

THE ADVENTURER'S HANDBOOK

by

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Inspired by the book by Mick Conefrey

FIRST DRAFT

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FADE IN:

EXT. JUNGLE RUINS - NIGHT

We are high above a makeshift military outpost, set deep in the jungle amidst the collapsed ruins of some ancient temple. Native guards armed with machine guns patrol the area, manning the rooftops, watchtowers, etc.

TITLE CARD: "SOMEWHERE IN SOUTHEAST ASIA"

Inside one of the watchtowers, a menacing-looking ASIAN GUARD stands watch, smoking a cigarette, his face covered in scars and tatoos. ANOTHER GUARD is resting on the floor beside him with his eyes closed.

We CRANE DOWN from them to the jungle floor where TWO MEN cloaked in shadows are sneaking beneath the overhang.

The older and frailer of the two steps into the light, cradling a small, cylindrical PACKAGE in his hands. After a few steps, the OLDER MAN (60s) turns to the YOUNGER MAN (30s) and makes a series of complicated hand gestures.

The Younger Man nods in understanding, kissing his lucky gold doubloon. The Older Man does a countdown with his fingers...1...2...3...then turns to run.

He immediately TRIPS over a large wire, dropping the package and tumbling face-first into the ground.

An ALARM sounds. A series of FLOODLIGHTS switch on with a loud CLANK, bathing the two men in white light.

YOUNGER MAN
(under his breath)
Shit...

INT. JUNGLE RUINS (CONTROL ROOM) - NIGHT

A guard frantically grabs a walkie-talkie.

GUARD #3
(subtitled)
Brian! Kevin! What the fuck is
going on out there?!

EXT. JUNGLE RUINS - NIGHT

Up in the watchtower, the two guards grab their weapons and begin FIRING blindly down below as a staticky voice SCREAMS at them from a walkie-talkie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK DOWN BELOW

The Younger Man helps the Older Man to his feet, grabbing the package and running for cover.

YOUNGER MAN
Come on! We've got company!

INT. JUNGLE RUINS - NIGHT

A handful of guards rush down a hallway, grabbing heavy artillery as they go. Red lights FLASH. Sirens BLARE.

EXT. JUNGLE RUINS - NIGHT

Boots SPLASH through thick puddles of mud, running at full speed. The Younger Man hacks away at the foliage as best he can, breathing heavily.

The Older Man is coughing and wheezing, struggling to keep up. Suddenly, his foot gets snared in a TRAP. A rope pulls his feet out from under him, lifting him high into the air and leaving him dangling upside down from a tree.

The Younger Man stops and turns.

YOUNGER MAN
Piers! What the hell happened?!

OLDER MAN (PIERS)
No, Frank! Don't stop! I'm an old man! I'll never make it! Go on without--

YOUNGER MAN (FRANK)
Okay!

Frank takes off running. A beat.

PIERS
Wait...come back! I changed my mind! Frank!

EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT

A battalion of guards reaches a small clearing, looking around for any sign of the two men. They chatter amongst themselves and split up, running off in opposite directions.

Frank drops down from a nearby tree and heads toward the riverbank, where a small TUGBOAT is waiting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INT/EXT. TUGBOAT - CONTINUOUS

Frank grabs the wheel, checking his pockets.

FRANK
Keys...keys...

A sudden, horrible realization.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I don't have the keys
(beat)
FUCK!

He covers his mouth, realizing he said that too loudly.

Two guards turn their heads. They see Frank standing in the boat, shouting and readying their guns.

Frank ducks his head down and dashes out of the boat, running along the riverbank, dodging BULLETS as he goes. He pulls out a walkie-talkie from his vest pocket.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Walid! Change of plans! Meet me at
the bottom of the waterf--!

The walkie-talkie is SHATTERED in his hand by a stray bullet, leaving Frank holding only the mouthpiece. He stares at it for a moment, and then tosses it aside.

INT. JUNGLE RUINS (CONTROL ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

A MYSTERIOUS MAN enters (we don't see his face) and walks up to the guard manning the control deck. The guard looks up at him, trembling with fear.

GUARD #3
(subtitled)
They stole the "package."

A tense moment. The Mysterious Man puts his light-skinned hand on the guard's shoulder, speaking calmly in the guard's native language.

MYSTERIOUS MAN
(subtitled)
That's okay. It's not your fault.
(beat)
But I am going to have to kill you
and your whole family.

The guard lowers his head in shame.

EXT. JUNGLE CLIFF - SUNRISE

The sun is just coming up over the horizon. Frank emerges from the jungle brush, finding himself face-to-face with an enormous cliff. He looks down.

FRANK'S POV

It's a steep drop to the rocky waters below.

BACK TO SCENE

Frank turns back around to find a group of armed guards standing there, pointing their guns at him.

He raises his hands in the air. They yell instructions at him, but Frank just smiles, holding up the package.

FRANK

Is this what you tiny devils are
looking for?

He dangles the package over the edge like he's about to drop it. The guards protest, waving their guns at him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Well come and get it!

Frank jumps backwards off of the cliff. The guards shout in disbelief.

SUPER WIDE SHOT of Frank falling down the edge of the cliff. The MUSIC SWELLS triumphantly...

...and Frank SMASHES into the water...hard...disappearing from view.

The music CUTS OUT. Silence.

The guards look down, dumbfounded. More silence.

GUARD #4

(subtitled)

Is that it? Did he just kill
himself?

GUARD #5

(subtitled)

Yeah. I was expecting a parachute
to open or a hang glider or
something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the guards make their way back towards the jungle, we DESCEND through thinning clouds towards the crashing waves at the base of the cliff.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
What is it that drives men to seek
out the unknown?

FAR DOWN BELOW

Frank surfaces, gasping for air and screaming in pain.

FRANK
AHHHHHHHH!! My legs!

He drifts over to a large rock, attempting to swim with his good arm, whimpering softly to himself.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
What compels men to abandon the
comforts of home and their loved
ones to risk life and limb in the
most dangerous of places?

He props himself up and reaches into his vest pocket, removing the "package," still intact.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Some are motivated by fame and
fortune. Yet others have their
reasons and choose not to say.

As Frank opens the package, a glittering LIGHT reflects on his face. He gazes at the treasure inside, laughing to himself, wincing in between laughs. FREEZE on Frank.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But the one universal truth that
remains is that in the hearts of
all men lies the potential for one
great adventure.

OPENING TITLE: "THE ADVENTURER'S HANDBOOK"

The Adventurer's Handbook THEME MUSIC ("O Caritas" by Cat Stevens) kicks in at full volume.

TITLE CARD: "PART I: Getting Started"

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - DAY

JOE DINES, 25, a handsome young man with a sensible haircut, stares blankly INTO CAMERA

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Joe Dines had always felt that he
was destined for greatness.

ELAINE, his fiancée, is on top of him in her nightgown
rocking back and forth. They are in bed, having sex. Elaine
is into it, but Joe seems distracted.

ELAINE

(sexy)

Your lunch is on the kitchen
counter. I made you a turkey
sandwich.

Joe sighs.

JOE

You know, I was thinking maybe we
could try something else for a
change. Maybe ham. Or roast beef.

ELAINE

But turkey is your favorite.

JOE

No, I know, it's just...if you have
something everyday for the rest of
your life you get tired of it
eventually, right?

(beat)

Actually, it's probably better we
don't discuss this right now--

ELAINE

Oh! Oh my God!

Elaine climaxes quickly and collapses on top of Joe. Joe just
lays there, totally unsatisfied. He pats Elaine on the back.

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

Joe is pressed against all the other morning commuters. He
hangs onto the handrail for dear life, using a handkerchief,
rocking back and forth with the motion of the train, his
other hand clutching a brown paper bag.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Joe was a bright young man with a
future in advertising. He'd even
been voted "Most Likely to Succeed"
by a class of his peers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And elderly HOMELESS WOMAN stands next to him eating a cracker. Crumbs dribble down her chin. She COUGHS directly into Joe's face, spraying him with cracker dust. Joe just blinks, staring straight ahead.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Joe rushes through the sea of cubicles with a desperate look on his face, holding his bagged lunch and sweating as he makes a bee-line for his office.

Several CO-WORKERS pop their heads out above their work stations, offering him a cheerful morning greeting.

VARIOUS CO-WORKERS

Hey Joe! Morning Joe! Nice to see
you, Joe! How's your wife, Joe?

Joe forces a smile to them as he passes.

JOE

Nice to see you, Jim! Morning,
Carol! Hey, Frank! You asked me
that yesterday! We're actually not
married yet, but thanks!

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

Joe enters quickly, slamming the door behind him, practically hyperventilating. He closes the blinds until the room is completely dark and crouches in the corner like a little boy, terrified and alone.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He would often spend at least one
hour every morning, wondering how
exactly his life had become so
uninteresting.

INT. HARRY'S HOUSE - DAY

An enormous oil painting of an astronaut hangs on the wall. A small gold placard at the bottom reads: "LT. COL. HARRY FLYNN SR., APOLLO 18 MISSION (CANCELLED)"

Directly below this is a shelf featuring copies of Harry Flynn Sr.'s self-help book, entitled: "Shooting for the Stars: An Astronaut's Guide to Discovering Your Life's Purpose."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And directly below this is a huge, leather armchair containing HARRY FLYNN JR., 25, an untamed mane of curly hair and thick-framed glasses, avidly perusing Sartre's "Being and Nothingness".

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Harry Flynn was a man of ideas.

Harry dips OUT OF FRAME and returns holding a large, glass BONG. He sucks on it as he reads, unleashing a cloud of white smoke from his nostrils.

Suddenly, Harry looks up. He has an idea.

A FEW HOURS LATER

Harry stands next to an elaborate Rube Goldberg machine which he has constructed himself out of various household items and appliances, dusting his hands off proudly.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He was accepted to the most prestigious engineering school in the country, but opted to further his education independently.

He pushes a small marble onto a track, setting the whole thing into motion. The contraption clicks and whirs as Harry walks over to his leather armchair, sits down and picks up his copy of Sartre.

Actually, this is the EXACT SAME SHOT AS BEFORE.

But this time, Harry effortlessly extends his hand and we PULL BACK to reveal that the sole purpose of this ridiculously complicated mechanism is to hand Harry the BONG with him having to lean over and grab it.

Just then, the door opens to reveal Harry's father, HARRY FLYNN SR., The man from the painting.

HARRY SR.

(sighs)

I feel obliged to tell you that we're celebrating the twins birthday tomorrow around noon and if you happen to wake up before three it would be so nice of you to grace us with your presence.

HARRY

Gee, when you put it that way it seems like you really want me there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRY SR.

Yes. Oh, and by the way, you have until the end of the month to find yourself a job or I'll have you escorted off the premises.

Harry Sr. EXITS.

HARRY

Love you too, Dad!

Harry tries to go back to his Sartre, but he is clearly still troubled by the previous exchange.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was moments like these in which Harry questioned the meaning of his existence.

INT. HOUSE PARTY (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

NEIL ISRAEL, 21, long haired and wild, is in the midst of a guitar solo, standing on a make-shift stage at a raging house party. Neil's eyes are closed as he screams something quasi-political into the microphone.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Neil Israel experienced modest success with his college band, "Israel and the Arabs." No one had any doubt that Neil was bound to become a superstar.

A shirtless HIPPIE GIRL jumps on stage, grabbing Neil's face and kissing him hard. Neil gives everyone the finger.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO (FLASHBACK) - DAY

The band is in the middle of a take. Neil is singing at the top of his lungs. He stops suddenly, throwing down the mic and screaming at his bandmates.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Unfortunately, due to creative differences, the band never finished recording their first album.

The other band members throw down their instruments and walk out, leaving Neil all by himself.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO (PRESENT DAY) - DAY

CLOSE ON Neil, a few years older now, his hair shorter and gelled back. He's on the set of a cheesy MORNING SHOW with a new band, sitting in front of an electric piano, looking depressed. He removes a small iron flask from his breast pocket and takes a large sip of it.

PULL BACK to reveal that Neil is just one piece of a much larger, much lamer band. His piano is situated towards the back and off to the side, almost completely obscured from view.

The lead singer has his back to the camera, singing and gesticulating to an ecstatic crowd comprised mostly of stay-at-home moms and old people. The music is some sort of Josh Groban-esque pop/opera hybrid.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Oftentimes, in the middle of a
 show, Neil would ask himself how
 he'd ended up working for this
 man...

CLOSE ON the lead singer, JON SADOFF (SAY-doff), 24, unconventionally handsome, longish dark hair, earnestly singing "Ave Maria" with all his heart.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ...Jon Sadoff. Three-time Grammy
 award winner. Thirty-million
 records sold. An all around
 international sensation. And a man
 who, despite all of his success,
 had only one wish. To be accepted
 by the other three.

CUT TO:

A PHOTOGRAPH showing FIRST-GRADE HARRY, JOE and NEIL all standing together in a group, smiling. FIRST-GRADE SADOFF is behind them, trying to peek his head into the frame over Harry's shoulder. An ARROW flashes on-screen, pointing him out.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

We PULL BACK from a T.V. showing the footage of Sadoff singing on the morning talk show to reveal a bustling kitchen full of CATERERS and CHEFS, all carrying trays of food and cocktails.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One of the caterers passes by carrying two large BIRTHDAY CAKES. We FOLLOW HER through the kitchen and out onto an enormous outdoor PATIO, where a table full of young children wait eagerly, surrounded by their proud, rich parents and accompanying nannies.

The caterer sets down the cakes in front of the two TWIN BOYS, MARCO and VITI, both 9. Standing behind them is Harry's father and his hot wife, KAREN, much too young to be Harry's real mom.

Harry and Joe stand off to the side, as far removed from the proceedings as possible. They watch as Harry's dad attempts to lead the crowd in singing "Happy Birthday."

JOE
Shouldn't you be up there with the
rest of your family?

HARRY
You're right, they do seem pretty
bummed out I'm not there.

Harry's father and Karen could not look happier and less aware of Harry's absence.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Shouldn't you be over there with
your fiancée?

Harry motions across the party to a face-painting station where Elaine is surrounded by small children. She's holding a BABY in her arms, bouncing it up and down. She notices Joe watching and mouths something to him, pointing to the baby excitedly.

Joe smiles awkwardly, raising his glass. We can see the discomfort in his face.

JOE
Where's Neil?

ANGLE ON Neil, who has cornered an unattractive FEMALE CATERER and is coming onto her aggressively. At the moment, she seems into it.

FEMALE CATERER
So, you can actually introduce me
to Jon Sadoff?

NEIL
Of course I can. We'll probably be
hanging out later tonight.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NEIL (CONT'D)

(beat)

I think Jon would really like you.

She smiles, Neil touches her face and walks away. He sighs, taking a seat next to the boys.

NEIL (CONT'D)

What's up, fellas?

Another CATERER walks over holding a tray of drinks.

CATERER

Champagne, gentlemen?

NEIL

You read my mind! Hey, we've got a little mind-reader over here!

Neil takes three glasses from the tray, one at a time. We think that he means to share them, but it quickly becomes apparent that he's saving them for himself. The caterer is about to walk away when Neil stops him.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Whoa there, chief. Not so fast.

Neil grabs two more glasses from the tray.

HARRY

Hey, Neil, you thirsty?

NEIL

Thirsty enough to fuck that waitress in the bathroom in fifteen minutes.

Harry and Neil laugh. Joe suddenly wakes from his trance.

JOE

Do you guys want to go somewhere next weekend?

NEIL

Like where?

JOE

I don't know. I was thinking we could all go do something. Change it up a bit.

(beat)

I've never been rock climbing before. We could try that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HARRY

Rock climbing? Why? Are you having
a mid-life crisis? Do you want us
all to grow ponytails and buy
Porsches too?

Neil watches the caterer he was hitting on go inside the
house. He polishes off the last of his champagne.

NEIL

I'll catch you boys later. That
caterer could use a self-esteem
injection.

Neil takes off after the caterer, half-jogging.

JOE

Should we be worried about him?

HARRY

He seems like he's got everything
pretty much under control.

JOE

Yeah but what do you think he'll be
doing in twenty years?

HARRY

I don't know, what will any of us
be doing in twenty years?

Joe is staring at Elaine, who is busy supervising a game of
Duck, Duck, Goose.

JOE

I mean, what does he have to look
forward to? Getting wasted all the
time, trying to fuck random ugly
strangers in other people's
bathrooms, playing keyboards for
Jon Sadoff?

HARRY

Hopefully, Sadoff will be dead in
twenty years and we can all get on
with our lives.

Joe is growing increasingly anxious.

JOE

No, I'm serious, man. What's going
to happen to Neil?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HARRY

Why are you so worried about Neil?
What's the matter with you? You're
sweating like crazy.

Joe is in fact sweating profusely. He mops his brow.

JOE

I don't know, I'm just feeling a
little freaked out and I think we
should all go rock climbing next
weekend, that's all.

HARRY

Okay, we'll go rock climbing, just
calm down. Everything's fine.

JOE

Okay...no, you're right...
(a long beat)
Actually, I have to go.

Joe stands and abruptly walks away.

Harry just sits there, alone and utterly confused. He fiddles
with a small, elaborate sculpture he's made using only
cocktail straws.

He looks up to see his father, Karen, and the twins all
getting their picture taken. He looks back down at the table,
gently crushing his straw sculpture in half.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Neil is standing with his pants down in front of the caterer,
who is propped up on the sink, looking annoyed. They're both
staring at his penis.

NEIL

I...this never happens, I swear.
(beat)
Here, wait, maybe I can just fold
it in half...

I./E. CAR - THE NEXT MORNING

Joe sits in the passenger seat, staring straight ahead.
Elaine is driving, distracted by Joe's silence.

ELAINE

Everything okay? You seem quiet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe looks over.

JOE
Hmm? Yeah, everything's great
(beat)
Let's have sex. Right now.

ELAINE
(blushing)
What?

JOE
Pull over. Let's be spontaneous.

He touches her hair. She smiles.

ELAINE
If we don't get to the flea market
early all the good stuff will be
gone. We can pull over on the way
home if we're not too late to visit
my grandparents.

Joe's smile fades.

JOE
Okay. Sure

His smile dissolves into a look of sheer terror as he stares
out the window again.

EXT. FLEA MARKET - DAY

Joe and Elaine walk hand-in-hand past rows of tables and
booths filled with junk. Elaine is like a kid in a candy
store. Joe looks like he wants to disappear.

