MEET ME IN CRAWFORD

by

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FADE IN:

BLACK SCREEN

INNER VOICE (V.O.) Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: For thou art with me; Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou annointest my head with oil; My cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the House of the Lord forever...

INT. POINT DU HOC, FRANCE 1944 - DAY

CHARACTER POV:

Ascending sounds of WAR can be heard.

Eyes open to finishing the sign of the cross, combat boots under water, sloshing around the L.C.A. landing craft. More water splashes in as it motors forward.

> VOICE (O.S.) (to self) No shit...my cup runneth over.

Look up from the middle of the craft to see DARREN, early 20's, numerous fellow Rangers and a small boat crew.

LT. HUGHES, early 30's, leans up the side of the craft and peeks his head up to the left.

Tracer bullets fly by as bullets hit the craft. Lt. Hughes ducks.

High above, A squadron of glider tugs towing gliders flies by.

The relentless SHELLING from just overhead stops.

LT. HUGHES

(inspiring)

Listen up, Rangers, because of the mix up, we're now landing with the others on the east.

(MORE)

LT. HUGHES (CONT'D)

But our objective still remains clear. Which is number one.

RANGERS

(loud)

Climb at all costs.

LT. HUGHES

Number two.

Tracer bullets fly by as bullets hit the craft.

RANGERS

(loud)

Kill at all costs.

A shell explodes in the water next to the craft, raining seawater down on it.

LT. HUGHES

Number three.

RANGERS

(loud)

Divide and conquer those Nazi bastards.

Black plums of billowing smoke become visible, followed by the barbwire covered cliff-tops of France.

Numerous Rangers are startled as rockets fire rope ladders and grappling hooks up to the cliff tops.

Jerked to the left, now face to face with Darren, as several of the ladders and hooks fall back down from above.

DARREN

I promised Mom and Dad I'd look after you. So pay attention and stay close.

VOICE (O.S.)

Are you feelin' it Brother? What a rush, ha?

Darren pushes away just as the craft hits the beach below the cliffs.

DARREN

Just get you butt to the cliff pronto and watch out for submerged bomb craters.

The landing ramp drops. Lt. Hughes leads the Rangers out into the waist deep water up the rocky beach.

Look left, multiple landing craft and hundreds of Rangers are in the fight.

Machine guns fire down from the left, killing many, as the Rangers make their way to the cliffs.

Look, then reach right, pull a drowning RANGER 1, late teens, out of a submerged bomb crater, throw him over the shoulder and carry him to the base of the cliff behind a large piece of fallen earth and set him down.

RANGER 1

(struggling to breath)
Thank you, man. I thought I was done.

VOICE (O.S.)

You owe me a beer...and a shot.

Darren, carrying a wounded Ranger, approaches.

DARREN

(loud)

Medic...medic.

Pull a hanging rope-line taught as a medic approaches.

VOICE (O.S.)

What took you so long, brother?

DARREN

(to medic)

He's got it in the upper thigh, nothing lethal.

Climb six feet up the rope, make sure it's secure, then drop back down to the beach.

VOICE (O.S.)

(to Darren)

What do say, big brother, shall we blow up some guns?

Climb the rope. Look left, then right, to see numerous Rangers climbing along side.

VOICE (O.S.)

You boys ready for some action? Come on.

Turn around, see two allied destroyers moving out of firing position heading back toward the massive invading armada.

VOICE (O.S.)

You saved our butts, boys.

Nearing the top of the cliff, German soldiers release numerous rope ladders and grappling hooks causing numerous Rangers to fall to their deaths.

VOICE (O.S.)

Lets waste these savages.

At the top of the cliff, get a foothold, pull a Thompson submachine gun and prepare it to fire.

Check with the Rangers to the left, then right.

VOICE (O.S.)

You ready for this?

Everyone ACKNOWLEDGES.

Crest the cliff with the other Rangers, firing at hundreds of German soldiers in various degrees of readiness. Many soldiers, including Rangers, are killed or wounded.

VOICE (O.S.)

Come and get some.

Massive German defenses can be seen.

VOICE (O.S.)

This way, over the wire.

Use a rope ladder to get numerous Rangers over the barbwire, run atop the trenches, kill numerous German soldiers and reload ammo when needed.

After the area is cleared of German soldiers, join Darren and a small group at the corner of a large gun battery.

VOICE (O.S.)

Sorry, we got separated.

DARREN

Better late than never, brother.

Tug on Darren's shoulder and look out in the distance.

VOICE (O.S.)

Look at that.

A large group of Rangers incur heavy losses as they take out two German machine gun positions.

VOICE (O.S.)

Give em' hell, boys.

DARREN

Do we have a flamethrower up here yet?

Turn to a group of Rangers.

VOICE (O.S.)

Is there any gas up here?

Rangers begin CALLING for gas as charging German soldiers are killed.

RANGER 2, 20's, approaches carrying a flamethrower.

VOICE (O.S.)

Come on, gas man...it's show time.

DARREN

(to Ranger 2)

You ready?

RANGER 2

I'll barbecue these sons of bitches.

DARREN

On my signal then.

Grab two grenades, pull the pins and, with a tug from Darren, crawl around to the front of the battery.

After a signal from Darren, rise and thrown the grenades into the battery, then crouch.

After the grenades explode, rise and join Darren firing into the smoking battery.

Stop firing as Darren signals Ranger 2. He comes around front and shoots flame into the battery.

When the flames subside, jump into the battery with Darren, firing.

The battery's empty except for a burning log crudely made to resemble a large gun.

DARREN

There's no gun.

Jump up and stand on the edge the emplacement.

VOICE (O.S.)

There's no guns. What the hell...

DARREN

Larry, get down...

It goes silent as a bullet rips through the chest, splattering blood everywhere.

DARREN

No...

Fall back to the ground outside the battery, stare up at Darren as he jumps down and kneels above.

Disappear into Darren's tearing eyes, dying.

EXT. POINT DU HOC 1984, FRANCE - DAY

Ronald Reagan's D-Day anniversary SPEECH can be heard.

Pulling back from his tearing eyes, a much older Darren wears his Army Rangers hat and medals.

He holds hands with his wife and salutes President Reagan as he gives his speech at the base of the crowded Ranger memorial.

His son, Larry, in a heavily decorated Navy Seal uniform, stands next him with his wife, Gloria. He's holding their two year old son, Dwight, both are saluting the President, and Gloria holds their one year old son, Ronald.

REAGAN

At dawn, on the morning of the 6th of June, 1944, 225 Rangers jumped off the British landing craft and ran to the bottom of these cliffs.

Disappear into Larry's tearing eyes.

INT. THE REC PLEX - NIGHT

pull back from his tearing eyes to see LARRY, now early 50's, standing next to GLORIA, now late 40's, in the bleachers filled with spectators intently watching and CHEERING.

LARRY

Way to go Rams.

GLORIA

They did it, honey.

Continuing out over the competition pool, The 2000 Missouri State High School water polo district championship match is being played.

DWIGHT, 18, and RONNIE, 17, play for M.I.C.D.S. who are just about to beat S.L.U.H.

In the final moments of the match, Ronnie passes the ball to Dwight who scores just before time runs out.

Dwight, Ronnie and the rest of the team exit the pool CELEBRATING.

RONNIE

Nice shot.

**DWTGHT** 

Better pass.

RONNIE

I know.

The entire team picks up the Coach and jumps in the pool with him.

INT. STEAK N SHAKE - NIGHT

Larry, Gloria, Dwight, Ronnie, hair in a ponytail, and his girlfriend TAMMY, 17, sit at a table eating.

LARRY

I love it when my boys win.

He takes a bite of his messy cheeseburger.

GLORIA

That's only because we always come here afterwards.

She playfully pinches Larry's side. He jumps.

LARRY

Go team.

LAUGHTER as he takes another bite.

DWIGHT

You two kids are so cute.

Ronnie acts like he's about puke. Tammy slaps him on the arm.

TAMMY

Stop that.

DWIGHT

So let's here about tomorrow night, unless it's going to spoil any surprises?

Ronnie steals a french fry from Tammy.

**TARRY** 

Oh, no...no surprises, my boy. It's dinner at Ruth's Chris for me, Brett Michaels at Mississippi Nights for your mother and a suite at the Ritz for...

Ronnie's taking a drink and almost spits up LAUGHING.

RONNTE

Brett Michaels. That's awesome, dude.

Larry looks serious.

RONNIE

How happy does that make you, pops?

Larry sets down his cheeseburger, picks up his napkin and begins wiping his hands.

LARRY

Pleasing my wife makes me very happy, Ronald.

He drops his crumpled napkin on his plate.

LARRY

But it's going to cause you a world of hurt. What time's your boys interview tomorrow?

He stands up.

DWIGHT

Seven thirty. Why...why?

LARRY

(to Ronnie)

Then you should have no problem meeting me in the gym at say...nine thirty. I'll assume that works for you?

RONNIE

Yes, sir.

Larry turns, then walks toward the bathroom singing EVERY ROSE HAS IT'S THORN.

DWTGHT

Ha...ha.

INT. ST. LOUIS WEEKEND STUDIOS - MORNING

Dwight and Ronnie, both wearing their M.I.C.D.S. warm ups, watch the live television show from off stage as it goes to commercial.

The STAGE MANAGER, late 30's, approaches.

STAGE MANAGER

You're up guys, follow me.

They follow him out onto the stage and over toward the young attractive SLW HOSTESS, 21, near the guest couch.

DWIGHT

Brother, I'm in love with this chick. Look at her.

RONNIE

Of course you're in love with her. You're a man ho and you love just about anything with a vag.

DWIGHT

What can I say, brother. You like the killing machines and I like the baby making ones.

At the guest couch, Dwight, then Ronnie shake hands with the SLW hostess.

DWIGHT

Dwight.

RONNIE

Ronnie.

Two technicians approach and mic-up Dwight & Ronnie.

SLW HOSTESS

Nice to meet both of you. Thank you for coming in so early.

Please, it's my pleasure. I've been following your career for years.

The stage manager sits them on the couch as the SLW hostess takes her seat.

SLW HOSTESS

(unimpressed)

That's very impressive since my career isn't quite two years old.

Ronnie holds back LAUGHTER before whispering to Dwight.

RONNIE

Way to go, lover boy.

DWIGHT

I was actually speaking of you winning second runner-up at the Miss Teen U.S.A. pageant in 19...

SLW HOSTESS

Okay, hotshot.

The stage manager CLEARS the crew from the stage.

STAGE MANAGER

Can I get a level check on your
mics, please?

He motions to Dwight & Ronnie.

DWIGHT

Check. Level check. One.

STAGE MANAGER

Thank you. Now Ronnie.

RONNIE

Check one two...

He trows up his heavy metal fingers.

RONNIE

(singing)

Yeah...ah.

Dwight hits him on the knee.

STAGE MANAGER

Thank you, Ronnie, that's very good...and metal.

He begins to countdown with his fingers as the SLW hostess picks up her note cards.

STAGE MANAGER

And we are back...in 5-4-3-2-1.

He motions to the SLW hostess.

STAGE MANAGER

We're live.

He backs out of the way.

SLW HOSTESS

Welcome back and for those of you just joining us. Good morning. Our next two guests are the star members of last night's...

She checks her notes.

SLW HOSTESS

Missouri...State...High School Water Polo championship winning team.

DWIGHT

Very good.

RONNIE

(under his breath)
You win a cookie.

SLW HOSTESS

Please welcome Dwight and Ronnie Kurtz. Thank you both for coming. Now it's obvious you play for M.I.C.D.S.

She motions to their warm up suites.

SLW HOSTESS

Which stands for?

DWIGHT

Mary Institute and St. Louis Country Day School.

Ronnie looks disinterested.

SLW HOSTESS

Now that's another mouthful. Hey what do you boys say we have a little bit of fun?

DWIGHT

Okay.

RONNIE

Sure, whatever.

SLW HOSTESS

Okay, I'm going to try this...bear with me. The Missouri State High School Water Polo Champions Mary Institute and St. Louis Country Day School.

Dwight claps as additional APPLAUSE can be heard.

DWIGHT

Excellent.

Ronnie rolls his eyes.

SLW HOSTESS

Thank you. Now Dwight, it says here that you're the all time leading scorer in Missouri State history.

Ronnie unzips his warm-up jacket, revealing a Pantera teeshirt.

SLW HOSTESS

(impressed)

You're going to Stanford on a water polo scholarship...and you were the youngest delegate at this years Republican Convention. That's all very impressive.

Ronnie starts drumming on his knee.

DWIGHT

Thank you. It was a lot of hard work and dedication over the last four years, but I'm well on my track slash schedule, your preference. And I plan on being the youngest ever Republican Senator from Missouri.

Ronnie pulls an envelope from his pocket.

RONNIE

You know we're having a party tonight. You're welcome to come.

He hands her the envelope as Dwight gives him a dirty look.

RONNIE

It's invite only.

SLW HOSTESS

That's very nice, but I don't think it would be appropriate for me to attend a High School party.

She attempts to hand it back. Ronnie doesn't grab it.

RONNIE

No, don't worry. Our parents won't be there.

SLW HOSTESS

No, thank you. Please.

She hands the envelope back to an upset Dwight.

SLW HOSTESS

Now Ronnie. It says here that you're on pace to break your big brothers record?

RONNIE

What can I say, Claudia? I'm a scoring machine, just like big bro here.

INT. KURTZ HOME GYM - MORNING

Larry, dressed in a gi, stands in their boxing ring stretching as Ronnie walks in dressed like an ultimate fighter with Tammy in tow.

LARRY

Oh...how sweet. I remember back when your mother had the stomach to watch me get the stuffing beat out of me by my father.

She stays back as Ronnie enters the ring.

TAMMY

Nice try, Mr. K, but we've been working on some Brazilian Jiu Jitsu for you.

Ronnie starts stretching as Larry leans over the ring toward her.

LARRY

Really? Brazilian Jiu Jitsu.

TAMMY

Yeah, it's pretty aggressive, I think you'll love it.

Dwight walks in wearing fighting gear and stretching out his arms.

LARRY

What the hell do you want, boy?

DWIGHT

Next.

INT. KURTZ HOME GYM - MORNING

Larry toys with Ronnie in a very closely matched mixed martial arts fight. Tammy SHOUTS out encouragement and instructions as Dwight stretches out next to her.

DWIGHT

It really didn't take him all that long to figure out our new Brazilian style.

TAMMY

Not really. Good luck with next, though.

INT. KURTZ HOME - NIGHT

The Kurtz family stands in their high-end kitchen as the beginnings of a party takes place around them.

Dwight and Ronnie are a little bruised and battered. One of Larry's eyes is swollen with fresh stitches and a butterfly bandage over them.

DWIGHT

Our party started thirty minutes ago. Will you get out of here already.

LARRY

Blame your mother, son. She's the one who took forever stitching me up.

GLORIA

You're butts lucky I didn't make you go to the ER.

They all make their way through the affluent house toward the open front door.

LARRY

I would've just sewn it myself.

Gloria grabs hold of his arm.

GLORIA

Of course you would've, Rambo. But you have enough scars that make you look tough enough. No more.

RONNIE

Okay, you kids have fun. Don't forget to throw your panties on stage, pops.

LARRY

Very funny.

GLORIA

You just mind your manners, young man.

She stops and kisses Ronnie on the cheek.

RONNIE

I will, sorry. Have fun. I love you guys.

He walks back into the house as the others continue out to

THE FRONT YARD

Down a hedge-lined walkway, toward a waiting Town-car. The driver stands at the open rear door.

DWIGHT

I swear that head butt was unintentional.

LARRY

Payback's a bitch, son.

GLORIA

Enjoy your party. I love you.

You too. Have fun.

Larry and Gloria get in the car, the driver closes the door, walks around, and gets in the driver's seat.

Dwight watches the car drive away, then walks half way up the walkway and stops.

DWIGHT

You can come out now, it's safe. Nice dive, by the way.

The SLW hostess rises up from behind the hedges. Her clothes are damp and grass stained.

SLW HOSTESS

I was hoping you didn't see me.

