

TROPIC THUNDER

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Revisions

Red Hour

ON THE MOVIE SCREEN

BLACK. The movie has not started yet. After the last real trailer plays in the theater, we see THE UNIVERSAL LOGO. The globe stops rotating, and STARTS TO BROWN AND CRACK. VOLCANOES ERUPT ON IT...

ACTION TRAILER ANNOUNCER
In a world where only one man made a
difference...

AND WE ZOOM ALL THE WAY IN TO...

A POST APOCALYPTIC FIERY TUNDRA... AND ONE MAN...who walks across it, looking cool, shirtless, pumped, with shades on, holding a BABY in one arm and a FLAMETHROWER in the other...this is international superstar CHRIS MICHAEL SPEEDMAN... there is a GIANT explosion behind him... he doesn't even flinch...

ACTION TRAILER ANNOUNCER
The one man who made a difference...is
about to make a difference... Again....

BLACK... then Speedman, again shirtless, is on an ICEBERG and an AVALANCHE is thundering behind him. This time he has a SET OF TWINS AND A FLAMETHROWER.

ACTION TRAILER ANNOUNCER
Chris Michael Speedman...IS Deke
Cogan...

A TITLE BURNS ACROSS THE SCREEN....

ACTION TRAILER ANNOUNCER
SCORCHER 3: GLOBAL MELTDOWN

TITLE FLIES AWAY FOLLOWED BY: SUMMER 2008

BLACK, then...

The NEW LINE LOGO over the stately POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE...

COMEDY TRAILER ANNOUNCER
This summer, the halls of academia are
about to get a lesson in...

INT. BOARDING SCHOOL

TRACK ACROSS a bunch of CUTE TEN YEAR OLD SCHOOLBOYS sitting at a dining hall table until we get to ...JEFF PORTNOY, 35, GROSS OUT COMEDY STAR.

He has red hair, cut in a page-boy style and is dressed in a school boy uniform which is way too small.

COMEDY TRAILER ANNOUNCER
...Comedy! From America's favorite fat
guy... uhh...fat KID...

HE RIPS A GIANT FART. THE MUSIC NEEDLE SCRATCHES TO
"LOUIE LOUIE"...

An ANGRY HEADMASTER SCOWLS. THE BOYS CRACK UP.

COMEDY TRAILER ANNOUNCER
Jeff Portnoy is having....

PORTNOY
(YELLING ON THE TABLE)
DOODY FOR DINNER!!!

A GIANT FOOD FIGHT ENSUES AS THE TITLE "DOODY FOR
DINNER" FLIES ON...

COMEDY TRAILER ANNOUNCER
This summer, lunch is on him!

A PLATE OF SPAGHETTI IS DUMPED ON HIS HEAD.

BLACK

The FOX SEARCHLIGHT LOGO comes up. AN EXTREMELY BEAUTIFUL
JAMES HORNER TYPE SCORE PLAYS...

EXT. A BEAUTIFUL 400 YEAR OLD IRISH VICARAGE

It is an Oscar winning shot at dawn of a brooding
handsome priest in a monk's robe walking towards the
church. This is KIRK LAZARUS, who has the intensity of a
Daniel Day Lewis and the seriousness of a Sean Penn...

OSCAR WINNING MOVIE
TRAILER ANNOUNCER
In a time where to be different was to be
condemned...and to be condemned was to
die...

INT. CHURCH

Lazarus is lighting the rosary candles... he glances over
at another YOUNG PRIEST, who gives him a smoldering
look...Lazarus turns away, tortured...

OSCAR WINNING MOVIE

TRAILER ANNOUNCER

...one man chose to question his God...

Lazarus screams angrily at crucifix on the wall:

LAZARUS

(Irish brogue)

You made me! Why can't you... UNMAKE ME!

THESE TITLES COME UP ON THE SCREEN AS THE ANNOUNCER SPEAKS:

OSCAR WINNING MOVIE

TRAILER ANNOUNCER

Winner of the Palm D'or, The Golden Bear, The Laughing Monkey and over 350 film critics' '10 BEST' picture lists, and hailed by Roger Ebert as "A MASTERPIECE THAT WILL MAKE YOU FEEL EMOTIONS YOU NEVER KNEW YOU HAD".... Three time Oscar Winner Kirk Lazarus, in two time Oscar winning director Clint Eastwood's boldest film... "SATAN'S ALLEY".

THE TITLE HOLDS... then BLACK.

Now, finally, the movie starts. We see The DREAMWORKS LOGO... Which has no music under it... only the low pitched SWOOSHING OF A CHOPPER BLADE....

BLACK

The thumping blade gets LOUDER AND LOUDER, the BASS LINE of "BREAK ON THROUGH TO THE OTHER SIDE" rising with it until finally....

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. VIETNAM -- DAY

A HUEY COBRA in slow motion, crests an impossibly beautiful jungle ridge, flying low and straight at us.

INSIDE THE COBRA

A GUNNER sprays fire down at unseen anti-aircraft. All that can be seen on the ground are whizzing TRACERS flying up at the chopper.

The chopper skims the treetops heading toward a hot LZ...

EXT., HOT LZ -- DAY

As the Cobra comes in hard, about TWENTY INFANTRYMEN are emerging from the tree-line, in a chaotic fire fight with twice as many VC SOLDIERS.

As the chopper tries to land, the gunner tosses a couple of grenades behind the Americans, sending about ten VC flying. But the bulk of the platoon is getting GUNNED DOWN by the enemy.

A heavy set grunt, FATS, looking like he is in great pain, is running full speed for the chopper, taking fire from all over.

Fats looks a lot like JEFF PORTNOY, star of "Doody For Dinner".

BROOKLYN, an 18 year-old cherry from Brooklyn, is also on the move, towards the chopper...Clutching his thick black glasses, and a map, and triangulating coordinates, he is frantically trying to call in an air strike on his radio backpack. A GRENADE EXPLODES ten feet away knocking him on his ass.

He gets up, shaken, just in time to be BAYONETED through the stomach by a VC SOLDIER...

The VC soldier turns around just in time to be machine-gunned down by MOTOWN, who has all sorts of "customized shit" on his fatigues, an ace of spades in his helmet, along with some graffiti scrawl that reads "and God spoke" including cut-off sleeves that reveal his impressive pipes. He is a bad muthafucka.

MOTOWN

That's for Brooklyn, Muthafucka!

Underneath the hovering chopper, OSIRIS, a black, buffed out Rambo-looking Sergeant, is letting loose his M-16 with abandon, yelling at the pilot to get the bird lower. It does.

Fats grabs the mortally wounded Brooklyn and slings him over his shoulder, Brooklyn's shirt is blown open revealing his entrails...in shock, he clutches his liver in his right hand, and is trying futilely to put it back in his body...

FATS heaves Brooklyn onto the floor of the still-airborne chopper just as it gets low enough, and returns to firing. He unleashes a hailstorm of lead at the approaching VC...

OSIRIS

FATS! GET YOUR ASS ON THIS CHOPPER NOW!
LET'S MOVE!

FATS ignores him and continues firing. MOTOWN comes running up to the chopper...

OSIRIS (CONT'D)

YOU TOO, MOTOWN!

MOTOWN

(to Osiris)

SIR! Requesting permission to disobey
Sergeant's orders, SIR! FOUR LEAF IS
STILL OUTSIDE THE PERIMETER AND
UNACCOUNTED FOR!

OSIRIS

MOTOWN! GET YOUR DETROIT JUKE BOX JHERI
CURL IN THIS CHICKENSHIT CHOPPER ASAP.
THAT GOES FOR YOUR FAT ASS TOO, FATS!

MOTOWN

SIR! FUCK YOU SIR! WE DON'T LEAVE WITHOUT
FOUR LEAF, SIR!

OSIRIS

THAT'S JUST HOW BOOKS GOT HIS JEW ASS
KILLED AND MEATBALL'S WOP ASS BOUGHT THE
SIX BY THREE FARM! YOU GET ON THIS BIRD,
PRIVATE!

CHOPPER PILOT

Sir! We gotta DIDI NOW! Air strike
confirmed! This place is gonna be toast
in about thirty seconds!

Osiris turns on Motown, pulling his .45 in the midst of the mayhem. He pushes it up into Motown's neck.

OSIRIS

FOUR LEAF IS DEAD MEAT, SOLDIER! AND YOU
GOT ZERO O' HUNDRED HOURS TO GET YOUR ASS
ON THIS CHOPPER BEFORE YOU JOIN HIM!

Osiris, standing on the skid, motions for the chopper pilot to take off.

Motown looks to Fats, then reluctantly jumps on the chopper...It begins to hover...

OSIRIS (CONT'D)

FATS! YOU GET ON THIS BIRD NOW! YOU HEAR ME YOU MUTANT MOTHER--

BROOKLYN

(a soft whisper)

Sarge...

We PUSH IN ON BROOKLYN dramatically as he raises his head. Looking off to the tree line, he points a crooked finger...

BROOKLYN

It's him. It's Four Leaf...

Everyone turns to see...

FOUR LEAF, who looks a lot like CHRIS MICHAEL SPEEDMAN from the "Scorcher" trailer, burst through the treeline, half limping, half crawling heroically through the massive firefight in SLOW MOTION.

He is being chased by about FIFTY VIET CONG SOLDIERS...

Everyone on board seems mesmerized. Osiris sees it, and can't believe his eyes...nevertheless, he screams to the pilot.

OSIRIS

GO! GO!

Fats, still on the ground, in defiance of Osiris, grabs the chopper's runner, and in a superhuman show of strength, OR IS IT WEIGHT, holds it with all his might, preventing it from flying away.

The pilot struggles with the controls, as Fats continues his barrage of bullets with his machine gun arm, providing weak cover for Four Leaf.

The chopper is now gaining momentum, and pulls Fats about ten feet off the ground. He is about to lose his battle with the helicopter.

Four Leaf, riddled with bullets, and delirious, is fighting a losing battle to gain ground... He doesn't even have a gun...

Osiris looks at the dejected faces of his men, then at Fats... a flash of anger and compassion comes over his face...

FOUR LEAF, Christ-like and arms extended, sinks to his knees, his body now absorbing unbelievable amounts of lead...

OSIRIS

I HOPE YOU FAGGOTS LIKE HAMBURGER BECAUSE
THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT I'M GONNA BE
BRINGING BACK TO THIS BIRD...COVER ME!

Weak smiles flicker across the face of the men as they do just that...unleashing lead all around Osiris as he jumps out of the chopper like an Apache warrior.

Fats drops off the runner of the chopper, shooting his machine gun in cool SLO MO.

Screaming a war cry, Osiris makes a beeline for Four Leaf. Dancing between the raindrops, he dodges tracer fire...

Osiris finally makes it and kneels beside Four Leaf, cradling his head. Four Leaf's eyes are glassy, and his body and arms are ripped open all over like a rag doll.

FOUR LEAF

Get outta here. I'm worm food, man, you dig?

OSIRIS

(beginning to cry)
What, and give up all that California pussy you been talking about? Shiiit.
Someone's gotta show me around L.A...

FOUR LEAF

(cracking a bloody smile)
Shit...the only way you're gonna get a piece of LA pussy if is you go out to the graveyard and dig some up...

Osiris looks down at Four Leaf's now missing arms...

OSIRIS

Well...y...you better come along and bring the shovel...

He starts to choke up.

FOUR LEAF

I'm scared, Sarge. Scared I ain't never gonna see another sunset.

(long philosophical beat)

Why does a man want to pick up sticks against another man... 'Stead of usin' them sticks to prop a man up?

Osiris nods, now crying like a baby...

OSIRIS

DON'T YOU DIE ON ME FOUR LEAF...THAT'S AN ORDER!!!

FOUR LEAF

(beginning to fade)

Hold my hands... 'cause I got somethin' to say...

Osiris looks down at Four Leaf's bloody, stringy stumps. There's nothing to hold...

FOUR LEAF

Are you holding them?

OSIRIS

(weeping)

Oh, I'm holding them.

FOUR LEAF

I ain't never been worth a nothin' in this life, and it's kinda late to start bein' a somethin' now. But you... you are my... b-b-brother.

Four Leaf screws up his face and begins to cry -- except that he can't. He tries again... and can't. He screws up his face grotesquely...

FOUR LEAF

You are my...

WE NOW PULL BACK TO REVEAL we are actually on location shooting this war scene with about 50 CREW MEMBERS watching, surrounded by millions of dollars worth of film equipment.

Four Leaf, actually the superstar playing him, Speedman, is getting increasingly self-conscious, becoming more and more aware of the crew waiting for him to cry.

The actor playing Osiris, KIRK LAZARUS, is also getting uncomfortable holding Speedman's not-crying head.

(YES, LAZARUS WAS WHITE AND IRISH IN THE SATAN'S ALLEY TRAILER, now he is AFRICAN AMERICAN and speaks with an American accent-- IT WILL BE EXPLAINED SOON!)

The person perhaps most upset about it all is the skinny young British director, DAMIEN DORFMAN. Coiled at the monitor and covered in bug bites and sunblock, wet towels around his neck, and clearly not made for jungle life...he mouths the words "you are my brothers..!" as if trying to will the tears from Speedman's dry eyes.

SPEEDMAN

(breaking character)

I'm sorry, can we cut, Damien?

Damien grips his headphones in confusion, looking around to his cadre of assistants and ADs...

The chopper continues to hover, soldiers continue to fight, except a few are starting to wonder what's going on.

SPEEDMAN

CUT! We gotta cut, Dorf!

DAMIEN

(confused)

What? What did he say?

(to 1st AD)

Play it through! Still rolling!

Now the extras have stopped fighting -- except for a few way far back.

1ST AD

Play it through! Still rolling!

SPEEDMAN

No! Not still rolling! Cut!

Damien runs towards Speedman.

Fats, who is young fat comedy gross-out star JEFF PORTNOY, gets up from the ground, rubbing his butt.

PORTNOY

OW, SHIT! I fell right on my ass bone!

Other "dead" extras begin to hold their heads up and look around. Some are amputee stuntmen.

1ST AD

(into megaphone)

Damien? Are we cutting?

1st AD jumps off the scaffold, running towards the director. Tekkies scurry around, lots of confusion. Are they cut, or what?

Brooklyn, played by the not-famous KEVIN SANDUSKY, holds his bloody "liver" up to hand off to someone.

SANDUSKY

Mr. Dorfman? Are we cutting sir? Cause I think they put way too much blood in my liver again.

DAMIEN

STILL ROLLING! Get down Kevin, you're dead!

Sandusky immediately complies, he seems to be the only actor listening to the director.

SPEEDMAN

I'm sorry. I can't do it, Dorff.

Damien runs up to Speedman. They are the center of attention -- the whole crew watching them.

DAMIEN

It's good, keep going. This is a big shot so keep going, let it come. No arms, you're hanging on, it's all coming out... It's real, death, life, brotherhood and we just... let's keep it going now...

He starts to back out, turning his finger in the "still rolling" motion. He gives a thumbs up to the AD.

SPECIAL EFFECTS PYRO CONTROL TOWER

CODY, the GRIZZLED LOOKING PYROTECHNIC EFFECTS GUY, paces in an elaborate tower rigged with EFX detonation equipment.

He is surrounded by a throng of local ASIAN TECHNICIANS, who all hold various types of buttons, and detonators.

He punches buttons, and surveys the chaos, trying to figure out what's going on.

CODY

Is that the signal?

The assistant doesn't appear to understand English. He shrugs. Frustrated, Cody rips out an earpiece.

CODY
DAMIEN! IS THAT THE SIGNAL?

BACK ON THE ACTORS

Damien has his hands full with Speedman.

SPEEDMAN
(above the din of the
chopper)
Dorf! Seriously, I think we should cut.
I mean, Should Osiris be crying too?
Maybe he shouldn't cry if I'm crying...

Lazarus abruptly drops Speedman from his arms and gets up, shaking his head.

LAZARUS
I'm sorry, so, just keep crying or are we cutting??

DAMIEN
No, no, it's good.

Portnoy is walking around massaging his butt.

PORTNOY
Damien, I think I broke my ass. Is it possible to break your ass?