SEVERAL SHOTS of Elaine leading Joe excitedly by the hand,
pulling him towards some random appliance or piece of vintage
furniture. Joe nods his head in approval, doing his best to
feign interest.

AN HOUR LATER

Joe is resting on a worn-out couch, surrounded by stacks of
old books. Across the way, Elaine is busy haggling with an
old woman over the price of a wooden owl statue.

Joe sighs, struggling to his feet, and accidentally knocks
over a large stack of books. As he crouches over, scrambling
to pick them up, he notices the dimly lit tent in front of
him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Inside the tent are shelves and stacks of used books, with barely enough room to walk. Rays of sunlight pierce the few small tears in the fabric ceiling, giving the place an eerie, dust-filled glow.

CLOSE ON Joe's face. Something is beckoning him inside.

The Adventurer's Handbook THEME MUSIC kicks in, softly.

INT. TENT - CONTINUOUS

At the very back of the room, sitting upright and dead center amidst a host of other, more anonymous material rests a small, leather-bound BOOK with gold-embossed letters, conveniently illuminated by a large shaft of white light, like some sort of idol or artifact.

Joe slowly makes his way inside his eyes affixed to the glowing manuscript. As he gets closer, it becomes apparent what exactly has grabbed Joe's attention. It is the book's title:

"THE ADVENTURER'S HANDBOOK"

Beneath this is a picture of a compass and the name of the author, Mick Conefrey.

The THEME MUSIC is growing louder and louder...

Joe picks up the book, examining it carefully. Its weathered corners and wrinkled pages make it seem quite ancient. He flips it over.

CLOSE ON - THE BOOK

Inscribed on the back are four lines of text, also in gold, which read as follows:

"BEFORE YOU FALL OFF A MOUNTAIN,

GET LOST IN THE DESERT,

OR BECOME STUCK IN THE ICE...

READ THIS BOOK."

BACK TO SCENE

Joe's eyes are wide. The THEME MUSIC is deafeningly loud. He looks up at the man behind the counter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Excuse me...would you mind turning
that music down?!

The mysterious man behind the counter (DUKE) steps out of the shadows. He has greasy hair and wears a tank top. His fingernails are filthy. A small monkey is perched on his shoulder. He has a small diamond stud earring in one ear.

DUKE

(Shouting over music)
Too loud for ya? Sorry about that!

He reaches over and turns down the music on his iPod

JOE

This is a cool little place you've
got here. What's the monkey's name?

DUKE

Monkey...?

Duke looks over at his shoulder and FREAKS OUT, screaming and swatting the monkey away. The monkey scampers off.

DUKE (CONT'D)

Woah, man! Where the fuck did that
monkey come from?! Holy shit!
(beat)
So what can I help you with?

Joe holds up the Adventurer's Handbook.

JOE

The book. How much is it?

DUKE

(gravely)
Oh, no...no, no, you don't want
that book.

JOE

What? Why not?

DUKE

Wait a minute, let me see that...

Duke holds up some cheap reading glasses, squinting.

DUKE (CONT'D)

Woah, woah, hold on...this is a
great book. What am I talking
about? No, I thought you meant that
book over there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He points to a copy of "Mein Kampf" nearby.

DUKE (CONT'D)
That book is fucked up. Puts all
kinds of crazy ideas in your head.

JOE
Okay so...how much is this one?

Duke takes a long, hard look at Joe.

DUKE
I don't know if you're ready for
this one either, cowboy.

JOE
Why not?

DUKE
Cause you're weak.

JOE
Really? How can you tell?

DUKE
It's pretty obvious from where I'm
standing. No, this book is for men
with fire in their ass. Men with
some hair on their dick.

JOE
I don't think you understand. I
really want this book.

DUKE
Let's see that dick, then.
(beat.)
I'm kidding.
(beat.)
No seriously, pull down your pants
and let me get two eyes on that
thing.
(beat.)
I'm just giving you a hard time.

An awkward beat.

DUKE (CONT'D)
I'll tell you what, kid. You really
want this book right here? You can
have it. Free of charge.

Joe's eyes widen in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOE
Wow, seriously? Thank you so
much...

He goes to reach for the book but Duke SLAMS his hand down on top of it. His eyes are grave.

DUKE
But I'm warning you, son. Once you
start reading it, your life will
never be the same again. I promise
you that much.

JOE
Okay...

Duke smiles.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
All adventures are unique, but
explorers themselves come in many
shapes and sizes.

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

The train is once again packed with morning commuters. Joe is smack in the middle of everyone, clutching the handrail and holding The Adventurer's Handbook.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
What makes a good explorer, you
ask? Curiosity, ambition, strength,
perseverance, adaptability--

The same homeless woman from before turns to cough on Joe, but this time he blocks it with the book.

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

Joe is reading in his office with the shades drawn.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
But what all great explorers have
in common is a certain
restlessness. A sense of destiny. A
belief that they, too, were put
here on Earth to do great things.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MARSH (1521) - DAY

FERDINAND MAGELLAN, 41, the famed Portuguese explorer, surveys his surroundings with a telescope.

TITLE CARD: "FERDINAND MAGELLAN (1480-1521)"

EXT. BEACH (1779) - DAY

CAPT. JAMES COOK, 50, the famed British explorer, stands proudly on the shores of some foreign land, shouting orders to his men at sea.

TITLE CARD: "CAPT. JAMES COOK (1728-1779)"

EXT. MOUNTAIN (1953) - DAY

Sir Edmund Hillary, 34, stands proudly at the top of Mount Everest, his face covered in snow.

TITLE CARD: "SIR EDMUND HILLARY (1919-2008)"

EXT. NORTH POLE (PRESENT) - DAY

Joe, Harry and Neil are dressed like famous explorers, riding in a giant HOT AIR BALLOON. Joe is holding a map, Harry has a hawk perched on his arm, and Neil is pointing an elephant gun at something off-screen.

TITLE CARD: "JOE HARRY & NEIL (1983-????)"

BACK TO SCENE

Joe slams the book shut. He knows what he has to do.

EXT. HARRY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

We TRACK WITH Joe as he storms into Harry's backyard with a freshly-determined look on his face, the Adventurer's Handbook clamped tightly in his hand.

Harry is next to the pool wearing a white lab coat, preparing to set off a small rocket. There is a large tent nearby with a pile of trash outside of it.

JOE

Harry, you'll never believe this.

Harry motions for Joe to keep his voice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

Quiet. You'll wake up Neil.

Joe looks down and immediately starts shaking the tent.

JOE

Neil! Wake up!

The tent flap opens and Neil crawls out, hungover, with various prescription pills stuck to his sweaty face.

NEIL

What the fuck, man?

JOE

Listen. I think I may have found the solution to all our problems.

Neil looks down for a long beat, then back up at Joe.

NEIL

I don't have any problems.

HARRY

You're living in my yard and you literally have drugs stuck to your face.

Neil touches his face, eating one of the pills. Joe paces back and forth, frantically flipping through pages.

JOE

Look at these guys. These are men! Men who bleed, who hunt and kill. Men who know when to fight and when to give up. Look at their worn hands. Look how fully grown their beards are. If we could hear their voices, they'd be deeper than the ocean. These are men who threw caution to the wind and left everything behind just for the sake of having an adventure. Men with hair on their dick and fire in their...dicks. And look at us. Look at how weak we are in comparison.

HARRY

So what should we do? Go to the zoo and snap a zebra's neck?

JOE

No, I'm saying we should get out there and have an adventure.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE (CONT'D)

I'm talking about getting out of the country. Going places no white man has ever been before. Fucking around with *nature*. An actual adventure. And this book can help us do that.

Harry's rocket suddenly LAUNCHES into the air, spiraling out of control and EXPLODING near the main house. Harry scribbles some calculations onto a notepad.

HARRY

Look, Joe....here's what I think is happening. I think you're just a little freaked out about marrying Elaine, and instead of dragging us all on some ridiculous adventure--

JOE

No, I know that's how it looks but that's not it at all. I love Elaine. I really do. But I can't spend the next fifty years of my life wondering what else is out there. That's not fair to either of us. And I think it's important that we do one great thing in our lives before we become too old to do great things.

(beat)

These men could be us.

Joe flips open the book and shows it to Neil and Harry.

On the page is a drawing of THREE EXPLORERS standing side-by-side, who look just like older, manlier versions of Joe, Neil and Harry.

NEIL

Hey, they do kind of look like us.

Harry looks over at the flaming wreckage from his rocket ship. Harry Sr. emerges from the main house.

HARRY SR.

Harry, would you mind removing your fucking debris from my hot tub, please?!

Harry turns to the rest of the group.

HARRY

How soon can we leave?

INT. HARRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Joe, Harry, and Neil are all crouched over a large coffee table with the Adventurer's Handbook in front of them.

JOE

The first thing we need is a destination.

Neil is holding an ice pack up to his forehead.

NEIL

I had relations with this stewardess once who was based out of Hawaii. I could text her and see if she has some spare couches or some air mattresses.

Joe stares at Neil blankly.

JOE

Were you even listening to a word I said? We're trying to get out of America. Visit a foreign land. Sleep outside, not shower for a while, eat snake. I think *this* is more what we're looking for.

Joe's finger points to a spot on the map a few miles off the eastern coast of Burma. About an inch or so from the main island is a small circle with a question mark inside of it and an arrow labeling it "Lost Isle of Sengsara"

HARRY

The Lost Isle of Sengsara? How is it lost? We're staring at it on a map right now.

Joe brings up something on a computer.

JOE

Actually, according to this website no one's ever been able to pinpoint its exact location.

CLOSE ON THE WEBSITE. The background is a faded old map and the site is filled with fun facts and lore about the fabled Lost Island. A little MIDI song plays in the BG.

HARRY

Right, because nothing on the internet could possibly be untrue.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEIL

I can just imagine the three of us already, riding horses somewhere, maybe Cabo. Throw back some beers, talk to some Mexican girls...

Joe and Harry stare at Neil, confused.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Just out of curiosity, who's going to pay for all this? Because I'm having a bit of a cash flow problem right now.

JOE

Well, the book suggests finding a benefactor. Someone who has faith in the expedition and money to burn on equipment and travel expenses, stuff like that.

Joe quickly shifts his attention to Harry.

JOE (CONT'D)

Harry, you don't think your dad would be willing to sponsor us with some of the money from his self-help books?

HARRY

My dad recently introduced me to someone as a "close friend."

JOE

Okay then, who else do we know who's insanely wealthy?

The boys are quiet for a long moment, lost in thought. Just then, Neil's phone BUZZES. It's Sadoff.

NEIL

Hang on, guys. I have to take this. Work stuff.

Neil is about to answer when Joe grabs his wrist, staring him dead in the eye. Neil looks at him, confused.

QUICK PUSH IN on Joe's determined gaze...

JOE

Sadoff.

The sound of a DOORBELL.

EXT. SADOFF'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

The front door opens to reveal TWO GUATEMALAN CHILDREN, a nine-year old and a four-year old. Joe, Harry and Neil stare down at them, confused.

JOE
Is Sadoff here?

The children stare up at them blankly. Just then, a sweaty-looking Sadoff emerges wearing jeans, boots, glasses and no shirt.

SADOFF
Amigos! Como estas! I see you've
already met Diego and Alfonso
(whispers)
I adopted an entire family.

He shouts something to the children in Spanish and they run off. Neil goes in for a high five-slash-bro hug.

NEIL
You are so awesome! What's up, my
brother?

SADOFF
Nielson Schmielson!

Joe and Harry exchange glances. Sadoff turns to them.

SADOFF (CONT'D)
Josephina!

He hugs Joe then turns to Harry. He goes in for the hug, lingering a bit too long.

SADOFF (CONT'D)
(eyes closed)
Geraldo. Good to see you, friend.
How are things?

Harry pulls out of the hug, regarding him coldly.

HARRY
New glasses, Sadoff?

We notice he's wearing the EXACT SAME GLASSES AS HARRY.

SADOFF
I know. Pretty sweet, right?

Harry shoots a look to Neil and Joe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SADOFF (CONT'D)
Come in, come in!

Sadoff disappears inside. Neil follows. Harry tries to leave, but Joe pulls him inside.

INT. SADOFF'S PENTHOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

The apartment is ultra-modern, with floor-to-ceiling windows. The place is filled with various photos of Sadoff socializing with high-profile celebrities at parties and SPÖRTing events. Jon Sadoff merchandise (CD's, tour books, T-Shirts, hats, etc) and crates labeled "SPÖRT" (pronounced "SHPORT") are everywhere. Four Grammy awards, each on an individual stand, line the walls.

Sadoff is now on an elliptical machine in his exact same attire, working up a sweat with a muscular BLACK MAN in training attire. One RECORD EXECUTIVE is chatting on a cell phone while the two Guatemalan children and their parents, sit reading magazines.

SADOFF
So...let me get this straight. You boys want me to finance your little adventure, is that it?

The boys sit on an uncomfortable-looking couch, glancing around awkwardly. They are all wearing plastic baggies over their shoes. Harry and Joe turn to Neil.

NEIL
Yeah, man. That'd be really cool of you if you did.
(beat)
But if not, that's cool too.

Joe elbows Neil to shut up. Sadoff hops off the elliptical machine, wiping his face and taking a long sip of his SPÖRT-brand protein shake.

SADOFF
Well count me in.

Joe, Neil, and Harry all look at each other then stand up, hugging ecstatically. Sadoff just stands there watching them, clearly wanting to jump in.

SADOFF (CONT'D)
Ha ha! Yeah!

Joe reaches across the coffee table and vigorously shakes hands with Sadoff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Thank you so much. You have no idea how much this means to us.

SADOFF

Of course! I'm just psyched you guys thought of me. I'll have my tour manager whip up an itinerary, book the hotels. I've been trying to organize a "Boy's Lunch" for weeks now but I can never seem to get a hold of you guys. Obviously, Neil and I have been in touch. He keeps his phone with him 24-7 in case he needs to rush over for an emergency jam sesh. Right, buddy?

Neil smiles uncomfortably. Sadoff takes a seat across from them. The black man begins cutting his hair.

SADOFF (CONT'D)

Do you guys have one of those global edition cell phones? If not, you should get one. Nokia sponsored my last tour and I'm sure they could hook you boys up with a killer family plan.

The younger Guatemalan boy runs over to Harry, takes off his glasses and puts them on.

HARRY

Hello. What are you doing...

GUATEMALAN BOY

(in Spanish)

Look at me! I'm Jon Sadoff!

Harry frowns.

JOE

Um, I do have one question--

HARRY

Yeah me too, why is your trainer cutting your hair?

Sadoff turns to Gunther and says something in German. The two share a laugh.

SADOFF

Dude, Gunther's not my trainer, he's my SPÖRTs rep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE

What's a "schports" rep?

SADOFF

SPÖRT's one of my schpönsors.

(laughs)

It's like the German version of Nike. Basically, all they just send me all this cool shit and I get to look cool wearing it. I'm still trying to figure out who's getting the better deal.

Sadoff and Gunther laugh again. Sadoff begins warming up his vocal chords. Harry looks over to Joe.

HARRY

I can't do this.

He starts to stand up, but Joe puts his hand on Harry's shoulder keeping him down.

JOE

Actually, Sadoff, what I was trying to say earlier is we appreciate you wanting to organize everything, but we shouldn't be relying on hotels or cell phones or...SPÖRT shakes. We should be relying on our instincts, our physical strength, and each other.

SADOFF

Look, you guys want to rough it. That's cool too. Don't worry, I'll have Gunther make us a supply list and some overnight bags. This will all happen the way it's supposed to.

(beat)

So when do we leave?

Silence. No one says anything for a long moment. Harry and Neil look dumbfounded. Joe clears his throat, calmly.

JOE

Could you excuse us for a moment?

INT. SADOFF'S PENTHOUSE (BATHROOM) - DAY

The boys are in tight quarters, arguing at a whisper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

No! I refuse to ask that piece of shit for any more favors. I borrowed his Micro Machines in third grade and I never heard the end of it. Granted, I never gave them back, but that's beside the point. He already treats Neil here like his slave.

Neil looks offended.

NEIL

Those are some pretty reckless accusations, my man.

SADOFF'S VOICE comes on over the intercom.

SADOFF (V.O.)

(whining)

Neil! Come restring this guitar for me? I always do it wrong!

And awkward beat. All eyes are on Neil.

NEIL

(into the intercom)

Be right there, big guy!

(to the boys)

Just so we're clear, I'm going out there because I want to, not because I have to.

Neil EXITS.

HARRY

See what I mean? For twenty years this guy has been trying to latch himself on to our group of friends and for twenty years he's been denied. Why? Because he takes any good, positive vibe that we create and completely destroys it. Not to mention the fact that he's the most annoying person we know and completely unoriginal. Did you notice his glasses? They're exactly like mine!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE

Look, I hear what you're saying,
but he's the only person we know
who can afford to pay for something
like this and who's dumb enough to
actually give us the money.
Besides, the book says it's a good
idea to include someone who nobody
likes because it helps the team
focus all of their frustrations and
hatred on that one person instead
of each other.

Joe and Harry look through the glass wall to see Sadoff
sitting in the living room with Neil, looking towards the
bathroom, smiling. He waves. Joe and Harry wave back.

HARRY

(sighs)

Fine. But I'm not sharing a tent
with him.

INT. SADOFF'S PENTHOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

The boys are facing Sadoff once again, doing the best to
disguise their displeasure. Joe extends his hand to Sadoff.

JOE

Welcome aboard, captain.

Sadoff looks as if he's just won the lottery. He jumps up and
gives them all a big hug.

CUT TO:

BEGIN "GETTING READY" MONTAGE (W/ ADVENTURER'S HANDBOOK THEME
MUSIC):

INT. SADOFF'S PENTHOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

Sadoff is surrounded by boxes of supplies and equipment,
sipping a SPÖRT shake as Gunther takes his measurements. An
army of assistants swirl around him, carrying rolled up maps
and books and folders filled with itineraries.

PUSH IN on a giant MAP hanging on the wall, which shows a
layout of the boys' planned journey, stretching more than
halfway around the world.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON the MAP. There are pins stuck in various points and appropriately labeled: "LAND IN CAIRO!", "DROP POINT!", "RENDEZVOUS WITH SHERPA!", "BOAT RIDE TO BURMA!", And "SENGSARA!!!"

INT. HARRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Harry is packing two large suitcases. TWO MOVERS enter without knocking, carrying various exercise equipment. Harry looks up.

HARRY
What is all this?

MOVER #1
Oh, hey, your dad wanted us to move all this exercise equipment in here.

