

A TUG OF WAR WITH ZOMBIES

OR:

HOW MOONDOGGY AND GIDGET GOT GEORGE W. BUSH HIS CHRISTMAS WISH

Written by

Nicholas R. Zingarelli

"Copyright (c) 2017 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced without the express written permission of the author."

nickzing55@gmail.com
312.504.5057

OVER BLACKNESS:

This story is based on true events. The rest is as close to the truth as any of the heavily redacted government or media reports we've been given. Anyway, the outcome's the same.

FADE IN:

EXT. HONOLULU CHINATOWN WHOREHOUSE - NIGHT

Blinking red Christmas lights hang on a hillside block of shabby flat roofed clapboard whorehouses across a street from a river reflecting "XMAS 2002" in the winking red lights.

Several HOOKERS dance along the curb.

WHOREHOUSE ROOFTOP

MO KEKOA (17) wiry Hawaiian, two black eyes, split lip, blood specked orange jumpsuit with "JUVENILE" cross the back, sleeve torn off, sits on a skateboard at the back of a roof.

PIKA (17) fat Hawaiian, raspy voice, sits next to a decorated Christmas tree, dangles his legs over the front of the roof.

PIKA

I'm your best bud and all, Mo, but this crusade of yours... I mean, ya need to change that jumpsuit, brah.

MO

I ain't gonna stop beating on pimps 'til I'm back in handcuffs again anyway, so why change?

PIKA

I mean, I'm kind-a hungry.

MO

You're always hungry, Pika. Just gimme the sign when it's time.

PIKA

You really think this'll work? I mean, Kola's protecting 'em in his cop car and all. Why take the bait?

Mo looks behind the house. A cop car idles in the shadows.

MO

"Cause I ain't done with them two
scuzzy pimps, besides, no jail can
hold me. I'm a surfin' bird!

Pika flaps his arms as a SUV stops in front of the --

WHOREHOUSE

The Hookers dance around the SUV. Flirt with the DRIVER.

Mo skateboards off the roof. FLAPS his arms like a bird.
CRASHES on the SUV roof. Leaps off. SLAMS onto the --

STREET

He wheels downhill along the river.

The cop car SQUEALS round the corner. The Hookers scatter.

Officer KOLA (30) big Hawaiian, steers the cop car. Two Asian
PIMPS (30) torn suits, bloody faces, sit in front. Point at
the windshield.

KOLA (ON PA)

Mo! It's me again! Officer Kola!

The cop car closes on Mo. The reinforced bumper inches away.
Mo gives Kola the finger. Waves him forward.

KOLA (ON PA)

Ya escape from juvie' you're
supposed to hide, not go out and
assault the same pimps again!

He pumps the gas. Bumps Mo. Mo swerves onto a pier. Zigzags
cross the RATTILING boards. SPLASHES headfirst in the river.

The cop car FISHTAILS. SLAMS into the pier front posts.

Kola runs to the end of the pier. Flings his nightstick in
the water.

KOLA

Mo, ya stupid... Shh-shit...?

The skateboard SLOSHES to the water's surface. No sign of Mo.

Kola dives in. Swims to the skateboard. O.S. CAR ENGINE
ROARS. He turns to the pier. Headlights glare in his eyes.

KOLA

Shit! Mo!

Mo backs the cop car away from the pier. As he fights off the Asian Pimps with the nightstick.

MO (ON PA)

I'll beat on every pimp in Hawaii!

Two cop cars cutoff Mo. He SKIDS to a halt. O.S. BELL DINGS.

INT. HAWAIIAN HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

An elevator opens. Kola shoves Mo out. Follows him.

Mo SQUEAKS his size 17 left and 20 right gym shoes down the hallway. RATTLES his handcuffs over his head.

MO

Whatever happened to paradise, yo?
Do me a solid, Kola, please. My Mom
don't need to see me in chains.

KOLA

I'm doing ya a solid just bringing
ya here. Ya not only escaped from
juvie', ya got your friend killed.

FLASHBACK BEGINS:

INT./EXT. MINIVAN - DAY

Mo, torn off jumpsuit sleeve, black-eyes, bloody split lip, SWERVES the minivan round a turn. Races down a service road.

MO

Oh God! I'm so sorry I got you into
this, Jackie. Fucking brutal
bastard guards. Hang in there. The
hospital's five minutes away.

JACKIE (14) slumps in the shotgun seat. Mo's sleeve tied round his bloody head. Bleeds down the front of his jumpsuit.

Two SECURITY OFFICERS dive out of the minivan's way.

Mo SMASHES the minivan through a gate under a "HALE HO'OMALUH JUVENILE HOME" sign.

FLASHBACK ENDS.

Kola shoves Mo into a "PUSH TO OPEN" pad on the hospital wall before an "ICU" sign over a doorway.

MO

Next time I'll drive a bus load of
kids out of juvie' with me.

The door opens. Kola follows Mo into the --

ICU - NURSE'S STATION

Two NURSES sit behind a counter. Watch monitors. CLICK-CLACK
on laptops.

Kola leans over the counter. Smiles. Winks at them.

KOLA

I brought Sofia Kekoa's son...
(doesn't see Mo)
Shit!

The Nurses point to a room. Kola scurries into the --

ROOM

Kola THUMPS into Mo. Face-to-face. Mo hugs him to keep from
falling. Kola grabs his gun. Spins Mo around toward --

SOFIA KEKOA (32) weak raspy voice, BEAUTY MARKS CIRCLE HER
LEFT EYE, body ravaged by AIDS, lies in bed. MONITORS BLEEP.

Mo shuffles over. Kisses her.

Kola sits in a chair.

KOLA

Your son Mo's crusade against
prostitution and pimps is over.

Sofia grasps the chains between Mo's cuffs. He leans closer.

SOFIA

You're my prisoner now, my love.

Mo lowers his voice. Hardens his teary eyes. Lips trembling.

MO

The confines of death promise to
make prisoners of us all.

SOFIA

Keep your wit to yourself. Play the
fool if you have to. A warriors'
might grows tenfold in surprise.

MO

I understand completely.

SOFIA

Lay here next to me.

She kisses his hands. He feels her cheeks. Grabs a cover at the foot of the bed.

MO

You're cold.

SOFIA

Lend me your strength.

Mo lies on his side next to her. Covers them. Kisses her.

MO

I'm no warrior. I'm just angry.

SOFIA

Your veins course with the blood of Hawaiian kings and Maori warriors.

MO

Mother, I'm so sorry for disrespectful things I said to you.

SOFIA

If only of words were I guilty. In deeds I failed you. And so the Gods. I turned to them too late.

MO

I'm ashamed of myself. I had no right to call you all those names.

He turns away. Sobs. Kola squirms. Looks away. Tears up.

SOFIA

All true. I am a drug addict whore. I do deserve this plague.

She cringes in pain. He kisses her.

MO

Don't say that, Mother.

SOFIA

Regardless if I say it or not; sure as that is true, Kanaloa will cast me into Po; and I will succumb to his inferno. Only you can free me.

MO

How can I find my way to this place called Ke-po-lua-ahi to free you?

SOFIA

You must offer yourself to Pele Ka
Wahine. She will light your way.

She squeezes her eyes shut. Wheezes:

SOFIA

Pele becomes your mother once I...

Her chest rattles. Heaves. She stops breathing. Mo kisses
her. The monitors flat-line. O.S. WARNING BELLS CHIME.

One Nurse hurries in toward Sofia.

Mo jumps out of bed. Tosses the Nurse on Kola's lap. Mo lifts
the blanket in front of him. SMASHES through the window.

Kola lifts the Nurse off his lap. Races to the window. Kicks
Mo's cuffs cross the floor. Pulls on his belt.

KOLA

He used my keys! That son of a...

He ducks out the broken window onto a --

EXT. HAWAIIAN HOSPITAL - SHORT ROOF - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Mo tosses the blanket over an anchoring cable on a telephone
pole. Slides down to the alley. Runs away.

EXT. COASTAL OCEAN WATERS - DAYBREAK

Mo kneels and bows on a surfboard toward day just about to
break over Oahu's north shore.

He paddles the surfboard up a vertical swell. Flattens out.
Races ahead of the break. Sings at a red sunrise:

MO

"Surfin' bird!"

The bottom drops out. Mo free-falls down a monster wave's
face. Flaps his arms. Crouches on the board.

A reflection of the fiery twin towers on 911 shimmers in the
rising twenty-five foot wall of water behind Mo.

Mo hits the bottom. Cuts right. The twin towers image
crumbles. A white water rip-curl CRASHES over him.

He leans back on his board against a black glassy pipeline.

MO
 (sings)
 "Pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-
 paooma-mow-mow, Papa-ooma-mow-mow."

He exits the pipeline. It collapses. Spits a white-spray.

He shreds his way to the shallows. Spins a 360.

EXT. PROMONTORY POINT - LATER THAT DAY

The hill juts out like a rip-curl toward the shoreline surf.

Kola whips the hospital blanket off a picnic table under a crooked shade tree. Sees Mo laying on a bedroll underneath.

KOLA
 Mo, why'd you come back here again?

MO
 The ocean, Kalo, sings me to sleep.
 When Kanaloa beats her and she
 cries, I'm here to comfort her.

Mo puts a Muslim skullcap on. Pulls a bungee cord off his bedroll. Tosses it on the table.

MO
 It's my birthday. I'm seventeen
 today. Wanna know my wish?

KOLA
 Your gonna wish ya never met me. No
 more juvie', Mo. It's prison time.

He whips his handcuffs out. Grasps Mo's shoulder. Mo seizes the cuffs. Clamps one below Kola's hand on his shoulder.

He flips Kola over the table. Cuffs his arms behind his back.

MO
 Your wrong about my wish, Kola.

He swings Kola facedown on the blanket. Rolls him in it. Knots the bungee tight around him. Kola squirms.

KOLA
 I'm gonna get you for this!

MO
 I wished I could arrest you.

He runs past the cop car in the grass next to a "EHUKAI BEACH PARK" sign on a light-post at the edge of a --

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Mo jogs alongside Pika driving an open-top jeep slowly through the lot. PUNK-ROCK PLAYS on the stereo.

PIKA

I'm sorry about your mom, brah!

MO

Thanks, Pika. Can I hitch a ride into Aiea?

Mo lifts a skateboard off the seat.

PIKA

Sure, but you're still in your suit. Where's your cover and shit?

MO

That pig Kola's in my blanket.

PIKA

That reminds me. I'm starving.

Mo tosses a rubber-banded Pimps' roll of cash to him.

MO

Those Chinatown Pimps are gonna buy you pancakes and bacon, Pika.

Kola hops after them in the blanket. Digs his gun out. Aims at them. Trips. Falls. FIRES. BLOWS a hole in his front tire.

Pika PEELS-OUT. Mo jumps on the board. Grabs the tailgate. Hitches a ride. "SURFERS RIDE STANDING" across the gate.

Mo's rolls down the sunny asphalt as it morphs into a --

EXT. CURVING BLACKTOP RAMP - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Mo grips the tailgate. Skateboards up a car ramp onto a --

ROOFTOP PARKING AREA

The jeep circles a few parked cars. Mo works his way along the side fender next to Pika.

MO

Yo, Marine's respect a beachhead!

PIKA

You're gonna die before joining.

MO

We are, "The few! The brave!"

He crouches on the board. Holds the jeep's side-runner.

Pika STOMPS the gas. JAMS the brakes. TIRES SQUEAL.

Mo slingshots off the jeep. Skateboards down the --

CURVING BLACKTOP RAMP

Mo speeds toward a minibus turning onto the ramp. He swerves. Just misses the bus front end. As he hairpin turns onto --

EXT. PALI MOMI STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Mo rolls toward a one-story pink stucco building. "Marine Recruiting Office" on the storefront glass.

MO

Yo, Sarge! I'm seventeen today!

Mo jumps the curb. TAIL-GRINDS cross the sidewalk toward --

Marine master sergeant JOB (37) lean, mean, forehead a jigsaw puzzle of scars, backs into a door. Spills a take-out latte across his chest full of medals and "Job" nameplate.

MO

Yo! Sorry I nuked ya!

He waves a recruiting form in Job's snarling face:

JOB

What's this?

MO

I got my application written out.

JOB

What does your father think about all this?

Mo shows him a thick burn scar in the shape of an electric stove coil on his palm and fingers.

MO

This is all I got to remember about that crack-head child molester.

JOB

How far did you get in school?

MO

Went to Blanche Pope Elementary,
accelerated school. "E Kulia I Ka
Pono Loa," means, "strive for
excellence." Graduated H-S at 15.

He looks around. Lowers his voice:

MO

Being underestimated can lead one
to an insurmountable advantage.
Besides, my surf buds would drown
me if they knew. Been studying
Islam since 9-1-1. Hell, I am one.

He tips his skullcap.

MO

Learned to wipe my ass lefty,
besides other things, Sarge?

He winks. Job grumbles.

MO

War is like a surfing competition.
The better ya know your enemy, the
best you know how to beat 'em.

JOB

You got it all figured out, huh?
Well, son, how did you ever learn
anything if you never shut-up?

MO

Yo, I know what ya mean.

He shakes his head. Lays his hands on Job's shoulders.

MO

I am a motor-mouth. Thing is, I got
theories about everything.

Job sneers at Mo's hands. Mo takes his hands off him.

JOB

Son, do you want me to hurt you?

MO

Lemme finish. Them al-Qaeda zombies
come outta their caves, tripped us
on 9-1-1.

(MORE)

MO (CONT'D)

If we're gonna get into a tug of war with zombies, Sarge, I'm your man. I'm a zombie killer.

JOB

You wanna fight al-Qaeda zombies?

MO

I gotta get into hell. Save my Mom. There's gonna be a war. War's hell. All I gotta do is find the light. Lead my Mom out of the darkness.

Job grabs the Marine application from him. Points to "Pele" and "Kalo" written as "Mother" and "Father" on the form.

JOB

What's this?

MO

Pele, goddess of fire, lightning, volcanoes, violence! I'm devoted to her and Kalo, her sister, goddess of the south pacific. She has shown me the way.

He leans around the paper.

JOB

You put down Pele and Kalo as your Mother's and Father's names.

MO

Fiercest forces ever. I'm their descendant. I'm indestructible.

JOB

Indestructible, huh?

Job punches him in the chin. POW. Mo's head SNAPS-BACK.

INT. MARINE TRAINING CENTER HALLWAY - NIGHT

THEO GOOSE (53) wiry, mustache, cowboy hat, longhair loops his ears, walks, looking at ceiling lights through "Yo" written in bullet holes in the center of a gun range target.

JOB (O.S.)

I got a dozen targets with the same results from a M107 50 caliber sniper rifle. Goose. Get this. All the targets are at 3,500 yards!

Goose hands him the target.

JOB

It's not just that, Goose. Mo shot down a prototype helicopter drone being test flown over 4,400 yards on another site west of the range.

GOOSE

How'd he score on advanced shooting technique, individual training, convoy live fire, urban operations and four day field training?

JOB

He topped the scoring in each for the whole camp. First time ever!

GOOSE

Why are you here, Job?

JOB

The CO called me in. Mo slept behind the recruitment center two weeks 'til I accepted his application. I'm his next of kin.

GOOSE

You sound excited for once.

Job cuts him off near the other side of the hallway's doors.

JOB

My whole career I been beating dim wits into automatons, finally the light at the end of the tunnel. I'm a proud father of a natural leader.

GOOSE

Tell me what happened here.

JOB

The members of his unit took exception to Mo wearing his Muslim skullcap and well... You'll see.

GOOSE

It's good you called. Gotta chance to look Mo's Honolulu police file over and... I just so happen to be looking for an individual like Mo.

JOB

You always are.

They step out the doors. Jump in a hummer. PEELS-OUT.

EXT. MARINE TRAINING CENTER - BARRACKS - NIGHT

The hummer halts in front of the barracks door. As two MARINE MPs lay two unconscious MARINES on the ground.

Goose BURSTS through the door. Job follows.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Goose leads Job down the center aisle past several MARINES duct-taped in different positions to bunk bed frames.

GOOSE

Bet Mo's still got his skullcap on.

JOB

You're gonna be listening to Mo's theories about why his unit turned on him for a month of Sundays.

GOOSE

I read that motor mouth bit about Mo in his police file. Also saw where you cut a deal for Mo with the court. I suppose since he was a witness to his friend Jackie being beaten to death by guards in juvie everyone was glad to see Mo go...

He SNAPS his fingers. Runs to the door.

JOB

You know where to find him, huh?

GOOSE

He'll go through the fence in a...

INT./EXT. MARINE BUS (MOVING) - NIGHT

Mo, in his skullcap, twists and turns the wheel between rows of barracks being built. Three MP hummers SWERVE on his tail.

He passes the last barracks. Goose leaps off a construction crane's boom. THUMPS on the bus roof. Carries a two-by-four.

MO

Someone dropping in on my ride.

He races toward a perimeter fence in the distance.

Goose STOMPS along one side of the roof. Plays a HARMONICA. SMASHES the two-by-four through the windows.

Mo looks through the rearview mirror. Sees the windows around the bus IMplode. Shards fill the air.

The two-by-four swings down from the roof. SMASH. The windshield spider-webs.

As Mo shoves the fractured glass out. He glimpses a reflection of Goose flying in a busted window behind him.

Goose wraps his arm around Mo's throat from behind. Pokes a three-sided dagger under Mo's ear. Draws blood. Mo smiles:

MO

Yo! I like your style, brah.

GOOSE

My name's Theo Goose. And I respect your right to religion, Mo.

MO

That's a three-sided dagger. A slit that don't close up. I'm listening.

GOOSE

I am here to offer you a shot at striking out "The Sultan of Swat," Osama bin Laden, in his al-Qaeda Tora bora cave complex. All you gotta do is stop before that fence.

