

BRAWLERS, INC.

written by

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FADE IN

INT. COURTROOM - NIGHT

A stern looking judge sits behind the bench at the front of the courtroom.

He looks up from his municipal law book as the female COURT REPORTER announces the last case of the night.

COURT REPORTER (O.S.)  
Case 497, carpool traffic  
violation.

He picks up the evidence for case 497 against Mr. Festinson, looks at it, and frowns.

The first piece of evidence is a traffic ticket with the handwritten note "Driver placed corpse in hearse front passenger seat and used carpool lane".

The judge flips past and sees a photograph of the back of a hearse and an open empty coffin inside.

He flips again to see the last photograph showing the front of the hearse. In the driver's seat is MR. FESTINSON, a pale and somber undertaker. Sitting next to Mr. Festinson in the passenger seat is the rigid CORPSE of a little old lady, MRS. DOILY.

The judge looks up and reprimands Mr. Festinson, the defendant.

JUDGE  
Mr. Festinson, this is the  
most insensitive carpool  
violation I have ever seen.

Mr. Festinson sits at the defense table in his only suit, the same black suit as in the photograph. He looks very worried and turns even paler as the judge gives him a withering look.

Seated beside him is KENNETH CURIAM, his traffic lawyer. Kenneth looks tired as this is the last of several traffic cases he's defending tonight.

Kenneth pushes his chair back and stands up.

KENNETH

Your honor.

Kenneth looks a bit awkward as he gestures and talks. He's not a natural at public speaking. So much so, that speaking in court always intimidates him.

KENNETH

Mrs. Doily, Mr. Festinson's passenger, cared deeply about her family. The last thing she would have wanted would have been to keep them waiting at her funeral. And being a sensitive and caring man, Mr. Festinson was trying his best to accommodate her wishes.

The judge gives Kenneth a long look.

JUDGE

Mr. Curiam, Mrs. Doily was not alive and so cannot be included in the carpool passenger count. Therefore the carpool ticket stands.

KENNETH

Actually your honor, article 36j specifies carpool lanes are reserved for vehicles with at least two persons. Article 52e defines that a person exists for legal purposes until a death certificate is issued. At the time my client was pulled over, Mrs. Doily did not have a death certificate as the certificate was issued after the funeral. So, for legal purposes, there were two persons in the vehicle and the carpool ticket is

invalid.

The judge gives Kenneth a skeptical look.

Then he flips through his municipal law book and peruses article 36j. He frowns and flips to article 52e. He frowns. He flips back and forth between the two articles, looking upset, then looks up at Kenneth with extreme disapproval.

JUDGE

Mr. Curiam, Article 52e was intended for banking regulation. Are you telling me you think a banking legal definition of person should be applied to a traffic ticket?

Kenneth, intimidated, takes a big awkward breath and presses on.

KENNETH

Your honor, Mrs. Doily was legally alive and this is in the spirit of what she would have wanted. My client was simply obeying the traffic laws and doing his best to carry out what would have been Mrs. Doily's final wish.

The judge gives Kenneth a withering look.

JUDGE

Mr. Curiam, only you could make such a contemptible argument sound so reasonable.

The judge picks up his gavel.

He forces himself to say what he must, barely able to get the words out of his clenched throat.

JUDGE

The carpool ticket is invalid. Case dismissed. Court adjourned.

The gavel comes down. BANG.

At the defense table, Festinson relaxes and finally smiles a little, happy to be off the hook.

Kenneth, however, looks worried and uncertain as the judge continues to glare at him.

EXT. KENNETH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kenneth, looking tired and still a little worried, smokes a cigarette as he pulls up in a decrepit subcompact car to park in his driveway. The subcompact is very old and has mismatched parts and paint.

Kenneth stops. He can't park as his spot's been taken by a big delivery truck. Parked alongside the truck is his wife's late model red convertible.

He eyes the truck uneasily and takes a big drag on his cigarette. Some ash falls off the cigarette onto his leg.

He winces and hurriedly brushes the ash off.

INT. KENNETH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An ASSERTIVE MOVER and a PASSIVE MOVER enter the living room carrying a very big and very heavy picture tube TV.

The passive mover at the back can't see where they're going as the TV's in the way.

PASSIVE MOVER

(strained)

Where's the stand?

ASSERTIVE MOVER

(macho)

It's in the truck. We'll use the old stand for now.

PASSIVE MOVER

Oh ok.

They move over to the old TV stand which is a cheap little thing that's way too small for the new TV.

They set the new TV down on the little stand. The huge TV balances precariously and only the fact that the movers are still holding the sides keeps it from keeling over.

The passive mover looks to the aggressive mover for guidance on what to do next.

The aggressive mover looks down under the TV and wiggles it to test the balance.

He stands back up.

ASSERTIVE MOVER

Get down on all fours and put  
your back under it.

The passive mover's does as he's bid and slides under the TV.

Then the assertive mover lets go and looks with satisfaction at the huge TV balanced on the stand and the passive mover's back.

ASSERTIVE MOVER

I'll go get the new stand  
from the truck.

The passive mover grunts assent from under the weight of the TV as he watches his pal turn to depart.

The assertive mover pauses as he notices ADARA CURIAM enter the room with an empty water glass in her left hand. She's a hot looking brunette and Kenneth's Persian mail order wife.

She glances at the TV and the passive mover under it with complete unconcern as the assertive mover takes her in with an appreciative look.

ADARA

(to aggressive  
mover)

Can put new stand there?

She points to a new spot.

ASSERTIVE MOVER  
(enjoying  
Adara's  
attention)

Absolutely.

ADARA  
(in Persian)

Thank you.

Adara goes to the sink to refill her glass of water. The sink's on an island facing the living room.

The assertive mover forgets all about his errand as he watches Adara bend over the sink.

Meanwhile, we hear the sound of front DOOR CLOSING O.S. as Kenneth enters the house.

Kenneth walks into the living room.

He spots the huge new TV and freaks out.

KENNETH  
(to Adara)

What is this?

ADARA  
Oh. Well could not find  
remote so went to TV store  
for new remote. Had no idea  
such nice TV. This one...

She points to the big picture tube TV.

CUT TO TV

The submissive mover looks like he's in a bit more pain under the big TV but still has utter trust in his pal's plan.

ADARA (O.S.)  
...so nice so big. Salesman  
say one day only sale...

CUT BACK TO ADARA

ADARA

so I buy.

Kenneth looks extremely anxious at the thought of paying for this enormous TV.

His hand shakes as he reaches for a cigarette in his breast pocket.

KENNETH

Adara we can't afford this.

Adara comes over and leans up against him as she holds his cigarette hand in her free hand.

ADARA

(pouting  
prettily)

Habibi be happy. You is  
lawyer, lawyer good job make  
much money, yes?

She kisses him and smiles at him expectantly.

Kenneth's voice quavers and breaks as he speaks at the thought of the impending financial strain.

KENNETH

Not at

She kisses him again.

KENNETH

Not at Brawlers Inc.

She just smiles, puts the cigarette back in his pocket, and moves behind him and starts massaging his shoulder with her free hand.

KENNETH

(pleading)

Adara, I'm already  
moonlighting four days a week  
and we can barely make ends  
meet as it is.

Adara just leads him over to his parents hand me down couch and sits him down in front of the TV.

She sits him down, hands him her glass of water, and starts massaging his shoulders.

ADARA

You need relax. New TV good  
for relax, we watch later,  
yes?

Kenneth looks miserably at the big TV and then back at her expectant face.

His look of misery deepens. There's no way she's going to give up her new TV.

The aggressive mover, jealous of Kenneth's wife and new TV, feels the need to cut Kenneth down a bit.

AGGRESSIVE MOVER

So ya gonna watch Brawlers  
Inc. on that?

The aggressive movers snickers, making fun of Kenneth's show.

Kenneth rolls his eyes.

KENNETH

(to aggressive  
mover)

Don't you have something  
better to do?

The aggressive mover looks pissed off, but finally leaves the room to go get the new stand.

Then the passive mover in the background, his voice straining from the weight of the TV, chimes in.

PASSIVE MOVER

Never mind him man. I love  
Brawlers Inc. It's awesome.

Kenneth looks at the passive mover, his face showing mixed

emotions - should be reassured by that comment or worried about its source?

INT. NETWORK EXECUTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

A TV in the wall shows two guys trading insults and brawling in the ring of a mostly empty stadium with a title bar with the Brawlers Inc. logo and the score on the bottom.

An attractive well-groomed upper class female NETWORK EXECUTIVE sits at her desk. She looks skeptical as she looks at the TV.

EXECUTIVE

What kind of show is this?

JOHN, the owner of Brawlers Inc. who's seated facing the executive's desk, attempts to defend his show.

JOHN

Ma'am Brawlers Inc., is a long standing staple of this network and it

John pauses as he notices the unreceptive look the new upper class female executive he has to work with is giving him. He tried another approach.

JOHN

I know our ratings have been bad lately, but that's because our former champion Lanksor just retired. We've got some great new brawlers and I'm sure when the viewers get a chance to see

As John talks, she picks up the TV remote, points it at the TV, and decisively clicks it off with a manicured fingernail.

EXECUTIVE

(interrupting)

Your ratings are terrible John.

She leans forward and puts a hand on his as she delivers the bad news.

EXECUTIVE

You've got six weeks to turn it around. Otherwise Brawlers Inc. is cancelled.

EXT. BRAWLERS INC. BUILDING - DAY

John looks very worried as he walks up the steps of the Brawlers Inc. building at the crack of dawn. In the background behind him, his classic American sports car is the only car in the lot.

The Brawlers Inc. building's an older 70's style stucco building. Faded letters spell out "Brawlers Inc." above the door.

INT. COFFEE ROOM - DAY

John, worried, walks down the hall past the coffee room.

ZOOM IN on the clock on the coffee room wall which reads 7:00am.

DISSOLVE TO new clock shot which reads 8:40am.

PULL BACK to show the coffee room at 8:40 am.

To one side, there is a couch with a READING BRAWLER who's reading the newspaper.

DAVE OPTIMOR, the the Brawlers Inc. recruiter, comes in with some large fancy looking mugs of coffee.

DAVE

Hey, anyone want some coffee?  
Got an overnight delivery  
direct from the Blue  
Mountains of Jamaica, ground  
and brewed it myself this  
morning.

A HUNGRY BRAWLER takes a grocery packaged steak out of the fridge and replies as he unwraps the steak.

HUNGRY BRAWLER

Sure, sounds good.

The hungry brawler drops the raw steak into the toaster on the counter and pushes down the lever.

DAVE

Does that really work?

The reading brawler on the coach replies from behind his paper.

READING BRAWLER

Yeah, you just gotta put it on high first.

DAVE

Oh, ok.

Dave spots Kenneth hurrying past the coffee room as he walks down the hall with a huge stack of papers.

DAVE

Hey Kenneth, you want some coffee?

Kenneth turns to look at Dave and trips over his own feet and the papers go everywhere.

Dave puts the coffee down on the counter and hurries over to help Kenneth.

DAVE

I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to make you trip. Are you ok?

KENNETH

Yes.

Dave takes a close look at the deep circles under Kenneth's eyes as they both pick up the papers.

DAVE

You don't look ok, you look tired. You really need to stop moonlighting.

KENNETH

I can't. Have to make payments on Adara's new TV and the matching couch coming next week.

DAVE

You can match a couch to a TV?

KENNETH

So she tells me.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

Several BRAWLERS hang around inside a meeting room as they wait for a meeting to start. They include the hungry brawler and reading brawler we saw earlier.

BRAWLER #1 enters the room with a large tasty looking cookie.

Some of the brawlers look up and notice the cookie.

BRAWLER #2

Hey where'd you get that?

BRAWLER #1

There's free cookies outside.

They get up and go out the door.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE MEETING ROOM

A typical office hallway. At the far end of the hall there's a vending machine.

The brawlers mill about looking for the cookies.

John, their boss and owner of Brawlers Inc., pauses on his way to the meeting room, wondering what they are looking for.

BRAWLER #2

Hey John, where are the cookies?

JOHN  
I didn't arrange for any  
cookies.

VENDING MACHINE

MIKEY, another brawler, spots a cookie identical to the one Brawler #1 had on a package inside the vending machine.

His mouth waters in anticipation as he reaches for the cookie. He looks puzzled when his hand is stopped by the clear plastic window.

He sort of feels the window, then pounds on it with his fist.

It doesn't give, so he takes several steps back and runs at it.

HALLWAY

Hearing the commotion, John and the brawlers look down the hall to see Mikey charging at the vending machine.

BRAWLER #2  
Mikey, no!

They run to stop him.

VENDING MACHINE

Mikey SMASHES into the vending machine which rebounds off the wall and starts toppling onto him.

Two brawlers get there just in time to catch it before it crushes him.

A third brawler pulls Mikey out and the two brawlers straining to hold the vending machine up let go and it drops to the floor with a CRASH.

A panel comes loose and candy bars come pouring out.

MEETING ROOM - LATER

A beefy hand reaches in to take a candy bar from the pile

in the center of the desk.

As the owner of the hand sits back, we see that everyone is enjoying a candy bar including Mikey who has a small stockpile.

John is at the front of the room with a graph titled "Ratings" which shows their ratings falling drastically.

JOHN

Anyone have any ideas how to improve our ratings?

A pause as everyone thinks a moment. Then HOTEREZ, a self-important brawler, makes a suggestion.

HOTEREZ

Let's get rid of Mesteno. He can't brawl worth a damn.

That doesn't go over too well with MESTENO, a brawler in a cowboy hat who's sitting across from Hoterez.

Mesteno leans across the table and pokes his index finger into Hoterez's chest.

MESTENO

Bullcrap.

Mesteno sits back and grins.

MESTENO

You're just all worked up  
'cause your plug ugly wife  
came lookin' for love,  
Mesteno style.

Hoterez lunges across the table towards Mesteno.

A LAID BACK BRAWLER, seated next to Hoterez, grabs Hoterez and holds him back.

LAID BACK BRAWLER

Hey, take it easy dude.

Hoterez appears to calm down and the Laid Back Brawler lets go.

Then Hoterez launches himself across the table towards Mesteno.

Mesteno dodges and Hoterez slides over the table and onto the floor.

This amuses the other brawlers.

BRAWLERS #5 and #6, at the far end of the table, can't resist a little jibe.

BRAWLER #5  
Nice move there.

BRAWLER #6  
Yeah nice belly flop.

Red-faced Hoterez emerges from behind the table as he gets up.

HOTEREZ  
(to Brawlers  
#5 and #6)  
You churros wouldn't know a great move if it kicked you in the ass.

BRAWLER #5  
(to Hoterez)  
Someone kicked you in the ass?

BRAWLER #6  
(to Brawler  
#5)  
That is a great move.

Hoterez moves menacingly towards Brawlers #5 and #6.

HOTEREZ  
I'll show you a great move  
you

He stops as a candy bar pelts him in the head from behind.

He turns, ready to beat the crap out of whoever threw that.

As he looks back to figure out who threw the bar, another prankster on the other side of the table pelts him with another candy bar.

Enraged, he swivels back to glare at the other side of the table.

When his back turns to them, the original prankster and a few other brawlers throw more candy at him.

Some hit him and some go wide to pelt Mikey and a few other brawlers in the line of fire.

Those that got hit and a few others return fire and the candy starts flying in earnest until candy and smack talk are being fired all over the room.

Meanwhile Mikey, his face covered in chocolate, is busy adding candy bars thrown at him to his stockpile, and has his body half over the pile to protect it from others trying to use it for ammunition.

And Hoterez is everyone's favorite target of opportunity. He moves to beat up one person or another only to be distracted by being hit by a barrage of candy bars, and then, unable not to react immediately to being dissed like that, turns to talk smack at and go after someone else.

JOHN'S P.O.V.

Every brawler in the room is now talking smack and firing candy bars left and right.

Except for Mikey who is lying on his stockpile and is stuffing chocolate in his mouth as fast as he can.

CLOSE UP OF JOHN

John has a long-suffering managerial look as he watches the chaos.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - DAY

DISSOLVE TO CLOSE UP of John with an unenthused look.

PAN OUT to show John watching two very enthusiastic

business IDEA GUYS bounce ideas around in front of his desk.

IDEA GUY #1

How about we hold a brawl in  
an ice rink?