Dwight helps her over the hedge.

DWIGHT

I'm glad you made it.

INT. M.I.C.D.S. CAMPUS - EVENING

Ronnie and Tammy, hugging, are surrounded by a group of friends in a vending are, talking. All are dressed nice.

RONNIE

I'm not lying to you, dude. He had eight points on the left and seven on the right. The arrow went right under his chin. He probably got a quill burn.

FEEDBACK can be heard in the distance.

VOICE (O.S.)

Sorry about that folks.

RONNIE

Come on let's go. If I miss this I'm dead.

They all take off

VOICE (O.S.)

Please welcome this years M.I.C.D.S. Valedictorian...Dwight Kurtz.

APPLAUSE & CHEERS.

## INT. M.I.C.D.S. CAMPUS - NIGHT

Dwight, in cap and gown, stands at a podium giving his commencement speech as Valedictorian to a packed room.

## DWIGHT

And before you take these final few hundred steps...up to this stage, into your adult life and onto your future. I will offer my interpretations of these words...not as a prayer to my God, but as inspired words of encouragement and thanks. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of life, I will fear no challenge: For thou will walk with me. Through your education and thy staff, they did prepare and comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me.

Surrounding Faculty begin to tear.

## DWIGHT

In the presence of mine future, Thou annointest my head with knowledge. Even tough my cup runneth over, my mind is still a young mind and surely goodness and your lessons shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of my mind and in the knowledge you have given me and my new colleagues...forever.

## EXT. NIANGUA RIVER - DAY

Larry and Dwight wade in the river fly fishing.

LARRY

It's nice to be able to welcome my oldest son to adulthood.

He casts his fly.

DWIGHT

Come on, Dad, I've been an adult for years now.

He casts his fly.

LARRY

Yeah, but now it's official.

DWIGHT

You know, I owe you big time.

LARRY

Yes you do, Senator.

He casts his fly.

DWIGHT

And I appreciate you shipping the Stringray so I can fly to California.

He casts his fly.

LARRY

Like you'd fit all your crap into the stingray and trailer anyway. Gimme' a break. And besides, with the money I'm saving on your tuition.

He casts his fly.

DWIGHT

Hey, dad, why didn't you ever go into politics?

LARRY

War is what I do best.

He casts his fly

LARRY

And besides...that's why your here.

From above, an arrow tied to fishing line flies into the river. Ronnie falls in from the trees above. He stands, pulls in the arrow and raises up a very large trout.

RONNIE

Now that's how you fly fish, ladies.

INT. KURTZ HOME - DAY

Ronnie and Tammy lay on his bed holding one another.

RONNIE

What would you say if I wanted to play for USC instead?

She rolls over and straddles him.

TAMMY

That your parents are going to kill you, but if it's what you need to do, I'll switch schools for you.

He rolls her over, ending up on top of her between her legs.

RONNIE

You really do love me. But honestly, I could never play for a team named after a condom.

They kiss passionately.

TAMMY

Only cause you hate wearing em'.

They grind sexually.

RONNIE

No, I'm from St. Louis. I have to play for the cardinal.

She punches his chest.

TAMMY

Whatever, shut up and hand me my purse.

RONNIE

Why?

TAMMY

So we can have sex without a condom.

Ronnie reaches for her purse.

RONNIE

No baby no baby no no.

INT. BOEING 737 CABIN - NIGHT

Dwight, in a suit, no tie, sits in first class talking with an attractive female PASSENGER, early 20's.

PASSENGER

It sounds like fun, but my boyfriend's picking me up.

She moves her empty champagne glass and begins writing her phone number on the cocktail napkin.

PASSENGER

But I'm free tomorrow night.

A pretty red-headed FLIGHT ATTENDANT, mid 20's, approaches with two full champagne glasses.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Here we go.

She sets down the glasses in front of them and picks up their empties.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Anything else I can bring you?

Dwight checks with the passenger. She motions NO.

DWIGHT

No, thank you.

The passenger takes a sip of champagne.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

You two make a lovely couple.

The passenger tries to clear her throat to answer.

DWIGHT

Thank you, but unfortunately, we're not together.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Oh, I'm so sorry hear that, sweetie.

She goes to assist other Passengers.

**PASSENGER** 

(to herself)

I bet you are.

She hands him the cocktail napkin and hesitates.

PASSENGER

Are you sure your twenty one?

No.

She hands him the napkin.

PASSENGER

But you do go to Stanford?

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

A High School party takes place in a very nice home.

The front door pushes open, Dwight and the flight attendant, wearing her uniform, walk into the foyer and stop.

DWIGHT

We don't have to stay long at all.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

They're a little young, but it looks like fun. Just don't leave me alone, promise?

DWIGHT

Promise.

They walk through the house looking for Ronnie.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

I wish had time to change.

She fluffs up her hair and unbuttons her top two buttons as most of the party guests recognize Dwight and ACKNOWLEDGE him.

DWIGHT

You look beautiful and sexy, trust me.

They pass a PARTY GUEST, 18, leaning against the wall.

DWIGHT

Brewster, where's my brother?

PARTY GUEST

I think he's up stairs. How's Stanford?

Dwight ignores him.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

A heavy metal SONG can be heard.

In a smoke-filled music room, Ronnie, sitting at an electric drum kit, plays very aggressively to the music.

Tammy and a group of friends sit close by smoking pot or drinking beer.

RONNIE

I'm a rock star, fuckers.

He continues to drum.

TAMMY

You're my super-sexy rock star, baby. I love you.

RONNIE

I love you too, beauty.

The door swings open, Dwight and the flight attendant enter.

DWIGHT

Surprise.

Tammy and the others try to hide the pot. Ronnie continues to drum.

DWIGHT

Well, what the hell do we have here?

Tammy and the others stop.

DWIGHT

(to Ronnie)

You mind, stupid? I'm trying to get pissed off at you here.

He continues to drum.

RONNIE

Sorry, bro, I'm stoned and stuck in the pocket. It's damn nice to see you though.

Dwight walks over and turns off the music. Ronnie stops drumming.

RONNIE

Thank you, I thought I'd never get out. Brother, what brings you to this neck of the woods?

DWIGHT

What the hell's the matter with you?

He pulls an envelope from his breast pocket and approaches Ronnie.

He stands up to hug him, dwight hands him the envelope then pushes him back on the stool.

DWIGHT

I show up to watch my kid brother break my record and bring him his official offer to play for Stanford and find him baked out of his skull, stuck in the pocket. Bro, that stuff's for losers.

He points over to the table littered with marijuana and paraphernalia as he joins the flight attendant near the door.

DWIGHT

Now what do you say we go downstairs, get a beer and celebrate. Can you handle that, dumb-ass?

Ronnie stands up, Tammy joins him and they walk out the door past Dwight.

RONNIE

It's nice to see you, brother.

DWIGHT

Shut up, stupid.

(to Tammy)

What's wrong with you? You're supposed to be looking out for him. Now I'll meet you at keg, I just need tell your friends something.

He watches the two leave.

DWIGHT

Okay, hurry up and load me a fresh one.

He grabs the flight attendant around the waste and walk her toward the table.

You in, baby?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Oh yeah.

Dwight looks at the door.

**DWTGHT** 

Come on, hurry up, losers.

INT. KURTZ HOME - MORNING

Gloria stands in the kitchen preparing breakfast as Ronnie sits at the counter, eating.

The news is on television in the other room.

Dwight walks in and kisses Gloria on the cheek.

DWIGHT

Good morning, mother.

GLORIA

Good morning, sunshine.

Dwight pours a cup of coffee.

DWIGHT

I'm going to drive you to school so I can use the Bronco today.

RONNIE

That's cool. Just pick me up after practice.

Gloria's distracted by the news on the television.

DWIGHT

Is dad still here?

Gloria walks toward the television in the other room.

GLORIA

(disinterested)

He's upstairs.

(to herself)

Dear Lord.

She stops in front of the television.

Do you want to hit up Annie Gunn's after practice?

RONNIE

Hell yeah, boy.

They slap hands.

RONNIE

When are you going back to cali anyway?

DWIGHT

Thursday, after you break my record.

He notices Gloria watching the news.

DWIGHT

Mom, what's going on?

His words startle her.

GLORIA

One of you boys go get your father, now! Tell him there's been a horrible accident in New York.

INT. KURTZ HOME - MORNING

Larry, in his robe, joins the rest of family watching news coverage of the first twin tower attack.

LARRY

Is there coffee?

He notices the television.

LARRY

That's no accident.

RONNIE

No way.

LARRY

Son of a bitch.

Ronnie points at the holes in the side of the skyscraper.

RONNIE

Look at the angle. Can you tell which way it came in?

Just think if there's people trapped in there.

GLORIA

There's no way anybody would do that on purpose.

The Kurtz family is horrified as the second jet crashes into the other tower.

LARRY

Holy mother of God, we're at war.

The Kurtz family hugs and cries.

GLORIA

There's no way something like this could happen.

Dwight and Ronnie stare angrily at the television.

INT. RONNIE'S BRONCO - MORNING

In complete darkness, a door opens in the distance, the silhouettes of Dwight and Ronnie walking out are visible.

RONNIE

It's just wrong, brother. That crazy bitch dancing around cheering.

The GARAGE DOOR can be heard as the opening door illuminates the garage.

DWIGHT

I'm just happy we finally have a Republican in the White House to deal with those heartless bastards.

RONNIE

Hallelujah brother.

The two approach the Bronco. Dwight pulls open the passenger door and gets in as Ronnie opens the driver side door, gets in and sets his gym bag in the back seat.

DWIGHT

Bro, your door was open.

RONNIE

So.

So, whatever. Just letting you know.

Ronnie starts the engine as they buckle their seat belts.

A NO DOUBT songs plays loud on the stereo.

DWIGHT

You are so gay.

Ronnie turns down the music.

RONNIE

Ain't mine, bro. Check my girl.

DWIGHT

Come on, admit it. You like boys and have a pop music fetish.

Ronnie puts the Bronco in reverse and looks back.

RONNIE

I told you it's my girls.

His gym bag flies up and Tammy pops out from the back seat.

TAMMY

(screaming)

You liar.

Dwight and Ronnie are startled. He jerks the Bronco to a stop.

TAMMY

It's his new favorite band.

She LAUGHS.

DWIGHT

What the hell is the matter with you? Are you crazy?

RONNIE

Oh, that was a good one, babe.

Tammy continues to LAUGH as the boys begin to calm.

TAMMY

I think you boys might need an underwear change.

**DWTGHT** 

How long were waiting there, lose?

TAMMY

You guys actually woke me up. I slept in here last night.

Ronnie gets a little upset.

RONNIE

Would you mind telling me why my girlfriend...

She leans forward, puts a hand over his mouth, then kisses him on the temple.

TAMMY

Sorry, morning breath. I love you, baby. Nice to see you too.

RONNIE

(through Tammy's hand)
I love you too, dummy.

She lets go of his mouth and leans back. He backs the Bronco out of the garage and down

THE DRIVEWAY

TAMMY

Sorry, I just had to get out of my house last night. I couldn't listen to my father talk about killing Muslims anymore. So I rode my bike over about eleven last night and smoked a half a joint on the way...

DWIGHT

(interrupting)

Just how much weed are you two smoking?

Ronnie backs out onto the street, then he drives down the street.

TAMMY

Don't worry, it's not that much...and he rarely does it. Anyway, I wanted to bring a little joy to my man on such a tragic day...

She holds out her hand and he slaps it.

TAMMY

But then everybody was still awake and I was way too buzzed up to face your parents and that brings us to here. You two gotten good by me.

DWIGHT

You're twisted.

RONNIE

And that's why I love her. Do you need me to drop you at home, babe?

Tammy looks in her designer bag.

TAMMY

Wet Ones, tooth brush, tooth paste, hair tie, deodorant. No babe, I'm good to go.

RONNIE

Damn, I love you even more.

DWIGHT

Hey, you're good to go on that toothpaste any time now.

He wipes his hand back and forth in front of his nose.

TAMMY

You better be nice to me. We're going to be roommates soon and I'll make your life a living...

Ronnie clears his throat.

RONNIE

Baby, we're both thinking about changing our destination to San Diego?

TAMMY

I figured as much.

INT. DESMET CAMPUS - AFTERNOON

CHARACTER POV:

From inside the pool, a water polo match between DeSmet and M.I.C.D.S takes place.

Being guarded by Ronnie, watch as a M.I.C.D.S player commits a foul.

Play is stopped as the offending player's sent to the penalty area.

RONNIE

I don't even feel like being here, man.

Swim next to Ronnie down to the DeSmet attacking zone.

VOICE (O.S.)

What's the matter rock star? Your perfect life getting you down?

Play is started. Pass the ball back & forth with the DeSmet players looking for a scoring opportunity.

RONNIE

Dude, don't be a dick. I'm just a little more concerned about the safety & security of my country than beating your punk ass in a water polo match.

Follow Ronnie as he intercepts a pass and breaks toward the other end of the pool. He pulls away and scores easily to BOOS, CHEERS & APPLAUSE.

RONNIE

Light it up.

Play is stopped as he swims past.

RONNIE

What's the matter cock star? Your pathetic life getting you down.

INT. RUTH'S CHRIS STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

The Kurtz family, Tammy & the SLW hostess, sit at a large table in the center of the restaurant.

SLW HOSTESS

So what do you say Ronnie? Would you like to come on the show Saturday?

RONNIE

No, I'm good, thanks though.

DWIGHT

He's not much on celebrity.

SLW HOSTESS

You think?

LAUGHTER.

GLORIA

Son, I think you should do it. We could all use some positive reinforcement right now.

TAMMY

He won't do it.

RONNIE

Once again, my baby's knows me best.

A BUSBOY, 30's, approaches and refills water glasses.

**LARRY** 

Ah screw it, let the kid do what he wants. He's a big boy now.

RONNIE

Really? What if I want to be a Navy SEAL?

LARRY

No fucking way.

The busboy stops and spills some water. Larry catches himself and calmly holds up his hand.

LARRY

Sorry for the outburst. But my son's not joining the Navy SEAL's.

The busboy nervously soaks up his minor spill.

DWIGHT

What if I go in first?

GLORIA

Oh Jesus, no.

Larry calmly gets the busboy's attention.

LARRY

Would you mind getting the manager for me, please? Post haste.

BUSBOY

Not at all, Sir.

The table looks concerned as the busboy exits.

LARRY

This is one of the proudest days a mother and father can experience and you two want to take that away from us with this hero bull-shit? This family has plans.

The MANAGER, 40's, quickly approaches Larry.

MANAGER

Is there a problem, Mr. Kurtz?

LARRY

Not with the service, no. I assume you have a private dining room?

MANAGER

Yes, of course, Mr. Kurtz.

LARRY

Is it available? I don't care what it costs.

MANAGER

Mr. Kurtz, our private dining room is available this evening and I will be most happy to have you moved immediately at my pleasure with no additional charge to you.

LARRY

Perfect.

INT. RUTH'S CHRIS STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

The Kurtz family, Tammy & the SLW hostess finish being seated in the private dining room.

LARRY

Boys, I made a promise to your mother...

He holds Gloria's hand as the staff exits.

LARRY

That our sons would never have to die in a war. And I tell you boys. My father had to watch his little brother die just like I had the pleasure of watching mine do in Laos.

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

Did I ever tell you how I got to drag his corpse fifteen kilometers through jungle and fucking rice paddies? I'll spare you the details of what the leeches & mosquitos did to him. So my sons aren't going to war. They're going to Stanford to get educated on how to stop them from happening in the first palce. And I'll get to keep my promise to the woman I love.

He SNAPS his fingers and points to Ronnie.

LARRY

And history shows that you're the one who buys it, kiddo.

GLORIA

I love you.

RONNIE

We don't have to die, pops. We just need to go kick some ass.

LARRY

Over my dead body.

RONNIE

Would you go if you could?

LARRY

This isn't about me, boy.

The manager opens the door and peeks in.

MANAGER

Is everything Okay?

LARRY

Perfect, thanks.

