

Van Damme vs. Seagal

screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS -- NIGHT

Shot of the HOLLYWOOD SIGN lit by a beautiful FULL MOON.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME -- NIGHT

The full moon also illuminates a NINJA silently running across the roof.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

The Ninja serpentine down a dark hallway.

He slips into the

LIBRARY

And makes his way over to a desk.

He finds what he's looking for: A leather bound book.

He opens it and begins reading. This is it.

Then he hears a sound.

He quickly opens a window and slides through, dropping out of sight just as an imposing figure enters the room and turns on the light.

We see now that the figure is in fact action star STEVEN SEAGAL. Wearing a kimono.

Seagal looks around the room.

Nobody there. He shrugs, turns off the light and leaves the room.

EXT. SEAGAL'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

The Ninja leaps silently off the roof of Seagal's house and lands even more quietly on the ground.

He takes a quick look around to make sure the coast is clear then serpentine his way away from the house toward a TOYOTA PRIUS parked on the

STREET

He gets in and silently "speeds" away.

He slows as he approaches a STOP SIGN.

Then he turns on right turning signal indicating that he will indeed be making a right turn.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS -- CONTINUOUS

Aerial shot as the Prius makes it's right turn.

Goes straight for 300 feet.

Makes a left turn.

Goes another 200 feet.

And then makes a right into another house.

We swoop down as the Ninja jumps out of his car and we follow him as he serpentine into a

HOUSE

Where a very impatient man is pacing back and forth in his spacious and well appointed living room.

This man is JEAN CLAUDE VAN DAMME. Or, as he tells his friends to call him, VD. He is eager for whatever information the Ninja has collected.

VD

What did you find?

The Ninja takes off his head gear, revealing a tough looking Asian man in his 40's. His name is XIN-XIN.

XIN-XIN

I went to the book, boss. Just as you instructed.

VD

And what did you find, Xin-Xin?
What is Seagal up to?

XIN-XIN

The book is filled with information about himself.

VD shoots him a questioning look.

XIN-XIN (CONT'D)

Where he was born. Tales of his childhood. The women he has bedded. Amusing on-set anecdotes.

VD does the math in his head...

VD

That bastard Seagal! He's writing his biography!

VD makes his way over to a window where a telescope is set up.

He looks in it.

ANGLE ON

Seagal, sitting at his desk in his library, writing away in his leather bound book.

He looks up and thinks pensively.

Then something strikes him as funny -- he laughs to himself and continues writing again.

BACK TO SCENE

VD is formulating a plan.

VD (CONT'D)

Amusing on set anecdotes. I'll show him some amusing on set-anecdotes.

He turns to Xin-Xin.

VD (CONT'D)

I will beat him at his own game.

XIN-XIN

How, boss?

VD

I will publish my autobiography before he does his.

XIN-XIN

No offense, boss. But English is your second language and your writing skills are quite limited. As our me.

VD thinks about it.

VD

You're right, Xin-Xin. So we will hire someone to write it.

XIN-XIN

Who?

VD

I'm sure there are many qualified writers out there who would jump at the opportunity to document the amazing life of Jean Claude Van Damme.

DAVE (V.O.)

This is amazing news.

EXT. MANHATTAN -- DAY

Establishing shot of handsome skyscraper.

INT. LITERARY AGENT'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Nicely appointed place. On one side of the desk is a LITERARY AGENT. On the other side is the owner of the voice we just heard. DAVE VINCENT (early 30's).

DAVE (V.O.)
How much money?

LITERARY AGENT
135 thousand dollars.

DAVE
Yes! Yes! No more Top Ramen for
this bad boy.

The Agent smiles.

DAVE (CONT'D)
I can't believe my biography of a
relatively unknown Bulgarian feminist
is actually going to be published.
I should call her.

LITERARY AGENT
I wouldn't do that...

DAVE
You're right. What with the time
difference...

LITERARY AGENT
They don't want to publish your book.

DAVE
They don't?

LITERARY AGENT
No. No. But they do want to pay
you to do somebody else's
autobiography. That's what I was
trying to tell you.

DAVE
Oh. Who's?

LITERARY AGENT
Jean Claude Van Damme.

The name doesn't register.

DAVE
Jean Claude...is he Francais?

LITERARY AGENT
No. He's from Belgium.

DAVE
I guess that would make him Belgish.
Belgick. Belgiumic?
(then)
Is he a feminist?

LITERARY AGENT
Not that I'm aware of, no. But he
does love women.

DAVE
Van Damme. Van Damme. That name
rings a bell...
(it hits him)
Jean Claude Van Damme? The kick-
boxing action movie star?

LITERARY AGENT
Yes.

DAVE
The "muscles from Brussels"?

LITERARY AGENT
Exactly.

DAVE
No way. No way! No way!! I'm a
serious writer. I write about serious
people.

LITERARY AGENT
I understand that. But apparently
he's a big fan of your writing.

Dave is instantly flattered.

DAVE
Really?

LITERARY AGENT
He said your book brought him to
tears...

DAVE
Did not.

LITERARY AGENT
Did too.

DAVE
Did not.

LITERARY AGENT

Did too.

DAVE

Wow. That's something. Imagine that. Jean Claude Van Damme reading my book. And crying. That's really something.

(then)

Look at me -- getting sucked in by praise. No. I won't do it. I'm a serious writer...

LITERARY AGENT

I know this isn't what you had in mind, Dave, but look at this way. Your name will never be on it and you can use the money for your children.

This gives Dave pause.

DAVE

You're right. The children...

INT. ORPHANAGE -- DAY

Dave stands in the middle of a group of wide eyed innocent CHILDREN.

CHILD 1

But you said they were going to publish your bullshit Bulgarian book.

DAVE

I know I did, Sam. But it didn't work out that way.

CHILD 2

But they're about to throw our orphan asses out of here.

CHILD 3

And if they do that, it won't be long before we're asking for hand outs.

CHILD 4

And giving hand jobs.

DAVE

Just hold on a second. There's no need to panic. I'm going to get the cash we need.

CHILD 1

But you said you didn't sell the book.

DAVE

I didn't. But I'm going to do another job and as soon as I finish I'll have enough money to help you guys start a new life.

CHILD 2

But what do we do until then?

The kid may not have parents, but he does have a good point.

DAVE

You can stay at my place while I'm in Los Angeles.

The children all cheer in celebration.

CHILDREN

Hell ya! Let's get this party started! Gonna get all up in that joint!

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

It's a small two bedroom New York apartment.

Dave packs his luggage.

His roommate watches. This is BILL (early 30's).

BILL

The Jean Claude Van Damme?

DAVE

Yes.

BILL

You lucky bastard. He's the greatest.

Bill does a "spin kick".

At least tries to. He pulls a muscle and falls over.

DAVE

So the kids will be staying here until I get paid.

BILL

Whoa whoa whoa. Those little bastards aren't staying here.

DAVE

It is true that none of them know
who their father is, but they're
still good kids, Bill.

BILL

They're the spawns of Satan, Dave.

DAVE

They just need a little love.

That's when the kids come busting through the front door.

CHILDREN

Hey, Dave. Hey, Bill. What up,
mofos?

Then they start rifling through the fridge, jumping on the
furniture and generally make a terror of themselves.

One of them even pulls out a paint can and starts tagging
one of the walls. It reads: SATAN RULES.

BILL

A little love?

Dave smiles.

DAVE

Yes.

Dave looks at his watch.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Crap. I've got to get to the airport
or I'm going to be late.

BILL

You're flying?

DAVE

No. I'm taking a steam ship.

BILL

But you're terrified of flying.

DAVE

I know. I know. But sometimes we
just have to do what we have to do.

Bill raises his eyebrows over and over in a mischievous way.

BILL

And sometimes we have to take special
pills to do what we have to do.

INT. AIRPLANE -- DAY

A terrified Dave white knuckles it as the plane takes off.

Eventually, the anxiety becomes too much for him to take. He busts out one of Bill's pills and downs it.

INT. AIRPLANE -- LATER

Dave is completely passed out.

His head leans on the shoulder of a pretty girl next to him. His mouth is wide open and drool flows freely onto her shoulder.

EXT. LAX -- DAY

Shot of a jet landing in the City of Angels.