IDEA GUY #2

(unaware of  
pun)

That's a cool idea.

IDEA GUY #1

(to John)

What do you think sir?

John's face shows a distinct lack of enthusiasm for that idea.

Then the door opens and John's wife, KAITLYN enters with COLUMBUS, his three year old son. Kaitlyn's a refined good looking high society blonde. Columbus is a hyper bundle of energy.

KAITLYN

Hi honey. The sitters sick  
and I'm meeting the girls for  
lunch. Could you...?

John gets a resigned look as Kaitlyn turns the toddler loose.

Three year old Columbus comes forward, hopping and moving his feet in an unusual pattern he's just invented.

KAITLYN

Thanks sweetie.

She leaves in a swirl of pink designer fabric.

Columbus grabs a pen from his Dad's desk and starts waving it around like it's a gun.

COLUMBUS

Pew pew pew. Bad guys. Get  
bad guys. Pew.

Columbus starts poking IDEA GUY #2 with the pen.

COLUMBUS

Pew. Pew.

John takes the pen away. Columbus protests as he reaches for the pen.

COLUMBUS

Need get bad guys.

John picks up a rolled up newspaper from the side of his desk and unrolls it in front of Columbus.

JOHN

(to idea men)

I need something bigger.  
Something that'll make us  
must see TV.

John uncaps the pen, gives it back to Columbus, and takes Columbus' hand to move it over the newspaper so he can draw.

Columbus grips the pen and struggles to take it away.

COLUMBUS

No! Need get bad guys.

JOHN

(parental  
warning)

Columbus.

John looks down as he moves the toddlers hand over the center of the newspaper.

His eyes focus on the article on the paper below his son's hand as Columbus protests.

COLUMBUS

No! Need get bad guys! Get  
bad guys!

John gets a thoughtful look as eyes the title of the article. It reads "Update on the War in Iraq".

John lets go of his son's hand and leaps to his feet in excitement.

JOHN

I've got it!

INT. KENNETH'S OFFICE - DAY

Kenneth slaves away at his paperwork in a rather dingy back office. His huge wooden desk covered in papers. There are several color coded inboxes and they are all full.

Dave enters with two designer cups of coffee.

DAVE

Want some more coffee?

Kenneth, busy writing, grunts a reply.

KENNETH

No, I'm good thanks.

Kenneth puts his completed paper in his outbox and glances at the folder in Dave's hand.

KENNETH

How was the recruiting trip to Virginia?

Dave hands Kenneth the folder. Kenneth opens the folder and looks it over while Dave talks.

DAVE

Awesome. Found the perfect recruit. Built like a truck, firecracker temper, dumb as rocks.

Kenneth looks up at Dave.

KENNETH

This looks good. I can have his contract ready for you by this afternoon.

DAVE

Great, thanks.

As they talk, in the background we see John come down the hall with a big smile on his face. He opens the door to Kenneth's office and beams at them.

JOHN

Cool, both of you are here.

They look at John, wondering why he's dropped by all of sudden.

JOHN

Gentlemen, I have the solution to our ratings problem.

John's grin widens as he savors his idea.

JOHN

We're going to get a Republican Guard brawler and beat him on TV.

Dave and Kenneth take a moment to process that statement.

DAVE

(elated)

Wow!

KENNETH

(worried)

Where do we get the brawler?

John gives them the widest grin yet, the managerial request grin.

JOHN

You two are going to go to Iraq and get him.

Dave looks excited at the idea. Kenneth looks extremely apprehensive.

DAVE

Cool!

KENNETH

(to John)

You are aware there's a war on.

DAVE

We're really going to Iraq?

JOHN

Yes.

KENNETH

No.

JOHN

Kenneth, we need you.

KENNETH

John, I'm a lawyer. The only traveling I do is to drive from my desk to the courthouse.

JOHN

That's exactly why I need you. Think about the legal issues with hiring a brawler from a country we're at war with. I need you to make it happen.

KENNETH

I'm not going John.

JOHN

(to Dave and  
Kenneth)

If you succeed, there's a big bonus for both of you.

(to Kenneth)

Enough to pay off those Ivy League law school loans.

DAVE

Oh cool.

Kenneth thinks about it for a few moments. He still thinks the idea is insane, but possibility of dying doesn't seem

so bad compared to being strapped with those loans for the next twenty years.

KENNETH

Ok I'm in.

JOHN

Great. Your flight's already booked - I had Jeanine use Dave's air miles to upgrade you to first class.

John hands them their airline tickets.

DAVE

First class? Are you serious?

JOHN

Yep, first class all the way.

INT./EXT. BATTERED JET - DAY

ROLLING STAIRWAY OUTSIDE JET

Dave and Kenneth stand at a tiny local Russian airstrip with their luggage. Around them, journalists and cameramen stream past with their equipment up a rusty stairway onto an extremely decrepit ancient Russian airplane with the words "FOR HIRE" spray painted in giant letters on the side. A few old jeeps are parked nearby on the tarmac.

KENNETH

(appalled)

What kind of flight is this?

DAVE

(enthusiastic)

It's a special charter.  
It'll get us Iraq two days faster, so I changed our tickets.

INSIDE JET

Kenneth and Dave sit crammed into tiny little seats. Kenneth is not reassured as he looks around the interior. There is duct tape everywhere, on the seats, the latches,

the doors, the peeling interior panels - it's as if the whole structural integrity of the plane is based on the duct tape holding it together from the inside out.

KENNETH

I'm not feeling good about this.

DAVE

Relax.

Dave wiggles his legs.

DAVE

See it's even got more legroom than your car.

KENNETH

Very funny.

Meanwhile, the ugly Russian stewardess at the front of the plane has been demonstrating safety procedures. Now she slams a fist against one of the overhead bins and air masks drop down above all the seats. She demonstrates putting the air mask on.

To Kenneth and Dave's surprise, the reporters also put their air masks on as the stewardess keeps her air mask on and sits down and buckles up.

The plane starts up. The stewardess gestures at Dave and Kenneth to put their air masks on.

Kenneth's eyes widen in anxiety as they put their air masks on.

The plane starts shaking and moves an inch or two and then it STALLS.

Starter noise as the plane engine starts again and STALLS AGAIN.

The pilot comes out and opens the cabin door and yells something down to the crew outside.

LATER, OUTSIDE PLANE

We see some jeeps spread out in front of the plane.

Each jeep is attached by a towrope to the front wheel of the plane.

The jeeps start and pull away from the plane until the ropes are taut but the plane doesn't budge.

We can see Kenneth's air mask face is pressed up against the window. His eyes are wide as he stares incredulously at the proceedings outside.

The wheels of the jeeps begin to peel as the drivers apply more and more gas.

Finally, plumes of rubber smoke stream from the wheels as the pilot tries the ignition again.

The engine sputters to life and keeps on running. The plane inches forward and picks up speed. The push start is working!

OUTSIDE PLANE

The plane continues to pick up speed as the jeeps race across the tarmac.

Faster and faster they go until they achieve the speed at which the plane can take off.

The plane lifts and the front wheel snaps off under the pressure of the tow ropes. The front wheel falls away as it leaves the ground.

The plane continues to rise in the air without its front wheel.

LATER, INSIDE PLANE

It's several hours later. The plane is dark and most of the journalists appear asleep.

But Kenneth is still wide awake. He eyes the duct taped ceiling which creaks and groans occasionally as he plays with a cigarette in his breast pocket with one hand,

wishing fervently he could have a smoke to relieve some of his anxiety.

Kenneth's other hand clutches the arm rest tightly. Dave puts a hand on his.

DAVE

Hang in there.

Kenneth still looks just as worried, so Dave removes his hand and tries a new tack.

DAVE

Hey, did I tell you we got a dog?

KENNETH

You and Stella got a dog?

DAVE

Yeah.

During their conversation above, Dave reaches into his pocket and pulls out his wallet and shows a picture with himself, his girlfriend Stella who looks a bit hippie and his new dog who is a scarred looking pit bull disaster chewing and pulling on the leash like mad. (note: the dog bears a resemblance to the Iraqi brawler who appears later).

Kenneth takes the picture and looks at it, then gives it back.

DAVE

We adopted him from the animal shelter where we met. They were going to put him down, but I think he's got potential.

Dave puts his wallet away and puts his hand on the armrest.

KENNETH

You and Stella met at an animal shelter?

DAVE

Yep.

KENNETH

That's a lot cheaper than a  
mail order bride.

DAVE

Yeah, but you're a lucky guy  
Kenneth, Adara really loves  
you.

KENNETH

I know.

A loud CREAK from the ceiling gets Kenneth's attention and  
he looks at it with trepidation.

DAVE

Don't worry, we're almost  
there.

Another CREAK and Kenneth, worried, puts his hand over  
Dave's hand on the armrest.

DAVE

I'm sure you'll see Adara  
again soon

Then the interior panel that creaked and flies off into the  
air. The panel next to it pulls away and twists.

The plane dives.

EXT. RURAL AIRSTRIP, TURKEY

FADE UP TITLE:

TURKEY - RURAL AIRSTRIP, EMERGENCY LANDING

The plane comes back down without its front wheel to land  
on a rough looking airstrip by a small town.

The back wheels make contact fine, but when the front comes  
down, sparks fly off the plane as the nose scrapes along  
the ground.

The plane slides sideways and then swerves off the tarmac

onto a dusty plain. It starts spinning, sending up a spiral cloud of sand.

INSIDE PLANE

Journalists swear in multiple languages as the plane spins and luggage flies everywhere.

OUTSIDE PLANE

The plane does several 360s. As it slows, the rotation slows also.

Finally, it slowly slides into a huge sand dune. Poof! A huge cloud of sand rises, getting thicker and thicker until it obscures the screen.

OUTSIDE PLANE DOOR, LATER

The sand covered door pops open in an avalanche of sand as we hear the Russian stewardess working the door from the inside swearing.

When the sand clears, the stewardess kicks out the coiled up emergency slide. The slide unrolls and attempts to inflate. HISSING as the air escapes from numerous duct tape patches.

LATER

The deflated slide dangles from the plane door like a rope.

One journalist walks away from the "rope" as Dave slides down the "rope" and is followed by Kenneth.

CARGO HOLD

The reporters, eager to scoop one another, shove and scream in an effort to get their stuff first and go.

A local college youth making a quick extra few bucks as an impromptu BAGGAGE HANDLER takes bags out of the hold and chucks them into the crowd like a monkey flinging stuff about. He's dressed casually, with a unique looking T-shirt and Levi jeans.

It's chaos as the bags fly and land on people on the crowd and people scream in multiple languages for someone to pass

them this bag or that one.

Dave and Kenneth, at the back of the reporter pack, are unable to get through to get their bags. No bad luggage carousel experience could have prepared them for this.

A BEEFY CAMERAMAN backs up out of the mob, bowling Kenneth over as he reaches up to catch his bag.

He tosses the bag to a waiting reporter who runs off with it to put it in their truck as the cameraman pushes his way past Dave and back into the mob.

Kenneth looks upset as he gets off the ground. He notices something off to the left.

KENNETH

(to Dave)

Keep trying here. I'll be  
right back.

We follow Kenneth as he walks to the left and approaches a TURKISH SOLDIER with a machine gun leaning against a jeep. Inches of sand coat the soldier and the jeep like new fallen snow.

The soldier takes a drag on a crappy local cigarette and exhales, the smoke mingling with the steam of dust the wind blows off him.

Kenneth takes out one of his American cigarettes and offers it the soldier.

The soldier perks up, appreciatively takes the cigarette and raises it to his nose to smell it like it's a fine cigar, and tucks it in his pocket.

SOLDIER

(in Turkish)

Thank you.

Kenneth gestures at the plane, a bag, the soldier, and himself to get his point across.

KENNETH

You help me get bag from  
plane?

The soldier looks thoughtful as Kenneth pulls out a bill from his wallet.

Kenneth hands the bill to the soldier who looks at it.

The soldier nods and puts the money away.

KENNETH

Thank you.

Kenneth and the soldier walk back over to Dave at the back of the mob.

Then the Turkish soldier, still holding the cigarette in his right and his machine gun in his left, yells at the crowd. His words are subtitled in English.

TURKISH SOLDIER

(in Turkish)

Move aside!

The journalists all ignore him. The soldier tries more forcefully.

TURKISH SOLDIER

(in Turkish)

Move aside!

The war reporters continue ignore him as they continue to push and yell for their bags.

The Turkish soldier turns to Kenneth and shrugs, lifting his hands palms up as he does so. As he lifts his hands, the trigger on his AK-47 snags on his clothes.

RA TA TA TA TA as the AK-47 fires a short burst straight up.

The Turkish soldier grabs his ear in pain - that was too loud.

The gunfire got the war reporters attention. They scatter.

The Turkish soldier, still clutching his ear, runs away and disappears into the fleeing mob.

Dave and Kenneth stand still as people stream around them.

Dave looks around and sees that the few people remaining between them and the cargo hold are scattering. He nudges Kenneth.

DAVE

Come on, here's our chance.

Dave takes Kenneth's arm and starts leading him towards the cargo hold.

Kenneth goes along but looks worried. He keeps looking back at the people taking cover under the trucks.

Then Kenneth notices something and stops.

KENNETH

Why's he taking cover? He knows he's the one who fired.

Dave turns to see what Kenneth's looking at.

The dusty Turkish soldier, like all the reporters, has taken cover under a truck.

DAVE

That is kind of weird. Why's he doing that?

Dave and Kenneth look back at the guard.

Dave looks puzzled.

Kenneth looks worried.

And then - we see bullets up in the sky stop rising, turn, and fall back down.

POW. POW POW. POW POW POW POW. The machine gun bullets return to earth and begin raining down on the tarmac around Dave and Kenneth.

Dave looks completely surprised.

Kenneth's eyes widen. He knew there had to be a good reason why that guard was taking cover.

They run for the nearest cover, the plane cargo hold.

Bullets rain down all around them.

POW as one of the bullets puts a hole in the wing as they pass under it.

They slide under the cargo hold and plow into the baggage handler cowering beneath.

A few more POWs.

One last POW and then silence. The bullet rain has stopped.

All is quiet as the reporters huddle under the trucks.

Back at the plane, the Russian pilot cautiously pokes his head out the cabin door and looks back at the wing.

He spots the hole in the wing and starts swearing loudly in Russian, breaking the silence.

LATER

The journalists zoom off in a variety of local cars and trucks that the locals have sold them at exorbitant prices.

Dave and Kenneth haggle with a LOCAL for an old jeep as the baggage handler carries over their last bag and slings it in the back.

A deal is reached and a local looks very happy as he takes Dave & Kenneth's money and sits on a rock to count it again, unbelieving of his good fortune.

Dave pulls out a few bills out of his wallet and takes a twenty off the top and gives it to the baggage handler.

DAVE

Thanks.

The baggage handler looks at the twenty, impressed by the extreme generosity of the tip. Then he looks with avarice at the local counting his money from the sale of the jeep.

Kenneth takes a drag from his cigarette.

KENNETH

So how do we get into Iraq  
now?

DAVE

I don't know. Maybe we could  
get a guide?

Kenneth considers that idea a minute.

KENNETH

That's not a bad idea. But  
where do we get a guide?

The baggage handler breaks into a grin as he sees his  
opportunity to get some of their money.

BAGGAGE HANDLER

(eagerly)

I can get guide.

Kenneth and Dave turn to look at the baggage handler who  
beams at them as he brushes the back of his right fingers  
against his left palm as he eyes the bills in Dave's hand.

Dave starts to peel off a hundred to give it to the baggage  
handler when Kenneth puts a restraining hand on his arm.

KENNETH

How do we know if the guide's  
any good?

DAVE

This guy's nice, I'm sure  
it'll be fine.

Kenneth looks dubiously at DARIN, the sweaty college  
student baggage handler.

Darin grins at him like a panhandling organ grinder's  
monkey as he extends his open left palm towards the  
hundred.

Kenneth reluctantly lets go of Dave's arm and Dave puts the  
hundred in Darin's eager hand.

EXT. SEBZE COLLEGE - DAY

FADE UP TITLE:  
SEBZE COLLEGE, TURKEY

Darin drives Dave and Kenneth in their jeep down the boulevard of a run down college.

They pass backpack wearing students (mostly natives with the occasional white Russian exchange student) hurrying off to class.