Mo SCREECHES the vehicle to a halt inches from the fence.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE - DAY

Male and female snow leopards CRUNCH through heavy snow sending the white powder sifting down the rock face onto --

Mo, Pashtun attire, sits in an alcove. Shakes snow off his turban. Draws wavy stripes cross his cheeks with a felt pen.

ATAL (18) Pashtun male, sparse beard, broken nose, good English, leans on a rock. Headphones on his neck whisper SMOOTH-JAZZ from a portable CD player in his hand.

ATAL

What is this, "tug of war"?

MO

Each good war has one. Jap's at Pearl Harbor.

(MORE)

MO (CONT'D)

Nazi's bombing London. Like
watching the twin towers collapse
over and over.

He waves the pen. Accentuates his words:

MO

Something that sticks in your craw.
Yo, like, Yes Virginia, they are
eating the flesh.

ATAL

What sticks in Virginia's craw?

Mo grabs the CD player from his grasp. Opens the lid.

MO

Shit like this, "you light up my
life" song your listening to.

He unloads a bootleg CD titled "Good Intensions".

ATAL

But, the Goose give me that.

MO

The Goose is a born again hippie
without the high. He don't know
shit 'bout music. Or peace, Atal.

Atal mocks playing an imaginary saxophone.

ATAL

He say, "Chicks go for saxophones."

MO

All the hippie chicks he's talking
about are over fifty, brah.

He crosses out "Good Intensions". Writes "Road to Ruin" on
the CD.

MO

Smooth jazz rots brains. Say it.

ATAL

"Smooth jazz rots brains".

MO

You want Bees. Got to have honey.

ATAL

Bees and honey?

MO
 (speaking Pashtun)
 Atal, toptshi!

He shoves a RPG launcher in Atal's hands. Points skyward.

MO
 (speaking Pashtun)
 Paysee, preewe'zem. Payseewaalaa.
 Bling-bling. Bees to honey.

Atal sees two attack helicopters above. FIRE ROCKETS.

O.S. EXPLOSION. The slope shakes. Atal drops to his knees.

Mo crouches. Eyeballs a fifty caliber sniper rifle scope.

He lowers his aim. Smiles wide. The felt pen lines across his cheeks rise into the curling waves of an ocean swell.

EXT. TORA BORA AL-QAEDA CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

A rock strewn path of sand opens at one end into a mountain pass surrounded by hills rising into snowy peaks.

Four BEARDED SOLDIERS haul a blood-soaked BIN LADEN from a cave. They dive behind a boulder.

The rockets SLAM the cave entrance. BLAST the entrance into rubble.

Goose plays his HARMONICA as he rides a horse into the camp. A hockey-bag bounces behind his saddle.

Goose trots his horse toward bin Laden. The Bearded Soldiers drag bin Laden backward. Aim their AKs at Goose.

GOOSE
 Who wants to be a ten millionaire?

GUNSHOTS RING-OUT. Bearded Soldier #1 executes Bearded Soldiers #2 #3 #4.

Bearded Soldier #1 puts his gun to bin Laden's head. Smiles.

BEARDED SOLDIER #1
 (heavy Arabic accent)
 Drop bag and back off, John Wayne.

GOOSE
 Once upon a time, I was Bronson.

He drops the bag in the sand. The incoming high-powered BULLET ZINGS through the air.

SMACK. The fifty caliber projectile scoops-out a V-shaped rut in Bearded Soldier #1's skull. Drops him. As the SHOT ECHOES.

Goose turns his horse. Knocks bin Laden down. Waves at the --

MOUNTAIN SIDE

Mo shoulders the rifle. FIRES a flare-gun over the next ridge.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The attack helicopters chase the dying flare over the ridge. Facing a narrow uneven road hewn from rock formations as --

An oncoming extended cab pickup leads a convoy of old pickups full of heavily armed Pashtun tribesmen along the road.

ALICIA (22) Red Army assassin, sexy accent, black piercing eyes, sits on a hockey-bag in the lead pickup rear bed. Hugs a M4A1 to her chest. A shemagh (Arab scarf) wraps her face.

A black helicopter lands in the road. The convoy halts.

LAPDOG (35) arrogant ass, suit and tie, Army boots, stands in the opening hatch of the helicopter. A laptop under one arm. Sprays a silver cylinder of breath freshener in his mouth.

LAPDOG

(voice cracks)

This is...

(clears throat)

Gary! This is bullshit! You will accept this order!

GARY (34) linebacker size CIA paramilitary, growls words, always angry, exits the lead vehicle. Slings a pump shotgun over his shoulder. Shouts Pashtun to the tribesmen.

CIA paramilitary officers. TOMMY (30) lanky, ball cap. WIZ (30) Afro American, cigar. TEX (36) Stetson. Exit a pickup.

Lapdog jumps from the helicopter. Scurries after Gary.

LAPDOG

Gary! You can't ignore me!
Remember, I convinced them to trust
you with their ten million!

Alicia jumps out of the pickup. Lands in Lapdog's face.

ALICIA

You will return to your ship!

Lapdog backs up. Alicia tosses her shemagh in the truck bed. Her short platinum blonde hair twisted into devilish horns.

LAPDOG

Oo-bay-ee-tsa. How's your father,
The General?

Alicia fingers multiple scratch scars on her cheek.

ALICIA

I have not been able to get to "The
General" for some time now. I would
enjoy seeing my Father again.

Lapdog smiles. Alicia swoops her M4A1 muzzle under his chin. Backs him against the helicopter hatch.

LAPDOG

How about I get you two together?
An early Xmas... celebration, huh?

Alicia nods. Leaves. Gary gets in Lapdog's face.

GARY

Lapdog! You better get back up
Rummy's ass where you came from.

LAPDOG

I'm not here to debate, Gary.

GARY

The last sixteen days cost the
taxpayers five million dollars. Not
to mention the ten good men I lost.

He fingers ten notches etched into his M4A1's stock.

LAPDOG

Gary. It's over. We're done here.

GARY

I'm a mountain pass away from doin'
a victory lap around Tora Bora with
bin Laden's head.

LAPDOG

Gary, I have the authority...

Gary yanks Lapdog's tie. Pulls his head down.

GARY
 You think I'm just gonna quit so
 Rummy can play the limelight a
 little longer?!

LAPDOG
 (chokes on words)
 You'll do as you're told.

Gary tickles his ear with a dragon dagger blade.

GARY
 I was told to deliver the head of
 our country's greatest enemy. I
 guess I can do that much.

Gary swings the dagger. Lapdog falls inside the helicopter.

Tommy, Tex and Wiz wrestle Gary backwards. Gary laughs at the
 cutoff end of Lapdog's tie dangling in his grip.

GARY
 This how they pull you out of that
 prune's ass?

Lapdog stands in the hatch. Spins the laptop screen toward
 Gary.

LAPDOG
 Would you... repeat all that?!

The screen shows the real-time face of RUMSFELD.

RUMSFELD (ON SCREEN)
 Gary, you're proceeding perfectly
 logically towards an illogical...

Gary punches Rumsfeld in his real-time face. Shoves the
 laptop into Lapdog's gut. He flops on his ass in the hatch.

LAPDOG
 You need to get with the times,
 Gary! We've shifted our focus!

The rotor blades SWIRL a flurry. As the helicopter lifts-off.

GARY
 They saved bin Laden's ass!

EXT. AL QAEDA CAMPSITE - DAY

Mo rappels down the slope to the ground. Raises his sniper
 rifle. Eyeballs the scope. Focuses the lens through the --

OPENING AT ONE END

Bin Laden rides Goose's horse down a rock strewn path into the mountain pass.

MO (O.S.)
I got ya. Ya fucking ghost.

GOOSE (O.S.)
Let him ride, Mo!

AL QAEDA CAMPSITE

Mo lowers his rifle. Sees Goose. Hockey-bag in his hand.

MO
Yo, Goose, I had him in my sights.

GOOSE
Don't want to lose our poster boy.
Gotta have enemies here.

Goose drapes his arm over Mo's shoulders.

GOOSE
There's cadmium in these hills.
Cadmium batteries will fuel the
electric cars of America's future.

MO
Industrial machine's pink bunny can
never quit banging that drum, huh?

Goose laughs. Mo spins from under his arm.

MO
Yo, Goose, why didn't ya tell me
'bout any of this bullshit?

GOOSE
You're the one don't have time for;
(lampoons MO's voice)
I quote, "Yo, boring bush-league
terrorists, or their neighborhood."

Mo gets in his face.

MO
Yeah but, "The Sultan of Swat?"

The black helicopter lands. KICKS-UP a dust cloud.

GOOSE

You picked a fine time to get your
head in the game. It's over, Mo!

He shoves Mo inside the hatch. Enters behind him.

INT./EXT. BLACK HELICOPTER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The ship rises above the mountain ridge. Spins into a turn.

Goose drops the hockey-bag at Mo's feet. The zipper BURSTS.
It's full of freshly minted \$100 bills in \$10,000 bundles.

GOOSE

All right, Mo, choose, yes sir,
I'll obey orders.

The ship pitches right into a course correction.

GOOSE

Or, no sir, I won't.

MO

Yes, Sir!

He salutes Goose. Kicks the hockey-bag toward the open hatch.
Lapdog leaps from the cockpit. Chases the bag.

The hockey-bag exits the hatch. Lapdog grabs the door frame.
Sees the hockey-bag spin toward the foothills. Spills cash.

LAPDOG

You're both lunatics?!

Goose sits copilot.

GOOSE

You gotta be crazy to think you'd
find anyone sane to do what we do.

Lapdog points in Mo's face.

LAPDOG

Your child here is...

Mo grabs his wrist. Pulls his arm down.

MO

Yo, ya shouldn't point. It's crude.

LAPDOG

Fuck you!

He gives Mo the finger. Mo grabs a ceiling strap. Swings Lapdog out the hatch. Dangles him by his wrist.

MO

Funny, from here, you look fucked!

LAPDOG

Please, Mo! I'll do anything!

Mo pulls him up. Flings him onto the floor.

MO

How 'bout another assignment? I seem to be in the throws of a monetary shortfall.

LAPDOG

How about we turn around, so you can go down there and search?

A RPG flies by the hatch. DETONATES. SHRAPNEL CLAWS holes in the walls. The helicopter yaws. Smoke fills the fuselage.

O.S. WARNING BELL CHIMES.

EXT. PERSIAN GULF - NIGHT

A black helicopter skims the choppy Gulf water. Approaches shoreline lights in the distance.

A submarine surfaces offshore. Launches a Tomahawk cruise missile. The afterburner's flame becomes a --

EXT. POOL-SIDE CAMCORDER LIVE RECORDING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

--Tiki torch flame. A moth flirts with the fire. Ignites. Its fiery wings CRASH over the lens.

SOMEONE peels the smoldering moth from the lens. That Someone is PERCY "DOC" SEBASTIAN (28) glasses, nerdy journalist, appears on screen. Dangles the moth in his pinched fingers.

PERCY

You're messing up my production for your fifteen seconds of flame.

GOOSE (O.S.)

Percy, quit playing with that moth?

Percy waves his hand. The moth sticks to him. He flings it.

PERCY

Now give me the camera and a hand.

He disappears off camera. The camcorder focuses on the words inked to his palm, "3/18/03 THE-WORLD-AS-IT-IS PREWAR PARTY!"

PERCY (O.S.)

Prewar Party. Take two!

Two different men's hands CLAP. The lens swings onto Goose.

GOOSE

Follow me!

He circles a dry pool in a four-star seaside hotel. Takes cash from thirty PARTYING SOLDIERS in swimsuits.

Goose points to a "HIRED GUNS" magazine cover with a sexy topless girl in a camouflage cap and shorts. She hugs a M4A1 mounted with a grenade launcher across her nipples.

GOOSE (O.S.)

Best of both worlds: M4A1 carbine
over a M203, 40mm grenade launcher.

MO (O.S.)

(gasps words)

The... whore! The... whore!

Mo, bucket hat, lowers the magazine. Sits on a lawn chair in night vision goggles, N.V.G.s and "EAT ME ZOMBIES" T-shirt.

GOOSE (O.S.)

Meet my Surfin' Bird, Mo.

PERCY (O.S.)

Why Surfin' Bird, Mo?

MO

My surfer buds hung that name on me
cause-a-the-way I flap my arms like
a bird.

He takes his goggles off. Points to his oversized feet.

MO

That and the way my size seventeen
left and twenty right talons clutch
a surfboard.

PERCY

Trashmen or Ramones "Surfin' Bird?"

MO

Ramones!

Goose squeezes between them. Raises a handful of cash.

GOOSE

Wait 'til you see him stick to a skateboard! It's magic!

MO

The trick is changing everyone's cash into Goose's.

He grabs for the money. Goose pockets it.

PERCY (O.S.)

So, Mo, how'd you hookup with this mercenary?

GOOSE

Private contractor is the respectable terminology.

MO

I went to enlist, ended up dazzling the hell out of this Muslim hating Marine recruiter with my theories.

GOOSE

Actually, the recruiter's an old war-buddy a-mine. And well...

He laughs. Shakes his head. Smiles.

GOOSE

He tells me about this nuts-so kid that lives on his doorstep and never shuts up.

MO

So he recruited me. And yo, it's been nothing but sand, sun, rock climbing and surfing Oahu 'til now.

Goose steps away. Calls back:

GOOSE

I see new sheep to shear.

MO

I did my basic training in the sand to battle Hajji on his own turf.

PERCY (O.S.)
So you're a surfer out of water.

MO
I ride surf or turf.

PERCY (O.S.)
No skateboard parks here either.

MO
Yo, I'm a nomad punk. I-rock and I-roll, wherever.

Mo duct-tapes one foot to a skateboard.

MO
Shit, I take enough of these hayseeds' money, I'll buy myself a magic carpet. You a hayseed, Percy?

PERCY (O.S.)
I grew up with Goose in Chicago.

Mo SNAPS his fingers. Points at the lens.

MO
Yo! You're that dropout priest friend of Goose's.

PERCY (O.S.)
Guilty.

MO
You a pedophile?

PERCY (O.S.)
I just lost faith.

MO
Goose says you've spent your life searching for the grail?

Percy hands Mo another camcorder.

PERCY (O.S.)
That's Goose's way of saying I'm a priest turned journalist. Actually, I'm more of a documentarian.

Mo reads a business card taped to the camcorder:

MO
The-world-as-it-is-dot-com?

PERCY (O.S.)
Soldiers send me their camcorder
videos. I put them on my website.

MO
Seeing is believing. Who ya here
with?

PERCY (O.S.)
I was imbedded with the First
Marine Recon. Until this morning.

MO
Ya got caught giving Jar-head so
they kicked ya out-a-bed, ay, Doc?

PERCY (O.S.)
The CO heard I was passing out
camcorders to his Marines. You can
have that one, Mo. You record
something special. Get it to me.

Mo puts the camcorder in his cargo pants pocket. Buttons it.

MO
Yeah sure. I'm a crusader too, Doc.

They go through a ritual of handshakes and fist bumps.

MO
I'm gonna beat the devil and lead
my mother, Sofia, out of hell.

Goose shoves Mo's hat over his eyes. Percy sneers at Mo.

GOOSE
Show-time, Mo.

UNIFORMED SOLDIER #1 and #2 lift Mo in the lawn chair.

MO
First trick Surfin' Bird does is...

He flings his bucket hat off.

MO
...fly out of his hat.

Uniformed Soldier #1 and #2 dump Mo into the --

POOL

Mo rolls down the side. Zigzags around. Carves up the bowl.

Goose lies on the diving board. Waves the wad of cash in his grasp over the board. The Soldiers quiet down.

GOOSE

Step up, see yo' money disappear.

Mo circles. Builds up speed.

MO

Any a-ya pusses want your dead-ass presidents doubled with interest?!

The Soldiers hoot.

Mo flies out of the pool. Spins a 360 Madonna Trick over the diving board. Grabs the cash from Goose. Rolls into the pool.

Mo GRINDS up and down the walls. Waves the money.

MO

Fuck ya, they're mine!

The Soldiers jeer. Crowd onto the diving board. Toss bottles.

The bottles SHATTER off the bowl. Mo flaps his arms. Dodges a SHH-SHOWER of glass.

He swerves under the diving board. Climbs the wall. Sings:

MO

"Bird, bird, ba-bird's the word!"

He flies out of the pool. Spins a 360 Madonna Trick over the Soldiers. They flop back like dominoes across the board.

Mo twirls in midair. His board WHIRLS into helicopter blades.

INT. BLACK HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The PILOT checks his heading. Goose sits copilot. Full gear.

The cockpit glass is a green night vision display screen. Illuminates the desert terrain below.

PILOT

Coming up on Baghdad. Five minutes.

O.S. PROXIMITY ALARM DINGS.

GOOSE

We good?

PILOT

We good. That's our calling card.

A Tomahawk cruise missile passes them. Appears on the night vision display-screen.

GOOSE

Follow our calling card in.

The missile nosedives into a complex of buildings ahead. EXPLOSIONS light up a crescent moon & star on a mosque roof.

PILOT

That's your marker coming up.

Goose slings his M4A1 over his shoulder. Yells at the Pilot:

GOOSE

Catch you on the rebound!

Mo sits on a bench. Full gear. M4A1 between his legs. Loads a DVD in the camcorder. Drops it in his cargo pocket.

Goose exits the cockpit. Mo joins him at the hatch.

GOOSE

Time we get down to business, Mo.

MO

Race ya.

O.S. PROXIMITY ALARM DINGS.

GOOSE

You win!

He shoves Mo out the hatch.

EXT. BLACK HELICOPTER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Mo grabs the rappelling rope. Points down.

Goose leans out. Sees an ASSASSIN in a shemagh below FIRE a RPG at them. Mo kicks Goose inside. Slides down the rope:

MO

Incoming!

The RPG EXPLODES. SPLINTERS the rotor. The ship pitches. Rotates with its blades. Mo swirls down the rope. No Goose.

MOSQUE COURTYARD

Mo twirls on the rope. Drags his boots in the sand. The rope WHIPS him to the ground. He SLAMS sideways. Loses his grip.