DAMIEN
Get back in character Portnoy! Still rolling everyone!
(to Lazarus)
Great crying Kirk -- stay with that.
Chris Michael, don't worry about where Kirk is at, just be Four Leaf crying right here and now and still rolling...and GO!

SPECIAL EFFECTS PYRO COMMAND AREA

Cody's crew buzzes around him in a countdown to Armageddon...

CODY
Did he say "go"?
(loud into walkie)
(MORE)

CODY (cont'd)

DAMIEN, ARE WE GO FOR EXPLOSION? BECAUSE
WE GOT ABOUT THIRTY MORE SECONDS TO
DECIDE IF--

BACK ON THE ACTORS

The 1st A.D. tries to get Damien to pay attention to
Cody, but he is too focused on getting Speedman to cry.

Lazarus gets back in position. He effortlessly turns the
waterworks back on, sobbing like a broken man. Speedman
starts to get back into position and then --

SPEEDMAN

Wait, hey, y'know, maybe-- is it the
line? "You are my brothers"? I don't
think I would say that. Four Leaf
wouldn't say that.

DAMIEN

Yes, well...you see, Four Leaf was there
and he did say that. So...
Right. So let's just go...

SPEEDMAN

Is he here, or is he at the hotel?
Because I would love to run it by him.

1ST AD

Damien! The chopper! I got to let them
go! We need to pull the plug on the
treeline burst if you're cutting!

LAZARUS

You know what, this is nuts. You got my
take. I'm done.

(to Speedman)

Movie star. We'll be here till Chinese
New Year waitin' for my man to cry.

DAMIEN

Kirk! Wait!

Lazarus keeps walking.

DAMIEN

Kirk!

LAZARUS

You got my take.

A CELL PHONE RINGS -- A HIP HOP RING TONE. MOTOWN, who is played by rap superstar and budding media mogul REDYKULOUS, pulls the phone out and checks his text message.

REDYKULOUS

Hey, can we get this going? I got peeps coming to my room to rub me down at 4. Bitches, too.

His phone rings again.

REDYKULOUS

(into phone)

Hey! What's up! Naw, nothing -- same soup, just re-heated, you know?

Redykulous wanders off in another direction. The AD is now yelling into Damien's ear.

DAMIEN

(losing it)

EVERYONE! Please! The chopper only has so much gas!

PORTNOY, trying to lighten the mood, rips a huge FART.

PORTNOY

Plenty of gas right here, D-man!
(then feeling the pain in his butt)

OWW!

REDYKULOUS

Hey, yo! I am trying to have a conversation here!

DAMIEN

Okay, fine! Fuck me! What the fuck do I know? I'm just the fucking...
(inarticulate snarl)
Godfuckit!

Damien throws his headphones off in frustration...and throws up his hands.

SPECIAL EFFECTS TOWER

Cody, sees Damien throw up his hands.

CODY

There's the signal! GO! GO! GO! Let's
light this puppy up! Let's go freaking
TET here!!

Cody and his assistants push plungers, buttons, pull
levers, and drag metal wands over long lines of wired
nails, they spark and fizz...

WIDE SHOT

Damien is still throwing his fit when...

AN EXPLOSION TURNS THE ENTIRE TREE LINE INTO A CURTAIN OF
FLAMES.

ON CODY

climaxing with joy as he barks commands and pushes ever
more buttons.

THE BLAST

blows the helicopter backwards into a bank of lights,
causing them to tip and begin a GIGANTIC CHAIN REACTION
that takes down most of the equipment, then finally THE
TOWER WITH CODY AND HIS ASSISTANTS!

Men jump like fleas. Cody lands on his back, in pain,
which he seems to like.

CODY

(beat)

That was good for me.

Damien's mouth hangs open in shock. There is a strange
quiet on the set.

DAMIEN

(whispering)

Did we get that on film?

The cameraman turns to the AD and then back to Damien,
looking a bit scared.

CAMERAMAN

Sorry, Damien. Chris Michael was saying
to cut, so we cut--

The AD comes up to the lost looking Damien.

1ST AD

(to Damien)

I'm gonna have to call it, Damien.

Damien is silent, stunned.

1ST AD

(into megaphone)

Okay, that's a wrap for today. If you are injured, please find the set medic.

Speedman, looking as if he had nothing to do with what just happened, walks toward Damien.

SPEEDMAN

I think I got another in me if you want to go again, Damien.

Damien looks at the scorched treeline behind them. Speedman looks too, then looks back at Damien.

SPEEDMAN

Your call.

In the background, Cody is casually putting out a fire on his lap. He gives an 'I'm O.K.' gesture to no one in particular.

CUT TO:

E! TELEVISION OPENING GRAPHICS

After a flashy montage, JULIE MORAN, the cute E! News Daily reporter, walks through the Tropic Thunder set in a halter top, talking to camera:

* JULIE

Well, it might look like 1969 here in the tiny Southeast Asian country of Bien Den Phu, but it is 2007, and they are making history. We are here with an E! exclusive, the first look behind the scenes at what Hollywood insiders are calling the most expensive war movie ever produced. It's called "Tropic Thunder", and first time Director Damien Dorfman has assembled an all-star cast to play the forgotten grunts who perished near here more than 35 years ago.

(MORE)

JULIE (cont'd)

Heading up the ensemble, the highest grossing action star of all time, Chris Michael Speedman...

VARIOUS SHOTS OF SPEEDMAN AT PREMIERES, PRESS CONFERENCES

JULIE

But the last few films have not "blown up" for Speedman as he's struggled to broaden his range as an actor. First, an attempt to change gears with a comedy...

INT. BANK - SCENE FROM "CHITLIN AND THE DUDE"

Speedman and Martin Lawrence, both with guns, are holding up a bank -- Speedman in drag. They yell at each other in that uptight-white-guy/loose-cannon-black-guy action-comedy style.

JULIE (V.O.)

The disappointing "CHITLIN AND THE DUDE", was followed with last year's failed venture into serious dramatic territory...

EXT. PONY FARM - SCENE FROM "SIMPLE JACK" - DAY

Speedman, in overalls and with a bad haircut, dressed as a farm hand. He holds a pony by the reins as he "talks" to it by rubbing his nose on the pony's neck.

JULIE (V.O.)

..."Simple Jack", the story of a mentally impaired farm hand who can "talk" to animals was a box office disaster that many critics called one of the worst movies of all time.

SPEEDMAN

(as Simple Jack)

You mu-mu-muhhh make me ha-aaaapy.

EXT. TROPIC THUNDER SET -- DAY

JULIE

(to camera)

But now, the question is can Speedman "mu-mu-make" audiences happy in the true life story of war hero Four Leaf Tayback in "Tropic Thunder". And, possibly a shot at that elusive gold statuette?

EXT. TROPIC THUNDER SET -- DAY

Julie sits with Speedman. With them is the real FOUR LEAF, a stoic, grizzled man of few words.

SPEEDMAN

(very serious)

All I want is to make the real Four Leaf here proud. It's his story, he lived it and wrote it in his book. That's why we're here. But really, I mean, how can we begin to understand what he-- what you -- went through?

Four Leaf fixes his stoic, steely gaze on the horizon for a beat. He lifts his hands up, and we see he has only two HOOKS.

Speedman studies him closely, aping his gestures, trying to "get inside" him as much as possible.

FOUR LEAF

(mystical)

When I lost these...

(holds his hooks up)

It was as if I saw through these for the first time..

(indicates his eyes)

And it was only then that I really began to use these...

(indicates his ears)

SPEEDMAN

That's great. He's like a... Buddha or something. Maybe I should rub his belly for luck!

He laughs, but quickly realizes Four Leaf doesn't find it funny.

JULIE

(to Speedman)

Like for a lucky Oscar nod this time?
Maybe you should rub Kirk Lazarus's
belly! He already has three!

Speedman laughs uncomfortably, trying to seem unperturbed.

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS OF KIRK LAZARUS

In his normal look, CAUCASIAN and IRISH, much like he was in the "Satan's Alley" trailer...

JULIE (V.O.)

Three time Oscar winner Kirk Lazarus, reclusive, brilliant Irishman, considered by many the best actor of his generation, and also a known bad boy...

Stills of a DRUNKEN LAZARUS outside a New York Bar, punching a paparazzo...

JULIE

...is famous for his total immersion into whatever role he plays. To transform into the role of the African American Sergeant who saved Four Leaf's life...

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

Lazarus is examined by a doctor.

JULIE (V.O.)

Lazarus went to shocking, and *controversial* lengths...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - A FEW WEEKS LATER

Lazarus lies in a hospital bed, covered in bandages.

JULIE

After undergoing experimental pigmentation alteration procedures in a Singapore clinic, this was the startling result.

A doctor oversees as nurses carefully peel the bandages off Lazarus's head. Lazarus is now Black.

INT. TROPIC THUNDER PRE-SHOOT PRESS CONFERENCE

In the hotel, with THE ENTIRE CAST sitting in front of a banner touting the movie's title.

Lazarus speaks in his "Osiris" character voice we heard at the beginning of the film -- one that he will NEVER DROP.

LAZARUS
(OSIRIS VOICE)

There are all these young brothers who got no role models but a bunch of pimp-acting rappers, who glamorize a life of gangsterism and womanizing. I'm just grateful to have this opportunity to be able to represent.

Redykulous hears this, looks pissed.

SERIES OF SHOTS OF DAMIEN DORFMAN

Getting awards, shooting documentary footage in SIERRA LEONE of warring tribesmen.

JULIE (V.O.)
British documentary director Damien Dorfman has never made a theatrical movie before, but his mission, he says, is to bring a reality to the film that he feels is missing from most Hollywood epics.

INT. TROPIC THUNDER PRE-SHOOT PRESS CONFERENCE

DAMIEN
My goal, quite simply, is for an audience member to walk out of the cinema, feeling as if they were IN Vietnam for two hours. Quite literally.

REPORTER
Are you intimidated about working with actors for the first time?

DAMIEN
Intimidated?
(challenging)
(MORE)

DAMIEN (cont'd)

Not really, mate. I tell you what's intimidating. Filming a seven-foot Hutu warrior who is ready to shove his machete up your ass if you look at him cockeyed.

(beat)

That's intimidating. I think I can handle actors of the unarmed variety.

CUT TO:

JULIE (V.O.)

Well, he'll certainly have his hands full with king of comedy Jeff Portnoy.

INT. COURTROOM - VIDEO

A fucked-up looking PORTNOY being taken away by a bailiff.

JULIE (V.O.)

After being arrested for heroin, cocaine and crack possession, Portnoy is out to prove he can stay clean and get audiences addicted to seeing him in a movie without any potty humor...

HIP HOP VIDEO -- MIAMI -- DAY

REDYKULOUS struts out and does a ridiculously lewd dance with about FIVE HIP HOP ASSES surrounding his face.

JULIE

And from the world of hip-hop, multi-platinum selling rapper, producer, and clothing designer Redykulous, and star of his own hit reality show "Utterly Redykulous".

INT. TROPIC THUNDER PRE-SHOOT PRESS CONFERENCE

Redykulous is in his "REDYKWEAR" sweats.

REDYKULOUS

As far as Redykulous is concerned, you know, I always believed you've got to exploit every opportunity.

He holds up a can of "PYMP SWEAT".

REDYKULOUS

That's why my new sports drink Pymp Sweat is the official beverage on the set of Tropic Thunder, as well as my new energy bar, the "Bust-A-Nut", with all proceeds going to clean up land mines in this previously war ravaged area.

EXT. HOTEL POOL -- DAY

JULIE

At a reported budget north of \$200 million, Tropic Thunder could end up costing almost as much as the real war! But the good news for Damien Dorfman and his troops -- the Oscar buzz is already starting! So for E! News I'm Julie--

All of a sudden Portnoy, wearing a Tropic Thunder cap all askew and surfer shorts with no shirt, bursts out of the bushes. He screams wildly and GRABS Julie, who cracks up laughing at his "stunt".

PORTNOY

(silly voice)

Me so horny!! Me so horny!!

He jumps into the pool with her! What a crack up!

CUT TO:

EXT. RUN DOWN "RESORT" HOTEL -- DAY

It is the one hotel in the area, and it looks like it has been through a war, which it probably has. It has been taken over as the Tropic Thunder production headquarters.

We see a mix of PRODUCTION PEOPLE and HOTEL WORKERS.

VOICE OF TODD

We're shutting you down, Dorf.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE -- DAY

Damien sits behind his desk, looking scared. Vietnam photos, maps, and sketches cover the walls. Standing in the office are ASSORTED CREW, including Cody and Four Leaf, who whittles a stick with his hooks, never looking up.

They are all staring at a speaker phone.

DAMIEN

You can't do that Todd.

VOICE OF TODD

Yes we can. The dailies are not good.

DAMIEN

Dailies are always bad! Bad dailies, good movie! Isn't that what they say?

VOICE OF TODD

I never heard that saying. Look, Damien. Fact: You're three weeks behind and you've been shooting for five days. Fact: we greenlit this project at a very specific number, a number Walter and I could get in bed with, and fact--

DAMIEN

(starting to lose it)

Todd, it really isn't necessary for you to keep saying "fact" before everything. It's kind of implied, that if you are saying it--

VOICE OF TODD

Alright. I'm just trying to keep the emotion out of it, so I thought I would say "fact" before each fact, so it would be less upsetting --

VOICE OF WALTER

Ok, Damien, this is Walter, I'm just gonna jump in and bad-cop it here for a second. Dude, I mean, 46,000 dollars for Chris Michael Speedman's masseuse's miscellaneous living expenses? It sounds like the inmates are running the asylum.

DAMIEN

Well, yes, that's exactly it, Walter if you actually came out here you would see that these actors are--

VOICE OF TODD

(loud out of nowhere)

The actors didn't blow up the rainforest and forget to turn on the camera Damien! I have a lot of tolerance, but when it comes to nature I lose it!

(MORE)

VOICE OF TODD (cont'd)

I will not be called an eco-terrorist, do
'you understand that?

Damien looks a bit bewildered by that. His hot young
assistant comes in with a cell phone.

HOT YOUNG ASSISTANT

Sorry.

(whispering to Damien)

It's Chris Michael, he says it's
important.

Damien, shaking now, steps out on to the balcony and
slides the glass door shut.

EXT. RUNDOWN BALCONY -- DAY

Though the hotel is a shambles, the view out on to the
bay is spectacular.

DAMIEN

(trying to seem calm)

Yes, Chris!?

EXT. SPEEDMAN'S PALATIAL BEACHFRONT ESTATE

In stark contrast to the hotel where everyone else is
living, Speedman is in what looks like an Asian
presidential palace overlooking the ocean.

SPEEDMAN is standing on the deck, trying hard to hold the
phone with his hook hands. "Simple Jack" plays on a flat
screen inside.

SPEEDMAN

Hey, Dorf. Just wanted to call and throw
a little pep talk your way. I know today
was rough, and you're probably mad at
yourself for not getting the shots, but
that's the way these movies go. We all
boot it from time to time, and today was
just one of those days. Happens.

DAMIEN

(sickly sweet)

Yes it does. It does. Though I do think
you have to realize Chris, that you are
somewhat responsi--

SPEEDMAN

Oh, also needed to let you know, and I know you're like wrapped up with the movie, but I really need that new chef like we talked about, you know to really get that super-ripped thing happening. This guy is great but all he makes are dumplings. And they still haven't worked out the TiVo thing.

DAMIEN

Right well those things... those things...I'm dealing with bigger issues right now Chris --

SPEEDMAN

Yeah, of course, I just know we talked about getting super-super-ripped for that starvation sequence--

Speedman's other line goes. He sees the caller I.D.

SPEEDMAN

Oh, shit-- can you hang on a sec, D?

He switches over, but it takes a few seconds with the hooks.

SPEEDMAN

Rick?

CUT TO:

INT. AGENCY OFFICE -- L.A. - DAY

RICK PECK, head of the Peck Agency, sits in his office, overlooking Los Angeles. He has a headset on.

PECK

Guess what I'm staring at right now?

WE INTERCUT BETWEEN SPEEDMAN AND PECK

SPEEDMAN

What?