INT. LAX TERMINAL -- LATER

A completely drugged up Dave stumbles into the baggage area.

He spots Xin-Xin with a sign with his name on it.

Dave's drugged up face lights up with a smile.

DAVE

Hey. That's my name!

He yells out to anyone who will pay attention to him.

DAVE (CONT'D)

That's my name! That man knows my name! My name's Dave!

Then he just passes out.

Xin-Xin shakes his head. Then he makes his way over to him.

He swiftly picks Dave up, slings him over his shoulder and makes his way out to the street.

EXT. OLD SCHOOL WHITE ROLLS ROYCE -- DAY

The license plate is personalized. It reads: KICKASS.

INT. OLD SCHOOL WHITE ROLLS ROYCE -- CONTINUOUS

Xin-Xin drives.

Dave is sleeping in the backseat. He snaps awake as Xin-Xin makes a sharp turn.

DAVE

Where am I? Who are you?

XIN-XIN
My name is Xin-Xin. I am Mr. Van
Damme's personal assistant.

DAVE
Who am I?

XIN-XIN
You are Dave Vincent. You are here
to write Mr. Van Damme's biography.

The explanation doesn't do much to convince Dave that he's
not still in the middle of a nightmare.

DAVE
Right. Right.

He looks around.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Where's my luggage?

XIN-XIN
The airline lost it.
(then)
Here we are.

They turn into a driveway.

ANGLE ON WROUGHT IRON GATES

With Van Damme doing the "splits" on it. The gates open,
thus splitting Van Damme in two.

Xin-Xin drives through.

EXT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE -- MOMENTS LATER

The Rolls pulls to a stop.

Dave and Xin-Xin get out.

A very excited Van Damme rushes out of the house to greet
Dave.

VD
You must be Dave.

DAVE
I am. Nice to meet you, Mr. Van
Damme.

VD
Please. My friends call me VD.

DAVE
VD?

VD

Yes. It's easy to remember. Just think venereal disease. Sexy, huh?

Then he breaks into his best Borat impression.

VD (CONT'D)

High five!

He holds his hand up for Dave to high five him back.

Dave awkwardly does.

VD (CONT'D)

I really enjoyed your book.

DAVE

Thank you.

VD

Excellent excellent placement of all punctuation marks. Periods. Commas. Question marks. But no exclamation points. Why is that?

DAVE

Why are there no exclamation points?

VD

Yes.

DAVE

That's an interesting question... I don't use exclamation points because I believe they cause a false sense of excitement. I believe you have to earn the excitement of the reader. And if you do that - if you truly excite the reader, then you don't need an exclamation point. It becomes redundant. Does that make sense?

VD

Yes! I completely agree! In my book, you will use many exclamation points! To excite the reader!

Dave swallows hard. He knows this will be the beginning of many inglorious concessions.

DAVE

Okay. If that's what you want.

VD

The exclamation points will be like tiny erections bringing the readers to orgasm!

DAVE
You have quite a way with words.

VD
And quite a way with the ladies.
(more Borat)
High five!

Dave goes to high five again...

But before he can, he's pelted in the head with a WATER
BALLOON.

DAVE
What the...?

VD
Get down!

VD and Xin Xin dive behind the Rolls. Dave follows them.

VD (CONT'D)
(to Dave)
Not you. You get back out there and
draw his fire so we know where he's
at.

DAVE
Where who's at?

VD
Seagal!

DAVE
Who?

VD
Steven Seagal. Who else? Now get
out there.

Dave hesitates.

VD (CONT'D)
Do you want to be my autobiographer
or don't you?

Dave thinks it over.

He imagines his kids turning tricks on a corner.

Then he snaps out of it, resolved. He stands up and steps
away from the Rolls.

Where he is instantly pelted with more water balloons from
Seagal.

VD cracks a victorious smile.

VD (CONT'D)

Good job, Dave. I can see him!

He points up the hill at the side of his property.

Sure enough, there's Seagal. Crouching behind some trees, throwing balloons at Dave.

VD (CONT'D)

Xin-Xin!

Xin-Xin breaks out a multitude of water balloons that are hidden inside a fake rock in the front yard.

He tosses some to VD who catches them smoothly.

He tosses a couple to Dave who handles them awkwardly. Most explode on the driveway.

VD (CONT'D)

Let's go!!

He breaks from the cover of the Rolls.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS -- CONTINUOUS

VD, Dave and Xin-Xin chase Seagal up the hill, tossing water balloons at him as they go.

They run through the yard of

ANOTHER HOUSE

That sits in between Van Damme's and Seagal's.

EXT. SEAGAL'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Seagal gets to a big gate that has the letters **SS** on it.

He leaps over it and runs further into his property just as VD, Xin-Xin and Dave get to the gate.

They watch Seagal disappear into his house.

VD shouts out to him.

VD

Coward!

INT. SEAGAL'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Seagal catches his breath in the hallway.

SEAGAL

I'm getting too old for this.

EXT. SEAGAL'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

VD, Dave and Xin-Xin make their way back down the hill.

VD
Mon dieu! Where is that smell of
human urine coming from?

Dave notices that the smell is coming from him.

DAVE
I think it's coming from me.

VD
Now do you see why I hate Seagal so
much? Do you? What kind of man
throws his urine on another man's
autobiographer?

DAVE
Great. I don't have any clothes to
wear. The airline lost my luggage.

VD
Don't worry. You will wear my
clothes.

Dave looks at the clothes VD is wearing - track pants and
mesh tank top. Not really his style.

DAVE
That's awfully nice of you. But I'm
sure my bag will show up...

VD
Xin-Xin. Prepare a sampling of my
finest clothing for our guest.

Xin-Xin nods and runs off.

VD (CONT'D)
And my finest colognes!

It's at this point that they pass through the neighbors
backyard again.

Dave notices a pretty girl about his age throwing away some
trash. This is THERESA and she looks a lot like that "Sloan"
girl on that hit HBO series "ENTOURAGE".

He smiles at her.

She smiles back then goes inside.

VD takes note of the interaction.

VD (CONT'D)

So you like the ladies, huh?

DAVE

Yeah. Of course.

VD

I wasn't sure after seeing you throw,
run and talk like a girl.

DAVE

I don't talk like a girl.

VD puts his arm around him.

VD

We will share a woman before you
leave.

DAVE

But...

VD

That's usually the part I like, but
since you are my guest - you may
have the butt.

DAVE

No...

VD

Yes. I insist.

INT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE/BEDROOM -- LATER

Very bachelor friendly.

VD

You look incredible.

Dave is now wearing an orange mesh tank top and some white
leather pants.

DAVE

I don't know...

VD

Doesn't he look incredible, Xin Xin?

Xin Xin gives the "so-so" gesture.

VD (CONT'D)

You're right. It is missing
something.

A thought strikes VD.

He goes into his closet and comes back out with a THICK GOLD CHAIN with the big gold letters VD at the end.

VD (CONT'D)

Et voila!

DAVE

Wow. That's really nice. And I'd really, really love to wear it, but unfortunately, they're not my initials.

VD

(sly)

Oh, aren't they?

He turns the initials around so they now read "DV".

VD (CONT'D)

Presto!

DAVE

Hey. Look at that. Now I can wear it. How lucky for me...

INT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE/POSTER ROOM -- LATER

VD and DV stand in the middle of the room that is filled with beautifully framed and beautifully lit posters of every movie VD has ever been in. From "Blood Sport" to "Til Death".

VD

So which one is your favorite?

DAVE

It's hard to say. They're all such nice posters...

VD

No. Which movie?

DAVE

Oh. Which movie. That's also really hard to say...

He looks around at all the posters, desperately trying to find a movie he's seen so as not to offend Jean Claude.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Uh...you know...I should really be honest with you...I don't know if I've actually ever seen any of your...

He finally spots one.

DAVE (CONT'D)

That one!

He points at an "Under Siege" poster.

Van Damme's eyes go wide with rage.

VD

What?!

DAVE

I saw that on a plane once when I was going to interview an Irish feminist. Very interesting lady, actually...

VD

Xin-Xin!!!

DAVE

But I don't remember you being in "Under Siege".

VD

That's because I wasn't!! Xin-Xin!!

Xin Xin comes running in.

Right away he sees the problem.

XIN-XIN

Uh-oh. I'm sorry, boss.