Then they stop in front of Darin's dorm, a run down ugly concrete building with weeds growing in and around unfilled mortar craters in the front yard.

FRONT DOOR OF DORM

Turkish ghetto rap thumps through the door. There's a party in progress.

Darin lifts the door knocker and raps it thrice against a bronzed grenade faceplate.

The door opens and a cloud of drug smoke rolls out.

INSIDE COMMON ROOM

Through the drug smoke haze, we see the dorm's common room decor. Soviet era unfinished concrete construction, hand me down Turkish furnishings, and pics of girls with big hooters adorn the walls.

Dorm brothers and their girlfriends sprawl on cushions around the room. Some are busy making out while others smoke an assortment of drug pipes.

A particularly wasted looking circle of people sit around a CANISTER VACUUM CLEANER.

A dorm brother takes some dried drug plant material out of a burlap sack and adds it to some already in the canister.

He adds a lit match to the canister and shuts it.

Smoke begins to emerge from the nozzle.

The dorm brother takes a long drag from the smoking nozzle. Then he passes the nozzle to his girlfriend in the circle.

Dave and Kenneth stand in the entranceway, staring in disbelief at all the debauchery going on and the circle of people passing the nozzle around and inhaling.

#### HALLWAY

Dave and Kenneth step over many wasted dorm brothers as they follow Darin down the hall.

Dave looks dismayed by the heavy partying.

Kenneth looks nervous, like a guy walking down an alley wondering if he's going to get mugged.

One of the wasted dorm brothers, a white Russian exchange student, tries to rap along to the ghetto tune with Turkish lyrics echoing down the hall.

But he's white and in the tradition of all white boys who try to rap, he mangles it with his abysmal sense of rhythm and heavy Russian accent.

#### KITCHEN

DORM BROTHER #1 holds out some money as he stands in front of a kitchen table.

Behind the table sits BASIM, a middle aged Turkish man with a beatific smile.

Basim takes the money, reaches into a big crate, and pulls out a small burlap bag similar in appearance to the larger burlap bag used to fill the vacuum cleaner.

He gives the bag to Dorm brother #1.

Dorm brother #1 refills his pipe from the bag as Basim tucks the money away and recloses the crate.

Darin, Dave, and Kenneth enter the kitchen.

#### DARIN

Basim. Whassup?

Basim gets up and they hug and kiss each other on the cheek like the Middle Easterners they are.

DARIN

Basim, these my friends, Dave and Kenneth. They need guide take them to Iraq.

Basim's eyes light up as he takes in Dave and Kenneth's innocent look and brand new travel clothes.

He notes the expensive gold watch on Dave's wrist.

BASIM

(to Dave)

Beautiful. May I see?

He takes Dave's arm and admires his watch.

Then, still holding Dave's arm, he looks up at Dave and grins.

BASIM

It would be my pleasure to be your guide in Iraq.

DAVE

That's great!

Basim, still holding Dave's watch arm, turns to grin at Kenneth as well.

Kenneth tries to grin back, but all he can manage is a sort of horrified half smile.

Kenneth pulls Dave aside.

KENNETH

This is insane.

DAVE

(to Basim)

Just a moment.

Kenneth and Dave head for the far corner of the kitchen.

DAVE

What's up?

KENNETH

We don't know anything about  
his guy.

DAVE

He seems nice.

KENNETH

How do you know he can find  
our man?

Basim overhears this last statement.

BASIM

Anything you need in Iraq,  
Basim

(he points to  
himself)

can get it for you.

At this remark, Dave and Kenneth have turned to look at  
Basim.

Dave looks reassured, but Kenneth still looks extremely  
skeptical.

Basim turns to the others in the room for confirmation.

BASIM

Right?

Darin, eager to keep his hundred, immediately backs Basim  
up.

DARIN

(nodding)

Yes. Yes.

Dorm brother #1, leaning against the opposite wall, gives  
Basim a doubtful look.

Basim continues to smile as talks.

BASIM  
 (in Turkish,  
 subtitled)  
 Your next one's free if you  
 cooperate.

Dorm brother #1 considers a moment.

DORM BROTHER #1  
 (in heavily  
 accented  
 English)  
 Basim's your man.

As he speaks, he slowly raises his thumb to give them Dave an ironic thumbs up. His thumb up is given in front of his body, concealing it from Basim and Darin's view. He grins, knowing the Americans will think the thumb up means "A OK" even though in the Middle East it means "Up Yours".

Dave smiles and he raises his right arm to return the thumb up to Dorm Brother #1.

Kenneth sees that Basim and Darin have a surprised look at Dave's thumb up.

KENNETH  
 Uh Dave?

Dave turns to look at Kenneth.

DAVE  
 (to Kenneth)  
 Yeah?

KENNETH  
 (to Dave)  
 I don't think that means what  
 you think it did.

DAVE  
 What are you talking about?

KENNETH  
 You know, the

Kenneth gestures upwards with his open hand, palm up.

DAVE  
You mean this?

Dave raises his arm and puts his thumb up again.

Basim and Darin learn forward intently as they look at Dave's thumb up.

DARIN  
(in Turkish,  
subtitled)  
Why does he keep offering to  
put his thumb up people's  
butts?

Basim shrugs as he replies.

BASIM  
(in Turkish,  
subtitled)  
Who knows? These Americans  
have strange ways.

DARIN  
(in Turkish,  
subtitled)  
True.

Back in the corner, Dave reassures Kenneth.

DAVE  
Don't worry about it. I'm  
sure it's fine.

Dave walks back over to Basim with a smile and extends his right hand to shake.

DAVE  
To our trip to Iraq.

Basim looks at Dave's hand which is the same one he gave the thumbs up with.

He takes a hold of Dave's fingers, careful to stay away from the thumb, and shakes.

BASIM

To the trip.

EXT. IRAQI BORDER ROAD - NIGHT

FADE UP TITLE:  
TURKEY-IRAQ BORDER ROAD

A jeep drives down a dirt road with its headlights off.

INSIDE JEEP

Basim's driving. Dave sits in the front passenger seat and Kenneth sits in the back.

Basim looks completely relaxed as he slouches with two fingers on the wheel.

Dave looks excited and happy like a tourist on the first day of vacation.

Kenneth looks worried as he peers into the darkness around them.

DAVE

(to Basim)

So is it true about the five legs?

BASIM

Five what?

DAVE

Five legs. Do some Iraqi camels have five legs.

KENNETH

What are you talking about?

DAVE

It says right here in my guidebook

Dave reaches into his bag and pulls out a guidebook and a flashlight. He clicks on the flashlight and Kenneth can see the battered looking guidebook. Its creased non-professional looking cover reads "Everything You Didn't

Know about Iraq by a Veteran Traveler".

Kenneth stares at the guidebook in disbelief, then takes the flashlight away and turns it off.

DAVE

What'd you do that for?

KENNETH

We're illegally crossing the border into Iraq. What if somebody saw that.

DAVE

Oh that's ridiculous.  
There's no one around for hundreds of miles.

But to placate Kenneth, Dave grabs his coat and puts it over the book and turns the flashlight on under the coat so hide the light.

DAVE

Better?

Kenneth doesn't say anything so Dave opens the book and starts reading.

DAVE

(reading)

Chemicals from chemical warfare against the Kurds are still present in the soil of Iraq today. Its long lasting effects include mutations the most famous of which is the five legged Iraqi camel.

(turning to  
Basim)

So I just wanted to know

As Dave turns to speak to Basim, the coat slips and the flashlight beam points off into the darkness.

Kenneth grabs for the flashlight and turns it off again.

DAVE  
Will you quit being so  
paranoid

Dave's interrupted as an engine ROARS to life and headlights backlight them as a BORDER PATROL JEEP pulls onto the road behind them.

Dave and Kenneth, startled, freeze like deer caught in the headlights.

Dave looks surprised.

Kenneth, startled, drops the flashlight.

Behind them, the BORDER PATROL GUARD driving the jeep calls out.

BORDER PATROL GUARD  
(in Persian,  
subtitled)  
Pull over.

Basim pulls over and the border patrol jeep pulls in behind them.

The border patrol guard gets out and starts walking towards them.

Kenneth looks extremely freaked out as he watches the big border patrol guard approach in the rear view mirror.

DAVE  
(to Basim)  
What do we

He breaks off as Basim raises his hand in a quiet back there gesture.

The border patrol guard reaches Basim's door.

BORDER PATROL GUARD  
(in Persian,  
subtitled)  
You have illegally crossed  
the border into Iraq. This  
is a serious offense.

BASIM  
(in Persian,  
subtitled)

Yes sir.

BORDER PATROL GUARD  
(in Persian,  
subtitled)

Did you get lost yet again?

BASIM  
(in Persian,  
subtitled)

Yes sir, I'm afraid I did.

The border patrol guard's frown deepens.

Basim turns to Dave and Kenneth.

BASIM  
He says his orders are to  
shoot any trespassers on  
sight.

Kenneth blanches and starts shaking slightly, terrified he's going to die.

Dave just stares at Basim incredulously. Did he really hear what he thought he did?

Basim turns back to the border patrol guard.

BASIM  
(in Persian,  
subtitled)  
It won't happen again sir.

BORDER PATROL GUARD  
(in Persian,  
subtitled)  
That's good.

The border patrol guard brushes the palm of his left hand with the tips of the fingers of his right.

BASIM

Give me some money.

Kenneth scrambled to pull out his wallet.

KENNETH

(frantic)

How much?

Basim turns to the border patrol guard.

BASIM

(in Persian,  
subtitled)

How much?

The border patrol guard thinks about it.

BORDER PATROL GUARD

(in Persian,  
subtitled)

Two hundred American.

Basim turns back to Kenneth.

BASIM

Five hundred American.

Kenneth quickly peels off five hundreds, and hands them to Basim.

Basim palms two of the hundreds and hands the remaining three to the guard.

The border patrol guard looks pleasantly surprised as he thumbs though the money on his way back to his border patrol jeep.

Dave slumps with relief as the border patrol guard gets back into his jeep.

DAVE

Holy Crema.

Dave reaches forward and puts a hand on Basim's right shoulder.

DAVE

Thanks Basim. You da man.

Basim's left hand slides the two hundreds into his pocket as he answers.

BASIM

No problem.

Dave seems exhilarated by his near brush with death.

Kenneth however looks white as a sheet as he hyperventilates and stares in the rear view mirror at the departing guard.

He reaches into the pack of cigarettes in his pocket, pulls out a smoke, and raises it to his lips and drops it, his hands are shaking so much. He quickly picks it up, puts it in his mouth, and lights.

INT./EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The border patrol jeep is stopped on a side road. The interior light is on.

The border patrol guard we saw earlier and his passenger, another BORDER GUARD WITH BAD TEETH, grin widely as they admire the three hundred dollars. The guard with bad teeth has a cigarette in his mouth, the same crappy local brand the Turkish airplane guard had earlier.

Both doors of the border patrol jeep open and we see two men get out and trade places.

EXT. IRAQI BORDER ROAD - NIGHT

All is quiet as Basim drives further along the same road.

Basim and Dave sit up front.

Kenneth still looks freaked out. So freaked out, that the cigarette he's smoking isn't enough to pacify him and he reaches into his pack and adds another one to his mouth and lights it up as well.

He takes a deep drag on both cigarettes and then exhales, releasing some of the tension. Needing to divert his

thoughts a bit, he decides to bug Dave about the ridiculous camel thing a bit.

KENNETH

Where does it go?

DAVE

What?

KENNETH

The fifth camel leg. Where does it go?

We hear shuffling noises as Dave pulls out his guidebook.

Click as the flashlight turns on. Dave is careful to shield the light properly with his coat as he looks at his book.

DAVE

It doesn't say.

Dave clicks the light off.

DAVE

Maybe it goes in the middle?

KENNETH

Wouldn't that make it hard to walk?

DAVE

Ok in the back then. Three legs in the back, two in the front. Like a rear wheel drive car.

KENNETH

Why not three legs in the front and two legs in the back. Like a front wheel drive car.

It's quiet a moment as Dave's thinks about it.

DAVE

Yeah could be.

KENNETH

Or maybe there is no such  
thing as a five legged camel.

DAVE

Sure there is.

KENNETH

How do you know?

Dave thoughtful a moment.

DAVE

I can feel it.

KENNETH

What kind of reason is that?

DAVE

Sometime you just have to  
believe in things man.

KENNETH

Like how you believed the  
plane was safe?

DAVE

Hey, don't diss the plane.  
It got us here in record time  
didn't it? Anyway, I'm sure  
we're though the worst of it.  
What else could go wrong?

Suddenly, they are illuminated by HEADLIGHTS backlighting  
them once again as another hidden border patrol jeep pulls  
onto the road.

Kenneth looks extremely anxious and starts hyperventilating  
again. He takes a really big drag on both cigarettes and  
some ash falls and lands on his leg. A look of pain  
crosses his face and he quickly moves to brush off the hot  
ash.

An O.S. voice emanates from the darkness as BORDER PATROL  
GUARD #2, driving the border patrol jeep, calls out.

BORDER PATROL GUARD #2  
(in Persian,  
subtitled)  
You have illegally entered  
Iraq. Pull over.

Both jeeps pull over and stop.

LATER

Basim palms two hundreds for himself and hands the remaining three to border patrol guard #2 outside his window.

Border patrol guard #2, his crappy local cigarette dangling from his mouth, takes the hundreds and grins as he looks at the bills.

We recognize him as the border guard with bad teeth who traded places earlier. It's the SAME BORDER PATROL JEEP.

Then he points to something in the back seat.

BORDER PATROL GUARD #2  
(in Persian,  
subtitled)  
Those too.

BACK SEAT

Kenneth, still puffing on his two cigarettes, hugs his CARTON OF CIGARETTES tightly. He shakes his head, no, he's not going to give them up.

The guard frowns and raises his submachine gun. RA TA TA TA as he shoots some holes in the jeep's soft top.

Kenneth's eyes go wide and he goes limp with shock, releasing his grip on the carton of cigarettes.

Basim quickly grabs the carton and gives it to Border patrol guard #2.

INT. JEEP - AFTERNOON

The sun blazes down on the jeep as Basim drives.

Dave has his binoculars out, looking for something.

Kenneth, in the backseat, takes the empty pack of cigarettes out of his pocket and looks at it.

He takes a long whiff of the lingering tobacco smell.

Then, frustrated, he crumples the empty pack and looks around, trying to focus on something else.

He fixates on the bullet holes.

Irritable and anxious, he pokes a finger through one of the holes.

KENNETH

This is going to kill our resale value.

DAVE

Relax will you?

KENNETH

I can't relax. I'm a lawyer. I'm supposed to look for holes.

Dave laughs involuntarily as he lowers the binoculars to look at Kenneth.

DAVE

Come on man. Think of this as a vacation.

KENNETH

A vacation? The plane crashed, we nearly got shot by border guards, the bribes are ridiculous, all the cigarettes are gone and you want me to think of this as a vacation?

DAVE

Ok, well think of it as a really crummy vacation so far that's going to get better.

Come on, how long has it been  
since you've had a vacation?

Kenneth thinks about it.

KENNETH

I can't remember.

DAVE

Exactly. You need to lighten  
up man and live a little.

KENNETH

(gloomy)

Or die a little.

DAVE

That's the spirit.

Kenneth uncrumples the empty cigarette pack and inserts two  
fingers to open it back up.

He puts it near his nose and takes another long sniff.

DAVE

You should give that up.  
Smoking's not good for you,  
you know.

Kenneth is annoyed by Dave's relentless cheerfulness.

KENNETH

Maybe you should give up  
looking for that stupid  
camel.

Dave raises his binoculars again to search the landscape  
around them.

DAVE

Oh ye of little faith.

Kenneth's hands clench and unclench. The nicotine  
deprivation and Dave's cheerfulness is driving him nuts.

He turns to Basim.

KENNETH

How much longer until the  
Kurdish army camp?

BASIM

Two days.

Kenneth winces as he looks at the empty cigarette pack and contemplates two days with no chance of getting a smoke.

Basim grins. He can't resist sticking it in a little.

BASIM

Maybe three.

EXT. ROADSIDE LOOKOUT - DAY

FADE UP TITLE:  
THREE DAYS LATER

The jeep's parked to the side of a mountain road.

