the way. D is pushed aside by C.

C-0D3
I will protect you, great leader!

The bomb beeps faster, and then EXPLODES. Red paint goes
EVERYWHERE, absolutely coating C and the crowd.

The place is in shambles,. D looks out at the scrambling
crowd, and then puts his clothespin next to the sad face.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT I

INT. DISTRICT 33 LAUNDROMAT - DAY

D is mopping up the paint splatter, alongside various DISTRICT PRISONERS (a mix of serial killers and people who didn't pay their parking tickets). They're all exhausted, but he's chipper as a kipper.

D-4V3

I know that you all are being forced to be here as part of your prison sentence, but I still appreciate your time.

R marches up behind D, holding a clipboard.

R-0N4

D-4V3, sir, so far we've allowed this terrorist to vandalize twelve laundromats. When are we bringing him to justice?

D-4V3

I don't know. There's so much to do around the District. Do we have the resources to go after The Paint-'sploder?

R-0N4

Sorry. The Paint-'sploder?

D-4V3

Oh, just a little nickname I came up with for them. Coz' they 'splode. With paint.

D grins at R. She looks like she wants to kill him.

Just then, T shoves past R, tablet in hand. They hold it up to D, showing him a recording of the paint bomb going off.

T-3S5

So, D, bad news is 90% if the comments are roasting you. Good news is the other 10% are saying you have 'Daddy Dictator energy.'

D-4V3

That's great! Um, I don't love the name 'Daddy Dictator' -

T-3S5

Too bad. Ordering shirts that read 'I'm Daddy Dictator's Dirty Little Proletariat' as we speak.

D spots J in the corner, fiddling with a map.

D-4V3

Hey, J, my favorite-est assistant, would you be my hero and get some more bleach? This paint is proving to be a real stubborn Stewart.

J-0S1

Well, it's permanent, so that's probably why.

D looks down to see his pristine uniform has been covered in a Pollock pattern of red paint from his cleaning.

D-4V3

Ah. Well, I think it's a nice look.

J-0S1

It looks like you murdered a dude.

D-4V3

J, I really admire your ability to be honest with me.

R butts in.

R-0N4

D, it would be in our reputation's best interest if you went after this rebel -

D spots a figure standing outside the laundromat. This is Z-3K3 (pompous asshole), standing outside the store along with a gaggle of LACKEYS (also pompous assholes).

D-4V3

Uh, let's circle back to that, R.

D leaves the establishment, followed by J. R looks after him, frustrated. C holds up his Execution-Bot to her face, and she SCREAMS.

EXT. DISTRICT 33 LAUNDROMAT - DAY

D exits the laundromat, trying to rub the paint off his uniform. It's not working. He approaches Z with a bow. J follows, soon followed by the rest of D's underlings.

D-4V3

Ah, Z-3K3, the most-esteemed Head of District 34. To what do we owe the pleasure?

Z-3K3

D-4V3, the moderately-esteemed Head of District 33! I like the look. Did you just murder someone?

Z gestures at the paint splatters on D's uniform.

D-4V3

No. I prefer not to do that.

Z-3K3

Oh. Okay, pussy. I was just passing through, and I couldn't help but notice that you've had yet another rebel attack. What is this, the fifth this week?

D-4V3

No. It was the third, and you know that because I frequently email you asking for help.

Z-3K3

Must've gone to spam. So, do you and your underlings have a plan for catching this rebel, or can I expect another easy win for the Highest Morale Reward at the Handy's this year?

D-4V3

Look, Z, I don't get why we need to fight. We're not District 2 with the mining. We're not District 16 with the textiles. We're not even District 31 with the HR department. We're the laundry Districts, washing and drying. We should be allies, not enemies.

Z-3K3

True, but we also have all the hottest clubs, so.

One of Z's lackeys raises a boombox, blasting GERMAN TECHNO DANCE POP. They all start dancing.

D-4V3

Okay, no. No. Turn it off.

D tries to turn the boom box off. The lackey dodges out of the way, leading D to manhandle him for it.

Z-3K3

I can't hear you over how much
you're mishandling your District!

D SHOVES the lackey. His boombox topples out of his hands, and BREAKS.

The music STOPS. Everyone's looking at D.

D-4V3

You know what? We are planning on
catching The Paint-'sploder,
because we are serious politicians.
That's right, everyone. We're
catching this criminal red-handed.

J-0S1

We are?

R-0N4

Oh, thank fucking Hand.