PECK

I'm looking at your ugly mug on the back of Vanity Fair magazine in beautiful living color with the two cute cuddly pandas from cuteville. It's insane.

We see Peck is holding a Vanity Fair with an ad on the back: it is a picture of Speedman looking earnest, holding two baby PANDAS. The caption reads:

"PANDAS...THEIR SURVIVAL IS NOT SO BLACK AND WHITE"

PECK

The credibility factor that the pandas give you is priceless, and strangely, if you see this picture, what really strikes me is the credibility that you give them. I've been getting psychotic feedback all day. Hey did you get the basket I sent?

WE SEE: A survival-themed gift basket in a camouflage backpack. There's a satellite phone, camouflage sunblock, etc.

SPEEDMAN

Yeah. Thanks.

PECK

You sad? What's wrong?

SPEEDMAN

No I'm fine. I've just been having a tough time over here. They still haven't got the TiVo hooked up and... I don't know...Lazarus is getting all this Oscar buzz already --

PECK

Is that what this is about? Crazy Kirk Lazarus goes and places his *entire body* in some experimental Malaysian dipping sauce so he can actually be black, of course he's gonna get buzz. Listen to what I am telling you. He is clinically mentally not right.

SPEEDMAN

Yeah but the way they talk about him. I mean, he played a retarded guy and won an Oscar, I play a retarded guy and don't even get a nomination. I don't know, I mean you said "Simple Jack" would be *my* "Elf" but with Oscars. Those were your exact words.

PECK

I don't believe those were my exact words but let's get beyond that to the root of this. Remember the moment you chose to do this, and I wanted you to do the ESP robot thing with Wolfgang Petersen? And I said stay home be happy and you said "no, Rick I need to play a real human being" and I said "okay" and then I said "are you sure?" and you said that you needed this for your soul?

SPEEDMAN

Yes but --

PECK

Which I totally respected and now you're doing the crazy surfer three sixty move on me, which I love by the way-- but you said fuck it, I gotta do it for my soul And that's why I hate you. Because you were RIGHT. And you're in the Phuc Long fucking Delta, in the real mud, with leeches in your hair, 20,000 miles from Fatburger being an actor. And, I would wager, forcing everyone around you to rise to your level. Am I right? I mean you are over there forcing a bunch of PUSSY actors to gel, straighten up and become a platoon. And it hurts. Am I right?

Speedman actually seems to have bought this.

SPEEDMAN

Yeah. You are right.

PECK

Alright, that's what I thought. Now get to work genius soldier. I'll handle the TiVo.

Peck hangs up abruptly.

ON SPEEDMAN

Speedman punches the button on his cordless and puts it down. He ponders Rick's words as he gets caught up watching the end scene of "SIMPLE JACK" on his TV.

He has forgotten Damien is on the other line.

EXT. RUNDOWN BALCONY -- DAY

Damien stands holding the phone, still on hold. Through the glass, we see the entire crew waiting silently behind him.

SPEEDMAN ON TV (O.S.)

(as Simple Jack)'

Shu-sure is a puh-puh-purty
sssssssunrise, uh-uh-uh-uh-ain't it?

DAMIEN

Chris? You there? Hello?

Finally, after a few moments of listening to this, Damien explodes. He throws the phone on the ground and jumps up and down on it. He notices the crew staring at him. He tries to look as if that just didn't happen.

He opens the sliding glass, and heads straight to the door. He continues walking through his office, out into the main offices. He motions for his assistant to join him.

VOICE OF TODD

Damien? This is not going to go away! I'm going to be on my cell all day -- I'm going to a funeral but I'm keeping it on. That's where we're at with this!

OUTSIDE OF DAMIEN'S OFFICE

He walks with purpose, followed by his assistant.

DAMIEN

Get everyone together! We are having a cast meeting tonight! No choice! Everyone must attend. I am putting my foot down!

HOT YOUNG ASSISTANT

Oh... I don't think I can do that, Damien. Chris is having that "End of First Week" party at his place tonight. Everybody's going.

Damien's eyes twitch oddly.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPEEDMAN'S PALATIAL BEACHFRONT ESTATE -- NIGHT

It is an APOCALYPSE NOW theme party. Vegas style. Tiki torches, buffets. PLAYBOY PLAYMATE DANCERS circa 1967 are dancing on a deck in front of a banner that reads "ONE WEEK DOWN!". The crew and cast are partying their asses off.

WAITERS, dressed like bald Marlon Brandos in full face camo, serve hors d'oeuvres.

PORTNOY, not looking very sober, jumps up on the stage with the dancers and starts doing a striptease.

ENTRANCE TO THE DECK

Damien walks in, watching this scene from Caligula going down. He looks in a deep funk.

Portnoy STAGE DIVES straight onto the lawn, landing with a thud in front of Damien.

DAMIEN

Jeff. Jeff are you alright? We need to talk -- as a cast, as a platoon, right now.

PORTNOY

(sick and drunk)

Dorfie-- did you happen to see that grip with the bandana? The big guy? I was supposed to meet him here. He has a package of mine.

Kevin Sandusky ("Brooklyn" from the movie) comes up to them, looking fresh faced and eager.

SANDUSKY

Hey Mr. Dorfman. Jeff. You O.K? That was some hit you took today.

PORTNOY

(beat)

Who are you?

SANDUSKY

I'm Kevin. Are you serious? Kevin Sandusky? I'm playing Brooklyn?

PORTNOY

Oh yeah. Right. Hey, have you seen that grip with the bandana?

SANDUSKY

Uh, no. I think--

But Portnoy is off already looking for his drug connection. They both watch him go.

SANDUSKY

Hey, Mr. Dorfman, I was hoping to find you. I know this is a party, but this afternoon after work I was breaking down my M-16, and I have to say, in the night watch scene, a minute and a half is a pretty short amount of time to assemble it.

DAMIEN

(touched)

You actually care, don't you?

SANDUSKY

Oh, yeah. Of course. This is a huge opportunity. To be working with all these great actors, and you.

DAMIEN

You're the only one who auditioned. You're the only one who did the two week boot camp, Sandusky.

SANDUSKY

Yeah, I know. It was kind of weird. Wasn't the point that we were all supposed to bond?

DAMIEN

(bitterly)

Yes, that was the point.

Damien, grabs a drink from a passing tray, and downs it.

We follow A WAITER as he passes Speedman with a tray of food.

Speedman, ungracefully and with his hook hands, grabs a spring roll off the tray. He resumes talking to LAZARUS who is deeply uninterested.

SPEEDMAN

I guess I just watched some retarded people. I mean, I spent a lot of time with them... watching them. Watching all the retarded stuff they did.

LAZARUS

Huh, I always found mere observation a little rudimentary. Gotta dig deeper to mine the true emotional paydirt. Diagram the source of the pain. Then *live* it.

SPEEDMAN

(trying to keep up)

Exactly! With Jack. I was, for the first time in my life..

(searches for the word)

Retarded. I was retarded in the trailer, retarded at home. Brushing my teeth retarded. In a weird way I had to unlearn what it was to be....*NOT retarded*.

LAZARUS

Yeah... but Simple Jack *thought* he was smart. Or, rather, didn't think he was retarded. So you can afford to play retarded, being a smart actor. Tricky tricky stuff. Hats off for going there. Especially knowing how the Academy is about that shit.

Speedman is lost.

SPEEDMAN

About what?

LAZARUS

(with a chuckle)

Are you serious? Everyone knows you don't ever go fully retarded!

SPEEDMAN

How do you mean?

Lazarus sets his drink down. School's in session.

LAZARUS

Check it out. Dustin Hoffman, Rain Man. Looked retarded. Acted retarded. *NOT* retarded. He could count toothpicks, cheat at cards. Autistic. Sure. *NOT* retarded. HANKS' Forest Gump. Slow? Yes.

(MORE)

LAZARUS (cont'd)

Retarded? Maybe. Had braces on his legs, he charmed the pants off Nixon, and won a ping-pong competition. Peter Sellers, "Being There", infantile? Yes.
Retarded? No.

He claps a hand on Speedman's shoulder.

LAZARUS

You went full retard, man. You never go full retard. Don't believe me? Ask Sean Penn, 2001, I am Sam. Went full retard. Went home empty handed.

Speedman sees this for the truth it is. How could he be so stupid?

LAZARUS

(cruelly, driving it home)
But hey, man! Who knows? Four Leaf could be your ticket to Oscar gold. I'd lose the hook hands though...cripples don't give the Academy wood either.

SPEEDMAN

(dazed)
Oh.

Lazarus laughs and excuses himself by rattling his glass and heading for the bar. Speedman stands hurt, delicately holding the spring roll in his hook.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM

Damien paces the party. He looks more miserable and high strung than ever. He discovers Redykulous, surrounded by his posse and a CAMERA CREW.

DAMIEN

Redykulous... I need to talk to you.

REDYKULOUS

What up, money.

DAMIEN

(in a hushed tone, aware of the cameras)
We're having a cast meeting, right now.
We need to come together as a unit --

The camera crew moves in for the close-up...making Damien uncomfortable...Redykulous takes it in stride. Throughout the scene he is TEXT MESSAGING someone.

REDYKULOUS

Uh-huh...

Damien is made uncomfortable by the cameraman who has started manually zooming in and out on him in a dutch style camera move...

DAMIEN

Do you mind if we step away for a moment?

REDYKULOUS

From what?

Damien tries to indicate the crew.

DAMIEN

(whispering even lower now)

From the...uh...you know...this area..

REDYKULOUS

Oh, I see...sure

They take a few steps away from the bar...The entire camera crew follows.

DAMIEN

Oh. Hah! No, I mean away from the cameras...you understand? Away from
(indicating the crew)
them...

REDYKULOUS

No.

DAMIEN

What?

REDYKULOUS

No. I can't do that. If Redykulous steps away from the cameras then my people don't get to see the real Redykulous. The show is called "Utterly Redykulous".

DAMIEN

Well this is about work...my show so to speak. Do you understand?

REDYKULOUS

I guess. But not really. Your show and my show are the same thing. This is gonna help your show, trust me.

(MORE)

REDYKULOUS (cont'd)

My show AND the soundtrack drops the same time "Tropic Thunder" opens. So you get that crossover audience everybody wants on your opening weekend, which will dictate your revenue streams all the way through DVD release, pay per view, etcetera.

Damien thinks this over for a second. It does sort of make sense. He then notices the camera crew pushing in for a close up. He awkwardly tries to get away from them...

DAMIEN

Excuse me, everyone! If I could have your attention!

Nothing. No one notices except Speedman. Damien grabs a couple bottles off the bar and BANGS them together.

DAMIEN

Sorry to break up the party, but I just wanted to call your attention to a cast meeting tonight! Big meeting! Future of the film depends on it!

(unraveling)

Not to mention my entire bloody life!

Damien in a final cry of frustration, SMASHES a bottle on the bar. He succeeds only in cutting his hand.

DAMIEN

GODFUCKIT! SHIT!

Speedman comes up, placing a calming hook on Damien's shoulder. He steps to the fore.

SPEEDMAN

(slowly, deliberately)

"When... we... put... aside... our... differences... we see we're kind of the same."

Within moments, the place settles completely.

SPEEDMAN

(Long beat...then almost quietly.)

"When we put aside our differences, we see we're kind of the same. Let's be friends, I know we will do great things together."

(beat, then more upbeat)

(MORE)

SPEEDMAN (cont'd)

That's a quote from my children's book, "The Boy Everybody Was Jealous Of." I know it's just a book for kids, but I think it applies to making a movie as well. 'Course... I know a lot of the reason things are maybe messed up is ME.

The guys look at each other -- maybe he's not so bad.

SPEEDMAN

I was looking at it all backwards. You guys are lost. You need me to lead you, to help you gel, and straighten up -- like a PLATOON!

A long beat.

PORTNOY

(drunk out of his mind)

Hey, Speedman! That bullshit pep talk made me H-h-h-h-happy!

The entire party cuts up in loud hysterics. Speedman looks hurt. The DJ puts on a Redykulous track really loud, and the place gets even crazier.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Damien, drunk, walks along, illuminated by the light of the moon. He holds a bottle of wine, which he chugs. In the distance, the party rages.

FOUR LEAF (O.S.)

When a herd loses its way, the shepherd must kill the bull that leads them astray.

Damien turns around, startled. FOUR LEAF is standing eerily in the bushes by the sand.

FOUR LEAF

You don't know which way is up, do you private? You couldn't find a dixie coonskin with an Ohio hooker holding your prick and showin' you the way...

Damien doesn't know what the fuck that meant.

Four Leaf moves to him, staring deep into his eyes. Damien's eyes widen in fear.

FOUR LEAF

A raindrop cannot carve a valley. An ant cannot defeat a buffalo. But a tempest can cleave that mountain to make the valley, and an army of ants can fell the mighty buffalo.

DAMIEN

(seeing the wisdom of this)

Yes...

FOUR LEAF

If the lion, although king of the jungle, is thrown into the sea, he will drown...but...if...

(pause)

He...lives in the...water, for many years, he will...grow gills.....do you understand?

(long pause)

DO YOU!?

He lunges at Damien and grabs him by the collar with both hooks.

DAMIEN

(near tears now)

I want to!!! But not really!!

(beat)

Someone's an ANT? Or something???

FOUR LEAF

I put my story in your limp Brit hands and you will not fail me!!

(long pause)

My boys were worse pussies than these guys. But the shit is what made us a unit. A whole. You must put them in the SHIT.

He releases Damien and takes a large draw on his cigarette...

FOUR LEAF

There's a place. About a hundred clicks from here, as the crow flies. Deep in the jungle. No trailers, no port-a-potties. Nothing but triple canopy jungle and cockroaches the size of melons.

Damien seems intrigued yet a little freaked out by his weirdness.

DAMIEN

And...?

FOUR LEAF

Rig up your documentary cameras in that jungle, give me and Cody a few of those smoke bombs and some charges and we could light up the jungle so those lily-dick actors would think they were in the middle of Hamburger Hill. You get them thinking they're getting shot at, and you'll have your movie.

Suddenly, Four Leaf slaps his neck with his hook as though he has been bitten. He holds out a small squished mosquito between the claws of his prosthesis.

FOUR LEAF

You must put them under your thumb the way this bug is under mine....under YOUR control.

DAMIEN

I see...yes...They would be under my total control...finally. I could shoot the whole movie there. Gritty. Dirty. Away from their pampered pussy asses and helpers...

FOUR LEAF

Yes... yes...

DAMIEN

Put them in the real shit. Film them with real fear in their eyes. REAL FEAR! REAL EMOTION! YES! YES, FOUR LEAF, FUCK YES!!

Damien and Four Leaf share a crazed look. COOL MUSIC UP as WE PUSH IN and...

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

A CHOPPER skimming the treetops, illuminated by a lonely moon...

IN THE CHOPPER

Cody is piloting. Damien and Four Leaf are in the back sitting across from Speedman, Portnoy, Redyk and Lazarus and Sandusky.

We move across the faces of the actors, all in brainbuckets, who all look confused and unhappy, except for Sandusky who seems excited.

Speedman clutches the camouflaged gift bag from his agent Rick Peck.

PORTNOY

(finally)

So, uh, any idea how long we'll be gone?
Because I left most of my... vitamins
back at the hotel.

The other actors chime in with similar concerns, regarding sleeping arrangements, make up facilities, etc...

FOUR LEAF

Save your breath, maggots!

They all shrink back. Four Leaf's fierce posture is undercut as the helicopter lurches, sending Damien sprawling onto him.

DAMIEN

That's right. Maggots.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAWN

The chopper lands in a small clearing as the sun rises behind a mountain.

IN THE CHOPPER

Damien and Four Leaf, in DI mode, hustle the "grunts" off the chopper.

DAMIEN

GO!!!

Apparently they are not moving fast enough -- Four Leaf and Damien shove the guys out of the chopper onto the ground.

FOUR LEAF
MOVE! MOVE! MOVE!

The group, scared shitless, start falling out of the doors of the chopper, more like a bunch of oysters than a crack platoon.