Kenneth, Dave, and Basim walk to the edge to look down at something below. Kenneth is a mess. There are bags under his eyes from sleep and nicotine deprivation and he's unshaven.

KENNETH

(disbelieving)

That's the Kurdish army camp?

THEIR P.O.V.

Below is a rather sad looking Kurdish camp. It's a rag tag collection of tents - only the large one in the center appears to be of military issue. The rest are a patchwork of assorted homemade materials.

Several camels are corralled next to a parking area containing a few battered looking jeeps.

EXT. KURDISH CAMP - DAY

FADE UP TITLE:  
KURDISH CAMP, IRAQ

Our heroes pull up to the LARGEST TENT in the center of

camp, the military style one made from real camouflage fabric.

Basim pulls up to the tent entrance and parks right in front of it.

By the entrance is a rifle-toting KURDISH GUARD. He glares at Dave, Kenneth, and Basim as they get out.

Kenneth stumbles out of the car. He's a nicotine deprived wreck.

Basim impudently FLIPS THE KURDISH GUARD THE KEYS.

BASIM  
(in Persian,  
subtitled)  
Park it will ya?

The keys hit the Kurdish guard's chest and bounce to the ground.

The guard glares angrily at Basim.

Then a good looking FEMALE KURDISH OFFICER comes out to greet them in English.

FEMALE OFFICER  
(to Dave and  
Kenneth)  
You must be Dave and Kenneth.  
Please come in.

Basim openly admires the female officer as she turns to the guard.

FEMALE OFFICER  
(in Persian,  
subtitled)  
Park the car.

The guard gives Dave, Kenneth and Basim's departing backs a look that could kill as he bends down to get the keys.

INT. OFFICE, LARGEST TENT - DAY

A partition in the largest tent serves as KURDISH GENERAL

#1's office.

KURDISH GENERAL #1 sits at a desk covered in maps and plans. He's smoking of one of the same crappy local cigarettes as everyone else.

He looks up as the female Kurdish officer escorts in Dave, Kenneth, and Basim.

FEMALE OFFICER  
(in Persian,  
subtitled)

The men from Brawlers Inc.  
are here.

She turns and leaves.

Kurdish general #1 is happy his guests have finally arrived. He greets them in heavily accented English.

KURDISH GENERAL #1  
Welcome. Welcome. Come have  
a seat.

He puts a local cigarette in his mouth and lights it and offers the pack towards them.

KURDISH GENERAL #1  
Would you like a smoke?

KENNETH  
(quickly)  
Yes thank you.

He quickly puts a cigarette in his mouth and leans forward so the general can light it.

Then they sit and begin talking. As they talk Kenneth takes his first drag. His look of anticipation turns to consternation and then a fit of coughing. He tries another pull on the cigarette and turns slightly green as he tries to hold it in. He keeps puffing, trying his best to deny how truly bad it is. But it's no use, it's so terrible that the more he smokes, the more ill he feels until finally he has to give up in a fit of retching and has to put the cigarette out.

KURDISH GENERAL #1  
Exactly what sort of  
Republican Guard prisoner are  
you looking for?

DAVE  
We need a true brawler.  
Built like a truck, dumb as  
rocks, firecracker temper.

KURDISH GENERAL #1  
Ah.

Kurdish general #1 looks thoughtful.

KURDISH GENERAL #1  
I don't have anyone like that  
but I know some other people  
who might. I'll have a map  
and directions ready for you  
first thing in the morning.  
In the meantime, allah wa  
sablan and I would be pleased  
if you were to join me for  
dinner.

DAVE  
That's very kind of you.

During that last statement, Kenneth has finally puts the  
cigarette out. He continues to dry retch.

KURDISH GENERAL #1  
Are you sick? I can call for  
the medic if you like.

KENNETH  
(gagging)  
I'm fine, thanks.

Kurdish general #1 gives gagging Kenneth a dubious look and  
moves his chair away a little, not watching to catch  
whatever Kenneth's got.

EXT. JEEP PARKING & CAMEL PEN, KURDISH CAMP - DAY

Dave and Kenneth gawk about like tourists in the jeep

parking and camel pen area.

Kenneth's eyes are wide as he examines the Kurdish jeeps. Rust and welds seem to be all that's holding these blackened and bullet pocked jeeps together. It's a miracle they're still drivable.

Then he goes over to their dirty jeep and puts one of his fingers through the bullet hole in the soft top.

He looks back at the Kurdish wrecks. His look indicates he's thinking that relatively, maybe they're pretty well off.

Dave, meanwhile, watches the camel pen with great interest. His eyes dart among the several camels milling about in the pen as he counts out loud, pointing at their legs with his finger, trying to find one with five legs.

As Dave counts, if you paused the movie and used frame by frame advance you might see a small distant five legged camel passing behind the camp unobserved in one of the frames.

#### DINING ROOM

In a large dining room inside the tent, Dave, Kenneth, Basim, Kurdish general #1, the female major, and a few Kurdish officers sit cross legged on the floor around a low table.

They eat from an array of exotic looking dishes. Except for Kenneth who still looks ill as he sticks to a bowl of plain white rice.

Basim reaches across the female Kurdish officer to his left for a bowl of food. His arm deliberately brushes against her breasts.

As Basim reaches over above, we see the COOK enters the room in the background.

Dave and Kenneth look up at the cook as the female officer slams an elbow into Basim's head.

Basim falls back unconscious to the floor, still cross legged from the waist down. No one reacts to this - Dave

and Kenneth miss it as they're watching the cook approach, and the other Kurdish officers take no notices as this kind of thing happens all the time around here.

The COOK reaches Dave and Kenneth and bows.

COOK  
(in broken  
English)  
Would guests like an Iraqi  
espresso?

Kenneth, still queasy, shakes his head as replies though a mouthful of rice.

DAVE  
(delighted)  
Sure I'd love an espresso.

The cook smiles, bows, and leaves.

INT. KITCHEN TENT

The cook hustles about in the kitchen tent.

He takes a handful of coffee beans, an apple, and a fine china cup and puts them in his apron pockets. Then he picks up a STRANGE LOOKING APPARATUS.

The apparatus consists of a rusty can with a lid and two hoses. One hose comes out the bottom of the can. Another hose comes out near the top.

EXT. KITCHEN TENT

The cook exits the kitchen tent and meets up with the Kurdish guard to whom Basim flipped the keys earlier.

The Kurdish guard's holding the halter of a CAMEL.

The cook hands the apparatus to the guard.

Then the cook takes a handful of coffee beans out of his apron and offers them to the camel.

The camel takes the beans in its mouth and starts to chew.

The guard opens the top of the apparatus as the camel chews.

COOK  
(in Persian,  
subtitled)  
Hot day today, eh?

GUARD  
(in Persian,  
subtitled)  
Yes very hot.

The guard positions the camel's mouth over the open apparatus.

Then the cook reaches into his apron for the apple and offers it to the camel.

The camel spits out the chewed up coffee beans and takes the juicy apple instead.

They release the camel and close the apparatus full of chewed up coffee beans.

As the camel walks off to the right with the apple, the cook and Kurdish guard walk to the left and Dave and Kenneth's jeep comes into view.

The jeep's hood is open and the radiator cap is off. A board lies across the engine.

They put the apparatus and china cup on the board.

Then they hook the bottom hose of the apparatus up to radiator opening and put the top hose in the china cup.

The Kurdish guard moves over to the driver's side of the jeep.

He gets in, puts the car in neutral, and starts the engine.

Then he steps on the gas and revs the engine a little.

The water in the radiator boils and steam moves through the apparatus.

Espresso begins dribbling out the top hose into the fine china cup.

The cook by the engine gives the Kurdish guard a thumbs up.

The guard grins and puts the petal to the medal.

The engine revs like mad and starts smoking as more and more espresso drips into the cup.

DINING ROOM

The cook enters the dining room carrying the china cup of coffee on a little silver tray.

He bows and presents it to Dave.

Dave's eyes light up in anticipation as he takes the coffee.

DAVE

Thank you so much.

Dave eagerly takes a mouthful of coffee and swallows a little.

His eyes widen as he realizes it's the worst coffee he's ever tasted.

Ever polite and eager to please, he struggles to keep a straight face in front of the waiting cook.

Finally, after an eternity of fighting the urge to puke, he summons his courage and swallows.

DAVE

(with  
difficulty)

It's great. Thanks.

Basim translates this for the cook.

COOK

(in Persian)

Are you sure?

Basim translates that for Dave.

Dave nods, unable to speak due to the dreadful taste.

The cook stays and keeps looking at him expectantly.

Finally, Dave forces a smile and reluctantly raises the cup for another sip.

He forces himself to open his mouth and take another sip.

The cook grins and nods appreciatively as he waits for Dave to swallow a second time.

As Dave turns green, the cook finally bows and leaves.

Kurdish general #1 looks at Dave and inches away from him. He really doesn't want to catch whatever the Americans have, it looks really nasty.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Basim's driving. Kenneth and Dave both look worse for wear in the backseat.

Dave has bags under his eyes and he looks slightly green.

KENNETH

You ok?

DAVE

(hoarse)

I'm fine.

KENNETH

I can't believe the General charged us three grand just for directions. This prison better be worth it.

EXT. KURDISH PRISON - DAY

FADE UP TITLE:  
KURDISH PRISON

Their jeep pulls up in front of the run down third world prison and parks.

Basim, Dave, and Kenneth get out.

In front of the prison, there's a hooded group of prisoners in loincloths supervised by a YOUNG FEMALE KURDISH BIMBO with big hooters.

She seems to be attempting to give them directions and they grope around blindly as they attempt to comply and lie down on the ground in some sort of pattern.

She's a total airhead though and her attempt at directions is laughable as she directs this one and then that one to move like a ditz telling the movers where she wants her furniture to go.

Then her INSTRUCTOR leaning against the wall in a patch of shade moves forward to approach her. He looks like a smoking, scary looking badass drug lord enforcer. Which in fact he was until he lost his right hand and had to find a different line of work.

He barks a few commands and the prisoners quickly assemble themselves into a neat human pyramid.

He gives some advice to the bimbo and she nods, agreeing although she doesn't really understand anything he's saying.

Then he takes the cigarette out of his mouth with his left hand and raises it to her lips.

She opens her mouth obediently and takes it gratefully as he pats her on the ass with the stump on his right arm. Then he walks back into his spot in the shade.

The bimbo looks towards Dave, Kenneth, and Basim and smiles at them as she points her right thumb towards the pyramid while holding the cigarette in her mouth with her left hand.

Dave and Kenneth stare back, shocked, wondering what the heck is going on.

Basim, though, only looks interested in the hot bimbo.

The instructor leaning against a wall turns to look at Dave and Kenneth, assessing them.

Dave and Kenneth look extremely uncomfortable under the instructor's piercing gaze.

Meanwhile, another man, KURDISH GENERAL #2, walks out of the prison to greet them. He seems a bit slick, an all charm and no substance kind of guy.

KURDISH GENERAL #2  
Ah, you must be Dave and  
Kenneth. Welcome to our  
humble prison.

Kurdish general #2 puts out his hand to shake.

Dave, eager to fit in with local customs, takes the general's fingers and shakes, the same way Basim shook Dave's hand earlier to avoid the thumb.

Kurdish general #2 looks at Dave's hand and then Dave, finding it a rather odd handshake, but shrugs it off as some strange American custom.

KURDISH GENERAL #2  
You must be tired after your  
long journey.

Kenneth interrupts, freaked out by the instructor who's still looking him over with a freakish smile.

KENNETH  
Who's that guy?

Kurdish general #2 turns to see who Kenneth is looking at and sees the instructor.

KURDISH GENERAL #2  
Oh he's just a contractor.  
Don't worry, he came highly  
recommended by the CIA.

He moves to the front door of the prison and opens it, inviting them in.

KURDISH GENERAL #2  
Gentlemen?

Dave and Kenneth look at Kurdish general #2 then look back at Basim who is busy hitting on the bimbo Kurdish guard.

BASIM

I'll catch up with you later.

Dave, Kenneth look worried as they reluctantly follow Kurdish general #2 into the prison.

The instructor gives Kenneth a scary ("you're my little bitch") type smile that makes him even more uncomfortable as he approaches.

Kenneth jumps a little as the instructor following behind him pats his ass with the stump.

INT. KURDISH GENERAL #2'S OFFICE - DAY

They enter a rather strange office. Once a large prisoner holding cell, the stone walls still have iron rings in them.

Kurdish general #2 likes his creature comforts though and has tried to convert it into a somewhat more livable space.

A stained blanket covers the stone floor. His desk lies to one side and a sitting area on the other.

The sitting area consists of a few old wooden chairs. But instead of a coffee table, there's a hooded prisoner on all fours with a piece of wood strapped to his back.

Kenneth stares at the coffee table guy, totally freaked out and fighting the urge to bolt.

The instructor leans up against a stone wall near the door.

Kurdish general #2 takes one of the chairs.

KURDISH GENERAL #2

Please have a seat.

Kurdish general #2 gives them a big insincere smile.

When Dave and Kenneth hesitate, his grin widens, hinting at madness.

Intimidated, they reluctantly each take a chair, trying to sit as far away as possible from the human coffee table.

KURDISH GENERAL #2  
So gentlemen, how can I help you?

DAVE  
(nervous,  
uncertain)  
Uh we're looking for a  
Republican Guard brawler.  
Built like a truck, dumb as  
rocks, firecracker temper.

Kurdish general #2 looks at the instructor leaning up against the wall.

KURDISH GENERAL #2  
Do we have anyone like that?

INSTRUCTOR  
We did. But then

The instructor shrugs.

KURDISH GENERAL #2  
Ah. That's too bad, I should  
have told you they were  
coming.

DAVE  
(confused)  
What does that mean, exactly?

Kurdish general #2 smiles a chilling smile.

KURDISH GENERAL #2  
It is better for you if you  
do not know.

The Kurdish general #2 gets up.

KURDISH GENERAL #2  
It is too bad you have come  
all this way for nothing.  
Now if you will excuse us...

He gestures towards the door which is held open by the scary looking instructor.

KURDISH GENERAL #2  
...we have work to do.

Dave and Kenneth look confused, but do as they're bid and get up.

Kenneth stares at the instructor, like a mouse watching a cat, as Dave hesitantly starts towards the door.

Then Kenneth bolts for the door, grabbing Dave's hand and pulling him quickly behind him.

The instructor smiles as they pass. The SOB loves messing with people's heads.

OUTSIDE PRISON

Basim is still hitting on the bimbo Kurdish soldier as Dave and Kenneth emerge.

DAVE  
(to Kenneth)  
What was that all about?

Kenneth doesn't say anything. He just stands there hyperventilating, pale and wide eyed.

A CLICK as the unseen instructor locks the door behind them.

Basim ignores them as he continues to hit on the bimbo.

BASIM  
(in Persian,  
subtitled)  
So you doing anything later?

He gives her his usual insincere smile.

Suddenly a loud SLAP followed by a SCREAM comes from the prison.

Everyone reacts simultaneously to the sound.

Dave looks shocked.

Kenneth grabs the keys from Basim's hand and runs towards for the jeep.

Basim and the bimbo turn to look at the prison door.

The prisoners squirm in surprise and the pyramid unrolls.

And then

The bimbo looks at the spilled prisoners in dismay as we hear the sound of the jeep's engine starting.

Dave and Basim look towards the engine sound.

The jeep pulls into view as it quickly zips backward in front of Dave and Basim.

Kenneth, in the driver's seat, shoots them a desperate look of appeal.

Dave quickly opens the door.

Basim ignores the jeep and continues to hit on the bimbo.

Dave grabs Basim by the arm and pulls him into the car.

Basim resists as he pulls back in one last attempt to reach out and cop a feel of those beautiful large breasts.

But when his fingertips are inches from the distracted bimbo, Dave reels him back into the backseat.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

On the right side of the road, there's an irrigation ditch. On the left side there are large rock outcroppings.

Kenneth's flooring it down the road. Basim and Dave in the back.

Dave climbs over the console to sit in the front with Kenneth.

DAVE

You ok?

Kenneth still looks freaked out. His foot's still planted on the accelerator.

DAVE

You can slow down now you know.

Kenneth slowly exhales and forces himself to lift his foot off the gas.

KENNETH

I hope I never see anything like that again.