Z-3K3

Really? And this decision wasn't
made just because I mocked you over
our catchy techno beats while
telling you about the sick award
we're going to win.

D-4V3

Your techno beats had nothing to do
with this. The Paint-'sploder is a
threat not just to the people of
this District, but the ideals of
The Hand itself.

He turns to face his underlings.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)

Let us band together to defeat this
menace. We will restore peace,
remind the people that their
government cares for them, and most
of all,

(to Z)

prove this guy doesn't deserve that
dope-ass award! Now go forth, my
underlings, and bring this
miscreant to justice!

D tries to make a grand exit, but trips and face-plants. He slowly gets up, gives a salute to his underlings, and then runs out of the room. J gives the others a nod, and follows.

T glances at the others.

T-3S5
 (whispering)
 He didn't give us any tasks.

INT. DISTRICT OFFICES - D'S OFFICE - DAY

D and J are sitting in D's office - a worn down, rat-infested hole in the wall. It does have a spinny chair, though.

D and J sit at D's clunky 90s box computer, when R enters.

D-4V3
 So, good news is The Paint-'sploder has a super low approval rate. The Hand hates them for spreading rebel propaganda, and the people...

R-0N4
 ... Hate them because their art is objectively bad?

D-4V3
 Well, no. I wouldn't say that.

D looks at a piece of splatter graffiti on his computer. It objectively kind of sucks.

J-0S1
 I think it's good.

D-4V3
 I agree! It has charm.

R-0N4
 That's okay. You're allowed to be wrong. Anyhow, would you like me to schedule some time on the Pain Chambers for when you catch this... Paint-'sploder?

D-4V3
 About that. I don't love the Pain Chambers. I feel we could just give them a stern talking to, you know?

R-0N4
 Understood. Have you considered that method might make our employee-citizens see you as, what is a nice way of putting this... a scum-sucking, beef-brained coward?

D-4V3

R, look at me. I am your boss, and
as your boss...

D rises. R flinches, preparing for the worst.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)

I think you should reconsider your
words, because that hurt my
feelings. You are dismissed. Have a
great day.

D sits back down. R glances around the room, confused.

R-0N4 TALKING HEAD

R-0N4

Every District runs on a strict
schedule. The Hand needs its
employee-citizens to be doing what
they need to when they need to be
doing it. That includes eating,
sleeping, and yes, engaging in
intercourse. As The Head of
Scheduling, I make that happen.

B-ROLL: R wrangles a naked M-1T7 out of his bedroom.

R-0N4 (CONT'D)

This job and District Head are
similar in their need for ruthless
efficiency, which is why I was in
line to take over as the Head of
District 33. However, after I made
a minor spreadsheeting error...

INT. HEAD DISTRICT OFFICE - FLASHBACK

FLASHING LIGHTS. SIRENS. CHAOS EVERYWHERE. GOVERNMENT WORKERS
run around, SCREAMING. One dude jumps out a window. R sits at
her desk, staring blankly at a spreadsheet on her computer.

BACK TO TALKING HEAD:

R-0N4

... There was a change of plans.
That being said, I am happy to work
under D, as I'm sure The Hand chose
him for a reason.

B-ROLL: D marches, followed by Police Dudes, when he trips
over his cape. It causes a domino effect of falling soldiers.

R-0N4 (CONT'D)
 (seething)
 And I am just itching to know what
 that reason was.

INT. DISTRICT OFFICES - D'S OFFICE - DAY

D and J are at a computer, looking at Paint-'sploder's art of
 a badly drawn snake biting a badly drawn hand.

J-0S1
 So this is supposed to be a snake
 biting the hand that feeds it.

D-4V3
 Excellent analysis, J! See, this is
 why we pay you the big bucks.

J-0S1
 You don't pay me.

D-4V3
 Yes, but I greatly value your time.

In the distance, there's a muffled EXPLOSION. D stands up.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)
 Oh shi - shoot! What was that?

INT. DISTRICT OFFICES - HALLWAY - DAY

D and J run down the hall, to find T and M walking out of T's
 studio, covered in red paint.

T-3S5
 My studio! My precious studio!

D-4V3
 Shoot, we got paint-'sploded!

DING-A-LING! D holds up his smartwatch to see that "The
 Supervisor" is calling him.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)
 Oh no.

D-4V3 TALKING HEAD

D-4V3 (CONT'D)
 The Supervisor is one the Head
 Honchos of The Hand, and my
 personal idol.