The manager closes the door.

DWIGHT

So, would you go if you could?

LARRY

Don't push me.

DWIGHT

We already made our decision, dad.

RONNIE

We have to go over there to set things a right?

LARRY

Then I guess you leave me no other option.

He CLAPS his hands loud. The busboy enters immediately.

BUSBOY

Yes, Mr. Kurtz?

LARRY

I'm gonna need a bottle of your finest champagne and why don't you throw in a bottle of Johnny Walker Blue...

He begins crying.

LARRY

Our boys are going to war.

INT. KURTZ HOME - NIGHT

In in his moon-lit office, Larry, wearing a robe, holds a glass of scotch and walks around looking at his large collection of photos, medals, awards and memorabilia.

He picks up a photo of the family standing with Ronald Reagan at Point Du Hoc, France, then takes a drink.

He walks over to his desk, sits down, sets his empty glass and photo on his desk next to an open bottle of scotch.

He sits down, refills his glass and takes a drink.

GLORIA (O.S.)

Penny for your thoughts, Mr.

Gloria, wearing a mens dress shirt, walks in behind him and runs her fingers through his hair.

LARRY

Trust me, you don't want to buy these thoughts. How about I buy you a drink instead?

She slides an empty glass down his arm.

GLORIA

I'm way ahead of you and don't try and scare me. It's nothing you haven't sold me a hundred times before.

He grabs the bottle and pours it backwards, spilling the perfect amount into her glass.

LARRY

Please, you make me sound like an old carpet bagger.

Gloria takes a drink and seductively dances around to the front of the desk.

GLORIA

Sweetie, how long have we been married?

She unbuttons a shirt button as Larry takes a drink.

LARRY

I guess...twenty seven...maybe twenty six...or maybe twenty...

Gloria undoes another button, turns and heads toward the door that opens out to the backyard.

GLORIA

(interrupting)

Twenty eight, darling. And how long has it been since I had any carpet on this body?

She shows him her butt.

LARRY

July 4th, 1996, part of my anniversary gift.

Gloria lets the dress shirt fall past her shoulders.

GLORIA

And when's our anniversary?

She opens the door and looks back at Larry.

LARRY

July 5th.

Gloria drops the dress shirt to the floor.

GLORIA

Good boy. Now bring the bottle and lose the robe.

Gloria walks toward the pool naked.

INT. NAVAL RECRUITMENT OFFICE - DAY

RECRUITER 1, late 20's, sits at his desk near RECRUITER 2, late 20's. Dwight and Ronnie walk in from the parking lot.

Recruiter 1 sees them coming and gets recruiter 2's attention.

RECRUITER 1

These are those rich bitches I was telling you about.

Dwight and Ronnie approach the front door.

RECRUITER 1

They have it all and want to piss it away and go chase terrorists.

Recruiter 2 is disinterested.

RECRUITER 1

Like it's a fucking video game.

RECRUITER 2

You need to relax, man.

Dwight, holding a folder, and Ronnie walk through the door and approach recruiter 1.

RECRUITER 1

Fuck that.

DWIGHT

Gentlemen.

RONNIE

What's up.

Recruiter 2 gives a salute.

RECRUITER 2

Welcome.

RECRUITER 1

Looks like it must be the Navy's lucky day...step into my office, ladies.

Recruiter 1 leads Dwight and Ronnie to a conference room.

RONNIE

This guy's a tool. I'm gonna wait out here.

He tries to stop but Dwight pulls him in.

DWIGHT

You'll be fine.

RECRUITER 1

Have a seat, ladies.

Recruiter 1 sits. Dwight and Ronnie follow.

RONNIE

It wasn't funny the first time and...

Dwight drops the folder on the table.

DWIGHT

It's all there. I just need to sign.

RECRUITER 1

Well then sign.

He looks at Ronnie as Dwight opens the folder and begins to sign his paperwork.

RECRUITER 1

What about you, sweetie? Is daddy going to let me have your ass?

Dwight looks up at recruiter 1.

RONNIE

I'm sure you'd like that, fun boy...don't ask don't tell, right? If you've got a problem with me other than you just being a total dick. I'll be outside waiting for your punk ass.

He gets up and walks out as Dwight finishes signing his paperwork.

RECRUITER 1

Your little girlfriend is going to have to get used to a little hazing if he wants to survive in my Navy.

Dwight slides his paperwork across the table to recruiter 1.

DWIGHT

Are we done here?

RECRUITER

Yeah, and your ass is mine now.

Dwight gets up from the table and heads towards the door. He stops.

DWIGHT

You know. You're an asshole and I'll never be in your Navy. And don't think for a second we don't see the fear in your eyes.

He goes to leave, then stops.

DWIGHT

And If you happen to grow a pair in the next few and decide to stand up for yourself. I got next.

Dwight heads to the door past recruiter 2.

DWIGHT

Your friend's lucky he still has teeth.

RECRUITER 2

He's not my friend. Get back in there and beat his ass.

INT. KURTZ HOME - NIGHT

Larry, Dwight and Ronnie stand in their kitchen as Dwight's bon voyage party takes place around them. Larry checks his watch.

The DOORBELL can be heard.

LARRY

Right on time.

DWIGHT

It must be nice to have that kind of pull.

Larry walks to the door, answers it and sees recruiter 1, in full dress uniform, holding a bottle of scotch, saluting.

INT. KURTZ HOME - NIGHT

In his office, Larry and recruiter 1 stand, talking, as Dwight's party continues outside.

RECRUITER 1

I appreciate you not having me busted out, sir.

LARRY

I'll be honest. The only thing that saved your ass was your childhood. Nobody should have to go through what you did at any age. Do you like scotch, William?

He motions recruiter 1 over to his desk.

RECRUITER 1

I like Jim Beam okay.

They sit down and Larry opens the bottle of scotch recruiter 1 brought.

LARRY

You're in for treat, son. This bottle's almost twice your age and smooth as silk. I would say it set the Navy back about five hundred dollars.

He pours two glasses.

RECRUITER 1

Five hundred dollars, sir?

LARRY

I have some pretty powerful friends, William, and if you play your cards right you can become one of them.

They toast and drink.

RECRUITER 1

This is incredible, sir.

LARRY

It doesn't suck.

RECRUITER 1

May I ask you a question, sir.

LARRY

Yes...and you can call me Larry, son.

RECRUITER 1

Larry, why are you doing this for me?

LARRY

Because I can.

EXT. RONNIE'S FRIENDS HOME - DAY

Tammy sits in front of Ronnie on the diving board above an empty pool. Numerous friends lounge around as others take turns skateboarding or biking the empty pool.

With ENCOURAGEMENT, one friend continuously tries to jump the diving board but keeps missing.

MARTY, 30's & smoking pot, is the only adult in the yard.

TAMMY

What am I supposed to do without you, babe?

RONNIE

Miss me, stupid, what else.

He hugs her as she slaps his head.

Ronnie motions to Marty.

RONNIE

If that dude isn't an anti-drug poster child, I don't know what is.

TAMMY

Is his skate shop even open anymore?

RONNIE

I don't know. Hey Marty.

Marty looks at Dwight.

RONNIE

Is your place still open?

MARTY

Not today, bro.

RONNIE

(to Tammy)

That's it, I'm done smoking weed.

TAMMY

Me too.

The friend misses his trick over the diving board again.

RONNIE

Come on, David, you're better than that. Eye of the tiger, baby. (singing)

Yeah...ah.

Tammy starts playing air guitar.

TAMMY

Na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na...

Ronnie starts playing air drums.

Da...da-da-da...da-da-da...da-da...da-

TAMMY

Na-na-na-na-na-na...

Ronnie spins his imaginary drum sticks as everybody in the yard SINGS.

**EVERYONE** 

Rising up...back on the street...took my time, took my chances.

EXT. CORONADO CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

Survivor's EYE OF THE TIGER can be heard.

Dwight, followed by numerous recruits, swims out of the surf as numerous instructors stand on the beach SHOUTING at them.

Dwight runs up the beach toward INSTRUCTOR 1, 30's.

INSTRUCTOR 1

Get your ass in the sand and roll around for me, boy?

Dwight drops down and rolls in the sand as more recruits approach and are MADE to join him.

INSTRUCTOR 1

So you want be heroes? This is where it starts. How's it taste?

The instructors begin SENDING recruits to the barracks.

Instructor 1 shoves Dwight's head into the sand.

INSTRUCTOR 1

So far you're the best of the best. I hope you got stamina, kid. Hit the showers.

Dwight gets up and runs to the barracks in the distance. He stops and helps a struggling recruit, TYLER, African American, on the way.

DWTGHT

Follow me...follow me to freedom.

TYLER

(struggling)

Sportscenter?

DWIGHT

Yeah.

TYLER

(struggling)

I love that commercial.

They make there way into the barracks compound where numerous recruits are doing jumping jacks and being sprayed in the face with hoses.

Instructor 2, 30's, stops them.

INSTRUCTOR 2

Get in line and get to jumping. It's shower time.

Dwight and Tyler get in line and do jumping jacks as more and more recruits approach and are MADE to do the same. Dwight sets a rigorous pace.

The BASE COMMANDER, late 50's, enters the courtyard and approaches instructor 2. He looks shocked to see him and gives him a returned hap-hazard salute.

As recruits tire, they're MADE to do push-ups.

INSTRUCTOR 2

Welcome, sir.

Tyler's MADE to do push-ups.

BASE COMMANDER

Sorry to interrupt the proceedings, but apparently we have a celebrity in our midsts.

Dwight's squirted in the face with a hose.

INSTRUCTOR 2

Oh, I love celebrities.

BASE COMMANDER

Instructors. Who's the only triple crown winner in Navy SEAL history?

Dwight and two other recruits are the only one's not yet forced to do push-ups.

INSTRUCTORS

Lieutenant Commander Lawrence Wilhelm Kurtz won the medal of honor, distinguished service medal and Navy cross, sir.

Dwight continues his pace.

BASE COMMANDER

Well, apparently his first born is somewhere on my beach and I'd like to meet him.

Dwight's the only recruit not doing push-ups.

INSTRUCTOR 2

He's probably down rolling around in the surf crying like a pussy, sir.

INSTRUCTOR 3, 30's, notices Dwight's name patch.

INSTRUCTOR 3

No no, he's right here jumping like a frog.

The base commander approaches Dwight. He smiles and continues his jumping-jacks.

BASE COMMANDER

What the fuck are you smiling at, rockstar?

EXT. ROGER DEAN STADIUM - DAY

In the middle of a crowded baseball field, hundreds of children, with varying types of disabilities, intermingling with the St. Louis Cardinals baseball players before a spring training game.

Larry & Gloria, holding hands, stroll through the infield.

GLORIA

It's just not the same without him here.

LARRY

Trust me, mother, he'd much rather be here with us than where he is now.

He kisses her head.

GTIORTA

Please don't make it sound like my son is suffering.

A female REPORTER 1, 30's, and cameraman rush in front of them, startling her.

GLORIA

Oh my, you startled me.

REPORTER 1

Mr. & Mrs. Kurtz. What a lovely turn out this year. I'd call it a total success and would love an organizer's perspective?

Ronnie & Tammy, both holding hands with the same DISABLED CHILD, 10, approach from a distance.

LARRY

Not my bag, but she's all yours.

He motions to Gloria and steps away as they prepare for an interview.

GLORIA

He's a little camera shy.

REPORTER 1

I'm not buying that for second, Mrs. Kurtz.

LAUGHTER as Ronnie, Tammy and the child stop next to Larry.

GLORIA

Call me Gloria or this interview's over before it begins.

LARRY

That's my girl.

RONNIE

I'm so over it, pops. They won't shut up about how it's not the same without him here. It's driving me a frickin crazy.

LARRY

That's funny. Me and your mother were just having that same conversation.

Ronnie and Tammy lift up the child and set him back down.

RONNIE

It just doesn't stop. It's like a stuck Britney Spears tape out there. Where's McGwire? McGwire, McGwire. I want big Mac, big Mac, big Mac.

The disabled child starts jumping up and down.

CHILD

(excited)

Big Mac, big Mac... I want big Mac.

RONNIE

See what I mean.

Larry LAUGHS to himself.

RONNIE

What's your deal, pops?

LARRY

Your mother and I were talking about your brother, not Mark McGwire.

RONNIE

You got problems, old man.

EXT. CAMP PENDLETON CALIFORNIA - DAY

Continuous small arms FIRE and EXPLOSIONS can be heard or seen.

On the cliffs above the sea, Dwight, Tyler, WHITE, 18, and a small team of recruits fight their way to a landing helicopter in the distance.

White, not paying attention, trips over a bush. The team hesitates.

DWIGHT

I'll get him. Get to heli.

Dwight runs back to help White as the others board the heli with instructor 1 in the rear of it.

DWIGHT

Are you hurt?

WHITE

No.

Dwight grabs him and hurries toward the heli.

DWTGHT

What the hell's the matter with you? Let's move it.

He pushes White into the helicopter, then he jumps in as it takes off.

DWIGHT

You better pull it together, Tex.

WHITE

Screw you, rockstar...

Instructor 1 grabs and holds him.

INSTRUCTOR 1

Knock it off, both of you.

The heli flies out and hovers fifty feet off the water.

INSTRUCTOR 1

This party's over so get the fuck out.

He points to the door as Dwight, Tyler and the others jump out.

The Heli immediately flies to a higher altitude and hovers.

INSTRUCTOR 1

You don't want to be here, so go home.

WHITE

Sir. I want to be the best SEAL I can be, sir.

TNSTRUCTOR 1

That's bull-shit. We both know there's something holding you back.

WHITE

Sir. I want to be the best...

Instructor 1 pushes him away and pulls his sidearm.

INSTRUCTOR 1

I will not let you jeopardize the lives of your team. May I suggest you re-evaluate why you're here.

WHITE

Sir. I want...

Instructor 1 loads the chamber and points his sidearm at White's head.

INSTRUCTOR 1

Get the fuck out of my heli, now.

He fires just past White's head.

INSTRUCTOR 1

I said now.

White jumps.

INT. SEAL TRAINING BARRACKS - NIGHT

Continuous lightening, RAIN & THUNDER can be seen and heard.

In his small double barrack, Dwight, in his underwear, falls asleep while reading a book.

The door opens and startles him. An exhausted & wet White walks in and grabs a towel from his locker.

DWIGHT

That's funny. I didn't hear the surrender bell before you came in. Are you packing first?

White towels off and undresses down to his underwear.

WHITE

Mind your business. But I'm not going any where until the tell me too.

DWIGHT

Then you need to step up, because I'm not willing to die for you again.

WHITE

I said mind your business, rockstar.

He sits in front of his locker and hangs his head.

DWIGHT

You screwing around on the cliffs today and me having to go back save you makes it my business.

WHITE

I just got something on my mind, okay.

DWIGHT

Sorry, but it's not okay. What's your problem?

WHITE

Back off me rockstar.

Dwight sits up.

DWIGHT

What, are you going to come after me? Why don't you just go quit.

WHITE

I won't.

DWIGHT

Why not.

WHITE

Drop it.

Dwight tosses his book. It hits White in the shoulder.

DWIGHT

What's your fucking problem, White?

White grabs the book and looks at Dwight.

WHITE

I don't read so good, okay.

He throws the book at Dwight. He ducks it.

WHITE

And if they figure it out they're probably gonna kick me out.

Dwight slides down closer to him.

DWIGHT

What did you do about the ASVAB test? Did you cheat?

WHITE

Hell no. I had a lot of help from a lot of tutors.

DWTGHT

You were at the University of Texas. How can you not read?

WHITE

I was a star quarterback so no-one ever pushed me to study much. Especially my father. And I can read a little bit.

DWIGHT

Do you even want to be here or was it your fathers idea?

WHITE

Yeah, I paid for the tutors myself. My father hates me right now.

DWIGHT

They'll kick you out when they find out.

WHITE

I bet you'll be happy to tell em, won't you, rockstar? You know what, screw you. You want me out. Let's get it over with.