Harry Sr. enters. He points to where Harry's bed is.

HARRY SR.
You can set the free weights down over there.

HARRY
Excuse me? What are you doing?

HARRY SR.
We're turning your room into a fitness center.

HARRY
Well, do whatever you want. I'm leaving for a few weeks, maybe a month. Actually, I'm not really sure if I'm coming back at all.

HARRY SR.
Okay. Well...have fun out there.
(beat; to movers)
Hey! Don't scratch the walls with that elliptical machine!

Harry shakes his head and EXITS.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Neil is laying in bed next to an overweight, young AFRICAN AMERICAN GIRL. They are sharing a joint.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEIL

To be honest, I'm a little scared. I've never been on an adventure before and I'm kinda anxious, you know? There's no telling what could happen, out there in the wild unknown. But at the same time, I think this trip could be a really great opportunity to awaken something new and spiritual inside me and get those creative juices flowing again, you know? Maybe write some new songs, finally get the old band back together...

She seems totally disinterested. Just then, the bedroom door opens revealing the young girl's FATHER

FATHER

Hey, sweetheart--
(confused)
What the fuck?!

Neil sits up in the bed, looking panicked. The young girl SCREAMS, trying to cover herself.

NEIL

Hang on! Everything's cool!

FATHER

Everything is not cool! What the fuck are you doing smoking pot in bed with my seventeen-year-old daughter! Are you fucking crazy?

The Father picks up a trophy from his daughter's desk and lunges at Neil. Neil jumps out of the bed naked and begins grappling with the Father.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Joe and Elaine are sitting on the couch, holding hands. They clearly just got done having a big talk. Elaine looks like she's been crying.

ELAINE

I don't understand. Are you bored with me? Am I boring?

JOE

Of course not! This has nothing to do with you!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE (CONT'D)

I'm just not very happy with "me"
at the moment, and I need to do
something about it.

ELAINE

How could this possibly have
nothing to do with me?!

Elaine looks down. Joe lifts up her chin.

JOE

Look at me. I still want to marry
you. I want to spend the rest of my
life with you. I just think I need
a little more time to prepare for
all this. Make sure we're not
rushing into things, you know?

Elaine takes a deep breath, wiping her eyes.

ELAINE

Put yourself in my shoes.

JOE

I know, it sounds crazy. But that's
kind of the whole point. I just
need to prove to myself that I can
do this one thing.

Elaine looks down, shaking her head.

ELAINE

If this is really something you
think you need to do to be happy
then I can't stop you, but I can't
spend my whole life waiting for you
to be ready. I know we're young
but, I just need to know that when
you get back we can make things
more...permanent.

Joe's face turns pale. He can't promise her this.

JOE

I know.

Elaine seems to calm down slightly.

ELAINE

Can you at least tell me why? Why
this? Why now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE
If you need to know, you'll never
understand. And if you understand,
you'll never need to know.

Silence. Elaine looks confused.

ELAINE
Is that from the book?

JOE
No
(beat)
Yes. Yes it is.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: "PART II: Getting Going"

EXT. JOE'S APARTMENT - DAY

A taxi is waiting outside and it's raining softly.

Elaine watches, holding an umbrella, as Joe tosses his only
bad into the trunk. Harry and Neil are inside the car waiting
as Joe turns to Elaine and gives her a hug.

ELAINE
Come back in one piece.

She manages yet another smile. Joe kisses her lovingly and
climbs into the taxi, waving goodbye.

JOE
Bye! I lov--!

The door slams shut, cutting him off. Elaine waves sadly, and
the taxi speeds away. Joe watches her out the back window as
they disappear into mid-day traffic.

EXT. AIRPORT HANGAR - DAY

The boys walk across the tarmac, carrying their luggage and
talking excitedly. As they look up, suddenly their expression
changes.

Sadoff is perched on the landing steps of a large private
jet, dancing with his hands in the air flanked by two
stewardesses. The jet has a huge decal of Sadoff's face
emblazoned on the tail fin along with the words "Sadoff: Now
or Never Tour '08" and "Sponsored by SPÖRT".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SADOFF

Where we're going, we don't need
roads! Ha ha! Get it?!

REVERSE SHOT of our three boys, completely dumbfounded.

HARRY

We've made a huge mistake.

Joe turns to Neil. He has a small cut on his forehead.

JOE

What happened to your forehead?

NEIL

Oh, I fell down some stairs.

INT./EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY

SLOW-MOTION as Sadoff pops the cork off a bottle of champagne, doing a little jig as "Oye Como Va" blasts from a nearby stereo. Neil is getting wasted with a hot STEWARDESS and Harry is in the cockpit smoking a joint.

Two SPÖRT models wearing bikinis are pole-dancing nearby. Joe is sitting in the seat between them, flipping through the Handbook looking annoyed.

JOE

Excuse me, ladies? Could you not
dance so close to my face?

Sadoff dances over to him, handing him a drink.

SADOFF

Another vodka SPÖRT?

JOE

The book specifically says no
parties before the adventure. It's
bad luck. We could be endangering
the entire mission.

Suddenly, the power GOES OUT. For a moment, everyone looks terrified. Harry yells from the cockpit.

HARRY

Sorry guys, that was my bad. Turns
out that button does not do what I
thought it did.

The lights and the music COME BACK ON.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SADOFF

See? Relax, bro! Everything is under control. My guys took care of everything. Oh, wait! I almost forgot! I have a surprise for you dudes!

Sadoff rushes over to a large box stashed in the corner and opens it, pulling out an oversized travel pack.

SADOFF (CONT'D)

Bon appetit, fellas.

Sadoff tosses one to each of the guys.

HARRY

What are these?

SADOFF

These are our travel packs! They each have our names on them.

They examine the packs. Their names are prominently featured alongside dozens of SPÖRT logos.

NEIL

Why does everything say SPÖRT all over it?

SADOFF

Oh, my boys at corporate agreed to sponsor our little pilgrimage. Some sort of guerilla marketing campaign. And look...

Sadoff pulls a hideous-looking full-body jumpsuit out of his bag. It's covered in SPÖRT logos as well. Joe Stares up at Sadoff in disbelief.

JOE

Wait a minute...our adventure is being sponsored by SPÖRT?

SADOFF

How else did you think I'd be able to swing the private jet and the models and all this other cool shit? I'm not that rich.

(beat)

I mean, I am but...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRY

How are we supposed to earn the respect of the natives of Sengsara with SPÖRT stickers all over our jumpsuits?

JOE

Look, what Harry's trying to say is that we appreciate what you're trying to do, but I also think you're missing the point of what this trip is really about. It's not some corporate-sponsored vacation.

A long silence. Sadoff seems put-off.

SADOFF

Okay...whatever you say. I guess I'll be returning the engraved iPods as well.

JOE

I appreciate that.

Joe begins unpacking stuff from his suitcase and putting it in his new travel pack. Harry leans over to Joe.

HARRY

Shit. I kind of wanted that iPod.

EXT. CAIRO - DAY

Joe, Harry, Neil and Sadoff are in front of the Great pyramids, trapped in a cluster of tourists from all over the world, a mess of khakis, high socks and sandals, fanny packs, single-shot cameras and safari hats.

JOE

Well...here we are.

A WIDE SHOT reveals that they're all standing in front of a large billboard with a picture of the Great Pyramids and the words "WELCOME TO CAIRO!" above it. Neil is in sunglasses and a T-shirt, holding a bottle of water, looking tired and haggard.

HARRY

Why did we come here again?

JOE

The book says Cairo was once the gateway to the Middle East.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE (CONT'D)

I thought it'd be as good a place
as any to start our adventure.

NEIL

Yeah, I think I can already feel
it's energy. In fact, I don't think
I'm going to drink anymore while
we're here. At least not for a few
hours.

JOE

Really? All because of Cairo?

NEIL

Yeah. Also, I pissed my pants in
front of that stewardess. Felt
pretty embarrassed about that.

(beat)

I just think it'll free me up,
creatively and spiritually. Help me
focus on the really important shit,
you know?

HARRY

What is there to focus on? This
place sucks. It smells like shit.
And don't pretend like you guys
don't smell it just to be nice.

Joe stops and grabs Harry.

JOE

Look at me. I need you to stay
positive here. I know this isn't
what we planned, but I need you to
make the most of it. Really try to
immerse yourself in the culture.

Harry can see how much this means to Joe.

HARRY

Okay. If you say so.

Harry walks off.

NEIL

Harry's got it all wrong, man. This
place is beautiful. Look at this
guy right here.

Neil points to an old Egyptian man with no legs playing a
flute and sitting on a skateboard. Neil watches him

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NEIL (CONT'D)

I bet this guy plays whatever he wants, whenever he wants. He just plays for himself. Not a care in the world.

JOE

Neil, the man is a legless street performer.

Neil takes a deep breath, ignoring him.

NEIL

I really think I could live here, you know?

JOE

Where's Harry? Let's get this show on the road.

Sadoff walks over, wearing an "I'm with Pharoah!" Tee he clearly purchased from a gift shop.

SADOFF

Okay, so I have some good news and some bad news.

JOE

What's the good news?

SADOFF

I just got off the horn with my tour manager back east. Looks like someone over there made a bit of boner and scheduled us a later flight out of here.

JOE

How is that good news?

SADOFF

Well, it means we have almost an entire week in Cairo!

NEIL

What happened to the private jet?

SADOFF

Bubl  needed it for a gig in Morocco. I owed him a favor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOE
Michael Bublé? The singer?

SADOFF
We came up together. He's never
been comfortable with my level of
success so I try and throw him a
bone every now and then.

Joe's facade is starting to slip.

JOE
Is this a joke?! We have to get out
of here! What we are having is the
exact opposite of an adventure!
There's white people and fanny
packs everywhere! Look at these
fuckers!

WHIP PAN OVER to FOUR WHITE DUDES in fannypacks, mid 20s, who
look startlingly similar to our four heroes. They're all
doing shots and high-fiving each other.

SADOFF
Are you kidding? Those guys are bad-
ass!

Joe closes his eyes and takes a breath, calming himself.

JOE
Listen to me. No more phone calls
to your tour manager or whoever.
We'll find our own way out of here.
Now where's Harry?

SMASH CUT TO:

Harry is in the midst of a CAIRO SNAKE FIGHT, trying to blend
in by shouting gibberish and waving his PASSPÖRT and a
fistful of money in the air. Two snakes are in the
foreground, battling it out. One of the snakes bites the
other one's neck and the crowd ERUPTS into mayhem.

A devastated Harry emerges from the crowd of Egyptians. Joe,
Neil and Sadoff rush over to him.

JOE (CONT'D)
Harry! What happened? What's wrong?

HARRY
I may or may not have accidentally
bet my passPÖRT on that snake fight
right there.
(off their reaction)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HARRY (CONT'D)

They told me it was a sure thing! I
trusted these people! Think about
how I must feel right now!

Everyone turns to Joe, waiting for him to freak out.

JOE

What is everyone looking at me for?
This is what I've been talking
about! This is what happens on an
adventure! Yes! Thank you, Harry!

Sadoff, Neil, and Harry seem impressed by Joe's optimism.

HARRY

You're welcome?

JOE

Okay, now which one of these guys
took your pasSPÖRT?

HARRY

That guy over there.

Harry points to an EGYPTIAN BOOKIE with his back turned to
the group, counting his winnings from the last fight.

JOE

Great, okay...I'm just going to go
over there and get it back.

HARRY

Wait, Joe, I wouldn't do that...

But Joe is already marching his way over. He taps the bookie
on the shoulder.

JOE

Excuse me, sir--

The bookie whips around, holding a large bowie knife up to
Joe's throat and SCREAMING obscenities in Egyptian.

JOE (CONT'D)

Woah! WHOAHHHH!

Neil, Harry and Sadoff rush to Joe's rescue, pulling him away
from the crazed Egyptian man. Everyone is SCREAMING.

EXT. EGYPTIAN CAFE - DAY

The boys are all sitting quietly at different tables. Joe is
still a little shaken up from the incident. Neil is now
wearing a turban and sunglasses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sadoff walk over, obnoxiously slurping an ice-blended latte. After a beat, Harry grabs Sadoff's latte and throws it against a wall.

SADOFF

You owe me two-hundred Gineahs.

JOE

You know what, guys? I don't know what we're all so upset about. Look where we are. We could still be at home right now, but we're not. We're halfway across the damn world in this beautiful Egyptian cafe.

HARRY

We're in a Starbucks, Joe.

A WIDE SHOT reveals that the boys are indeed sitting outside of an Egyptian-themed Starbucks.

SADOFF

Oh, look. They have my CD.

In the corner near the register is a rack of CD's where Sadoff's latest album is available for purchase. There is a life-sized cardboard cut-out of Sadoff wearing a leather jacket, laughing, holding an Egyptian child on his shoulders.

NEIL

No, you know what? Fuck this. Joe's right, you guys. We came here to have a real adventure and so far all we've done is act like a bunch of stupid Americans.

Joe looks over at Neil, surprised.

JOE

Thank you, Neil.

FRANK (O.S.)

Did I hear you boys say you're looking for an adventure?

The boys all turn to find, FRANK, the man from the opening sequence. He looks like a character straight out of an adventure movie, in boots, khaki shorts, high socks, a cargo vest, and a kerchief round his neck, leaning proudly on a wooden crutch and flipping a gold doubloon with his free hand.

HARRY

Mind your own business, asshole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANK

Okay, then. Have a nice day.

Frank turns to leave. Joe looks at Harry, bewildered.

JOE

No! What? Yes! Yes, we are! Can you please help us?

Frank stops and turns dramatically. He smiles.

FRANK

The name's Frank. Pleased to make your acquaintance.

INT./EXT. FRANK'S JEEP - DAY

The boys are all crammed into Frank's jeep, tearing through the crowded streets of Old Cairo. Joe is in front and the rest are in back, holding on for dear life.

FRANK

(yelling)

So where you boys headed?!

JOE

Well, we were supposed to be on our way to Pakistan! There's a rendezvous there waiting to take us up through the mountains, but Harry here lost his pasSPÖRT!

FRANK

He got off easy! I've lost more than my pasSPÖRT in a Cairo snake fight!

(sotto)

Things you can never get back.

Frank looks sad for a moment. The boys look confused.

FRANK (CONT'D)

It just so happens I'm headed over to Pakistan myself! Got a friend who owns a small prop plane! I'm sure he wouldn't mind some extra cargo if you make it worth his while! Know what I mean?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

Hey, yeah you guys! We probably should go on a plane ride to Pakistan with this complete stranger!

(raises his hand)

I call not first rape victim!

FRANK

Don't worry about me, boys! I know how it feels being in a strange country all by yourself!

HARRY

Does anybody else feel really uncomfortable right now?!

Sadoff leans over, oblivious to their conversation.

SADOFF

(whispering)

Hey, how dope is Frank, you guys?!

Neil turns to Frank.

NEIL

So what are you?! Some kind of archaeologist?!

FRANK

(amused)

You could say that!

Suddenly, a white van SCREECHES to halt in the middle of the street. Two SHADY CHARACTERS holding machine guns are in the front seat. They notice Frank's jeep and start pointing in his direction and SHOUTING.

Frank notices this. His eyes grow wide.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Woah! Hey, boys! How but a little shortcut?!

Frank jerks the wheel, sending the jeep careening into an alleyway, SMASHING through crates of chickens and fruit.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You kids thirsty?! I know a place to get a drink!

INT. UNDERGROUND BAR - DAY

Joe, Harry, Neil, Sadoff and Frank are all sitting on plush pillows in what appears to be some kind of secret opium den. There are shady-looking businessmen and belly-dancers everywhere.

A dancer shakes her hips in front of Frank, shoving her ass in his face. Frank smiles, sipping a beer.

FRANK

A lot of tourists don't get to see
this side of Cairo!

Neil and Joe are each taking shots of snake blood. Harry sits next to them, looking disgusted and uneasy.

NEIL

We're not tourists! We're
adventurers! Yeah!

FRANK

Hey, Harry! Ever seen an Egyptian
pussy before?

Harry smiles weakly. Sadoff wobbles over, clearly drunk and feeling the effects of the opium.

SADOFF

Someone get a picture of me with
the belly-dancer!

He steals a nearby businessman's cowboy hat and starts doing a funny dance.

FRANK

Hey! Look at this little cowboy!

Frank and some of the other patrons start clapping along.

A belly dancer is trying to flirt with Harry. He seems to loosen up for a brief moment. Suddenly, Neil interrupts.

NEIL

Hey, can I talk to my best friend
for a minute? Thanks, sweetheart.

Neil shoos her away. Harry looks angry and dumbfounded.

HARRY

Thank you. For doing that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEIL

(drunk)

You know what's crazy? That I'm out in the frontier with my two best friends in the world, just living. And you know what else is crazy? Tomorrow I stop drinking for real. Never another hangover I can wake up early and start writing music again...

Harry has heard this weird speech before.

HARRY

Yeah, man. That's awesome...

The belly dancer is dancing in front of Joe now. She catches his gaze, smiling. Joe smiles back politely, clearly uninterested. Harry leans over.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I think it's time to go. Now.

JOE

Why? This is great. This is what we came here for.

HARRY

Well, Neil is doing his drunk, getting-the-band-back-together speech again. And second, did you notice those shady dudes in the white van.

JOE

Loosen up, Harry...

HARRY

I can't! There's something creepy about Frank but I can't figure out what it is!

Frank stands, stretching.

FRANK

I'm gonna go drain the old piss pump. Be right back.

Frank winks at Harry, limping off towards the bathroom. Harry gives Joe a look.

Frank takes a sharp right to a nearby corner where the boys' packs are sitting in a neat pile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Making sure no one's looking, he casually picks up the bag marked "JOE" and takes it with him into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - MOMENTS LATER

Frank is frantically through Joe's bag, which is sitting on top of the toilet seat. He stops suddenly, removing a large can of SPÖRT body spray and inspecting it. He quickly whips out a small pocket knife and uses it to pry open the container.

Frank opens his rucksack and pulls out a small brown PACKAGE. He stuffs it inside the now empty container and replaces the top, tossing the can back inside the bag and exiting the stall immediately.

INT. UNDERGROUND BAR - CONTINUOUS

Frank opens the door to the bathroom, glancing around cautiously, and freezes.

Making their way through the beaded curtain into the bar are the two SHADY CHARACTERS from before. They begin to inspect every patron, asking questions in Egyptian.