(MORE)

D-4V3 (CONT'D)

She's intimidating, powerful, dominating. She's always steps ahead of me - sorry. She's steps ahead on everyone else - sorry. I want her to step on me.

D sits with that, uncomfortable with where it landed.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)

My point is, this is really not a good time for her to be calling.

BACK TO:

D panics, before accepting the call. A very tiny hologram of THE SUPERVISOR (40s, she/her, dressed in leather) pops up above his watch. D tries to direct her away from the carnage happening right next to him.

THE SUPERVISOR

Hello, D, my little pookie-bear!

D-4V3

Hey there, Ms. Supervisor! You know, now isn't the best time -

THE SUPERVISOR

Listen, I have a public execution tomorrow, so I need to transfer The Gown over to District 34 for drying, and also so I can go to the club. What's the status on that?

D-4V3

Oh! Yes! The Gown! I knew we had The Gown.

D-4V3 TALKING HEAD

D-4V3 (CONT'D)

I did not know we had The Gown. How did I not know we had The Gown?

B-ROLL: The Gown, a deeply ornate dress that conveniently has a hole cut right where the ass is.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)

The Gown is sacred. It was worn by our founder, Ted Chewy's, third wife at his inauguration. The hole in the back represented The Hand's commitment to watching over us, even at our most vulnerable. Also, because she liked anal.

BACK TO SCENE:

D scans the area. He sees T crying in the corner, and M interrogating any of the RANDOM WORKERS wandering about the space. J is also there.

Supervisor pulls a lever. We hear a BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM.

THE SUPERVISOR

Sorry about that. I just had to
turn on the Testicular Tortionator.
Did you hear? We caught a very big
Rebel Leader. This is Snake Eyes.

The Supervisor pulls SNAKE EYES (45, he/him, looks similar to J, bags under his eyes) into frame.

SNAKE EYES

You will not break me! I cannot be -

The Supervisor pulls the lever again. Snake Eyes SCREAMS, before being pushed off-screen. J is alarmed.

D-4V3

That's great! Say, I'm going to
pass you off to my assistant, J -

J-0S1

Gotta pee.

J mad-dashes out of the room.

D-4V3

Or not!

THE SUPERVISOR

Well, just a reminder that if The
Gown is in anyway damaged, I will
be firing you.

D-4V3

Yes, of course - *what?*

THE SUPERVISOR

Oh, don't be dramatic. If you're
terminated, we always have a spot
for you at Handy World as a
character actor.

D-4V3

Sorry, you're thinking about
sending me to the amusement park?

THE SUPERVISOR

Well, of course! You're a skilled actor, and there are lots of jobs over there since the suicide rate is so high. Ta-ta!

The Supervisor hangs up. D is left, stunned.

D-4V3 TALKING HEAD

B-ROLL: Pictures of D working all his past jobs, smiling wide in each of them.

D-4V3

I've had many jobs under The Hand. I've been a secretary, a janitor, a squad executioner. Even hosted the death games for a bit.

Finally, we see an pic of YOUNG D-4V3. He's not smiling here.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)

But the first job I ever had was as The Hand's old mascot.

B-ROLL: Young D breakdances while singing The Hand rap (*See Title Page*). It's off the charts.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)

The acting thing was cute, but I'm a serious politician now, and serious politicians don't pop and also lock. They help people.

B-ROLL: Young D-4V3 break dances. It's so cringe.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)

And that dance did not help people.

INT. DISTRICT OFFICES - HALLWAY - DAY

D tries to get the attention of the panicked employee-citizens, post-bombing.

D-4V3

Hi! I need someone to go escort The Supervisor here. She's -

R-0N4

I'll do it.

R-0N4 immediately leaves.

D-4V3

Wow, look at her. What a go-getter.

R-0N4 TALKING HEAD

R-0N4

I think it may be good for me to have a chat with The Supervisor, just to inform her of some of D's less leadership-worthy qualities. For the sake of the District.

A pause. R quietly gets an evil smile on her face.

INT. DISTRICT OFFICES - GOWN'S CHAMBERS - DAY

D desperately lint rolls The Gown, sweating profusely as he does so. Suddenly, J bursts in.

J-0S1

D, I have some critical information regarding The Paint-'sploder.

D-4V3

Yes, J. I totally hear you. I'm a little preoccupied with The Gown -

J-0S1

No, you're really gonna want to hear this.

D-4V3

Okay, but only because I respect you so much and want you to feel confident in yourself.