The helicopter CRASHES. Rolls in a cloud of sand and debris.

Several IRAQI SOLDIERS high-five each other. FIRE AKs in the air. A HAIL-OF-GUNFIRE SHREDS THEM.

Mo runs out of the cloud. GUNS-DOWN the rest of them.

INT. BLACK HELICOPTER WRECKAGE - NIGHT

Sparks spit out of the darkness. Sporadic flashes create snapshots of the wrecked fuselage carnage and destruction.

Mo enters the hatch. Tosses his helmet. Frantically searches.

MO

Goose!

He flips the bench aside. Finds Goose, beat up and bloody on the cockpit floor. Sits him up against the fuselage.

GOOSE

I bounced around and ended up here.

MO

Ya saved my ass, Goose.

GOOSE

I was pushing you outta my way.

Mo TEARS Goose's blood-soaked sleeve off. Exposes a deep bloody gash round a compound fractured bone of his upper arm.

MO

Do yourself a favor. Quit pushin' me. I lost my damn medic bag!

He rips his vest and shirt off. Uncovers his "EAT ME ZOMBIE" T-shirt. Ties his shirt above Goose's wound. Wraps his vest around him.

Goose sees the Pilot in his seat. His chin on his chest.

GOOSE

(to Mo)

He don't look good.

Mo checks the dead Pilot's pulse. Looks to Goose:

MO

Nothing!

Mo wipes tears. Snot from his nose. Sucks it in.

GOOSE

(coughs blood)

And I'm his soon-to-be dead ringer.

MO

Loosen that tourniquet for at least
a minute every twenty, Goose.

He turns to leave. Goose grabs him. Mo faces him. Teary-eyed.

GOOSE

Whoa!

MO

Goose, I'll be back with a vehicle
soon as I locate the advance team.

GOOSE

Mo, in case I don't, see ya again.

MO

Yo, check that shit. I don't wanna
hear no bull 'bout dyin'. Ya ain't
paid me yet, Goose!

He steps in the hatch.

GOOSE

Hey!

MO

Yo?

GOOSE

Mo, ya know... I love you too.

Mo smiles through tears. Nods to him. Jumps out.

EXT. PILE OF RUBLE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Mo lies between concrete chunks under an arch of bent rebar.
Stares in night vision binoculars. Zooms onto --

BAGHDAD HOSPITAL BACKSIDE

A stake body truck backs up to an eight-story glass and steel
building.

EXT. STAKE BODY TRUCK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Tommy, shemagh wraps his face, sets an AK over the steering wheel. Stares into the driver side mirror at --

Ten ZOMBIES (20s) commando uniforms, no insignias, bluish stitched faces under N.V.G.s. Earbuds plugged into CD players strapped to their chests. FIRE AKs in the air as they shove --

Five Iraqi ADULTS and eight CHILDREN up the basement steps.

The Iraqis load crates on the truck.

TOMMY (O.S.)
Hell, take your time you mindless
zombie motherfuckers.

He positions the mirror on himself. Unwraps his shemagh. Sees an ancient Persian warrior's gold helmet on his head.

O.S. DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN. Tommy turns. Sees Mo aim his M4A1 at him from the open shotgun door.

TOMMY
Boy, what the... I'm American,
okay? My name's Tommy, yeah?

Mo lowers his gun. And his guard.

MO
Sorry. Zombies you say?!

TOMMY
American zombies, programmed by a
Dr. Delgado. Some mad scientist
from Spain's Franco regime. Their
skin's falling off. And they bite.

MO
Can't beat 'em, ya eat 'em. You the
advance team?

TOMMY
Can't you tell we're the good guys?

Mo climbs in. Stands his M4A1 in the corner.

MO
Good as gold.

TOMMY
What boy, this old thing?

MO
Fucking gold, yo.

Tommy winks in the mirror at himself. TAPS on his helmet.

TOMMY
Americans deserve the best, yeah?

MO
I see, says the blind man.

Tommy turns to Mo. Mo refocuses the camcorder-lens on Tommy.

TOMMY
Who's sorry now?

Mo ducks. Pockets the camera. As Tommy jabs his AK stock over Mo's shoulder. SMASHES the rear window. Mo grabs the AK.

TOMMY
Goddamn you!

Mo wrestles him against the driver door.

MO
You first!

He forces the muzzle to Tommy's knee with one hand. His other pulls the trigger. The GUNSHOT MUFFLED. Tommy's knee BURSTS.

Mo SMACKS the AK butt to Tommy's chin.

The door swings open. Mo rides Tommy to the ground. THUMP.

The camcorder bounces out of Mo's cargo pocket. He SLAMS the AK barrel upside Tommy's head. Knocks him out.

Mo crawls over to the camcorder. Stares at the bright-lit green "POWER ON" light. The lens twists. Auto-focuses.

Mo traces the camera's aim to the Zombies backs. MUZZLE FLASHES in front of them. The BULLETS BLAST the five Iraqi Adults and eight Children against the wall.

Mo tucks the camcorder under his arm. Raises Tommy's AK. The Zombies turn to him. Confusion stymies both sides.

Mo pulls the trigger. The gun JAMS. He drops it. Runs away. The camcorder points back. The lens twists. Auto-focuses.

The "POWER ON" light glows under Mo's arm and the lens twists as he leaps over Tommy. BULLETS TEAR across Tommy's legs.

Mo dives into the stake body truck cab. GUNFIRE-RIPS the open door apart. Mo shifts into "D". STOMPS the gas.

A HAIL-OF-GUNFIRE TEARS the roof off the cab as the truck pitches over rough terrain.

Mo steers one-handed. Holds the camera out the door in his other. Aims the lens at the Zombies. FIRING at him.

MO

Seeing is believing, Doc.

The BULLETS STRAFE the rear bed as the truck climbs over a pile of rubble and down. RATTLES onto a --

DIRT ROAD

Mo reaches under his ass. Pulls out something wrapped in a rubber-banded black chamois.

He unwraps the chamois in his lap. Something glows in his face. Casts the cab into daylight.

MO

Pele Ka Wahine will light my way.

He squints at a lizard-faced luminescent figurine in his lap.

INT./EXT. BLACK HELICOPTER WRECKAGE - NIGHT

Goose slumps against the fuselage. His ears bleed. Mo kneels. Lays the M4A1 down. Goose watches Mo loosen his tourniquet.

MO

Yo, Goose. I stole us some wheels.

GOOSE

Any sign of the advance team?

MO

Bad sign, brah!

O.S. EXPLOSION. LIFTS and JUGGLES the front-end. Mo backs into the tail-section. The M4A1 TUMBLES out the hatch.

The helicopter SLAMS down. Goose struggles to his feet.

GOOSE

Stay back!

MO

No fuckin' way!

Mo rushes forward. CRASHES into the control panel.

MO

Where's the external lights?

Goose reaches around him. Flips a toggle switch.

A cracked spotlight illuminates the rubble across the way as --

The Assassin stands behind the rubble. Lowers a M4A1 carbine with rocket launcher. Rips his N.V.G.s off. It's Gary!

GARY

Bye-bye motherfuckers, bye-bye!

He raises the M4A1. Blows into the infrared scope. Crouches.

Mo and Goose step to either side of the control panel. An infrared laser dot explores the cockpit.

GOOSE

M4A1 carbine with M203, 40mm
grenade launcher...

Gary FIRES a grenade at Goose and Mo.

Goose spins toward Mo:

GOOSE

...Best a both worlds.

Mo tries to grab Goose. But Goose shoves Mo backward first:

MO

No!

The grenade EXPLODES behind Goose. His body parts PUMMEL Mo. He flies back. SMASHES into the rear fuselage.

NIGHTMARE BEGINS:

EXT. BAGHDAD HOSPITAL EMERGENCY - NIGHT

A spotlight follows Mo as he skateboards along a driveway toward the hospital. Hugs Goose's bloody torso to his chest.

He swerves past a burning ambulance buried in a bomb crater.

SOLDIER #1 (O.S.)

Check out the odd sized boots. We
got the Surfin' Bird here!

SOLDIER #2 (O.S.)
Mo, we got the Goose! Stay with us!

MO
(sings sotto)
"I wanna be sedated..."

He wheels by the five Iraqi Adults and eight Children riddled with bloody bullet holes standing on the sidewalk.

MO
I'm sorry 'bout all this, but...
Goose's all I got in this world.

Mo skateboards into the revolving door entryway. WHIRLS the door faster and faster. Rises into the --

BAGHDAD SKY

Tracers streak by on a downward trajectory. Lead surgical STRIKES. Buildings EXPLODE into rubble. FIRES everywhere.

O.S. HELICOPTER BLADES WHOOSH. O.S. MILITARY RADIO SQUAWKS.

NIGHTMARE ENDS.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Lapdog leads Alicia down a plush carpet. Oil paintings adorn the walls.

Two LARGE MEN in bulky suits, military haircuts, finger their earpiece communication devices. Back up. Let them pass.

LAPDOG
The General has been consulting us
on Afghanistan.

ALICIA
Will this become a problem for you?

They halt at a bank of elevators.

LAPDOG
I'm afraid The General has not lost
his predatory sex drive.

He hands Alicia a hotel room key-card.

LAPDOG
I'm sure after they find his more
than ample collection of VHS tapes,
they'll see the problem as over.

O.S. BELL DINGS. Alicia enters an opening elevator. Feels the multiple scratch scars on her cheek. Bites her lip.

The elevator SHH-SHUTS.

PRESIDENTIAL SUITE ENTRANCE

Alicia eases the door open. Enters. The drapes drawn. The room's dark as a movie theater without exit-sign-lights.

THE GENERAL (70) silk pajamas, looks-like Stalin (60) sits on a couch. CLICKS a remote at static on the big screen TV.

The TV's stacked with video tapes to either side of a VHS player. The display screen blinks "VCR. 00:00".

The General sniffs a teddy-bear's crotch through little girl's underwear printed with multi-colored lollipops.

THE GENERAL
(speaking Russian)
Oo-bay-ee-tsa...

He thumbs the remote. "PLAY" lights up on the VHS display.

BEGIN VIDEO TAPE:

YOUNG ALICIA (9) long blonde hair rests on her apprehensive freckled cheeks as she stares down.

Her knees shake below a short summer dress. Her bare-feet shift on the cold marble tiled floor.

YOUNG ALICIA
(speaking Russian)
Please, father. Please don't.

THE GENERAL (O.S.)
(speaking Russian)
Unbutton your dress, Oo-bay-ee-tsa.

Young Alicia bites her lip.

YOUNG ALICIA
(speaking Russian)
Absolutely, not ever again.

THE GENERAL (O.S.)
(speaking Russian)
Then I will help you.

He THRASHES a riding crop across her face. Young Alicia wipes the blood from her clawed cheek. Bites her lip.

YOUNG ALICIA
 (speaking Russian)
 I won't, because you want me to.

She jumps forward. Thrusts her arms off the screen.

The camera focus drops. The General STOMPS on her bare-feet. Her knees struggle against his legs in the silk pajama bottoms. Her lollipop panties drop over his slippers.

O.S. FABRIC-TEARS. Her torn summer dress falls to the floor.

VIDEO TAPE ENDS.

The TV tips forward. CRASHES to the floor. The rear panel flashes with a strobe-light effect through the room as --

The General leans back on the couch. Alicia rises behind him.

She drops a triple loop of VHS tape around his neck. Yanks her crossed fists apart. Draws the noose tight.

YOUNG ALICIA
 (speaking Russian)
 Why don't you just scream for me?

She strangles him. He kicks. Squirms. Dies. Not a whimper.

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mo skateboards in a skullcap and scrubs along the hallway. Weaves round a few young SOLDIER AMPUTEES in wheelchairs.

A young uniformed LIEUTENANT backs his walker into the wall. Mocks choking himself with his own hands as Mo passes.

MO
 Yo, Lieutenant! I don't choke, sir!

He wheels by an open door. WHIRLS around the corner.

Alicia, dressed in scrubs, steps through the open door. Fixes an ID to her blouse: "CPT. Seau RN" under her photo.

ADJOINING HALLWAY

ZIGZAG (30) easygoing, southern drawl, ponytail, beard, rolls his wheelchair. Slides walkers into slalom course gates.

He backs to the wall. Checks his watch. Looks down the hall.

ZIGZAG

Roy! Y'all tell that Muslim hot dog
Zigzag says he's got twelve ticks!

OTHER END OF HALLWAY

ROY WATTS (25) big jovial Afro-American nurse's aide, waves a fist full of dollar bills. Mo wheels past.

ROY

Zigzag says hurry, Mo.

MO

Just make sure it's all there, Roy?

He skateboards by Zigzag. SLALOMS through the course gates.

MO

Be right back.

He swings for the last gate. A cane SKIDS out a doorway. JAMS under Mo's wheels. Mo flies. CRASHES into a wall.

Mo shakes his head. Looks up. Tommy, plaster-cast on his left arm, legs bandaged, raises the cane.

TOMMY

Do you have something of mine?

MO

Ya fucking axed me!

Tommy BOPS the cane upside Mo's head. His skullcap flies off. As he falls. Mo's shaved head a road map of surgery scars.

TOMMY

Hell, boy, how goes it?

MO

Yo, I been better.

TOMMY

How 'bout I axe you again, boy?

He WHACKS the cane over Mo's head. Swings the cane again. Roy grabs the cane. Mid-swing. Drags Tommy back. Mo's out cold.

Zigzag rolls his wheelchair in. Shields Mo from the action.

He sticks a band-aid on Mo's back under his shirt.

Roy steps chest-to-chest with Tommy.

ROY
What's with you?

Tommy pinches Roy's chin. Distracts him as he slips something into Roy's pocket.

TOMMY
Boy, why don't ya go wipe someone's
ass? Ain't that a nurse's aide job?

Roy SLAPS his hand away. Tommy SLAMS his own head and arm against the wall. As if Roy punched him. CRACKS the cast.

Alicia leads ORDERLY 1 and 2 into the fracas. They separate Tommy and Roy. Roy breaks free.

ROY
The name's Roy, you cretin.

ALICIA
Hold him!

ROY
You got me all wrong.

Orderly 1 and 2 drag Roy backward.

ALICIA
What is this all about?

TOMMY
I won a wager, didn't I, boy?!

He turns. Watches Zigzag wheel away. Mo in his lap. Tommy spins back. Points at Roy.

TOMMY
He refused to pay, right? I pressed
the issue and Roy-boy threatened me
with a razor knife, didn't you?

Roy drags the Orderlies near Tommy.

ROY
That's wrong!

The Orderlies subdue him. Alicia inspects Roy's ID.

ALICIA
Roy, please empty your pockets?

Roy reluctantly pulls a razor knife from his pocket.

ROY

I swear I... It's not mine.

Alicia takes the razor.

ALICIA

Go check on Mo. We'll speak later.

TOMMY

We need to talk, okay, Nurse?

ALICIA

I'm Captain Seau.

(to Orderlies)

Help him to Ortho for recasting.

Orderly 1 and 2 haul Tommy away.

INT. ORTHOPAEDICS - NIGHT

Tommy sits between Orderly 1 and 2 in a deserted treatment bay. Offers them a Cuban cigar each.

TOMMY

Why don't you's two take a break?

Smoke these Cuban's, yeah?

ORDERLY 1

Thanks man, but no thanks.

Alicia enters. One hand in her pocket. Rubber gloves on.

ALICIA

(to Orderlies)

You two can go.

Orderly 1 and 2 take a cigar. Leave. Gary jumps up. YANKS the curtain SHH-SHUT. Gets in her face.

TOMMY

First, who's this Roy character?

ALICIA

He is wrong man in wrong place.

Tommy pokes her chest. She shakes her head.

TOMMY

Listen bitch, you think I need any of your help?

ALICIA

I don't know about any of that.

TOMMY

You think ya can lie to me, bitch?

ALICIA

No, Tommy, you got it all wrong.

TOMMY

You telling me Gary didn't send you
to kill Mo?

ALICIA

They sent me here to kill you.

She twists his plaster-cast-arm. Tommy squirms in pain:

TOMMY

Ah! Ain't you a fucking bitch?!

She rips the razor knife from her pocket. SLASHES his throat.
Tommy clamps his hands to his bloody neck. Sits.

She drops the razor in a wall mounted used needle dispenser.

ALICIA

Bitch bitch, fucking bitch.

Tommy bleeds all over himself. Alicia SHH-SHUTS the curtain.

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The door slowly opens. A plastic bag flies through the gap.

Mo sits-up in bed. CATCHES the bag against his chest.

Roy enters. SMACKS Mo's boots to the floor. Shuts the door.

ROY

I'm booting your ass out of here.

MO

What's in the bag?

ROY

Time to let the bloody cat out.

He dumps the contents of the bag. Mo's blood-stained battered
camcorder. The rubber-banded black chamois. PLOP on the bed.

MO

None of this shit's my bloody cat.

ROY

Took this off you when you came in.

MO
At least you didn't hock it.

He picks up the rubber-banded black chamois.

ROY
I couldn't.

MO
Yo, don't con me.

ROY
Ain't no con.

MO
Yo, fuck dis shit!

He tosses the rubber-banded black chamois. Roy dives over the bed. Grabs the rubber-banded black chamois.

ROY
Just listen to me.

MO
Yo, go head.

ROY
Tommy came in minutes before you.
All busted up. I can tell he's...
(sotto)
C-I-A.

MO
Yo, check that shit. You tripping.

ROY
I saw Tommy's medevac report.

MO
What-a-ya-mean?

Roy pokes the rubber-banded black chamois in his face.

ROY
His point of origin was blank.

MO
Maybe they forgot? Missed it?

ROY
No way.

MO
Why not?

He takes the rubber-banded black chamois from Roy.

ROY
Medevac did as they were ordered.

MO
Who does that?

ROY
Same people that deny Morphine so
they don't tell the truth.

MO
Yo! Axe man motherfucker!

ROY
What, me?