Four leaf jumps on the skid of the chopper and motions to Cody, who lifts off. It kicks up a violent backwash, forcing the guys to duck and cover.

FOUR LEAF
See you in hell!

As the noise of the helicopter fades, the group starts trying to orient itself in their new surroundings. The Jungle. Black, dense, unforgiving.

All around them can be seen the remnants of a war that has been over for thirty years. A grave marker, half of an old rusted out downed chopper.

All are absorbing the spookiness, except Portnoy who seems very upset.

PORTNOY
This is bullshit!

Damien marches over to him, and SLAPS HIM REPEATEDLY in the face.

PORTNOY
(clutching his cheeks)
OWW! FUCKIN' JESUS, DUDE!

DAMIEN
YOU'RE SITTING ON A NEST OF HOSTILE V.C.
ENEMY. CONGRATULATIONS FATS. YOU JUST GOT
US ALL KILLED! ANYBODY ELSE CARE TO GIVE
AWAY OUR POSITION TO CHARLIE!!

Silence.

DAMIEN
CELL PHONES!

Everyone hands over their phones.

Speedman, however, turns away from the group, getting his satellite phone out of the gift bag. He surreptitiously stows it down the front of his pants.

Damien dumps them in a pile and finds a large boulder. HE smashes the phones with a dramatic flair. The guys GROAN.

Damien turns on them with a crazy gleam in his eye.

DAMIEN

Okay, girls... now that I have your attention, I will tell you fuckfaces what we're doing here. You are no longer actors in a movie. You are grunts in a war. These men around you are your brothers.

The guys look at each other, unhappy.

DAMIEN

Congratulations. You've just landed in "the shit". Your objective is to head north and liberate the village at D'ang Kwook Hill, at which point "Four Leaf" gets himself captured, at which point you rescue him, at which point we will chopper you home. We will also be rigging this entire valley of death with hidden cameras so that every glorious moment gets on film. And believe me it WILL be glorious. If it looks real, chances are good it probably is. You wanted to be actors? You wanted to occupy the skin of another human being? Get ready to occupy the skin of a terrified U.S. Infantry grunt, surrounded by death, crawling up Satan's arsehole. There's going to be enemy fire. Booby traps. Your own personal little slice of the 'Nam.

The group shares a look -- "What's going on?"

He pulls out a laminated packet.

DAMIEN

(to Speedman)

"Four Leaf", since you're the Captain here, here's the scene list and the map.

(he throws them at him)

Think you can handle it? From now on, whatever we get on film is our movie, period.

Damien pulls out a walkie-talkie.

DAMIEN

THIS is your only link to the real world. It will be used only in an emergency or to replenish our supplies if absolutely necessary. This is NOT a cell phone. This radio goes to the chopper, and the chopper ONLY. The chopper is GOD, and I am Jesus Christ his SON!! You will depend on and pray to US!! And nobody gets home until we get the shots!

(loud and confident)

Now... let's put the greatest war movie ever in the can!

With that, Damien marches toward the treeline and steps on a dormant LAND MINE left sleeping for decades, BLOWING HIM TO BITS.

The group stands absolutely stock still for several long beats until...

SPEEDMAN

Whoa.

EXT. JUNGLE -- A HALF MILE AWAY

A group of about SIX ASIAN GUERRILLA FIGHTERS, well armed and scary looking, notice the sound of the explosion. They begin talking very seriously in a foreign language. One of them grabs a radio:

GUERRILLAS

(subtitles)

< We have heard an explosion, in the northern sector.>

UNKNOWN VOICE

(crackling over walkie talkie)

<Track and follow.>

They lock and load, heading towards the actors...

EXT. JUNGLE -- A HILLTOP CLEARING

Four Leaf scans the horizon while Cody sets up high-tech equipment, including monitors and cameras and detonation devices.

CODY

So, I'm thinkin' as soon as Damien gives us the go ahead, we 'bust their cherry with a few airbursts, then alpha-alpha till they come running right at us, then a good ol' fashioned firefight, maintaining our distance.

Four Leaf ignores him, instead looking around the jungle, looking almost lost.

CODY

I been meaning to tell ya the whole shoot. I'm probably one-a your biggest fans. Your book was kinda my "Catcher in the Rye". It inspired me to become a pyro man.

Four Leaf gives Cody nothing -- except his usual stoic stare.

CODY

I'm actually sort of a war nut. I mean I never was in the service, but for me blowing shit up in a war films is sort of my way of paying tribute to the real deal. And you sir, are the real deal.

Nothing.

CODY

Hey, I was wonderin' what kind of sidearm you carry? Looks to me like a--

FOUR LEAF

(very scary)

I don't know what it's called. I just know the sound it makes when it takes a man's life.

Cody, a little spooked, picks up his radio.

CODY

Ok, we're ready to rock and roll.
(to walkie-talkie)
Damien, come in. Cameras are up, ordinance are up. Ready to kick the tires and light the fires on your say so.

EXT. JUNGLE - THE ACTORS

WE are close on the seemingly broken walkie talkie, which has heard none of this. We PULL BACK to reveal the guys, staring at Damien's corpse in total shock. All except Speedman, who looks on with a smirk.

PORTNOY

I think he's like... dead.

SPEEDMAN

(with a chuckle)

Nice, very nice, Dorf...Very nice, wherever you're hiding!

REDYKULOUS

I don't think he's hiding. I think he just died!

Sandusky leans down towards the off screen corpse. He pulls a wrist into frame.

SANDUSKY

He doesn't have a pulse...or a head.

He then grabs a bent and rusty piece of metal.

SANDUSKY

Must've been one of those Claymore mines. This old Jungle must be full of them.

REDYKULOUS

You bet your ass it is. That's why a percentage of my Pymp Sweat Profits are helpin' solve the problem!

Damien's corpse emits a disturbing death rattle. Speedman busts up laughing. They turn to him -- what the hell?

Speedman throws an arm around Sandusky, like an indulgent older brother.

SPEEDMAN

C'mon! Don't you get it? This is what Dorf was talking about -- our slice of the Nam! He's trying to get in our heads!

GUERRILLAS P.O.V -- FROM THE SURROUNDING JUNGLE

They are right behind the treeline, watching the guys from about thirty feet.

SPEEDMAN

That whole "life and death" speech in the chopper? He's messing with us! What do you think all that "playing God" was about?

The guys breathe a huge collective sigh of relief -- except Lazarus.

LAZARUS

Are you nuts, shithead? The dude is dead!!

Sandusky looks unsure. He doesn't want to take sides.

SPEEDMAN

Kirk. I know you're the big fancy actor here, but, no offense, I've done a lot more effects driven event films, and I think I can spot a prop body.

ON THE GUERRILLAS

The LEAD guerilla signals for all his guys to hold their fire and pick their targets...

ON THE ACTORS

Suddenly, The walkie-talkie lying on Damien's body crackles to life:

CODY (ON WALKIE)

-- I repeat, we are now go for mission!
Damie--

The walkie crackles unintelligibly. Speedman picks it up, showing it to the guys. See?

SPEEDMAN

(smirking)

Alright, can we start the scene now? Or do you need a formal invitation?!

(checking the list)

Scene 12A, ext. Jungle. Day. Ambush.

Speedman closes his eyes, taking a second to get into character. He opens them, and grabs his gun and creeps towards the bushes, stealthily.

SPEEDMAN

(as Four Leaf)

I got a baaaad feeling on this one, Fats.

The group remains motionless. Speedman gives Portnoy a "c'mon!" type look. Portnoy doesn't know what he means...

SPEEDMAN

I said, I got a baaad feeling on this one, Brooklyn...

Oh! He's acting!

Sandusky hesitantly takes the cue, and starts walking stealthily around with him, on high alert for Charlie. Swinging his gun unpredictably.

ON THE GUERILLAS

They are a mere ten or fifteen feet from Sandusky on the other side of the trees... they back off as he waves his gun...

BACK ON THE ACTORS

SANDUSKY

(as Brooklyn)

Me too, cap'n.

(beat)

Hey, cap? If I told you something, something kinda personal, you wouldn't think I was crazy, right?

SPEEDMAN

Naw, man. I know you ain't crazy Brooklyn...

SANDUSKY

Well, if I told you that I, I never actually, well, been with a girl...you wouldn't, like, think I was, like, queer or nothin'... would you?

SPEEDMAN

Naw, man... I wouldn't think you was a queer.

Redykulous shrugs and joins in, too:

REDYKULOUS
(acting really "black guy"
scared)

Sh...sh...shit...When I get back to the world, I'm gonna find me the finest piece of Detroit nubian mugambo, and fuck it till I broke its back.

PORTNOY
The last "mugambo" you ever tasted was in your momma's soup bowl. I wouldn't mind slurpin' on a little of that --

SPEEDMAN
That's enough outta you Fats. Don't you worry, Brooklyn. You gotta lotta days a fucking ahead of you and I for one ain't gonna let Charlie...

Lazarus can't handle it anymore.

LAZARUS
What the FUCK is wrong with you people?!

Speedman shoots him a look then takes a few steps back. He addresses the treeline.

SPEEDMAN
Sorry Damien! Back to one... action!
(he gets back in character)
Don't you worry, Brooklyn, You gotta lotta--

LAZARUS
Yo, asshole! Mothafucka just DIED!

Speedman sighs, annoyed.

SPEEDMAN
How many more takes you wanna wreck? Some of us are taking this seriously.

Lazarus looks likes he wants to explode. But instead he becomes eerily calm. He begins an impressive transformation -- Everything except for his skin color returns to his real identity, a pompous Irish prick.

LAZARUS
(Heavy Irish)
Jaysus! There isn't going to be any movie, ya gobshite!
(MORE)

LAZARUS (cont'd)

Damien is dead, Speedman. Yes, the show must go on, but this is feckin' madness.

PORTNOY

(re: Lazarus transformation)

Wow. That was really cool.

THE GUERRILLAS

Are watching this, poised to attack.

BACK ON THE ACTORS

Speedman and Lazarus argue, more heated now.

SPEEDMAN

Excuse me Kirk, I think you dropped something.

He mimes picking something off the ground.

SPEEDMAN

It's called your character. Don't worry, I won't tell the Academy!

Suddenly: GUNFIRE FROM EVERYWHERE! The Guerrillas have seized the moment.

The actors all immediately hit the dirt, except for Speedman, who just looks annoyed and blase as dirt and debris kicks up all around him.

SPEEDMAN

You happy now? We're out of position for the effect! Am I the only one who read the script?! This is the ambush!

A tree above Speedman gets hit, explodes, sprays chunks of wood and shrapnel everywhere.

SANDUSKY

I think they're really shooting at us!

SPEEDMAN

What are you guys worried about? These guys are pros. The unions would tear them a new ass if any of us got hurt.

The actors stay down, looking scared.

SPEEDMAN

Come on, you guys! Let's use this!

No one follows Speedman's lead. Fine, he'll go it alone.

Speedman begins shooting at the guerillas alone, and doing a very good job of it, going through an assortment of absurd action style maneuvers throughout.

Redykulous looks around, and then decides to get up and join him. Sandusky and Portnoy look at each other -- what the heck -- and follow. They all fire at the unseen enemy, letting out very convincing WAR CRIES.

ON THE GUERRILLAS

Not knowing it's only blanks, and awed by the power of the actors' automatic weapons, and the intensity of their screams, they drop back...

GUERRILLA LEADER

<Ready the RPGs! Let's take them out NOW!!>

The guerillas hastily go through their packs hooking up RPGs...

EXT. JUNGLE - HILLTOP CLEARING

Four Leaf looks out into the jungle below, he can hear the firefight, but, Cody can't.

FOUR LEAF

Hear that?

Cody is preoccupied with the radio and the explosives.

CODY

What? I still can't get Damien on the radio. I bet' he forgot how to use the Walkie again. What do you say we get a little... pro-active?

Cody, very excited, grabs a plunger.

BACK ON THE ACTORS

Still fighting, oblivious that the guerillas are about to blow them to kingdom come with RPGs.

But before the guerillas have a chance--

ON CODY

He pushes down the plunger...

ON THE GUERILLAS

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!!

Dirt flies, the guerillas don't know what the hell is going on -- except that someone is suddenly bombing the shit out of them. They beat a hasty retreat.

EXT. JUNGLE - HILLTOP CLEARING

Cody and Four Leaf watch Cody's handiwork with binoculars. A smoke cloud slowly rises from the jungle.

CODY

Right on!! I bet Damien heard that!

Cody turns to Four Leaf, and finds himself staring straight at 10 GUERILLA FIGHTERS with their submachine guns pointed straight at them.

CODY

Oh shit.

FOUR LEAF

Oh yeah.

And with that Cody and Four Leaf are RIFLE BUTTED out of consciousness...

EXT. JUNGLE -- THE ACTORS

Speedman motions for everyone to "cease fire".

SPEEDMAN

(pumped)

Aaaaand... CUT! Jesus! Alright! That's the trailer right there!

REDYKULOUS

That was some sick shit! I wasn't even thinking bout the camera!

The guys' adrenaline is flowing, they do high fives all around. Lazarus is not happy. He looks off into the jungle, sensing that someone was out there.

SANDUSKY

So what do we do now?

Speedman pulls out the map, frowns at it.

SPEEDMAN

Damien said to head north. I'm guessing they've got more of these "battles" and Viet Congs rigged for us on the way.

(into it)

Alright, let's hump our shit to D'ang Kwook! Let's didi double time! We got a lot of clicks to cover!

Speedman heads off into a particularly dense section of jungle. After a beat, he reappears, looking a little lost.

SANDUSKY

Uh...Sir, isn't it that way?

Kevin points in the other direction. Speedman glances down at the map, which he rotates around, right side up now.

SPEEDMAN

Oh yeah. Thanks, uh...

SANDUSKY

(can't believe it)

Kevin. Kevin Sandusky.

SPEEDMAN

Right. Okay, To D'ang Kwook! Lets do-it-to-it!

Everyone follows Speedman. Lazarus, very reluctantly, brings up the rear, still looking off into the jungle.

EXT. FLAMING DRAGON COMPOUND - ESTABLISHING

It is a large, secret heroin processing facility, surrounded by barbed wire fencing. It is in a clearing in the jungle, by a small river.

There's a GUARD TOWER overlooking a main gate, which leads into a big open courtyard area. The main structure is a low, concrete military-looking building.

It's all populated with tough-looking, well-armed badasses.

CODY AND FOUR LEAF, both hog-tied and unconscious, are marched through the courtyard, and into a building.

INT. FLAMING DRAGON COMPOUND - COMMAND CENTER

We are behind the back of the person who is in charge. In front of him, we see workers busily manufacturing tar heroin, in a sweatshop like atmosphere.

A cadre of guerilla fighters comes in, sweaty and tired.

The Lieutenant steps to the fore -- this is BYONG. He's badly shaken.

BYONG

<Sir, we encountered an American force near the poppy fields. They were unstoppable. They had no fear of death and very heavy firepower.>

The Unseen Leader shakes his head.

UNSEEN LEADER

<American D.E.A? >

BYONG

<Possibly. We captured two of them, but the main unit is still in the jungle.>

UNSEEN LEADER

<Engage them. Find them. If it is D.E.A there will be more soon. The survival of this facility depends on it!>

EXT. BAMBOO FOREST -- DAY

The actors are slogging along, through a tall thicket of bamboo. They look exhausted -- except for Speedman, who always manages to look like a movie star.

PORTNOY

So... we're just supposed to keep walking?

SPEEDMAN

We'll see some action soon enough. And try to stay in character. We're on camera..

PORTNOY

What do you mean "soon"?

SPEEDMAN

Whenever Damien decides it's time, I guess.

PORTNOY

When's that?

SPEEDMAN

I don't know. That's the whole point. Damien wants us tired and confused.

REDYKULOUS

Yeah, well I'm definitely qualifying for those objectives.

Everyone chimes in -- they all need a break. Lazarus notices the mutinous vibe and smiles.

SPEEDMAN

Fine, fine. Okay, let's take a break, but be on the lookout for anything. Charlie doesn't care if you're on a break or not.