D turns towards J.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)

Okay, what's up? What do you know about The Paint-'sploder?

J opens her jacket revealing THE SYMBOL OF THE REBELLION. She pulls out a detonator, raising it above their head.

J-0S1

She's me, bitch.

D-4V3

... Excuse me?

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

INT. DISTRICT OFFICES - GOWN'S CHAMBERS - DAY

J puts a fake nose ring in her nose, to show she's cool now.
D stands on the other end of the room, baffled.

D-4V3

Wait. You're the Paint-'sploder?

J-0S1

Ha! Yeah. Bet you're surprised,
huh? Your innocent little assistant
was actually a member of the
rebellion this whole time.

D-4V3

Well, I wouldn't call you little.
I'm been trying to create an office
culture where we're equals. -

J-0S1

Shut up! I have a bomb!

J presses a button on the detonator, to reveal a paint bomb
strapped to the bottom of the dress.

D-4V3

The Gown!

J-0S1

That's right. One press of this
button and your sacred robe is
getting a new paint job.

D-4V3

What do you want? You can't just be
trying to ruin our tastefully
minimalist aesthetic.

J-0S1

Oh, I'm taking down your tastefully
minimalist aesthetic, along with
the whole Hand. Right now, my dad,
Snake eyes, is rotting away in
District 1's prison.

D-4V3

Wait, Snake Eyes is your *dad*?

J-0S1

That's right. My *padre* is the badass leader of the rebellion, which makes me badass too by, like, transitive property.

D-4V3

Oh my Hand. I hired the rebellion leader's daughter to be my personal assistant. They're gonna send me to the amusement park.

J-0S1

Okay, I don't know what that's a metaphor for...

D-4V3

It's not a metaphor. They'll really send me to an amusement park.

J-0S1

Sure, unless you comply to my demands and release my dad.

D-4V3

Okay, okay. We can negotiate, but, I have to ask... does this mean you're quitting as my assistant?

J-0S1

Wh - yes! Obviously! Do you not see my get-up!

D-4V3

I'm just wondering. I mean, I'd rather not replace you. You've been a lot of help.

J-0S1

(genuinely touched)
Oh, you... really mean that?

D-4V3

Of course! You're very bright.

J-0S1

Oh, um...
(locking in)
Flattery will get you nowhere!

D-4V3

I wasn't trying to flatter you -

J-0S1
Shut up! I have a bomb!

D-4V3
Okay, okay!

INT. THE SUPERVISOR'S LIMO - DAY

The fanciest limo this side of the dystopia. There's complimentary fruit trays, a tub of cold drinks, and numerous torture devices.

R sits across from The Supervisor, who is holding Snake Eyes on a leash. It reads as a little kinky, but not too much.

R-0N4
I have to say, D is such an interesting character. I'm so curious, what qualities does he have that make him a fit leader for District 33? So I can emulate them.

The Supervisor holds a nail up to Snake Eyes' cheek and scratches him with it. He grimaces.

THE SUPERVISOR
Goochie, goochie, goo! Sorry. Were you saying something?

R-0N4
D-4V3. Why'd you pick him?

THE SUPERVISOR
Oh, I don't know. He's fun.

R-0N4
Sorry. Just fun?

THE SUPERVISOR
R, you already ruined your chances in District 1. Why are you trying so hard to ruin your chances here?

R-0N4
Okay. You know what?

R grabs the nail from The Supervisor, and starts scratching Snake Eyes' tongue.

SNAKE EYES
I will not... give in...

R-0N4

Shut up.

(to The Supervisor)

You need to hit the spots that have the most nerve to get the highest pain-per-poke ratio.

THE SUPERVISOR

My, R, I am very impressed.

R beams.

THE SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

Which is why you are such a good peon. See, D has a certain spark, but you? You are just hard-wired into being a loyal servant!

The Supervisor snatches the nail from her. R is frustrated.

INT. DISTRICT OFFICES - GOWN'S CHAMBERS - DAY

D and J are at a standstill.

D-4V3

Let's negotiate. I'm thinking a system where we let Snake Eyes out of jail every other week, but he has to wear a big sign that says "dirty stinky rebel baby."

J-0S1

No! Literally, I just want him out of jail, and I want your tyranny out of this great land!

D-4V3

Okay, but I can't do that! I don't have jurisdiction over District 1. We went over this at orientation.

J-0S1

I fell asleep during orientation.