He snatches the rubber-banded black chamois back.

MO
No, that speed-bump-motherfucker
that chopped my ride.

ROY
You and that beatnik surfer lingo.

MO
That plaster-cast-motherfucker.

ROY
Come on, I dig. Proceed daddy-yo.

Mo laughs. Roy shakes his head. Snickers.

MO
Check da lingo, cuccini. Even
seniors don't say "dig" anymore.

ROY
All right, so I'm not cool, what
about Tommy plaster-cast?

MO
After he tripped me earlier, he
said, "you got something of mine,"
like he knew me, and I should
remember him, why?

ROY
So what's the answer?

MO
Yo, I don't...

ROY
You don't what?

MO
Know or remember anything much
about him, past...

He rubs a bruise on his head.

MO
...the last impression he put on me
with that cane of his.

ROY
Then why's still in question.

Mo gets out of bed. Takes the black chamois. Unwraps it.

MO
My cracked skull's the not-knowing
answer to that.

ROY
Your both missing the something?

MO
What something?

Roy drapes the chamois over Mo's face. Presses the figurine
to his nose. Mo lifts the chamois. Squints at its glow.

ROY
This is that something.

MO
Shiny little guy. Now why don't you
let me in on this something.

ROY
I checked this out on the internet.
Mesopotamians buried these with
their loved ones.

MO
Sure. But yo, why did they bury the
little guys with them?

ROY
To lead their loved ones out of the
darkness of the underworld.

Mo takes the figurine. Holds it up to the ceiling light.

FLASHBACK BEGINS:

INT. HAWAIIAN HOSPITAL - ICU ROOM - DAY

Mo lies on his side with Sofia under the blanket. She smiles.

SOFIA
You must free me.

MO
How can I find my way to this place
called Ke-po-lua-ahi to free you?

SOFIA
You must offer yourself to Pele Ka
Wahine. She will light your way.

She winces in pain. Closes her eyes. Wheezes...

FLASHBACK ENDS.

Mo holds the figurine to his forehead. Shuts his teary-eyes.

MO
Thank you Pele Ka Wahine.

He kneels. Hands the figurine to Roy.

MO
I'm on a crusade to lead my mother
out of Ke-po-lua-ahi. Polynesian
hell.

ROY
This little guy's your grail.

MO
Roy! Will you knight me?

ROY
Hell yea!

He touches the figurine to each of Mo's shoulders. Makes the
sign of the cross on his forehead. Hands Mo the figurine.

MO
What else ya know about this little
guy. Maybe he can enlighten me.

ROY
Saddam stole him from the Baghdad
Museum with a truckload of other
important historical artifacts.

MO
Stole them for the money?

ROY

Pimp daddy Saddam sat on one of the deepest rivers of crude oil on this planet. You think he needed money?

MO

Don't know any Mesopotamians. But I heard of Iraq. What am I missing?

ROY

The Iraqi's are the descendents of the Mesopotamian civilization.

MO

Sharp dudes, huh?

ROY

Taught the world Mathematics, Astronomy, Medicine, and the alphabet to pass it all down with.

Mo stares in the figurine's eyes.

MO

A conquered people, no history or a culture to rebuild on. Lost and wondering, "who's your pimp daddy?"

ROY

Exactly!

MO

We put pimp daddy Saddam in power.

ROY

Absolutely. They need to get their shit together.

MO

They could use this little guy.

ROY

We could all use a light out of the darkness. But it's not that easy.

MO

What, they gonna chop off my hand for taking it?

ROY

Chop off your head and hands.

MO

Yo, the fuck for?

ROY

Five Iraqi adult civilians and eight children gangland massacred during the theft. The artifacts were stashed in Baghdad Hospital's basement. Now they're gone.

MO

Ya think I was at that hack shack?

ROY

I don't know. Speak to me.

Mo rubs the figurine on his forehead. Sobs quietly.

MO

I... I can't remember. But I damn well know I didn't have any fucking thing to do with massacring kids.

ROY

I believe ya don't remember, but...

MO

But what?

ROY

I don't want any kids' blood on me. You do what you want with this.

MO

I don't know what to do.

ROY

Try and remember.

MO

When I try and remember how I got here my brain gets scrambled.

Roy pushes the camcorder's play button. Opens the LCD screen. Percy's business card falls out. Mo grabs it. Reads it.

Roy hands Mo the camcorder on his way out:

ROY

Watch this 'til I get back.

BEGIN PLAYBACK:

EXT. BAGHDAD HOSPITAL BACKSIDE - NIGHT

The backs of the Zombies. MUZZLE FLASHES in front of them. BLAM-BLAM-BLAM the BULLETS RIDDLE the five Iraqi Adults and eight Children against the wall.

PLAYBACK ENDS.

Mo rips the DVD from the camcorder. Peers at his reflection in it. The door opens. He drops the DVD to his side. As Zigzag wheelchairs in.

ZIGZAG

Our gentleman friend in the cast
had a case of sudden death, y'all.

MO

Dead how, Zigzag?

ZIGZAG

Slit throat. Police pulled Roy in
for questioning. He wants me to
pitch you this.

He throws Mo a money clip of cash. Mo stares at it.

MO

I gotta tell them Roy was with me.

ZIGZAG

I'll tell 'em I's huddling with Roy
the whole time downstairs. He'll be
safe at home 'fore morning.

MO

What can I do?

ZIGZAG

I's supposed to tell y'all about
your dead teammate Theo...

MO

Goose! Theo Goose.

ZIGZAG

What's left of Goose is down...
What's that there in your hand, Mo?

Zigzag points to the DVD. Its mirror surface reflects --

"PATHOLOGY DEPARTMENT"

Mo enters a doorway under the sign into an --

AUTOPSY ROOM

FRANK (30) seven foot tall, Marine haircut, slow deadpan baritone voice, droopy-eyes, sallow face, shuffles along. Leads Mo past empty dissection tables.

FRANK

Bear with me. I'm decaffeinated.
And my low thyroid is dragging me
down. Who are we looking for?

MO

I'm delivering Goose to his most
excellent friend Percy, in Chicago.

FRANK

Theo Goose. Follow me, sir.

He pulls a magnetized clipboard off a row of stainless steel refrigerator drawers.

MO

You remind me of...

FRANK

Who, sir?

Mo steps once for Frank's two SCUFFLING-STEPS.

MO

I'm sorry. Yo, forget it.

FRANK

No. Go right ahead. Please.

MO

Some old movie star, Boris,
something, played Frankenstein.

FRANK

My name is Frank. But without my
coffee, I'm more of a, Lurch type.

He checks the clipboard against numbers on the drawers.

MO

What about when you drink coffee?

FRANK

I become, a real monster, sir.

He slides a cadaver tray out. Lifts an 18" x 18" sealed bag of brown fluid around a solid mass.

MO
Yo, the fuck did you do to him?

FRANK
Not much left of this one.

MO
Must-a cut out his heart, huh?

FRANK
They're all vacuum seal mummified.
Before we fly 'em home, on
commercial airliners. Don't want
anyone noticing...
(sotto)
The smell.

MO
Mum's the word, ay?

Frank reads a list of flight schedules on a clipboard page.

FRANK
If a, we hurry, you have time...

He checks his watch. Hands Mo a camouflage backpack.

FRANK
To catch a, non-stop midnight
flight, to Chicago.

MO
Sweet.

Frank SLAMS the tray door.

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mo BURSTS out a stairway door. Sprints down a long corridor.
Camouflage backpack on. Two skateboards strapped over it.

He heads toward a "loading dock" sign over plastic strips
hanging from a double-wide doorway.

Flashlight beams shine on the other side of the plastic
strips. O.S. INDISTINCT CHATTER. Mo SKIDS to a halt.

He GIGGLES a locked doorknob. SLAMS his shoulder into the
door. No effect. Hurls himself at the door again.

Several POLICEMEN enter through the hanging plastic strips.

FITNESS CENTER

Mo BUSTS through the door into total darkness. Shuts it. O.S.
Policemen POUND on the door. RATTLE the doorknob.

POLICEMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
It's locked! Move on!

O.S. WHIRRING MACHINE SOUNDS.

A giant projection screen at the front of the room lights up.

Saddam Hussein's laughing face superimposed in the smoke
billowing out of the twins towers as the buildings crumble.

MO
Yes Virginia, they are eating the
flesh.

Mo flips the light on. Ten Zombies in scrubs, O.R. caps and
N.V.G.s, run toward him on elliptical machines.

Their earbuds jacked in CD players strapped to their chests.

ZOMBIES
(simultaneously growl)
One of us. One of us. One of us.

The Zombies jump off the elliptical machines. Line-up for
inspection. Mo removes their OR caps and N.V.G.s.

They blink. Squint. Shade their eyes. The Zombies have
swollen lobotomy scars across their upper foreheads.

MO
Our Zombies against al Qaeda
zombies. That takes brains.

Mo walks along. Inspects the line. RIPS their earbuds out.
SMOOTH-JAZZ LEAKS-OUT of them.

MO
Smooth jazz rots brains. Yes but...

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL BAGGAGE CHECK - NIGHT

Mo wears the bucket hat, backpack, two skateboards strapped
over it. Inspects a line of passengers carrying their shoes.

MO
...war makes zombies of us all.

Everyone stares at wall mounted TVs all around the concourse and gate seating. Replaying the twin towers' collapse.

TSA #1 passes Mo. Nods to Lapdog in a doorway along the wall. Lapdog fingers his nose. Enters the door in the wall.

Mo sets his backpack on a conveyor belt. TSA #1 SMACKS a plastic tray onto the table. Mo puts his boots in it.

TSA #1

Sir, you're going to have to lay
all your accessories on the table
for me to have a look-see.

TSA #2 views a fluoroscope screen. TSA #1 lifts the skateboards. Reads "GET SOME" across the foot sides.

TSA #1

You a Marine?

MO

Trained with First Recon.

TSA #1

You just comin' back?

Mo lifts his hat. Exposes his scar-filled scalp.

MO

Got my meatball tenderized during a
Special Op'.

TSA #1

Goddamn, Uncle Sam!

TSA #3 pulls a wine bottles from inside the backpack.

TSA #3

Shoot, gonna have to shit-can your
plans for a holiday toast, sir.

MO

Yo, my plans are all for yours,
boys. Tip the vino in an air
hostess and lay her over tonight.

TSA #!

What the...?

He holds the bag with Goose's remains up.

MO

Yo, can ya give me a break on my
smoked Christmas Goose, boys? It
would mean the world to me Mum.

TSA #1

My brother's a Marine Recon. This
one's on me boys, if you will?

TSA #1 nods up the conveyor at TSA #2. TSA #3 winks back at
him. TSA #1 repacks the backpack.

BOARDING TUNNEL

Mo follows a CAPELLA TRIO in Fedoras. As they TAP-DANCE their
way to the plane entrance. Sing:

CAPELLA TAP DANCE TRIO

"To that special place, Sweet home,
Chicago".

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Gary TAPS the camcorder on a window. A cell phone to his ear.

GARY

(into cell phone)

Trace all out-and-incoming
communications on your bogey!

The ten Zombies stand at attention.

DR. DELGADO (96) old, decrepit, scratchy voice, Euro-Spanish
accent, lab-coat, lets go of his walker. Sits on a bed.

GARY

(into cell phone)

You getting anything?!

He pulls some loose skin from one of the Zombies' neck.

GARY

(to Dr. Delgado)

Good job on the subliminal image of
Saddam laughing on the 911 attack
newsreel. Can't see him at all on
the one we're running on mass media
stations. Why's the skin like this?

DR. DELGADO

I am a neuropsychiatric surgeon.
I've given you mind-controlled
soldiers. Not breast augmentation.

GARY

What happens when we're done with
"em?

DR. DELGADO

It's perfectly simple. Once they're
deprived of our commands to lead
them they just... kill themselves.

Dr. Delgado waves the Zombies forward. They line up. Dr.
Delgado puts a wool cap on each of their heads.

ZIGZAG (V.O.)

(filtered)

Gary! Are you with me?

Gary lifts the cell phone to his ear. Turns to the window.

GARY

(into phone)

Gimme some good news, Zigzag.

ZIGZAG (V.O.)

(filtered)

We got him, Gary! He's in the air,
on a commercial jet headed for
Chicago. ETA, two hours.

Gary scowls at the camcorder in his hand.

GARY

(into phone)

Good! Cause he's got us on video!

He SMASHES the camcorder through the SHATTERING glass.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Zigzag watches the laptop screen's frozen frame of Gary's arm
through the busted window from outside. Camcorder in hand.

Lapdog tilts Zigzag's chair back. Smiles down at him.

ZIGZAG

You sure know how to push your
players' buttons.

LAPDOG

I was schooled hanging from a
helicopter over Tora Bora.

ZIGZAG

You got these two in a tug-a-war
with you pulling at both ends.

LAPDOG

It's easier to let go that way.

He FLIPS Zigzag's chair forward. He THUMPS into the table.

INT. COMMERCIAL JETLINER - NIGHT

Mo stares out the window at a starry sky. Cabin mostly empty.

ALICIA (O.S.)

Sir!

Mo turns to the aisle. Alicia leans over the empty seats from behind the refreshment cart in an air hostess uniform.

Mo reads her winged nameplate:

MO

Sandra Dee?

ALICIA

Here's your cranberry juice, sir.

She hands him a juice can.

MO

Didn't know Sandra Dee was Russian?

ALICIA

No?

MO

Not many wahines in Russia?

ALICIA

I don't know that term.

He sticks his hands out. Palms down. Rocks his hips.

MO

Surfer chicks.

Alicia fights off a smile.

ALICIA

I love the surfing.

MO

How 'bout I teach you to surf?

ALICIA
You are the surfer?

MO
Gidget, it's me, Moon-doggy. Mo for
short. Don't ya know me?

Alicia RATTLES a cup of ice.

ALICIA
Would you like some ice, Mo?

Mo waves the cup away.

MO
Yo, ain't I cool?

ALICIA
You are funny, Mo.

He sets the juice can down on his tray by Percy's business
card. Watches her push the cart away. Rocking her hips.

MO
You sure got a sexy way with words.

He eyes Percy's business card. Smiles across the aisle at
JULIAN ASSANGE (22) sits. CLICK-CLACKS on a laptop.

He plugs a sat phone in his laptop. Downs a double scotch.
Shows Mo an orgy scene on the laptop screen.

JULIAN
Got a tip for ya. Newest thing,
satellite mobiles get you internet
porn from space. Buy in now, lad.

Mo rises. Sips his juice. Trips into the aisle.

MO
Shit!

He spills his can. Julian twists in his seat. Cranberry juice
blotches his shirt.

JULIAN
That's some bloody shit, bloke!

He sets the laptop on an empty seat. Jumps to his feet. Mo
leans behind him.

MO
Whoa! Dude, like I'm so, like...

JULIAN

Outta me way, ya yammering yank.

He charges into the bathroom.

MO

Get bent.

He sits. Sets Julian's laptop on his legs. TAPS on the keys.

INT. PERCY'S BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Modest furniture, book crammed shelves cover the walls. A pink crib with a farm babies musical mobile next to RACHEL SEBASTIAN (36) short hair, nighty, sleeps under a bed quilt.

Percy sits at a laptop on a desk. Scrolls down a page.

INSERT SCREEN:

"#1 - Immediately after the 9/11 attacks the US Government offers a twenty-five million dollar reward for bin Laden."

"#2 - Late 2001, Tora Bora, CIA paramilitary forces joined by Pashtun rebels come up short and fail to capture bin Laden as the US state department refuses to commit US troops."

"#3 - March 18, 2003 I make contact with Mo Keoka on my last day in Qatar."

"#4 - March 20, 2003 The US invades Iraq."

"#5 - July 3, 2003 The State Department offers a twenty-five million dollar reward for Saddam Hussein's capture."

"MO" flashes on a winged envelope flying across the page. O.S. BELL RINGS. The cursor opens the e-mail:

"Yo, Doc, still searching for that Grail? If seeing is believing, seek a campfire in freedom woods at 2:30 AM."

"All it'll cost ya is fifteen seconds of flame."

INSERT ENDS.

Percy shuts the laptop. Opens curtains on a window.

Icicle Christmas lights on a gutter next door blur in the frosted glass. A commercial jet flies through flurries in the sky.

PERCY

Surfin' Bird's out of his hat.

He turns to a clock radio on "2:00 AM".

Rachel sits-up under the quilt.

RACHEL

Why are you up so early?

Percy kisses her.

PERCY

Shh. I'm trying to sneak out.

RACHEL

She's already awake.

She lifts her nighty. Exposes her ninth-month pregnant belly.

A mike taped over her protruding navel wired to a MD recorder/player on the bed.

RACHEL

I worry about ya going out in that cold, in the dark.

He peels the mike off her belly. CLICKS the stop button on the MD player/recorder.

PERCY

I'll listen to this on my run. It always brings me home.

Rachel sticks her fingers in her ears. Shuts her eyes.

RACHEL

Sofia says, "you never answered our question about decorating the house for Christmas."

She lays one hand on her belly. Whispers:

RACHEL

Please...

She dangles a palm sized baby doll wrapped in a pink blanket Christmas ornament. "Sofia" cross its white sash.

PERCY

Rachel, we've been over and over this ever since...

He tears up. Clutches the MD player/recorder and mike. She takes his hand.

RACHEL

I know how much losing Goose hurt you. And I... I promised not to mention him, but...

Percy pulls his hand from hers. Turns away.

PERCY

I've got a DVD to process. The story's going to deadline today. And it needs more research.

He wipes tears off his cheek. She strokes his back.

PERCY

We'll talk later. I need to run.

RACHEL

Let's talk now, Percy, please?

He kisses his way up her arm. RASPBERRIES her neck.

PERCY

I've got a surprise for you when I get back. Let's not spoil it.

Rachel smiles. Cocks her head against his.

RACHEL

Wear that yellow hoodie. You need to be seen. Here, put this on.