Frank immediately ducks down, making his way over to where the boys are sitting. He tosses Joe the pack and clasps his hands together.

FRANK

Okay! Who's ready for Pakistan!

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Frank ushers the boys out the back door where his jeep is waiting, looking over his shoulder nervously as they go.

JOE

Are we in a hurry or something?!

FRANK

Not at all! I'm just itching to get you flyboys up in the air!

INT./EXT. FRANK'S JEEP - DAY

Frank is driving fast, weaving through traffic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

Who where the guys in the white van
back there?! It looked like they
knew you!

FRANK

Let's just say I'm not the most
popular man in Cairo these days!

Frank swerves onto a surface street abruptly.

EXT. LANDING STRIP - DUSK

The jeep screeches to a stop a few yards from a small prop
plane, where a grey-haired Arab man in dark aviators and
militia garb is standing. This man is WALID.

Frank hops out of the truck and starts tossing their luggage
onto the plane as quickly as possible.

FRANK

All aboard!

The boys help carry their stuff towards the plane. Walid says
and does nothing. He just stares. Neil eyes the plane
skeptically. He looks up at Walid.

NEIL

You sure this old girl can make it
all the way to Pakistan?

WALID

You have cash?

Neil turns to Sadoff. Sadoff reaches into his pack and
removes a huge wad of cash, handing it to Walid.

WALID (CONT'D)

She make it.

INT./EXT. AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS

Sadoff smiles and climbs aboard with Walid right behind him.
Neil and Harry hop in next, then Joe.

Frank is stuffing the last of Sadoff's bags into the hold as
the propellers roar to life. The plane begins to move.

JOE

Hey, wait! What about Frank?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY
Are you kidding?! Forget about
Frank! Let's go!

Frank is about to hop inside when he realizes something.

FRANK
Hang on! I forgot something! Be
right back!

Frank turns and hobbles a few feet back towards the Jeep and reaches through the driver's side window. He opens the glove box and pulls out his lucky gold doubloon. He smiles, limping back towards the moving plane.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Almost forgot my lucky coin--!

Suddenly, in one swift motion, a WHITE VAN screeches to a halt directly behind him, the door slides open, and two men with large guns grab Frank, throw a black hood over his head, and pull him inside.

JOE & NEIL
Frank! No!!!

The door to the van slams shut and almost immediately we hear two muffled GUNSHOTS. The van speeds off.

Joe, Neil and Harry watch through the window in horror as the plane picks up speed.

JOE
We have to go back!

Walid ignores him. Harry puts his hand on Joe's shoulder.

HARRY
Frank's gone, Joe.

The plane lifts off, carrying our boys away from Cairo.

INT./EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Joe, Neil and Harry all sit in silence. Sadoff sits up front, wearing a headset and looking out the window at the darkness below. He turns around.

SADOFF
Does anyone else think it's weird
that Frank bailed on us like that?

The three boys stare at him in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY
He's dead, you idiot.

SADOFF
(in horror)
Frank?

Walid makes his fingers into the shape of a gun.

WALID
They fuck him!

NEIL
Frank's dead. The guys in the white
van killed him.

Sadoff blinks, covering his mouth.

SADOFF
Oh my God...
(beat)
I just got an amazing idea for a
song. Neil?

Neil reluctantly hands Sadoff a pen and paper. Sadoff begins scribbling furiously, humming to himself. Joe ignores him, trying to stay strong.

JOE
Okay, you guys. I know we're all a
bit shaken up about Frank's sudden,
tragic end.
(off Harry's look)
Well, some of us are. I know I am.
But I want to make sure we stay
focused here. We've got a long road
ahead of us. The road's going to be
a little bumpy sometimes, and Frank
was a bump on that road.

NEIL
Frank wasn't a bump, Joe. We
watched a man die out there today.
That could have been one of us. I'm
sure there were still so many
things he wanted to accomplish.
Things he'd been putting off for
years. Things he'd been telling
himself everyday that he was going
to do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE

Look, the book warned us about this. People die on adventures all the time.

HARRY

What?! You never said anything about people dying!

JOE

Regardless. Now that we've gotten the whole "death" aspect out of the way we can sit back and enjoy the rest of our adventure.

The boys consider this.

HARRY

I guess if a non-Sadoff person had to die, I'm glad it was Frank.

JOE

It's almost morning. We should be in Pakistan within the next hour or so and then we head up into the mountains, so why don't we all try and get some sleep?

Suddenly, there is a loud CLANGING sound from one of the engines. We hear a loud BEEPING noise and the cabin starts filling with smoke. The boys cough, turn to Walid.

JOE (CONT'D)

Walid? Everything okay up there?

Walid starts banging on the console with a large wrench.

WALID

Frank is fucked! World is fucked!
Plane is fucked!

The boys all look at each other. SPARKS fly out of the control panel.

HARRY

What's wrong with the plane?!

EXT. ROCKY DESERT - DAWN

The plane is resting in the middle of the desert, smoke billowing from the left engine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The boys stand a good distance away, holding all their luggage. After a long beat:

JOE
All things considered, that could
have been much worse.

Silence. Neil turns to Harry.

NEIL
Maybe you and Walid should put your
brains together and take a look at
it. See if you can fix--

The plane's left engine EXPLODES and catches fire.

MANY HOURS LATER

The four boys and Walid lug their packs through the desert, looking dirty and dehydrated. They each have their T-shirts draped over their heads like a traditional "shemagh" with SPÖRT bandanas holding them in place.

Joe is reading from the handbook. Harry is by his side, holding up a map. Neil is looking around, feeling renewed. Sadoff strums a small ukulele, singing along as he walks. His hair is slightly frizzier than we've seen it thus far.

SADOFF
Hey, dudes? What rhymes with
"everlasting friendship?"

HARRY
(to Joe)
Why do I get the feeling we're
nowhere near our intended
destination right now?

JOE
(out of breath)
Walid seems to know where we're
headed, so why don't we just let
him lead and use this chance to
really hone our survival skills.
This is what we signed up for,
right?

Neil is now up ahead by Walid's side.

NEIL
You know something? I really think
I could live out here.

Harry sniffs the air, turning to Neil.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRY

I thought you stopped drinking. You
smell like gin.

NEIL

I did. It's just my sweat. I'm
detoxing.

JOE

Listen, the book says that if we
wet our shemaghs the water will
evaporate and that help keep us
cool.

HARRY

And how do you propose we do that?
We don't have any water.

Walid stops for a moment. He removes his shemagh, unzips his
fly and casually begins urinating on it. He finishes, then
places the wet piece of cloth back on his head and continues
walking.

Joe and Harry look on in horror. Harry walks on ahead.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Keep reading, asshole.

Joe sighs. He turns around just in tie to see Neil finish
urinating on his shemagh and wrap it around his forehead.
Neil looks up at Joe.

NEIL

Don't look at me like that.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

-- The boys trudge through endless planes of sand. The sun is
blazing high in the sky and the intense heat is creating a
ripple effect. CLOSE ON each of their FACES. Tired, desperate
and thirsty...

-- The boys are even deeper in the desert now, surrounded on
all sides by large stretches of sand and rock. Everyone is
exhausted. Harry looks down to see a HUMAN SKELETON
protruding from the yellow sand, his jaw open, looking like
he died mid-crawl.

-- It's NIGHTTIME. Joe, Harry and Neil are huddled in their
SPÖRT parkas, shaking profusely as large gusts of WIND beat
against their faces. Somehow, Sadoff is sleeping soundly in
his mummy bag.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

A vulture circles around in the air. It SHRIEKS loudly. The boys seem parched and weak. Harry stares up at the sky. The bird casts an ominous shadow on his face.

HARRY

Should we be concerned about this?

Joe remembers something, flipping through the book.

JOE

The book says that birds are a good indicator there's fresh water nearby.

HARRY

Yeah. Birds. Not vultures, Joe. This is crazy. We're all going to die out here in the middle of the fucking desert.

Meanwhile, Sadoff stops for a moment and opens his pack, removing a canteen. He unscrews the cap and starts chugging the precious liquid inside.

Hearing the sound of Sadoff drinking, the boys all turn and stop dead in their tracks, watching him, dumbfounded. Sadoff finishes, exhaling contentedly.

SADOFF

Yikes. I was parched.

Nobody knows what to say for a long moment. Then, before anyone can react, Harry charges towards Sadoff and begins shaking him profusely, knocking off his glasses.

HARRY

You had water this whole time?!

SADOFF

Be careful with my glasses, bro. These are my only pair.

HARRY

You mean my glasses!

SADOFF

No, these are mine dude. See?
(holds up his glasses)
I'm near sighted.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SADOFF (CONT'D)

Besides I don't know what you're
freaking out about. I put a canteen
in everyone's pack.

The boys all look at each other for a moment then start
tearing into their packs. They each pull out their won
canteens, frantically unscrew the caps and begin to chug.
They all SPIT in unison.

JOE

Ugh! What is this?

SADOFF

It's SPÖRT shake. Sorry, it might
be a little rancid from the heat.

HARRY

You gave us all canteens filled
with you stupid protein shake?

SADOFF

It's got acaí berries in it.

HARRY

Berries?! What's wrong with you?!

Sadoff looks to Neil, wounded.

SADOFF

Dude, help me out here.

NEIL

Hey, leave him alone, man. His
heart was in the right place.

JOE

It's burning my throat...

SADOFF

Well, nobody said electrolytes had
to go down smoothly.

Just then, a SHOUT from off-screen. PAN OVER to see Walid
standing atop a small sand dune with his hand raised.

As the boys rush to his side and look down, their faces light
up. A small VILLAGE rests just over the other side of the
hill, at the base of a tall stretch of mountains.

The boys all jump up and down, celebrating. Joe stops for a
moment, flipping through the handbook.

JOE

Hold on a minute, you guys. This
could just be a mirage --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Joe looks up. Everyone else is already running towards the village without him, LAUGHING and CHEERING.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

The place is alive and bustling with activity. Women in burkas hang their laundry out to dry, looking after the children. A group of men tend to their small flock of goats. Camels mull about as a handful of young boys kick around a soccer ball.

The boys march into town enthusiastically, attracting the stares of the villagers.

Neil rushes into the middle of the soccer game, stealing the ball away. He scores a goal, laughing, picking up one of the young boys and placing him on his shoulders.

Sadoff kneels down, looking amazed as if he's never seen poor people before. A goat wanders over and starts licking his face. Sadoff laughs.

Harry immediately rushes towards a small well. He picks up a small child who is standing in the way and moves her aside, pumping fresh water into his mouth. He stops for a moment, feeling bad, then shares the water with her.

Joe takes a deep breath and perches himself on a rock.

HOURS LATER

Joe looks over some maps with Walid and a villager. Neil is having his hair braided by one of the young girls, wearing an Afghan tunic. Harry puts the finishing touches on an overly elaborate TENT he's built for them. Sadoff approaches, the goat from earlier trailing behind him.

SADOFF

So I decided to do a little reconnaissance work. Apparently, there's no way out of here except by camel and these people have never even heard of the internet.

(laughs)

I know, right? Anyway, I did some bargaining with the chief elder or whoever and I was able to secure us a couple of camels and this goat.

Everyone seems rather impressed. Everyone except Harry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Nice work, Sadoff. Way to contribute.

HARRY

Um, I just built us a tent with my bare hands. In case anyone cares.

JOE

What did you use to bargain with?

SADOFF

I gave away the engraved iPods and a couple CDs. Believe it or not, they're fans of my music! Which reminds me, Neil, I got you this flute. I think it could really help lend our music more of a Middle-Eastern flavor.

Sadoff hands a small flute to Neil. He examine it. It's similar to the one the legless Egyptian man was using. Neil seems genuinely touched by this gesture.

NEIL

Thank you...

HARRY

What's the goat for?

SADOFF

I just think he's awesome. I was thinking about naming him Luke.

Sadoff leads Luke away, playing with him in the background. We hear faint LAUGHING and call of "Luke!"

JOE

Well, thanks to Walid and this kind villager here, I think we've pinpointed our exact location. We're not that far from the drop point, so I say we rest here for the night and we'll start on the next leg of our adventure tomorrow.

HARRY

Where are we exactly?

JOE

Technically we're in Afghanistan.

A long silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NEIL

So when do we eat? I'm starving.

JOE

Our friend Massoud here has offered
to prepare us a meal.

MASSOUD (the villager from before) mumbles something in
Farsi. He walks over to Sadoff and leads the goat away.

SADOFF

I guess it's somebody else's dinner
time too, eh big guy?

Massoud ushers the goat over to a large, flat stone and
removes a sharp knife from his pocket.

SADOFF (CONT'D)

Wait, what's he doing?

Massoud grabs the goat by the horns and casually slits his
throat, spilling fresh blood everywhere. The goat THRASHES
and SCREAMS wildly for far to many seconds.

HOLD ON Sadoff's horrified expression.

CUT TO:

The boys are all gathered around the campfire eating their
glistening goat meat. All except for Sadoff, who is sitting
by himself, tracing lines in the sand. Harry offers him a
large piece of Luke meat.

HARRY

You sure you don't want some?

SADOFF

No thanks. I don't eat my friends.

INT. MAKESHIFT TENT - MORNING

The boys are all asleep on the cold ground with two small
blanket between them. Walid is sleeping soundly with his head
against a rock. Harry's eyes open to the sound of an ENGINE
rumbling nearby.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Harry throws open the tent, looking for the source of the
sound. He spots something in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An OPEN-AIR HUMVEE is approaching the village at a rapid rate, kicking up a large trail of dust behind it.

INT. MAKESHIFT TENT - CONTINUOUS

Harry bursts in, shaking everyone.

HARRY

Hey, guys! Wake up! We're saved!

Joe stirs, remembering where they are. Walid too. Sadoff remains asleep wearing an eye mask, his mouth wide open. Harry slaps him across the face, jolting him awake.

HARRY (CONT'D)

There's a car coming! Get ready!

EXT. VILLAGE - TWO MINUTES LATER

The four boys (minus Walid) are running towards the fast-moving Humvee, flailing their arms in the air, screaming.

EVERYONE

Hey! Over here! Stop! Please!

Just then, a SHADY CHARACTER emerges from the top of the truck holding an AK-47, pointing it directly at them.

A beat. The boys stop dead in their tracks and turn, running and SCREAMING in the opposite direction.

The man with the gun OPENS FIRE, speeding towards them.

Jon tackles Sadoff and the two fall behind a burnt-out car chassis. Bullets RICOCHET off the metal surface.

Neil and Harry immediately dive behind a large stone wall as the truck rumbles past, barely missing them.

HARRY

What the fuck is happening?! Why are they shooting at us?!

JOE

I don't know!! Just stay down!!

Hearing the GUNSHOTS, many of the villagers are now shouting and running for cover.

Walid emerges from the tent wearing his aviators and a flack jacket. Hearing the innocent screams, he pulls out an enormous Desert Eagle handgun and COCKS it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Humvee spins around and screeches to a halt. We can see that there are FIVE GUNMAN in total: a LONG-HAIRED MAN, a BEARDED MAN, a MAN WITH A RED BERET, a MUSTACHIOED MAN and a DRIVER.

Walid marches towards the Humvee and unloads an entire clip from his gun with wild accuracy, picking off the Bearded man in the backseat. The man spins like a top and flips off the back of the truck.

The Humvee revs its engine and peels out. The Long-Haired Man opens fire at Walid, who calmly steps behind one of the clay huts to reload.

BEHIND THE CAR CHASSIS

Sadoff is SHRIEKING uncontrollably. Joe covers his mouth.

JOE (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Will you shut the fuck up! You'll
get us all killed!

SADOFF
What are we still doing here?! We
should run for it!

JOE
No! The book says to stay put!

BEHIND THE STONE WALL

Harry and Neil are crouched with their heads down.

HARRY
I think we should run for it!

NEIL
Good idea!

Harry and Neil jump up and begin running for cover. The Humvee swerves towards them, FIRING in their direction. Joe peeks his head out from behind the car chassis.

JOE
What are you doing?! Take cover!

Just then, Walid rolls out from behind the hut and OPENS FIRE at the passing truck, hitting the driver in the neck and causing the Humvee to swerve out of control. It SMASHES into a large cluster of rocks.

The driver is clutching his throat as the other men hop out, shouting and running for cover.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The man With the Red Beret stops to fire at Walid, who dives behind a couple of rusted barrels.

Harry and Neil run behind a large hut, putting their backs against the wall and catching their breath.

NEIL

Do you think they saw us?

HARRY

I don't now. Peek your head out and see.

NEIL

I'm not peeking my head out! You peek your head out!

HARRY

Rock-paper-scissors, on three.
Ready? One, two, three...

Harry throws paper. Neil throws rock.

NEIL

Dammit! Okay...

Neil takes a deep breath and slowly slides his foot out from behind the wall.

A had instantly plunges a KNIFE through his sneaker.

NEIL (CONT'D)

AHHH! My fucking foot!

The Mustachioed Man appears around the corner, pointing his gun in Neil's face and SHOUTING in another language.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Harry! Quick! Do something!

Harry immediately takes off running.

NEIL (CONT'D)

No, wait! Come back!

The Mustachioed Man presses his gun up against Neil's forehead, still shouting. Neil closes his eyes.

MUSTACHIOED MAN

(in English)

The package! Where is it?!

NEIL

I don't know! What package?! What are you talking about?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Just then, Walid appears behind them. He pulls the knife out of Neil's foot and plunges it into the Mustachioed Man's Chest. The man's eyes go wide and he slumps to the ground. Neil looks down at the man then up at Walid.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Walid! You just stabbed that man in the heart!

Walid smiles, revealing a gold tooth.

CUT TO:

Harry is running through town as fast as he can. He takes cover behind a large rock.

HARRY

(out of breath)

Neil's dead...oh my God...I
couldn't save him. I
couldn't...Wait, why didn't I save
him? I'm a bad friend! Oh fuck!
Fuck, man! I have to go back!

Harry gets to his feet.

A FEW YARDS AWAY

The Man with the Red Beret pulls the pin on a GRENADE. He lobbs it over in Harry's direction.

BEHIND THE ROCK

The grenade lands right at Harry's feet. Without giving it a second thought, Harry picks it up and tosses it back, then starts running in Neil's direction.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Neil! I'm sorry! I'm coming to save
you! I'm coming to--

The grenade EXPLODES off-screen and Harry falls to the ground. He lies there, covering his head. A charred and tattered RED BERET lands in the dirt beside him.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE VILLAGE

The Long-Haired Man stealthily makes his way towards the burnt-out car chassis, readying his machine gun.