D-4V3

Wait, even during my District policies puppet show?

J-0S1

There was a puppet show?

D-4V3

Wow. That hurt a lot more than it should've. Look, I wish I could help you. Really! I don't know what it's like to have a dad because I was raised by a rotating staff of prisoners and an AI chatbot, but I'm sure your relationship with Snake Eyes is very special.

J-0S1

Yeah, we're really close. He's visited me on, like, four of my birthdays.

D-4V3

That feels a bit low, but like I said, no frame of reference here. Point is, I want to come to a middle-ground.

J-0S1

There's no middle-ground between me and you, Handjobber.

J tries to spit on D, but fails and just sort of sends a glob of spittle out onto her chin. She quickly wipes it up.

J-0S1 (CONT'D)

That was on purpose.

D-4V3

Very well then. It appears our negotiation has come to an impasse. J, I'm afraid you've forced me to play my trump card.

D gets on his knees in front of J, clasping his hands together. He's nearly crying.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)

Please, please, please, please! I don't wanna go to the amusement park! They don't let you break character there. I'll have to walk around as Ted Chewy, and he has really bad hair!

J pushes him away.

J-0S1

God, you think you can just walk around being a lovey-dovey limp noodle and get everything you want?

(MORE)

J-0S1 (CONT'D)
Tough shit. This is the real world.
Only the strong survive.

D-4V3
Could we please not do this right
now? The Supervisor will be here in
fifteen minutes.

J presses a button on the detonator.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

The bomb starts COUNTING DOWN from fourteen minutes.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)
Huh?

J-0S1
You got fourteen minutes to release
my dad. Sayonara, bitch.

D-4V3
Wait, but that's not enough time -
what's your plan here?

J-0S1
I don't do plans. I do action.

J kicks the air, before running out the room. In a panic, D follows.

R-0N4 TALKING HEAD

R-0N4
So far, The Supervisor has alluded
me, mostly by occupying my time
with torturing the prisoner.

The Supervisor pipes up from behind her.

THE SUPERVISOR
Don't pretend you don't love it,
darling.

R-0N4
... I do love it.

INT. THE SUPERVISOR'S LIMO

The Supervisor HUMS a jaunty tune as she places electrical pads all over Snake Eyes. R-0N4 is growing impatient.

THE SUPERVISOR
You're thinking something. Say
what's on your mind, darling.

R-0N4
If I had not made the
spreadsheets error, would you
have picked me and not D?

THE SUPERVISOR
No. Plug this in.

The Supervisor hands R-0N4 an electrical cord. She plugs it
into a plug under her seat.

R-0N4
What do you mean, 'no?' So - so
what? D is just better than me?

The Supervisor presses a button that sends an electrical
charge right into Snake Eyes. He SCREAMS.

THE SUPERVISOR
Oh, no. Absolutely not! D was
just... a better fit.

R-0N4
But why? Why was he better?

THE SUPERVISOR
I'll show you!

The Supervisor pulls up a TV screen in front of her seat. She
flips on the TV, and it shows one of D's old performances.
He's doing a Hand-themed sitcom with N-0R4

D-4V3
*N-0R4, I really want to go to the
dance with you, but The Hand
assigned S-4R4 to be my life
partner!*

N-0R4
*That's okay, D. Even if we love
each other, we should always do
what The Hand says.*

D-4V3
*That's right! The Hand knows what's
best for me. Goodbye forever, N!*

D walks away, before he slips on a banana peel. Laugh track.

The Supervisor GIGGLES. R-0N4 is confused.

R-0N4

I'm sorry, this makes him a good leader?

THE SUPERVISOR

He's funny!

R looks even more confused.

INT. DISTRICT OFFICES - HALLWAY - DAY

D runs to find J climbing into a vent on the ground. She's already all the way in there.

D-4V3

Wait, wait. J, stop!

J doesn't. D leans down, sticking his head into the vent.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)

Look, I get where you're coming from.

J manages to turn her head so she's facing D.

J-0S1

How could you possibly understand me, you Handjobber?

D-4V3

Well, technically we're called Handshakers, but... listen! My entire life I've been treated as a side-show spectacle, and this is my one shot to prove that I'm more than that. If I do well with this District, I'm not just some the guy who did The Hand rap. I'm someone who makes a difference. Please, don't take that away from me.

J hesitates. She's actually effected by this, but as always, she steels her resolve and locks in.

J-0S1

If you wanted to make a difference, you'd join the rebellion, Handjobber.