White gets up an hurries out the door. Dwight rushes out into the rain-soaked

COURTYARD

After him.

Continuous lightening, RAIN & THUNDER can be seen or heard.

Dwight catches White, tackles him and holds him down.

DWIGHT

I'll help you as long you didn't cheat on the ASVAB.

Instructor 1 approaches wearing rain gear. He stands over them and they freeze.

INSTRUCTOR 1

I figured I'd see you, but not you, rockstar. Is there something you two need or are you just out for a little romantic roll in the rain?

DWIGHT

No, sir, I was just trying convince recruit White that I can do more push-ups than he can.

INSTRUCTOR 1

Is that right, White?

WHITE

No, sir...I was telling recruit Kurtz that I can...do more than him.

INSTRUCTOR 1

Then I suggest you get started and I'll be back in an hour to see who wins. You two lovebirds have fun.

He walks away as Dwight and White do push-ups. White sets a blistering pace.

DWIGHT

How well do count, Tex?

White slows his pace.

WHITE

Up yours, rockstar.

DWIGHT

I keep telling all of you that my brother's the rockstar, not me.

INT. M.I.C.D.S. CAMPUS - NIGHT

Under concrete bleachers, winding through pipe & drape, the M.I.C.D.S. GRADUATION CEREMONY can be heard followed by the ascending sounds of Ronnie & Tammy MAKING LOVE.

After more drape, Ronnie and Tammy, both in cap & gown, are on a chair making love.

TAMMY

I don't know what I'm going to do without you.

They kiss.

RONNIE

Absolutely nothing like this.

They kiss.

TAMMY

You better hurry up.

They kiss.

RONNIE

I'm never gonna finish.

He stands up with Tammy, then sets her down. He adjusts his gown, heads toward the pipe & drape then stops.

RONNIE

I forgot my speech on the chair, will grab it for me?

Tammy, adjusting her gown, turns to the chair and sees an open ring box with a large diamond ring in it.

She turns to him and he's gone.

VOICE (O.S.)

Please welcome this year's Valedictorian, Ronald Kurtz.

APPLAUSE & CHEERS.

Tammy grabs the ring and starts jumping up and down.

TAMMY

Oh my God.

She sits in the chair and puts the ring on.

TAMMY

It's huge.

She starts to CRY.

TAMMY

And fucking gorgeous.

RONNIE (O.S.)

Thank you, thank you...I really should start by telling you how hard things are right now, but I'll leave that to my imagination.

TAMMY

That's my man.

She stares at the ring.

EXT. CORONADO CALIFORNIA - DAY

Outside SEAL headquarters, Dwight, Tyler & White, all dressed in civilian clothes, wait at the curb.

TYLER

Are you sure you don't want to be alone with your family?

White backhands Tyler's arm.

WHITE

Shut up. I want to get outta here.

A Cadillac Escalade pulls in and approaches.

DWIGHT

This is them and they want to meet you, so knock it off.

TYLER

Damn...daddy's pimpin.

WHITE

Big pimpin.

LAUGHTER as the Escalade pulls up and slows.

DWIGHT

He's not afraid to enjoy his money.

The rear driver-side door opens and Ronnie, with a shaved head, jumps out and hugs Dwight before the Escalade stops.

RONNIE

Brother, they got you all cut up and looking like a bad-ass, come on.

They back up and grab hands.

DWIGHT

I see you came prepared.

He rubs Ronnie's head. Larry and Gloria get out of the Escalade.

RONNIE

My chick took it all, she's nuts about me. I look mean though, right?

He rubs his head.

DWIGHT

Like a killer. Congratulations, by the way.

RONNIE

Ah...we all new it was coming.

Ronnie goes to greet Tyler and White as Larry and Gloria approach Dwight.

RONNIE

You must be the two losers my bro's always e-mailing me about?

Larry and Gloria hug Dwight and exchange GREETINGS.

TYLER

Excuse me?

WHITE

Beg your pardon?

RONNIE

Come on. I'm just messing with you guys. Curtis & Sonny, right? I've heard a lot about you. I'm charged up...it's like hell back there, right? I can't wait to get in it. We're gonna party. I guarantee it.

Ronnie heads toward the headquarters front doors.

RONNTE

I'm feelin it.

He holds out his heavy metal fingers.

RONNIE

(singing)

Yeah...ah.

LARRY

I'll be right back to meet your friends.

Larry takes off after Ronnie.

LARRY

Come here, stupid. If you run in there acting like that they'll shoot you.

DWIGHT

I told you he's the rockstar.

EXT. IN N OUT BURGER - DAY

On a crowded patio, Larry, Gloria, Dwight, Tyler and White dine at an umbrella covered concrete table eating cheeseburgers.

LARRY

I have to agree with you all. It's one of the best burgers ever. I wish it was around back in my day.

He takes a bite.

GLORIA

So what movie did you boys want to go see? And don't you worry about us, we haven't been to a movie in ages. We'll see anything.

LARRY

Careful what you sign me up for, mother.

Dwight pulls a piece of paper from his pocket and opens it.

DWIGHT

We've got Star Wars?

The table agrees NO.

DWIGHT

Spider Man?

The table agrees MAYBE.

DWIGHT

The Bourne Identity?

Larry & Gloria look confused.

LARRY

No clue.

DWIGHT

Rogue government agent. Secret government cover up kind of stuff. It's supposed to be really good. Matt Damon.

Larry looks impressed.

GLORIA

(to herself)

Oh...he's cute. I like him.

DWIGHT

Austin Powers?

The table agrees NO.

DWIGHT

Men in Black...

The table is INDIFFERENT.

DWIGHT

And XXX.

LARRY

No clue. But let's just assume no from the title alone.

GLORIA

We can always shoot some stick?

The boys LIKE the idea.

LARRY

I know a place that will even let you boys have a few beers. If you're into that.

WHITE

Pool it is.

TYLER

Sounds like fun.

LARRY

So, Sonny, my boy tells me you're a quarterback at the University of Texas and you read at a fifth grade level. How does that happen?

The table looks shocked.

SONNY

Sir, where I come from football is bigger than Jesus and...

DWIGHT

(interrupting)

He's actually up to a seventh grade level now. Thank you very much.

EXT. CORONADO CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

In heavy surf, Ronnie emerges and swims towards the dimly lit shore. Numerous instructors can be heard SHOUTING.

RONNIE

(singing)

Rising up to the challenge of our rivals...

He runs up the beach toward instructor 1.

RONNIE

And the last known survivor stalks his prey in the night...

Instructor 1 grabs him.

INSTRUCTOR 1

Are you singing on beach.

RONNIE

Sir, yes sir.

INSTRUCTOR 1

I like your enthusiasm. Now you don't stop singing until I tell you to, okay?

RONNIE

Sir, yes sir.

Instructor 1 pushes Ronnie to the sand.

RONNIE

(singing)

It's the eye of the tiger...

Instructor 1 shoves Ronnie's face in the sand.

INSTRUCTOR 1

Don't you stop singing on me now, Recruit.

Ronnie CHOKES on sand as he tries to SING.

INSTRUCTOR 1

Nobody sings on my beach but me. Understand.

He lifts Ronnie's head. He spits out sand and gasps for air.

RONNIE

Sir, yes sir.

Instructor 1, holding back laughter, motions to the barracks.

INSTRUCTOR 1

Hit he showers, freak.

RONNIE

(spitting sand)

Sir, yes sir.

Ronnie runs up the beach.

RONNIE

(singing)

Rising up...back on the street.

EXT. CORONADO CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

The base commander walks into the barracks courtyard littered with exhausted recruits doing push-ups.

He approaches numerous instructors squirting Ronnie with hoses as he does jumping jacks.

BASE COMMANDER

Let me guess...this' Kurtz?

EXT. CORONADO CALIFORNIA - DAY

Larry and Gloria watch Dwight graduate at the top of his SEAL class.

EXT. CORONADO CALIFORNIA - DAY

Dwight and his fellow graduates celebrate just after their ceremony.

DWIGHT

We're finally going to get some real action.

WHITE

Hell ya.

EXT. BAGHDAD, IRAQ - NIGHT

A female REPORTER 2, 30's, and cameraman are on the terrace of a hotel over-looking the city as numerous EXPLOSIONS and fires can continuously be seen & heard in the distance.

REPORTER 2

It's getting pretty hot down here, Diane. It's definitely shock and awe from this vantage point. As you can probably tell.

INT. SEAL TRAINING POOL - DAY

From under water, Ronnie and numerous recruits, in scuba gear, jump in and kneel on the bottom of the pool.

Instructor 3 swims in from behind and aggressively removes Ronnie's scuba gear as other instructors do the same in the distance.

Instructor 3 holds Ronnie to the bottom.

EXT. PLAZA FRONTENAC - DAY

Gloria and Tammy, carrying designer shopping bags, stroll past the high end shops.

GLORTA

This is the first time I've ever been alone in the house knowing that only one of my men is coming home for sure. I don't like it.

TAMMY

You know what that means, right?

GLORTA

Not really, no.

TAMMY

Hello...that it's ladies night at the Kurtz household tonight.

GLORIA

What do you know about ladies night, lady?

TAMMY

Do you really want me to answer that?

GLORIA

Probably not. Oh my God, Sex and the City's on tonight. Tell me you love it?

They stop and grab each other.

TAMMY

What's not to love. And it's just OMG now.

GLORIA

Well OMG, we must stop by Godiva and pick up some chocolates.

LAUGHTER.

INT. SEAL TRAINING POOL - DAY

Ronnie's at the bottom of the pool holding his breath surrounded by numerous instructors.

Instructor 1 holds a respirator just above his mouth as instructor 3 times him.

Ronnie nods his head, breaths out and takes the respirator into his mouth.

The instructors get excited as instructor 3 shows them Ronnie's time.

EXT. NELLIS AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

At an off road testing facility, Larry and Admiral McNeal, 50's, walk out of an underground hangar.

They get into a golf cart and ride toward a viewing area crowded with Military and civilian personnel in the far distance.

LARRY

So what you'd think, Bobby?

ADMIRAL

They look sexy, Larry. But will they perform for the money? That's what they're curious about.

In the distance, Helicopters with cameramen on them fly in and hover out over the test area.

LARRY

I'm not turning out hookers here, Bobby. These are game changers.

ADMIRAL

I hope so, Larry...cause Washington almost insist that they look light and could use some good old Texas armoring.

Larry stops the golf cart.

LARRY

I gave very well to your boss, Bobby, so we'd never have to have this conversation.

ADMIRAL

We all know that, Larry.

They continue on in the golf cart.

ADMIRAL

But they're leaning heavy toward using their armor to beef up the Humvee.

They stop at the stairs to the viewing platform.

From inside the underground hangar in the distance, two loud turbine ENGINES can be heard.

LARRY

I've been very good to you, Bobby...and the state of Texas. Don't ever make regret pulling you out of the rice paddy.

ADMIRAL

Let's just hope yours works a hell of a lot better than theirs.

The Admiral climbs the stairs as Larry walks over to a small stage with a podium and microphone on it.

LARRY

(to himself)

I hate this old carpet bagger crap. Great, now I miss my wife's pussy.

He LAUGHS, approaches the podium and takes the mic.

LARRY

Good morning everybody. Thank you for coming. And I assure you that after the show's over you'll be given a lunch to remember. Now those turbine engines you hear are pretty much standard stuff except for two things. Ours runs on biofuel, so if your really in pickle you can use vegetable oil as fuel...Oh, and ours has a a mirage mode.

The turbine ENGINES go eerily quiet.

Numerous high-tech lights beam out of the hangar.

LARRY

And what you're about to see go by here nearly as fast as a new Corvette has our new mirage capabilities which I think you'll find to be very impressive.

The ENGINES stay quiet as the lights move from the hangar and stop.

The lights turn off and two side by side mirage effects can be seen.

LARRY

Ladies and gentlemen, I would like to present to you the K20 Phantom-Prowler.

One of the mirage effects races past before spinning to a stop in front of the viewing platform.

The mirage effect is turned off revealing a heavily armed & armored high tech off-road vehicle.

LARRY

And his big brother the K20 Phantom-Raider.

The second mirage effect races by before spinning to a stop opposite the K20.

The mirage effect is turned off revealing a larger version of the Phantom.

**LARRY** 

And for all you Texans out there. I would have no problem changing that to Red-Raider.

LAUGHTER as both K20's doors open. They're both empty.

APPLAUSE.

INT. CAMP PENDLETON CALIFORNIA - DAY

In a bamboo hut over a flooded marsh, Ronnie, beaten & bleeding, is tied to a chair surrounded by INSTRUCTORS 4 and 5, both 40's.

Numerous recruits are caged outside in chest high mud.

INSTRUCTOR 4

Just think of us as your biggest fans, superstar, and we want to know everything about you.

He slaps Ronnie across the face and steps away.

RONNIE

Up yours, fuck-face.

Instructor 5 gets in Ronnie's face.

INSTRUCTOR 5

Just tell us and it ends for everybody. Right here, right now.

He lightly slaps Ronnie.

INSTRUCTOR 5

What is it? What's your favorite movie, superstar?

RONNIE

I don't know. But I think I saw you two in a gay porn once back when I was bi-curious...

(singing)

They're beautiful people, they're beautiful people, na-na-na.

## INT. CAMP KILROY - NIGHT

In their tent/barracks, Dwight, Tyler, CASSIUS, 14 & Afghani, and the rest of a SEAL team prepare for combat. Cassius helps Dwight.

TYLER

Damn I hate helicopters.

CASSIUS

Heli's like Cassius. Float like a butterfly.

TYLER

Sting like a bee.

LAUGHTER.

CASSIUS

Sting like a bee.

DWIGHT

You know my dad hates helicopters.

TYLER

Your daddy's a wise man, rockstar.

DWIGHT

I can't believe that stuck.

## EXT. NELLIS AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

With the viewing platform in the distance, the two K20's make their way down an almost impossible rocky cliff under heavy fire.

They easily defeats all their attackers.

LARRY (O.S.)

It's almost a reverse ball turret design from the forties, patent pending of course. That, as you can tell, is totally independent and without a doubt...highly effective.

The two K20's reach the bottom of the rocky cliff as their final attacker's destroyed.

EXT. CAMP KILROY - NIGHT

Dwight, Tyler, Cassius and the rest of the SEAL team run around a dark corner and head toward two running black hawk helicopters.

DWIGHT

You're pretty fast, kid. You'd make a hell of a suicide bomber.

CASSIUS

Thank you.

The team, including Cassius, splits up and boards the helis.

INT. NELLIS AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

In total darkness, a small rocket penetrates a wall, explodes, and blows the wall out revealing two unscathed test dummies in center of the room.

LARRY (O.S.)

The K20 provides complete cover.

Seven commandos rush in, grab the test dummies and rush them out toward the K20's parked outside.

INT. AFGHANISTAN - NIGHT

Inside a high-flying helicopter, Dwight, Cassius and Tyler sit across from three SEAL's. Cassius talks to the GUNNER, 19.

GUNNER

That's a cool name, bro. I've never heard it before.

Dwight elbows Cassius' side.

DWIGHT

See, I told you.

**GUNNER** 

It must be Muslim?

DWIGHT

Quite the opposite actually. His Muslim name's Mohammed Ali.

GUNNER

Then why do you call him Cassius?

CASSIUS

I go to American...

He starts boxing.

CASSIUS

And fight for fight title.

DWIGHT

He wants to be a boxer.

GUNNER

I don't get it.

DWIGHT

Really? Cassius Clay, Mohammed Ali? Down goes Frazier. He converted to Islam to avoid the draft.

The CO-PILOT, 30's, turns to the team as the heli goes dark.

COPILOT (O.S.)

We're going in dark & hot. God speed sailors...

(to Cassius)

You too champ.

EXT. CORONADO CALIFORNIA - EVENING

In a hidden doorway, Ronnie, in his dress uniform, makes love to Tammy against the door.

They both climax.

Ronnie, holding up Tammy, holds out heavy metal fingers with one hand.

RONNIE

(singing)

There's no-one like you...oh.