BEHIND THE CAR CHASSIS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Joe and Sadoff sit there, frozen. Joe's hand is wrapped around Sadoff's mouth. He glances underneath the car, watching as the Long-Haired Man's feet draw closer.

JOE
(whispers)
Do not. Make. A sound.

Sadoff nods. Joe slowly gets to his feet. He keeps his head low, creeping towards the edge of the car. At this point, the only thing separating him from the Long-Haired Man is a thin hunk of metal.

Sadoff watches in horror, shaking his head "no."

JOE (CONT'D)
Okay, Joe. This is what you signed up for, right? This is where you become a man. Here we go...ready? One..two...

CLICK. The machine gun is pointed directly at his head. The Long-Haired Man is standing above him.

LONG-HAIRED MAN
(subtitled)
On your feet!

JOE
I don't know what that means!

The Long-Haired Man pulls him upwards and spins him around so they are face-to-face. They stare up at each other for a tense beat, sizing each other up.

LONG-HAIRED MAN
The package. You have it?

JOE
Oh...um...the package? Yes. Of course. Why wouldn't I have it?

LONG-HAIRED MAN
Where is it?

Joe glances over at Sadoff. He points.

JOE
Uh...he has it!

The Long-Haired Man looks over at Sadoff.

Seeing his opportunity, Joe clenches his left hand and PUNCHES the Long-Haired Man in the face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

The punch connects, but the man does not move. He just stares at Joe, confused.

A quiet moment. Then Joe grabs his hand, SCREAMING.

The Long-Haired Man smiles. He levels his gun at Joe. Joe closes his eyes, preparing for the worst...

Just then, the man's forehead BURSTS OPEN.

He drops OUT OF THE FRAME TO REVEAL Walid, Neil and Harry standing behind him. Walid's gun is still smoking.

Joe just stands there, stunned, covered in blood.

CUT TO:

The VILLAGERS begin to emerge from their huts, surveying the damage. Walid is seated in the shade, wiping his brow with a handkerchief.

Joe is by the well, cleaning the blood off of his face, holding his broken hand, still in shock. Neil is bandaging his bloody foot.

Harry digs through the smoldering wreckage of the Humvee, scavenging around for anything they can use. There is dried blood coming from his ears. He opens the glove compartment, finding a large SATELLITE PHONE.

Sadoff walks over to one of the dead man's bodies and crouches down, staring into his lifeless eyes.

SADOFF

Woah. This guy is really dead.
(sees another corpse)
So is that one.

NEIL

I don't understand. Did any of those guys say why they were trying to kill us?

JOE

He said something about a package.

NEIL

Yeah! My terrorist said that too!
What the fuck!

He turns to a nearby VILLAGER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

NEIL (CONT'D)
Massoud, what do you make of all
this "package" business?

VILLAGER
(subtitled)
I am not Massoud.

Harry runs over clutching the satellite phone.

HARRY
Guys! Look what I found!

He stops, noticing that the villagers have all gathered
behind Massoud, who is wearing a SPÖRT headband.

JOE
What's going on here?

Some of the villagers are starting to yell things. Massoud
quiets them. He turns to Joe.

MASSOUD
You must go now.

JOE
Woah, woah, woah...let's just stay
calm. These men were not our
friends.

VILLAGERS
(subtitled)
Devil! Get out!

MASSOUD
You bring bad luck and death to our
village. You must go.

JOE
Wait, please! Just let us stay here
one more night and then we'll go.
Walid will explain everything.
(shouts)
Walid?! Where are you?!

Joe turns towards the shaded area where Walid is sitting. He
is now slumped over, like he's asleep. Suddenly, his body
starts to convulse uncontrollably. And then, just as
suddenly, Walid's body is still.

JOE (CONT'D)
Walid...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

CLOSE ON Walid's face. There is a large, yellow scorpion on his neck, jabbing him with its stinger repeatedly.

HARRY

Walid! There's a scorpion on your neck!

A long beat. Walid doesn't move.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Walid! There's a scorpion--!

Joe stops him. A moment of silence.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(sadly)

Oh.

Neil walks over to inspect Walid's body. Walid's eyes are open and blood is dribbling down from his mouth.

Neil is fighting back tears. He turns away unable to look anymore. Sadoff is there to console him. He rubs Neil's back, comforting him as he sobs quietly.

SADOFF

Sshh...it's okay. Everybody cries.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The boys are huddled around a fire next to their camels in the middle of the desert, completely alone. They are eating some left over goat meat and drinking from their canteens, wincing with each sip.

Sadoff is in the background, talking on the satellite phone. No one is quite sure what to say.

Joe is staring at his left hand. His RING FINGER is badly broken and swollen, bandaged in a splint.

JOE

I saw all this happening very differently in my head.

Sadoff comes back over, a solemn look on his face.

JOE (CONT'D)

What did they say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SADOFF

Well, the bad news is they can't send someone in to get us at the moment because apparently America and Afghanistan aren't vibing with each other right now and we're in a no-fly zone.

HARRY

We're in fucking Afghanistan and we were literally just attacked by terrorists! What could possibly be the good news?

SADOFF

Technically, there is none. But if I had to pick something, I'd say the good news is our rendezvous accidentally missed the drop point and our supply shipment ended up somewhere in the mountains, just southeast of here.

HARRY

Great! The mountains! That should be easy. Just a hop, skip, and a jump away in the fucking mountains of Pakistan.

SADOFF

They did say they felt bad and were sending in a Sherpa to help guide us there.

HARRY

Okay, so then what? What do we do once we reach the drop point? How do we get home?

SADOFF

I don't know. The battery died before I could ask.

No one says anything. Neil is staring into the fire.

NEIL

I still can't get over Walid. I mean, he made it through that entire gun battle without a scratch and then just like that. Killed by a scorpion.

(beat)

It really makes you think.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He takes a swig from a bottle of gin. His foot is wrapped in bandages.

HARRY

You need to stop getting so attached to these random people. You didn't even know Walid until three days ago. And also, I thought you weren't drinking anymore.

NEIL

What does it matter? We're all going to die out here anyway.

NEIL (CONT'D)

(beat)

Can I ask you guys a question?

The boys look up at Neil.

NEIL (CONT'D)

You remember a few months ago when I told you all I saw Katie Gigliotti at a bar and we sixty-nined in the bathroom?

JOE

Yeah, what about it?

Neil looks oddly emotional. His eyes are red.

NEIL

When I told you guys, you didn't believe me at first. I had to like...convince you. Remember?

HARRY

What would possibly make you think of that right now? At this moment?

NEIL

Because it hurt my feelings. She's not even that hot anymore but she was obsessed with me in high school and you still thought she was too good for me or something.

JOE

We didn't think she was too good for you. I thought maybe you were drunk and...embellishing a little. That's all. It's not a big deal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NEIL

Whatever. I just thought I should
express my frustrations.

A long beat.

HARRY

You get drunk and make shit up
sometimes. It's not that crazy to
think you may not have sixty-nined
with Katie Gigliotti.

Neil is visibly upset but tries to hide it.

SADOFF

Dude, I totally believe you.

NEIL

Well, it's good to know someone
still has faith in me.

Everyone is quiet. A tense moment. Just then, we hear the
sound of ukulele playing the intro to "Here Comes the Sun".
PAN OVER to Sadoff.

SADOFF

(singing)

*Here comes the sun / Here comes the
sun / And I say, it's alright*

Joe, Harry and Neil look at each other.

SADOFF (CONT'D)

*Little darling / It's been a long
cold lonely winter / Little darling
/ It feels like years since it's
been here / Here comes--*

Very matter-of-factly, Harry gets up and walks over to
Sadoff, grabbing his ukulele and violently smashing it
against a rock for what seems like a long time.

Harry hands the neck of the mangled instrument back to Sadoff
and walks back to his sleeping mat.

Everything is silent.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: "PART III: GETTING ALONG"

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

Sadoff's rendition of "Here Comes the Sun" plays as the four boys trek through rocky, snow-covered mountains, the wind whipping their faces.

They are dressed from head-to-toe in protective gear covered in SPÖrt logos. Clearly, some time has passed since we last saw them. Their faces are slightly bearded and wind-burned, their eyes displaying a hint of madness. Leading the group is their Sherpa, NORBU.

Norbu stops for a moment, surveying the landscape. He turns to the boys and shouts something unintelligible.

JOE

Hey, I think he sees something!

In the distance is a large CRATE with a parachute hanging from the top of it, smashed onto the mountain, its contents strewn about. The SPÖRT logo is clearly visible.

CUT TO:

The boys sift through the wreckage of the drop shipment.

HARRY

I'm noticing a trend here.

Joe picks up the shredded wrapper of a SPÖRT energy bar, clearly torn to bits by a wild animal.

JOE

What's that?

HARRY

That every time something good happens to us, something horrific immediately follows.

SADOFF (O.S.)

Hey! My portable DVD player!

(beat)

Ugh. The screen is cracked.

JOE

Thankfully, most of the camping gear is salvageable and there's enough unopened food here to last us another few weeks or so.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

Few weeks?! I thought our goal was to get out of here as soon as possible?

JOE

It is, Harry, but we're in the middle of a mountain range and with the way things have been going for us, I'd rather be safe than sorry.

Just then, Sadoff walks over carrying a plastic baggie filled with white powder. His hair is even curlier now.

SADOFF

Yo, dudes. Look what I found.

NEIL

What is that?

SADOFF

(whispers)

It's blow!

Neil dips his finger in the bag and tastes it.

NEIL

Holy shit, I think he's right.

(beat)

Better make sure.

Neil does a huge bump off his pinky nail. He waits a moment, then does one more bump in the other nostril.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's cocaine.

HARRY

What are you doing with an ounce of cocaine?

SADOFF

It was on the list of things Joe told me to get.

HARRY

He meant coca leaves. For us to chew on, to help with the altitude sickness. We're supposed to be adventurers, not stock brokers in the eighties.

Joe is sitting off to the side with his gloves off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE

Hey, guys? Can you come here for a second? Take a look at this?

Joe is examining his broken ring finger. The skin has started to turn a dark shade of purple, almost black.

JOE (CONT'D)

I don't know how much longer I can keep going like this. I think it might be infected.

NEIL

Here, let Norbu take a look.

Norbu saunters over, taking a long look at the finger.

NORBU

(subtitled)

This finger is cursed. We must remove it to keep evil spirits away. I'll get the hammer.

Norbu wanders off.

NEIL

See? You're going to be fine, big guy. Let's just throw a band-aid on it and keep moving before we lose any more daylight.

Harry grabs Neil by the shoulder, taking him aside.

HARRY

He needs way more than a band-aid. Look at that thing.

NEIL

Well, what are supposed to do?

INT. TENT - NIGHT

The boys are all sitting in a circle taking bumps off a huge pile of cocaine. Their eyes are crazy and bloodshot and they're talking a mile a minute. Joe laughs.

JOE

Ha ha! You know what? Fuck it! I can't feel anything! I don't even care!

NEIL

Does that mean you're ready?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE
I don't know! This is so crazy!

HARRY
It's not even a big deal! Here!
Hold my hand!

Harry grabs Neil's hand tightly.

SADOFF
Hold mine, too!

Sadoff extends his hand. Joe grabs it, reluctantly.

HARRY
Norbu, you ready?!

PAN OVER to Norbu, holding a large CLAW HAMMER. He nods.

JOE
Let's just get this over with.

Joe extends his injured hand, closing his eyes tightly. Neil holds Joe's legs down. Harry pours a shot of whiskey down Joe's throat. It dribbles down his chin and he shakes it off like a wet dog.

JOE (CONT'D)
Come on! Let's go! Go, go, go!

Harry and Neil exchange glances. Harry takes a deep breath.

HARRY
Okay. One...

Joe suddenly opens his eyes.

JOE
I changed my mind! I don't want to
do this! Why would we do this?!

Joe begins thrashing. The boys struggle to contain him.

NEIL
We have to! Hold still!

HARRY
Two...

JOE
Norbu! Stop them! Please! Don't--!

Norbu swiftly brings the claw-end of the hammer down on Joe's finger, severing it completely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sadoff covers his eyes and SHRIEKS loudly. There is a long quiet moment, awaiting a reaction from Joe, but he simply blinks.

HARRY

Jesus, Norbu! You were supposed to wait til I said "three!"

Silence. All of a sudden, Joe starts hysterically LAUGHING. One by one they all begin to join in. Even Norbu. Norbu seems to be laughing the hardest.

Joe holds up a severed finger, laughing even harder. His eyes are wild and desperate.

LATER THAT NIGHT

The boys are all shirtless and smoking cigarettes, still laughing. Harry is using a lighter and a pair of pliers to heat up a metal ZIPPER PULL with the SPÖRT logo on it.

NEIL

This is hilarious. Think about it. We're in the fucking mountains right now. We're freezing cold and in the fucking mountains and Joe just lost a finger. I mean, pretty soon we'll be eating each other's dead bodies.

The boys CACKLE even louder.

JOE

You want to know something crazy? I don't miss that finger one bit. I feel like a huge weight has been lifted. All that bad energy, all the missed opportunities...it was all in that goddamn finger. I've never felt so clear-headed before in my entire life.

(beat)

Now let's fucking brand each other like men.

HARRY

Neil, you ready?

NEIL

Actually, just give me one sec--

Harry presses the blazing hot zipper against Neil's arm. Neil SCREAMS at the top of his lungs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLOSE ON each of their faces, screaming as they get the SPÖRT logo BRANDED on their arm.

CUT TO:

The boys are all huddled together, LAUGHING hysterically.

CUT TO:

The boys are all huddled together, CRYING hysterically.

MANY HOURS LATER

The boys are all sitting around, coming down from their cocaine binge.

HARRY

I am insanely depressed right now.

Everyone is quiet. Joe is examining his severed finger.

JOE

Does anyone else think this is weirdly symbolic? I don't even have a ring finger anymore. Maybe this is the universe's way of telling me that I shouldn't marry Elaine.

Neil lifts up his sleeve, revealing a massive scab.

NEIL

I really regret the branding thing. To be honest, I don't even remember why we did it.

JOE

The book said branding would be a great bonding exercise.

Harry looks impatient, rubbing his temples profusely.

HARRY

Joe, unless it contains detailed instructions for how to build a helicopter out of icicles and snow, I don't want to hear any more about the fucking book, okay?

NEIL

Hey, go easy on the book, man. It's not the book's fault bad shit keeps happening to us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SADOFF

(laughs)

Yeah, Harry. It's not the book's fault you lost your pasSPÖRT. Right, guys?

Harry glares at Sadoff.

HARRY

No, you know what? You're right. This book has nothing to do with this. This happened because we let Sadoff come on our trip. He's been nothing but a curse this entire time. Everyone he encounters dies. Even the goat.

SADOFF

His name was Luke! And if it wasn't for me, wouldn't even be on this trip in the first place.

HARRY

That's exactly my point! If it wasn't for you we wouldn't be in the mountains of Pakistan right now with people trying to murder us for some package that doesn't even exist.

SADOFF

Neil? Help a brother out, por favor?

NEIL

It's not his fault, Harry. We all agreed to do this. We probably should've spent more than a few hours planning this trip.

SADOFF

Yeah, I didn't want to be the one to say this, Harry, but your attitude is really shaking up our group of friends.

HARRY

"Our" group of friends? "Our" friends?! None of us are your friend! Don't you understand that?

SADOFF

What's that supposed to mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JOE

Okay, I think the cocaine May be having an effect on our emotions right now, so let's all just take a deep breath and calm down.

NEIL

Yeah, Harry. Shut the fuck up.

HARRY

No, this is bullshit! You're all perfectly content to let me look like the asshole when the reality is I'm the only one who's being honest about this situation! Well, I don't give a shit anymore! We're all going to die out here anyway so what's the point!

HARRY (CONT'D)

(turns to Sadoff)

We don't like you! Not one person in this tent is actually your friend! In fact, it's exactly the opposite! Neil only pretends he's your friend because he's afraid of losing his paycheck! The only reason we brought you along in the first place was because we needed the money and Joe thought it would be a good idea to bring someone who we all hated so when things get tough, which they have, we could blame everything on you!

(beat)

Does any of this sound familiar?!

Joe closes his eyes and lowers his head. Sadoff swallows.

SADOFF

Is that true, you guys?

Joe says nothing. Sadoff turns to Neil.

SADOFF (CONT'D)

Neil...?

Neil can barely look Sadoff in the eye.

NEIL

Of course not, man. You know me. We're brothers...

Sadoff's eyes are tearing up, but he tries to hide it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

SADOFF

Could you excuse me for a minute?

Sadoff stands and exits the tent. As he leaves, we can see that it is broad DAYLIGHT outside. The boys have been up all night. A beat. Harry takes a deep breath.

HARRY

Woah. This is really good cocaine.

CUT TO:

Neil, Harry and Joe are all passed out in the tent. Norbu is shaking Joe, trying to wake him. Joe sits up abruptly.

JOE

Norbu? What's up?

NORBU

(subtitled)

Your friend is gone.

JOE

Are you serious?!

(beat)

Wait, I have no idea what you just said.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

Joe, Harry, Neil and Norbu are outside in the snow, surveying the landscape, looking for any signs of Sadoff.

JOE

Where could he possibly have gone?
It's only been a few hours! And
we're on top of a mountain! And his
legs are so small!

HARRY

He's probably dead by now. There
are mountain lions everywhere.

Harry sighs, shaking his head.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Unbelievable. How could he abandon
us like that?

JOE

He "abandoned" us because you
freaked out and now he thinks we
all hate him!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

That's because we do all hate him!
Excuse me for speaking honestly
when I'm coming down from cocaine!
And don't put this all on me. This
whole adventure was your idea. As
was the idea of bringing Sadoff
along as a scapegoat. You're not
even pissed he's upset. You're just
pissed that he found out we were
using him.

JOE

Harry, you're the one who tore into
Sadoff for no reason!

NEIL

Joe's right, Harry. You were an ass
back there in the tent. You hurt
Sadoff's feelings and, more
importantly, you severely damage
our working relationship.

HARRY

You should be thanking me. Now you
can finally pull Sadoff's dick out
of your mouth.

NEIL

What's your deal, man? I feel like
you've been fucking with me this
whole trip. You know we're only
collaborating for the time being
until I can get all the old guys
back in the studio---

HARRY

You've been working on that album
for five years, Neil! Let it go!
The band is never getting back
together! G-d forbid you'd actually
have to record something on your
own because you're too much of a
pussy!