She drops an ID necklace clipped to his driver's license around his neck. Pecks a kiss on his cheek.

PERCY

I will. You're right. And thank you for taking good care of me.

RACHEL

We'll have s-e-x for breakfast.

Percy twists a house key onto a ring on the necklace.

PERCY

It'll be Sofia's first white Christmas.

RACHEL

That's disgusting.

PERCY

It's also against the doctor's orders of "bed rest" along...

RACHEL

Along with "The least bit of excitement." I was born with a heart defect. I had some trouble lately. But I feel stronger as Sofia nears.

PERCY

Then please take it easy.

RACHEL

Eggs over easy sounds good.

PERCY

I'll make oatmeal for you too. I left you some tea on the dresser.

Rachel wraps her arms around him. Percy kisses her.

INT. COMMERCIAL JETLINER - NIGHT

Mo sits with the laptop on his legs. Loads the DVD.

BEGIN PLAYBACK PART 2:

EXT. BAGHDAD HOSPITAL BACKSIDE - NIGHT

The Zombies turn sideways. Aim AKs at the lens. They reveal --

A MAN in a wide brim pimp hat and fur coat behind them. As he FIRES an AK. GUNS-DOWN the five Iraqi Adults and eight Children against the wall.

He joins the Zombies FIRING at the shaky camera lens frame. But the pimp hat Man's MUZZLE-FLASHES hide his face.

PLAYBACK PART 2 ENDS.

Mo shuts the lid. Removes the DVD. Puts it in a plastic disc case. As Julian KNOCKS on the overhead. Wet shirt in hand.

JULIAN

Oi! Ya bloody me shirt so ya can watch gangster videos, mate?

MO

Sorry, cuz. Did I nacho ya shirt?

JULIAN

No worries. Name's Julian Assange.

MO
 Mo Kekoa. Are ya interested in the
 Holy Grail, Julian?

Julian nods as they do the ritual of handshakes. Fist bumps.

INT. ARRIVAL GATE - NIGHT

Mo sidesteps families hugging. Shoulders his backpack. Two skateboards strapped over it.

MO
 Excuse me.

He steps into pedestrian traffic on their way out.

Tex follows Mo. Pulls his Stetson brim over his eyes.

Mo walks by a bathroom. Doubles-back. Tex steps side-to-side. Mo mirrors his moves.

MO
 Pardon me.

Tex steps back. Mo enters the men's washroom alcove.

ACCUSING MALE VOICE (O.S.)
 Hey you! My suitcase!

Mo skateboards from the alcove. Toting a red suitcase into a crowd of pedestrian.

Tex chases Mo into the crowd. CRASHES over the red suitcase.

TEX
 Crap!

Mo disappears in the crowd.

INT. O'HARE BLUE LINE "L" SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

Mo leaps off a dead escalator. Skateboard under his arm.

A mechanic lies on his back halfway inside the escalator's service door. Mo steals a flashlight at the mechanic's feet.

BIBS (35) CIA, beard, worn bib-overalls, moth-eaten parka, thumbs through a pile of newspapers in a garbage can.

Mo skateboards around him. Jumps into an --

"L" CAR

Mo rolls past the empty seats to the tail-end.

Bibs enters. Newspapers under his arm. Sits at the doors. Removes his parka. Stuffs the papers down his overalls.

EXT./INT. BEAT-UP PICKUP (IDLING) - NIGHT

Tex exits the terminal. Reaches into the idling pickup truck bed. "AIRPORT SECURITY" across the shotgun door.

He slaps a magnetized "DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION" sign over "AIRPORT SECURITY" on the door. Hops in. Sits shotgun.

Wiz chomps a cigar at the wheel.

TEX

I fucking lost him, Wiz.

WIZ

We got him. He's on the blue line into the city.

He STOMPS the gas. PEELS-OUT.

INT./EXT. "L" CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

The darkness of the tunnel changes the windows to mirrors.

Bibs sits. Reads a newspaper. Mo skateboards past him:

MO

Yo, 'tis the night before Christmas" and I'm blitzin'.

The train SQUEALS to a halt at an empty platform. Mo rolls back and forth at the open doors. Bibs springs-up.

MO

Shit... wrong stop.

Mo rolls backward. KNOCKS Bibs on his heels. The car jerks forward. Bibs FLOPS backward into a seat.

BIBS

Crap!

MO

See ya!

Mo grabs the board-up. Exits the door between the cars.

BIBS

Hey!

Bibs chases him out the door --

BETWEEN CARS

Bibs looks left to right at chain guards supposed to connect the train sections hanging loose. No Mo? He BURSTS into the --

NEXT CAR

He checks between every empty seat.

BIBS

Where the...

He BUSTS back through the door --

BETWEEN CARS

He stops outside the door as a beam of light shines in his eyes. He looks up. The flashlight hits him in the head as --

MO (O.S.)

I got ya!

Mo lifts him by the bib-straps. Reaching down from the roof.

MO

Ya gonna miss me?

The train leaves the tunnel. Passes through a winter wonderland to either side of a busy snow covered expressway.

BIBS

God, don't!

MO

Ciao, Bibs!

He flings him off the train sideways. THUMP. He lands in a snow bank along a fence bordering the expressway traffic.

EXT. "L" STATION - NIGHT

The empty train halts. Ten Zombies enter the cars.

They look between the seats. Gawk out the windows at a black helicopter hovering silently before a full moon.

INT. BLACK HELICOPTER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Alicia stands behind a PILOT. Gary sits copilot. Headset on.

GARY
 (into headset)
 I want all you Zombies searching
 both sides of the tracks, all the
 way back to your momma's wombs!

EXT. EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

Mo SLALOMS his skateboard around several oncoming cars and trucks across the lanes. O.S. HORNS and TIRES SHRIEK.

INT./EXT. BEAT-UP PICKUP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Wiz steers. Smiles. Tex grips his seat. Widens his eyes as --

They race toward glaring brake lights on the cars and trucks SCREECHING to a halt on the expressway ahead.

Gary SQUAWKS over a two-way radio under the dash:

GARY (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 Mo's in front of you!

WIZ
 Got him!

TEX
 He's crossing! Goddamn! Be careful!

They SKID behind side-by-side semis. O.S. AIR-HORNS BLOW.

Mo rolls cross the expressway. Through the semis headlight beams ahead of them. As they FISHTAIL apart.

Wiz FLOORS the pickup between the semis. SPARKS FLY. As the pickup fenders SCRAPE along the sides of the trailers.

WIZ
 I'm gonna end this.

TEX
 We're gonna fucking die.

WIZ
 No watch!

Tex ducks as the SHRIEKING semis jackknife apart.

The pickup SHOOTS from between the semis. SHIMMIES sideways. SLAMS-CRUNCH onto a snow removal truck's right-angle plow.

The truck plow FLINGS the RATTLING pickup off the road.

The pickup TAILSPINS cross a roadside landscape.

Wiz WRENCHES the twisting wheel for control. Tex folds his arms over his chest. Turns from the windshield.

TEX

Watch the damn tree!

Wiz wrestles the wheel straight.

WIZ

I got it. I... don't!

They SMASH head-on into a snow covered evergreen. The CREAKING tree THUMPS an avalanche of snow over them.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT

Woods to one side. A strip mall and car dealership decorated for Christmas on the other.

A raccoon crosses the double yellow lines toward the mall.

O.S. METAL-BASHES-METAL. The raccoon races toward the woods.

ROADSIDE CONSTRUCTION SITE

Mo SMACKS a flashing construction horse metal legs into a gang-box lock. CRACKS it open.

He tosses the horse. Opens the box. Grabs four flares inside.

MO

(sings)

"You light up my life."

He pockets the flares. Takes a homemade machete from the box.

Mo stares up at an air compressor dangling from a crane boom next to a streetlight. He grabs a stone from the pile.

He flings the stone. SHATTERS the light. Darkness falls.

EXT./INT. BEAT-UP PICKUP - NIGHT

Wiz drives down the road. Steam SPEWS from under the bent hood on the windshield. Only spot without snow piled on it.

The defroster HISSES steam on the windshield. Tex wipes away the condensation. But the steam keeps fogging the glass.

TEX
I can't fucking do this.

WIZ
You're doing good.

TEX
We'll never find that fuck.

WIZ
This is the road. Hey!

He points through the fogged windshield.

TEX
I don't see any fucking thing.

Wiz wipes the windshield off. Points ahead. To the right.

WIZ
He's there!

Mo skateboards along the right roadside ahead.

TEX
We run this mother down and I'm home to see my little fucking darlings open their presents.

WIZ
Those aren't our orders.

TEX
Fuck orders, it's Christmas!

He grabs the wheel. Jerks it right. STOMPS on Wiz's foot. Forces the pedal down. Swerves the pickup onto the roadside.

WIZ
Let go!

The pickup CLIMBS the stone pile. ROLLS-OVER the edge of a --

EXT. RAVINE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The pickup CHURNS sideways down the embankment. SLAMS upside-down. Fuel POURS out the cracked gas tank over the bumper.

Mo drops his backpack. Opens the shotgun door. Pulls Wiz clear. Runs back. Drags Tex next to Wiz. Both semi-conscious.

MO
Intelligence agents? Ya should join
the brain-dead zombies, yo.

He searches the vehicle interior.

WIZ AND TEX
(simultaneously)
We work for the "Department of
Transportation".

They search inside their jackets for their missing sidearms.

Mo CLACKS two C-4 squares together as he approaches them.

MO
You use C-4 plastic explosives to
clear up traffic jams?

He stashes the C-4 in his backpack.

TEX
That's clay for my kids.

MO
Ya gonna miss Christmas under the
tree with your kids, yo. These guns
presents for your kids too?

Mo dangles their two handguns in their faces.

WIZ
What are you gonna do?

Mo puts the guns in his backpack. Pulls a flare out.

MO
I'm going to shy your helicopter...

He lights the flare. Tosses it under the pickup.

MO
...from my sky.

The flare SPLASHES into a puddle of gas. WHOOSH. Fire engulfs
the pickup.

EXT. PERCY'S BUNGALOW - FRONT SIDE - NIGHT

O.S. RACHEL'S WOMB RECORDING PLAYS. Percy hops down the
steps. Headphones and a yellow hoodie on.

The block of houses along a side street bordering a forest preserve.

Percy swerves through the snow onto the sidewalk.

He drops carrots from his pockets as he passes houses lit-up and decorated for Christmas.

END OF BLOCK

Percy halts at the curb along a road. Three deer stand across the road just outside the forest preserve treeline.

He scoops up a rabbit hit by a car dying at the curb. Brushes snow off a mound of leaves. Lays the bunny on the leaves.

He sprints across the road into the --

FOREST PRESERVE

A circular meadow surrounded by hills and trees.

He offers carrots to the deer. They creep toward him.

O.S. EXPLOSION.

The deer run for the trees.

Percy drops the carrots:

PERCY
Some much for silent night.

INT./EXT. BLACK HELICOPTER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Alicia points from behind the Pilot and Gary copilot to the to a fireball rising over the trees beyond the woods.

ALICIA
That's near the county road. It's going to attract every news-copter in the Chicago area.

GARY
Put me down in the clearing, now!

PILOT
You got it.

He noses the chopper down.

GARY
 (to Alicia)
 I don't want you interfering out
 there. Remember, only I say when.

ALICIA
 Of course.

GARY
 (to Pilot)
 That's the place. Above the woods.

Gary ZIPS his parka. Points to a hilltop clearing below.

Four Zombies in ragged coats and hoodie hoods stand at a
 campfire. The light makes their faces more hideous.

The black helicopter sets down on the hilltop clearing. Gary
 ties his hood over his head. Jumps out.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

Frank enters. Finishes a large carry-out coffee. Crushes the
 cup by Zigzag's ear.

Zigzag sits at a desk. Works on a laptop. The green screen
 lights his face. He drinks from a coffee mug with "W" on it.

Zigzag sets the cup down. Fingers the mouse. The cursor
 blinks on "standby". The screen blackens.

ZIGZAG
 I gotta pee like a race horse.

He tries to stand. Frank yanks his ponytail. Sits him down.

FRANK
 I don't care if you double skim
 latte your panties. Get that green
 screen back up. Reverse the feed.

ZIGZAG
 You need to switch-hit to de-cafe.

FRANK
 Wanna really be in a wheelchair?

Zigzag KEYS the laptop. The screen lights up --

INSERT SCREEN:

A green night vision eye-in-the-sky view of the forest
 preserve below.

ZIGZAG (O.S.)
 (grunts words)
 There. Now can I wet the infield?

Percy jogs backward on a wooded path under his hoodie hood.

FRANK (O.S.)
 You're getting up until you show me
 what you got so far.

ZIGZAG (O.S.)
 I'm gonna have to quicken the pace.

Percy races backward out of the woods. Crosses the road.

FRANK (O.S.)
 Slow it down. There's something...

Percy reverses in slow motion across the sidewalk.

ZIGZAG (O.S.)
 Ouch... all right, I'll play ball!

LAPDOG (O.S.)
 You two having fun?

FRANK (O.S.)
 Sorry, sir!

The black helicopter hovers over Percy. The spinning blades slice his movements into single frames of motion.

LAPDOG (O.S.)
 Gary's on top of it. Pause it!

The frame freezes Percy between still helicopter blades.

END SCREEN INSERT.

Lapdog steps around Frank. Points above Percy through the helicopter blades. Touches the top corner of the screen.

LAPDOG
 What's that?

ZIGZAG
 That's one of my signs.

A cursor drags a pig-fucking-a-pig icon to the screen bottom.

LAPDOG
 What does it mean?

ZIGZAG
They're makin' bacon on our field.

LAPDOG
I see that. Go on.

ZIGZAG
Oh, it means someone's piggybacking
our satellite feed.

LAPDOG
That rat Gary took the cheese.

Zigzag stares up at him.

ZIGZAG
Gotta go to the clubhouse, coach!

LAPDOG
Well go.

Zigzag races to the door. Gives Frank the finger. Leaves.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

O.S. RACHEL'S WOMB RECORDING PLAYS.

Percy cuts between tree limbs. Hops over a fallen tree. Jogs down a path along the water's edge. Jumps over the --

RIVER

Percy SPLASH-LANDS on a half-submerged picnic table. O.S. RACHEL'S WOMB RECORDING PLAYS. He sings:

PERCY
The wife was home when ya left...

He jumps left. SPLASH-LANDS on a mostly submerged drum.

PERCY
Your right...

He jumps right. SPLASH-LANDS sideways on a mostly submerged shopping cart.

PERCY
Sofia's in her belly and ya left...

He jumps left. SPLASH-LANDS on a mostly submerged tree limb.

PERCY

A man's gotta make a mark in this world, Rachel.

He runs up the limb. Leaps onto the bank. Turns down a path between bushes. Sprints uphill. BURSTS onto the --

HILLTOP CLEARING

Suddenly. O.S. RACHEL'S WOMB RECORDING STOPS.

Gary drags Percy by the hood facedown. Toward the campfire. Percy's headphones hang out of his hood.

Three Zombies stand on the other side of the fire. SOMEONE, face hidden by a hood, joins them. ZIPS his fly.

Gary lifts Percy to his feet. Flames flicker in their eyes.

GARY

Who invited you?

PERCY

I was just out for my run.

GARY

I don't believe you. So I'm gonna roast your nuts until you tell me.

He shoves Percy into the fire.

GARY

Water-boarding will cool you off.

The Someone runs through the flames in a cloud of hot embers from the other side. Loses his hood. It's Mo!

Mo KNOCKS Percy back into Gary. Gary PUNCHES Mo in the head. Mo flips Gary over his shoulder. Into the fire.

Gary dives out of the inferno. His hood CRACKLING ablaze. The Zombies stare at him. Gary rolls himself in the snow.

Mo shoves Percy out of the clearing onto a --

RUNNING PATH

Mo and Percy sprint downhill.

MO

The Grail's not in the fire.

They pass Alicia at the base of the hill. She lies in the snow. Making an angel.

PERCY

Was that a snow angel back there?

MO

The angel of death always leaves
her mark behind.

PERCY

We better split up.

The Zombies run down the hilltop after them.

MO

Where can we meet?

PERCY

North, up on those railroad tracks.

He points to a bridge on the ridge above. Mo slaps his hand.

MO

Don't point. I'll get my bag and
wait up there.

PERCY

I'll be around.

MO

See-ya.

The Zombies stop at the base of the hill. Sling assault
rifles from under their coats. FIRE at them.

Mo and Percy run different ways. The BULLETS WHIZ by them.

WOODS

Percy hurdles through a hedgerow. Lands on a winding path.
BLAM-BLAM-BLAM. The BULLETS SPLASH into mud at his heels.

He dives blindly into a thicket. SLAMS onto a --

STEEP SLOPE

Percy slides down a muddy rut under a downed tree along the
river.

Zombie 1 and 2 stop at the other side of the tree. Look
through their rifles night vision scopes along the river.

Percy lies still on the mucky side of the downed tree.

Zombie 1 spins around. SMACKS his rifle into Zombie 2's gun.

They yank on each others barrels. Zombie 1 KICKS Zombie 2 in the chest. Takes Zombie 2's gun as he falls over the tree.

Zombie 2 howls. Points at Percy. Staring back under the tree.

Zombie 1 FIRES. BLASTS Zombie 2's head to pieces.

Zombie 1 races uphill. Disappears in the dark.

Percy stands. Pockets his headphones and MD player/recorder. Tosses his flesh and blood splattered hoodie behind the tree.

He doesn't notice his HOUSE KEY and DRIVER'S LICENSE on the necklace sticking out from under his hoodie.

PERCY

Sorry Rachel, but seeing yellow's
not always good.

BLAM-BLAM. The BULLETS CHIP the bark next to Percy. He leaps on the tree. Runs up the half-submerged limb over the water.

He jumps. SPLASHES left on the picnic table. Right on the drum. Left on the shopping cart. Leaps onto the bank.

Wiz shoves Tex down the half-submerged tree-limb after Percy.