TAMMY

Top of the class. I'm so proud of you, baby.

They kiss.

INT. IN N OUT BURGER - NIGHT

In a crowded restaurant, Ronnie, in his dress uniform, Tammy, Larry & Gloria sit at a table eating cheeseburgers.

GLORIA

We're so proud of you, baby.

Ronnie looks at Tammy.

RONNIE

Hello. What's not to be proud of. I'm the best there ever was or will be.

Larry throws a french fry, hitting Ronnie in the face.

LARRY

Not to be a buzz-kill, and I'm definitely already on this, but I heard they might be sending you to Iraq.

RONNIE

So, we fight in Iraq. What's the big deal?

LARRY

And keeping your brother in Afghanistan.

RONNIE

I don't like that.

## EXT. AFGHANISTAN - DAY

In a mountainous area, outside a well defended cave complex, the SEAL team lies in camouflage observing it.

Dwight, Cassius and Tyler lay next to each other playing dice for chewing gum as Osama Bin Ladin can be seen in the distance.

TEAM LEADER 1, 30's, can be heard.

TEAM LEADER 1

Target painted. Enemy number one confirmed. Bring the thunder. Over.

DWIGHT

(to Cassius)

You're about to see how the U.S.A. kicks ass.

A large white helicopter with a Libyan flag on it flies in from over the ridge.

TEAM LEADER 1

What the fuck is this?

The helicopter lands near the cave complex.

TEAM LEADER 1

Say again, number one attack stand down. Over. Public enemy number one painted and we are stand down. Over. I must confirm again. Stand down. Over.

TYLER

It's your roll and the point's four.

He hands the dice to Cassius.

INT. KURTZ HOME - DAY

In the home gym, Larry, sweaty, continuously works out hard on a heavy bag.

On the television in the distance, Donald Rumsfeld appears in front of the Pentagon emblem and begins SPEAKING. Larry stops to watch.

RUMSFELD

We're doing everything possible to protect the brave men and women of our armed forces and despite what you might of heard...

LARRY

You lying son of a bitch.

He turns off the tv and resumes his workout aggressively.

Gloria walks in and approaches.

GLORIA

You've been working him over for over an hour now. Don't you think he's had enough?

LARRY continues his workout.

LARRY

The Israeli's, Brits & Germans can't wait to get their hands on the K20's.

GLORIA

Isn't that a good thing?

Larry stops.

LARRY

Yes. But my party and country politely told me to go fuck myself.

GLORIA

Oh dear.

EXT. CORONADO CALIFORNIA - DAY

On a semi crowded patio outside the Hotel del Coronado, Ronnie & Tammy sit at a table having lunch.

TAMMY

What's so important that you had to bring me all the way to California to tell me?

She sips her iced tea.

TAMMY

Not that I'm complaining. But you already proposed to me...in the most romantic way ever, by the way.

RONNIE

That was super-suave' cool... (serious)

Hey, they're sending me to Iraq and keeping Dwight in Afghanistan.

TAMMY

Oh, baby, I take it that's a huge deal?

RONNIE

I think so. I've never been scared like this before.

INT. AFGHANISTAN - DAY

Flying over the mountains in a black hawk helicopter, Dwight, Cassius, Tyler and three SEALS are being briefed by team leader 1.

TEAM LEADER 1

Remember, these guys have been surrounded and under the gun with no help for weeks. That means this place is really fucking hot, so we brought along a friend.

He motions out of the helicopter, to a fully armed predator drone flying close.

DWIGHT

Hey, that's one of ours.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

At a crowded state dinner, PRESIDENT BUSH, Secretary of the Navy GORDON ENGLAND, 60's, and Larry walk out onto the west terrace.

LARRY

So as you can see Mr. President. It's been a long standing tradition in our historic military...and always generous Republican, family for the two brothers to fight side by side.

A White House photographer approaches and takes their picture.

BUSH

Well, it's nice to meet you, Larry, and I feel your pain, I really do...and I assure you we'll try and remedy your anguish...

President Bush shakes Larry's hand.

BUSH

And thank you for coming tonight...did you like the steak?

President Bush motions Larry back toward the White House.

LARRY

Thank you Mr. President and we've met twice before. But I appreciate your total lack of concern for my families traditions. God speed to you, sir.

He turns and walks back into the White House.

LARRY (O.S.)

(to himself)

You sinner son of a bitch.

BUSH

Gordon, why was your friend so rude to me? I didn't much care for his attitude.

ENGLAND

Mr. President, as I explained earlier, sir. He's an American patriot and hero that more than earned his audience with you tonight...and to be frank, if I may, sir?

BUSH

Of course, Gordon.

He waves at him.

**ENGLAND** 

With all do respect, sir. You were a little standoffish and unsympathetic to his concerns.

BUSH

Oh, pish-posh. Republicans need winners, not whiners...and Gordon, I didn't bring you back in to bring me whiners. Just give him some Ranger tickets and my appreciation for being an American patriot.

INT. ABOVE IRAQ - MORNING

In an at capacity black hawk, Ronnie and numerous SEALS duck as sporadic tracer bullets fly by and numerous bullets RICOCHET off the heli.

CO-PILOT 2, 20's, turns to the SEALS

COPILOT 2

Welcome to hell, gentlemen.

RONNIE

So much for the clandestine drop in.

A flare flies into the heli and fills it with pink smoke.

Ronnie picks up the flare & whirls it around.

RONNIE

Relax...it's just a flare. Is everybody okay?

He tosses the flare out the door.

RONNIE

Do you smell that? That pink smoke smell? I love that smell of pink smoke in the morning. It smells like...victory.

SEAL 1, 20's, waves his hand in front of his face as more bullets hit the heli.

SEAL 1

Yeah, superstar, this smells like victory.

EXT. CAMP JESTER - EVENING

SMALLS ARMS FIRE & EXPLOSIONS can be heard.

Two black hawks helicopters take off in a cloud of dust.

As the dust clears, Dwight, Cassius, Tyler & the SEAL team make their way from the landing area to the outer perimeter of a dilapidated Army outpost littered with dead, dying or battle fatigued soldiers.

Numerous enemy targets burn in the distance as every available soldier fights at the perimeter.

DWIGHT

This place is a God damn joke, look at these poor souls.

TYLER

Now we know why they call it camp Jester.

They approach a shaking SOLDIER 1, 20's, firing up at the enemy.

DWIGHT

It's okay now, boys. We came to get you out.

SOLDIER 1

That's cool. Hey, you got any water? We Ran out five days ago.

Dwight pulls off his camel-back and tries to hand it to him.

DWIGHT

Looks like you've been at the wrong end of a broken bottle up here.

Soldier 1 pushes away the water.

SOLDIER 1

You think? Give it to the dying, the insane can wait.

INT. KURTZ-DIAMOND INDUSTRIES - DAY

Larry stands at his office window watching production of the K20's as ERIC ROPER, 50's, sits on the couch tossing a football to himself.

ROPER

Why does Washington have such a hard on for us anyway?

Larry turns to Roper.

LARRY

You know that's autographed, right?

Roper tosses him the football. He catches it.

ROPER

Yep.

Ryan Leaf's signature can be seen on the football. He tosses it back and Roper continues to toss it to himself.

LARRY

They're pretty much screwing anybody not wearing a cowboy hat theses days. Jerry Lee over at Yeardling got pushed out completely...they had to file for chapter 11 last week.

Larry's cell phone rings. He EXCUSES himself.

LARRY

Bobby. I assume you have some good news for me for a change?

Larry gets very angry.

LARRY

Oh, you're sorry. Well fuck you too, Bobby.

He shatters his phone against the wall and walks to his desk.

LARRY

Those mutherfuckers won't be transferring either of my boys.

He picks up an antique pistol from his desk and without hesitation, fires it towards a photo of G.W. Bush standing next Larry and his father. The bullet destroys Bush's entire head.

LARRY

Now I'm pissed.

INT. CAMP KILROY - DAY

In a semi-crowded tent equipped for rest & relaxation, Dwight sits at a computer reading an email from the female passenger. A sexy photo of her can be seen.

An instant message from Larry pops up on the screen. SON, HOW'S EVERYTHING GOING OVER THERE? LUV, DAD.

Dwight sends, HAD A ROUGH COUPLE DAYS BUT WE GOT A BOTTLE OF JACK AND SOME XANAX SO A FEW OF US ARE GOING TO GET OUT OF IT AND WATCH APOCALYPSE NOW LATER. D.

Larry sends, YOU BOYS MIGHT WANT TO THINK ABOUT A GENTLER TITLE.

Dwight sends, NA, WE WANT TO TRY AND JUSTIFY THE CRAZINESS.

Larry sends, JUST BE CAREFUL. CAN YOU HANDLE SOME BAD NEWS?

Dwight sends, LET ME GUESS. WE'RE BOTH STAYING PUT?

Larry sends, UNFORTUNATELY YES.

Dwight puts his head in his hands.

DWIGHT

I can't take much more.

INT. IRAQ - DAY

From the middle Humvee of a convoy driving through an oil field, SOLDIER 2, 20's & driving, and Ronnie sit up front and SEALS 3 & 4, both 20's, sit in the back.

SEAL 3

I can't believe they got us clearing a God-damn oil field.

RONNIE

Stop whining. It is what it is. Okay, fuckers. Best rock guitarist ever. Go.

SEAL 4

Eddie Van Halen.

The humvee's IMPRESSED.

SEAL 3

Slash.

The humvee's IMPRESSED.

RONNIE

I said best though, not coolest.

SOLDIER 2

Dave Navaro.

Ronnie pushes Soldier 2 on the shoulder.

RONNIE

No and you're a fucktard for sayin so. But you two are in the top 5 at least. But I'm going with Dime-bag Darrell from Pantera.

The humvee AGREES.

RONNIE

(to himself)

Rest in peace, broth...

There's a large explosion directly underneath the humvee. A massive blood splatter can be seen in the blast.

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - DAY

Pass over Ronnie's flag draped coffin and close in on Larry, Gloria and Tammy sitting in the first three seats of the crowded funeral service.

A twenty one gun SALUTE can be heard. Gloria & Tammy are startled, Larry has no reaction.

INT. CAMP KILROY - NIGHT

In his empty barracks, Dwight, in face paint & dressed for combat, sits on his bunk with a blank stare on his face. He's not blinking.

DWIGHT

Serenity now, fucker. Serenity now.

Cassius comes rushing in and grabs Dwight and tries to pull him to his feet.

CASSIUS

Come, back on donkey.

Dwight lets him pull him to his feet.

CASSIUS

Like you always say.

EXT. AFGHANISTAN - NIGHT

Through night vision, the SEAL team watches as Cassius marks a path toward an Al Qaeda cave in the distance.

Team leader 1 crawls over to Dwight.

TEAM LEADER 1

You look a little lost. Are you in this game, rockstar?

DWIGHT

Absolutely, sir. You can count on me.

Team leader 1 pats him on the shoulder.

TEAM LEADER 1

I just have to make sure.

He crawls away as Cassius gets closer to the cave.

EXPLOSIONS & continuous SMALL ARMS FIRE near Cassius can be seen & heard, temporarily blinding the entire SEAL team's night vision.

TEAM LEADER 1

SEALS...fall back to evac point.

DWIGHT

(to himself)

Are you fucking kidding me?

The SEALS begin to fall back. Dwight stays.

TEAM LEADER 1

Billy, contact overlord and tell them to come and get us the hell out of here, pronto. Team leader 1 crawls back to Dwight and pulls him away.

TEAM LEADER 1

Let's move it, Kurtz.

INT. AFGHANISTAN - NIGHT

From inside one of the two black hawk helicopters landing at the evacuation point, the SEAL team can be seen through night-vision coming down from around the ridge in the distance.

As they approach the helis, the team splits into two groups.

Dwight, being pulled by team leader 1, stares back at the ridge.

As the SEALS board the helis, Cassius, running, crests the ridge in the distance.

DWTGHT

He made it...he's coming.

Numerous Al Qaeda fighters with flash lights and machine guns follow Cassius, Continuously firing at him. The flashlights continuously blind the night vision.

Team leader 1 tries to push Dwight into the helicopter. He resists.

TEAM LEADER 1

Come on, rockstar, he's expendable,
we're not.

Dwight pulls his sidearm, loads the chamber and points it at team leader 1's head.

DWIGHT

I'm afraid you've become expendable, not my Cassius.

TEAM LEADER 1

Look, man, I'm sorry about your brother, but I can't wait for him.

DWIGHT

Who says I want you to wait.

He presses the barrel of his sidearm against team leader 1's forehead & cocks the hammer.

TEAM LEADER 1

You just ruined your life, sailor.

Team leader 1 gets into the heli.

DWIGHT

That was already taken care before this, sir.

The heli lifts off as Dwight turns and runs back toward Cassius.

The helis provide cover fire as they fly away.

INT. RUTH'S CHRIS STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

In the romantically decorated private dining room, Larry and Gloria sit at the only table in the room. A violinist plays in the corner.

There's an untouched dinner, heart shaped cheesecake, unopened bottle of champagne, and a nearly empty bottle of scotch on the table.

Larry & Gloria, both drunk, are pushed away from the table sitting across from one another with elbows on knees. Each dangle a half empty glass of scotch.

GLORIA

I don't give a shit how much we disguise it...it's still my son's birthday...and he ain't fucking here...and the other one's dead, so...

LARRY

(interrupting)

So at least this way two out of the three of us get laid tonight.

They toast & finish their scotch. Gloria struggles to her feet.

GLORIA

Okay...sailor. You can have me tonight but it starts here and now.

She straddles Larry as he motions to the violinist and struggles to pull out his money clip.

LARRY

Excuse me gar...sawn...but could you excuse us and tell the manager we would like some...

Larry's phone RINGS from his breast pocket. Gloria reaches in and pulls it out.

GLORIA

It's Bobby.

EXT. RUTH'S CHRIS STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

In complete darkness, heavy RAIN can be heard.

ADMIRAL (O.S.)

We're not sure of his reasons, other than the boy, but he hasn't reported in and when we cleared the complex with no sign of him.

LARRY (O.S.)

You're aren't sure of his reasons. Please.

The front door opens and Larry, on his phone, walks out. He stops under the awning away from the valet parking.

RAIN, lightening & THUNDER can be seen and heard.

ADMIRAL (O.S.)

It's been seventy eight hours now and nothing.

LARRY

What about Al Jazeers?

A car pull up to the valet, a couple gets out and the car drives away.

ADMIRAL (O.S.)

Nothing...and nothing from the local tribes...and no word about his little buddy, either.

LARRY

Do you mean Mohammed? The one he calls Cassius, Bobby.

The couple walks into the restaurant.

ADMIRAL (O.S.)

Ah...yeah...I think so... (to himself)

It's around here.

Larry begins pacing.

ADMIRAL (O.S.)

Yeah, that's him.

LARRY

Who all knows about this?

ADMIRAL (O.S.)

Not a whole lot.

LARRY

Good, because if this gets out I'm going to be beyond upset, Bobby. Keep me posted.

He hangs up his phone.

LARRY

Happy fuckin' birthday, kid.

He squeezes his phone and it shatters.

EXT. AFGHANISTAN - AFTERNOON

Cassius, holding a long switch, and Dwight, covered in a full berka, lead a donkey loaded with minimal supplies through a war-torn village toward a bombed out inn. Everyone in the village is staring.

Cassius is teaching Dwight ARABIC under their breaths. He MISPRONOUNCES a word.

CASSIUS

Wrong.

He whips Dwight with the switch as they approach the inn.

DWIGHT

Damn it. Hey, are you sure we'll be safe here?

CASSIUS

Trust me.

He whips him again.

DWIGHT

What was that for?

CASSIUS

Not trusting me.

DWIGHT

I can't believe no-one cares that you bitch whip me like that.

They stop near the entrance to the inn and tie the donkey to the bars.

CASSIUS

Yes, one of the downfalls of my culture...but it works great for teaching you Arabic.

He whips him again.

DWIGHT

True that. And payback's a bitch, son.

CASSIUS

What?

DWIGHT

You'll see.