Speedman plunks down and opens the map. He seems puzzled. Lazarus eyes him suspiciously. Sandusky walks off to take a leak. Lazarus then watches him go.

Off to the side, Sandusky starts to pee. He hears something rustle next to him.

LAZARUS (O.S.)

Psst. Hey.

Sandusky turns to see Lazarus peeing uncomfortably close to him.

LAZARUS

Speedman is watching. I don't have much time. I don't really need to piss. I need to talk to you. You went to the boot camp Sandusky, right? You can read that map?

SANDUSKY

Yeah...

LAZARUS

Good, good. Speedman is a tosser. That hoor's melt really thinks this is a movie. And he's got the lot of ya convinced.

SANDUSKY

You saying you don't think they're filming us?

LAZARUS

Of course not! It's only a matter of time before he walks us into more mines or more of whoever the hell was shootin' at us. That muppet's going to get us all killed. I need to convince everyone to turn around, but I can't do it without the map. You're the only one who can read it. Can I count on you?

SANDUSKY

Well, yeah, I guess. But --

LAZARUS

Good man, Good man.

Lazarus makes a big show of pretending he's done peeing, shaking, etc., and heads back to the group.

Speedman eyes Lazarus. What is he up to?

Sandusky is just getting comfortable, begins to pee again. He hears another rustle. He turns to see Speedman, right next to him.

SPEEDMAN

I'm gonna level with you, bro. I don't need to pee. I need to talk to you.

Speedman surreptitiously takes out a can of Pymp Sweat and sticks the tip of his Bowie knife into it, to create a red pee stream.

SPEEDMAN

Lazarus is insane. He's freaking out, and he's gonna ruin the whole movie for all of us. The men respect you, because you went to boot camp and rehearsal.

(patting his shoulder)

And you're pretty handy with that map. I need you on my side, Kyle.

SANDUSKY

Kevin.

SPEEDMAN

If you stick with the program, I'm gonna talk to some of the Dreamworks brass...there'll probably be a Teen Choice award in it for you. You have that potential.

SANDUSKY

Well, I --

SPEEDMAN

Good man. Good man.

Speedman rejoins the group, gives Lazarus a cocky look.

EXT. JUNGLE - ELSEWHERE - LATER

The guys continue to trudge along a hugely overgrown path. Speedman machetes through the overgrowth.

SPEEDMAN

If we stay on this trajectory we should be reaching the village any minute now.

At the end of the line, we hear a few groans emanating from Portnoy.

SPEEDMAN

Buck up,, Fats...we got a long road ahead of us...

PORTNOY

(sick)

No...its just that I don't feel so hot... I left my medication at the hotel.

REDYKULOUS

(to himself, snickering)

Yeah, I'd like to check out some of those "meds" for my own self.

Lazarus moves up to Speedman.

LAZARUS

Look, ya eejit, I mean, if there was a village don't you think we would have hit it by now?

SPEEDMAN

Quit your carping, we're right where we're supposed to be!

WHUMP! All of a sudden Speedman disappears out of frame...

We see he has fallen chest deep into the edge of a SLOW MOVING RIVER.

LAZARUS

(laughing)

Hey, Is there a feckin' river on that map?

Speedman refers to the now sopping wet map.

SPEEDMAN

Yes! There is! Its just a little more down to the... lefty-down part from the village.

(checking the scene list)

Anyway, this feels like the Sampan Boat Raid at the end of the second act.

LAZARUS

I don't see a "Sampan" boat!

SPEEDMAN

Any second now one should come by. Alright men, into the water!

Everyone except Lazarus reluctantly gets into the water. They all hold their rifles above their heads.

LAZARUS

~~Let's stop this charade, shall we? We need to quit faffin' about and turn around NOW! And...~~

Lazarus grabs Sandusky.

LAZARUS

Sandusky agrees with me. Don't you, Sandusky?

Kevin is caught, not sure what to do.

SPEEDMAN

Wait! First of all....

Now Speedman grabs him.

SPEEDMAN

Kelvin believes in this movie. And, second, need I remind you, I am your superior officer.

LAZARUS

No, yer an actor. And if memory serves,
a pretty shite one.

The actors react -- Damn! Oh Snap! Shit! Speedman steels
himself.

SPEEDMAN

THAT'S THE WAY OUT! That's our only
chance!

PORTNOY

Yeah, but maybe we should stay here until
they send help! Or maybe try to get back
to the hotel.

SPEEDMAN

Help from where! Need I remind you that
Damien's orders were to --

(right at Lazarus)

--stay in character.

(to the guys)

Now, I already have an international box
office presence, but for some of you, I'm
guessing you might not want to screw this
movie up!

This actually seems to affect the actors. Lazarus can't
believe it.

SPEEDMAN

..okay...C'mon, boys! This way. Let's go
get those Viet Congs!

Lazarus throws down his gun. He's had it.

LAZARUS

Jay-sus Fuck! It's Viet Cong! Not Viet
Congs! Viet Cong, you plunker! And, hey,
if you're so sure of yourself, why don't
you let Kelvin have a look at the map?!

Kevin doesn't know what to do -- he doesn't want to get
in the middle of this. Speedman continues to be the tough
guy.

SPEEDMAN

Be my guest.

Speedman hands over the soggy map. Kevin looks. After a
long beat...

SANDUSKY

We've been going the wrong way. We were supposed to be doing this:

Sandusky traces his finger along the correct route -- a clearly marked, northward arrow.

SANDUSKY

Instead, we did this.

Sandusky draws a line due East -- into a section of the map clearly marked with scary skull and cross-bone type warnings.

PORTNOY

(holding his stomach)

Oh, man, this is not cool, this is not cool at all.

Speedman grabs the map back from Sandusky.

SPEEDMAN

I can't believe you people! You're pussing out on me? We are supposed to be a unit!

LAZARUS

No one is "pussing out." They just prefer not to die out here. Sandusky, can you get us back to the landing zone without the map?

SANDUSKY

It might be tricky, but maybe.

LAZARUS

Okay, which is it, gentlemen? Playin' war with Mister Box Office? Or staying alive?

SPEEDMAN

Unbelievable! Are you guys really gonna abandon this movie?

A long tense beat -- finally, Sandusky walks towards Lazarus. Everyone follows him.

Speedman looks stunned. After a moment, he shakes his head and begins crossing the river, holding his rifle with both hands over his head.

SPEEDMAN

So that's the way it, is, huh? Fine! I'll finish the movie alone!

(turns to Lazarus, under his breath)

And when I give my acceptance speech, I'll be sure to thank you, Lazarus, for staying out of that scene. And come Oscar night, we'll see who feels a little "full retard"!

He reaches the other side of the river.

SANDUSKY

Chris, You have no idea where you're going!

SPEEDMAN

Yeah, I do!

(consulting the scene list)

I'm going to "EXT. JUNGLE. DUSK. FOUR LEAF PINNED DOWN AND ALONE". And, I can shoot it alone.

They watch him trudge into the foliage.

U2'S "BULLET THE BLUE SKY" comes up as the men watch Speedman disappear...

EXT. MOUNTAINOUS JUNGLE -- SUPER WIDE -- DUSK

We slowly push in on a lone figure silhouetted against the purple sky, trudging along the top of a trail to nowhere.

CLOSER

Speedman walks through the scary jungle, exhausted. He is tired, lonely and hungry. The jungle is making all sorts of terrifying noises. Finally he stops and regards the treeline.

SPEEDMAN

DORF!...CODY?!...What's the deal with a meal break? Are they gonna chopper stuff in later on? I don't wanna be a prima donna or anything, but, we gotta eat, right?

(pause)

Damien?

Clearly no answer.

He trudges a bit further finally plunking down by the trunk of a huge tree.

He empties his pack, within which is the gift bag from his agent. He surveys his wares: An i-pod Nano, an In Style magazine, a neck pillow, Cherry Chapstick, a, tonight-show baseball hat, some packets of equal, and an unopened 'MRS. HENDERSON PRESENTS' DVD.

EXT. JUNGLE - DUSK

Our Guys, led by Lazarus, are humping through a dense section of jungle. Portnoy is beginning to make all sorts of pained and horrible noises.

PORTNOY

Uhhh....UHHHHHHHHH.

(pause)

Ohhhhh-Maaaaaaannn...I'm cold. It's FREEEZING.

REDYKULOUS

WOULD YOU PAH-LEEZE SHUT THE FUCK UP!

PORTNOY

(after a beat)

Ohhh GOD! Is anybody BOILING!? It's like a sweat lodge out here!

LAZARUS

Make a note gentlemen, unwittingly, Jeffrey Portnoy is joining the proud ranks of those of us who have suffered for art.

(to Portnoy)

A new frontier for you, Funny Man. When this is all over, you might have more than flatulence to offer an audience.

Portnoy looks a little hurt.

REDYKULOUS

You know what? I think I actually liked you better when you were a nigga.

LAZARUS

You know, Redykulous, I respect what it is you do, the rapping, the rhyme-talking -- invented by the Irish I might add.

(MORE)

LAZARUS (cont'd)

Yet you ooze this hostility towards me.
Why do you think that is?

REDYKULOUS

"Why"?! I dunno...maybe because they had
one good part for a black man in this
movie and they gave it to a white guy.

LAZARUS

Oh...I see...Put another way -- you're
mad because I can act "black" better than
you can.

SANDUSKY

Take it easy guys...

REDYKULOUS

(to Sandusky)

You better rein in 'black like me' over
here, before I put a foot in his white
ass...

LAZARUS

Niggaz always got to be niggaz.

This is truly over the line. Redykulous lunges at
Lazarus. They fight.

Redykulous throws a wide punch, that Lazarus deftly
avoids, that hooks Portnoy right in the jaw.

Sandusky jumps in and pries them apart.

SANDUSKY

Okay! That's enough! Jesus Christ! It's
not enough we have people shooting at us!
Now we have to kill each other?! Let's
pull it together! This place is full of
land mines! Or doesn't anyone's *sense*
memory recall our director being blown
up by one!?

That shut them up.

LAZARUS

Sandusky is right... we could all learn a
little from his common sense approach.
From now on we walk Indian style,
footstep upon footstep. Sandusky...you
take first position.

He breaks off a branch, and hands it to Sandusky, and
pushes him out front. Sandusky gives him a look.

LAZARUS

Your bravery shames us.

Sandusky reluctantly starts down the path, tapping for land mines with the branch. The guys follow at a VERY safe distance.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Speedman's face. After a beat a drop of water hits him in the forehead. Then another.

PULL BACK to reveal a pathetic shelter made out of headphone wire, and the In Style magazine. The drip is now becoming full on RAIN.

He clutches an Equal packet and the Cherry Chapstick. Gently, he puts the chapstick to his face and takes a tentative bite, as though he were eating human flesh. He then tears open the Equal packet and empties its contents into his hand, and takes a lick, savoring every granule.

He hears a rustling in the bushes across from him. A rodent? Food? Excited, he pulls out his Bowie knife and begins to stalk his prey.

Now another movement behind the bush, and a flash of fur...

Stealthily, he moves towards it. With cat like quickness, and knife drawn, he lunges onto the bush, A HUGE ROAR is heard...

QUICK SHOTS OF: FANGS, BLOOD, AN EYEBALL, A HUGE PAW....

Speedman is slashed, SOMETHING has got him in a choke hold...

He reels around screaming and stabbing wildly, brutally pummeling his attacker. He is covered in blood, but looks ecstatic.

SPEEDMAN

Die! Die, you son of a bitch! Die!

Speedman deals a death blow. And unleashes a primal VICTORY SCREAM. Spent, he finally gets a good look at his victim:

A small, cute, cuddly PANDA...

Speedman looks horrified...

FLASH on a SERIES OF STILLs from SPEEDMAN'S PANDA PHOTO SHOOT...

He stumbles back against a tree.

Suddenly we hear an odd VIBRATING SOUND. He jumps, and frantically jams his hands in his pants -- it is the forgotten satellite phone he hid there way back when.

CLOSE ON PHONE -- CALLER ID SAYS "RICK PECK"

Speedman answers...

INT. AGENCY OFFICE -- L.A. --DAY

Rick is on a Pilates machine in is office with a HOT PILATES INSTRUCTOR working him out.

RICK

I got the personal attache of Bien Den Phu's ambassador to the United Nations of America delivering a TiVo directly to your bedroom. But the bad news is you gotta sit down and have monkey brains with him or some ceremonial shit for the local paper.

WE INTERCUT BETWEEN THEM

SPEEDMAN

(freaked)

I killed one rick. The thing I love more than anything in the world...

RICK

A hooker? You killed a hooker? Calm down, it's fine. This is a no-brainer. Thank GOD you're out of the country.

SPEEDMAN

No! A Panda! I killed a panda!

RICK

You WHAT? Uhy. Heavy shit National Park. Oh jesus...take a breath...did anybody see you?

SPEEDMAN

YOU HAVE TO HELP ME RICK!

RICK

Chill zone, buddy, I'm thinking. Did anyone see you do this?

SPEEDMAN

I don't think so. I'm out in the bush. Alone.

RICK

Alright. Listen to me. I want you to get your hands on some bleach, some hydrogen peroxide and some lime. Your gonna wanna cut the body in quarters...the femurs are gonna be a bitch... that's normal...

Speedman nods eagerly, absorbing it all, not noticing a PIANO WIRE BEING SLIPPED AROUND HIS NECK...

Suddenly, he is being choked. He drops the phone, gasping for air....

RICK (O.S.)

Chris? Breathe! It's gonna be ok. I'm calling that publicist right now, the one J Lo hired when she was hammered and killed that kid with her Jetski.

A guerilla shoots the phone. They quickly tie Speedman up and whisk him off into the jungle.

EXT. FLAMING DRAGON COMPOUND -- DAWN

Speedman is being led through the courtyard in shackles. He looks up to the guard towers.

There are security cameras everywhere. In Speedman's mind, movie cameras. He nods, into it.

SPEEDMAN

(under his breath)

Alright. P.O.W camp. Scene 67. Bring it on Dorf.

INT. CODY AND FOUR LEAF'S DETENTION HUT

Cody is just coming to. Four Leaf is already at the slatted window, watching...

CODY

Where are we?

FOUR LEAF

In a detention hut. And they got
Speedman...

FOUR LEAF'S P.O.V. --

A guard shoves Speedman hard with a rifle butt. Speedman
over "acts" the pain.

BACK ON CODY AND FOUR LEAF

Cody gets up, starting to freak out.

CODY

What? Why? We gotta get outta here! Are
they gonna kill us?

Four Leaf turns on him, grabbing him with one of his
hooks.

FOUR LEAF

Pull it together private! Shut your trap
before you get us killed! You understand
me lilydick?!

Cody backs off, still scared.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- LATER

Speedman is in a windowless hut, his feet and hands tied
to a chair.

There are security cameras in the corners of the room,
which Speedman continually plays to.

Byong stands across from him, watching him calmly.

BYONG

What were you doing in our poppy fields?

SPEEDMAN

(confused)
Poppy fields?

BYONG

Who sent you here?

SPEEDMAN

("Acting")
Corporal Four Leaf Tayback...Serial
number 694529987.

BYONG

(calmly)

Perhaps some hot tea will make conversing
a little easier?

SPEEDMAN

You bastard.

BYONG

What? I just thought you might like
some...

SPEEDMAN

Corporal Four Leaf Tayback. And oh
yeah...THIS is from my uncle... SAM!

He HEAD BUTTS Byong in the face, sending him reeling into
the back wall.

Beat.

SPEEDMAN

(under his breath)

You ok? You leaned into it, man. Sorry.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAMBOO CAGE -- DAY

A pissed off Byong and a couple of guards throw Speedman
into a small cage that is suspended by rope over the edge
of a marsh.

He looks around, impressed with the production design. He
looks up, sees another security camera observing him. He
turns it on.

SPEEDMAN

May God protect you from the mighty arm
of the 51st Tropic Thunder to the end! My
men will seek you out and mete out a
cruel justice!

Byong and the guards look at him, a bit confused.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICE PADDY -- DAY

Looking up we see a circle of faces. Our guys, looking
down on something awful....that thing is:

PORTNOY, delirious and groaning.