An awkward silence. Then Basim makes a comment out of the blue.

BASIM

What a beautiful pair of breasts she had, eeee?

He raises his hands as if grabbing a big pair of tits.

Dave gives Basim an incredulous look at this totally inappropriate comment.

Kenneth, still angered by what he saw, turns around to take it out on Basim.

KENNETH

How could you possibly find someone like that appealing?

BASIM

Her breasts were huge.

KENENTH

You didn't have a problem with the torture?

Basim shrugs.

BASIM

Suffering is everywhere in

Iraq. Big breasts are much  
harder to find.

Kenneth and Dave stare at Basim, stunned by the callous practicality of that statement.

The irrigation ditch on their right ends as it detours out of sight to pass behind a series of rocks coming up ahead.

There are rocky outcroppings now on both the left and the right as they approach a canyon at which the road bends out of sight.

As Kenneth and Dave continue look back at Basim, they notice Basim's eyes widen as he notices something up ahead.

They turn around to see what he's looking at.

Several Kurdish jeeps have just appeared from around the canyon corner up ahead and are hogging up both sides of the road. It's a high speed free for all.

Kenneth slams on the brakes.

The oncoming jeeps see our heroes' jeep as Kenneth stands on the brakes, but they don't slow a bit.

Kenneth looks frantically at both sides of the road, but the rock walls on either side prevent him from getting out of the way.

DAVE

Sweet barista.

Kenneth looks at the oncoming cars with a grim look. It's do or die time.

He slowly exhales and forces himself to concentrate.

Then he takes his foot off the brakes and punches the gas pedal instead.

Dave gets a panicked look as the car responds and quickly accelerates from ten miles per hour to a much faster speed.

DAVE

What are you doing?

Kenneth ignores him as he concentrates on the jeeps ahead. If there's anything having to do with piles of paperwork perfectly for sixteen hours every day has taught him, it's how to concentrate on the task at hand no matter how much you'd rather be somewhere else.

KENNETH

Trust me.

The jeeps are upon them.

Now that Kenneth has enough speed to maneuver quickly, he swerves left around the first jeep and then right around the second one. He clears another jeep. And then another filled with five heavy looking Kurdish soldiers.

Then two more jeeps coming around the corner side by side take up the whole road.

Kenneth quickly glances at the formation of the cliffs on either side ahead and floors it.

The three jeeps race towards each other through the narrow canyon.

Finally, our heroes' jeep reaches an area with a small clearing to one side moments before impact.

The jeeps part to swerve around him in the little clearing.

But, when they're almost through, one of the passing jeeps is forced to move back to center to avoid hitting the rock wall at the end of the clearing.

He taps the tail of our heroes' jeep as he pulls back in, setting our heroes' jeep spinning.

It does 360 after 360 in the narrow canyon, barely avoiding the canyon walls as it spins like a top.

It gradually slows, inching from the center of the road to one side as it rotates.

Finally, on the last revolution, it brushes a canyon wall and the jeep loses a side view mirror.

It turns a little more and a headlight TINKLES as it hits a rocky outcrop and breaks, stopping the jeep.

Kenneth grips the wheel as if holding on to life itself. His eyes are wide and he breathes hard with the adrenaline still rushing through his body.

Dave looks amazed to be alive.

Basim just looks surprised. He looks down, yep all this body parts are still there. He pats his left pocket and feels that his money is still there. He grins like the lucky bastard he is.

He turns to swear and spit at the departing Kurdish jeeps.

BASIM

Shishkebob!

DAVE

By demitasse, how'd you do that?

Kenneth, shaking now that it's all over, speaks dazedly.

KENNETH

When I was in university, this guy who was about to graduate had a driving video game contest to see who got the car he'd rebuilt. I really needed some wheels, so I practiced a lot.

Kenneth stops, lost in thought.

KENNETH

Why were those Kurdish jeeps going in such a hurry? Why didn't they slow down?

Dave puts a supportive hand on Kenneth's shoulder.

DAVE

Don't worry about it. It's all over now...

Dave pauses as he notices some kind of MECHANICAL CLATTERING sound.

Kenneth looks behind them towards the sound.

It comes from a IRAQI ARMY TANK clattering around the corner towards them.

Kenneth's eyes widen.

Then the jeep takes off as Kenneth punches the accelerator.

We see our heroes' jeep accelerating away from the Iraqi army tank and hurling towards the Kurdish pack of jeeps. We follow the action and then PAN OUT to see..

There's not just one but a whole LINE OF IRAQI ARMY TANKS coming around the corner.

The two side by side jeeps pass the slower Kurdish jeep with the five heavy soldiers at a small widening of the road where the rock wall on one side ends, leaving a small clearing before the irrigation ditch begins.

BOOM. The lead tank fires a round.

POW as the round explodes beside Dave and Kenneth's jeep.

BOOM BOOM as two more tank rounds fire.

Dave and Kenneth catch up to the last Kurdish jeep which is now the one with five fat soldiers.

POW and then another POW as the rounds explode to either side of the fat soldier Kurdish jeep.

The fat soldier jeep swerves from side to side to avoid the explosions.

Kenneth honks, but with all the swerving, it's impossible to pass.

More tank rounds fire and land all around our heroes' jeep and the Kurdish jeep of fat soldiers.

The fat soldiers start throwing everything they can find

overboard in an effort to lighten the jeep, adding to Kenneth's driving difficulties.

EXTRA FAT SOLDIER #1 drops a crate off the truck just as FAT SOLDIER #2 comes to the side to throw a bowl of food overboard. Extra fat soldier #1 reaches into the bowl and grab a biscuit a moment before the bowl goes flying. He stuffs the biscuit in his mouth as he turns to find something else to throw overboard.

Finally, one of the shells landing all around them finally hits the right spot and explodes right in front of the Kurdish jeep.

The hefty driver slams on the brakes, but it's too late, he drives right into the fireball.

Kenneth swerves hard to the left to avoid the fire.

Our hero's jeep swerves off the road into the wide irrigation ditch to the left of the road.

EXT. IRRIGATION DITCH - DAY

Plumes of water spray from both sides as the jeep slides in the irrigation ditch.

Kenneth frantically tries to steer but the jeep's wheels spin freely as it's not even touching the bottom.

It quickly slows until it bobs to a stop.

Kenneth floors it. The jeep's wheels spin, throwing up water, but it's of no use, they're not going anywhere.

Then Kenneth and Dave, looking out the front windshield, suddenly see Basim pass between them with his duffle and jump over the windshield to land on the hood. Then he hops off the hood onto the grassy field beside the ditch and runs for it.

Kenneth and Dave look at each other as we hear the BOOM of another tank round firing.

They quickly grab their duffels and bail off the hood as well.

A few moments later, a shell lands on their jeep and BLOWS it away.

The fireball rising from their jeep lasts a moment before the displaced water rises and extinguishes it and dissipates as a dense cloud of steam.

EXT. GRASSY FIELD - DAY

Dave and Kenneth sprint through the long grass of the field.

Dave, fit and not winded, glances back to see a red faced Kenneth trailing him.

He slows a little to take Kenneth's duffle and lighten his load.

DAVE

You ok?

Kenneth, gasping for air as he pushes his sedentary body past its limits, nods his head to indicate "yes".

Then a voice booms out from nowhere.

MACHO VOICE (O.S.)

Get down!

DAVE

You say something?

Kenneth, still out of breath, turns to look at Dave with a puzzled look and then --

TWO U.S. COMMANDOS IN CAMOUFLAGE jump out of the grass and tackle them.

Moments later, an AIR STRIKE whistles down.

Debris and metal fly everywhere in a massive chain reaction as the roadway is carpet bombed with explosives.

Thick black smoke rolls from the exploding Iraqi army tanks, obscuring our view.

LATER

IN THE LONG GRASS

Smoke clears and we see Dave and Kenneth standing in the gently waving grass, gawking at the smoldering ruins where the tanks used to be.

A COMMANDO in the grass pokes his head up to reassure them.

COMMANDO

Don't worry, we'll let the  
resistance know you need a  
lift.

Dave and Kenneth turn back to thank him, but he's disappeared. They look around, but there's no trace of the commandos - just a sea of gently waving grass.

In the distance, they see Basim coming towards them.

BASIM

Hey.

He smiles and waves as he walks back towards them as if they were the best of pals rather than meal tickets to be ditched when the going got tough.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

It's pouring rain. Dave, Kenneth, and Basim sit underneath a lean to they've improvised from the tank wreckage.

Basim, indifferent and used to suffering, sits to one side, smiling at nothing.

Dave looks a bit bored, but patient. He pulls his coat a little tighter around him.

Kenneth looks miserable.

The occasional water drip comes though the lean to, and mostly seems to glide along the roof panel before dripping off onto Kenneth.

Kenneth twitches every time the water drips on him.

Another drip and he twitches, bumping the panel above him, and there's a SLOOSH as the cold water puddle on it comes down all over him.

His eyes widen in surprise and he shivers.

KENENTH

(gloomily)

Well at least it can't get any worse.

RING RING.

Dave looks at Kenneth.

RING RING.

Kenneth unzips his duffel and takes out their satellite cell phone.

KENNETH

Hello?

CUT TO: JOHN'S OFFICE

It's John, their boss, checking up on them.

JOHN

(upbeat)

Hi guys! How's it going?

In the background outside John's door, we see Mesteno and Hoterez enter the outer part of John's office and demand to see him so he can settle some dispute of theirs. JEANINE, John's secretary, gets up from her typing to intervene and keep them outside.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JOHN'S OFFICE AND THE LEAN TO

Kenneth has no idea what to say. John sounds so happy, how can he give him the bad news. His voice quavers nervously as the replies.

KENNETH

Um well ... not that great actually.

DAVE

Who is it?

Kenneth covers the mouthpiece.

KENNETH

It's John.

JOHN

What do you mean not that great?

KENNETH

Well uh, our jeep blew up and uh...

Kenneth trails off, not sure what to say next.

JOHN

(worried,  
hopeful)

Have you found the brawler?

Kenneth, at a loss for words, just takes the phone from his ear and quickly hands it to Dave.

Dave takes it and puts on his best confident recruiter voice.

DAVE

We've had a few setbacks sir but they'll all be ironed out soon and we'll be home with our man.

JOHN

You'd better.

John looks out his office door at Hoterez and Mesteno.

Mesteno has grabbed Jeanine's mouse and smacked Hoterez with it. He taunts Hoterez as he twirls the mouse around like a little lariat.

Hoterez picks up Jeanine's monitor so he can smash it over Mesteno's head. Jeanine grabs her monitor to keep it intact.

John gets up to go to Jeanine's aid.

JOHN

You know I have the utmost  
confidence in both of you.

DAVE

Yes sir.

JOHN

Come home soon.

He hangs up and hurries over to help Jeanine.

BACK AT LEAN TO

DAVE

We will.

He's interrupted by a click and the dial tone as John hangs  
up.

Kenneth looks at Dave.

KENNETH

How could you tell him that  
when things couldn't possibly  
be any worse.

DAVE

Like I said, sometimes you  
just gotta have faith.

Dave breaks off as a rifle barrel taps him on the shoulder.

They look up and see a hardened IRAQI RESISTANCE FIGHTER.  
His left arm is missing and there is a rifle strapped to  
the stump. Attached to the trigger is a short string with  
a leather flap at the end. The resistance fighter's right  
arm is intact but in a cast.

The resistance fighter flashes a smile and says something  
in Persian to Basim. He gestures while he talks and the  
rifle swings around which makes Dave and Kenneth nervous  
as the rifle points around the tent and near them.

The resistance fighter gives them a friendly nod and exits the tent.

BASIM

(translating)

Time to go. The resistance  
has arrived.

OUTSIDE TENT

Despite his condition, the resistance guy is remarkably capable as he helps them load their stuff onto his cart which is a horse hooked up to the back half of a truck.

Then he asks Basim something, Basim shakes his head, and then quick as a wink, he swings up his rifle arm, grabs the leather flap on the string with his teeth, and sort of looks sideways and jerks his head. Bam! A rabbit drops as he shoots it neatly on the first try.

EXT. CART - NIGHT

They sit next to the cart around a campfire as they wait for the rabbit over the fire to cook.

The resistance fighter says something to Basim.

BASIM

(translating)

He can give us a lift for  
two more days but then he  
has to go rejoin his unit.

DAVE

Thank you so much! We really  
appreciate it.

Basim translates and the resistance fighter smiles and holds out his gun arm and Dave sort of shakes his hand/rifle.

INT./EXT. CART - DAY

The rain has stopped. A few desert plants, nourished by the rain, pop up here and there in the barren landscape.

Basim and the resistance fighter sit in the front of the cart and Kenneth and Dave sit in the back.

Dave has his binoculars up and out. He's still looking for that camel.

Kenneth's looking mournfully at the money remaining in his wallet. It's much thinner now. He tucks the wallet back into his pocket with a worried look.

Basim's hand sits on his nice fat left pocket as he converses with the driver in Persian. Basim turns back to face Dave and Kenneth.

BASIM

He says there's a Republican  
Guard controlled town up  
ahead.

KENNETH

(worried)

What?!

DAVE

(thrilled)

Oh cool.

Kenneth looks at Dave, wondering what could possibly be cool about it.

DAVE

I bet we could find some  
great Republican Guard guys  
there.

Dave's eyes sparkle with excitement.

DAVE

Just think about it. A whole  
town full of prime Republican  
Guard soldiers.

Kenneth grimaces, unenthused by the idea.

DAVE

Come on, where's your sense  
of adventure?

KENNETH

Where's your sense of self  
preservation?

DAVE

Oh you pessimist you.

Dave punches Kenneth playfully on the shoulder.

Kenneth looks closely at Dave's face. Dave has the same  
hopeful I really need this look Adara had about her TV.

Kenneth takes a deep breath, resigned that there's no way  
he's going to be able to change Dave's mind about this.

KENNETH

I don't suppose we could go  
looking for a nice five  
legged camel instead?

Dave grins.

DAVE

Not a chance.

EXT. MOTEL, REPUBLICAN GUARD TOWN - DAY

FADE UP TITLE:

REPUBLICAN GUARD CONTROLLED TOWN

The cart and resistance fighter depart leaving Dave,  
Kenneth, and Basim standing in front of a motel so run  
down, it would be an embarrassment in Tijuana.

They head for what looks like it used to be the front door,  
but is now just a smoky ruin of a hole from a long  
forgotten rocket launcher assassination attempt.

INT. FRONT DESK

Kenneth steps though the hole to join Dave and Basim inside  
the front desk area.

The front desk is deserted.

Dave rings a little bell on the desk.

DAVE

Hello?

A long pause.

Finally, a SURLY CLERK comes in and scowls at them.

He lifts a big piece of plywood on the floor in front of the hole and pushes it up against the hole to close it.

SURLY CLERK

(in Persian,  
subtitled)

Next time, shut the door when  
you come in.

Finished with the plywood, he moves behind the dilapidated counter.

He scowls at them and eyes them suspiciously.

SURLY CLERK

(in Persian,  
subtitled)

How many rooms do you need?

EXT. MAIN STREET, REPUBLICAN GUARD TOWN - DAY

No longer carrying duffels now that they've checked in, Dave, Kenneth, and Basim stroll down the town's main street.

Abandoned complexes in the projects look better than this third world cesspit.

They pass a bombed out building, a bombed out building that someone has actually bothered to board up, and a grimy storefront that must be a restaurant as evidenced by the tables outside and the rats turning on a hand cranked rotisserie out front.

Finally, they come to an old Soviet concrete building that looks somewhat kept up. It's an oasis compared to the rest.

Dave points at the building.

DAVE

What is that?

Dave wanders up for a closer look as Basim reads the sign out front.

BASIM

Local Republican Guard  
headquarters.

Dave looks as happy a kid who's been told that they've finally made it to an amusement park.

DAVE

All right!

He runs to the front door, opens it, and disappears into Republican Guard headquarters.

Kenneth stares at the closing front door. He can't believe Dave just did that.

Then he screws up his courage and takes a step towards the door.

INT. REPUBLICAN GUARD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Kenneth looks nervously at Republican Guardsmen looking at him with the racks and racks of guns behind them on the walls.

Dave, however, looks as delighted as a single guy in a room full of beautiful women.

Basim looks indifferent.