He runs over to tear down the Seagal poster.

VD

"Sorry" is not going to cut it this time, Xin-Xin.

XIN-XIN

But, boss...

VD

I warned you the last time Seagal snuck in here and did this. And you swore on your mother's life that it would never happen again.

XIN-XIN

But, boss. You can't fire me. Who will cook your food? Who will drive your car? Who will wax your back and tender parts?

VD

Dave will.

DAVE

I will?

VD

Yes. I want you out of here, Xin-Xin.

XIN-XIN

But where will I go?

VD

You will go where your mother lives and you will take her life. Just as you promised.

XIN-XIN

Yes, boss.

He takes down the "Under Siege" poster and sadly walks out of the room.

VD looks sad at seeing his once trusted servant go.

VD

Xin-Xin...

Xin-Xin turns around hopefully.

XIN-XIN

Yes, boss?

VD

How do I like my steak cooked?

Xin-Xin face falls.

XIN-XIN

Rare, boss.

VD

Rare. Right.

Xin-Xin leaves.

VD (CONT'D)

(to Dave)

Think you can handle that?

DAVE

I think so. But as far as the waxing goes...

VD

Do you really think I'd let a total stranger wax my special parts?

DAVE

(relieved)

No.

VD

Maybe when we get to know each other better...

DAVE

Do you mind if I ask you something?
As your biographer. Not as your friend. Because we really don't know each other that well...

VD

Fire away, biographer.

DAVE

What's going on with you and Mr. Seagal?

VD

What's going on is none of your VanDammed business!

He storms out.

DAVE

Right.

Then he storms back in with a framed poster from the movie, "Double Team".

VD

And I want this on the wall. Toute suite.

DAVE

Uh...sure...it's just...

VD

What?

Dave points at the poster.

Someone has drawn a mustache on Van Damme's face.

Van Damme explodes. He runs to the patio door, flings it open and screams into the hills.

VD (CONT'D)

Damn you, Seagal!!

EXT. SEAGAL'S ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

Seagal, busy pruning his rose bushes in his trademark fringed swede jacket, smiles as he hears Van Damme scream his name in vain.

Then a bee buzzes about his face.

He completely freaks out.

He swats at it with his cat like reflexes, but it's no use.
In fact, it just makes the bee angrier.

Seagal finally runs screaming into his pool.

ANGLE ON THE WATER

As SEAGAL'S FACE slowly rises out of it like some kind of
highly trained Navy Seal.

Then he spots the bee again, let's out a little YELP and
sinks back under water.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Bill is on the phone and trying to put a small fire out that
the children have started on the couch.

BILL
Let me get this straight? You're
watching Jean Claude Van Damme movies
in Jean Claude Van Damme's house?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE/DAVE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Unlike the rest of the house, this room is sparsely furnished.
It consists of a cot, a non flat screened television and a
washing and drying machine.

Right now the washer and dryer are both running and the
television is playing a Van Damme movie.

Dave lies on the cot talking to Bill.

DAVE
Yes.

BILL
You are a God.

He turns to the children who are keeping themselves busy by
sawing the legs off the kitchen table.

BILL (CONT'D)
Hey! Stop that!

DAVE
Don't yell at the kids. They got
enough of that at the orphanage.

BILL
They're sawing the legs off the
kitchen table.

He smiles.

DAVE
Those darn kids. Tell them I miss them.

BILL
Dave says he misses you.

They keep sawing, but they smile fondly as they say the following.

KIDS
We miss you, Dave.

Dave's face visibly lights up when he hears their voices.

Then...

DAVE
What can you tell me about Steven Seagal?

BILL
You don't know who Steven Seagal is?

DAVE
Not really.

BILL
How can you be so cool one minute and such a loser the next?

DAVE
Just tell me what you know.

BILL
He was a big time action hero the same time Van Damme was. In fact, they were constant rivals at the box office. Why?

DAVE
Apparently the rivalry has moved from the box office to real life.

BILL
What the hell does that mean?

DAVE
Seagal lives two houses up the hill and he and Van Damme have some kind of feud going on.

BILL
How do you know?

DAVE
Because I was in the middle of it
today.

BILL
You are such a big fat liar! You
saw Steven Seagal?!

DAVE
He hit me with a water balloon filled
with his own urine.

BILL
And just like that the loser is cool
again!

EXT. SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD -- NIGHT

Xin-Xin stands on the corner with some very obvious male
prostitutes.

A car pulls over.

The window rolls down and a hand waves Xin-Xin over.

He goes to the car.

XIN-XIN
50 dollar for a kiss. 100 for a
french kiss.

Then he sees who's behind the wheel. His eyes go wide with
disbelief.

It's Seagal.

SEAGAL
How much to just talk?

INT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE/DAVE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Dave lays in his bedroom, being kept awake by the sound of
VD having sex in the other room.

VD
Oh! Yeah! Oh! Yeah!

Dave finally shakes his head and goes outside to the patio.

INT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE/VAN DAMME'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Van Damme is not having sex. He's waxing himself and that's
why he's screaming.

He rips a strip off.

VD

Oh!

Then he applies some Aloe Vera.

VD (CONT'D)

Yeah!

EXT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE/BACKYARD -- NIGHT

Dave sits in a chair staring up at the stars.

For a second the stars actually seem to look like Jean Claude looking down at him. It even looks like he winks at him.

Dave shakes his head in disbelief.

Then he sees something else that catches his eye.

It's Theresa. The girl he saw in the house above them.

She's on her balcony doing a little late night yoga, silhouetted by the light of the night sky.

He is filled with wonder and desire as he watches her perfect body twist into a "crescent moon" pose.

DAVE
(very silently to
himself)

Wow.

As soon as the very silent word passes his lips, she immediately stops what she's doing and looks down at him.

But he doesn't notice. Because an ant has made it's way down his pants and he's too busy trying to get it out with his hand.

In the midst of doing this, he looks up and sees Theresa staring at him in disgust.

DAVE (CONT'D)

What?

Then he realizes it must look like he's jerking off to her.

He quickly pulls his hand out of his pants and tries to explain.

DAVE (CONT'D)
No! It's not...

But it's too late.

She goes back inside.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Great.

That's when a completely nude VD walks onto the patio.

VD

Believe it or not, you are looking
at a completely hairless man.

DAVE

I believe it.

VD

Here's a little something for the
book - "Jean Claude finds it relaxing
to swim after a good waxing". It
even rhymes.

DAVE

Yes, it does.

VD

You should get some sleep. We'll
start early tomorrow.

DAVE

Good. I've put together an extensive
list of questions.

VD

There will be no questions tomorrow.
Only training.

DAVE

Training?

VD

Yes. If you want to really know me,
you have to know what it's like to
train like me.

DAVE

You mean...exercise?

VD

Yes.

VD does a cannonball into the pool, splashing water all over
Dave.

VD laughs with glee.

EXT. BEVERLY HILTON -- NIGHT

Establishing shot of the ugly white building that for some
unknown reason is the home of the Golden Globes and a famous
Hollywood bar called TRADER VIC'S.

INT. TRADER VIC'S -- CONTINUOUS

Seagal and Xin-Xin sit in a booth.

They both have a famous Trader Vic's Mai Tai with a little umbrella in each of them.

SEAGAL

So why don't you tell me a little about the new kid in town.

XIN-XIN

There's not much to tell. He's a writer.

SEAGAL

(scoffs)

Why would Van Damme be hangin' out with a scribbler?

XIN-XIN

He's going to write his autobiography.

SEAGAL

VD's writing his autobiography?

XIN-XIN

Yes.

SEAGAL

Damn. That's brilliant.

(thinks)

I have to write mine and get it out before he does.

XIN-XIN

But haven't you already started?

SEAGAL

No.

XIN-XIN

Oh. We thought you had.

SEAGAL

Why would you think that?

XIN-XIN

No reason.

(then)

So can I have my money now?

SEAGAL

Sure. It's right...

He reaches down to get his wallet.

Then he brings his hand back up. But there's no wallet.
Just a big fat middle finger "fuck you".

SEAGAL (CONT'D)

Here.

Xin-Xin is insulted beyond description.

XIN-XIN

I need that money to get back to
China and keep my promise to Jean-
Claude!

He gets up and strikes a classic martial art's pose.