SANDUSKY
I think he's dead.

A wet fart seeps out of Portnoy.

REDYKULOUS
No. Just smells like he's dead. Smelled
like that all night.

LAZARUS
What's wrong with him?

PORTNOY
(lying)
Nothing! Probably just the beginning
stages of some...kinda...jungle fever.

More bad noises.

PORTNOY
If we can work out some rig to carry me I
think it might subside in a little bit...

No one touches him.

LAZARUS
Alright. Sandusky?

Sandusky looks up at him. Is he serious?

SANDUSKY
What?

LAZARUS
You and Redykulous are gonna have to
carry Portnoy. God help you.

He marches off.

SANDUSKY
God help me?

REDYKULOUS
God help him that bitch ever find his
blackface minstrel show ass alone with me
in the real world.

Redykulous and Sandusky shake their heads and gather up
Portnoy on a make shift stretcher.

EXT. HILLTOP

Our guys are humping, with Fats in the makeshift stretcher.

They look exhausted. As they crest the ridge, Redykulous spots something.

REDYKULOUS

Look!

From behind, Sandusky grabs him and forces him to the ground.

SANDUSKY

SHH! Everybody down!

The guys hit the dirt. Lazarus crawls up to join them. He pulls out his binoculars, and surveys the scene.

BINOCULAR POV

It is the Flaming Dragon compound...

ON THE GUYS

LAZARUS

Fook me! I knew it!

SANDUSKY

Knew what?

LAZARUS

"EXT. P.O.W. PRISON CAMP -- DAY"! Oranges and Lemons, the bells of St. Clements. Speedman was right. We are shooting the movie.

Sandusky grabs the binoculars and starts looking...

LAZARUS

(to himself)

How could I be so stupid.

SANDUSKY

I don't think so....looks to me like some sort of heroin processing plant. Look at the cooking vats, and the guards.

Sandusky continues looking through the binoculars.

LAZARUS

How do you know all this?

SANDUSKY

It was a long trip. I read the in-flight magazine. We're in the Golden Triangle, the biggest drug producer in the world. Uh-oh.

BINOCULAR POV

It is SPEEDMAN, who is being dipped in and out of the water in his bamboo cage, while a bunch of guards stand around and laugh. Whenever he comes up for air, he is yelling:

SPEEDMAN

CUT!!

(into the water, then out)

CUT!!

BACK TO SCENE

LAZARUS

What do you see?

SANDUSKY

It doesn't look good.

Lazarus grabs the binoculars.

LAZARUS

Sweet Mother of Jaysus.

Suddenly: GUNFIRE ERUPTS ALL AROUND!

A BAND OF GUERILLAS have spotted them and are running at them, firing automatic weapons...

The guys scream, and start a frantic retreat down the hill. Portnoy suddenly gets well enough to run out of his stretcher for dear life...

In fact, he is actually beating them down the hill...when suddenly WHUMP! He falls into a PIT!

PORTNOY

HELP! GUYS! WAIT!

REDYKULOUS stops and turns around and runs back to him, heroically pulling him out. BUT...

There is more fire coming all around. He gives up, reverses tactics, and starts KICKING PORTNOY IN THE CHEST, trying to KICK HIM INTO THE HOLE!

PORTNOY

Ow! Fuck Dude! What the fuck?!

He screams in pain! Finally, WHUMP!! He disappears into the hole. REDYKULOUS whistles for the guys to join him, and they all pile into the hole.

IN, THE HOLE

Totally black...they huddle, trying to muffle their heavy breathing...

ABOVE THE HOLE

The guerillas all frantically look around for the guys. No sign of them. One of them signals for them to keep moving.

HOLE

Footsteps can be heard above leaving the area. Sandusky lights a match. Portnoy is weeping in pain.

SANDUSKY

Must be one of those underground tunnels. The country is littered with them. Jeff must have found one of the entrances.

Portnoy is on his side in pain, whimpering.

PORTNOY

My ass...I think I took one in the ass...

SANDUSKY

Lemme see...

Sandusky rolls him over, and off camera, helps him remove his pants... All the guys recoil in horror.

REDYKULOUS

AWW JEEESUS MAN!

SANDUSKY

How did it get infected so fast?

More ad libs of disgust...

SANDUSKY

Okay Jeff...This is gonna hurt like hell, but I have to take my finger and see how deep the slug is, and if I can dig it out. Take a breath. Redykulous, hold his hand...

Beat...Sandusky puts his hand off camera.

PORTNOY

Hey Dude! What are you doing! Cut it out! *That's* not the bullet hole. The bullet hole is over here!

It dawns on the guys that they have NOT been looking at the bullet hole. Ad-libs of even MORE disgust.

SANDUSKY

OH! my bad. You just got grazed. You're gonna be fine.

EXT. BAMBOO CAGE -- DAY

Speedman is exhausted, slumped in his cage. He is covered in a few leeches. Byong appears with his usual cadre of guards. He nods, and they grab Speedman, and drag him out of the cage.

EXT. FLAMING DRAGON HQ - COURTYARD

Byong leads Speedman to the center of the courtyard. A HUSH falls over the soldiers.

They begin to part, as someone very important is arriving.

Finally, the unseen leader emerges. He is a LITTLE BOY, no older than 12 years old, but has the eyes of a killer. He smokes a cigar. This is TRAN.

He stops in front of Speedman, staring him down. Then, in a show of alpha male dominance, he tears his shirt off, revealing an impressive set of gruesome tattoos -- a flaming dragon raping a monkey, raping a skull, raping a rat. He holds a stick.

SPEEDMAN

(warily)

Uhhh...I don't think I got the new pages...

TRAN

YOU ARE A TRESPASSER IN MY POPPY FIELDS!
YOU ARE D.E.A. SCUM! WE HAVE SHOT DOWN
YOUR HELICOPTER, AND SOON WE WILL KILL
YOUR COMPATRIOTS!

Tran points across the courtyard where...

CODY AND FOUR LEAF ARE MARCHED OUT. Cody looks scared out
of his mind. Speedman takes this in.

Tran nods, and TWO GUARDS start to BEAT THE BEJEESUS out
of Cody and Four Leaf. Then Tran gets out his own stick
and starts to BEAT SPEEDMAN...

TRAN

DO YOU WANT THEM TO DIE? DO YOU WANT THEM
TO DIE!!

SPEEDMAN

No! Puh-Puh-pulease don't h-h-h-hurt
them...

Tran cocks his head curiously. He stops beating him. He
signals for the guards to stop beating the others. A long
beat.

TRAN

Say that again.

SPEEDMAN

Please don't hurt them?

TRAN

No...like you did before!

Silence.

TRAN

SAY IT!

He threatens to hit him, Speedman recoils.

SPEEDMAN

Puh-puh-puhlease don't h-h-hurt them?

A hush falls over the crowd. Tran's eyes widen.

TRAN

NAYAM NOOK SNEP JAWK!

(louder, to the crowd)

NAYAM NOOK SNEP JAWK!!

INT. TRAN'S QUARTERS -- DAY

Speedman is now seated in a comfortable, ornate chair, though his feet and hands are still bound. Tran and Byong and a few cohorts, stand across from him, whispering.

TRAN'S ENTOURAGE

Nyam nook snep jawk...

SPEEDMAN

Please! Excuse me, What are you saying?

TRAN

Nyam nook snep Jawk!
(almost shyly)
You are Simple Jack?

SPEEDMAN

What? You.. You saw Simple Jack?

TRAN

We love the tale of this man, Simple Jack.

Tran snaps his fingers, and an assistant shows Speedman a battered VHS BOX OF SIMPLE JACK. Speedman looks lovingly at it.

TRAN

We do not have many luxury here. Simple Jack is the only movie we possess. We have watched it many, many times. How is the word? Genius?

Speedman smiles big. They smile back at him. It's a small world after all.

BODYGUARD

(broken English)
You should have got Oscar.

SPEEDMAN

Thanks. I mean even just the nomination...

TRAN

You were nominated?

SPEEDMAN

No, I mean it is great to be nominated, if you are, or that's what I hear. Whatever. It's a popularity contest. It's totally political, you have to lobby for like a year for it...

TRAN

SHUT UP NOW.

(beat)

My apologies for almost beating you to death before.

SPEEDMAN

No problem. So are you going to let me go?

TRAN

No. We will hold you for ransom -- much more money now.

He pulls out a cell phone.

TRAN

Is it possible to have picture?

SPEEDMAN

Oh, sure, absolutely.

Speedman tries to throw an arm around Tran, a guard grabs the arm, and twists it back. Speedman shrieks in pain.

TRAN

You mustn't touch me.

The guard snaps the picture.

BODYGUARD

That came out really good.

EXT. FLAMING DRAGON COURTYARD -- NIGHT

The entire camp is assembled. Guards lead Speedman onto a platform, behind Tran.

TRAN

*<My people! I have brought you a gift!
Simple Jack! To perform and entertain
you! Your hard work is not forgotten by
Tran! Tran remembers his people!>*

The people CHEER some more. Tran turns to Speedman.

TRAN
Now, do the movie.

SPEEDMAN
Excuse me?

TRAN
Do the movie.

SPEEDMAN
The whole movie?

TRAN
Yes. Begin.

SPEEDMAN
Hey, I know you're big fans and that's great--

Tran smacks Speedman in the head with a rifle butt. Speedman crumples to the ground. The crowd cheers.

SPEEDMAN
OW!!

Tran stands over him, screaming into his face:

TRAN
YOU WILL PERFORM, DO YOU UNDERSTAND??
YOU WILL PERFORM OR DIE!!! MONKEY-
SWINE!!

Speedman gets up, begins a scared, unenthusiastic performance:

SPEEDMAN
Aww, puh-puh-Pa! Whu-why you guh-got to
muh-muh-make fffffun of me?

TRAN
More stupid!

SPEEDMAN
Awww, puh-puh-paaaa...

Tran turns to one of his men

TRAN
Get him some overalls! And give him the
Simple Jack haircut!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLE -- DUSK

Sandusky slowly lifts his head out, surveying the territory. It looks clear. He drops back down.

INT. HOLE -- DUSK

The actors look miserable. Portnoy looks like his face is going to fall off.

SANDUSKY

It looks clear, but I can't be sure. I say we stay in here till it's dark.

REDYKULOUS

I can't believe this is how it ends for Redykulous. I'm a triple platinum recording artist. Shit.

PORTNOY

(shivering and wheezing)

I gotta get back to the hotel. I'm not gonna make it....

SANDUSKY

Forget it. That guard patrol knows we're out here. They'll be looking for us. Anyway, Speedman's in that compound. And no one else knows but us.

LAZARUS

That's right. So here's the plan.

Everyone leans forward expectantly.

LAZARUS

We sneak out of here, make our way back to the hotel and once we're safe, we alert the government of Speedman's situation.

REDYKULOUS

Sounds good.

SANDUSKY

Whoa whoa whoa,...wait! So, we're just gonna leave him here?

REDYKULOUS

Yeah, and I don't wanna spend another minute getting the full on smell'o vision in this hole with his stinky ass.

Everyone agrees. They start packing up. Sandusky looks horrified.

SANDUSKY

WAIT! Look, I don't think I've met a more wildly self involved human than Speedman, but you're just gonna leave him here? I mean, come on. He's a person, guys. These drug lords are killers. I mean, they eat their enemies. We leave him alone now, he doesn't have a chance in hell.

LAZARUS

That tosser is in there because of his own stupidity. As far as I'm concerned, he brought it on himself.

REDYKULOUS

Besides, how could we possibly rescue him? Get real, Sandusky, we don't know what the fuck we doing out here.

SANDUSKY

We've gotten this far. Look, we're making a movie about one of the greatest rescues ever. It's a true story, right? I mean, those guys weren't superheroes! They were just put in extra-ordinary circumstances, and they rose to the occasion.

PORTNOY

Yeah, but they were trained soldiers. They knew how to take care of themselves.

SANDUSKY

And we don't? They believed they could do it. They believed in each other. Look, I'm not saying it's gonna be easy.

(beat)

I mean, some of us might not come back.

REDYKULOUS

You mean, like, not on the same flight?

Sandusky just looks at them. They know that is not what he meant.

PORTNOY

I NEED MY DRUGS!

SANDUSKY

Jeff -- I know this is really hard for you, but you're gonna have to kick some time, and it might as well be now.

(he turns to Lazarus)

Kirk, I've always admired you as an actor. But as a person, I have to say, not that impressive. You got a few Oscars. Got any balls?

Lazarus takes this in.

SANDUSKY

Redyk. Whadda you say? You talk a good game, but how's it gonna feel when you're sipping Cristalle with your homies in the hot tub back in Cali knowing you left a man to die back here? You gonna rhyme about that?

There is a long beat.

REDYKULOUS

Shit. I only wish they was filming this for my show. I'm in.

He looks to Lazarus. Lazarus takes a long dramatic pause. Then...

LAZARUS

(with resolve)

We could fooster about for donkey's years. Let's quit acting the maggot and nix that mentaller.

The guys look at each other. What did that mean?

LAZARUS

I'm in!

CUT TO:

INT. AGENCY OFFICE -- LOS ANGELES -- DAY

Peck squeezes a stressball as his HOT YOUNG ASSISTANT comes in.

HOT YOUNG ASSISTANT

Chris Michael is on the line.

RICK
(he hits a button)
Chris? What is this craziness?

SPEEDMAN (V.O.)
Hi, Rick. It's Chris--

INT. FLAMING DRAGON COMPOUND - COMMAND CENTER

Byong presses pause on a tape recorder he's holding up to Chris's satellite phone. Tran watches, very serious.

RICK (O.S.)
Chris?

WE INTERCUT BETWEEN THEM

BYONG
Yes, that was Chris. But you will not speak with him again. And do not bother trying to trace this call.

RICK
What's going on? Who is this?

BYONG
We are Flaming Dragon. Speedman is with us now.

There is a long silence as Rick processes this. Then he nods slowly.

RICK
Oh. Really. Well I never heard of your little agency. But if you wanna poach my client? Lemme tell you something. His career's been in a death spiral since Simple Jack, so why don't you all go fuck yourselves! Oh, and I bet he hasn't even told you about the whole panda thing! He killed a panda! And next time you're at a cocktail party with Paris Hilton, or at Kate Mantellini's choking down some egg whites with Ron Howard, DON'T LET THAT SLIP, because chances are, I ALREADY DID!

Rick slams the phone down.

INT. FLAMING DRAGON COMPOUND -- COMMAND CENTER

Byong stares at the phone, amazed. He looks to Tran.

TRAN

*<This Peck is formidable. He will put up
a worthy fight, but he will soon bend to
our will>*

(beat)

<Do we have fax machine?>

EXT. HILLTOP -- NIGHT

Up on the hill, our guys are back up top, watching Speedman through binoculars.

BINOCULAR POV -- FLAMING DRAGON COURTYARD

Speedman is acting like Simple Jack, with his new bad haircut. He is performing for a small group of chuckling GUARDS.

EXT. HILLTOP -- NIGHT

LAZARUS

Jaysus! We're too late. They brained him!

REDYKULOUS grabs the binoculars. Sees for himself.

REDYKULOUS

He's right, man, that ain't right.
Messin' with a man's brain.

SANDUSKY

We gotta get him outta there...

EXT. HILLTOP -- NIGHT -- LATER

The guys have set up a camp, with a small fire. Everyone watches as Sandusky diagrams a plan in the dirt.

SANDUSKY

Here's us. Here's the compound. Here's where Speedman was. It looks like they move him at night, cause he's not here now. Unfortunately we have no idea what the layout of that place is.

(MORE)

SANDUSKY (cont'd)

But Speedman does. If we can get in there, and find him, maybe he can help us sneak him out.

PORTNOY

(sweating and in pain)

I got an idea.

Everyone turns to Portnoy.

PORTNOY

It might be a little crazy, but...

REDYKULOUS

Crazy is better than nothin'.

SANDUSKY

What is it?

PORTNOY

(intermittent pain noises)

Back in '98, I did a low budget titty comedy for skinemax, "Sex Camp". Anyway, me and the campers from the uncool camp had to break into the rich girls' camp. So we did it by building a catapult. They shot us over the wall and we parachuted down.