NEIL

Says the guy who sits on his ass
all day with toys, thinking he's
smarter than everyone while Daddy
pays for everything! You're the
pussy! So your dad hates you! Who
gives a shit?! There are some
people out there who have real
problems!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRY

Like what?! Not being able to write
your own shitty songs because
you're too busy playing someone
else's shitty songs?!

Neil and Harry start to grapple. Joe pulls them apart.

JOE

Knock it off! I feel like a
babysitter! I'm trying to learn how
to be a man out here and yet every
five minutes I'm dealing with
someone else's bullshit. It's
selfish.

HARRY

What's selfish is that this trip
was never about us bonding or
becoming men! You only wanted to go
because you're too scared to marry
your boring-ass fiancée!

Joe reflexively punches Harry in the side of the head.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What the fuck?!

JOE

She's not boring! She's an
introvert!

Harry goes to punch Joe but misses and catches Neil in the
throat. Neil gasps for air.

NEIL

I can't breathe!

Neil grabs Harry by the hair and kicks him in the face.

HARRY

You're not my friends anymore!

Joe catches an elbow in the eye.

He grabs onto Harry and Neil to try and catch his balance and
the three of them go tumbling down the mountain in the snow,
shouting and fighting as they go.

Norbu just stands there watching them, calmly. Suddenly, the
sound of a phone VIBRATING.

Norbu pulls out a cell phone and answers it. The conversation
happens entirely in Nepali with ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NORBU

Hello?

VOICE (V.O.)

Have you located the package?

NORBU

Not yet. One of them got away.

VOICE (V.O.)

Don't worry about him. All I care about is the package. Deliver it to me by tomorrow or you'll end up like our friend Frank.

CLICK. Norbu hangs up the phone, looking nervous.

INT. TENT - MORNING

The boys are all fast asleep in opposite corners of the tent. Joe has a black eye, Harry has a large bruise on his neck, and Neil has a bloody nose. There is a RUSTLING off-screen.

Neil rouses slightly. He opens his eyes to find Norbu digging through the boys' packs.

NEIL

(half-asleep)

Norbu...? What's going on, my man?

Norbu pulls out a Glock and shoves it in Neil's face.

EXT. TENT - MINUTES LATER

The three boys are standing outside in their long underwear and boots, their hands behind their heads, facing a large cliff, shivering from fear and the cold.

Norbu is standing behind them, pointing his gun at their heads, simultaneously sifting through their bags and screaming things in Nepali.

JOE

What is he saying?

NEIL

(whispering)

I don't know. I assume he's looking for the package.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

You don't have to whisper. He
doesn't speak English.

JOE

(to Norbu)

Sir, we don't understand you! We
don't have whatever it is you're
looking for! Please let us go!

Norbu ignores him.

NEIL

Let's all rush him at the same
time. Maybe we can disarm him.
Ready? 1...2...3...

They all turn around at the same time, SCREAMING. Norbu
stands FIRING his gun in the air. The boys turn back around
obediently.

JOE

I can't believe that after all
we've been through, this is how we
die. Getting shot in the head on
top of a mountain in Pakistan. It's
kind of a let-down.

HARRY

I know. I would have much rather
died of natural causes. Like
quicksand. Or an avalanche.

NEIL

Look at the bright side. Everyone
from our high school's going to die
of cancer or old age. We'll be the
only ones who got shot in the head
on top of a mountain in Pakistan.

HARRY

You're right. Now I feel better.

Norbu is digging through Joe's bag. He comes upon the
canister of SPÖRT BODY SPRAY, turning it over, inspecting it.
He is about to pry open the bottom when he hears a menacing
GROWL from behind him.

Norbu turns, finding himself face to face with a large
MOUNTAIN LION. It opens its mouth, revealing a SPÖRT Energy
Bar wrapper caught in its teeth.

A bead of sweat rolls down Norbu's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGLE ON the BOYS. As Norbu is MAULED by the lion in the background, the boys are all starting to WEEP loudly.

JOE

God, there are so many things I wanted to say to Elaine. I'm okay with having mediocre sex for the rest of my life. I mean, it would've been cool to have sex with at least one other person before I died...

NEIL

(crying)

I haven't been honest with myself. I'm a sell-out. I'm a joke and a failure and you were right, Harry. I did lie about sixty-nining Katie Gigliotti. I tried to convince her to give me a hand job but my cock wouldn't even work!

HARRY

I want you both to know that I love you! I don't want to fight anymore! I swear if we make it out of here I'll be a better person!

Suddenly, the boys are distracted by Norbu's SCREAMS and the TEARING of flesh. They turn around slowly and their faces turn pale. The lion drops Norbu's corpse and turns its attention to the boys. It GROWLS, showing its fangs. The lion approaches slowly, choosing its next victim.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What does the book say to do in this situation?

JOE

I'm trying to remember! Uh...oh, wait! The book says to, uh, open up your coat so you appear larger! That should scare it away!

HARRY

Our coats are in the tent.

NEIL

Let's throw something!

Joe picks up a rock and throws it at the lion. It SMACKS the lion in the face and bounces off harmlessly. The big cat ROARS, burying its hind legs in the snow, readying itself to pounce. Joe closes his eyes...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Then, a SHOT rings out. The mountain lion looks around, then bolts for safety. Harry opens his eyes, stunned.

HARRY

Where did that come from?

A RESCUE HELICOPTER emerges from behind a cliff, with a dashing, incredibly handsome BRITISH MAN hanging out of the cabin wearing goggles and holding a rifle. He waves. Neil, Harry and Joe just stare, as if it's a mirage.

BRITISH MAN

Ahoy, gentlemen! Need a lift?!

Neil screams excitedly, breaking the silence. The boys all hug each other, jumping up and down, elated.

The helicopter hovers above the mountain as the British Man hops off and makes his way over to the boys. As he does so, he notices Norbu's tattered body. He winces.

BRITISH MAN (CONT'D)

What a pity. You boys alright?

JOE

We're fine! We thought we were dead!

BRITISH MAN

Well, it looks like I got here just in time then! The name's Simon, by the way.

NEIL

I'm sorry, sir, but you have to help us! Our friend is trapped somewhere on the mountain!

SIMON (BRITISH MAN)

Is your friend Jon Sadoff? The world-famous musician?

Now it's the boys turn to look confused.

JOE

Yes! How did you know that?!

SIMON

One of my men picked him up just a few hours ago, not far from here actually. He's the one who sent us to find you boys. You could even say he saved your lives.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Simon lets this sink in for a moment. Harry seems the most affected by this statement.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Come. Gather your things and let's get some warm cocoa inside of you.

Simon heads back toward the helicopter. The boys head over towards Norbu's carcass to collect their packs.

NEIL

By the way, I was kidding before when I said my cock didn't work.

MOMENTS LATER.

The rescue helicopter takes flight, leaving the danger of the mountains behind. PAN DOWN TO REVEAL the Glock is now missing from Norbu's hand.

I./E. RESCUE HELICOPTER - LATER

The rescue helicopter flies over a large canopy of jungle trees, illuminated in the morning sun. Simon and two other CHARMING RESCUERS sit in the cockpit. Neil, Harry and Joe are bundled up in ski parkas, sipping cocoa.

SIMON

Technically, I'm a professor by trade, but I found the atmosphere up at Oxford a bit stuffy, so I thought I'd come here and do some work out in the field! It's really quite rewarding!

Harry turns to the guys.

HARRY

Can you believe this? For the first time on this trip we're in the hands of professionals.

JOE

Yeah, Simon seems like the real deal. He's pretty awesome.

HARRY

Like, if Simon died I'd actually be sad. He seems like a great dude.

Neil looks out the window, concerned.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEIL

Does anyone else feel like we've
been in the air for too long?

Simon looks back with a charming smile.

SIMON

Just need to make a quick stop to
refuel! Then we'll have you boys
back on to the States in no time!

Simon gives two thumbs up then turns back around.

HARRY

(smiles)

That fucking guy.

EXT. JUNGLE BASE - DAY

The ruins of an ancient Buddhist temple have been turned into
a makeshift military outpost. A wild jungle full of vines and
trees surround it. A large river flows nearby.

The helicopter descends towards a small landing pad.

I./E. RESCUE HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The boys all excitedly gather their things, trying to peer
out the windows. Simon puts on a pair of aviators and steps
outside, hitting the side of the chopper.

SIMON (O.S.)

Open the doors for our young
comrades!

The door to the cabin slides open to reveal several MILITIA
MEN, all brandishing semi-automatic weapons.

ANGLE ON the faces of Harry, Joe, and Neil, all crouched
inside the chopper, their smiles fading.

Simon comes around to face them holding a small pistol
himself, still smiling that winning smile.

SIMON (CONT'D)

My sincere apologies, gentleman.

INT. HODING CELL - DAY

The padlock door swings open as Joe, Harry, and Neil go tumbling in, falling over one another on the wet stone floor. It looks like they've been roughed up a bit.

SADOFF (O.S.)
They got you too, huh?

The boys turn to find Sadoff, crouched in the corner, squeezing a damp sponge over his head. His clothing has been torn, he's filthy and he looks like he's gone totally insane. Also, his hair is now completely curly.

JOE
Jeez, Sadoff. You look terrible.

SADOFF
Prison changes the way a man views
the world and the way the world
views him...

An awkward beat.

HARRY
You've bene here for six hours.

SADOFF
I know, but it sucks in here.
(beat)
Also, I took a nasty spill down a
miniature snow cave after I left
you guys. That's when I saw the
chopper and these deceptively
charming British dudes offered to
help me.

HARRY
And that's when you proceeded to
rat us out and give them our exact
coordinates. I can't believe for a
minute there I actually thought
you'd saved our lives.

SADOFF
Whatever, bro. Technically, you
guys would still be on the mountain
if it wasn't for me. And I'm still
mad at you, by the way.

NEIL
Hey, who's this piece of shit?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAN OVER TO REVEAL an old British explorer with long hair and a beard chained to one of the walls. We recognize him as PIERS, the older man from the opening sequence. He stares at the boys, his face gaunt, his teeth yellowed.

SADOFF

Oh, that's my friend, Piers.

HARRY

What'd they pinch you for?

PIERS

Well, my son and I were hunting for treasure out here in the jungles of Burma when our camp was raided by a pack of thieves. We traced them back to this abandoned military outpost, but in the process of taking back that was rightfully ours, I was captured. Thankfully, my son was able to ascend with the loot. He's in Cairo by now, safe and sound.

JOE

How do you know he's safe?

PIERS

Of course I'm sure! He's got his lucky gold coin.

HARRY

Your son's name isn't Frank is it?

PIERS

Yes! How did you know?

The boys exchange awkward glances.

SADOFF

Piers is an adventurer like us. He's got an escape plan.

HARRY

Really? Then why is he not currently escaped?

PIERS

Epileptic fits, m'boy. Especially in times of high stress. If I was to escape and have a seizure, surely no enemy of mine would hold the tongue of an old fool like me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NEIL

Okay, old man. If we help you,
what's in it for us?

JOE

What do you mean? He just said he
can help us get out of here. That's
what's in it for us.

PIERS

It's quite simple really. All we
need is thirty feet of good, strong
rope, a small rock hammer, and a
large elephant gun.

A long beat.

HARRY

We don't have any of those things!
Obviously!

PIERS

Oh, well...I guess we're out of
luck then. Too bad. I was really
looking forward to seeing my son
again. And living the rest of my
life.

Everyone looks down, their hopes shattered. For the first
time, Joe seems like he's about to crack.

JOE

This is all my fault. I'm
responsible for the deaths of two
innocent people. I dragged you all
into this and now we're probably
going to die too. Even if we
somehow manage to survive, I'll
never be able to forgive myself.
I've been a terrible leader.

A long, sad beat. Then:

SADOFF

I thought I was the leader.

NEIL

You know, Harry was wrong. We do
have one of those things.

Neil reaches inside the crotch of his pants and pulls out
NORBU'S GLOCK. Joe, Harry and Sadoff look at him, amazed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NEIL (CONT'D)

I stole it from Norbu's cold, dead
body when no one was looking. I
thought it might come in handy so I
hid it in my ass.

Everyone's looks of amazement turn to one of disgust.

Suddenly, we hear the JINGLING of keys and the sound of
VOICES from outside.

JOE

Quick! Someone's coming!

Neil stuffs the gun back into his ass just as Simon walks in,
followed by TWO ARMED GUARDS, dumping the boys' packs onto
the floor. Simon claps his hands.

SIMON

How's everybody feeling? Good?
Great! Okay, here's where I'm at.
My men have searched your bags
thoroughly and have yet to find any
sign of the elusive package. So
what I'd like to do is give each of
you a full cavity search and
interrogate you one-by-one using
various medieval torture methods.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Then, if I still haven't found
anything, I'll have no choice but
kill you. That means you too,
Piers.

PIERS (O.S.)

No!

Harry whispers to Neil.

HARRY

Is it weird that despite this
entire situation I still think this
guy seems kind of cool?

Simon snaps his fingers and points to Harry.

SIMON

Funny man! On the left! We'll start
with you, eh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

The guards slide open the cell door and grab hold of Harry, punching him in the stomach.

JOE

Harry!

Harry doubles over in pain. He groans as they drag him out of the cell. One of the guards puts on a pair of latex gloves and the third guard stays behind.

SIMON

Try to relax, friends. This whole thing will go that much quicker. Back in a jiff!

Simon exits and the door SLAMS shut. A beat.

SADOFF

Is it me or is Simon kind of a dick?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Harry is seated at a large table with his hands tied behind his back. It looks like he's been crying.

Simon is sitting across from Harry, his arms folded over the back of the chair eating a bowl of ice cream.

SIMON

How was the cavity search? Not too bad I hope. Here, have some ice cream. It'll cheer you up.

HARRY

No, thanks. Not really in an ice cream type of mood right now.

SIMON

Suit yourself. Let's get down to business then. Where's the package, Harry?

HARRY

I don't know.

SIMON

Where's the package, Harry?

HARRY

I have no idea where the package is, okay? I don't even know what the fuck you're talking about!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY (CONT'D)

We're just a bunch of normal dudes from America who are travelling around the world like idiots. We don't have the fucking package.

SIMON

Where's the package, Harry?

HARRY

Nobody knows where the package is! Wherever it is, we don't have it!

SIMON

Okay.

Simon snaps his fingers and stands, turning away from him. A guard enters quickly, grabs Henry's head and slams it face-down onto the table.

HARRY

AHHH! What the fuck?! You used to be so cool and likeable!

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

A guard is standing just outside the door, holding a large gun. Joe, Neil, Sadoff and Piers are all seated inside the cell, listening to Harry's muffled SCREAMS.

NEIL

Do you hear that?! They're torturing him in there! We have to help him! I have a gun!

JOE

What's one gun going to do? These men have assault rifles.

NEIL

I don't know, but we have to think of something.

The boys all think as hard as they can.

SADOFF

Well, there's only one guard here, right? If we could somehow get him to open the door, we could steal his gun and then we'd have two!

PIERS

Right! Then all we'd need is thirty feet of good rope--!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE
Piers. That's enough.

NEIL
It's not a bad idea. All we need is
something to attract the guard.

A long beat. Then Neil's eyes light up.

THE HALLWAY

The guard is whistling to himself when he hears a loud
COMMOTION coming from inside the cell. He turns and looks
through the grate.

GUARD
(broken English)
What happen in there?

Sadoff pokes his head through the bars.

SADOFF
Help! The old dude's wiggling out!

Curious, the guard opens the door and steps inside. He
approaches the holding cell to find Piers on the floor,
convulsing uncontrollably and foaming at the mouth.

GUARD
Get back now! You don't try
anything funny!

The boys all step as far away from the door as possible. The
guard pulls out his key and unlocks the door, pointing his
gun at Piers' quivering body.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Hey, you! Old man! Stand up!

JOE
I think he's having a seizure.

The guard nudges Piers with his boot, but he doesn't respond.
The guard reaches for the radio on his chest.

GUARD
Brian here. We need medic up in
cell three. Over.

RADIO (V.O.)
Copy that. Ten-four.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, the guard freezes. PULL BACK TO REVEAL that Neil has the Glock pressed up against the guard's temple with a determined look on his face.

NEIL
Drop the gun, Brian

The guard drops the gun onto the floor.

NEIL (CONT'D)
Good. Okay...now listen to me very carefully. I want you to hand the keys to my friend over there. And do it slowly. This isn't a fucking joke, Brian.

The guard nervously hands Joe the keys. Joe uses the keys to unlock Piers' shackles. Piers falls into Joe's arms.

SADOFF
Woah, Neil. Who's this wild beast and what's he done with my piano player?

Neil turns to Joe.

NEIL
How'd I look just then?

JOE
Pretty awesome, actually.

Neil smiles.

Neil locks the door to the holding cell with the guard still inside. Joe is carrying Piers on his back, now holding the machine gun. Sadoff picks up his pack and hands Neil the other ones.

PIERS
Okay! On to the river, boys!

JOE
What's at the river?

Piers removes a small KEY from his mouth.

PIERS
The final phase of our escape plan, that's what.

NEIL
Wait a minute, what about Harry?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They stand around for an awkward moment.

ANGLE ON SADOFF. He looks around, clenching his jaw, then grabs the machine gun out of Joe's hands.

SADOFF
Fuck it, I'm not about to let Neil
have all the fun.

He takes off down the hallway.

NEIL
Sadoff! Wait! What are you doing?!

SADOFF
You go on ahead! We'll rendezvous
down by the river!

Piers watches him go, awestruck.

PIERS
That's the bravest young man I've
ever known.

Neil looks slightly offended.

JOE
Come on, let's go!

Joe and Neil take off running down another hallway.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Simon is pacing around the room, growing more intense.

SIMON
Where's the package, Harry?!

HARRY
(sobbing)
I told you already! We don't know
where it is, I swear! We're just a
bunch of kids trying to have an
adventure!

SIMON
Here's my problem with that
statement.

Simon tosses a manila folder onto the table. A handful of black-and-white pictures fall out of it, showing the boys riding in Frank's jeep, getting onto Walid's plane, etc.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMON (CONT'D)

You know who else was an adventurer? Frank. Remember him? See, Frank was a bad boy. He stole something of mine. Some very old and very valuable stones. But the funny thing is, after we caught Frank and shot him in the face, we checked through his belongings and, guess what? No package! And would you care to venture a guess as to whom the last people he came into contact with were?