Tex jumps left. SPLASHES in the river. Wiz SPLASHES over him.

RIDGE

Percy stares down at Wiz and Tex SLOSHING in the water.

PERCY

Dam good trick.

He turns. Sees two Zombies across the way aim rifles at him.

Percy zigzags up a trail. BLAM-BLAM-BLAM. The BULLETS MANGLE the trees in his wake.

He leaps through another hedgerow onto the --

RAILROAD TRACKS

O.S. ONCOMING TRAIN WHISTLES. Percy turns to the headlight. The locomotive ROARS at him. He freezes. As SLAM --

Mo flies into Percy. KNOCKS him off the tracks. The engine BLOWS by. As they TUMBLE onto the gravel.

They scuffle on the ground. Mo gets the best of Percy. Kneels over him. Cocks his arm. Ready to punch.

MO
What the hell, Doc?!

He stands over Percy. Straightens his skateboards strapped over the backpack on his back.

PERCY
That's the question!

He gets up.

MO
You got an answer?!

PERCY
No. But I got an educated guess!

MO
Yeah, what?!

Freight cars RUMBLE by them. They shout:

PERCY
Judging by what these people...!

MO
The forces of darkness, Doc!

PERCY
Given the manpower, the forces of darkness are expending...!

He shouts in Mo's ear:

PERCY
You must possess The Grail!

Mo pulls the DVD case from his backpack. TAPS it on one of Percy's shoulders. Then his other. Knights him.

MO
It's all on here!

PERCY
You've played it?

MO
Goose and I trumped them at Tora Bora. We snatched Abu Abdallah.

PERCY
You got that on DVD? Bin Laden too?

MO
 Old news, Doc. Goose died in
 Baghdad.

Boxcars change to empty flat-cars. Expose them to the --

OTHER SIDE OF TRACKS

Four Zombies RAPID-FIRE at Mo and Doc.

Mo and Percy dive on the last flatcar in a line of tankers --

As the BULLETS POP-HOLES across skull and crossbones
 insignias over "POISON" stenciled on the tankers.

Caustic liquid GUSHES from the crooked trail of bullet holes.

Wiz and Tex run alongside the tankers. Boots SMOLDERING as
 they SPLASH through the caustic fluid.

EXT. RIVER BELOW BRIDGE - NIGHT

Percy SKIDS on his heels down a concrete incline. Halts on a
 ledge above the rushing tide of river water.

The caboose CLACKS across the trusses above. DROWNS-OUT Wiz
 and Tex as they splash in the water behind Percy.

Percy runs halfway up the steep incline toward the bridge:

PERCY
 Come on down, Mo!

Mo squirms against the bridge. His backpack hung-up on
 crisscrossing railings. SCUFFS his boots on the concrete.

Wiz and Tex DRAG Percy back down toward the ledge.

TEX
 No more fucking running!

Wiz stabs a handgun muzzle under Percy's ear.

WIZ
 No more anything!

MO (O.S.)
 Hell from above!

Tex, Wiz and Percy see Mo SKID down the incline on his heels
 toward them.

TEX
Fucking shoot 'em, Wiz!

PERCY
Mo!

Wiz releases Percy. RAPID-FIRES up the incline at Mo as --
He falls back. Rolling down on the skateboards strapped to his backpack as the BULLETS BLAST the concrete over his head.

WIZ
Ninja turtle!

Mo BOOTS Wiz in the gut. SLAMS him backward. SMACKS his skull off the cement. Lights out.

Tex strangles Percy on the ground. Kneeling on his arms.

MO (O.S.)
Wheelie!

He CRACKS the skateboard upside Tex's head. He lies with Wiz. They share concussions. Mo takes their guns. Percy joins him.

PERCY
Thanks again.

Mo straps the skateboard over the other board on his backpack. Shoulders it.

MO
Yo, Doc, it ain't over yet.

Mo jumps from the ledge. Drags Percy along. They land on a --

ROCKY RIVER SHORELINE

A massive storm drain opening looms behind them.

Mo swings the homemade machete. CHOPS eight inches off an old rope sticking up from under rocks. Percy pats his shoulder.

PERCY
You waiting for them or what?

Mo waves the rope at Percy.

MO
Yo, hemp smokes up like crazy,
makes chaos for night vision gear.

PERCY
Sounds right. You ready?

MO

Lead on.

Percy enters the storm drain. Mo winks at Alicia smiling down from the ledge above as he enters the darkness.

EXT. PERCY'S BUNGALOW - FRONT SIDE - NIGHT

A streetlight shines on "Welcome To Our Home" on a mailbox next to the front door of the bungalow.

Gary smiles with his charred-face under a Santa cap. JINGLES the house key on the clip with Percy's driver's license.

GARY

Jingle bells slay me.

Two Zombies in N.V.G.s stand on the steps below.

Gary unlocks the door. Puts on N.V.G.s. Enters. The Zombies sling assault rifles from under their coats. Follow him.

INT. STORM DRAIN - NIGHT

Three Zombies in N.V.G.s creep along the smoke-filled drain.

O.S. RACHEL'S WOMB RECORDING ECHOES.

The lead Zombie stops. Reaches down. Raises the MD recorder/player. Listens to the headphones. Smiles.

A flare WHOOSHES into brightness as it rolls to his feet.

The Zombies turn from the light.

Another flare IGNITES ahead to them. The super heated fluid SIZZLES over a double stack of C-4. BURSTS into white light.

The Zombies rip their N.V.G.s off. Raise their rifles. Squint with soot circled eyes into the blinding light. Growl.

Mo skateboards up the walls from behind them. Machete ready.

MO

Time to trim the turkeys.

He ducks under Zombie 1's rifle. It's Zombie-Tommy! Mo SLITS his scarred throat as he WEAVES around him up the wall:

MO

Nice seeing ya once again, Tommy!

As Zombie 2 FIRES at Mo rolling down. Mo leans back on the other skateboard strapped on the backpack.

The BULLETS BLAST the wall over Mo's head as he SLAMS his skateboard into Zombie 2's legs. BURIES the blade in his ear.

The lead Zombie looks down. STOMPS the skateboard under his boot.

Percy reaches from behind him. Snatches the recorder/player from his grasp.

PERCY
My Sofia's in here.

The lead Zombie STABS his rifle barrel in Percy's gut. GUNSHOTS RING-OUT. The lead Zombie's head EXPLODES.

MO
I told ya to wait for me, Doc.

PERCY
I know. But...

MO
Just let me take care of you, Doc.

He disassembles the rifles. Retrieves his skateboard.

O. S. Clap. Clap. Clap.

Mo spins round. Backtracks the sounds to the --

OTHER END OF STORM TILE

Alicia crouches. Her face barely lit.

INT. PERCY'S BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rachel sits-up in bed. A blade of light from the doorway brightens her wide eyes as she smiles.

RACHEL
Percy!

She works her way over the covers.

RACHEL
Want any help with breakfast?

She puts her slippers on.

RACHEL
No answer?

She shakes her head. Gets out of bed.

RACHEL
No, I guess not.

The light goes out.

RACHEL
I know, I know, it's my big
surprise. I can't wait!

She pinches the saucer and teacup in one hand. Feels her way forward with her other.

RACHEL
I'll keep my eyes closed. Don't
worry...

She slides her hand along the wall. Reaches through the doorway. Follows her hand into the --

DINING ROOM

Rachel squeezes her eyes shut. Feels for the light switch.

Gary and the Zombies get behind her.

RACHEL
I can't wait for my big surprise.

She smirks. One hand on the light switch. Her other pinches the saucer and teacup.

RACHEL
You're being playful tonight.

GARY
Am I?

She CLICKS the lights on. Opens her eyes. Smiles at a room full of Christmas lights and a beautifully decorated tree.

RACHEL
Oh Percy, you've made me so...

The Zombies drag her backward. Follow Gary into the bedroom.

The saucer and teacup WOBBLE cross the floor.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT

A WOBBLING sewer cap CLANGS flat on the snow covered road.

Mo and Percy climb out of the manhole.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rachel FLOPS onto the bed. Gary leans over her. Stares through his N.V.G.s in her face.

GARY

Your husband! Where will he hide Mo
if he can't come home?!

RACHEL

Who's Mo?

Gary grabs her off the bed. Shakes her. HEAD-BUTTS her.

GARY

Do you actually believe pretending
innocent or hiding behind your
unborn terrorist could save you?

He drops Rachel on the bed. She squirms. Clutches her belly.

RACHEL

God help me! Sofia! What makes you
people such horrible monsters?

The Zombies back against the wall. Shakes their heads. Growl.
Perhaps there's hope for them? Gary stares at them:

GARY

Out of the house!

The Zombies leave.

RACHEL

Please?

Gary gets in her face. RIPS the N.V.G.s and Santa cap off.
Uncovers his burnt hair. Scalp mingled with charred hood.

GARY

I am a monster. You'll get zero
mercy from me. So don't bullshit.

RACHEL

Ugh! No!

She clenches the nighty over her heart. Squirms in agony.

GARY
What are you trying to pull?

RACHEL
(gasps)
My heart. Percy! Oh God no! Please!

GARY
Don't bull...

He SLAPS the farm babies musical mobile over the crib. It TWIRLS. Playing an ironic LULLABY.

GARY
Shh-shit.

RACHEL
Sofia!

She rolls her eyes back. Twists the top sheet in both hands. Exhales. Arches her back. SHRIEKS.

GARY
Tell me this isn't happening.

Rachel flattens out. EXHALES life's last breath.

Her fist opens. The palm sized baby doll wrapped in the pink blanket Christmas ornament. "Sofia" cross its white sash. Rolls out of her palm.

GARY
No!

He TEARS the nighty off Rachel. Sofia kicks inside Rachel. Her tiny feet ripple the skin across her belly.

INT. PERCY'S BUNGALOW - BACK ROOM - MINUTES LATER THAT NIGHT

The door BUSTS in. Fans an INFERNO. Mo and Percy dodge separate small FIRES spread across the floor.

PERCY
Rachel's trapped in the bedroom!

He leads Mo into the --

KITCHEN

Mo stops at the sink. Grabs Percy. Wrestles him backwards.

MO
We need clear plastic bags!

PERCY

Here!

He RIPS a drawer out. Shoves a bag-of-bags in Mo's chest.

MO

Ya won't get far, Doc.

PERCY

Worry for yourself. I led 'em here with my ID necklace. They unlocked the front door with my key.

Percy SMACKS the drawer upside Mo's ear as he runs into the --

DINING ROOM

Percy enters. Coughs and stumbles to a standstill. Lost in a shroud of black smoke.

O.S. BABY CRIES. He turns. Takes-off toward the --

BEDROOM

Percy drops to his knees in the doorway. The fiery ceiling COLLAPSES onto the bed and crib.

O.S. BABY WAILING MORPHS INTO FIRE ENGINE SIRENS.

Percy dry heaves. Mo appears. A bag and a wet towel on his head. He DRAGS Percy out.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

Zigzag sits at the laptop. The green screen lights his wide smile as he closes his eyes.

ZIGZAG

Time to wet down the field. Cheers,
Dubya. Ah...

He PEES in the "W" mug between his legs.

LAPDOG (O.S.)

This place smells like a stable.

Zigzag raises the mug. Looks back. Lapdog looms over him. SPRAYS a can of aerosol disinfectant around him.

LAPDOG

What are you doing in here?

Zigzag sets the foaming mug of urine next to the laptop.

The screen shows a night vision real time aerial view of the bungalow fire.

ZIGZAG
Staying in the game, skipper.

LAPDOG
You stink like a horse.

He turns away. SNIFFS a menthol inhaler.

ZIGZAG
I'll hose off when we finish.

LAPDOG
Fly me down, will you?

Zigzag KEYS the laptop. An aerial view on the screen zooms down to the --

EXT. PERCY'S BUNGALOW - BACKYARD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Mo helps Percy down the porch stairs. Sits Percy on the concrete patio table. Mo TEARS the bag off his head.

MO
I swear, I didn't...

He stares at a transponder chip glued to the band-aid Zigzag stuck on his back at the hospital. Hanging from the bag.

PERCY
What is it?

Mo drops the bag. STOMPS the band-aid.

MO
Someone tagged me with a transponder. They must have us on eye-in-the-sky night vision.

Percy leaps to his feet. Grabs Mo by the collar.

PERCY
Where are they?

MO
They're here with us now, Doc.

Percy spits words through his soot-stained teeth:

PERCY

Why don't the cowards show themselves?

MO

No need to. They're pulling our strings through an NSA satellite as they sit comfortably in the White House basement having hot cocoa.

Percy grabs Mo.

PERCY

What will they do next?

MO

They'll give us time to absorb all this. Maybe you'll breakdown, blame me. We turn against each other.

PERCY

I'm not going to be their puppet.

MO

I just can't figure out why they'd take away their bargaining...

He turns away from Percy.

PERCY

You're talking about Rachel?

Mo stares into his tearful eyes. Shakes his head.

MO

I'm so sorry.

PERCY

No way I let this get to me before I get to them.

He breaks down. Cries in his hands. Mo stares skyward:

MO

Leave it to me. I'll make whoever's responsible for this pay with their lives.

Percy stares at the bungalow. The fire reflects in his eyes.

PERCY

Mo, I'm not a killer, but...

MO

Let's get them down to our level.

Percy stares skyward. Accentuates his words:

PERCY

Read my lips fuckers! Come on down!

Mo grabs Percy by the shoulders.

MO

I'm gonna leave ya awhile, Doc.

PERCY

Why?

MO

You'll have to trust me.

PERCY

I want my hands on 'em.

MO

Then we're on the same wave.

He leads Percy toward the bungalow.

PERCY

What do we do?

MO

Bait them.

He shoves Percy into the --

GANGWAY

Percy heads toward fire engines and FIREMEN in the street.

PERCY'S BUNGALOW - FRONT SIDE

One Fireman leads Percy to an idling ambulance. Percy refuses the Fireman's offers to load him.

He turns to a crowd of ONLOOKERS on the sidewalk.

He follows their attention to two PARAMEDICS loading Rachel's corpse in a body-bag on a gurney onto a second ambulance.

STORK (27) muscular man, tall, jogging suit, backs away from the Onlookers into the --

SHADOWS BETWEEN HOUSES

He speaks to a pigtail earpiece/mike. Reaches in his jacket.

STORK
(into mike)
Sir, I have a visual on Percy, sir.
Over.

GARY (V.O.)
(filtered)
Do you see the backpack? Over.

STORK
(into mike)
Negative, sir. Over.

GARY (V.O.)
(filtered)
Any sign of the other particular,
Mo? Over.

STORK
(into mike)
Negative, Sir. Should I take Percy
out, sir? Over.

He eyes a night vision scope over a pistol and silencer.

GARY (V.O.)
(filtered)
Negative. Repeat. Negative. Over.

STORK
(into mike)
Sir, I can remove one threat? Over.

GARY (V.O.)
(filtered)
Continue surveillance only! Over.

Stork sticks his gun down the back of his pants.

STORK
(into mike)
Affirmative, sir. Surveillance
only, sir. Over.

GARY (V.O.)
(filtered)
That order stands until we have
secured the backpack. Over.

Stork disappears in the darkness between two houses.

PERCY'S BUNGALOW - FRONT SIDE - LATER

Percy sits. Contemplates the curb. Tires PULL-UP. SPLASH him.

Stork exits a pickup truck. Fingers his earpiece.

GARY (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 Responsibility weighs on a good
 man. Redemption will lighten his
 load. You have my orders. Over.

Stork pockets his earpiece. Sticks the Velcro on his pistol to a Velcro strip stuck on the tailgate. Opens it.

Percy approaches him.

PERCY
 Why are you here?

Stork SLIDES a sledgehammer cross the truck bed. Stands the handle against the fender.

STORK
 I put up signs.

PERCY
 Really!

He SLAMS Stork over the fender. Pats him down.

PERCY
 Where's your gun?

STORK
 I don't know what you're talking
 about, guy.

Percy throws him down on the curb. Grabs the sledge.

PERCY
 I don't believe that. You know just
 what I'm talking about.

STORK
 I don't know nothing, guy. I'm just
 a working stiff, guy.

Percy grips the handle. Cocks the hammer over his shoulder.

PERCY
 My rage is about to weigh on your
 head. I'm sorry, but I don't
 believe you.

STORK

I got something from my company,
guy. Let me show you the order.

He shows Percy a folded paper in his pocket.

STORK

I'm just gonna... I'm gonna...
(hands shake)
...pull out this work order, guy.

Percy raises the sledgehammer over his head.

PERCY

I'm not sorry.

Stork dives over the street. Percy STOMPS his leg. Stops him just short of the gate.

MO (O.S.)

Percy, don't!

Mo skateboards from between the houses. Leaps off the board. Tosses the backpack.

MO

You're no killer!

He grabs the hammer. The backpack THUMPS onto the truck bed.

PERCY

I'm bargaining.

Mo stretches into the truck bed. Slides the backpack over.

He stares at a white stork cut-out. "Sofia Sebastian born 12/10/03 - 6 pounds 9 ounces" on the bird's delivery bundle.

Stork gives Percy the paper. He unfolds it.

STORK

You were right.

O.S. PEE-SHEW. The BULLET RIPS through "POW" across the paper. PUNCHES a bloody bullet hole in Percy's cheek.

STORK (O.S.)

I am the killer, guy.

Percy falls. Sees the SMOKING SILENCER FLASH PEE-SHEW as Stork turns. FIRES at Mo. As Mo WHIRLS the other way --

The bullet GRAZES Mo's shoulder. As he comes around. One-hands the sledgehammer. BASHES Storks's head to the curb.

Mo drops the hammer. Sits Percy against a tree.

Percy's cheek wound oozes thick blood as he speaks:

PERCY

I'm leaving Sofia to you. Find her.

MO

I will, I swear. She'll...

Mo breaks down. Sucks it up. Raises a tearful grin.

MO

She'll have a castle on the beach.
My surfing princess.