Seagal coolly gets up and does the same.

And just like that...

It's on.

They slowly pace around each other.

Sizing each other up.

Looking for a weakness.

Xin-Xin strikes first with a SPIN KICK to Seagal's side.

Seagal quickly responds with his own SPIN KICK to Xin-Xin's
gut.

And now it's a FLURRY OF KICKS AND PUNCHES.

Each more vicious than the last.

While this is going on, the patrons have circled around the
fighters.

There's even a guy taking some betting action.

We leave the scene as Xin-Xin goes CRASHING INTO A TABLE.

INT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE/DAVE'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Dave lies snoring on his cot.

DVD boxes of Van Damme's oeuvre lay scattered around him.

And right now Van Damme is holding a cooked sausage just
above Dave's mouth. He tickles Dave's lips with it.

It delights VD to no end.

Dave's eyes finally open.

DAVE'S POV

A giant sausage that could be mistaken for a penis is dangling in front of his mouth.

DAVE
Ahhhhhhhh!!!!

He pulls back as hard as he can, thus sending his ass onto the floor.

This also delights VD to no end.

VD
C'mon, rookie. It's time to train.

He throws the sausage at Dave.

VD (CONT'D)
You're going to need this. And these.

He tosses him some very very short shorts and a mesh tank top.

VD (CONT'D)
Patio in five.

EXT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE/BACKYARD -- LATER

Dave shyly steps onto the patio in his work-out gear. His shorts are so tight his package forms a nice "mangina".

DAVE
Are you sure you don't have anything a bit looser?

VD
Sure. My first four wives.

He laughs at his own joke.

VD (CONT'D)
Where's the sausage?

DAVE
I ate it.

VD
I told you you would need it.

DAVE
I know. That's why I ate it.

VD
Not for you. For him.

He points to mean ass looking pit bull growling at Dave.
It's name is LITTLE VAN DAMME.

VD (CONT'D)
Little Van Damme's going to chase
you up that hill. And if he gets
too close, you're supposed to tear
off a piece of the sausage and throw
it to distract him.

DAVE
He's going to chase me up the hill?

EXT. HILL -- DAY

A very sweaty and very very out of breath Dave struggles to
make his way up the hill as Little Van Damme chases after
him, occasionally biting his heels and ass.

Van Damme, being in the great shape that he is, runs along
side and laughs.

EXT. VAN DAMME ESTATE/BACKYARD -- DAY

VD
I am famous for many things. My
incredible looks. My tight ass. My
sexual appetite. But I am most famous
for this.

He does a move and then does the "splits" as we have seen
him do so many times.

Then he bounces right back up.

VD (CONT'D)
Your turn.

DAVE
You're kidding.

VD
Do I look like I'm kidding?

VD does another set of the splits to demonstrate. He looks
expectantly at Dave.

Dave sighs and then carefully puts one foot way in front of
himself, then one foot behind him.

He slowly starts to lower himself to the ground, wincing all
the way.

He makes it about half way down.

VD (CONT'D)
Not bad.

DAVE

Thanks.

He tries to go a little farther down.

The only thing he succeeds at is farting.

EXT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE/BACKYARD -- DAY

Dave stands with an apple on his head.

VD stretches by doing some more splits and some roundhouse kicks.

DAVE

Are you sure this is safe?

VD

No.

Then he runs straight at Dave and a yard before he gets to him, he leaps straight up into the air and does a roundhouse with his foot.

It sends the apple flying off his head....

And straight into Little Van Damme's mouth.

INT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE/WEIGHT ROOM -- DAY

Dave is attempting to bench press some weights.

Van Damme stands over him - his bulging crotch precariously close to Dave's face.

VD

All you! All you!

Dave strains and finally presses the weight above his head.

We finally reveal that the bar has no weights on it.

But VD doesn't care. He knows everything is relative.

VD (CONT'D)

You did it!

He slaps him on the back and then gives him a great big hug.

VD (CONT'D)

You're getting better. And that really excites me.

DAVE

Yeah. I can tell.

He nods down to VD's crotch.

VD shakes his head and laughs. Then he pulls a banana out of his shorts.

VD
For when I need some energy.

He bites right into the banana without even peeling it.

EXT. VAN DAMME'S BACKYARD -- DAY

This time it's VD standing with an apple on his head.

VD
David. C'mon. I know you can do it.

DAVE
I wish I had your confidence. And imagination.

VD
Just try. It's easy.

DAVE
It's impossible. Forget the fact that I can barely jump two inches into the air... I'm starving. I feel weak. I could really use one of those bananas right now.

He nods to VD's crotch where the tell tale banana bulge is once again visible.

VD
I'd like to help you out, my friend, but that's no banana. Now, c'mon.

Dave takes a deep breath and runs toward VD.

CUE THE "CHARIOTS OF FIRE" MUSIC

As he runs toward VD.

It should be pretty apparent that he's got no chance in hell of kicking the apple off VD's head.

That is until his foot hits a big pile of Little Van Damme's shit and slips...

Sending his body flying into the air...

And right at VD whose eyes go wide with surprise.

Then Dave's foot accidentally KNOCKS THE APPLE right off VD's head.

VD (CONT'D)

You did it!

DAVE

Yeah. I did, didn't I?

VD

You are starting to feel what it feels like to be me. Now we can start writing the book.

EXT. SEAGAL'S ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

Seagal watches VD and DV celebrate through his binoculars.

He snarls.

SEAGAL

Autobiographer my ass. Van Damme's got himself a warrior.

He throws his binoculars down the hill in disgust and walks away.

ANGLE ON THE BINOCULARS

as they tumble down the hill and land in

THERESA'S YARD

We PAN UP

To see Theresa suspiciously throwing some shredded documents into a garbage can.

She makes sure they're deep in the trash, then checks to see that the coast is clear before heading back inside.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING -- DAY

Seagal waits nervously in the waiting room.

SECRETARY

Mr. Norris will see you now.

INT. CHUCK NORRIS'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Seagal enters the legend's office.

The legend himself leans casually against his desk and warmly gestures for Seagal to take a seat.

SEAGAL

Thanks for seeing me on such short notice, Mr. Norris.

CHUCK NORRIS
No problem. And Steven, please,
call me Chuck. Now what seems to be
the problem?

SEAGAL
It's Van Damme.

CHUCK NORRIS
How is Jean?

SEAGAL
He's out of control. He's amassing
an army.

CHUCK NORRIS
Steven.

SEAGAL
Okay. Maybe not an army. But a
soldier.

CHUCK NORRIS
And why would he do that?

SEAGAL
Because he's determined to destroy
me.

Chuck shakes his head.

CHUCK NORRIS
You know, Steven, this is real life.
There are no personal army's. No
conspiracies. No great battles
between good and evil.

SEAGAL
I want your permission to amass my
own soldier.

CHUCK NORRIS
I'm afraid that's something I can't
give you, Steven. But I can give
you this.

He walks over and hugs Seagal warmly.

INT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE/LIVING ROOM -- DAY

VD and DV sit across from each other as VD tells the story
of his life.

Dave writes the information down along the way.

VD
I was raised in Brussels, Belgium.

DAVE
Ergo the "Muscles from Brussels".

VD
Actually that's a common misconception. People always think it's because I'm muscular. It's actually because I'm a huge fan of mussels. They remind me of the female genitalia.

DAVE
Should I put that in....?

VD
No. Let the legend live on in all it's mysterious glory. Anyhoo... I wasn't always built like this. I was a skinny, sensitive kid. Actually, I remind me of a much younger version of you.

DAVE
No.

VD
It's true. I was very much into classical music and art...

EXT. BRUSSELS -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

TITLE: BRUSSELS, 1969

Establishing shot of the city.

INT. VAN DAMME'S BEDROOM -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

A young VD paints a picture of a flower and a kitten as he listens to Mozart.

VD (V.O.)
But at the urging of my father, I took up ballet and karate.

VD's father (played by VD wearing a bad wig) comes storming into the room.

He smashes the painting and drags little VD out of the room.

INT. BALLET CLASS -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Little VD is in a class filled with girls.

DAVE (V.O.)
You took ballet and karate?

VD (V.O.)

Yes.

DAVE (V.O.)

Wow. I had no idea.