They walk up the stairs into

THE INN

And over to the vacant front desk.

Numerous strange NOISES come from the room behind the desk.

Cassius picks up and rings a cowbell twice before setting it back down.

DWIGHT

(laughing to himself)
I got to have more cowbell.

Cassius picks up the cowbell and goes to ring it again. Dwight stops him as some of the noises from the back stop.

CASSTUS

I don't understand.

DWIGHT

I'll explain it...

Dwight stops talking as ARAB 1, 50's, walks in through a small door behind the desk. He's quickly followed by a younger Arab 2 who stops and SHOUTS back through the door before slamming it and joining Arab 1 at the desk.

Arab 1 & Cassius speak loud in Arabic.

ARAB 1

How may help you?

CASSIUS

I'm a friend of Jamal. He says we'll be safe here.

ARAB 1

You will be.

He sets a dagger on the desk.

ARAB 1

Do you need weapons.

Cassius sets down his dagger.

CASSTUS

No, thank you.

Arab 1 sets down a pistol.

ARAB 1

Are you sure? We have all kinds.

Cassius sets down his pistol.

CASSIUS

No, just a room and safety for now.

ARAB 1

Okay then.

Cassius drops five hundred dollars on top of the weapons. Arab 1 LAUGHS, picks up the money & his weapons, then smiles.

Arab 2 tosses Cassius a key. Arab 1 points at Dwight's berka covered eyes then his own.

ARAB 1

Her eyes look American.

Cassius LAUGHS and walks toward the door. Dwight follows.

DWIGHT

(under his breath)

I was getting worried there for a minute.

They walk

OUTSIDE

To the donkey.

CASSIUS

It was nothing I could not handle.

DWIGHT

What was his deal with the eyes.

CASSIUS

He said they look American.

INT. STRAUB'S GROCERY - MORNING

Gloria's at a check stand waiting as a CHECKER, 30's, rings up her groceries and a bag-boy bags them.

CHECKER

I was so sorry to hear about Ronnie, how's Dwight doing?

GLORIA

Oh...he's fine. Fighting the good the fight, you know.

Gloria holds back tears.

INT. AFGHANI INN - NIGHT

From a bomb hole in the ceiling, Dwight, unshaven & tan, stands at an old fashioned wash basin rinsing black dye from his hair & beard.

Cassius is on the floor kneeling & PRAYING.

Dwight head butts the mirror, shattering it.

Blood begins to run from Dwight's forehead to the wash basin.

He pulls a large piece of glass from his forehead, then pinches the wound closed with his free hand.

Cassius finishes his prayers.

DWIGHT

Did your God have anything good to say about us?

CASSIUS

He told me you were bleeding pretty bad and that I should ask why you broke his mirror?

DWIGHT

(laughing)

Well you can tell him I got tired of looking at the pain. Now as far as tomorrow goes, this Hawala guy is okay, right?

CASSIUS

Should I get my whip again?

Dwight lets go of the wound, the blood flows again, as he approaches Cassius.

DWIGHT

That won't be necessary, Mohammed.

He pushes Cassius back, leaving a bloody handprint on his forehead.

DWIGHT

Good-night fight.

Cassius jumps up and attacks Dwight and the two spar aggressively.

INT. KD 8 AIRCRAFT - NIGHT

In the hull of a futuristic cargo plane, a team of state-of-the-art equipped soldiers of fortune prepare to jump.

Three K20's are strapped to pallets in the distance.

On a large monitor above the forward bulkhead, Larry can be seen in his office.

LARRY

Keep in mind gentlemen...and I use that term very loosely.

LAUGHTER.

LARRY

The only people we're looking to hurt on this mission is anybody holding back info on my boy, understand?

The soldiers all ACKNOWLEDGE him.

A crewman can be heard over the intercom.

CREWMAN (O.S.)

Two minutes to drop, heroes.

The cargo door begins to lower.

LARRY

Damn, I wish I was suiting up with you boys.

Larry's secretary RINGS in.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Sir, it's your wife. She says it's urgent.

LARRY

(to himself)

Damn it.

(to his Secretary)

Okay, tell her I'll be right there.

(to the aircraft)

Sorry, Frank, give me a second. And if I don't make it back in time, Godspeed, gentlemen.

INT. KURTZ HOME - DAY

Gloria stands in her kitchen talking on the phone.

LARRY (O.S.)

What's a matter, sweetie? I'm a little bit busy right now.

GLORIA

I need you to find my son and bring him home.

LARRY (O.S.)

Gloria, it's a military issue that I can't get involved in. But I could probably buy a diplomatic mission with Gingrich?

GLORIA

You aren't going anywhere, mister.

LARRY (O.S.)

Hey, can I call you back in less than two minutes?

GLORIA

Goodbye.

She hangs up the phone.

EXT. AFGHANISTAN - NIGHT

Illuminated by the full moon, the three K20's and soldier's parachutes deploy just after they exit the KD 8. They float down to the landing area.

EXT. AFGHANISTAN - NIGHT

In the back of an truck, surrounded by masked & armed gunmen, A Muslim looking Dwight and Cassius are both blindfolded & bound.

The truck approaches the entrance to a small heavily guarded compound at the base of a mountain.

The truck's illuminated by spotlights before the entrance to the compound is opened.

The truck drives through it and pulls to a stop near the main building.

Dwight and Cassius are removed and led toward the main door.

DWIGHT

I hope you know what the hell we're doing.

CASSIUS

Me too.

They're led into an inviting

MAIN ROOM

Where the HAWALA, 60's, sits on the floor waiting for them.

He SPEAKS in Arabic. The blindfolds & bindings are removed.

HAWALA

So, Mr. awol Navy SEAL, how may I help you? And please be seated.

He motions to the pillows around him.

DWIGHT

I'd like you to help me and my partner steal a million dollars from the U.S. Army.

Dwight & Cassius sit.

HAWALA

Would you care for some tea?

DWIGHT

Yes.

CASSIUS

Please.

The Hawala claps his hands together twice and a young boy brings out a tea service and begins serving.

HAWATIA

You act as if it were like stealing a loaf of bread from an old woman.

DWIGHT

That sounds about right. I imagine you have more than enough vehicles in your compound out there and I would assume some really nice Russian, Chinese and American made toys are hidden back in those mountains.

HAWALA

Perhaps some. So the SEAL sees without seeing. Tell me how you plan to steal this loaf of bread.

EXT. BAGRAM AIRBASE - DAY

Forklifts unload pallets of U.S. currency from a C-130 airplane.

DWIGHT (O.S.)

I was stuck at Bagram trying to get a ride back to my post and was told to check with this courier service.

INT. BAGRAM AIRBASE - DAY

From inside a small warehouse, Dwight walks in past numerous pallets of poorly guarded bundled U.S. currency.

DWIGHT (O.S.)

And when I got to their office it was all right there. Pallets of cash and nobody cared.

He passes two lightly-armored Humvees and approaches the open office door.

DWIGHT (O.S.)

They were packing it in boxes and completely miscounting. It was embarrassing.

He walks into the office and sees the couriers messing around with the boxes of cash.

INT. AFGHANISTAN - DAY

In a Humvee driving through barren landscape, Dwight sits on a box of cash between two couriers in the back seat. Two more couriers are up front.

DWIGHT (O.S.)

They run in two lightly armored humvees and would probably piss themselves at the sight of an exploding IED.

The couriers try to barter for Dwight's things.

DWIGHT (O.S.)

They run on a set schedule and their route takes them through a fifty meter wash.

HAWALA (O.S.)

What is wash?

Dwight sells his hat for a large amount of cash.

DWIGHT (O.S.)

Dry river bed. It's about four meters high.

INT. HAWALA COMPOUND - NIGHT

Dwight, Cassius and the Hawala sit in the main room talking & drinking tea.

HAWATIA

I like...

The Hawala motions to the two.

HAWALA

Would you care for some opium?

They look at each other then the Hawala.

CASSIUS

Yes please...that's very kind of you.

DWIGHT

I'm not sure if I should. I've never tried it before.

HAWATIA

It will probably ease your pain for a few hours.

Dwight leans back, looks up and claps his hands.

DWIGHT

Hallelujah brothers...opium for everybody.

The Hawala claps his hands once and another young man brings out an elaborate opium pipe. He assists the three in smoking it.

HAWALA

Please continue your story

DWIGHT

Okay. But it's more of a plan.

EXT. AFGHANISTAN - DAY

SMOKING can be heard.

From high on a hill, Dwight, the Hawala, Cassius and an armed, masked, gunman observe the Hawala's heavily armed followers lining the fifty meter wash.

DWIGHT (O.S.)

So we lie in wait and as soon as they drive into the wash, we hit em' and...and...

In the distance, the two lightly armored Humvees approach the wash.

DWIGHT (O.S.)

And ah...take the...

The two Humvees drive into the wash and are halted by exploding IED's front and rear.

Two trucks loaded with followers drive in and block their escape as theother followers cover them from above.

HAWALA (O.S.)

Money?

DWIGHT (O.S.)

Yes, the money, thank you. We take the money from those dumb bastards and...and...

The two Humvees are surrounded. The couriers are brought out and made to kneel in front of the lead Humvee as the boxes of cash are loaded into the trucks.

HAWALA (O.S.)

Kill them?

DWIGHT (O.S.)

No. We shouldn't do that...should we?

As soon as all the boxes are loaded, the Hawala's followers and trucks quickly drive away leaving the couriers unharmed.

CASSIUS (O.S.)

I like you guys.

INT. HAWALA COMPOUND - NIGHT

In the main room, Dwight, Cassius and the Hawala sit LAUGHING.

DWIGHT

Me too. I like you guys. Hey can I see your toys.

HAWALA

I have many toys. What kind do you seek?

DWIGHT

The killing kind.

INT. K-20 - NIGHT

In a dark cabin, FRANK, 40's, & four soldiers speed through a barely visible desert.

FRANK

We should be getting close to his last known coordinates. I'm getting a hot reading on the sensors so I'm switching to mirage mode.

It goes eerily silent as the K-20's speed increases. Soldier 2, 30's, turns to Frank.

SOLDIER 2

This thing kicks serious ass.

FRANK

Let's concentrate on the job at hand, fellas'. Our intel has this place on the hot list, so we're probably going in heavy.

Soldier 3, 30's, checks their coordinates.

SOLDIER 3

Three hundred meters to coordinates.

INT. HAWALA COMPOUND - NIGHT

Dwight, Cassius and the Hawala, all high on opium, are in a section of cave loaded with a large arsenal of various types of weapons.

HAWALA

So may I ask why you're stealing a million dollars from your own Government? Subtracted my twenty five percent...plus expense.

DWIGHT

I'm sending a message.

Cassius, smiling, keeps lightly touching his face over and over.

CASSIUS

I can feel it.

HAWALA

Stealing a million dollars from the United States that they don't even keep track of doesn't seem like much of a message to me.

DWIGHT

The money's for the delivery charges. And you're crazy, man, cause I'm giving you fifty percent.

Dwight opens a box containing a disassembled sniper rifle.

DWIGHT

What do you have as far as armor piercing goes?

CASSIUS

You can feel it.

HAWATIA

State-of-the-art from China or U.S.

DWIGHT

Can you ship international?

He assembles the sniper rifle.

HAWALA

Perhaps.

DWIGHT

What about passports, visas, stuff like that?

HAWALA

Perhaps.

CASSIUS

I can feel it.

DWIGHT

Can you pretty much get me whatever T want?

HAWALA

Perhaps.

DWIGHT

Is perhaps the only word you can speak right now?

HAWALA

No...well, maybe.

INT. K-20 - NIGHT

In the dark cabin, the four soldiers observe faint lights in the distance.

FRANK

This is definitely the place. You guys ready to kick some dick?

SOLDIERS

Hell yeah.

FRANK

Then let's get some. And remember no mistakes.

He activates the radio.

FRANK

Pueblo, pueblo, pueblo.

The K-20's unleash a massive attack and are immediately illuminated by spotlight.

The spotlights are immediately taken out as the ATTACK continues.

INT. HAWALA COMPOUND - NIGHT

Dwight, Cassius and the Hawala are in the cave high on opium.

The Hawala has his hand up and is listening intently.

HAWALA

Did you hear something?

DWIGHT

Yes. I heard you asking me if I heard something.

HAWALA

Then we're okay then.

CASSIUS

I like you guys.

EXT. AFGHANISTAN - MORNING

The three K-20's are parked near the entrance to a burned out cave complex littered with dead fighters. The soldiers stand around victorious.

FRANK

Well, at least they put up a good fight.

A very excited SOLDIER 4, 30's, comes out of the cave with OSAMA BIN LADIN at gunpoint.

SOLDIER 4

Look what the fuck I found hiding in a hole.

All the soldiers get EXCITED. Soldier 4 walks Bin Ladin over to Frank and makes him kneel.

FRANK

It's him all right. Boys, we have public enemy number one.

Bin Ladin spits on Frank's leg.

BIN LADIN

Death to America.

Frank LAUGHS, pulls out pictures of Dwight & Cassius, and holds them in front of Bin Ladin's face.

He spits on the photos. Frank kicks Bin Ladin in the chest, knocking him backwards.

Frank reaches down, pulls Bin Ladin up by his beard and then speaks to him in Arabic.

FRANK

Just tell me if you've seen them.

Bin Ladin spits on the photos.

BIN LADIN

Death to America.

Frank drops the photos, pulls his side-arm and points it at Bin Ladin's face.

FRANK

(Arabic)

So you haven't seen them?

BIN LADIN

Death to...

FRANK

(Arabic)

No. Death to you.

He lets go of Bin Ladin then shoots him through the eye.

SOLDIER 3

What did you say to him?

FRANK

I told him fuck you...death to him.

INT. HAWALA COMPOUND - DAY

Cassius makes his way through the Hawala's compound and into the dark room where Dwight's sleeping.

He opens the window coverings, revealing dusty sunlight, before walking to the bed.

Cassius sits on the bed and shakes an unresponsive Dwight.

CASSIUS

It's time to get up.

Dwight rolls away from him.

**DWTGHT** 

Don't make me kill you.

Cassius slaps him on the side of the face as hard as he can.

CASSIUS

Get up.

Dwight spins to attack him. He punches the naked Dwight and pulls him to the floor.

CASSIUS

Good you're up. We must go soon.

Dwight begins to compose himself.

DWIGHT

Go where.

He rubs his head in pain.

CASSIUS

Germany. It was your idea. Honestly, I don't understand you sometimes.

DWIGHT

That's because I'm a new type of hung-over, okay. How long have I been sleeping?

CASSIUS

Two days.

DWIGHT

God bless opium...

He rubs his head.

DWIGHT

Oh. Maybe not.

EXT. AFGHANI INN - DAY

Arab 1 & 2 stand on their stairs watching the three K20's as they approach. The soldiers sit on the outside throwing treats to the villagers.

They stop at the inn. Frank gets out holding pictures of Dwight & Cassius as the two walk down the steps to greet him.

INT. HAMBURG INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - MORNING

Surrounded by fellow passengers, the Muslim looking Dwight and Cassius nonchalantly try to hurt one another as they make their way from the plane to immigration.

DWTGHT

I kind of feel a little like James Bond.

CASSIUS

Who is James Bond?

DWIGHT

He's a famous movie spy.

He slaps Cassius in the face and runs away. Cassius follows.

Two German airport guards see them running and raise their machine guns at them. They stop and raises their hands.

The guards lower their guns and the two continue on slowly.

CASSIUS

We should try a be more careful.

DWIGHT

You think?

EXT. AFGHANISTAN - DAY

Frank knocks on the Hawala's large compound door. The soldiers and three K-20's are lined up in the distance covering him.

FRANK

Hello. Is anybody home?

Frank starts speaking Arabic.

FRANK

Hello. Anybody.

INT. HAMBURG INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - MORNING

In the immigration area, Dwight & Cassius stand at the front of the line.

DWIGHT

Is your heart pounding? Mine sure is.

CASSIUS

Yes. Very much so.

DWIGHT

Feels good.