Simon touches his finger to Harry's nose.

SIMON (CONT'D)

You! Now, I've sent several of my men to recover what was taken from me, and so far you and your friends have managed to kill every one of them in cold blood. Well, Norbu was the one exception. But regardless, every single person who you come into contact with suffers a horrible and painful death. These men weren't criminals, Harry.

(beat)

Well, actually they were. But they had families, Harry. And feelings.

Simon pulls a revolver out of his waistband.

SIMON (CONT'D)

So I'm going to ask you one more time, as nicely as I possibly can.

Simon cocks the gun and points it at Harry's head.

SIMON (CONT'D)

(calmly)

Where's the fucking package?

Suddenly, a series of GUNSHOTS and SCREAMS from outside. Simon looks up at the door, confused.

The door FLIES OPEN TO REVEAL Sadoff standing there holding the machine gun, his face sweaty and wild. He screams, firing blindly. Simon leaps behind the table, diving for cover. A bullet catches him in the thigh.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Agh!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sadoff grabs Harry and pulls him towards the door. Harry moves awkwardly, the chair still tied to his back.

HARRY
Sadoff?! What are you doing here?!

SADOFF
I'm saving you! Let's go!

HARRY
I can't! I'm tied to this chair!

SADOFF
Bring it with you! There's no time to argue!

Sadoff and Harry head for the door. Simon surfaces from behind the table, gun drawn. He FIRES at them twice, missing them just as they disappear outside.

SIMON
Get back here!

The door CLOSES and LOCKS.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Hello...?
(beat)
I'm sorry I yelled!

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Joe, Neil and Piers are running as fast as they can.

PIERS
Left!

The boys turn left.

PIERS (CONT'D)
Right!

The boys turn right.

JOE
(out of breath)
Are you sure you know where we're going?

PIERS
Not really. Try the next door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Neil opens the next door. Inside the room are a handful of guards all smoking and playing a board game. They all look up at Neil. Neil quickly closes the door.

JOE

Try again.

Neil turns to the opposite door and opens it.

EXT. JUNGLE BASE - CONTINUOUS

The boys step out onto a large balcony, three stories up, far too high to jump (especially for Piers). An ALARM sounds from a P.A. system.

JOE

What do we do?!

NEIL

I don't know. Is it weird that I have a hard-on right now?

PIERS

Look! Rope!

Sure enough, sitting in a nearby corner is a coiled-up piece of rope.

MOMENTS LATER

The balcony door bursts open, revealing several GUARDS holding guns. But the balcony is empty. The guards look around confused.

TILT DOWN TO REVEAL the boys are quietly climbing down the rope towards the river bank. Piers hangs on to Joe's back for dear life. Joe is clearly struggling. One by one, they drop safely into the dense foliage. Piers pops his head up above the tall grass.

PIERS (CONT'D)

There she is!

ZOOM IN on a small TUGBOAT tied to a post nearby.

CUT TO:

The boys are ducking as they run along the muddy river bank towards the small boat.

Guards run back and forth above their heads, failing to notice the boys just below.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As they reach the boat, Neil throws their packs inside and Joe begins to untie it. Piers hops in and starts the boat. Neil eyes the jungle base nervously.

PIERS (CONT'D)
I'm sorry to say it, but there's no possible way your friends could have made it out of there alive.

NEIL
Well, I don't care. We're not leaving here without them--

Piers is already driving away.

NEIL (CONT'D)
Piers! Get back here!

Joe and Neil hold of the rope.

Suddenly, they're interrupted by the sound of GUNSHOTS nearby. Joe and Neil crane their necks upward to see.

JOE'S POV

A large EXPLOSION erupts out of nowhere, followed by the sound of men SCREAMING.

In SLOW MOTION, out of the wreckage, comes a wild-eyed Sadoff, brandishing two machine guns, firing like a wild man, running side-by-side with Harry, who is hunched over and still bound to the chair, looking terrified.

A handful of guards fire at them from atop the base. Simon appears, shouting orders into a megaphone. Bullets RICOCHET off Harry's chair. Harry screams.

As they near the boat, Joe pops his head up.

JOE
Harry! Over here!

Harry looks up. For a moment, his eyes seem hopeful. Just then, he trips, sending him and Sadoff tumbling into the river.

Joe and Neil hop onto the boat as Piers steers them over towards Harry and Sadoff.

They pull the boys onto the boat just as the guards are closing in. Neil pulls out his pistol and FIRES off an entire round at them, SCREAMING at the top of his lungs. The guards take cover, and the boat picks up speed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Harry takes a seat on his chair, soaking wet and gasping for air. Sadoff just stands there, sopping wet, breathing heavy, holding his two machine guns.

SADOFF

Wow. I am really out of shape.

Silence...then a red DOT suddenly appears on Sadoff's shirt, which very quickly swells into a circle of blood.

Joe notices. His face turns pale.

JOE

Sadoff, you're bleeding.

Sadoff looks down. His shirt is now literally soaked with blood. He lifts up his shirt to find a large bullet wound in the side of his chest, down by his rib cage.

SADOFF

Hmm. That's weird. I do feel kind of light-headed.

Sadoff immediately passes out.

INT./EXT. TUGBOAT - NIGHT

Neil steers while Harry and Joe sit, solemnly watching Piers tend to an unconscious Sadoff. Sadoff's face is pale and covered in sweat, his breathing labored.

PIERS

This man needs medical attention.
He appears to have been shot.

HARRY

How'd you piece that one together?

JOE

How far is the nearest village?

PIERS

Probably not for many miles. This is native land, and many of them don't take kindly to visitors.

HARRY

So what do we do?

PIERS

We wait. And we pray.

The boys look down at Sadoff, watching him struggle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OUTSIDE POV

Through thick reeds and vines we track with the boat as it continues down the river's path.

A REVERSE SHOT reveals the perspective is that of a small NATIVE BOY, ominously watching from behind the trees.

EXT. RIVERBANKS - DAY

The boys are all asleep on the boat, which doesn't appear to be moving at the moment. Piers is nowhere to be found.

CLOSE ON JOE, opening his eyes.

Their boat is tied to a small tree and a handful of small NATIVE CHILDREN are standing at the edge of the river, just staring at him. Their clothes are a mixture of rags and American cultural artifacts. One boy is wearing a faded Mickey Mouse tee, another a Coca-Cola shirt. One little boy is wearing a Jon Sadoff T-shirt.

Out of the crowd steps a large NATIVE MAN. Without saying a word, he steps onto the boat and picks up Sadoff, carrying him into the forest.

JOE

Hey! Where are you taking him?!

Harry and Neil stir.

NEIL

What's going on...?

The little children step out onto the boat and grab the boys' hands, leading them away.

EXT. NATIVE VILLAGE - DAY

The children lead the boys into a clearing, towards a small gathering of huts and shelters. In the center is a large fire pit and a collection of stones. Natives move about with urgency, stopping only to catch a glimpse of their white-skinned visitors.

Piers emerges from one of the larger huts wearing a bandana with strings and beads around his neck. His face is painted various colors.

PIERS

Boys! Good morning!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEIL

What is this place?

PIERS

Well, it seems we've stumbled upon a remote village not far from the coast. I can understand most of their language, save for a few odd colloquialisms here and there. Anyway, they haven't tried to eat me yet so I think it's safe to assume they're friendly, at least for the time being.

HARRY

Where's Sadoff?

INT. HUT - DAY

Sadoff is laid out on a straw mat with his shirt torn open, being tended to by a shirtless NATIVE DOCTOR, who is mixing something in a small bowl, chanting to himself.

The doctor takes the thick, earthy mixture and begins rubbing it into the wound. Sadoff winces, regaining consciousness slightly. The doctor then opens his mouth and pours in a watery, black tea-like substance, which seems to have a calming effect.

Harry, Neil and Joe stand at the doorway, watching. The native man stands and quietly ushers the boys outside.

EXT. NATIVE VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

The native man is trying to communicate with the boys. Piers comes to their assistance. He speaks with the man for a few moments, then the native man goes back inside.

JOE

What did he say?

PIERS

It's not looking good, I'm afraid. But they're doing all they can.

HARRY

What does that mean it's not looking good?

PIERS

Let's just say your friend might not make it to Sengsara.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The boys almost can't believe what they're hearing. Oddly, Harry seems to be the most affected by this.

HARRY

No. That doesn't make sense. I'm
sorry, that just doesn't make
sense...

Harry walks off by himself.

INT. HUT - DAY

Sadoff is sleeping somewhat peacefully as the doctor watches over him. A couple VILLAGERS sit by his side, one of them playing a small drum while the other sings.

Neil sits in the corner, watching the musicians. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the small FLUTE Sadoff gave him as a gift.

He stares at it for a long moment, then gets up slowly and sits himself down next to the two men. Without saying a word, he begins to play along with them.

The men look at him, surprised, but continue to play, following his lead, like a miniature jam session.

EXT. RIVERBANKS - DAY

Harry is skipping rocks into the river, depressed. A steady stream of natives emerge from the forest, carrying buckets of various sizes and filling them with water before heading back to the village. The kid wearing the Sadoff T-shirt is skipping rocks. Harry stares at the shirt for a long moment.

Harry turns to his left to find two natives bathing in the same water. Harry scratches his chin, thinking.

LATER THAT DAY

An elaborate Rube Goldberg-like machine of pulleys and levers is being constructed out of materials from the village and forest.

A handful of natives all turn a large wheel, which sends a clothesline of empty buckets towards the river and returns them filled with water. The water comes back around and dumps itself into a large bamboo chute which empties out into a small tub where the two natives from the river are standing, naked, taking a shower.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Harry supervises construction, giving orders and directing traffic. Harry points at a little boy, WIN.

HARRY

Okay, Win. You help Ohnmar over there keep the wheel moving. See?

Win nods. He makes a turning motion with his hands.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Wheel! Yeah...very good! Go ahead, go help Ohnmar!

Win starts pushing the wheel with Ohnmar and their combined strength gives the wheel the motion it needs to spin around and pump water out of the pump.

A group of villagers watch in awe as the children run over to the fresh water coming out of the pump. A few villagers walk over, bowing to Harry gratefully, thanking him. We see a smile blaze across Harry's face. It's a smile we've never seen from him before.

EXT. VILLAGE - DUSK

Joe is sitting on a rock in the center of the village, just watching the natives go about their daily lives.

He looks over at one of the huts, where a couple of YOUNG NEWLYWEDS are emerging. The husband is carrying a set of tools. He kisses her sweetly before heading off to work.

Joe watches this small but tender moment. Piers walks over and takes a seat next to him.

JOE

You ever been married, Piers?

PIERS

An old rogue like me? Heavens, no!
(beat)

PIERS (CONT'D)

There was one who came close though. A schoolteacher. I opted to travel the world instead. See what else the world had to offer. You see, a true adventurer is married to the wind. With danger as his best man. But you already knew that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Yeah, it's interesting. The only reason I did this was because I wanted to see what else is out there, but now that I'm here all I want to do is go home. Does that make me a bad person?

PIERS

Don't be silly. There's more than one way to have an adventure. Hunting for diamonds in the jungles of Southeast Asia is one way. Getting married is another. Either way, you're likely to get castrated.

Joe smiles at Piers's joke. A quiet moment.

JOE

Thank you, Piers.

PIERS

You're quite welcome. Now, would you mind holding my tongue, lad? I feel a small seizure coming on.

Piers lays himself down in Joe's arms and begins to seize.

EXT. NATIVE VILLAGE - NIGHT

Establishing. The village is asleep.

INT. HUT - NIGHT

Sadoff is sleeping peacefully. His hair is completely frizzy and curly and looks nothing like it did at the start of the trip. Harry is sitting next to Sadoff's bed, Indian-style, drifting off to sleep. A single candle burns nearby.

Just then, Sadoff opens his eyes. He blinks, moving his head slightly, looking oddly at peace and content.

SADOFF

(weakly)

Where are we...?

Harry jolts awake. He looks down at Sadoff in shock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

Hey...um...I'm not sure really.
We're in some village in the middle
of the jungle. The natives are
really cool, though. They've been
taking good care of you.

SADOFF

Can you hand me my glasses?

HARRY

Yeah...sure.

Harry scans the hut but can't find Sadoff's glasses. He takes
off his own glasses and puts them on Sadoff.

SADOFF

Thanks.

(coughs)

How was I back there? You know, the
whole battle sequence.

HARRY

Oh man...it was crazy actually. You
were firing machine guns, blowing
shit up, screaming like a wild man.
You looked like a mini Rambo or
something. Pretty cool.

(long beat)

You saved my life. For real, this
time.

A weak smile appears on Sadoff's face.

SADOFF

Yeah, I know. I just wanted to hear
you say it.

(beat)

So how long before we can get the
eff out of here?

Harry looks conflicted, not sure what to say.

HARRY

Oh, the doctor says you should be
healed up any day now and then it's
smooth sailing all the way to
Sengsara...

Just then Harry's voice cracks.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Can I ask you something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SADOFF
Of course, bro. Anything.

HARRY
Why did you come back for me?

Sadoff looks confused.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I've done nothing but make fun of
you for the past twenty years. I
said so many mean things on top of
the mountain. I don't get it.

SADOFF
Seriously? Why wouldn't I have?
You're one of my best friends. I
love you. Besides, you would have
done the same for me.

HARRY
Oh, yeah, obviously...
(tearing up)
I don't know what to say really.
I'm just sorry, I guess. I haven't
been a good person lately.

Tears are now streaming down Harry's face.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I haven't been a good person to
you, Sadoff. And that fucking
sucks, man.

SADOFF
Hey, don't cry. I know that if you
didn't like me, you wouldn't make
fun of me all the time. I can take
it. I'm sure I could've been nicer
to you, too. I probably could've
been a lot cooler about the whole
Micro Machines thing.

HARRY
Yeah, I'm pretty sure I gave those
back to you but...whatever.
(long beat)
So I didn't ruin this trip for you?

SADOFF
Are you kidding me? This is the
most fun I've ever had.
(beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SADOFF (CONT'D)

Except for that time I sang on stage with Stevie Wonder. That was really dope.

Harry wipes his eyes, smiling. He lets out a tiny laugh. Sadoff lays back, closing his eyes.

SADOFF (CONT'D)

Hey, Harry. Can I ask you something personal? And be honest.

(gently)

Does my hair look weird?

An awkward beat.

HARRY

No. It looks awesome.

Sadoff lays back, closing his eyes, smiling. Harry grabs his hand and holds onto it.

EXT. NATIVE VILLAGE - DAY

The entire village waits outside of the doctor's hut. Neil, Harry, and Joe stand in the front row anxiously.

After a moment, the doctor and Piers emerge from the hut, grave expressions on their faces.

Piers walks over and opens Harry's hand. In Harry's palm, he places the glasses Harry gave to Sadoff. A single tear rolls down his cheek. Neil covers his mouth. Joe bows his head. The villagers all bow their heads as well.

CUT TO:

Sadoff's body lays wrapped in a white sheet on a makeshift altar in the center of the village, covered in wreaths of flowers and burning candles.

The entire village encircles the shrine in silence including Joe, Harry, Neil, and Piers. The spiritual leader lights a torch and touches it to the altar, which slowly begins to catch fire.

Neil steps forward with the two musicians from earlier. He begins to play a tribal rendition of "Ave Maria", with the small flute. His playing is passionate and moving. For the first time, Neil's talents are fully on display.

Joe, Harry and Neil are all in tears. The villagers all mumble and chant prayers along with the music.

EXT. NATIVE VILLAGE - NIGHT

The funeral service is over and the fire is reduced to tiny embers lifting up to the heavens.

Joe, Harry and Neil sit together, quietly eating some sort of native dish laid out on a banana leaf. A small can of SPÖRT Shake containing Sadoff's remains sits in Harry's lap. Sadoff's picture is taped to the front.

NEIL

I'm still wondering if it's appropriate to transPÖRT Sadoff's remains inside a can of SPÖRT Shake.

HARRY

He would've wanted it this way.

NEIL

So what now?

JOE

What do you mean? Our friend is dead. Now we go home. Back to our lives. Adventure's over.

The boys sit there in silence. Piers hobbles over and takes a seat beside them.

PIERS

I spoke to the chief. There's a village with a working phone about thirty miles northeast of here. He was so grateful for Harry's irrigation system that he's offered two of his men to help guide you there.

JOE

We'll leave in the morning then.

Harry stands.

HARRY

I'd like to say something.

Joe and Neil look up.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'll be the first to admit that it makes the most sense for us to turn around and go home right now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY (CONT'D)

Believe me, there is no one here who wants to give up more than I do. But the fact of the matter is, what any of us wants doesn't matter anymore. Our comrade has died and we've risked all of our lives countless times to make it this far. If we turn back now, everything we've accomplished has been for nothing. Sadoff's death will have been meaningless and we will hate our lives even more than we did before we left. We owe it to Sadoff's memory to push forward and at least try.

(beat)

Fuck going back. That's what I think.

Harry sits back down. Joe and Neil are deep in thought. Piers is about to get up when Joe stops him.

JOE

Piers...if you were us, what would you do?

PIERS

If you need to know, you'll never understand. And if you understand, you'll never need to know.

Piers gets up and walks away.

NEIL

Just so you know, he got that out of the Handbook. I saw him reading it earlier.

JOE

Whatever. He's right. So is Harry. We've been stabbed, shot at, had our fingers chopped off, and a lot of people died, but we're still here. And that means something.

NEIL

It means we keep moving.

JOE

I'll go grab the maps and figure out exactly how far we are from the island's supposed location.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE (CONT'D)

Neil, you go through our supplies
and make sure we have everything we
need and talk to Piers about
getting us the rest.

HARRY

What should I do?

Joe looks at Harry with a fire in his eyes.

JOE

You're going to build us a boat.

EXT. COASTLINE - DAY

The boys stand along the shoreline with Piers and a couple of
strong-looking natives with all of their gear beside them.

They are staring proudly at their new SAILBOAT, which is
basically their old boat with a large sail attached to it and
a few other clever additions, like a small shelter.

NEIL

You really outdid yourself, Harry.

HARRY

Thanks. I couldn't have done it
without Win and Ohnmar over here.
High-fives all around, you guys.

Harry high-fives the strong-looking natives. The little kid
from earlier runs over to Harry. He takes off his Sadoff
shirt and gives it to Harry. Joe turns to Piers.

JOE

Well, Piers, thanks again, for
everything. I guess you should
consider yourself lucky. You're the
only one of our guides who hasn't
suffered a horrible death.