The guys all look at each other... then finally:

LAZARUS

That's the stupidest idea I've ever heard.

SANDUSKY

Yeah. Sorry Portnoy. That's lame. I say we wait till just before dawn and sneak over the fence. Take our chances. You guys ok with that?

The group nods in approval.

SANDUSKY

Good. Then let's get some rest. Me and Redyk are on first watch.

(to Lazarus)

I'll wake you in two hours, and we'll switch.

They break up. Portnoy comes up to Sandusky, extremely freaked out.

PORTNOY

I'm not gonna make it.

SANDUSKY

Yes you are.

PORTNOY

Then you gotta tie me up. I'm serious. Tie me to a tree. No matter how much I scream, or however much I plead, you must not untie me. I will be cunning, I will be in pain, and I will lie. The devil works this way. I will say, do, and excrete many regrettable things. But no matter what...you must leave me alone.

Beat.

SANDUSKY

Okay...Lazarus, you heard him. Tie him up. We'll get you through it.

EXT. FLAMING DRAGON COMPOUND -- NIGHT

Speedman has now been moved back to the cage. He is doing a "late show" for a crowd of toothless old women. A bodyguard plays a supporting female role, he wears a mop for a wig.

BODYGUARD

(heavily accented English)

Jack...I could never go to the county ho-down with you. I would be laughed out of town. And what would Chet say?

The bodyguards laugh woodenly at Speedman.

SPEEDMAN

B-b-b-but I am a G-g-g-ggggood Dd-d-d-d-dancer.

Speedman bows, exhausted and exhilarated. The old women politely applaud. A new group forms in front of his cage.

Speedman stands. He sighs, and begins the movie over again...

SPEEDMAN

Shu-sure is a puh-puh-purty
sssssunrise, uh-uh-uh-uh-ain't it?

BODYGUARD

Go do your chores, slowpoke!!

INT. CODY AND FOUR LEAF'S DETENTION HUT -- CONTINUOUS

Cody and Four Leaf watch through the slat in their window.

FOUR LEAF

That poor bastard. Looks like they coo-coo nested him.

CODY

(impatient)

So what's the plan?

FOUR LEAF

What plan?

CODY

To get us out of here? Come on man, you lived this, you gotta have an idea of how we can get out of here? Right?

Four Leaf looks a little at a loss...

FOUR LEAF

(trying to be stoic)

Sometimes the flowing stream can only move when... the water... dries up.

CODY

No offense, but what the hell does that mean?

FOUR LEAF

It means I'm sick of your yappin'!

CODY

Come on man, you heard him back there. They wanna off us! We gotta escape! You gotta--

Four Leaf suddenly puts his hook hand right up to Cody's neck. Cody instinctively blocks it with his hand.

FOUR LEAF

I gotta what? Take on the whole compound by myself!

CODY

Stop it man! You're chokin' me!

Cody tries to push him away. They get into a wrestling match, hand to hook... Cody is pushing against Four Leaf... then four Leaf tries to pull away.. But Cody holds on to his hooks... he holds on until... HE PULLS THEM OFF! Revealing... TWO PERFECT HANDS.

CODY

AHH! Who the hell are you?

Four Leaf looks down, sheepishly.

EXT. CAMPSITE -- NIGHT

PORTNOY, tied to a tree, looking miserable and fidgety.
We TRACK PAST HIM to...

SANDUSKY AND REDYKULOUS, who sit upright, back to back, leaning against one another. Sandusky smokes a cigarette. It's quiet except for the hum of cicadas, and the odd jungle noise.

SANDUSKY

Wow....look at all those stars. Makes a guy feel pretty small.

REDYKULOUS

Yup.

SANDUSKY

Back in LA, we don't get stars like this. I wonder why there are so many here?

PORTNOY (O.S.)

Ohhhh...jeeesssussss..it's horrrrible.....

REDYKULOUS

Man, how can you be talking about stars? We might not make it outta here tomorrow.

SANDUSKY

I don't know. I give us pretty good odds.

Redykulous looks at his watch, and lets out a chuckle.

SANDUSKY

What's so funny?

REDYKULOUS

Nothin'.

PORTNOY (O.S.)

...I can't feel my legs!...

REDYKULOUS

I'm just thinking about Lil' Kantankerous Bitch.

SANDUSKY

Who?

PORTNOY (O.S.)

(DRY HEAVES)

REDYKULOUS

She's a rapper I'm producing, a twelve year old girl. Her first single drops tomorrow and I'm not even gonna be there to see it.

PORTNOY (O.S.)

Ohhhhh GOD! THERE'S BARBED WIRE IN MY URINE!

REDYKULOUS

I pulled her off the streets six months ago.

SANDUSKY

You did that?

REDYKULOUS

Well, not literally, she was trapped in a dead end record deal with Rick Rubin. Didn't even have a lawyer. Huh. And here I am on the other side of the world. About to die for a guy I barely even know. Makes Redykulous wonder what's it all about.

SANDUSKY

Yeah...well at least you have someone to think about.

PORTNOY (O.S.)

(TTTTTHHHHWAAAAAPP... GURGLE)

REDYKULOUS

You single?

SANDUSKY

Yeah,....I guess. I dunno. I got a girl. But it's not too serious.

PORTNOY (O.S.)

(FFAAAAARRRRTTT....FFFAAAAARRRTTT)

PORTNOY (O.S.)
MY EYES! SOMEONE RIP OUT MY FUCKING
EYES!!!! (VOMITING NOISE)

SANDUSKY
I don't think we're in love.

PORTNOY (O.S.)
Ohh....thank God...its Over...it's
finally over....

SANDUSKY
It's kind of depressing. That feeling of
not having anyone who really loves you..

Redykulous puts his arm around Sandusky to comfort him.

REDYKULOUS
Hey, it's cool. I think you're extremely
lovable.

Weird silence.

SANDUSKY
What?

REDYKULOUS
(removing his arm)
I mean like...like, I know what you mean.
I have love problems myself!

PORTNOY (O.S.)
~~OHH GOD! ITS NOT OVER!~~

SANDUSKY
No you don't. What would the great
Redykulous know about Girl Problems.
You're ten girls deep 24 hours a day!

REDYKULOUS
That's the problem.

Silence.

SANDUSKY
How do you mean?

PORTNOY (O.S.)
(HUGE FART, BELCH VOMIT!)

PORTNOY (O.S.)

OHH GOOD!!!! make it
stop!....Pahllleeeeeese!

REDYKULOUS

Jeesus, I can't believe I'm gonna tell
you this...

Beat.

REDYKULOUS

I'm....I like guys.

SANDUSKY

What? But...

PORTNOY (O.S.)

Ohh...pew...

REDYKULOUS

I know...impossible huh. That's what I
say sometimes, but its true. Talk about
living a loveless life. At least you
have someone who loves you. I don't even
have that.

PORTNOY (O.S.)

(THE SOUND OF GIVING BIRTH... then:)
OH MY GOD. MY SKIN IS A MILLION PIECES OF
SHATTERED GLASS RUBBING AGAINST AN OPEN
WOUND!

REDYKULOUS

When I think of the nights, alone in my
penthouse, when I've longed for the
gentle touch of another dude, to feel his
skin against mine, or his sweet breath on
my face.

PORTNOY (O.S.)

(LOUD SNORING)

SANDUSKY

All this from the same guy who
wrote "Niggaz Gotta Bust a Nut on a Ho".

PORTNOY (O.S.)

(LOUD VOMITING)

REDYKULOUS

Yeah, well, let me let you in on a big
secret.

(MORE)

REDYKULOUS, (cont'd)

Most of the time, when I'm writing about ho's in my songs, I really mean Niggaz. Creatively, that's the only way I can cope.

SANDUSKY

So what! You're gay! You're also a great artist and businessman...why not rap about that?

REDYKULOUS

Yeah right. And watch my clothing line, sports drink, jewelry, nutrition bars, and fragrances go south? It's all such a lie.

Now he begins to cry a little. Sandusky embraces him.

SANDUSKY

Shhh...shhh...shhh...shhh...shhh...That's it...let it out.

PORTNOY (O.S.)

(LOUD VOMITING)

REDYKULOUS

(muffled, crying in his shoulder)

If you tell anyone I'll have someone shoot your ass.

SANDUSKY

I'm not gonna tell anyone, and your not gonna shoot me....that's it...let it out.

Redykulous pulls back, and collects himself.

REDYKULOUS

Aww shit...(sniff sniff) I can't believe it's possibly the last day of my life, and I'm not even gonna be able to let my fans know how truly 'Utterly Redykulous I really am.

SANDUSKY

(with total sincerity)

Listen, I know how utterly Redykulous you are. Even for just this one moment...and sometimes that enough.

PORTNOY (O.S.)

(SOUND LIKE A GALLON OF SQUID BEING DUMPED INTO AN ALUMINUM PAIL)

REDYKULOUS

Thanks man.

CUT TO:

INT. CODY AND FOUR LEAF'S DETENTION HUT -- NIGHT

Cody, still awkwardly holding the hooks, is yelling at Four Leaf.

CODY

So all of "Tropic Thunder" is bullshit?

FOUR LEAF

No! Four Leaf and his men were real, it happened!

CODY

Are you even a VET!?

FOUR LEAF

YES! Well...no! I mean, kinda! Yeah! Not exactly. I served honorably in what they called the "forced service". Sanitation Detail at the United States Pentagon.

CODY

So you were some two bit criminal who got caught and sentenced to clean toilets at the Pentagon? I IDOLIZED YOU MAN!

FOUR LEAF

God-dammit, would you LISTEN! I was a fuckup, sure, but one day as I was cleaning the office of some Top-Brass big-wig, I came across a file headed for the shredder marked top secret. It was Four Leaf Tayback's file. A nobody. No family. Nothing. Killed in Action. They were gonna bury the whole thing. Total black op.

CODY

So you decided to take his identity?

FOUR LEAF

NO! I gave him one! I wrote the story And I gave the American people a hero! Yes, I am not technically Four Leaf, but if I didn't pretend to be him then nobody woulda ever known who he was! See what I'm sayin'?

CODY

And you cashed in!

FOUR LEAF

I was a fuck up my whole life! This guy had a story worth telling, and nobody woulda ever known!

Cody slumps in the corner, looking spent and lost.

FOUR LEAF

I'm sorry, man. I'm responsible for this whole mess.

EXT. JUNGLE -- PRE-DAWN

PORTNOY wakes up, still tied to the tree, looking like shit. But realizes something that makes him ecstatic:

PORTNOY

I'm clean! I'M CLEAN!!!!

He struggles to his feet, doing a celebratory dance. He immediately gets nauseous again and heaves.

PORTNOY

(still sick, but cheery)

My life begins today!

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON THE FLAMING DRAGON INSIGNIA

Pull back to reveal that it is on a piece of paper being pulled from a fax machine.

The text below reads:

"Flaming Dragon has Speedman. If you want him, the price is \$50 Million."

There's a phone number below it.

Reveal we're in...

INT. AGENCY OFFICE -- LOS ANGELES -- DAY

Rick frowns at the fax. His Hot Assistant comes in.

HOT YOUNG ASSISTANT

Rick, you better check your email.

He punches up his email. He opens a video attachment. We see:

ON RICK'S COMPUTER

A bad quality video of Speedman sitting in the interrogation room.

BYONG (V.O.)

Mr. Rick Peck. So far you have refused to give us the respect we asked for. Maybe this will change your mind. Please state your name.

SPEEDMAN

Chris Michael Speedman.

BYONG (V.O.)

Who do you work for, Mr. Speedman?

SPEEDMAN

Well, I guess that really varies from project to project--

Byong SCREAMS at Speedman, who cowers. Even Rick flinches.

TRAN (V.O.)

Wrong answer!! You work for me now!! Do you understand! Like my desk or my gun, you are mine and you exist for me!!

SPEEDMAN

Yes! I work for you!

ON RICK

PECK

(impressed)

He really knows how to handle a client.

He hands the assistant the fax.

PECK

Get this yutzle on the phone. Now.

INT. FLAMING DRAGON COMPOUND -- COMMAND CENTER

Tran and Byong sit by a phone. Byong looks impatient.

Beat. The phone rings! Byong answers.

BYONG

Yes.

INT. RICK PECK'S OFFICE

RICK

I saw your little fax, Flaming Fuckwads. I bet you thought I was just going to lie here and take it. Well, wrong! My name is Rick Peck, not Rick Shaw, and you are not gonna take me for a ride, you *industrious* fuck! I don't care who you people think you are, but I am coming there, and I am going to jack you up! I am bringing the heavy artillery, my friend, so you'd better be prepared for a blood bath! I am walking out of there with Chris Speedman whether you, or he, likes it or not!

Rick slams down the phone, enjoying himself.

INT. FLAMING DRAGON COMMAND CENTER

Byong and Tran are stunned.

TRAN

<He seemed extremely serious. I believe his threats.>

Byong turns to his lieutenants.

BYONG

<Increase patrols! Tell the men to be ready for combat! If anyone sets foot across the perimeter...KILL SIMPLE JACK AND HIS COHORTS.>

INT. RICK PECK'S OFFICE

RICK

Shandra, get tech support to put a trace on this email attachment, let's find out where this "Flaming Dragon" agency is! Call the travel department. See if they got a nonstop to Bien-Ben-Wherever-the fuck-it-is!

EXT. FLAMING DRAGON COMPOUND -- PRE DAWN

SERIES OF SHOTS as the guerillas ready for an attack...

EXT. CAMPSITE -- PRE-DAWN

The guys are suiting up for combat. They apply burnt cork to their faces for camouflage.

SANDUSKY

This is it. You know what you need to do. Tropic Thunder on three, two, one...

GUYS

TROPIC THUNDER!

They make their way down the hill.

EXT. FENCE LINE -- PRE-DAWN

They reach the fence. The coast looks clear and they each scamper over...

Finally, it's PORTNOY'S turn. He's clearly too heavy. The fence groans under his weight. He launches himself -- and...

THWANG!!! Slams painfully into the razor wire of the fence.

GUARDS hear the noise. They raise their weapons and listen.. They see nothing in the pre-dawn darkness...

The actors run to the wall and clumsily pull PORTNOY down, just in time.

Everyone's inside the perimeter...they quickly make their way along the fence line to the entrance of the main building, ducking away to avoid a LONE GUARD.

INT. MAIN BUILDING

Sandusky makes a series of hand gestures, indicating for them to split up and search for Speedman. A beat. The guys all shrug, not understanding. Sandusky repeats the hand gestures. Finally he has to speak.

SANDUSKY

(in a loud whisper, also
signalling what he's saying)

FAN OUT! GO ROOM BY ROOM! IF YOU SEE
SPEEDMAN, give the signal!

We follow PORTNOY, working his way down a hall. He peaks around a half opened door...

A DARKENED ROOM

PORTNOY turns on his flashlight to reveal he is in fact in... HEROIN HEAVEN! Wall to wall packets, ready for shipment. PORTNOY is paralyzed. He spots a box with the words "For U.S.A., 100% pure, dilute before ingesting".

His mouth LITERALLY waters, and a drop of spittle oozes from his bottom lip. He doesn't know what to do. He gently takes two handfuls of the heroin from the box marked "pure". It's like holding two grenades...

HALLWAY

Sandusky moves silently toward a door. He kicks it open to reveal...

SPEEDMAN

Shackled to the floor. Delirious, he sits bolt upright.

SPEEDMAN

You mu-mu-make me ha-aa-ppy.

SANDUSKY

Oh sweet Jesus. Hold tight, Buddy! I'll
be right back!

Sandusky runs off to get the guys.

HALLWAY

Sandusky rounds up Redyk and Lazarus, points to both of his eyes, signalling that he's got "eyes" on Speedman. They take a step in that direction. Redykulous stops them, and makes a made up, absurd signal for "Where is Portnoy?", somehow trying to mime looking for a fat guy. No one knows what he is doing.

REDYKULOUS

(frustrated)

Where is Portnoy?!

SANDUSKY

Shhh!