J kicks D in the nose, and escapes further into the vents.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

INT. DISTRICT OFFICES - FOYER - DAY

The Supervisor and R enter the foyer, and look around to see the chaos post-studio bombing. People are rushing around, panicked, and T and M are in the corner in casts.

Snake Eyes is dragged behind The Supervisor, on a chain.

THE SUPERVISOR

Oh, this place looks absolutely miserable! I adore it.

D rushes up to The Supervisor. His nose is bleeding.

D-4V3

Ms. Supervisor! Excuse me.

THE SUPERVISOR

Oh, D. You've got something on your face. If you need it looked at, I know a good plastic surgeon. Now, if you could get my Gown -

D-4V3

What's the rush? There's a lovely spike pit-free park nearby that you'd adore. Let's take a walk!

THE SUPERVISOR

Oh no. I don't walk. I get carried. The Gown, please.

D-4V3

No!

That came out a little too loud. The Supervisor is disturbed.

Meanwhile, Snake Eyes is on the chain when he looks over at the vent shaft. He sees J's head poking out.

J-0S1

Dad! Dad!

SNAKE EYES

J? The hell are you doing here?

J-0S1

I'm gonna get you out of here. It's me. I'm The Paint-'sploder.

SNAKE EYES

Sorry, you're the what?

J-0S1

Yeah! I've been the one vandalizing everything. For the rebellion!

SNAKE EYES

Oh my God. J, that's...

J looks on with hope and admiration.

SNAKE EYES (CONT'D)

The dumbest thing I've ever heard.

J's face drops.

BACK TO D:

D-4V3

I just really don't think you should be going there right at this exact moment.

THE SUPERVISOR

Why should I care what you think?

D-4V3

Because... I'm a District Head and I'd hope you'd respect me?

The Supervisor LAUGHS.

THE SUPERVISOR

Ha! That's hilarious.

D looks up at her with sad, wet eyes.

THE SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

Oh, you were serious. Oh, my sweet summer child...

The Supervisor gently caresses D's cheek.

THE SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

Do you know why we put you in charge of the smallest, saddest, dampest little District? See, we higher-ups don't like District 33. It, what, washes clothes? We're rich! We have washing machines at home. This is a null zone, and to make it worse, all of its employee-citizens are ugly.

D-4V3

Well, not *all* of them.

THE SUPERVISOR

No, D. *All of them*. We figured if this District is a miserable little place for miserable little people, the best thing we could do was get some entertainment out of it. That's where you come in.

D-4V3

What do you mean?

THE SUPERVISOR

You're an actor, right? Entertain us! Remember the old Hand rap?

D-4V3

Yeah, I -

THE SUPERVISOR

It was so fun! And you were so good at it. We want you to just keep doing that here, on a political scale. Make mistakes and bad speeches. It's what you do best!

D-4V3

But, I thought I was here to improve the lives of the District employee-citizens as a Head -

THE SUPERVISOR

Oh, don't think of yourself as a Head. Think of yourself as a clown. A very cute clown.

She pinches D's cheek. He's mortified.

BACK TO J:

J-0S1

What do you mean stupid? I'm - I'm doing the rebel thing.

SNAKE EYES

Do you know how much shit I've gotten in prison for your little stunts? For every paint job, they Testicular Tortionate me.

J-0S1

But I've been paint-'sploding -

SNAKE EYES

That's not a real word! And what's the end goal here? You're not spreading a message. You're just making art that's... I mean, it's fine. It's not good.

J-0S1

I did my best.

SNAKE EYES

You know, your brother, F, his philosophy was use a C-90 or use nothing. *That's* good terrorism.

J-0S1

Okay, could you not bring up F right now? And I am doing something! I put a paint-bomb under The Gown -

SNAKE EYES

You *what*? God, she's gonna be pissed when that thing goes off. I need to get out of here.

Snake Eyes starts BITING at his handcuffs.

J-0S1

Wait, I can help.

J struggles to get out of the ventilation shaft.

SNAKE EYES

You've done enough!

J falls out of the ventilation shaft and hits the ground. Everyone looks at her.

J, slowly stands to her feet. There are tears forming in her eyes. She runs away.

THE SUPERVISOR

Was that your assistant? Did you make her cry?

D-4V3

Uh...

THE SUPERVISOR

Great work! Hilarious.

D doesn't know how to respond. Instead, he follows J.