PERCY

Make sure she celebrates Christmas.

He GRUNTS in pain. Doubles over:

PERCY

Can you get me back up, please?

Mo helps him sit-up against the tree.

MO

I-I can't get ya anywhere.

PERCY

That's... Okay...

His hand shakes as he pulls the MD player/recorder from his pocket. THUMBS the "on" button.

PERCY

I'm going home.

Mo puts his headphones on Percy's head. O.S. RACHEL'S WOMB RECORDING PLAYS. Percy shuts his eyes. Dies smiling.

INT. BLACK HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The Pilot noses the ship down. Gary sits copilot. His head bandaged under the headset.

Alicia swings a rucksack by the handles behind them.

GARY

I want you down there, Alicia.
Offer Mo the newborn in trade for
the DVD. Once we get the backpack,
you body-bag Mo. Capice?

ALICIA

Capisco!

Gary opens a laptop over his knees.

The night vision screen displays an eye-in-the-sky view of the front of the bungalow.

Two rusty vans ROAR toward each other from different ends of the street. No headlights.

EXT. PERCY'S BUNGALOW - FRONT SIDE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Both vans SCREECH to a halt. Grill-to-grill. Over Stork's dead bloody body in the middle of the street between them.

MULTIPLE GUNSHOTS and MUZZLE FLASHES in both vehicles. Blood SPACKLES the front side windows before they SHATTER.

GARY (V.O.)

(filtered)

Team one and two: exit your vehicles. Hey Wiz, Tex, get the hell out there!

Tex shoves Wiz out from between two houses to van one. Two Zombies slump in the front seats. Heads a bloody mess.

TEX

This one's fucking mine. You get the other van.

WIZ

What makes you...

GARY (V.O.)

(filtered)

Split up!

Wiz creeps to van two. Looks inside. Runs back to Tex.

WIZ

Both of mine are sitting with heads full of holes.

Tex climbs in the busted van one window. Grabs the mike off a two-way radio under the dash.

TEX

These fuckers too. I better radio Gary.

WIZ
Bumbling zombie idiots.

MO (O.S.)
Ya gotta lot of nerve.

O.S. GUNSHOT. The BULLET BLASTS the mike out of Tex's hand. Just misses him. POPS through the roof.

Tex jumps back into Wiz. They PLOP their asses on the street.

Mo skateboards face-up on his backpack from under van one. Aims their guns at them. They raise their hands.

Mo crosses his eyes as an infrared dot appears on his nose.

Alicia lays over van two's hood. Eyeballs Mo through an infrared scope.

ALICIA
Mo, slowly remove both your trigger fingers.

Mo complies.

ALICIA
Now set the weapons on the street.

Mo obeys. Tex and Wiz SCOOT their butts away from Mo.

ALICIA
Raise both hands and weave your fingers together behind your neck.

Mo abides.

MO
Beautiful piece of work, Gidget?

ALICIA
Moon-doggy, roll over. Play dead.

Mo flips facedown. Alicia searches the backpack. Gun on Mo.

Mo slips the lizard-faced figurine from his pocket. Palms it.

Wiz and Tex grab their handguns from the street. They step over to Mo. CLINK their muzzles together.

WIZ AND TEX
(simultaneously)
Merry Christmas!

They aim for Mo. O.S. TWO GUNSHOTS RING-OUT. Mo shudders. Tex and Wiz DROP DEAD. Matching bullet holes in their foreheads.

Alicia collects their guns. Keeps her aim on Mo.

The black helicopter drops. Hovers inches off the ground.

Gary leans out the hatch.

GARY

Good work!

ALICIA

Assassin's aim to please!

GARY

Time to go!

Alicia climbs in the helicopter.

Three SUVs race from the either end of the block. Converge on the black helicopter.

FBI agents lead homeowners and their families to IDLING SUVs in the alley.

FBI tactical units run through the gangways onto the sidewalk. Guns ready.

Alicia leans out the helicopter. Sets the rucksack. Wrapped in bulletproof vests and duct-tape on van one's hood.

The black helicopter TAKES-OFF. O.S. MULTIPLE GUNSHOTS. The BULLET-BARRAGE chases the helicopter skyward.

Mo shoulders the backpack. Rocks the rucksack on rusty van one's hood.

FBI agents aim rifles at Mo. Infrared dots cover his back.

FBI special agent BEN SANDERS (30) no-nonsense, straight man, steps forward. Aims his piece at Mo.

SANDERS

Turn toward me slow! Or you die!

O.S. NEWBORN BABY CRIES INSIDE THE RUCKSACK.

Mo turns slowly. Faces Sanders. And the infrared dots.

Mo smiles through tears. Hugs the smoked Goose bag in one hand. Squeezes the lizard-faced figurine in the other.

MO

Yo, ya gone and woke the baby!

Sanders raises his hands:

SANDERS

Hold your fire, people!

Mo wiggles his fingers against the smoked Goose bag.

MO

This is juiced-up C-4...

He grips the lizard-faced figurine against his upper chest and neck.

MO

This here is a pressure engaged trigger device. I just loosen my grip and all our Christmas goose's are cooked.

SANDERS

What the hell do you want?!

Mo lifts the smoked Goose bag over his head. Reaches back. Eases Goose into the backpack.

MO

What's your name?

SANDERS

Special Agent Ben Sanders.

Mo lifts the rucksack.

MO

Well, Special Agent Ben Sanders...

He hands Sanders the rucksack. They stare down at SOFIA (0) a beautiful newborn. She kicks and screams.

MO

That is Sofia. Take special care of her. I will be back for her.

Sanders raises a fist. Stops the Agents from action.

Mo backs around van one. Cross the street. Into the forest preserve.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

Lapdog enters. Squirts sanitizing lotion in his hands. Rubs them together.

He sits at the desk next to Zigzag on the laptop.

ZIGZAG

Trade deadline's three days. What then?

LAPDOG

We pay the ransom.

On screen. Mo jogs through the woods. Turns. Follows a fallen tree-trunk to its ripped-up roots. He kneels. Digs.

Lapdog drops his breath freshener cylinder in the urine filled "W" mug. Lifts the mug. Sniffs it. Turns away. Sees --

SOMEONE reach between him and Zigzag. "Curious George" on his pajama sleeve. That Someone is President GEORGE W.

George holds hands with a SAUDI PRINCE in a "Masters of the Universe" robe.

GEORGE W

(to Lapdog)

Can I have my hot cocoa mug?

Lapdog DROPS the cup sideways over the keyboard. SPILLS the piss on the keys. The screen flashes. Blacks-out.

EXT. FALLEN TREE TRUNK - NIGHT

Mo digs under the roots. Pulls the DVD case from the hole.

The DVD case reflects an image of the full moon through spinning helicopter blades.

MO

That didn't take long.

He stares up at the black helicopter. Eclipsing the moon. Alicia leans out. Aims a high powered rifle at Mo.

MO

Take your best shot, Gidget.

She FIRES. TIS-SHEW ECHOES.

Mo drops facedown in the snow. A tranquilizer dart sticks in his neck. The black helicopter's shadow engulfs him.

INT. PRIVATE JET COCKPIT - NIGHT

Alicia pilots. Mo's skateboard across her lap. Gary copilots. Puffs a cigar. Holds the DVD.

GARY

This plastic record has cost me...

He blows smoke through the DVD hole.

GARY

Actually, I gained three ransom shares.

ALICIA

Then keep it for good measure.

GARY

No...

He snaps the DVD in half.

GARY

This needs to be broken.

Alicia sets the controls. Stands. Carries Mo's skateboard.

ALICIA

Autopilot's set.

GARY

For the record, you and Mo had a hand in that profit.

Alicia opens the cockpit door.

ALICIA

Forget it.

GARY

There's a dangerous pun in there.

ALICIA

None that I remember.

She shuts the door as she skateboards into the --

CABIN

Alicia wheels down the aisle to a person sitting inside a body-bag. Wound in plastic wrap circling the seat.

She dismounts. Tucks the board under her arm. Kneels on the seat next to the person in the body-bag. UNZIPS the bag and --

Mo squints at her from inside. His eyes in a sea of sweat.

ALICIA

As-Salamu 'alayka, Mohammed.

MO

As-Salamu 'alayki...

ALICIA

Alicia, it's pronounced OO-BAY-EE-TSA in Russian.

Mo extends his head from the body-bag. Gulps air. Fingers a bandage across his shoulder wound.

MO

Nurse Seau fits ya fine. Thanks for the stitches.

ALICIA

There are not enough Muslim heroes in your country, ay, Mo?

MO

Definitely not many Hawaiian Muslims.

ALICIA

I think you will be one.

MO

Perhaps you will be mine.

Alicia holds out the lizard-faced figurine.

ALICIA

May I hold onto this for you?

MO

If you answer a question?

She nods. Pockets the lizard-faced figurine.

MO

Is he still alive?

ALICIA

He is, but... he wouldn't know it.

MO

Drugs?

Alicia blows on him.

ALICIA

He wouldn't stop shouting. Now he smokes heroin and mumbles.

MO

The once noble warriors have become common money grubbing kidnappers.

ALICIA

Mo, you are anything but common.

She flicks the sweat from his cheek.

MO

Yo, that's where we differ.

ALICIA

You are by far the most engaging man I have ever engaged.

MO

What do you want out of me?

ALICIA

I need you to teach me the surfing?

MO

Engaged for only minutes and you're toying with my affections.

He shakes his head. Throws-off sweat. Alicia stands.

ALICIA

I will stop the toying.

MO

Why am I being kept alive?

ALICIA

Once we are in safe keeping, there will be the auction for you.

MO

Between who?

ALICIA

Your dearest friends and enemies. A tug-of-war between life and death.

MO

Life's like that.

Gary exits the cockpit. Puffs his cigar. Grins.

GARY
Alicia?!

ALICIA
I have to land this.

She skateboards away. Cuts around Gary.

GARY
Mo, it's always about money.
'Cause, if I had it my way...

He twists the cigar's red-hot end into Mo's Adam's apple.

GARY
Burn motherfucker burn!

MO
Eat me!

Gary SMASHES the cigar in Mo's mouth. ZIPS him up.

INT. EXTENDED CAB PICKUP (MOVING) - DAY

Lapdog UNZIPS his coat. Bounces in the backseat with Frank.

The rear window RATTLES behind them. Showing a rocky. Sand and stone road between snows capped mountains.

LAPDOG
God, I hate this place.

He sprays a can of air freshener over the driver's seat.

THE DRIVER (35) bearded Pashtun tribesman, turban, steers. Coughs. Zigzag sits shotgun. Clears his throat.

ZIGZAG
Cut the germ warfare, we're choking
up.

FRANK
Quit the bitching, Zigzag, man.

He chugs a large insulated bullet mug of coffee.

LAPDOG
Something smells of dead goat.

THE DRIVER
Smells like more "WMD" bullshit.

LAPDOG
You guys had it coming.

He sprays the can over The Driver. Frank kicks his seat.

FRANK
Just drive this camel, Abu.

ZIGZAG
(to The Driver)
You speak English? That's a kick.

FRANK
He's a stinking heathen spy.

THE DRIVER
I was premed at Bowling Green
University, y'all.

Zigzag and The Driver stonewall the backseat occupants:

ZIGZAG
My sister's premed there now. She
raves about Dr. Julius Irving.

THE DRIVER
Ah yes, I had two classes with Dr.
Irving before I had to leave.

ZIGZAG
It's a shame you had to pass on an
education. And the cheerleaders.

Frank leans between the seats. Sneers at Zigzag:

FRANK
Where's the shame in the school and
your sister's safety?

LAPDOG
Can't save Christians from
themselves.

Zigzag ignores Lapdog and Frank as he speaks to The Driver:

ZIGZAG
Were you put-out?

THE DRIVER
They preferred not to have a
terrorist with a backpack sitting
in their cafeteria.

ZIGZAG

I smell, you can't tell a player
without a scorecard, crap.

The Driver adjusts his mirror onto Lapdog:

THE DRIVER

(sniffs)

It's definitely on this one's
breath.

He HIGH-FIVES Zigzag. Frank and Lapdog smirk at each other.

FRANK

You Hajji's all come from the same
camel's ass.

LAPDOG

When we're done here, the stone age
will be your future.

THE DRIVER

(to Zigzag)

Should I shut them up?

ZIGZAG

Swing away.

He grabs the wheel. The Driver aims an Uzi between the seats.
Lapdog SPRAYS his face. Frank yanks The Driver into the back.

The Driver kicks Zigzag's head. The wheel spins one way. The
pickup TAILSPINS another. The Uzi aims in Lapdog's eyes as --

The truck FLIPS. ROLLS-OVER SIDEWAYS. O.S. UZI BLARES.

EXT. RED SUV - DAY

The eyes of Atal reflect in the rear window. As he opens the
hatch. Rubber gloved hands. Face wrapped in a shemagh.

He unloads two million in \$10,000 bundles of 100s from a
duffel-bag behind the backseat. Sets them on the rug. Sings:

ATAL

"You..."

He leans over the duffel-bag. Reaches under the seats.

ATAL

"Light..."

He retrieves a shrinkwrapped C-4 six-pack, wired to a cell phone battery pack and an antenna strung to four icicle lights.

ATAL

"Up..."

He sets the whole shebang in the duffel-bag. Takes a three-inch SILVER CYLINDER with a button on one end from his pocket. It looks like Laptop's breath freshener cylinder.

ATAL

"My..."

He holds the button down. Illuminates one light. Then two. As the third lights. He depresses the button. The lights go out.

ATAL

"Life..."

He lays a false bottom over the bomb in the duffel-bag.

He gently re-stacks the cash in the duffel-bag:

ATAL

"You give me..." It does stick in your craw.

INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

The body-bag lies on a dirt floor. A finger worms out the top of the zipper. UNZIPS it. Mo sits-up. Half inside the bag.

SADDAM HUSSEIN, scraggly beard, wide brim pimp hat and fur coat, balances on the skateboard. Tokes off a heroin cigarette.

SADDAM

As-Salamu 'Alayka!

The board KICKS-OUT. He SLAMS to the ground. Moans smoke.

MO

The mighty, fall mightily.

Mo snatches the cigarette. Sniffs it. Turns his nose.

MO

Maybe we'll float out of here on heroin wings.

Saddam VOMITS on Mo's boots.

MO

Here I was in a dungeon, sniffing
heroin packed cigarettes with
Saddam insane, thinking, it can't
get any worse.

He tosses the cigarette. Wipes his boots off on Saddam.

CAVE PASSAGEWAY

GUARD 1 (22) skinny, short, Afro-American, runs under several strings of red Christmas lights strung along the ceiling past drapes hung over a storage area.

GUARD 2 (23) rail thin trash talking New Yorker, jogs behind.

They halt at the thick wooden dungeon door. Guard 2 fumbles with a RATTLING ring of keys. Guard 1 holds a duct-tape roll.

GUARD 1

Come on.

GUARD 2

Got it.

He misses the keyhole. Feels for the hole.

GUARD 1

You are blind.

GUARD 2

You're in my light.

Both guards grip the ring of keys. Tug against each other for it.

Guard 1 PUNCHES Guard 2. Takes the keys.

Guard 1 unlocks the door. Rushes in. Leaves the keys in the door.

DUNGEON

Guard 1 passes the body-bag on the floor. Whips-out a push-dagger.

The man in the wide brim hat and overcoat turns away. Cowers.

Guard 1 kicks the man. The man drops to one knee.

GUARD 1

Stand, or I'll stab your ass!

The man SPRINGS-UP. UPPERCUTS Guard 1's chin. It's Mo!
Smiling under the wide brim. Guard 1 STAGGERS on his heels.

CAVE PASSAGEWAY

Guard 2 puts all his weight behind it as he closes the door --

Guard 1 flops headfirst halfway in the threshold. JAMS the door short of closed as --

Mo shoves the door open. SLAMS Guard 2's head to the wall.

Mo pulls the door back. Guard 2 drops unconscious.

Mo drags the guards into the dungeon.

EXT. TORA BORA EX AL-QAEDA CAMPSITE CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

An immense boulder to each side of the newly dug opening.

Atal peers out from his shemagh. Sets the duffel-bag on a table. Alicia half-circles him. Trains a M4A1 on him.

Gary leans back on a chair behind a table.

GARY

You do speak English?

ATAL

Yes.

GARY

Empty your pockets please.

Gary opens the duffel-bag. Smiles at the pile of cash inside.

ATAL

All I have is these SUV keys.

He dangles the SUV keys on a ring with the silver cylinder.

GARY

Where is your vehicle?

Alicia swings wide of Atal. Angles to shoot him if needed.

ATAL

My red SUV's just outside your campsite.

GARY

Leave the SUV keys on the table until this is over.

Atal sets the SUV keys with the cylinder down.

OPENING AT ONE END

Suddenly. The smashed extended cab pickup FISHTAILS into the camp. Disappears in a rising cloud of sand round the vehicle.

Alicia leaps in front of the pickup. RATTLES-OFF a clip. OS. METAL PINGS. TIRES BLOW. GLASS SMASHES. As the truck dies inches from her.

The dust settles on the bullet riddled windshield. Grill DROOLS coolant. Flat tires SHH.

Alicia SLAPS a fresh clip in her rifle. As she sweeps wide of the driver side. Ready to rock 'n' roll.

ALICIA

Show your hands as you get out! One
at a time! Driver side only!

The driver door CREAKS open.

LAPDOG (O.S.)

I'm coming out! Don't shoot!

Frank flops out. Bloody bullet holes cross his face bleed into the sand.

Lapdog climbs out. Bloody hands high. Steps over Frank.

LAPDOG

He's dead.

ALICIA

Slow down.

She THUMPS Lapdog facedown over the hood. POKES her gun barrel to his skull. Surveys the brain spackled empty car.

Gary steps before everyone. Shoulders the duffel-bag.

Lapdog stays over the hood. Looks to Gary for help.

LAPDOG

Alicia, come-on? Gary, please?