A muffled, anguished animal noise that could only be PORTNOY emanates from a nearby door. They run towards it. Redykulous kicks it in.

HEROIN HEAVEN

The gang flies in, to discover Portnoy holding the bags, crying.

REDYKULOUS

What are you doing, man!

SANDUSKY

Come on, let's go! We found Speedman!

PORTNOY

I don't care! It doesn't matter what I do! I'll always be a screw-up! No one will ever respect me...

REDYKULOUS

That's not true! Listen, back in the day, I used to think I couldn't produce a record simply because...

SANDUSKY

...he's gay.

Uh-oh. That's not what Redykulous was about to say. Beat.

REDYKULOUS

Actually I was going to say poor.

SANDUSKY

Sorry...

LAZARUS

Listen...Don't be crazy Portnoy --you're not a fuck up. You make millions of people laugh!

PORTNOY

You said my farts made them laugh! Leave me ALONE!!

REDYKULOUS

That ain't true Portnoy! Lotta people be fartin' and not be gettin' 20 large a pop for it!

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

TWO GUARDS hear the noises inside, head in to check it out.

HEROIN ROOM

The guys hear the guards enter the far side of the room. They can't see the guys through the shelves packed with heroin packets.

SANDUSKY

Damnit! We need to go!

PORTNOY

No, I can't do it.

(looking in the packet)

I need it! I need it!! This is all I deserve.

REDYKULOUS

Come on, man...

And the guards emerge around a corner! They jab their rifles at the guys and SCREAM AT THEM TO PUT THEIR HANDS UP!

The guys all slowly raise their hands...

Then, in a moment of craziness, PORTNOY CHARGES THE GUARDS, PIE-ING THEM IN THE FACE WITH THE HEROIN PACKETS.

PORTNOY

LAUGH AT THAT!! LAUGH AT THAT BASTARD!!

The guards let off a BURST OF MACHINE GUN FIRE as Portnoy grinds it into their noses...

INT. CODY AND FOUR LEAF'S DETENTION HUT -- CONTINUOUS

They hear the fire. Four Leaf runs to the window. Through it he sees the commotion...

CODY

What?

FOUR LEAF

Something's happening! Get me the hooks!

HEROIN ROOM

Portnoy watches as the white faced guards fall to their knees, choking and groggy. After a beat, they collapse.

PORTNOY

Let's move! We got about sixteen hours before they wake up!

They run out.

SPEEDMAN'S CELL

The guys run in. Redykulous breaks the lock off Speedman's ankle with his rifle butt. Sandusky keeps watch by the door.

REDYKULOUS,

C'mon! We're busting you out!

SPEEDMAN

Muh-my nnnname is Juh-Jack. Some folks call muh-me Simple Juh-Jack.

REDYKULOUS

What's wrong with him?

SANDUSKY

I think he thinks he's Simple Jack. Like from the movie?

LAZARUS

Shite. I was afraid of this. The same thing happened to me when I played Neil Armstrong in "Moonshot". They found me in an alley in Burbank re-entering the Earth's atmosphere in an old refrigerator box.

REDYKULOUS

I heard that movie was good.

SANDUSKY

Can you fix him?!

LAZARUS

I'll try.

Lazarus takes Speedman's face in his hands, forces him to look at him.

LAZARUS

...You're Chris Michael Speedman!

SPEEDMAN

Ah l-l-likes pie.

LAZARUS

You're the greatest star in the world!

There's a flicker of intelligence in Speedman's eyes. It passes.

INT. CODY AND FOUR LEAF'S DETENTION HUT -- CONTINUOUS

Four Leaf wedges one of the hooks in the door jamb, and Cody does the same with the other. In one fell swoop, they bust the door off its hinges.

EXT. DETENTION HUT --- DAWN

They emerge into the chaos. IT IS DAYLIGHT NOW. A GUARD runs by, Four Leaf uses the hook to trip him up. Cody knocks him out and grabs his machine gun. He tosses the guard's pistol to Four Leaf.

CODY

By the way, what's your name anyway?

FOUR LEAF

Marvin Kaminsky.

CODY

you ever been in this jungle?

FOUR LEAF

Nope. First time outta the states actually.

He shoots off a round and they run for cover.

INT. SPEEDMAN'S CELL -- CONTINUOUS

Lazarus is right in Speedman's face. He seems to be getting clearer...

LAZARUS

The world needs you! It needs its stars!
You make people forget how awful and
depressing their lives are! People love
your work! And... I love your work, too.

Speedman is quiet.

SPEEDMAN

Uhhhh-uh-I'm... Spah-speedman?

LAZARUS

Simple Jack was magnificent!

SANDUSKY

Is it working?

LAZARUS

JESUS! Give me time, Sandusky! I'm not re-
programming a VCR!!

(back to Speedman)

You really committed yourself. And for
that you DESERVED AN OSCAR!

Speedman registers this.

LAZARUS

(frustrated)

C'MON CHRIS! DAMMIT! YOU MUST KNOW WHO
YOU ARE!

Lazarus's own words make him stop and think.

LAZARUS

(almost to himself)

You know who you are....you do Chris.

Long beat.

LAZARUS

Unlike me. What am I doing? I can't do
this. How can I convince a man he is who
we know he is, when I can't even convince
myself of the same thing.

He lets go of Speedman, and begins to break down.

REDYKULOUS

Yo, c'mon, man! Why is everybody gettin' so insecure all a sudden?! You're Kirk Lazarus! You're like the greatest actor in the motherfuckin' world!

SANDUSKY

Guys, let's go, we gotta get outta here!

LAZARUS

Am I Redykulous?...AM I!...Or am I just acting like that's who I am?

No. The sad fact is... I'm not Sergeant Osiris...or Father O'Malley...or Neil Armstrong. I'm not even Kirk Lazarus.

(a beat)

I have no idea who I am.

The guys look at him... it's the first time he has let his guard down.

SANDUSKY

Kirk, this is NOT the time!

LAZARUS

And I guess when you do the math...and boil it all down, I've invented myself so many times....became so many people...that at the end of the day...I'm NOBODY.

REDYKULOUS

Bullshit! You listen to me...You are who you want to be, and you have to OWN THAT! Look at me! I'm GAY and I'm proud!

He winks at Sandusky.

REDYKULOUS

That's right! We're not what we're called, or who we pretend to be. We are what we are in our hearts. And to me, looking into your heart, you're a hero.

Lazarus looks to Redykulous.

LAZARUS

You mean that?

REDYKULOUS

Yup.

(beat)

(MORE)

REDYKULOUS (cont'd)

And one of the finest pieces of black ass
I ever seen come out of Belfast.

Then...from off camera.

SPEEDMAN

And I'll second that.

They all turn to see...SPEEDMAN. The million-dollar smile
is back!

SPEEDMAN

Now let's get the hell outta here!

Speedman leads the men to the door. Sandusky tosses
Speedman's machine gun.

SPEEDMAN

Thanks Kevin.

SANDUSKY

My name...you remembered my name. You
gotta show us the way outta here Chris.

SPEEDMAN

Follow me.

This time they do...

HALLWAY

The guys run toward the opening to the courtyard,
Speedman leading the way...

EXT. FLAMING DRAGON COURTYARD -- CONTINUOUS

They huddle close to the wall, unseen, surveying the
situation: about 20 GUARDS on full alert... a JEEP about
30 feet away... beyond that, A HELIPAD with the
compound's chopper, maybe 200 yards in the distance...

SPEEDMAN

That's their supply chopper.

SANDUSKY

If we could create a diversion, we could
get to that jeep and drive it right over
there...

PORTNOY

Anybody here know how to fly a helicopter? Cause that would come in handy too.

SPEEDMAN

You want a diversion? I'll give you a diversion. Is this baby loaded?

He holds up the machine gun...

SANDUSKY

Yeah, but...

And with that, Speedman runs out in to the courtyard, the opposite direction from the jeep, doing a CRAZY WAR WHOOP...

A BUNCH OF GUARDS turns to see him... he does a SUPER MACHO TUCK AND ROLL, landing perfectly and EMPTYING HIS CARTRIDGE ON THE GUARDS...

SANDUSKY

(to himself)

...they're blanks...

There is a long moment of silence as the guards just stare at Speedman. He seems a bit surprised that they are not dead, as do the guards themselves. They cock their weapons, about to shoot him when...

~~A HAIL OF BULLET FIRE erupts behind the guards... They turn...WE REVEAL CODY AND FOUR LEAF BEHIND THEM, THEIR GUNS FIRING INTO THE AIR!!~~

SANDUSKY

Let's move!

The guys jump into the jeep, Sandusky at the wheel, and gun it.

SANDUSKY

Chris, come on!

Speedman jumps into the jeep as it passes by. They are speeding toward the helipad.

SPEEDMAN WATCHES FOUR LEAF AND CODY, WHO CONTINUE SHOOTING AT THE GUARDS...

SPEEDMAN

Four Leaf! Effects guy! Come on!!

But they can't break away, they are trying to run toward the jeep but are under too much fire...

SPEEDMAN
WE GOTTA GET THEM, GO AROUND!!

Sandusky swings the wheel hard...the jeep careens back toward the firefight...they come in hard, and SKID TO A STOP NEXT TO FOUR LEAF AND CODY...!

Cody jumps in the jeep, but FOUR LEAF DOESN'T...

SANDUSKY
Get in the Jeep!

FOUR LEAF
You go... I got real bullets! I'll cover you.. It's the only way you'll make it!

CODY
Marvin, you gotta --

FOUR LEAF
Just go!!

Sandusky looks at Speedman... they both know he's right. They go... leaving Four Leaf in the dust, still firing...

The jeep speeds up to the helipad... the guys jump out. Just as the last guy is out...

BOOM! A HUGE BLAST FLIPS THE JEEP INTO THE AIR...

Across the courtyard is TRAN... who just fired an RPG at our guys!

The guys are freaked and shaken, but start to get in the chopper... Sandusky pushes Cody in...

SANDUSKY
Start the chopper now Cody!

Cody nods, getting his bearings... and hitting the ignition...the BLADES SLOWLY HUM TO LIFE, BEGINNING TO TURN... Portnoy grabs Cody's gun and hangs by the runner, shooting towards approaching guards...

WHAT WE SEE NEXT SHOULD PLAY OUT VERY MUCH THE SAME AS THE OPENING OF THE MOVIE:

Tran is reloading his RPG...

REDYK and LAZARUS GET IN, and SPEEDMAN grabs a live machine gun off the ground and fires toward TRAN and his men.

LAZARUS
WE GOTTA GO NOW!! LET'S MOVE!!

CODY
BUT FOUR LEAF --

LAZARUS
WE'RE ALL DEAD MEAT IF WE DON'T LIFT OFF NOW!! DO IT CODY!!

Cody reluctantly pulls up the throttle. The chopper begins to LIFT OFF...

SPEEDMAN
FOUR LEAF IS STILL OUT THERE!

LAZARUS
WE GOTTA GO! PORTNOY GET YER ASS IN THIS CHOPPER!!

PORTNOY
I'M TRYING!!

Portnoy is not being heroic, he is genuinely having trouble getting in the chopper.

But then Speedman sees something...

SPEEDMAN
It's him...

SPEEDMAN'S POV

FOUR LEAF... much like Speedman playing him in the beginning of the movie... Arms extended, his body riddled with bullets...

LAZARUS
FOOCK!

Cody lowers the chopper...Speedman jumps out...

SPEEDMAN
Cover me!

Speedman runs towards Four Leaf, through a hailstorm of bullets...PORTNOY AND THE GUYS PROVIDE AS MUCH COVER AS THEY CAN...

Speedman reaches Four Leaf and collapses beside him, cradling his head.

Traḡ's men continue to bear down on them...

FOUR LEAF

Go on...get outta here. I'm worm food, you dig?

SPEEDMAN

DON'T YOU DIE ON ME!
(then totally surprised)
You have hands?

ON THE CHOPPER

The guys are busy shooting off their attackers, but they see this moment happening...

BACK TO SPEEDMAN AND FOUR LEAF

The life is draining from Four Leaf (Marvin)...

FOUR LEAF

I ain't Four Leaf, Chris. We're in this mess because of me.

SPEEDMAN

(can't get over it)
How did you get hands?

FOUR LEAF

I ain't never been worth a nothin'...and it's too late to start bein' a somethin' now.

Speedman tries to understand. He is welling up with emotion...real emotion.

FOUR LEAF

(sincerely)
But you... you can tell the story...You *have to tell the real story...*

And Four Leaf... or Marvin... dies.

Speedman begins to weep. Tears. Yes, he is crying, for real...

AND WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL THIS PLAYING ON A GIANT VIDEO SCREEN AT THE OSCARS...

Only... LAZARUS (CAUCASIAN AGAIN BUT LOOKING ALOT LIKE FOUR LEAF) is now playing FOUR LEAF (Or Marvin), dead in Speedman's arms...

INT. ACADEMY AWARDS THEATER

SPEEDMAN sits in the audience, surrounded by his Tropic Thunder compatriots. Everyone watches with rapt attention...

ON SCREEN

SPEEDMAN

Don't you die on me! Don't you...

And his weeping continues. He then looks up to see:

20 GUERRILLAS RUNNING AT HIM, SHOOTING WILDLY....

MOVIE STAR STYLE, HE UNLEASHES A BARRAGE OF MACHINE GUN FIRE, MOWING THEM DOWN...

HE SLINGS FOUR LEAF/MARVIN OVER HIS SHOULDER, AND RUNS FOR THE CHOPPER, STILL SHOOTING...

HE GETS THERE WITH PORTNOY, REDYK AND SANDUSKY PULLING HIM UP AND IN AS THEY TAKE OFF, LEAVING HELL BEHIND.

THE IMAGE FREEZES.

INT. ACADEMY AWARDS THEATER

The audience applauds wildly. HILARY SWANK opens the envelope at the podium...

HILARY SWANK

And the Oscar goes to...Chris Michael Speedman as *himself* in "PLAYING HOOKY -- THE REAL TRUE STORY OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF FOUR LEAF TAYBACK AND THE MAN WHO PRETENDED TO BE HIM".

The audience erupts in applause. Speedman gets up, hugging Redyk, Portnoy, Sandusky. Even Cody is there...

As he gets near the stage, KIRK LAZARUS (CAUCASIAN BUT LOOKING LIKE HIS ORIGINAL SELF), with his own Oscar in hand, bear hugs him...

ANNOUNCER

This is Chris Michael Speedman's first Oscar. He joins four time Oscar winner Kirk Lazarus, tonight's Best Supporting Actor winner for the role of Marvin Kaminsky....

And we FREEZE on Speedman and Lazarus, grinning ear to ear, arms' around each other, awards in hand...

WE FADE SLOWLY TO BLACK

After a few moments...

CUT TO:

EXT. FLAMING DRAGON COURTYARD -- DAY

Peck is tied up, in ragged prisoner clothes, hanging in the cage. He has been there a while.

PECK

Ok, look, you wanna go through this again, let's do it. I see more for you than this. This whole 'big fish in the little scary jungle pond' thing. I see you as a front man, as a leader, not just of this little rebel guerilla warrior group. I see it big picture. Is it music, is it movies? Is it a series on Fox? I don't know. But I do know it is not happening with you staring at me doing my "I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings" routine for you and the peanut gallery for another six months. It's old school already.

TRAN and some HENCHMEN watch, unamused. Tran nods, one of the henchmen turns a handle which lowers the cage into the water. After a moment, it comes back up with a soaking Peck.

PECK

(not missing a beat)

And it makes me sad to see you chomping on the stogie and you're not even fourteen or whatever. I'm thinking "what hole does that need to fill, that you have to keep dipping me into the water to somehow feel better about yourself?" I can be a partner to you, not just a captive.

(MORE)

PECK (cont'd)

But you have to allow me into your inner workings, into your headspace to facilitate that. And to do that you gotta let me outta the cage, both figuratively and literally. Until you can let *me* go, you can't let *you* go. Do you get that?

He gets dunked in the water again.

PECK

Obviously not. Dare I bring up a sore subject. Can we do a little business on the blackberry privileges? Cause you're killing me here.

BLACK