CASSIUS

Yeah.

They're called up by a female immigration AGENT 1, 30's.

They approach and hand her their passports, immigration forms & flight itineraries. She begins examining them.

AGENT 1

Sprechen sie Deutsch?

DWIGHT

(Arabic accent)

Arabic and English, both of us.

She looks up at him and is immediately attracted to him.

AGENT 1

Are you two related?

DWIGHT

Yes. This is my cousin.

CASSIUS

He is my cousin.

Agent 1 looks up at Dwight again then Cassius.

AGENT 1

(to Dwight)

You may answer for the both of you.

DWIGHT

Fine.

AGENT 1

Purpose of visit.

DWIGHT

Family visit. So I assume pleasure.

Cassius NODS in agreement.

AGENT 1

What was your business in Afghanistan?

DWTGHT

Family wedding. I have pictures for my family here if you'd care to see them?

AGENT 1

That won't be necessary. Final destination?

They each hand agent 1 a document.

DWIGHT

United States, we're students.

She quickly eyes the documents before looking up at Dwight.

AGENT 1

Those won't be necessary. I meant your final destination in Germany?

DWIGHT

My apologies. Just Hamburg...then back to America.

AGENT 1

(to Cassius)

For school?

CASSIUS

For school.

Agent 1 hesitates before stamping the passports and quickly asks DWIGHT a question in Arabic.

AGENT 1

You went to a family wedding in Afghanistan and my dog is blue?

DWIGHT

(Arabic)

Yes...and blue's my favorite color. Like your eyes.

Agent 1 stamps both passports, the immigration forms and hands them back their documents.

AGENT 1

Welcome to Germany.

INT. AFGHANISTAN - DAY

Frank and the Hawala sit in the front seat of a K20 with the doors open talking to Larry via a video satellite link.

## HAWALA

I appreciate your generous offer, Mr. Kurtz, and feel your sorrow as a father. But I only hope you will understand that my word to your son is true. So I'll not be able to tell you your son's whereabouts without his permission first.

LARRY

I hope you can appreciate my abilities to end you. Now where the fuck's my son?

HAWALA

Of course. Kill everybody, that will save your troubled son. And rest assured, your men will die as well as mine.

Frank bites at the Hawala.

LARRY

Let's everybody relax and figure out what the fuck I can get from you, okay?

HAWALA

I like your son...so don't fuck with me any longer. I will do my very best to get any message you wish to him.

(MORE)

HAWALA (CONT'D)

And one of these beauties as a gesture of gratitude would be nice?

He motions to the K-20.

LARRY

Let's just worry about my son first...okay?

The Hawala bites back at Frank.

EXT. HAMBURG INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - MORNING

Dwight, Cassius, both with luggage, and ARAB 3, 30's, exit the terminal and approach the curb.

ARAB 3

Everything's all set and I'm supposed to ask you again if you would consider changing your target?

They stop at the curb as a plain white van pulls up and stops directly in front of them.

DWIGHT

Tell him that there's not a minute that goes by where I don't consider it and he'll be the first to know if it does change. But I don't think it's going to happen.

The young Arab driver gets out and approaches from the front as Arab 3 pulls open the side cargo door. The van contains two off-road motorcycles and's full of equipment.

The driver loads the luggage then closes the door.

ARAB 3

I'll let him know.

Cassius gets in the passenger side.

ARAB 3

And we'll see you in...

He begins counting with his fingers.

DWIGHT

Eight days.

ARAB 3

Yes, eight days.

DWIGHT

Thank you very much. I appreciate the help.

They shake hands. Dwight runs around the front and gets into the driver's side and prepares to pull away.

ARAB 3

Oh, no, don't leave...

Arab 3 hurries over and slaps Cassius' window.

ARAB 3

Damn he would of killed me.

Dwight shows Cassius how to roll down the window.

ARAB 3

I have a message from your Father. He's trying to find you. Some of his friends came looking for you in Afghanistan.

Dwight smiles.

DWIGHT

Cool. Tell him I'm on top of it and I'll contact him soon.

Dwight starts driving away. He stops and starts LAUGHING.

DWIGHT

You can authenticate my message with Stanford.

They speed away.

INT. DODGE VIPER - NIGHT

With the top down, Larry, driving, and Gloria, both formally dressed, drive through the suburbs of St. Louis. He has his tie untied and she's wearing his jacket.

GLORIA

Why the hell do we continue to go to these things? All I want to do is rip there heads off.

LARRY

We need to keep up appearances. Besides, everyone was very polite and sympathetic. GLORIA

I don't need their sympathy, I need them to get off their asses and find me my son.

LARRY

Look, mother, we're major players in the game so we need to keep up appearances, okay?

GLORIA

Appearances? Since when have you ever cared about appearances? What are you up to, Lawrence?

LARRY

Nothing, I just think we need...

GLORIA

(interrupting)

Bull-shit, I know when you're lying to me. What are you up too?

LARRY

Look, I don't want you getting your hopes up.

She starts crying.

GLORIA

So he's alive?

LARRY

Yes. But he's not acting like himself. That's why you shouldn't be getting your hopes up.

GLORIA

Where is he?

LARRY

We're not sure, but he's supposed to contact me soon.

GLORIA

Thank God.

LARRY

Don't get your hopes up.

EXT. ROSTOCK GERMANY - MORNING

WOMAN 2, 60's, stands outside a renovated farmhouse as the cargo van approaches.

She walks out to meet the van as it pulls to a stop.

A hip looking Dwight & Cassius get out and approach her.

WOMAN 2

Willkommen.

DWIGHT

Dankeschön.

They shake hands.

DWIGHT

Mein name is Dwight und das ist Cassius.

Cassius shakes hands with woman 2.

WOMAN 2

Hallo.

CASSIUS

Es freut mich, Sie kennenzulernen.

WOMAN 2

Das ist der Haus. Ich hoffe, es gefällt Ihnen.

DWIGHT

Es ist absolut perfekt. Man muss craigslist einfach lieben.

INT. KURTZ HOME - NIGHT

In the game room, Larry and Frank play pool as Gloria and an attractive GIRL, 20's, sit at the bar. All four are drunk.

Frank lines up his shot.

FRANK

Oh yeah, we got Bin Ladin. It sucked having to leave that twenty five million dollars just rotting there.

He misses his shot.

FRANK

Son of a bitch.

Larry prepares for his shot.

LARRY

Don't think for a second that I'm on the hook for that twenty five mill.

He makes his shot.

FRANK

I don't. But his DNA and death photo's gonna cost you plenty though.

Gloria and the girl run over, jump up and sit on the pool table, scattering the balls.

GLORIA

(to Frank)

I think out of all your sugar babies...this one's my favorite.

GIRL

Sugar baby?

GLORIA

Trust me, I'm giving you a huge
compliment, sweetheart...
 (to Frank)

Seriously though.

She grabs his hand.

GLORIA

Thank you for all your help.

GIRL

Hey, we should totally get some hookers and blow?

The room goes silent as everyone looks at one another?

EXT. ROSTOCK GERMANY - DAY

Dwight & Cassius, in full riding gear, race their off road bikes through the countryside toward an airport in the distance.

They ride up onto a paved road and round a curve where they're stopped by a German SOLDIER 5, 20's, at a military roadblock.

SOLDIER 5

Der Flughafen ist auf Dienstreise nur eingeschränkt.

DWIGHT

Wir waren nur für eine Fahrt.

They turn their bikes around and race off towards a very tall radio tower in the far distance.

INT. KURTZ HOME - MORNING

Gloria, in workout clothes, stands at the kitchen counter having coffee as Larry, in a suit and tie, walks in and starts pouring himself a cup.

LARRY

So what are you up to today, babe?

GLORIA

It's been a week and we still haven't heard anything. What's your guy saying about Dwight?

Larry fixes his cup of coffee.

LARRY

Honey, I told you I touch base with him daily, we just need to be patient.

GLORIA

Are you saying I haven't been patient enough?

LARRY

No, that's not...

GLORIA

(interrupting)

You know, you could show a little more concern for your son.

LARRY

You're joking, right?

GLORIA

You just seem like business as usual, that's all.

LARRY

What? You want me to get all emotional & neurotic like you're doing now?

GLORIA

Look, don't be jerk. I'm just asking you to do a little more, that's all.

He tosses his coffee cup in the sink, shattering it.

LARRY

Trust me. You don't want to know the shit I've been doing to find him.

She throws her cup in the sink, shattering it.

GLORIA

You're right, I don't want to know. I just want you to find him.

She grabs her purse & keys then storms out the garage door.

LARRY

Have a good day.

GLORIA

Go to hell.

She slams the door.

EXT. ROSTOCK GERMANY - EVENING

Secret Service AGENTS 2 & 3, both 30's, and four German soldiers guard the perimeter fence of a very tall radio tower. A black SUV and military truck are parked close by.

An approaching OFF-ROAD BIKE can be seen & heard in the distance.

Agent 2 and one of the soldiers watch through binoculars.

Cassius, in full riding gear, can be seen on the approaching BIKE.

AGENT 2

What the hell's this fool think he's doing?

The soldiers ready their weapons, Cassius puts the bike into neutral, raises his hands and coasts toward the agents.

AGENT 2

Boy have you picked the wrong day for a ride in the country.

Cassius puts one hand back on the handlebars, kills the engine and stables himself as he stops at agent 2.

AGENT 2

Guten tag.

He grabs the handlebars.

Dwight, in full camouflage, drops down from underneath the military truck and approaches the soldiers from behind.

Dwight disarms two soldier as Cassius chops agent 2 in the throat, disabling him.

After a brief, brutal, fight and the use of stun-guns, Dwight and Cassius easily subdue all five opponents and hold them at gunpoint.

Cassius motions everyone toward the fence as he takes off his backpack.

AGENT 2

Auchtung...schnell, schnell.

Dwight grabs Agent 2 by the throat and helps him to his feet.

DWIGHT

I can't understand a fucking word he says. Can you?

He pushes Agent 2 against the fence with the others as he takes his radio.

DWIGHT

Never mind. I think I figured it out. He needs everybody to get down to there undies right the fuck now...let's go.

He points his gun at agent 2's head.

The agents then soldiers disrobe as Cassius pulls hand cuffs & bike cable from his backpack and tosses them on the ground near the men.

Dwight & Cassius collect all the radios and secure the six men to each other and the fence.

Dwight pulls out pieces of a sniper rifle from his backpack and begins assembling them as Cassius begins to blindfold the prisoners.

AGENT 3

(to Dwight)

Please don't do this.

Cassius punches Agent 3 in the face before blindfolding him.

CASSIUS

Shut up.

Dwight finishes assembling the rifle, easily climbs over the fence and begins climbing the radio tower.

EXT. KURTZ-DIAMOND INDUSTRIES - MORNING

Roper walks through the main entrance and approaches the RECEPTIONIST, 50's, sitting at her desk. A large bouquet of red roses sits on the counter with a card reading I'M SORRY.

RECEPTIONIST

Good morning, Mr. Roper. How are you today?

ROPER

Perfect, thank you.

Roper motions to the roses.

ROPER

Who had the rough night?

RECEPTIONIST

They're from Mrs. Kurtz.

ROPER

Celia, in your twenty two years here has Larry ever received flowers from Mrs. Kurtz?

RECEPTIONIST

Not that I can remember.

ROPER

I'll take them up for him. You haven't told anybody else who these are from, have you?

RECEPTIONIST

Of course not.

ROPER

Just checking.

Roper takes the roses and walks up the stairs to Larry's office.

He enters Larry's dark office, turns on the lights and sees Larry sleeping on the couch next to a nearly empty bottle of liquor.

EXT. ROSTOCK GERMANY - EVENING

Dwight continues up the radio tower as Airforce One, on final approach, flies by in the distance.

Rostock-Laage airport can now be seen in the far distance.

Dwight reaches his desired altitude and prepares to fire the rifle as Airforce taxis to a stop at Marine One and a small welcoming party in the far distance.

Dwight, through his high-powered scope, watches as President & Laura Bush make their way from Airforce One to Marine One.

Just as the President's about to board Marine One, Dwight pulls the trigger and a bullet races through the air toward him.

The bullet just misses Bush's head, penetrates Marine One and lodges into a passenger seat next to a letter addressed to MR. PRESIDENT.

EXT. ROSTOCK GERMANY - EVENING

Dwight's on the tower looking through his scope.

DWIGHT

Boom baby.

He secures the rifle, pulls out agent 2's radio, turns it up, and hears PANDEMONIUM.

Dwight jumps from the tower, deploying his parachute immediately.

DWIGHT

(over the radio)

You can all relax now. It's over... over.

Dwight maneuvers toward the van parked behind a hedgerow as Cassius approaches on his dirt bike.

Dwight lands at the back of the van as Cassius pulls up. He takes off his parachute, opens the back of the van, throws in his parachute, and helps Cassius load his bike.

CASSIUS

How did it go?

DWIGHT

So far so good.

INT. KURTZ HOME - NIGHT

Gloria nervously paces the house talking on the phone.

GLORIA

No mother. I haven't heard from him in almost two days and I'm freaking out. I want my man home.

She listens.

GLORIA

No mother. I even sent flowers to his office and they say he hasn't been in.

The doorbell RINGS.

GLORIA

Mom, somebody's at the door.

She walks to the front door.

GLORIA

No, I'm sure it's the girl scouts or something like that. Let me just tell them to get lost. Hang on a second.

She opens the door and sees a tattered looking Larry.

GLORIA

(to her mother)

It's him. I'll call you back.

She hangs up the phone and jumps on him, knocking them both to the ground.

GLORIA

You son of a bitch.

**LARRY** 

Are we good?

GLORIA

We're good.

EXT. HAMBURG INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - MORNING

Arab 3 and his driver wait on the curb as the van pulls up and stops in front of them.

Dwight, driving, and Cassius exit the van and approach the two.

DWIGHT

Here you go...and thank you for everything.

He hands Arab 3 the keys.

ARAB 3

I must say, we were all hoping for the kill shot.

DWIGHT

Yeah, It was very hard for me not to hit him.

Cassius and the driver pull luggage from the van.

DWIGHT

Oh well, maybe next time.

Dwight and Cassius grab their luggage and walk toward the terminal.

INT. KURTZ HOME - PRE DAWN

Larry and Gloria are asleep in their bedroom.

Larry's phone RINGS, waking them both.

Gloria rolls over onto Larry before he answers his phone.

GLORIA

Promise you love me.

Larry grabs her face and pushes her off him.

LARRY

No. I only came back for the sex.

He answers his phone.

LARRY

Hello.

ADMIRAL (O.S.)

Are you in bed, at home?

LARRY

Where else would I be?

ADMIRAL (O.S.)

You need to get the fuck up so we can talk about your son. I'll call you back in ten.

INT. HAMBURG INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - MORNING

Dwight and Cassius use U.S. passports to easily make it through security and into the boarding area.

CASSIUS

I'm an American now, right?

DWIGHT

Hold your horses partner.

He looks around the airport.

DWIGHT

If you're going to be an American we have some work to do first.

He motions them toward McDonalds.

DWIGHT

And it all starts with a big greasy cheeseburger?

EXT. KURTZ HOME - PRE DAWN

Larry walks around the pool talking on the phone. Gloria watches from the balcony.

ADMIRAL (O.S.)

When's the last time you were in Germany?

LARRY

2002. What did he do?

ADMIRAL (O.S.)

Can you prove that?

LARRY

Absolutely. What the fuck did he do, Bobby?

ADMIRAL (O.S.)

He tried to kill the President.

LARRY

Is the President dead?

ADMIRAL (O.S.)

No.

LARRY

Then he didn't try and kill the President. He could of easily succeeded, right?

ADMIRAL (O.S.)

Yes. You know I'm putting my ass on the line for making this phone call.

LARRY

It's about time you did something for me.

INT. ATLANTA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - MORNING

Dwight, with a large box in a gift bag, and Cassius sit near the gate.

A news REPORT on a possible issue with the President in Germany can be seen & heard on a close by TV.