We watch as little VD does some impressive ballet moves and then parlays them into some kick ass karate moves...

And mows down three little ballerinas...

And then he mows down the teacher.

INT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE/LIVING ROOM -- DAY (PRESENT)

VD

I was actually asked to join the Paris Opera as a dancer.

Dave stops writing.

DAVE

Paris. What a romantic city. I was there once. I was interviewing this French feminist...

He notices VD staring at him.

VD

Are we writing your autobiography now? Should I get a pen?

DAVE

Sorry.

VD

But I didn't want to be a dancer in an opera. I wanted to be in movies.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Shot of the Hollywood sign as the song "Kung Fu Fighting" kicks in.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Shot of a younger VD strutting down the street in some very very, very 80's clothes -- acid washed jeans, black tank top, hair highlighted, short on top and long in the back.

VD (V.O.)

But I only spoke French and Flemish. So I took whatever work I could. Hoping that one day I could display my skills to someone in the business. I was determined to make my dream a reality.

SHOT OF VD DOING A SERIES OF KARATE MOVES AS DELIVERS A PIZZA

SHOT OF VD DOING A SERIES OF KARATE MOVES AS HE LAYS CARPET

SHOT OF VD DOING A SERIES OF KARATE MOVES AS HE DRIVES A TAXI

INT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE/LIVING ROOM -- DAY (PRESENT)

VD

And then, one night, my big break came. I ran into a big Hollywood producer outside a hip restaurant and I showed him my stuff.

EXT. RESTAURANT -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

VD is wearing a Chauffeurs uniform and chatting with some other CHAUFFEURS. They're all laughing at him.

VD

You just wait and see. One day I'm going to be a big action movie star.

One of the other Chauffeur's laughs louder than the rest. His name is KATO.

KATO

Yeah, right. And one day I'm going to work for a famous football player and he's going to kill his wife and I'm going to be famous!

All the other chauffeurs laugh. It inspires Kato to continue the joke.

KATO (CONT'D)

And after that, everyone will forget who I am and I'll be a loser again. Only older.

They all laugh again.

But not VD.

He's got bigger things on his mind. He's looking at a large MAN with a smoking cigar and a smoking hot girl.

VD

Mon dieu. It's Monsieur Golan. One of the biggest producers in Hollywood. But I needed a way to show him my talents. I needed an adversary to battle with.

He looks back to the other chauffeurs who are laughing in SLOW MOTION.

His voice echoes in his own head.

VD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Adversary. Adversary. Adversary.

Back to real time.

VD yells out to the other guys.

VD (CONT'D)
Hey butt pirates?! Why don't you
all get a room and start your kissing
antics.

They all stop and slowly turn to look at him, hate in their eyes (except one chauffeur who is clearly gay -- he has mischief in his eyes).

CHAUFFEURS
What did you say? Who you calling
butt pirates? We're going to kick
your ass!

VD tosses off his little chauffeur hat and takes off his little chauffeur jacket.

VD
Bring it on, man lovers.

And just like that...

It's on.

All the chauffeurs come at him, fists a blazin'.

Van Damme takes the first chauffeur out with a QUICK ROUND HOUSE KICK.

He lands directly in front of Menahem Golan. He smiles at the powerful producer

But two of the chauffeurs immediately GRAB HIM him from behind and HOLD HIM UP to be pummeled by a third chauffeur.

He PUNCHES Van Damme two hard times to the face.

Golan shakes his head. He's definitely not impressed.

Van Damme responds by using the two guys holding him as leverage as he RUNS HIS FEET UP THE CHAUFFEUR IN FRONT OF HIM AND FLIPS OVER, landing behind the two guys holding him.

They immediately spin around to kick his ass.

But he's nowhere to be seen.

That's because when he landed he did the SPLITS so he's below their eye level.

And when they notice that he's just below them, it's too late.

He puts his hands down on the ground and then uses his legs to SWEEP UNDER THEIR LEGS and send them tumbling to the ground.

Golan smiles.

He's impressed.

Van Damme smiles back.

But his smile is short lived when he notices that one of the chauffeur's has jumped into his limo and is DRIVING IT STRAIGHT AT HIM.

VAN DAMME'S POV

As the limo comes RACING at him.

It looks like it's curtains.

ANGLE ON GOLAN AS HE SHAKES HIS HEAD...

It turns out this guy doesn't have what it takes afterall.

But at the last possible moment, Van Damme uses all his karate and ballet skills and LEAPS STRAIGHT UP into the air.

The car goes under him.

He lands gracefully on the hood and as the car is still going down the street he runs up the hood.

Then RUNS up the windshield and JUMPS into the air, does a TWIST and lands on the roof with his feet inside the sun roof.

He takes his legs and WRAPS THEM AROUND THE CHAUFFEUR'S NECK.

The chauffeur slams on the breaks.

The momentum sends VD tumbling off the car...

And landing gracefully right in front of Golan.

VD (CONT'D)

Do I get the job or not?

Golan smiles. He's impressed.

DAVE (V.O.)

That's an incredible story.

INT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE/LIVING ROOM -- DAY (PRESENT)

Dave is too enraptured to write.

VD

Two months later I was on the set of
"Bloodsport".

Dave resumes his note taking.

VD (CONT'D)

(the following is
said incredibly
quickly and without
emotion)

Which was directed by Newt Arnold.
Released by Cannon films on 2/26/88
in 123 theaters, making an average
of 4,192 dollars per screen. It
would go on to gross \$11,806,119
domestic and spawn numerous mixed
martial art movies. My next movie
was "Cyborg". Directed by Albert
Pyun. Released by Cannon films on
4/7/89 in 830 making an average of
\$3,831 per screen. It would go on
to gross \$10,030,875 domestic. My
next movie was "Kickboxer". Directed
by...

INT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE/LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Dave, looking much the worse for wear, is still writing down
the facts and figures as VD finishes up recounting all the
facts about his movies.

VD

....It would go on to gross
\$10,447,421 domestic.

Dave finishes writing it down.

He drops his pencil in exhaustion.

VD (CONT'D)

My films have a combined total of
over 1 billion dollars.

Dave picks the pencil back up and writes that down.

VD (CONT'D)

All this recounting of tales has
made me hungry. You?

DAVE

Yes.

VD
After you go grocery shopping you
can prepare us a meal.

EXT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE/GARAGE -- NIGHT

VD and DV stand in front of the garage as the door opens to
reveal a collection of nice cars.

VD
Which one do you want to drive?

DAVE
I don't know how to drive...

VD
You've never driven before?

DAVE
No. I live in New York.

VD
Then this is your lucky day.
("Rain Man" impression)
I am an excellent teacher.

EXT. STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

A big ass vintage convertible Cadillac moves very slowly
down the road.

INT. CADILLAC -- CONTINUOUS

A frazzled Dave is behind the wheel.

VD
(very supportive)
You're doing great.

They finally pull up to a stop sign.

DAVE
I really don't feel comfortable
driving down the hill.

VD
The last thing I want to do is make
you feel uncomfortable.

He undoes his seat belt and is about to get out of the car
when he notices something...

VD (CONT'D)
Seagal.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Seagal, on a kick ass cafe racer motorcycle, is directly across from them at the other stop sign in the intersection. (He will make a left to go downhill - they will make a right).

SEAGAL

Van Damme.

INT. CADILLAC -- CONTINUOUS

VD

Drive!

DAVE

What?

VD

The race to see who can make it to the bottom of the hill first is on. Now drive!

DAVE

But...

VD slams his foot over Dave's foot and jams pedal to the metal.

EXT. MOTORCYCLE -- CONTINUOUS

Seagal twists the throttle and flies into the intersection.

The race is on.

EXT. LAUREL CANYON -- CONTINUOUS

The Caddy and the motorcycle race side by side down the hill.

INT. CADILLAC -- SAME

Dave's eyes are filled with fear as he swerves down the road, barely keeping the huge car on the road as Seagal rides his ass.

DAVE

Tell me again why we're doing this?

VD

To see who can get to the bottom first.

DAVE

And *why*?

VD

To see who is the better man.

DAVE

As long as it's something important...

His eyes go wide as he sees a sharp turn ahead.

He swings the steering wheel.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

The Cadillac barely navigates the turn.

The back right wheel comes precariously close to going off the side of the road.