PIERS

(laughs)

The day's still young, m'boy!

The boys hug Piers tightly, saying their good-byes. He
squeezes them with all his feeble might, then stands back
taking a long look at them, fighting back tears.

PIERS (CONT'D)

I do hope you find what you're
looking for.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The boys run towards the boat, pushing it into the water with all their might, hopping aboard at the last minute.

Just then, one of the villagers rushes over to Piers and whispers something in his ear and points to the sky. Piers waves to the boys, looking panicked.

PIERS (CONT'D)

Wait! Come back! There's a storm coming! You'll never make it!

ON THE BOAT

The boys stare back at Piers, just out of earshot.

HARRY

What's he saying?

Piers is waving and shouting like a madman.

NEIL

I think he's just saying goodbye.

Neil waves back, smiling. Joe and Harry wave too.

HARRY

(smiles)

Crazy old fucker.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Lightning FLASHES. It's POURING rain. The waves are fierce and choppy. The boys are screaming at one another, hanging on to the sails for dear life. Harry is holding Sadoff's URN.

A giant WAVE washes over them. Sadoff's urn slips out of Harry's hands and rolls across the deck.

HARRY

Sadoff!

Harry scrambles after it and slips, nearly tumbling into the water. Joe rushes after him, grabbing his hand.

JOE

Don't let go!

HARRY

I'm trying!

But the water is too choppy. Joe's fingers slip and Harry flips over the edge of the boat and plunges overboard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE
Harry! NO!!!

Joe quickly fastens a rope around his waist and DIVES IN after him, swimming towards Harry with all his might. Neil is steering blindly, the wind whipping his face.

NEIL
What's happening?!?!

Suddenly, another huge WAVE smashes into the deck. The boom swings around and smacks Neil in the back of the head, knocking him overboard as well.

The boys SHOUT to one another, thrashing around in the water as the boat CREAKS loudly under the strain. The mast CRACKS in half, turning the ship onto its side, and giving the boys something to grab onto.

A WIDE SHOT reveals the boys are floating deep in the ocean, surrounded by darkness on all sides. Lightning FLASHES and thunder RUMBLES in the distance.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. ISLAND - DAY

Harry is lying in the sand, passed out, covered in seaweed and starfish. A family of fiddler crabs crawl on top of him, as if he were a rock formation.

Sadoff's SPÖRT Shake urn washes up on the shore next to Harry, brushing against his face. He stirs, coughing up salt water and gradually opening his eyes. Realizing he's on dry land, he sits up and looks around.

The beach is covered in pieces of their boat and other bits of sea trash. Their packs and random supplies are scattered about as well.

The island is a small paradise, palm trees and tall ferns everywhere, the ocean a crystal blue. A large rock face obscures most of the island from view.

CLOSE ON Harry's astonished face.

HARRY
We made it...

On the other end of the beach, Joe is lying face-down in the surf. As if responding to Harry's voice, Joe opens his eyes, lifting his head slightly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE
We made it...?

A long beat. As Joe sits up and collects his bearings, exhaustion turns to elation.

JOE (CONT'D)
(laughs)
We made it!

Joe notices Harry at the other end of the beach.

JOE (CONT'D)
Hey, Harry! We made it!

HARRY
What?!

JOE
(louder)
I said, "we made it!"

HARRY
I'm sorry, I can't hear you!

JOE
What?!

HARRY
I said--! Hang on, I'm coming over there.

Harry jogs over. Joe's smile fades.

JOE
Wait a minute, where's Neil?

Just then, Neil emerges from beneath the wreckage of the boat with a huge GASH across his forehead that's bleeding profusely.

NEIL
Hey, guys! We made it! Yeah!

The Adventurer's THEME SONG kicks in triumphantly.

Joe jumps to his feet and takes off running down the beach, throwing white sand in the air like confetti.

Neil gets to his knees and kisses the ground, giving himself a sand beard. He shakes it off, laughing.

Harry is either laughing or crying, we can't tell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Joe and Neil help Harry to his feet, forming a circle with their arms around one another, jumping up and down and shouting in ecstasy.

JOE
I hereby claim this land in the
name of Jon Sadoff!

NEIL
Sadoff Island! Ha ha!

HARRY
To Sadoff!

The boys continue to celebrate, chasing each other and rolling around in the sand.

EXT. ISLAND - NIGHT

The boys are all hanging out around a small fire. A large CRAB is roasting on a spit. Neil is playing his flute while Joe and Harry sip from coconuts. Next to them is another small coconut with Sadoff's face painted on it.

NEIL
This really is paradise, huh boys?

JOE
I almost can't believe it. I've
never been so happy before in my
life.

HARRY
I feel like I just gave birth.

NEIL
(smiles)
Yeah, man. Me too.
(beat)
So what should we do tomorrow?

JOE
I think we should explore. Maybe
build a teepee out of some palm
fronds. Bury Sadoff.

HARRY
Hey, have you guys given any
thought to how we're supposed to
get home?

A moment of silence. Joe takes another sip from his coconut.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE
This is good coconut milk.

The boys all sit in silence.

EXT. ISLAND - MORNING

The boys are sleeping peacefully, the fire extinguished. In the distance, we hear the sound of faint ISLAND MUSIC.

Neil's eyes open slightly. He nudges Joe awake.

NEIL
Hey...do you hear that?

JOE
Hear what?

NEIL
That music.

JOE
What music?

Joe listens and his eyes grow wide. Joe shakes Harry.

JOE (CONT'D)
Harry...wake up.

HARRY
(half-asleep)
What...? What is it?

JOE
I think there's some natives on the island.

CUT TO:

The boys are creeping up towards a large embankment covered in tall ferns and palm trees. Neil's Glock is drawn, Joe is holding the Handbook, and Harry is holding a waterproof camera. The MUSIC is growing louder.

JOE (CONT'D)
Okay, if it's natives we're dealing with, the book says they might like getting their picture taken, so Harry, have the camera ready. They may also be hostile, so Neil, have the gun ready.

They stop at the edge of the plants and hold for a beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE (CONT'D)
Everybody ready?

The boys fold back the plants and peer through to the other side.

JOE'S POV

About a hundred yards away is an enormously tacky Club Med-type BEACH RESORT, complete with a hotel, pirate-themed waterslides, volleyball courts and a tiki bar. A small band of musicians play the steel drums and bongos for a group of fat, middle-aged TOURISTS, dancing drunkenly. A film crew is shooting an aerobics video. People are waterskiing. Families everywhere, laughing and playing.

BACK TO SCENE

The boys' mouths drop open collectively.

As they begin to realize the implications of this, a TALL MAN appears out-of-focus in the background, riding a horse and holding a large rifle. The horse WHINNIES.

Harry, Neil and Joe whip around, panicked. Neil pulls out his gun, pointing it at the tall man.

He's well-groomed and strikingly handsome and looks a lot like Jeff Goldblum, wearing linen pants, a blue floral print shirt and leather sandals, smoking a cigar.

TALL MAN
Might I ask you gentlemen what
you're doing on my property?

Neil looks at Joe, not sure what to do.

JOE
Your property? We thought this was
the Lost Isle of Sengsara.

TALL MAN
It is. The Lost Isle of Sengsara
all-inclusive beach resort.

Joe pulls out the Adventurer's Handbook, frantically looking for answers.

HARRY
Wait a minute, who are you?

TALL MAN
I'm Mick Conefrey. Who the fuck are
you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mick stares at the Handbook. His demeanor shifts.

MICK CONEFREY (TALL MAN)
I see you're fans of my work.

Just then, Joe realizes something. He looks down at the book. Neil and Harry look down too.

CLOSE ON the cover of the Adventurer's Handbook.

Inscribed along the byline is the name: "Mick Conefry".

MICK CONEFREY (CONT'D)
What the hell happened to you boys
anyway? You get separated from your
tour book or something?

The boys hearts are shattered.

NEIL
We're not tourists. We're
adventurers.

INT. MICK CONEFREY'S BUNGALOW - DAY

The interior is expensive-looking and modern. There are flat-screen TV's and hardwood floors, oddly-shaped Swedish furniture and original artwork on the walls. Picasso, Basquiat, Warhol, a massive full-frontal nude oil painting of Mick...

Harry, Neil and Joe sit on one of the couches, looking entirely out of place. They seem uncomfortable being amidst the trappings of Western civilization. Mick mixes up a tray full of mojitos.

MICK CONEFREY
I picked up this place in the late
nineties as a "thank you" from the
Burmese government after helping
them broker a peace deal with some
of the local guerillas. It just so
happened I was in the market for a
small island in Southeast Asia so I
built myself this cute, little
hotel. The whole thing was
practically a fire sale.

HARRY
So, you paid for all this with the
sales from your book?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICK CONEFREY

The book?! Oh, Lord no! I'm not even really an author per say. More of an enthusiast. The whole thing was part of a promotion for the hotel. Try to get people to come, that sort of thing. I guess it worked, because here you are. I'm still a little confused as to how you ended up in my backyard.

JOE

We just...followed the book.

Mick Conefrey does a spit-take.

MICK CONEFREY

The book?! We used to sell it in the gift shop, for Christ's sake! The thing was written for children! Didn't you at least think of looking this place up on the internet before you came all the way out here?

HARRY

We did. We found a website and everything.

MICK CONEFREY

What, you mean this?

Mick clicks something on his laptop and spins it around for all to see. On Mick's computer is the Lost Island WEBSITE from earlier. He clicks a small part of the map and a funny infomercial about the resort pops on-screen.

MICK CONEFREY (CONT'D)

This was just a fun little thing me and the I.T. guys came up with. Something for the kids to play with. Let em thing they're on an adventure.

The boys look like death. Mick stares at them for a long beat. He spins his stool around facing the boys.

MICK CONEFREY (CONT'D)

Well, did you have an okay time finding the place, at least?

JOE

Not really. I lost a finger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRY
Our best friend died.

Harry holds up the SPÖRT Shake with Sadoff's face on it.

MICK CONEFREY
Hey, that looks like Jon Sadoff.

NEIL
It is Jon Sadoff.

Mick looks at the face on the can and covers his mouth.

MICK CONEFREY
Fuck off. Jon Sadoff passed away?
That is....wow...
(beat)
Give me a minute here to wrap my
head around this.

Mick takes a seat at his baby grand piano. A beat.

MICK CONEFREY (CONT'D)
Dammit, a part of me can't help but
feel a little responsible for this
whole mess. Is there anything I can
do?
(snaps his fingers)
Tell you what, for starts let me
get boys a fresh copy of the book,
huh?

Mick pulls a brand-new copy of the The Adventurer's Handbook
off of a bookshelf filled with other brand-new copies. It
looks just like the old copy, actually. The weathered look of
the book is actually just part of the packaging. Mick takes
out a fountain pen from his pocket.

MICK CONEFREY (CONT'D)
Who should I make it out to?
(no answer)
I'll just make it out to "The
Boys." How does that sound?

Mick smiles. The tip of his pen writes onto the title page:
"To: The Boys...Best Wishes...Love, Mick!"

He tries to hand the book to Joe. Harry slaps it away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MICK CONEFREY (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Look, just because the whole "lost island" thing was bullshit doesn't mean the rest of it's not true, right? Look at you. You boys achieved the impossible. What does the book say? It's the journey that matters, not the destination. You boys set out to have an adventure. To get away from your dull, meaningless lives, if only for a few days.

NEIL

Months.

MICK CONEFREY

Months! Jesus...anyway, my point is, you haven't failed at all. The fact that you even survived is a miracle in and of itself. And that...that is something to be proud of.

They all sit there for a long moment, not saying anything. Suddenly, Mick gets an idea. He stands.

MICK CONEFREY (CONT'D)

Come with me. I want to show you something.

EXT. MICK CONEFREY'S BUNGALOW (ROOFTOP) - DAY

Mick steps out onto the roof, the wind whipping his long curly locks. Neil, Harry and Joe step out after him, squinting into the setting sun. Their faces soften as the evening breeze catches their hair and the golden light hits their faces.

REVERSE SHOT of the sun setting over the glittering ocean. It really is a glorious sight to behold. The sky is a bright mixture of purple and orange and there isn't another body of land anywhere in sight.

They all stand there together, staring out at the sea. Mick puts his arms around them.

MICK CONEFREY

The truth is there's nothing I can say to make you feel better.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICK CONEFREY (CONT'D)

If you're looking for some bullshit proverb you can go back into the Handbook and pick one out. But if you boys can honestly look at me and tell me you find nothing of value in this moment right here, well then...you had no business going on an adventure in the first place.

CLOSE ON each of their faces as this point hits home.

MICK CONEFREY (CONT'D)

Let's get you boys home.

INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

The boys are all showered and cleaned up, sitting in the cramped cabin, holding their packs (plus Sadoff's). Mick is in the driver's seat wearing a headset.

Joe, Harry and Neil all face the window, staring, still unsure of how to process everything that's happened to them. It's strange to see them in clean clothes with their hair fixed. Their faces have changed since the first time we saw them. They seem older, wiser.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

The helicopter lands nearby on a small helipad. There is a small jet waiting nearby. Mick opens the door to the cabin and the boys hop out, holding their bags.

MICK CONEFREY

This plane can take you as far as Hong Kong. Shouldn't be too hard to find your way home from there.

Jon shakes Mick's hand.

JOE

Thanks again for the ride.

MICK CONEFREY

Hey, it's the least I could do. If you're ever in the area, feel free to drop by. Fifteen percent off any room in the hotel. And a free breakfast buffet. What the hell.

Neil and Harry shake his hand too. Joe and Neil head towards the waiting plane. Harry stays behind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Neil stops and turns back around.

NEIL

Harry, what are you doing? Let's go, man.

Harry isn't sure how to say what he's about to say.

HARRY

Yeah...about that...

(long beat)

I don't think I'm going back.

Joe, Neil, and Mick all look confused.

NEIL

What? Come on, stop messing around.

HARRY

No...I'm serious. I'm not going back. At least not for right now.

(beat)

I'm having trouble expressing this the way it sounds in my head but, I really liked the way I felt back there with those natives. I felt useful there. Like maybe I could help them, I don't know.

JOE

Harry, you can't just...decide something like that on a whim.

HARRY

I've been thinking about it for a long time actually, I just didn't want to say anything because I was afraid it would ruin the trip.

Neil seems to be taking this the hardest.

NEIL

But...what about us? What about your friends?

HARRY

What do you need me for? You guys have your own stuff to figure out. It's not like I'll be out here forever. Just for a little while. This is just something I need to see for myself, you know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Joe and Neil aren't sure what to say. Harry has a look in his eyes. His mind is made up.

MICK CONEFREY
Sorry boys, chopper's leaving. Got
to get back. There's a celebrity
limbo tournament I'm emceeing.

Neil looks like he's fighting back tears. He goes in for a hug. So does Joe. They all stand in a big hug circle.

Mick steps in and hugs them too.

HARRY
Just the boys on this one, Mick.

Mick backs off politely.

INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

As the helicopter lifts off with Harry inside, he looks down at his friends waiting by the airplane.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
All adventures are unique, but may
follow a simple pattern.

They wave up at him. Harry waves back.

EXT. AIRFIELD - CONTINUOUS

We watch the helicopter fly off into the distance.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Someone sets a goal, recruits a
team, and prepares to leave. They
set off and spend some time in the
field, overcoming various
obstacles. Then they turn back.

HOLD ON Neil and Joe waving. After a moment, they both smile, genuinely happy for Harry.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Joe is asleep with his head against the window. Neil is sitting by himself, holding the flute he bought in Egypt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Some return to fame, some to
indifference...and some never
return at all.

As he turns the instrument over in his hands, we see the seed
of an idea forming in his head.

EXT. AMPHITHEATER - NIGHT

The place is packed with fans. They are all hysterically
crying, holding lit candles and pictures of Sadoff.

ON THE STAGE

A giant picture of Sadoff hangs in the background, with the
words "REMEMBER ME TOUR 2009". The lights come up to reveal
Sadoff's entire backing band, including Neil at the
keyboards, with MICHAEL BUBLE finishing a Sadoff ballad in
Sadoff's place.

MICHAEL BUBLE
I'd like to introduce a friend of a
friend who's going to share some of
his music with us.

Suddenly, without any fanfare, Neil steps forward and takes
the microphone.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The famous explorer, George
Mallory, was once asked why he
wanted to be the first to climb
Mount Everest.

He picks up a guitar. It's clear he's a little nervous, but
after a moment it passes. This is where he belongs.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He replied, simply: "Because it's
there."

NEIL
(into the mic)
Thanks, Michael. I wrote this song
for a friend of mine. His name was
Jon Sadoff.

The crowd goes crazy as Neil starts to play.

EXT. NATIVE VILLAGE - DAY

The village is bustling with activity. What was once a poverty-stricken community seems to be thriving. They are clearly much more technologically advanced than before. A string of electric bulbs is now running through the town square, with freshly-dug roads leading to the various huts, which have all been newly-renovated.

In one of the huts, we catch a glimpse of a bunch of children sitting around reading books. Men and women push wheelbarrows filled with seeds and harvested crops.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

There are many reasons why
adventurers do what they do. But
one way to look at it, is to see
them as men who simply realized
what they were good at.

At the center of it all stands Harry, bearded and tan. He smiles, giving villagers high-fives as they pass.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Men who knew where they were going,
got lost, and found a place that
was better.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

An apartment door opens TO REVEAL Elaine, Joe's fiancée. Her face seems shocked.

REVERSE SHOT of Joe, looking tired and worn, but happy. His eyes are red, like he's been crying.

Her eyes well up and she grabs hold of him, pulling him towards her. Joe embraces her tightly, closing his eyes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And sometimes, what they thought
they were missing, was right there
all along.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Joe and Elaine are in bed, sweaty, their faces flushed, kissing each other passionately, clearly in the middle of having the best sex of their lives.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe smiles, whispering something inaudible into her ear.
Elaine laughs and pulls the covers over their heads.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Joe stands in front of the mirror in a towel, fresh out of the shower. He reaches for a can of SPÖRT body spray.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
So if you ever find yourself
yearning for something more, or
wondering what else the world has
to offer, don't forget...

He tries to spray it on himself but nothing comes out. He shakes the can, confused, and the bottom falls off.

A small brown PACKAGE drops onto the floor.

Joe picks the package up off the floor, opening it. As he realizes what's inside, his eyes grow large and his mouth falls open.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...there is always another
adventure to be had.

CUT TO BLACK.