Over the PA a gate attendant ANNOUNCES final boarding for St. Louis. Dwight and Cassius stand up and look at each other.

DWIGHT

Tell me again what you're going to do?

CASSIUS

Go to school and fight for Olympic fight title.

DWIGHT

Then what?

CASSIUS

Sword fight for Stanford, then Afghanistan, in following Olympics

DWIGHT

Work hard and it will happen. I promise.

They shake hands.

DWIGHT

I really appreciate you looking out for me.

CASSIUS

I appreciate you giving me true life. I will make you very proud.

Dwight grabs him by the neck and hugs him. The two hold back tears.

DWIGHT

I'm already very proud of you, Mohammed.

CASSIUS

Will I ever see you again?

Dwight pushes back and hands Cassius the gift bag.

DWIGHT

Maybe, maybe not.

Cassius goes to board the plane.

INT. KURTZ-DIAMOND INDUSTRIES - DAY

Larry sits at his desk. His ATTORNEY, 50's, sits on the couch across from him tossing the Ryan Leaf football to himself.

ATTORNEY

Yeah, it was a great game last night. You missed a beauty.

LARRY

I watched it on TV. That ball Pujols got a hold of in the sixth was a monster.

ATTORNEY

For sure. I'd put it up there with any of Big Mac's.

The receptionist RINGS in. Larry excuses himself and answers it.

LARRY

Yes, Celia.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Sir, your eleven o'clock are here.

LARRY

Send them up, please.

They hang up.

LARRY

I don't know, Barry, McGwire hit some monumental shots in his day.

ATTORNEY

He sure did.

LARRY

Good times.

ATTORNEY

Damn good times.

The receptionist opens the door and ushers in MAN 3, 4 & 5, all in there 30's, and wearing similar black suits.

LARRY

(to his attorney)

Look, Barry, it's the Fed's version of the pep boys. Manny, Moe & Jack.

Larry and his attorney LAUGH.

MAN 2

You can cut the humor crap and show some respect.

He motions to his colleagues.

MAN 2

This is Jenkins, FBI, Murphy, CIA and I'm Stone, Secret Service and we're going to ask you some questions regarding your son. One Dwight David Kurtz.

Larry looks at his Attorney and they LAUGH again.

LARRY

Get the stones on this kid.

MAN 2

I'm glad you're finding this so amusing. But I assure you, Mr. Kurtz. This is no fucking joke.

LARRY

Now listen here you little bitch. Before you come in here and start acting like a douchebag, crying about respect and whatnot. You might want to take a look around at your surroundings...

Man 2 looks around the office.

LARRY

...and realize that I'll win any fight you're willing to pick with me. Now I'm going to be civil and offer Manny & Moe over there an adult beverage as you back-the-fuck-off me and rethink your strategy. Are you feeling where I'm coming from, Jack?

MAN 2

Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.

**ATTORNEY** 

Why am I even here?

LARRY

Because I like you.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

The Doors RIDERS ON THE STORM can be heard on the radio.

In heavy rain, Dwight drives down a two lane highway past a large Crawford, Texas, road sign.

DWIGHT

(singing)

There's a killer on the road. His brain is squirmin' like a toad. Take a long holiday. Let your children play...

INT. COURTYARD HOTEL - DAY

Cassius is at the front desk checking out with CLERK 1, 20's.

CLERK 1

I can't believe you're nineteen. You look so much younger.

CASSIUS

Everybody tells me this. But you're the prettiest one so far.

The Clerk blushes as she puts the bill & credit card on the counter next to his fake passport.

CLERK 1

I hope I didn't offend you?

CASSIUS

Not at all. I hope you enjoyed the compliment.

CLERK 1

I did. So, did you enjoy your stay?

He signs the bill as a yellow cab pulls up to the front drive.

CASSIUS

Very much so, thank you.

CLERK 1

Oh, look, your taxi's here. Perfect timing.

CASSIUS

No. Not so much.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Dwight pulls up and stops in front of the Weston Inn Suites motel.

He gets out of the car and walks into

THE LOBBY.

A bell on the door RINGS.

CLERK 2, large black Woman, comes out from the back room as Dwight approaches the counter.

CLERK 2

Can I help you, sugar?

DWIGHT

I'm checking in. The name's Booth. John Booth.

CLERK 2

Mr. Booth. You're quite popular round here. And I can see why, sugar britches.

DWIGHT

Excuse me?

CLERK 2

We have just about a half dozen packages back there with your name on them.

DWIGHT

Oh yeah, all my computer stuff. I'm researching my new book.

CLERK 2

What's your new book about? If you don't mind me asking?

DWIGHT

Sweet dark molasses, sugar.

CLERK 2

Oh, my.

DWIGHT

Oh, yeah.

INT. KURTZ HOME - DAY

Gloria's in the kitchen making an apple pie as a NEWS CONFERENCE on a possible assassination attempt on President Bush comes on the TV.

GLORIA

Oh, that would bad too bad, little Georgey porgy...pudding pie.

A KNOCK on the door can be heard. She goes to answer it.

GLORIA

You really shouldn't wish those kind of bad things. Sinner.

She opens the door and sees Cassius, holding the box from Dwight. A cab waits at the curb.

GLORIA

What's this, young man?

CASSIUS

Mrs. Gloria Kurtz. I am Mohammed Ali Hussein. A very dear friend of your son, Dwight.

GTIORTA

He calls you Cassius doesn't he? Is he with you?

She looks around for Dwight.

CASSIUS

I wish I could tell you yes. He asked me to give you this.

He opens the box revealing Dwight's dress uniform and an envelope addressed to MOTHER.

Gloria takes the envelope, opens it, and pulls out a letter.

GLORIA

(reading the letter)
My dearest mother, I only wish I could be here to introduce you to my new brother, Mohammed, in person. Things have gone a little too far for that now...

She closes the unfinished letter.

GLORIA

Please, come in. Do you have things in that taxi, Cassius?

INT. WESTON INN SUITES - NIGHT

In his small, dark, motel room, Dwight stands naked over his computer studying Google Earth. The room's littered with boxes and a bicycle.

DWIGHT

I'm finally hungry for food. I hope my thick chocolate baby downstairs has my cure.

Dwight picks up the in room phone and dials zero.

DWIGHT

Yes. Is there a place that delivers food?

He mock breaks the phone against the wall.

DWIGHT

I appreciate that very much. Thank you, sir.

He hangs up the phone and puts on shorts.

DWIGHT

No brown sugar tonight for you.

INT. KURTZ-DIAMOND INDUSTRIES - DAY

Larry sits in his office across from Roper.

LARRY

I'm about to break. Seriously close to losing my mind...and Gloria's ten times worse than me. Thank God for the kid. She's got him out getting clothes, shoes, more clothes, hair cuts, the whole nines.

ROPER

And he has no idea where Dwight went?

LARRY

No. He put him on the plane in Atlanta and disappeared.

ROPER

Hey, did he say anything about Germany?

LARRY

I haven't asked yet. But I have a feeling this poor kid's been through it hard.

The receptionist RINGS in.

LARRY

Yes.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

There's a messenger here for you.

LARRY

Sign for it and bring it up, please.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

He insists that he has your signature, sir.

LARRY

Who's it from?

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Stanford.

Larry jumps up.

LARRY

It's from Dwight.

He rushes out of the office, down the stairs and over to the MESSENGER, 30's.

LARRY

It's for me.

He grabs the envelope & signs for it.

**MESSENGER** 

Hey, how do I know it's really you?

Larry tips the messenger a hundred dollars.

LARRY

Fuck off.

INT. WESTON INN SUITES - MORNING

Linkin Park's ONE STEP CLOSER can be heard over the internet.

Dwight, dressed in black cycling pants & a long sleeve camouflage cycling jersey, loads himself up with numerous weapons.

INT. G250 - MORNING

Larry sits alone in the cabin on the phone as the jet begins to descend.

LARRY

I promise, sweetheart. Just as soon as I know anything, I'll call.

He hangs up the phone as the COPILOT, 40's, opens the cockpit door.

COPILOT

Excuse me sir. We'll be on the ground at McGregor in fifteen minutes.

LARRY

Thank you, Jason.

INT. WESTON INN SUITES - MORNING

Clerk 2 sits behind the front desk working.

Dwight walks in carrying his bike and an envelope.

CLERK 2

My word, sugar. Don't you look scrumptious.

DWTGHT

Why thank you darling.

He drops the envelope on the counter.

DWIGHT

I was hoping you could do me a favor? My father's meeting me here this morning and I was hoping you could give this to him if he happens to show up before I get back from my ride?

CLERK 2

Of course I will, sugar. Now do I get anything in return for this favor?

DWIGHT

Whatever you want. I got five good minutes now, molasses.

Clerk 2 writes on a piece of paper.

CLERK 2

Oh my.

She hands Dwight a back in five minutes sign and some tape.

CLERK 2

Stick this on the door and lock it.

Dwight sets down the bike, walks to the front door, locks it, and tapes up the sign as Clerk 2 begins unbuttoning her blouse.

CLERK 2

And I promise you, sugar. It won't take me five minutes to get you...

Dwight turns and walks back to the desk. He's sexually aroused.

CLERK 2

Oh dear.

EXT. MCGREGOR EXECUTIVE AIRPORT - MORNING

The G250 taxis toward a black SUV and shuts down.

The Copilot opens the door. Larry exits and approaches the SUV & DRIVER 2, 40's.

LARRY

Are you familiar with the Weston Inn Suites?

DRIVER 2

Yes, sir.

LARRY

Then let's get to it.

They get in the SUV and drive away.

EXT. CRAWFORD TEXAS - MORNING

Dwight rides his bicycle past a Crawford, Texas, road sign.

DWIGHT

One, two, I'm coming after you...three, four, kicking down your door...

He pulls off the road, stashes his bike and takes off running across the fields.

DWIGHT

Five, six, running is a bitch...

INT. WESTON INN SUITES - MORNING

Clerk 2 sits at the front desk reading an issue of TIME MAGAZINE with the headline HOW YOUR SIBLINGS MAKE YOU WHO YOU ARE as the SUV pulls up to the front and stops.

Larry gets out, walks in and approaches clerk 2. He sees the TIME cover and shakes his head.

LARRY

(to himself)

No shit.

CLERK 2

You must be John's father?

LARRY

Now what makes you say that?

CLERK 2

I can see where he gets his good looks.

Clerk 2 sets the envelope on the counter.

**T.ARRY** 

Well, thank you very much. That's very kind of you to say.

CLERK 2

He left this for you.

She slides the envelope toward Larry. He picks it up.

LARRY

If you don't mind me asking, how's he been acting lately?

CLERK 2

Like an animal.

She smiles & LAUGHS seductively.

EXT. BUSH RANCH - LATE MORNING

Dwight comes up behind a SUV and quickly subdues the two Secret Service agents standing outside of it. He zip ties them to the bumper before running on.

DWIGHT

Ninety two, ninety three, you should be scared of me...

INT. CRAWFORD TEXAS - DAY

Larry's in the passenger seat of the SUV reading a map & directing the driver.

LARRY

Pull over here.

The SUV pulls over. Larry gets out, checks the map before setting it and his gun on the seat.

LARRY

Call the police and tell them the President's in danger and an unarmed citizen is responding and give them my description.

He takes off across the fields.

EXT. BUSH RANCH - DAY

Dwight sneaks up on an inner Secret Service post with two agents near the front door of the Bush ranch.

He brutally subdues the two agents, zip ties them together around a tree, before entering the house.

DWIGHT

One sixty five, and I'm still alive...

EXT. BUSH RANCH - DAY

Larry runs up to the subdued perimeter agents, checks them for injuries, before continuing toward the ranch house.

LARRY

I'm here to help.

INT. BUSH RANCH - DAY

Laura and George Bush are in their kitchen making brunch for their numerous guests as Dwight rushes in wielding a gun.

DWIGHT

Mr. President, it's time to pay the piper.

He walks up and points the gun at Bush's face.

BUSH

Now take it easy, son.

DWIGHT

Shut the fuck up.

He drops a bunch a zip ties on the counter.

DWIGHT

(to Laura)

I'm counting on you to secure you and your guests while me and your husband tend to some unfinished business. Don't let me down.

Laura picks up the zip ties and approaches her guests.

DWIGHT

What do you say we retire to your office for a little privacy?

He waves his gun and follows Bush as he heads to his office.

DWIGHT

And if anybody tries to disturb us, I'll scatter his brains all over the fucking place, guaranteed.

The two make their way into

BUSH'S OFFICE

BUSH

Whatever this is about, son, I'm sure we can come to an understanding.

DWIGHT

Whatever this is about...didn't you read my letter?

BUSH

I read lots of letters, son.

Dwight shakes his head in disgust.

DWIGHT

Germany? I almost blew your fucking head off.

He motions for Bush to sit at his desk.

BUSH

Well they took that as evidence.

Bush sits. Dwight sits down across from him.

DWIGHT

And you didn't think to get briefed on it first? Incredible. Well, to make a long story short, one of two things is going to happen in the next few minutes. You're either going to get a bullet in your skull or make the Kurtz-Diamond K20 the new staple vehicle of the U.S. Military.

He pulls out a letter of intent and slides it across the desk.

BUSH

Hell, is that all.

He grabs the letter.

INT. BUSH RANCH - DAY

Larry runs past the inner Secret Service post and into the house. He stops at Laura Bush.

LARRY

Are you Okay?

LAURA

Yes, they're in the office down the hall on the right. Please hurry, he has a gun.

Larry rushes to

BUSH'S OFFICE.

DWIGHT

Pops, you made it.

LARRY

Of course I made it, son. Now why don't you put down the gun before this gets any worse.

DWIGHT

Hey.

Dwight holds up the signed letter. Approaching Secret Service can be seen through the window.

DWIGHT

There going to take the K20's after all.

Numerous approaching SIRENS can be heard.

LARRY

That's great news, son. Now put down the gun.

The Secret Service get closer.

DWIGHT

How's Mom doing?

LARRY

She's pretty messed up over this whole thing.

Dwight points the gun at Bush & stands up.

DWIGHT

You know it's all his fault, don't you?

LARRY

I know, son. Now please give me the gun.

DWIGHT

I need a favor first.

LARRY

Anything.

Men in the hall can be heard APPROACHING.

DWIGHT

Tell Mom I love her.

He raises the gun to his chin and pulls the trigger, killing himself instantly. Blood splatters on Bush.

LARRY

Dwight, no...

The Secret Service bust in as Larry raises his hands.

BUSH

He's okay, fellas. It was just the boy.

(to Larry)

What a terrible tragedy. (MORE)

BUSH (CONT'D)

Now I have every intention of honoring that letter just as long as we can keep all of this between us.

An agent searches Larry.

LARRY

I wouldn't work with somebody like you. I can wait the two years until you're history. But you're going to do a couple of favors for me, or this will get even uglier. I can promise you that.

INT. US CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

Senator Jim Talent sits at his desk. Larry, Gloria and Cassius sit across from him.

Talent's secretary RINGS in.

SECRETARY 2 (O.S.)

Sir, Judge Wallace is here.

TALENT

Send him in, please.

JUDGE WALLACE, 60's, is let into the office. Everyone stands to greet him.

Larry and the Judge shake hands as the others exchange HELLOS with him.

LARRY

Thank you for coming down.

JUDGE

Please. This just means you're buying dinner, correct?

LARRY

Don't I always.

LAUGHTER.

TALENT

Would anyone care for a libation before we get started.

JUDGE

I should be done by the time you're finished pouring.
(MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)

(to Cassius)

This must be the lucky one.

CASSIUS

Yes, sir.

JUDGE

Well then, let's begin. Mohammed, raise you right hand and repeat after me.

Talent begins pouring scotch as Gloria hugs Larry. Cassius raises his right hand.

JUDGE

I hereby declare, on oath.

CASSIUS

I hereby declare, on oath.

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - DAY

Larry, Gloria and Cassius sit in the front row of Dwight's funeral with full Military honors.

The twenty one gun SALUTE begins. Larry, Gloria and Cassius don't flinch.

FADE OUT.

THE END