Dave gleefully approaches two Republican Guardsmen, MAJEED and JASPER.

DAVE

Gentlemen.

Majeed and Jasper turn to look at Dave.

DAVE

We're with Brawlers Inc.  
We're looking for a  
Republican Guard brawler to  
come to America.

Basim translates for Dave.

Majeed and Jasper look confused. Majeed turns to Basim. Majeed, Jasper, and all the other Republican Guardsmen speak in Persian with English subtitles.

MAJEED

Why do they want a Republican  
Guard brawler?

Basim breaks into a wide grin.

BASIM

(in Persian,  
subtitled)

So they can kick his ass on  
TV.

Majeed looks mad. He's ready kick Dave and Kenneth's ass right now.

Jasper gives Dave and Kenneth a disgusted look.

BASIM

(in Persian,  
subtitled)

But the brawler gets paid  
fifty thousand American  
dollars.

Majeed and Jasper's expressions turn to thoughtfulness. Fifty thousand American is twenty years pay.

Majeed gets a greedy cunning look.

Jasper notes Majeed's expression and rolls his eyes. His

pal Majeed's is always looking for some way to get rich quick.

MAJEED

What kind of man are they  
looking for?

BASIM

(in Persian,  
subtitled)

Someone built like a truck,  
dumb as rocks, firecracker  
temper.

Jasper laughs at this ridiculous description.

But then seeing the "don't screw this up for me" look on Majeed's face, he quickly stifles it.

Majeed approaches Dave and presents himself with bravado.

MAJEED

Gentlemen, you've found your  
man.

Basim translates that for Dave and Kenneth.

Majeed tries to pantomime what they're looking for. He shows off his rather average muscles and screws his face up into a stupid angry look.

Jasper just shakes his head and walks away.

AS JASPER passes by GUARDSMEN #1 and #2 they ask him what his pal MAJEED is doing.

GUARDSMAN #1

What's up with Majeed?

JASPER

He's trying to act like a  
brawler so those Americans  
will pay him fifty grand to  
brawl on TV.

Guardsmen #1 and #2 and many guardsmen within earshot look intrigued and move towards Dave and Kenneth.

GUARDSMAN #1  
Hey, I'm a brawler.

GUARDSMAN #2  
I'm a brawler too.

Guardsmen #1 and #2 try and copy what Majeed is doing as the other guardsmen who overheard Jasper also add in their assertions and clamor for Dave and Kenneth's attention.

Dave beams as the guardsmen walk around trying to look dumb and angry and show off their muscles. Everyone seems so eager to join!

Kenneth looks cautiously optimistic.

Dave picks out the BIGGEST GUARDSMAN.

DAVE  
Can you brawl?

Basim translates.

The biggest guardsman grins.

BIGGEST GUARDSMAN  
You bet.

He puts up his fists and punches the air.

A SMALL WIRY GUARDSMAN walks over to Dave.

SMALL WIRY GUARDSMAN  
Watch this.

The small wiry guardsman walks over to the biggest guardsman.

They square off, dance around a bit, and then the small wiry guardsman lands a wicked punch in the gut.

The biggest guardsman falls down and groans as he clutches his gut.

The small wiry guardsman taps his chest.

SMALL WIRY GUARDSMAN  
I'm your man.

Guardsmen #3 and #4 challenge the small wiry guardsman.

GUARDSMAN #3  
I can beat that.

GUARDSMAN #4  
Yeah, bring it on.

Guardsman #3 and #4 put up their fists and take on the small wiry guardsman.

They start brawling.

The other wannabe brawlers also make assertions and gradually join the brawl until there is an all out melee going on.

Dave grins as his eyes flicker over the brawlers, assessing them.

Kenneth stares incredulously at the out of control melee.

Then the REPUBLICAN GUARD LIEUTENANT in charge walks in the front door.

He stares in disbelief at his men brawling and trashing the place.

Then he lets them have it in Persian with English subtitles.

LIEUTENANT  
You unwashed asses!

The men stop and turn to see their lieutenant, in his dusty dress uniform, has returned from his business trip.

The lieutenant grabs the nearest guardsman, SAEED.

LIEUTENANT  
Saeed what is the meaning of this?

SAEED

We were just trying to  
impress these American  
civilians with our brawling  
abilities.

The lieutenant lets him go.

LIEUTENANT

You donkey farts impress no  
one least of all me. Where  
are these Americans?

The guardsmen part and the lieutenant sees Dave and  
Kenneth.

Dave's smile and greeting for the lieutenant melt away  
under the lieutenant's withering glare.

At the lieutenant turns his withering look on Kenneth,  
Kenneth's miserable "I knew it was too good to be true"  
look turns into a look of abject fear.

LIEUTENANT

Get out before I have you  
strung up by your testicles.

He looks dead serious as if he has people strung up by  
their testicles all the time.

Basim blanches and quietly translates for Dave and Kenneth.  
They blanch too as they hear the translation.

Chastened, they steal towards the door past the inside  
perimeter of the parted guardsmen.

As they pass Majeed, he leans forward to whisper something  
to Basim.

The lieutenant roars at Majeed.

LIEUTENANT

Stop it you idiotic dog!

Majeed turns red and steps back into the perimeter.

LIEUTENANT

Any of you who attempt to contact these men again will be sent to the front lines in Al Basrah. Do I make myself clear?

Majeed looks shaken. He quickly apologizes.

MAJEED

Yes sir. Absolutely.

LIEUTENANT

Do I make myself clear?

A chorus of worried "Yes sirs" in Persian comes from the other guardsmen.

EXT. MOTEL - DUSK

Dave, Kenneth, and Basim walk along the motel walkway, passing room doors as they walk towards their room.

KENNETH

I can't believe you just walked into headquarters and asked if any of them could brawl.

DAVE

Well, some of them weren't too bad actually.

Dave slows as he notices that the door they're passing has a big splintered indentation where someone's kicked it.

DAVE

Was that there this morning?

Kenneth glances at the door as they pass by.

KENNETH

I don't think so.

They continue and pass another door. This one's got a foot sized hole in the door where someone's kicked it.

They stop and stare at the door a moment.

DAVE  
(looking at  
the hole)  
That definitely wasn't here  
this morning.

They continue and come to the last door on the walkway,  
which is theirs.

The door's been kicked open with such force that the top  
hinge broke and the door lies inside the room, dangling  
from the bottom hinge.

Dave and Kenneth look at each other. Dave has a puzzled  
look. Kenneth has a worried look.

Dave enters the room with Kenneth following closely behind.

Their eyes take a moment to adjust from the bright sunlight  
outside to the dimly lit room. There's no furniture in the  
room except for a mattress on the floor.

Then they see a BIG BEER BELLY SOLDIER sprawled across  
their mattress. The only clothing he wears is a pair of  
Republican Guard camouflage pants. A nearly empty bottle  
dangles from his hand.

DAVE  
Hey!

KENNETH  
That's our bed buddy.

The beer belly soldier just keeps on snoring, dead to the  
world.

LATER

Dave and Kenneth pull like hell on the still sleeping  
soldier's legs, but can't budge him.

INT. MOTEL FRONT DESK - NIGHT

Kenneth finishes putting the plywood back over the hole to  
"close the door" as Dave speaks with the surly clerk at the

front desk. There's a guest snack bowl on the desk.

DAVE

So can you please remove him  
from our room?

Basim finishes translating Dave's story for the surly clerk.

The surly clerk looks upset.

SURLY CLERK

(in Persian,  
subtitled)

That asshole's back again?

The clerk picks up the telephone, calls someone, and starts jabbering away in Persian.

SURLY CLERK

(in Persian,  
subtitled)

You're damn soldier's AWOL  
again in my hotel. Yes. I  
don't care if you are the  
Republican Guard, you'd  
better send some MPs down  
here and get him out of here  
ASAP.

As the clerk speaks, Basim casually scoops some dried beetle & flowers mix out of the snack bowl and munches on it.

DAVE

(to Basim)

What'd he say?

BASIM

He wants two hundred for the  
door. Also, he wants an extra  
fifty a night from now on,  
and next time declare all  
your guests up front.

KENNETH

What?!

BASIM

Hey, don't get mad at me, I'm  
just translating here.

Kenneth looks really upset as he reluctantly pulls out his wallet and gives Basim two hundred and fifty.

Basim palms one of the hundreds and holds out the other hundred and fifty to the clerk jabbering on the phone.

BASIM

(in Persian,  
subtitled)

Thanks for the snack.

The clerk looks confused as to why Basim's giving him a hundred and fifty, but he takes the money anyway and tucks it into his pocket as he continues to talk on the phone.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dave, Kenneth, and Basim stand around watching the beer belly Republican Guard soldier snoring away on their bed.

Kenneth leans over him, sniffs, and wrinkles his nose at the smell.

DAVE

So what do we do now?

Then SIX REPUBLICAN GUARD MPs storm in the door and start yelling at the beer belly soldier and trying to pull him to his feet.

The first time they lift him, he appears to still be asleep. They lose their grip and he falls back onto the mattress.

They try again. He looks like he's still deadweight. But then as they struggle to lift him --

-- he suddenly grabs MP #1 with his left arm and throws him though the room's front window.

He turns and grabs MP #2 with his right arm and throws him out the window too.

Then he falls back to the mattress, pulling his legs free from MP #3 and MP #4.

He kicks out, catching MP #3 and #4 in the balls and they go down.

The beer belly soldier rolls to his feet and looks at MP #5 and #6.

MP #5 nervously reaches down to grab the beer belly soldier's bottle and charges.

The beer belly soldier grabs the arm brandishing the bottle and jumps on MP#5, slamming him to the ground with a savage elbow to the head. He takes his bottle back from the unconscious MP #5.

He raises the bottle for one last swig and sticks his tongue in it to get any last drops as he eyes MP #6.

MP #6 chickens out. He tries to run past the Republican soldier through the open doorway, but as he runs over the fallen door the beer belly soldier sticks out a foot, hooks the edge of the fallen door and flips it. MP #6 slips, knocks his head against the wall, and falls unconscious to the floor.

The beer belly soldier shakes the bottle above his mouth to get any last drop, totally unconcerned by all the MP's on the floor around him.

Dave stands rapt as he stares at the beer belly soldier with a look of revelation.

DAVE

I think we've found our man.

KENNETH

What?

Dave walks up to the beer belly soldier.

DAVE

Hi I'm Dave.

Dave puts out his hand to shake, but the beer belly soldier

just ignores him.

The beer belly soldier turns to Basim.

SOLIDER  
(in Persian,  
subtitled)

Do these guys have any booze?

DAVE  
(to Basim)

What'd he say?

BASIM

It's nice to meet you.

DAVE

Oh, ok.

Dave turns back to the beer belly soldier.

DAVE

That was awesome. Would you  
be interested in coming to  
America to brawl for us?  
We'd be willing to pay you  
fifty thousand dollars.

The beer belly soldier continues to go though Dave and  
Kenneth's stuff, looking for booze.

Basim looks thoughtful, then mistranslates as follows.

BASIM  
(in Persian,  
subtitled)

These American's have offered  
to buy you all the booze you  
can drink if you go back to  
America with them.

The beer belly soldier finally looks interested.

SOLDIER  
(in Persian,  
subtitled)

Ok, I'll do it.

BASIM

(to Dave)

Fifty thousand will be fine.

Dave and Kenneth look delighted.

The beer belly soldier's mouth waters at the thought of all the booze.

As the beer belly soldier's agreed to join Brawlers Inc., let's refer to him from now on by his TV brawling name, the IRAQI BRAWLER.

INT. AIRLINE FLIGHT - DAY

FIRST CLASS

The snooty upper class passengers try their best to ignore the louts in their midst.

The Iraqi brawler sprawls in his seat, enormously satisfied and dead drunk as he drains the last of a bottle of tequila and sucks in and eats the little worm inside. A blonde stewardess appears with another open bottle of tequila. He takes it, gives her the empty, and sends her on her way with a pat on the ass.

Dave savors a fine cup of coffee beside the Iraqi brawler. He clinks his cup against the Iraqi brawler's bottle of Tequila.

DAVE

To brawling.

The Iraqi brawler looks at Dave, then settles back to start on his new bottle.

Kenneth isn't drinking anything. He has a serious look as fills out a stack of papers with his laptop and cell phone beside him as he makes sure every last detail is perfect.

INT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT, CUSTOMS - NIGHT

Dave, Kenneth, and the Iraqi brawler waiting in the customs lineup.

CUSTOMS GUARD

Next.

They cross the red line to approach the customs booth.

Kenneth pulls out two US passports, a very dirty, tattered Iraqi passport, and the E1 visa paperwork he was working on in the plane.

The CUSTOMS GUARD sorts through the papers and sees the Iraqi passport.

CUSTOMS GUARD

This one ought to be  
interesting.

The customs guard writes something on a piece of paper.

CUSTOMS GUARD

You'll have to see the folks  
at the special section on  
your left. Have a nice day.

Dave, Kenneth, and the Iraqi brawler go to the left and enter a high security area.

In the area, there's an enclosed booth manned by a big muscular SPECIAL GUARD. The booth has a slot for papers and a grill to talk through.

The special guard finishes with another traveler.

SPECIAL GUARD

Next.

As Dave, Kenneth, and the Iraqi brawler move to the booth, five guards enter the room.

Kenneth looks a bit intimidated by the special treatment and the five guards. But he's prepared well and pushes his paperwork through the slot.

The special guard looks through the papers.

SPECIAL GUARD

Which one of you is  
Sabsichalaw...

The special guard tries a few times to pronounce the name before finally giving up.

SPECIAL GUARD  
... the guy with the Iraqi  
passport.

Kenneth points at the Iraqi.

KENNETH  
He is sir, and I am  
representing him.

SPECIAL GUARD  
What are you, some kind of  
lawyer?

KENNETH  
Yes sir, I am his attorney, I  
represent Brawlers, Inc.

The special guard looks through the papers some more and reads the visa application carefully.

SPECIAL GUARD  
You want an E1 Visa? Really?  
You expect me to believe this  
guy is a world class  
entertainer?

KENNETH  
Yes sir, this Iraqi is going  
to brawl in the ring in front  
of millions of people.

The special guard comes out of his booth and looks carefully at the Iraqi brawler, paying close attention to his beer belly.

SPECIAL GUARD  
Right. We don't just let  
Iraqis into the United  
States, even if they have  
lawyers. He's a little  
overweight for brawling. I  
don't buy it.

KENNETH

I assure you sir, he is indeed a world class brawler.

SPECIAL GUARD

I think the best this guy can do is guzzle beer. Let's see a little demonstration.

Kenneth pauses a moment, imagining how easily that could get out of hand.

KENNETH

I wouldn't advise that sir.

The special guard asserts his authority.

SPECIAL GUARD

No demonstration, no visa. I need to be convinced this entertainment visa is legit.

Kenneth yields gracefully.

KENNETH

Yes sir. How should he demonstrate?

SPECIAL GUARD

I'll take him on.

KENNETH

Are you willing to sign a disclaimer sir? We don't want to be held liable for him hurting you.

SPECIAL GUARD

You lawyers are all alike.

Kenneth reaches into his inner coat pocket. He produces a disclaimer and the special guard signs it.

The special guard hands back the disclaimer and addresses the five guards in the room.

## SPECIAL GUARD

Guys stand back, this guy claims to be a world class brawler, and we're going to have a little demonstration here.

The guards snicker.

Kenneth turns to the Iraqi brawler.

KENNETH  
(pointing to  
special guard  
and Iraqi  
brawler)

He you

Kenneth punches the air as he doesn't know the word for fight.

KENENTH

Ok?

The Iraqi brawler grunts assent.

The special guard rolls up his sleeves, takes off his gun and badge and hands it to one of the guards. He puts his fists up.

The Iraqi brawler moseys up to the guard, without putting up his fists or anything. The special guard looks pretty confident.

Then the Iraqi brawler makes a weird horking sound and then sprays spit on the special guard's face.

The guard, surprised, moves his hands up to wipe his face, and the Iraqi brawler savagely pummels his unprotected abdomen.

The guard goes down and the Iraqi brawler starts kicking the crap out of him.

The other guards grab the Iraqi brawler and attempt to restrain him as the special guard painfully staggers to his feet.

The Iraqi brawler breaks free and charges towards the special guard limping back towards the booth.