Gravel flies into the camera.

INT. CADILLAC -- CONTINUOUS

Dave's satisfaction of having not gone off the side of the road is short lived.

His sharp turn now has him headed straight toward the side of the hill.

DAVE

Ahhhhhh!

He quickly swings the steering wheel back toward the other direction.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

The car barely veers out of the way of running into the hill and now straightens out on the road.

Unfortunately, all this zig-zagging has allowed Seagal to take the lead.

INT. CADILLAC -- CONTINUOUS

Van Damme shouts at Dave.

VD

Faster!

DAVE

We can't go any faster! You're already jamming my foot all the way to the ground!

VD realizes he's right.

Then he flips open the ash tray, thus revealing a big shiny red button. He pushes it.

DAVE (CONT'D)

What's...

It's a nitrous oxide system and the Cadillac TAKES OFF like a rocket.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUE

The Cadillac goes flying down the road, swerving to and fro, barely staying on the street.

EXT. MOTORCYCLE -- CONTINUOUS

In his rear view mirror, Seagal sees the Cadillac racing right at him.

He goes to swerve into the other lane to get out of it's way.

But there's a LARGE TRUCK coming up the hill.

He swerves back into the other lane.

But the Cadillac is flying right up his ass.

He has no other choice but to fly off the side of the road.

He guns it and hits a pile of dirt that acts as a ramp that sends him flying into the air.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

AERIAL VIEW

In SLOW MOTION

The motorcycle FLIES OVER TWO HOUSES and heads toward the road as it curves back inward.

There's only one problem: he's going to land right on top of the Cadillac.

INT. CADILLAC -- CONTINUOUS

Dave and VD both register looks of terror as they see the motorcycle headed straight for them.

VD AND DV
Ahhhhhhhh!!!!!!

EXT. MOTORCYCLE -- CONTINUOUS

Seagal is also screaming.

SEAGAL
Ahhhhhhhh!!!!

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

The motorcycle barely flies over the Cadillac and lands on the side of it.

They are now neck and neck as they head toward the bottom of the hill.

Seagal edges in the lead.

SEAGAL

Yes.

Then Dave edges in the lead.

VD AND DV

Yes.

Then Seagal.

SEAGAL

Yes.

Then Dave.

VD AND DV

Yes.

But they're dead even as they hit the finish line that is the intersection.

SEAGAL/VD

Damn!

INT. GELSON'S GROCERY STORE -- DAY

Dave, still looking very harried, and VD make their way through the grocery store.

VD

I don't understand why you're so mad.

DAVE

We could have died.

VD

You could die at any time.

DAVE

I think it's far more likely that I would die racing a car down a hill than I would die in this supermarket.

VD

That's not true.

(MORE)

VD (CONT'D)
 I could easily slam my fist into
 your nose so hard that it would drive
 your nasal bone into your brain
 causing instant death.

Dave looks at him in shock.

VD (CONT'D)
 I'm just making a point. Ahh. Here
 we are.

He opens the doors to the freezer and starts loading box
 after box of Belgium Waffles into the basket.

VD (CONT'D)
 I hope you like waffles.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- DAY

Seagal cruises down a sketchy city street on his motorcycle.

He makes a right turn and much to his surprise, finds himself
 smack dab in the middle of an all out GUNFIGHT.

He immediately sizes up the situation....

A group of tough LA GANGBANGERS have pinned down a couple of
 UNIFORMED COPS who are desperately calling for backup.

COP #1
 (into walkie)
 Where the hell is that back up?!

Just as he says that, his partner screams in pain as she
 gets shot in the shoulder.

COP #2
 Ahhhhhhhhh!!

COP #1
 Officer down! I repeat. Officer
 down!!

Seagal second nature kicks in and he instantly goes into
 hero mode.

He gets off his bike and confidently strides up to one of
 the gangbangers who looks very confused.

GANGBANGER #1
 What the hell are you doing, man?

SEAGAL
 This.

In a series of quick karate moves, he disarms the Gangbanger and sends him flying into an alley full of trash cans.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Cut! Cut! Cut!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

That Seagal is not smack dab in the middle of an all out gunfight.

He's smack dab in the middle of a movie set.

He smiles. Never losing his cool.

SEAGAL
My bad. Is Dolph around?

INT. GELSON'S GROCERY STORE -- DAY

Dave waits in line with a grocery cart overflowing with waffles.

He turns to see Theresa roll in behind him. He's excited to see her, but instantly nervous.

DAVE
(awkward)
Howdy, neighbor.

She does not pleased to see him.

THERESA
Hello.

He notices that her grocery cart is filled with humus and Pita bread.

DAVE
I see you're having a pita party.

She doesn't find him amusing at all.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Look. I wanted to explain about the other night. I think you might have thought I was doing something that I wasn't.
(then)
Not that I wouldn't want to do that...
To you. Because you're beautiful.
But that's not what I was doing.

She rolls her eyes.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I know it sounds ridiculous, but an ant went down my pants. And I was trying to get him out. That's all. It was completely innocent. I'm really not a deranged sex maniac...

Just then VD shows up with a large box.

VD

It took some doing. But I managed to convince the manager to get us an entire case of condoms!

She rolls her eyes and walks away.

EXT. MOVIE SET -- DAY

There's a long line in front of the CATERING TRUCK.

Seagal and DOLPH LUNDGREN stand in the middle of the line.

DOLPH

So he's training a warrior?

SEAGAL

I don't think this guy needs much training, but yes. He's plotting to take me down.

DOLPH

Wow. That's crazy.

SEAGAL

Tell me about it. But I've got to defend myself, right?

DOLPH

Sure.

SEAGAL

So I'm putting together an army.

DOLPH

An army?

SEAGAL

Army. Posse. Sidekick. I'll take whatever I can get. I don't want to get caught with my kimono down.

DOLPH

I'd love to join your army, Steve. I really would. But I'm totally swamped right now.

(MORE)

DOLPH (CONT'D)
I've got to finish shooting this
movie and the second it wraps I'm
directing one of my own.

This takes Seagal by surprise.

SEAGAL
You're directing?

DOLPH
Yeah. A western. I'm pretty excited
about it.

SEAGAL
I love westerns. My whole life I
wanted to do a western. Is there
anything in it for me?

Dolph hesitates. This conversation is never easy...

DOLPH
Steve, you know I'd love to work
with you. But I've got these
investors breathing down my neck...

Seagal's face registers that he's hurt.

Not angry.

Just hurt.

DOLPH (CONT'D)
They got their own crazy ideas about
casting. You know how it is.

SEAGAL
Sure.

Seagal walks away.

DOLPH
Steve. Where you going? What about
lunch?

Seagal slowly turns back, with a steely look in his eyes -
it's a classic hero turn.

SEAGAL
(cool whisper)
I just lost my appetite.

He turns around and walks off into the sunset.

Dolph calls after him.

DOLPH
I've got a couple days off in March!
Maybe I could join your army then?

But Seagal just keeps walking.

EXT. GELSON'S PARKING LOT -- DAY

VD and DV are putting the groceries in the Cadillac.

VD
I had no idea you liked this girl so much.

DAVE
I don't really know her. But yes.
I find her attractive. Doesn't matter now, anyway. After your giant box of condoms.

As they climb into the

CADILLAC

VD
She might not necessarily think you're a sex-o-holic. Maybe just that we're gay lovers.

DAVE
And that would help how?

VD smiles and throws his hands up.

VD
Your point is well made.

Now Dave's trying to back the car out it's parking spot.

DAVE
Damn SUV. I can't see if anyone's coming.

VD
It's these exact moments that I use the "mirror on a stick".

DAVE
The what?

VD pulls out a broom handle with a mirror taped to the end of it.

VD
The "mirror on a stick". It's my greatest invention. You hold it out the window...

He does it...

VD (CONT'D)
And now you'll be able to see the
oncoming parking lot traffic.

Dave looks down the length of the broom handle into the mirror.

And sure enough, now he can see the oncoming parking lot traffic.

DAVE
Wow. You're right. It really works.

He smiles and starts backing out.

VD
Bet you didn't know I was an inventor.

DAVE
No. I didn't.

VD
Then I bet you didn't know I have an
invention room.

INT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE/INVENTION ROOM -- LATER

A door in the back of the garage dramatically opens and reveals the invention room.