EXT. DISTRICT OFFICES - DUMPSTER - MOMENTS LATER

D finds J outside, next to a comically oversized dumpster. She's curled up into a ball, head to her knees.

D-4V3

Hey, my favorite-est assistant.

J-0S1

Go away. I wanna be with the trash.

D-4V3

Well, I feel like trash too, so...
good company?

He sits next to her.

J-0S1

He called me stupid. Am I stupid?

D-4V3

No, of course not -

J-0S1

Shut up, D. It was a rhetorical
question. I am stupid.

D-4V3

Hey, look at me. Did I think I was
lying when I told you you're the
best assistant I've ever had?

J-0S1

Well, yeah. Because I was
threatening you. With a bomb.

D-4V3

That's true, but I was still
telling you the truth. Who cares
what your dad thinks? You're
driven, you're talented, and you're
really good doing a bomb threat. I
was actually scared!

J-0S1

Yeah, I guess I was pretty good at
that.

D-4V3

You've got a lot of talent, you
just need a bit of direction. And I
feel like that paint bomb might not
be the right direction.

J nods. She's listening.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)
 So how about this? You go
 deactivate the bomb, and we'll work
 together to do something great,
 like...

J-0S1
 Destroy The Hand.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)
 Fix The Hand.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)
 Okay, not what I was thinking, but
 we'll work on the details later.
 For now, let's disable that bomb!

J-0S1
 Yeah!

D and J stare at each other. Nothing happens.

D-4V3
 ... Okay, are you gonna do it?

J-0S1
 Uh, I kinda have to do it manually?

D-4V3
 Shit.

INT. DISTRICT OFFICES - HALLWAY - DAY

The Supervisor marches down the hallway towards her closet,
 trailed by R.

R-0N4
 So... so he's just a clown? What do
 you mean he's a clown? What does
 that make me?

THE SUPERVISOR
 A member of the circus. Pipe down.

D and J appear from behind her.

D-4V3
 So, what was your plan? Just... let
 the bomb go off, even if I didn't
 get Snake Eyes released?

J-0S1

I didn't really think that far.
Like I said, I don't do plans. I do
action.

D-4V3

And you know what? I love the
spirit. I'll make a distraction,
you disable the bomb.

J-0S1

On it.

J crawls into the vents. D walks up to The Supervisor.

D-4V3

Wait, Ms. Supervisor!

THE SUPERVISOR

By Hand, what is it now, D?

D-4V3

I have to ask you something really
important. It's about... taxes.
District taxes. What's up with
them? Where do we put them?

THE SUPERVISOR

Where do you put... taxes?

R-0N4

I'm the one who handles taxes.

D-4V3

And what's up with that? Shouldn't
I be in charge of taxes?

R-0N4

Would you like to switch jobs?

D-4V3

... No.

INT. DISTRICT OFFICES - SUPERVISOR'S CLOSET - MEANWHILE

J-0S1 falls out of the vent, and stands up. She grabs the
bomb, and starts fiddling with it. The bomb reads 2 minutes.

J-0S1

Okay, how do we do this again?

She tries to fix it. The timer keeps going down. She presses a button, and the timer automatically jumps to one minute, 15 seconds. J panics.

INT. DISTRICT OFFICES - HALLWAY - MEANWHILE

The Supervisor is about to walk towards the Gown's chambers.

D-4V3

Wait, no! I just need a word -

THE SUPERVISOR

D, you're being annoying. Be fun. I like you when you're fun.

The Supervisor is about to reach the door. J is fiddling with the bomb, and failing. D takes a deep breath, swallows his pride, and then.

He starts RAPPING THE HAND RAP. Very loudly.

THE SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

Wow, isn't this a surprise! The old rap? Aw, D, you shouldn't have.

He keeps singing it.

THE SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

Well, I suppose I can wait a second. Here, where's my camera?

The Supervisor pulls out her camera. D pulls R into a dance.

R-0N4

I did not consent to this!

D looks towards the chamber nervously.

INT. DISTRICT OFFICES - GOWN'S CHAMBERS - MEANWHILE

It's only a few seconds left.

J-0S1

Ugh, I'm stupid. I'm stupid. I'm stupid. I'm -

J deactivates the bomb.

J-0S1 (CONT'D)

I'm the smartest bitch here!

J quickly ducks out of the chamber...

INT. DISTRICT OFFICES - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

... And immediately runs into The Supervisor.

THE SUPERVISOR

... Is that a bomb?

Everyone stares at J.