The special guard sees the Iraqi brawler charge and dives into his reinforced booth and kicks the door shut in the nick of time.

WHAM as the Iraqi brawler slams into the locked reinforced door, KNOCKING THE BOOTH OVER ON ITS SIDE.

The Iraqi brawler starts kicking the crap out of the sideways booth, trying to break it so he can get at the guy inside. The kicking continues throughout the conversation below.

Kenneth bends down to talk to the guard though the booth's window grill.

KENNETH

Was that satisfactory sir?

The special guard grimaces and wipes a little blood from the corner of his mouth.

SPECIAL GUARD

He really didn't look like much, but he fights like a true bastard.

The special guard reaches under himself and pulls out his stamp and stamps the El visa. He pushes the visa though through the slot to Kenneth.

SPECIAL GUARD

Ok, go on through. You had better keep him out of trouble.

EXT. STREET BY DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Kenneth, Dave, and the Iraqi brawler are taxing back from the airport. Kenneth sits up front next to the cabbie. Dave and the Iraqi brawler sit in the back seat.

The Iraqi brawler takes a swig of the nearly empty bottle of tequila from the plane as he looks though the window at

all the new things outside.

The cabbie's smoking. Kenneth looks at the cabbie's pack of smokes on the dash and considers asking for one.

The cabbie notices, picks up the pack, and offers.

CABBIE

Want one?

Kenneth starts to reach for a cigarette, then pauses and looks thoughtful a moment. He's over his nicotine addition now, so...

KENNETH

Actually no thank you.

Kenneth takes his hand back.

KENNETH

It's an expensive habit.

The cabbie shrugs and puts the pack back on the dash.

They stop at a light.

The Iraqi brawler raises his Tequila bottle for another swig and notices it's empty.

He looks dejectedly out the window and notices the big expensive crystal decanter of perfume in the display case of the swanky department store outside.

His eyes light up, he reaches outside and pulls up on the exterior car handle to open the door, and makes a beeline for the mall entrance.

Dave looks up as he hears the door open. He slides across the seat to follow the Iraqi brawler.

DAVE

Wait!

Kenneth turns to see Dave sliding out of the car to pursue the Iraqi brawler who just entered the mall.

Kenneth quickly gets out of the cab to follow Dave. The

cabbie jumps out and grabs his arm and demands to be paid first.

INT. MALL - DAY

Dave stands in the entranceway of the mall, unable to see the Iraqi brawler amid the hordes of shoppers. As Dave looks about, we see behind him, the Iraqi brawler passing through a crowd of shoppers behind the glass wall of a swanky department store.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

The fragrance section of a swanky department store.

An ELEGANT WOMAN puts down a fragrance stick to pick up a smaller version of the bottle of perfume the Iraqi brawler saw in the display case.

ELEGANT WOMAN

How much is it?

SALESGIRL

Two ninety five.

The elegant woman puts the perfume on the counter and reaches into her purse.

As the elegant woman gets her gold card and gives it to the SALESGIRL, we see the Iraqi brawler come up behind the elegant woman.

He reaches into the display case and takes out the big bottle of perfume.

He pulls the stopper and starts to CHUGALUG it.

He pauses as the taste registers.

Then he SPEWS the perfume out all over the elegant woman and the sales girl.

The elegant woman and sales girl turn and stare at the Iraqi brawler.

He's looking thoughtfully at the perfume bottle.

He lifts the bottle...

... and takes ANOTHER swig.

He swooshes it around in his mouth as it must be mouthwash and spits it out onto the floor.

He exits back the way he came, depositing his bottle on the counter as he moves off-screen.

The elegant woman looks at the departing Iraqi brawler and then his bottle.

Then she reaches over the counter to take her gold card back out of the sales girl's hand, aborting her purchase.

EXT. MALL THOROUGHFARE - DAY

The Iraqi brawler strolls down the mall thoroughfare.

He pauses as he spots a shoe store, looks down at his dirty bare feet, and then moves towards the store.

INT. SHOE STORE - DAY

The Iraqi brawler grabs two random left foot shoes from the wall.

He moves towards a bench occupied by a white TEEN wearing headphones and mouthing the words to a bad ass rap song.

The teen pauses as he notices the Iraqi brawler approaching him. He immediately drops the attitude and leaves the bench.

The Iraqi brawler sits down to try on his shoes.

The first left foot shoe is a perfect fit for his left foot, but the second left foot shoe doesn't fit his right foot.

He throws the defective shoe over his shoulder and it smacks a SHOE SALESMAN.

The Iraqi brawler grabs another random left foot shoe from the wall and tries it on his right foot when the salesman approaches.

SALESMAN

Here sir let me help you.

The salesman tries to take the shoe to see what style it is.

But the Iraqi brawler is not about to relinquish his shoe to this jerk - he saw it first.

He jerks the shoe away and smacks the salesman with it.

SALESMAN

Ow. Sir I

The salesman reaches for the shoe.

This time, the Iraqi brawler uses the shoe to smack him a good one in the head.

The salesman finally leaves and the Iraqi brawler tries his shoe on.

This left foot shoe doesn't fit his right foot either, so again he throws it away.

The Iraqi brawler tries on more left foot shoes from a stand beside the bench and gets more and more frustrated when none of them fit his right foot.

The more frustrated he gets, the more quickly he goes through shoes, the harder he throws them away.

The salesman finally emerges from the back room with a shoe box to see his store in shambles.

A shoe flies towards him and he deflects it with his box.

He approaches the frustrated Iraqi brawler and hesitantly opens and presents the box.

SALESMAN

Sir?

The Iraqi brawler considers the sandals and a neatly folded pair of white tube socks in the box, then shrugs and reaches inside.

## MALL CONCOURSE

The Iraqi brawler, in sandals and tube socks, strolls down the concourse.

When he comes to an intersection, he pauses as he notices something to his right.

There's a food court down that way.

He starts towards the food court. There's a pet store coming up on his right.

In front of the pet store, a boy, JOHNNY, whines in front of the bunny pen.

JOHNNY

Why can't I have a bunny?

MOMMY

Johnny honey, we can't

JOHNNY

(interrupting)

But I really, really want one.

MOMMY

Johnny, a bunny's a big responsibility. You can't just

She breaks off as the passing Iraqi brawler reaches in front of her into the pen to grab a bunny by the ears.

The boy keeps whining as the Iraqi brawler strolls towards the food court with his bunny.

BOY

How come he gets a bunny?

## STIR FRY OUTLET, FOOD COURT

A pick your ingredients stir fry outlet.

A FAST FOOD CLERK takes attends to the customers in line

who fire off their usual orders. First up is a MALE CUSTOMER.

MALE CUSTOMER

Beef, green onions, soba.

The clerk scribbles down the order on his pad and flips the page. Next up is a FEMALE VEGETARIAN.

FEMALE VEGETARIAN

Tofu, carrots, somen.

The clerk scribbles down that order and flips the page.

A pause as the next person in line fails to order.

CLERK

(annoyed)

Next.

The clerk looks up from his order pad to see the Iraqi brawler.

The Iraqi brawler holds out his bunny and points to the sizzling wok.

CLERK

You can't be serious.

He pushes the bunny back and turns his back on the Iraqi brawler to post up his orders and start cooking them.

The Iraqi brawler's face darkens and he reaches over the shoulder-high counter to grab the clerk.

He yanks the clerk back so that the clerk dangles half over the counter.

Then the Iraqi brawler puts his face up close to the clerk's and starts to ROAR at him.

The primal roar goes on for several seconds, during which clerk's face reflects surprise, worry, and finally overwhelming revulsion at the Iraqi brawler's breath.

Finally, the Iraqi brawler shoves the bunny in his arms and lets him go. The clerk slides over the counter back to the

other side.

The clerk gives the Iraqi brawler a funny look then takes the bunny and goes through a side entrance leading to the kitchen.

There's a rectangular opening in the wall between the kitchen and counter.

Through the opening, we see the clerk enter the kitchen, put the bunny down out of sight, and lift a big cleaver.

As the cleaver comes down with a big WHACK, the female vegetarian faints and is caught by the male customer who looks more than happy to come to catch such a good looking gal.

FOOD COURT

A cooked, nearly finished plate of meat on a cheap plastic food court table.

The Iraqi brawler picks up the last piece of meat with his fingers and pops it in his mouth.

He chews blissfully as Dave and Kenneth come running over.

DAVE

There you are.

The Iraqi brawler ignores them; he just picks up his plate and licks it.

Then he lets loose an enormous BELCH.

He pushes his chair out and gets up to leave when a horde of pissed off mall employees descends upon them.

The horde consists of a HEAD MALL SECURITY GUARD, five regular MALL SECURITY GUARDS, the perfume clerk, the shoe salesman, and the stir fry clerk. The irate clerks swarm the HEAD GUARD complaining about how the Iraqi brawler didn't pay for items and his misbehavior.

Dave and Kenneth move to intervene with the HEAD GUARD find out what happened and resolve the matter.

Meanwhile, the other give mall guards position themselves around the Iraqi brawler.

DAVE

(to head guard)

Sir, I'm sure that whatever he's done we can resolve it.

HEAD GUARD

(skeptical)

Oh yeah?

DAVE

Absolutely sir. I'm sure if you could just get your men to stand down

Meanwhile, the other mall guards have surrounded the Iraqi brawler. MALL GUARD #1 lays a hand on the Iraqi brawler's right shoulder.

MALL GUARD #1

Let's go buddy.

The Iraqi brawler just turns his head and licks the hand on his right shoulder.

Mall guard #1 yanks his hand back.

Mall guard #1, distracted by his wet hand, never even sees the Iraqi brawler's right elbow coming back to smash him in the nose.

Then the Iraqi brawler's left hand whips out with his plate and smashes it on the nose of MALL GUARD #2. MALL GUARD #2 drops, clutching his bloody nose.

The sound of the plate smashing makes Dave, Kenneth, and the head guard turn towards the sound which ends their conversation above.

The head guard walks away from Dave towards his men. The time for talk has passed.

The Iraqi brawler holds up one of the plate shards. The white china gleams as he menaces the remaining guards with it.

Fearful, they back off.

Then the Iraqi brawler laughs at them. He licks a little leftover gravy off the shard and throws it away. Then he crouches and holds out both arms palms up and beckons them forward with his fingers.

The head guard joins the remaining two guards. Their pride stung and their confidence restored by the head guard's presence, the three men charge.

The Iraqi brawler braces for the charge and then, at the last moment, drops to the ground and punches two guards on either side of the head guard directly in the balls. The head guard misses his tackle and goes flying right over the Iraqi brawler's head.

He rolls to his feet as the Iraqi brawler circles around in front of a Fish and Chips food counter.

The head guard approaches the Iraqi brawler with murder in his eye. He charges --

-- and the Iraqi brawler grabs a big working replica of Big Ben on the Fish and Chips counter smacks him with it like a club. The top of the clock breaks off.

The head guard goes down and the Iraqi brawler raises the clock for another whack.

Then the Fish and Chips' big COCKNEY OWNER comes out the back of his stand at the noise and sees the Iraqi brawler about to hit the fallen head guard with his clock.

COCKNEY OWNER  
You bloody bampot!

The Cockney owner grabs a basket of fries from the hot oil and smacks the Iraqi brawler on the side of the head with it. He drops the clock and fries fly everywhere.

The fight continues and is interspersed with the following reaction shots.

## REACTION SHOTS

Dave looks amazed as he watches the fight.

Kenneth, talking to the police dispatcher on his cell phone, looks worried.

Johnny and his mommy also watch the fight. The mother grasps Johnny's right hand tightly with her left and gasps as the angry Iraqi brawler tackles the Cockney owner and they go over the store counter.

Meanwhile, the rabbit which was supposedly eaten hops next to Johnny to eat a spilled salad.

The mother stands transfixed as the little door in the counter opens and the Cockney owner scrabbles to get out, only to have the Iraqi brawler slam the little door on his head, knocking him unconscious.

Johnny, however, only has eyes for the rabbit.

Johnny reaches over to scoop up the rabbit as about FORTY POLICEMEN pour into the food court with their guns drawn and their SERGEANT yells "Freeze asshole".

Johnny hugs the rabbit close. He turns to his mom and tugs at her sleeve.

JOHNNY

Can I keep him?

END OF REACTION SHOTS

INT. POLICE STATION COUNTER - NIGHT

A sign next to the counter reads "Post Bail Here".

Kenneth pulls out the last of his wad and slides it through the window to the bail clerk.

To his right, the battered mall guards give him some extremely pissed off looks as they file a report at the desk of another officer.

INT. JOHN'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

John looks upset as he sits at his desk reading Kenneth and Dave's expense report. Kenneth and Dave sit in front of him.

JOHN

How did you guys manage to spend two hundred grand in three weeks?!

KENNETH

Well, we, um

Dave jumps in to help rescue Kenneth.

DAVE

There were a lot of expenses sir.

Kenneth looks relieved that Dave's there to take some of the heat.

JOHN

What kind of expenses?

DAVE

Well let's see. There was the jeep that got blown up, several bribes...

KENNETH

Way too many bribes.

DAVE

...Basim's daily fee...

KENNETH

...our first class return airfare...

DAVE

Actually I charged that to Jeanine's account

John looks even more upset when he hears that last remark.

KENNETH  
...and then bail this morning

JOHN  
Bail?!

DAVE  
Yes sir, our man got in a  
fight in with some mall  
guards. He did really well  
sir, took out six guards and  
there's not a scratch on him.

John looks a bit mollified at that last statement, feeling  
that maybe he got something for his money.

Then Kenneth screws it up and adds on apologetically

KENNETH  
The mall's suing us for  
damages, but don't worry, I'm  
working on getting those  
reduced.

JOHN  
You...

John struggles not to lose it.

JOHN  
...you guys didn't just break  
the piggy bank, you blew it  
up!

John slams a fist on the desk.

JOHN  
This plan had better work.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE RING - DAY

BEGIN MONTAGE

The Iraqi brawler's first fight is in a soundstage ring  
against one of the smaller brawlers from the conference  
room foodfight earlier. Sparse audience attendance at the  
first fight.

Montage continues showing the Iraqi brawler blowing away various brawlers from the conference room food fight, until he has defeated all but the champion. All the fights take place in the Brawlers Inc. soundstage ring.

As time progresses the audience grows in number, enthusiasm and volume until it's a full and passionate audience for the last fight in the montage.

END MONTAGE

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

John savors a cigar on the back steps overlooking the parking lot with a satisfied smile as a new light brown bottom of the line American economy sedan with temporary insurance papers in the front window parks nearby.

Kenneth gets out of the sedan, pulls out a keyless remote, and presses a button. He watches with great satisfaction as the car automatically locks itself.

JOHN

New car?

KENNETH

(smiling)

Yeah.

JOHN

That's cool. You and Dave guys coming to the final match tonight?

Kenneth smiles.

KENNETH

Absolutely.

INT. STADIUM - NIGHT

Brawlers Inc. has rented a sports stadium for the final match.

Dave walks with the Iraqi brawler along a deserted concourse.

DAVE

You nervous?

Dave glances at the Iraqi brawler who looks completely indifferent.

Dave's fond of the Iraqi brawler as he reminds him of his dog, so he feels bad that the Iraqi brawler's about to get creamed by the Brawlers Inc champion. Feeling guilty, he looks at the floor, unable to look the Iraqi brawler in the eye as he offers encouragement.

DAVE

No? That's good. Actually,  
it's great.

They pass an empty and closed sports bar.

The Iraqi brawler, intrigued by the sight of all the booze on the wall, detours into the bar.

Dave walks on alone as he looks at the ground and babbles, unaware that the Iraqi brawler is no longer there.

DAVE

You're gonna do great. Just  
remember that. Keep your  
head up and it'll all be fine

Dave finally looks up towards the Iraqi brawler and notices he's no longer there.

A panicked look crosses his face as he looks around.

Finally, he spots the Iraqi brawler inside sports bar and homing in on the booze displayed on the wall.

INT. SPORTS BAR, STADIUM - NIGHT

The Iraqi brawler is busy sampling bottles off the wall.

The bar's empty except for an old lady intently reading a book at the back. She never looks up during the action to come.

Dave has his cell phone to his left ear as the Iraqi

brawler on his right takes a swig from a full bottle of Sambuka.