DAVE
Wow.

It's filled with all sorts of tools and inventions.

DAVE (CONT'D)
You said it was an invention room.
And it really is an invention room.

VD
After all the world has given me, I
think it's only fair I give it
something back. These are some of
my earlier inventions.

He points to a stick with a SALT SHAKER attached to it.

VD (CONT'D)
This is my "salt shaker on a stick".
(bad infomercial voice)
"Honey. Could you please pass the
salt?"

Dave just stares at him, not sure what's happening.

VD (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Now you say, "But sweetheart. I can't
give you the salt when I'm all the
way at the other end of the table"

Dave is uncomfortable with the improv.

DAVE
"But sweetheart, I can't give you
the salt when I'm all the way at the
other end of the table."

VD
"You can with salt on a stick."

He turns the stick back and forth and salt falls to the floor.

VD (CONT'D)
Pretty nifty, eh?

DAVE
Yeah. I see you have a lot of "things
on a stick" inventions. You have
the "tissue on the stick"...

He points to a stick with a tissue on it.

DAVE (CONT'D)
"Toothbrush on a stick"...

He points to a stick with a toothbrush on it.

DAVE (CONT'D)
And I guess that one's just a "stick
on a stick".

He points to two sticks stuck together.

VD
Amazingly, none of them ever sold.
Until the "mirror on the stick".

DAVE
You sold it?

VD
Yes. In fact, we're celebrating
tomorrow night with a huge party for
the investors. It's going to great.
There'll even be fireworks.

But Dave doesn't look enthusiastic.

That's because he's got the mirror on the stick pointing out
of the garage and he's spotted Theresa pulling into her
driveway.

VD sees who he's looking at.

And how sad Dave looks at the sight of her.

He puts a comforting arm around Dave's shoulder.

VD (CONT'D)
You must get over this girl, Dave.
We will use our condoms and get you
laid.

DAVE
No, thanks. I think I'll just work
on your book.

INT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE/DAVE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Dave is busy typing away on his computer when there's the
sound of the Pit Bull scratching at the patio door.

Irritated, he gets up and answers the door.

Sure enough, it's Little Van Damme with a little sock monkey
in his mouth.

He drops it at Dave's feet.

Dave shakes his head as he picks it up.

DAVE
This is the last time, Little Van
Damme. I have to work.

He throws the sock monkey and the pit bull chases after it.

Dave goes back to work.

Once again there's the scratching at the door.

He goes back to it, really not pleased.

DAVE (CONT'D)
I told you, I can't...

But it's not the Pit Bull.

It's a stunningly sexy and scantily clad HOT BLONDE.

DAVE (CONT'D)
...You're not the dog.

HOT BLONDE
No. But for a little extra, I can
get on all fours and pretend to be.

DAVE
Who are you?

HOT BLONDE

Jean Claude sent me to have sex with you.

DAVE

Oh.

HOT BLONDE

I got whips. I got vibrators. I got dildos. Whatever you can dream up in your sick twisted mind, I can do it.

She pulls everything out of her bag, showing him each one.

DAVE

I'm sorry, but I'm just not interested.

HOT BLONDE

Fine with me. I get paid either way.

She walks off, still holding all her sex apparatus.

DAVE

But thank you for coming. I really appreciate it.

She waves one of her biggest dildo's at him as she heads out the backyard.

HOT BLONDE

The pleasure was all mine.

That's when Dave notices that Theresa is once again watching from her balcony.

He shakes his head in frustration and drags his ass back into his room.

EXT. VAN DAMME ESTATE/BACKYARD -- CONTINUOUS

We watch as the Hot Blonde leaves the backyard.

We notice that she doesn't bother to shut the gate behind her.

And then we notice Little Van Damme head out of the gate and out into the street.

He spots a cat and chases it up the hill toward Theresa's house.

He loses it when the cat climbs up a tree. But then he spots something more interesting.

Some very SUSPICIOUS LOOKING MEN unloading some SUSPICIOUS LOOKING CRATES with RUSSIAN writing on them.

He goes toward them and starts barking.

The men scowl at the dog and shout out orders in Arabic.

One of them pulls out a gun and aims at the Pit Bull.

He's about to pull the trigger when a FEMALE VOICE shouts at him in Arabic.

It's Theresa.

THERESA

(subtitled)

Are you crazy? You'll draw more attention to us.

SUSPICIOUS LOOKING MAN #1

(subtitled)

Sorry, boss.

She muzzles the pit bull's mouth and drags him inside.

INT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE/DAVE'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Dave is in the middle of being woken up by a very very concerned VD.

VD

Wake up, Dave! Wake up! He's gone!

DAVE

Who?

VD

My dealer.

DAVE

You do drugs?

VD

For a brief period in the 90's. But no more. My fireworks dealer.

DAVE

You have a fireworks dealer?

VD

Yes. But he's gone. So we have to go to Mexico.

DAVE

Mexico?

VD
It's the only decent place to get
fireworks.

DAVE
Of course.

EXT. TIJUANA STREET -- DAY

VD and DV make their way down the middle of very very seedy
street lined with MEAN LOOKING HOMBRES.

It looks exactly like a scene out of a Jean Claude Van Damme
movie.

Dave is very nervous.

DAVE
Why exactly is it important that we
get these particular fireworks?

VD
Seagal.

DAVE
What in the world does Seagal have
to do with this?

VD
Because every time something truly
great happens to me, like tonight
when I sign the "mirror on the stick"
contract, I set off a spectacular
firework show to rub it in his face.
It really gets under his skin.

DAVE
How do you know?

VD
Because he does the same thing when
he celebrates and it really drives
me crazy.

DAVE
Oh.

A mean hombre steps in front of them.

MEAN HOMBRE #1
You're a long way from home, gringo.

VD remains completely casual.

VD
Without traffic it's only three hours.

The mean looking hombres all laugh.

MEAN HOMBRE #1
You're funny.
(then)
You here for the fireworks?

VD
Yes.

MEAN HOMBRE #1
You got the cash?

VD
Yeah.

He pulls out a wad of cash.

The mean looking hombre counts it. It's all there.

Then he pockets it.

MEAN HOMBRE #1
All right, boys. Give him the
fireworks.

The mean looking guys get even meaner looking as they surround
VD and DV, ready to give them an ass whoopin'.

Dave gets very nervous.

DAVE
What do we do now?

VD
We fight.

DAVE
Fight? I don't know how to fight.

VD
I trained you.

DAVE
You showed me three moves.

The mean looking hombres all laugh at how terrified Dave is.

VD
Did I show you this one?

VD does a quick ROUNDHOUSE KICK to one of the mean looking
hombres and sends him flying into the dirt.

DAVE
No.

VD
How about this one?

VD does a fast DOUBLE PUNCH on another one of the mean looking hombres and sends him flying into the other mean looking hombre who was just getting back up.

They fall in heap on the ground.

The other mean looking hombres look really pissed.

They start to close in on Dave and VD who are now standing back to back.

VD (CONT'D)
How about this one?

VD reaches behind him and grabs Dave.

Then swings Dave's body over his own head.

Dave's feet SMASH a guy coming toward them. He's out cold.

Then he swings Dave back over his head and once again Dave's feet knock out another guy.

He's out too.

The last hombre starts running away.

VD takes Dave and starts swinging him round and round.

DAVE
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!

Then VD releases him, sending him feet first at the fleeing hombre.

Bulls-eye.

Dave knocks him down and out for the count.

He gets up and smiles.

DAVE (CONT'D)
I definitely don't remember that one.

VD laughs.

EXT. SEAGAL'S ESTATE -- DAY

There's a line up of BAD ASS LOOKING DUDES that goes all the way down the driveway, through the gates and down the street. They represent every manner of tough guy Los Angeles has to offer.

EXT. SEAGAL'S ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

Seagal sits at a table interviewing potential soldiers for his army.

A mean looking guy wearing army fatigues is standing in front of him now.

SEAGAL
Experience?

OLD MARINE
I fought in Korea and Vietnam.

SEAGAL
Didn't we lose both those wars?

OLD MARINE
Uh...

SEAGAL
Next!

The Old Marine walks away.

SEAGAL (CONT'D)
Experience?

VOICE (O.S.)
I shot a man in the face.