GARY

He's okay, Alicia.

Lapdog slowly backpedals around Alicia. She follows him.

CAVE ENTRANCE

Atal sits on the table. JIGGLES the SUV keys with the cylinder.

Gary joins him. Lapdog relaxes in the chair. Alicia paces. Swivels her head. Scans the slopes to either side.

LAPDOG

Let's just get this over with, so I can get back to civilization.

GARY

Tell me about my fifty million?

Lapdog SLIPS a SAT phone from his shirt pocket. PLUNKS it back in.

LAPDOG

I will make the call and have the moneys transferred to your Swiss account as soon as I see Saddam.

He SNATCHES the cylinder with the SUV keys from Atal.

ATAL

Those keys are mine!

LAPDOG

I've had a rough trip. I need this.

He RATTLES the SUV keys with the cylinder.

Atal GRABS his hand in a tug-of-war for the RATTLING cylinder with the SUV keys. Gary tosses the duffel-bag toward Atal.

GARY

Here, hold this.

Atal CLUTCHES the duffel-bag against his chest. Lapdog RIPS the SUV keys with the cylinder from Atal.

Gary SNATCHES the SUV keys with the cylinder from Lapdog.

ATAL

But, my keys...

GARY

Give and take is the essence of bargaining.

LAPDOG

Is my ace in the hole still with us?

GARY
 He's been drugged. When he comes
 to, it'll be out of his own
 asshole.

He gets in Lapdog's face.

GARY
 You and yours, better not fuck me!

LAPDOG
 You still don't trust our regime?
 Even after we restarted the endless
 Crusade.

GARY
 The war for Earth's resources?

LAPDOG
 The Holy Grail... Caladium in these
 hills, for electric car batteries,
 will not only guarantee our
 survival but ensure our domination
 for many a future day.

Gary WHIRLS the SUV keys with the cylinder over his head.

GARY
 While you bunch of self glorified
 gas station attendants are busy
 sticking new batteries in cars, the
 world's lining up against us!

Lapdog reaches for the cylinder. Gary pockets the cylinder
 with the SUV keys.

LAPDOG
 Your breath could use a spray too.

GARY
 Fuck you.

Atal watches. Shakes his head. Snickers:

ATAL
 The tug of war.

Lapdog turns on Atal.

LAPDOG
 Who the hell are you?

Atal lowers the duffel-bag to his side. Gets in his face.

ATAL

Do I stick in your craw?

He hands Gary the duffel-bag. Gary holds it open. Exposes the cash to Lapdog.

GARY

This is my two million dollar man.

LAPDOG

You're fifty million's in Geneva.

Gary slings the duffel-bag strap over his shoulder.

GARY

Ah, but this'll get me there in comfort.

LAPDOG

Where is Saddam?

MO (O.S.)

I got him.

Mo DRAGS the body-bag into their midst. Gary leans on the table. Pulls his ear.

GARY

I'll be damned.

Lapdog KICKS the body-bag.

LAPDOG

Show me.

MO

Sure.

He UNZIPS the body-bag. Pulls Saddam's head out. By his hair.

LAPDOG

That's enough.

Mo stuffs Saddam back in. ZIPS the body-bag. SITS on it.

Alicia WHIRLS. Aim at Gary. He shakes his head. Backpedals behind the table.

GARY

Alicia, you're leaving me?

ALICIA

Yes, Gary.

GARY
 (smiles)
 No shit.

The Driver steps from around a boulder. Pokes the Uzi muzzle into Alicia's back.

Gary FLIPS the table. RIPS the duct-taped pump shotgun from under the tabletop.

THE DRIVER
 Y'all toss your weapon!

Zigzag steps from the cave. Stabs a pistol behind The Driver's ear.

ZIGZAG
 Dr. "J" played basketball and
 Bowling Green's in Ohio, Y'all!

Alicia TWIRLS her M4A1 in the air over her shoulder. The Driver SPINS after the rifle. Zigzag SHOOTS-OFF his ear.

The Driver FIRES over Mo's head. As Mo crouches. CATCHES the M4A1. BLASTS The Driver. The BULLETS RIP across his throat.

The Driver WHIRLS. FIRES his Uzi. The BULLETS RIDDLE the side of Zigzag's head. TEAR across one side of the body-bag.

MOUNTAIN PASS

The red SUV FISHTAILS away. The TIRES SPIT-SAND on Atal. As he FLOPS sideways to the sand. Grips his bloody leg wound --

As Mo sprints by him:

MO
 Are ya okay?!

ATAL
 I am!

Mo gains on the SUV as it SHIMMIES-AWAY. Gaining traction.

INT./EXT. RED SUV - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Gary WRENCHES the wheel for control. SHIFTS between gears.

Lapdog sits shotgun. Sprays his breath freshener in his mouth. Reads the "Road to Ruin" CD.

GARY
 You're worthless.

Lapdog feeds the CD into the stereo. Crouches on the floor.

LAPDOG

I might as well pave the way for
you.

SMOOTH JAZZ OOZES from the speakers. BULLETS SMASH the rear window into a SHH-SHOWER of glass.

Mo looms in the windowless frame behind them. Aims his M4A1. As he catches up.

Gary reaches the shotgun over the seat. One-hands the wheel.

BULLETS RIDDLE the trunk. Gary BLASTS the shotgun through the broken rear window.

PELLETS SLAM Mo's shoulder. He stumbles. FIRES.

The BULLETS RIP-UP Gary's arm. As he BLASTS the shotgun. Misses Mo. As he ducks in a blind-spot next to the cab.

Gary JERKS the wheel side-to-side. Trains the shotgun along the side of the cab. Waiting for Mo to show.

GARY

Come out, come out!

The SUV FISHTAILS. The FENDER SWATS Mo sideways. SLAMS him into a boulder. He SLUMPS in the sand against the rock.

The SUV digs in to a halt. Gary exits. Smiles. Pumps the shotgun one handed. Drops his smile. Stumbles backward as --

Mo rises against the rock. Face bloody. FIRES his M4A1.

Gary dives in the SUV. A HAIL-OF-BULLETS PIT the side as the SUV swerves away. Leaves --

Lapdog facedown in the sand. He sits-up. Spits.

Mo drops to his knees. GASPS for air. His shoulder wound bleeds. Soaking his shirt.

MO

Where were you going with Gary?

Lapdog aims the end of the cylinder on the keyless key-ring in his mouth. CLICKS the button many times. Peers at it. CLICKING as he shakes it.

LAPDOG

I ran and hid in the SUV. Gary followed me. Shit! I stole this for nothing. It's empty!

He throws the cylinder sky high. Like a Hail Mary pass.

MO

But Yo, I got Saddam for ya.

LAPDOG

I wanted him, but I didn't want to join him in a body-bag.

MO

I got a couple surprises for ya.

The cylinder SMACKS into a boulder. O.S. EXPLOSION ECHOES.

LAPDOG

Is that one less surprise?

MO

Still got two, yo.

A FIREBALL MUSHROOMS over the ridge.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS ROAD - DAY

The red SUV's interior SMOLDERS. Smoke rises from the peeled-off roof. MILLIONS of US HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS FLUTTER DOWN.

A PASHTUN SHEEPHERDER leaves his sheep. Follows his GRANDSON (10) as the boy SNATCHES the bills from mid-air.

The Shepherder hugs the boy.

Gary CRAWLS toward them. SLITHERS his beat-up bloody charred body over sheep-shit on the ground.

GARY

(speaking Pashtun)
Help me, and I will help you.

GRANDSON

(speaking Pashtun)
What should we do, Grandfather?

SHEEPHERDER

(speaking Pashtun)
Leave him.

GRANDSON
 (speaking Pashtun)
 Perhaps he will help us?

SHEEPHERDER
 (speaking Pashtun)
 They say they're here to help us,
 but only serve their own purpose.

He RIPS the BILLS from the boy's hand. TOSSES THEM over Gary.

GRANDSON
 (speaking Pashtun)
 But, Grandpa, we can use this.

SHEEPHERDER
 (speaking Pashtun)
 Their money has bought us nothing
 but deception and death.

GRANDSON
 (speaking Pashtun)
 What of this man's fate?

SHEEPHERDER
 (speaking Pashtun)
 His choices decided his fate.

He points up to the --

RIDGE

A black helicopter ROARS PAST.

SHEEPHERDER (O.S.)
 (speaking Pashtun)
 The snow leopard will feed her
 offspring from his carcass, instead
 of our sheep. His death will serve
 our purpose.

He RASPBERRIES the boy's head. Leads him away. They laugh.

EXT. AL QAEDA CAMPSITE - DAY

The black helicopter ROARS above. Alicia helps Atal limp over to Mo and Lapdog.

MO
 Where ya been?

ALICIA
 It's time you earn your keep.

LAPDOG

Mo, my ride's here. Can I please
have my surprises now.

Mo UNZIPS the body-bag. DRAGS the bullet-riddled body of
Guard 1 from the side of the bag with bullet holes cross it.

Saddam sits-up in the bag. Unhurt. Smokes a heroin cigarette.

MO

One down and one coming up.

Mo leads Alicia and Lapdog to the cave. Atal hobbles over to
Saddam.

ATAL

This, I can stick in my craw.

He SEIZES the heroin cigarette. Takes a big hit.

SADDAM

Ugh.

Atal PUNCHES Saddam's face. ZIPS-UP the body-bag.

ATAL

Back to your hole.

He sits against the body-bag and tokes.

INT. CAVE PASSAGE - DAY

Mo ushers Alicia and Lapdog past the dungeon door. Halts in
front of the curtains hung over the storage area.

LAPDOG

Let's make this fast. And walk
gently. I don't want to kick up any
primordial germs.

Mo WHISKS the drapes back. Alicia and Lapdog follow him into
the --

STORAGE AREA

Mo STRIKES a match. Lights a hanging lantern. Illuminates
stacked crates. Alicia and Lapdog smile.

MO

Inside these crates are the missing
Iraq Museum artifacts.

LAPDOG
You're not crazy.

MO
I just earned my keep. Alicia, got
me here.

Alicia CRADLES his blood encrusted face in her hands.

ALICIA
How can Gidget resist Moon-doggy.

CAVE PASSAGE

US Army Ranger COLONEL MAYHEM (45) barrel-chested, big man,
leads an advance team of RANGERS.

Their boots kickup a cloud of dirt. Mayhem halts. Salutes
Lapdog. Mo winks at Alicia.

COLONEL MAYHEM
Sir, we have the "Ace of Spades"
locked-and-loaded and on his way to
"The wishing well," sir.

Lapdog COUGHS through a handkerchief over his nose and mouth.

LAPDOG
Yes, well... The President gets his
Christmas wish.

COLONEL MAYHEM
Well sir, what are your wishes for
these stolen Iraqi Museum crates,
sir?

LAPDOG
Yes well, Colonel, have your men
load these crates then...

COLONEL MAYHEM
Yes, sir.

Lapdog desperately tries to figure a way around him.

LAPDOG
Out of my way then, Colonel.

COLONEL MAYHEM
Of course, sir.

Mayhem steps back. Holds a salute. The Rangers back against
the walls. Hold salutes. Lapdog leads Mo and Alicia by them.

LAPDOG

I am so fucking tired of playing
Army in this stinking sand.

MO

(snickers)
They certainly seem to wish you
well.

ALICIA

(to Lapdog)
Anymore wishes?

They stop in the shadows before the end of the tunnel.

LAPDOG

I just want to fly back to
civilization.

They exit the cave.

EXT./INT. BLACK HELICOPTER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Mo, Alicia and Lapdog leave the cave. Scurry through the
swirling sand under the SWOOSHING HELICOPTER BLADES. As a
Ranger ushers them in the open hatch. Shuts it.

THOMAS HARDY (21) preppy State Department type, suit and tie,
steps in their faces. He CRADLES an open laptop in his arms.

THOMAS HARDY

Sir, Mr. Secretary's been waiting.

He CLICKS enter on a laptop. Rumsfeld appears on the screen:

RUMSFELD (ON SCREEN)

Even though what you've achieved
must go unheralded. Your service
and dedication to this great nation
and its noble cause, will not.

LAPDOG

Mister Secretary, I...

RUMSFELD (ON SCREEN)

Congratulations, the President
himself has asked me to place you
in Baghdad as the director of the
Coalition's Provisional Authority.

LAPDOG

But, sir!

RUMSFELD (ON SCREEN)
Mr. Hardy will take it from here.

THOMAS
Sir, might I add my heart felt...

Lapdog PUNCHES the screen. SHOVES the lid into Thomas' chest.
Drops him on his ass.

ALICIA
This is where I came in.

She opens the hatch. Jumps out.

MO
(to Lapdog)
You want civilization, yo, ya got
Mesopotamia.

Mo leaps to the ground amid Alicia and Colonel Mayhem.

COLONEL MAYHEM
Mo, as you predicted, we found
these cretins bopping around in the
sewer tiles adjacent to Freedom
woods in Chicago.

The Rangers drag four hooded men in fatigues toward them.
Their ankles and wrists shackled to their waists.

MO
Yes, thank you and your Rangers,
Colonel. The rest?

COLONEL MAYHEM
We killed the rest in a gun battle.

MO
You can take their hoods off.

Colonel Mayhem furrows his brows. Peers sideways at Mo. Then
at Alicia.

COLONEL MAYHEM
But... They bite!

Alicia smiles. Grabs Mo. Kisses him. Whispers in his ear
through her grin:

ALICIA
Gidget loves Moon-doggy.

MO
Please? Colonel Mayhem?

Colonel Mayhem nods. The Rangers force the hooded men to kneel. RIP their hoods off. Uncovers four Zombies.

INT. EXTENDED CAB PICKUP - NIGHT

Alicia drives through the mountain pass. Mo sits shotgun. Atal leans between the seats.

The four Zombies kneel in the truck bed. Stare through the back window.

ATAL

How far are we from the jet?

ALICIA

We can be in the air in two hours.

MO

How much money do we have left?

ATAL

I pick up seven million where hockey-bag land. Spend two on your ransom. We have five million after I make my stop.

Alicia swings around the red SUV's wreckage. Halts.

MO

Who paid for the slick red SUVs?

They lean toward the windshield.

ATAL

I shorted Gary 100 thousand.

The headlights illuminate the snow leopard mother and her cubs. As they gorge themselves on Gary's charred carcass.

MO

And he's getting shorter.

ALICIA

It looks good on him.

ATAL

Should we not do something?

The mother snow leopard leaps in front of the pickup.

ALICIA

Certainly not.

MO

No leopard worth her spots passes
on a barbecue.

ALICIA

A girl's gotta feed her family.

The snow leopard cubs join their mother.

MO

Spoken like a true femme fatale.

The snow leopards ROAR morphs into a human babies WAILING.

EXT. UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - DAY

Special Agent Sanders stops before the glass entrance. He turns. Sees two skateboarders. "EAT ME ZOMBIE" on their backpacks. As they ZIGZAG down a handicap ramp.

INT. HOSPITAL PEDIATRIC UNIT - DAY

A CHARGE NURSE SQUEALS over to Special Agent Sanders in front of the baby nursery observation window.

CHARGE NURSE

I... I can't find her.

A NURSE passes. The Charge Nurse GRABS her.

CHARGE NURSE

Have you seen? That new nurse,
uh... Nurse Seau, that's it, Seau!

The Nurse enters the nursery.

She checks the nameplates along a row of cribs. The babies SCREAM. She wheels a crib to the glass.

Special Agent Sanders SQUEAKS his nose to the observation window. Peers at the empty crib. "Sofia" on the nameplate.

INT. COMMERCIAL JETLINER - DAY

Roy sits in the window seat. Julian opens his laptop on Roy's tray. Waves his sat phone in his face.

JULIAN

Your government sells war as peace.

ROY

What keeps those guys from shooting holes in your pursuit of happiness?

JULIAN

I showed Mo this view of his video of the massacre. He's allowed me to download it. For my safe keeping and his. Have a look-see...

He TAPS "Enter" on the laptop.

BEGIN PLAYBACK PART 2:

As the Zombies turn. FIRE AKs at the lens. They reveal --

The Man in the wide brim pimp hat and fur coat behind them. GUNNING-DOWN the Iraqi Adults and eight Children.

But this time as he FIRES with the Zombies at the shaky lens. The recording freezes between his MUZZLE-FLASHES exposing --

Gary as the Man wearing the wide brim pimp hat and the fur coat firing the AK at the camera!

WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER PA)

(filtered)

If you lookout to your left and wave, you'll see Waimea's emerald waters rising up to wave back.

PLAYBACK PART 2 ENDS.

Roy turns from the laptop. BUMPS his forehead on the window. Sees blinking red lights along the wing-tip as it dips. Shows him the North Shore of Oahu. He waves through the glass at --

EXT. WAIMEA BAY - DAY

Mo sits on a surfboard offshore. Dumps Goose's ashes out of a plastic bag into the ocean.

The four Zombies, shaded swim-goggles, camouflage shorts, wet-suit tops, earbuds, bagged and duct-taped CD players strapped to their chests, sit on surfboards. Wait for a set of waves.

Alicia PADDLES a surfboard alongside Mo on his board.

ALICIA

How did you, uh... reprogram them?

MO

I just changed their music.

O.S. PUNK-ROCK PLAYS LOUD.

Mo and Alicia stare at a huge rising ocean swell.

The Zombies wave their arms like birds. As they surf down a monster wave. Sing:

ZOMBIES

"Pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-
paooma-mow-mow, Papa-ooma-mow-mow."

Alicia and Mo surf the shoreline. Wave toward the --

BEACH

Pika jumps from the jeep. Plants a decorated Christmas tree in the sand. Waves back.

O.S. The stereo PLAYS PUNK-ROCK.

Atal sits inside a large sand-castle. As he bounces --

Sofia, BEAUTY MARKS CIRCLE HER LEFT EYE, on his lap. She giggles. Nibbles on the lizard-faced figurine.

FADE OUT.**THE END**