DAVE  
(on phone)  
Hi. Is this Mesteno?

The Sambuka takes awful and the Iraqi brawler spews all over Dave.

Dave grimaces, wipes the cell phone on a clean spot under his arm, and lifts it to his other ear.

INT. STANDS, STADIUM - NIGHT

MESTENO is in the stands, waiting for the match.

MESTENO  
Sure. No problem.

He hangs up and addresses a dozen other brawlers who are in the stands beside him.

MESTENO  
Come on guys, Dave need us.  
Let's roll!

INT. SPORTS BAR, STADIUM - NIGHT

Only about a third of the bar display remains. The leaky bottle pile is much bigger.

The inebriated Iraqi brawler stands on the counter browsing though the remaining bottles. His eyes light up as he spots a bottle of Tequila with a worm in it just like the duty free bottle on the plane.

Very carefully, he fishes the bottle of Tequila out and kisses it.

Suddenly, he lurches sideways as the Mesteno tackles him.

The Iraqi brawler starts to brawl Mesteno and the dozen brawlers, all the while hanging on to his Tequila bottle and taking pains not to break it.

Finally, Mesteno and the other brawlers win by simply all

dog piling on top of the Iraqi brawler. The unbroken Tequila bottle, still held by the Iraqi brawler's arm, sticks out from under the pile.

After all the noise and chaos, it's silent except for the noise of a page turning. The lady at the back looks up to give them a dirty look then looks back down and continues reading her book.

INT. STADIUM - NIGHT

The stadium is packed.

IN THE LEFT WING

The CHAMPION is the same height as the Iraqi brawler, but he's a little bit lighter. He's athletic, but slightly bookish, an intellectual sort of brawler.

He takes a last look at Dave's Iraqi guidebook before taking off his reading glasses and handing the glasses and the book to Dave.

CHAMPION

Thank you for the loan of the book.

AVE

No problem.

The champion walks out of the left wing. A spotlight comes on and follows him up as he approaches the ring.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the Brawlers Inc. champion!

Cheering from the crowd.

ANNOUNCER

And, from the bowels of Iraq, the lowest, meanest, and most vicious brawler the Republican Guard had to offer, the Iraqi brawler!

Another spotlight lights up the right wing where the Iraqi brawler enters to a huge chorus of boos and catcalls.

He doesn't give a damn about the booing and, still drunk, staggers towards the ring, swiping a beer from a lady in the front row as he passes.

He enters the ring and faces the champion.

The REFEREE, a man with a high tech prosthetic leg with a metal post where the shinbone would be, signals the start of the match.

The champion looks disdainfully at the Iraqi brawler.

He wrinkles his nose.

CHAMPION

Bulanee mushawa goushti  
kabuli.

This is subtitled as "You smell like an unwashed donkey".

The Iraqi brawler looks pissed off. He knocks back the last of the beer, drops the empty cup, and starts howling at the champion like he did to the fast food clerk.

But then he pauses and gets a strange look on his face.

And then, instead of attacking the champion, he PUKES all over him.

The Iraqi brawler's eyes roll up -

--and then he PASSES OUT and falls to the mat.

The crowd howls with anger as the champion yells at the Iraqi brawler.

The champion kicks the Iraqi brawler a little and shakes him, but it's no use, after all that booze he'll be out cold for quite awhile.

IN THE STANDS

John rises to his feet with a horrified look.

To his left, Dave sits with his mouth hanging open. He can't believe this is happening.

To his right, Kenneth sits looks extremely worried. He chews on the straw of his soda and then clutches the cup a bit too hard and it crumples, spilling soda and ice all over his lap. He winces and quickly moves to brush it off.

INT. NETWORK EXECUTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

The female network executive at her desk faces John on the other side.

NETWORK EXECUTIVE  
Correct me if I'm wrong John,  
but weren't we supposed to  
win?

John looks extremely worried.

JOHN  
Ma'am I

NETWORK EXECUTIVE  
(interrupting)  
I can't tell you how many  
people here have told me they  
were disappointed in how it  
went last night.

The network executive looks angry and upset as she ponders the political fallout she's taken over the non-match last night.

NETWORK EXECUTIVE  
(angrily)  
Pull it together for the  
rematch. And this time your  
guy had better win.

INT. STADIUM - NIGHT

The stadium is once again packed.

IN THE RING

The Champion and the Iraqi brawler again face each other.

In the background we see the same Referee, the ref with the high tech prosthetic leg with a metal post where the shinbone would be.

The champion looks condescendingly at the Iraqi brawler.

CHAMPION

Tikka kafta masala kebab  
palow.

This is subtitled as "Your mother has five legs."

The Iraqi brawler turns red with anger and immediately belts him.

The fight is on. JUDGE #1 holds up two fingers and points to the champion and the scoreboard updates "2 0"

ANNOUNCER

It's two for the champ

The champ retaliates and he and the Iraqi brawler go at it relentlessly.

The Iraqi brawler tries some dirty tricks he's tried in the earlier matches, but the clever champ's done his homework and artfully dodges them all. Kudo points accrue to both as the crowd cheers and boos.

Then when the champion charges, the Iraqi brawler jumps at him and twists in the air to slam into the champ upside down. They slam to the mat and the Iraqi brawler lands on top, putting the full force of the fall into a head butt to the champ's balls.

The champ's rolls in agony as the Iraqi brawler gets up and starts kicking him mercilessly.

Massive booing from the crowd.

Then a drunken macho MOTORCYCLE RIDER in black leather takes a swig from a liquor bottle he's smuggled in, gets up from his ringside seat, and approaches the ring.

## MOTORCYCLE RIDER

Leave him alone you sand  
monkey!

The Iraqi brawler gets off the champ and moves toward the motorcycle rider at the side of the ring. He grabs the liquor bottle, sucker punches him, and raises the bottle to his lips as the motorcycle rider goes down.

The champ pulls it together and gets off the floor as the Iraqi brawler chugalugs the bottle.

The champ staggers to his feet and sneers at the Iraqi brawler.

## CHAMP

Korma kataifi firnee baklava.

This is subtitled as "If a camel drank as much as you, he'd explode".

The offended Iraqi brawler lowers his bottle and glares at the champ, then raises his bottle to finish the last bit off.

Then he throws the bottle at the champ and rushes him.

They brawl some more and the Iraqi brawler slowly gains the upper hand. Finally, he picks up and throws the woozy champion out of the ring to crash into the stand of lights.

The stand falls over and crashes into the judges table, breaking some of the lights.

The Iraqi brawler jumps out of the ring, grabs the metal light stand, and raises it as he advances to finish the dazed champion off.

Then the dazed champion spots an electrical cable with a broken light that fell off the stand and a super sized soda sitting on the floor by a ringside seat. Both are within reach.

He quickly opens the soda and grabs the broken light cable.

He spills the soda, making a trail of soda that extends to a puddle around the Iraqi brawler's feet.

Then he touches the live wire in the broken light cable to the soda trail.

ZAP as the electricity flows though the Iraqi brawler and the remaining lights on the stand explode.

The Iraqi brawler flies though the air, landing on the hard dry cement. He stays down. Did he pass out?

The crowd is unsure of how to react. Sure the Iraqi brawler's down, but what kind of cheap trick move was that?

The referee rushes over and kneels beside him as the audience holds their collective breath.

The ref starts counting.

REFEREE

One. Two. Three.

Suddenly, a LONE VOICE from the stands breaks the silence.

LONE VOICE

You can do it! You can do it  
Iraqi brawler!

TV COMMENTATOR

(disapproving)

Who said that?

On the big screen, the camera pans the audience and stops on a grinning HICK with his fist in the air.

SEATING AREA

The hick loses his grin as he notices the REDNECKS a few seats down glaring at him.

The rednecks rollup their sleeves and start toward the hick.

The hick quickly makes his way out of there.

RING

The champ turns his back to the Iraqi brawler, and raises

his arms to the crowd in victory.

People start cheering as the referee continues to kneel beside the Iraqi brawler and count.

REFEREE

Seven. Eight. Ni

Suddenly, the referee topples over as the Iraqi brawler leaps up and RIPS OFF THE REFEREE'S PROSTHETIC LEG.

He CHARGES TOWARDS THE CHAMP'S BACK with the leg held high.

The crowd screams warnings and the champ turns just in time to see --

-- the PROSTHETIC FOOT SMACK HIM IN THE HEAD.

He goes down.

The foot of the prosthetic device breaks off from the impact exposing the shiny metal shinbone shank.

As the champ lies dazed on the floor, the Iraqi brawler approaches and slams the prosthetic down DRIVING THE METAL SHANK THROUGH THE CHAMP'S ARM.

The champ's eyes boggle as he looks at the shank protruding through his arm. He collapses to the floor.

The Iraqi brawler grabs a beer away from someone in the front row and drinks it as he ignores the massive booing coming from the crowd.

The judges looks extremely pissed off as JUDGE #1 sullenly points to the Iraqi brawler and raises his hand palm up.

ANNOUNCER

And it's official - the  
winner and new champion - the  
Iraqi brawler!

Despite the amplified PA system, we can barely hear his announcement over the angry howling of the crowd.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - DAY

John looks extremely worried as he conferences with Dave, Kenneth and a few other people in his office trying to do damage control.

The door is thrown open and the upset network executive barges into John's office.

NETWORK EXECUTIVE

I can't believe you guys  
didn't win again!

She looks extremely upset as she contemplates all the political fallout she's taken over the show and the tongue lashing her boss gave her this morning. She's only had her job for a few months and now her career is in great jeopardy.

NETWORK EXECUTIVE

I can't take this anymore.  
Your show is cancelled. I  
expect all of you out by the  
end of the week.

She storms out of the office.

John, Dave, and Kenneth and the others stare at the door in shock.

INT. COFFEE ROOM - DAY

John sits in the coffee room looking absolutely miserable as he pours whisky from a bottle into a coffee cup that says "I ♥ Brawls".

A PING and the camera pulls back to show that behind John, the hungry brawler is taking a steak out of the toaster.

He puts it on a plate and sympathetically offers it John. John looks at the steak. It's as bad as you'd expect - burned, there are toaster grill marks, and some blood from the rare insides has oozed onto the plate.

JOHN

Thanks, but no thanks.

John buries his face in his hands.

JOHN

Oh God, how am I going to  
tell everyone we all out of a  
job?

John looks utterly miserable. He sighs deeply.

Meanwhile, the hungry brawler has sat down beside him with  
a knife and fork and taken the plate. He cuts a piece and  
eats it.

JOHN

What's going to become of all  
my brawlers?

The hungry brawler, too clueless to realize what's really  
happening, cuts another piece and offers it to John.

Then Dave walks in.

DAVE

It could be worse John. You  
just gotta have faith.

JOHN

Faith in what?!

Dave smiles.

DAVE

Faith that Lanksor, our  
former champion, called about  
coming out of retirement.

John perks up a little.

DAVE

Faith in that he wants a  
rematch with the Iraqi  
brawler. On pay-per-view.

John brightens up a lot.

JOHN

How long would it take to set  
that up?

Kenneth walks in with a stack of paper. He looks ruffled and tired from working really hard, but satisfied.

KENNETH

Not long. All you and  
Lanksor need to do is agree  
on the profit sharing terms  
and then sign here.

Dave smiles wider as he pulls a paper from his pocket.

DAVE

And faith that we've been  
offered some very lucrative  
pay-for-view terms.

He hands the paper to John.

John looks over the pay-per-view returns. His eyes widen as he looks disbelievingly at the huge sums on the page.

Finally, he looks up with a huge grin and puts an arm around the startled hungry brawler beside him and hugs him.

JOHN

God, I love you guys!

EXT. LARGE STADIUM - NIGHT

FADE UP TITLE:

LANKSOR VS. IRAQI BRAWLER PAY PER VIEW MATCH

This fight takes place in a large stadium and it's packed to the rafters.

LANKSOR and the Iraqi brawler face each other in the ring.

Lanksor's a huge wall of muscle who's slightly taller than the Iraqi brawler. His brawling experience is vast - he knows a huge variety of moves and tactics which puts him on an equal footing against the Iraqi brawler's mastery of dirty fighting. He looks like an action hero we've seen win time and time again in countless movies.

The Iraqi brawler spits on his Lanksor's chest.

Lanksor, unperturbed, keeps his eye on the Iraqi brawler as

he wipes some of the spit onto his thumb and then makes a fist with his spit covered thumb sticking up.

The Iraqi brawler loses it and charges.

The match is on. It's a legendary fight as the crowd cheers for Lanksor, their long time favorite. The match is a testament to some incredibly dirty tricks, their counters, and willpower on both sides.

During the match, we see the reactions of all the people from throughout the movie (John, Dave, Kenneth and their wives; the mall clerks, the intellectual former champion brawler in his hospital room, the old lady from the bar who's still reading peacefully beside her enthusiastic old husband up in the nosebleed seats, and the hick who is minding his manners as he's being watched carefully by some rednecks who chased him out of the stadium last time). In one of the reaction shots, we see John buy a little American flag from a vendor and hand it to his son Columbus, who promptly starts poking the people around him with it.

After a tremendous battle that leaves the Iraqi brawler and Lanksor staggering, both barely able to stand, the Iraqi brawler overbalances as he punches Lanksor and both fall to the mat - Lanksor unconscious, and the Iraqi brawler conscious but near complete exhaustion.

The referee starts counting as the Iraqi brawler struggles up while Lanksor is out cold on the mat. The crowd is silent a moment as they hold their collective breath.

John's son Columbus breaks the silence as he stands up with his little flag and yells.

COLUMBUS

Get bad guy!

The crowd starts to echo the same "Get em", "Get up!" and so on until the whole stadium is screaming encouragement.

Lanksor's eyes open and he staggers to his feet.

The fight continues, an epic battle of good and evil until Lanksor finally defeats the Iraqi brawler.

A deafening roar from the crowd. Interspersed with celebratory overview shots of the crowd we see the following reactions below

IN HOSPITAL ROOM

The former champion sits in his raised hospital bed with his arm in a cast and a very attractive nurse on his lap as he watches the match on TV.

FORMER CHAMPION

Way to go Lanksor!

IN THE STANDS

The rednecks are on their feet cheering like mad. One of them looks down.

REDNECK

Time to pay up buddy.

The hick looks miserable as he pulls out his wallet to make good on his bets.

RINGSIDE

John beams as he carries Columbus back to their seats.

He kisses Columbus and hands him to Kaitlyn.

Then he reaches into his breast pocket and turns to Dave and Kenneth.

JOHN

Thought you guys deserved a little something extra.

He pulls out two envelopes, one for each of them.

Dave cracks open his envelope and looks at the check inside.

His eyebrows shoot up almost into his hairline at the amount.

DAVE

Holy Cappuccino!

Kenneth grins at John, happy for him that they've finally won.

KENNETH

(to John)

Thank you sir.

Kenneth keeps grinning at John as he takes the envelope and passes it without looking at it to his wife Adara. She opens it to peek at the check inside, and her eyes go wide and sparkle as she envisions all the things she could buy.

FADE OUT

AFTER CREDITS

Back at the Republican Guard headquarters in the little Iraqi town, the soldiers cluster around a crappy little black and white TV with rabbit ears up. Static flickers across the screen as they watch Lanksor vs. Iraqi brawler match.

They see the Iraqi brawler stay down as Lanksor gets up and is declared the winner.

A PROPAGANDA OFFICER among them leaps up with a grin. All the dialogue that follows is in Persian with English subtitles.

PROPAGANDA OFFICER

Yes! We are victorious over  
the infidel!

The soldiers turn to him with skeptical looks.

SOLDIER #1

What do you mean?

PROPAGANDA OFFICER

I mean the Iraqi brawler has  
won! We are victorious!

Soldier #1 looks at the Iraqi brawler lying on the mat.

SOLDIER #1

How could we have won? Our

man has passed out.

PROPAGANDA OFFICER

No no, you do not understand the American rules of brawling. Under the American rules of brawling, the victor lies on the mat savoring his victory. Then the loser must jump about singing the praises of the victor.

The soldiers get an "oh, I get it now" look.

SOLDIER #2

So how much do I owe you?

Money changes hands. The Propaganda Officer collects quite a bit.

Then we pan across the room and travel out the window.

On the road outside, a five legged camel causally trots off into the sunset.

FINAL FADE OUT