J-0S1

You'll never believe it! We just found this bomb planted by a rebel bandit on the sacred Gown. Don't worry. We handled it. Long live The Hand, and stuff.

THE SUPERVISOR

Ah, marvelous! See, D, you see how she delivered that information with excitement and a certain air of pathetic-ness. Just do that.

D-4V3

Yes, ma'am.

THE SUPERVISOR

Very well. Let me go collect my Gown. Excellent work, all of you. Really living up to District 33's none-expectations.

The Supervisor enters the chambers, pulling Snake Eyes behind her. Snake Eyes shoots J a dirty look. She avoids his gaze.

THE SUPERVISOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I forgot this thing didn't have an ass. Oh well. Better for the club!

D lets out a sigh of relief. R comes up from behind him.

R-0N4

So... a clown?

D-4V3

I guess so.

R-0N4

Well, if it's any help, I think you're a very capable leader, D.

D-4V3

Aw, thanks, R.

D turns away. As soon as he does, R's smile fades.

R-0N4 TALKING HEAD

R-0N4

That was a lie. After seeing the display today, I am certain that I am the only person here fit for leadership. The only problem is acquiring it. Fortunately, D is sloppy. I know he has a weakness. All I have to do is find it.

B-ROLL: D talking to J.

R-0N4 (CONT'D)

D might be the clown here, but rest-assured I will have the last laugh.

EXT. DISTRICT OFFICES - DUMPSTER - EVENING

D and J throw the bomb into the dumpster.

J-0S1

Welp, that's the end of my paint-sploding days. Next week I think I'll try seed bombing.

D-4V3

Good luck. A plant hasn't grown in District 33 in over nine years.

J and D take a seat by the dumpster, staring out at the barren wasteland that is District 33.

J-0S1

So, I'm guessing I'm fired after almost getting you sent to amusement park hell.

D-4V3

Yeah, about that. First off, I was being serious. I liked having you as my assistant, and I'm saying that now without you threatening my career this time.

J-0S1

(deadpan)

Oh, stop. You're too sweet.

D-4V3

Second off, I realized if I fire you right now, that would draw a lot of suspicion onto me.

J-0S1

And you'd be investigated.

D-4V3

Which means I get fired, and without me around, you'll get sent to the Pain Chambers.

J-0S1

So what do we do?

D-4V3

Simple! You keep working for me, and we both keep your rebellion affiliations under wraps.

J-0S1

Mutually assured destruction, huh?

D-4V3

And mutually assured friendship! I mean, we both want to help the District. Why not work together?

J-0S1

Because, your stupid Hand is what's hurting The District. You know they only give funding to the people who win that stupid award.

D-4V3

Holy Hand, you're right! 'The Highest Morale Award!' J, I know what we have to do to save District 33...

J-0S1

Murder the oligarchs and burn their houses to the ground.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)

Win the Highest Morale Award! Okay, no. Don't do that.

J-0S1 (CONT'D)

Agree to disagree. Anyways, it's gonna be tough. I mean, D-33's not known for its morale.

J points to the Feelings-o-Meter, sitting to the side of The District Offices. Every single clothespin is on the sad face.

D-4V3

Don't I know it! But, with a little bit of clownery, anything's possible. Shaky truce?

J thinks on it for a moment.

J-0S1
Shaky truce.

They shake on it.

D-4V3 TALKING HEAD

D-4V3
So, turns out I'm not a serious
politician, and I don't have to be.

B-ROLL: We see D dusting off The Gown's chambers.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)
I want to win that Morale Award,
not just to stick it to Z, but also
to really make this District
something special, and hey, if I
have to be a clown to get it, I'm
fine with that.

B-ROLL: T and C washing their clothes. T pulls out their wet
uniform, and looks around, realizing they have no dryers.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)
District 33's a piece of work.
There's a lot of mess here.

B-ROLL: R looking through D's social media on her computer,
taking extensive notes.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)
But there's a lot of love here too.

B-ROLL: Z enters The District 33 laundromat, holding a rather
fancy tuxedo. Suddenly, a paint bomb goes off. He looks
furious. D and J, in the corner, fist-bump.

D-4V3 (CONT'D)
And hey, maybe this is the clown
talking, but I'm feeling pretty
good about this.

EXT. DISTRICT OFFICES - DUMPSTER - NIGHT

C crawls out of the dumpster, holding the paint bomb.

C-0D3
Whoa! Free paint!

The bomb EXPLODES all over C.

END OF ACT 3