Intrigued, Seagal looks up.

Vice President Dick Cheney stands in front of him.

SEAGAL
Next!

EXT. SEAGAL'S ESTATE -- LATER

Seagal stands in front of the applicants that have been whittled down to just 6. A BIKER, a GANGBANGER, A SKINHEAD, a MARINE, a PROFESSIONAL WRESTLER, and a NINJA.

SEAGAL
You were the best of the best. The toughest most feared men I could find.

He holds up their resumes.

SEAGAL (CONT'D)
On paper.

Then he throws their resumes into the wind.

SEAGAL (CONT'D)

Let's see how tough you really are.

He strikes a pose.

And just like that...

It's on.

The six tough guys all rush him.

The first to reach him is the Biker.

He throws a punch.

Seagal, using his Aikido training, simply grabs the man's fist out of the air and then TORQUES his arm, sending the man in pain to his knees.

BIKER

Ahhhhhhhh!

Seagal tosses him to the side and just barely steps out of the way as the Ninja comes flying at him and CRASHES through a window in his house.

Seagal shouts at him.

SEAGAL

If you get the job, that's coming
out of your paycheck!

EXT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

The place is abuzz with activity as preparations are made for the big party.

Tables are being unloaded, set up and decorated.

A stage for a band is being constructed.

Ice sculptures of Van Damme in various action poses are being placed around the yard.

VD and DV unload the large amount of giant fireworks they have bought.

DAVE

This is really a lot of fireworks.

VD

I know. It is so going to drive
Seagal nuts.

Just then six guys with instruments arrive. It's the band.

And the band is none other than STYX.

DAVE
Oh my God. Styx is going to play
the party?

VD
That's right. Because they're the
best.

Tommy Shaw steps forward.

TOMMY SHAW
That's nice of you to say, Mr. Van
Damme. But do we really have to
wear these mirrors on our heads?

They hold up the mirrors.

VD
Yes. That's the whole point. This
is a "sticks with mirrors" party.
You're lucky I don't make you change
the way you spell your band name.

They walk off.

Then VD notices something.

Little Van Damme's food bowl is filled with food.

VD (CONT'D)
Hey. Where's Little Van Damme? He
always eats his food.

DAVE
I don't know. Actually, I didn't
see him this morning, either.

VD gets a really pissed look on his face.

VD
Seagal!

VD storms out.

EXT. SEAGAL'S ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

Seagal is in the middle of facing down the Skinhead who is
holding a knife.

SKINHEAD
I'm going to cut you up, old man.

SEAGAL
Old man. Ouch. That hurts.

SKINHEAD
Not as much as *this*.

He takes a jab at Seagal with the knife.

Seagal moves out of the way like a young man, then quick as mercury he GRABS the Skinhead's wrist and SLINGS HIS ARM behind his back.

SKINHEAD (CONT'D)

Ahhhhhh!!!!

Seagal smiles.

He jerks his arm a little harder.

SEAGAL

I have to be honest. I only picked you because I wanted to beat the crap out of your Nazi ass.

And with that, he spins the skinhead around to face him.

SEAGAL (CONT'D)

I hope you have a good dental plan.

Then with his free hand, he PUNCHES the guy square in the mouth.

Then Seagal spots the Wrestler up on the roof poised to jump on him.

The Wrestler lets out a scream and flies off the roof like it was the top rope of the ring.

Seagal deftly moves out of the way and places the Skinhead where he was just standing.

The Wrestler lands on the Skinhead, knocking him out cold.

With the Wrestler landing on his ass, it's easy pickings for Seagal.

He BACK SPINS AND KICKS the wrestler hard across the face.

Then he back spins the other direction and does the same.

Seagal looks around --- he's laid waste to all the men.

That's when VD and Dave show up.

VD

I am going to kick your ass, Seagal.
So you might want to tell your little lady friends it's time to go home.

Seagal turns to his "army".

SEAGAL
These are the guys I was telling you
about and after careful
consideration...

He looks to see who is the least beat up of the men.
It's the Biker.

SEAGAL (CONT'D)
(to Biker)
The job is yours.

The Biker tries to get up.
But he just falls over in pain.

SEAGAL (CONT'D)
All right. The job is yours.

He points to the Wrestler.
He barely gets up.
Then he stumbles his way over to Dave.

WRESTLER
I am so going to kick your ass.

He takes a lame swing.
Dave easily ducks out of the way.

WRESTLER (CONT'D)
Now you got me mad.

But he can't even lift his arms.

WRESTLER (CONT'D)
Real mad.

Dave just pushes him away.
The Wrestler falls over and goes tumbling down the hill.
Dave feels horrible.
He shouts down to him.

DAVE
Oh my God. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

The Wrestler meekly waves that he's alright.

VD
Where's Little Van Damme?

Seagal turns to see VD.

SEAGAL
In your pants?

VD
Not that Little Van Damme. My dog.
He's gone.

SEAGAL
You mean like your career?

VD
My career's just fine, thank you.
Your's is the one you should be
worried about.

SEAGAL
I got nothing to worry about. I'm
doing a movie.

VD is taken aback by this info.

VD
You are?

SEAGAL
Yeah. With Dolph. He's directing
it.

VD
He is?

SEAGAL
What's the matter? Didn't he tell
you about it? It's a Western.

VD
I've always wanted to be in a western.

SEAGAL
I'm playing a shaman who heals animals
and kicks ass.

VD
I don't believe you.

SEAGAL
Call him.

He tosses his cell phone to him.

SEAGAL (CONT'D)
Go ahead. Talk as long as you like,
he's in my top five.

VD throws the phone back in frustration.

VD

Just give me back my dog.

SEAGAL

You've got a lot of nerve coming up to my house and making that kind of accusation. We've done a lot of things to each other in this feud. But I would never lift a finger to hurt something or someone you actually love.

(pointed)

Unlike you.

VD

What are you talking about? I've never done anything to hurt anybody.

SEAGAL

Then what about him?

VD

What about him?

SEAGAL

You've brought in a warrior. To attack me. That's crossing the line.

VD

He's not a warrior.

SEAGAL

I saw you training him. I've seen his moves. Look what he did to the wrestler.

DAVE

Oh no. That was an accident. I just gave him a little push...

He demonstrates.

But as luck would have it, the Wrestler has made his way back up the hill just in time to get pushed back down it by Dave's demonstration.

WRESTLER

Ahhhhhhhhhh!

Dave once again shouts down to him.

DAVE

Sorry.

The Wrestler waves that he's all right.

VD

He's not a warrior. He's a writer.
He's writing my autobiography.

Seagal looks at Dave. Now that he's up close like this, he can definitely see that he's in fact not a warrior.

Then he turns to his defeated, beaten up army.

SEAGAL

My bad, guys. You can all go home.

They slowly drag their asses out of there.

VD starts laughing. Howling, actually.

VD

You were actually training an army
to attack me and Dave?

SEAGAL

More like a posse.
(then)
Which was also for research I was
doing for Dolph's western. Or did
you already forget about that?

VD

I don't need to remember anything
anymore. I have a autobiographer
who writes it all down.

Dave mimes typing and smiles.

SEAGAL

What makes you think anyone will
care about your autobiography?

VD

More people will care about mine
than they will about your dumb
autobiography.

SEAGAL

I don't have an autobiography.

VD

Yes, you do. Xin-Xin said you were
writing it.

Now it's Seagal's turn to laugh.

SEAGAL

You mean you only hired a writer to
write your autobiography because you
thought I was writing my
autobiography?

He laughs even harder.

VD can't contain his frustration.

Then...

VD
Yeah. But at least I'll have one.

Seagal realizes he's right and immediately stops laughing.

VD (CONT'D)
Ha! Who's laughing now?

He turns to leave.

VD (CONT'D)
Look out Library of Congress, here I
come.

Seagal fumes as Dave and VD disappear.

EXT. HILL -- MOMENTS LATER

VD and DV make their way down the hill.

VD is visibly steamed.

VD
I did Universal Soldier with Dolph.
We loved working together. Why
wouldn't he think of me for that
role?

Just then Dave hears the sound of Little Van Damme barking.

DAVE
Hey. Isn't that Little Van Damme?

VD
No.

DAVE
Are you sure. It really sounds like
him...

VD
Dave. I know the sound of my dog's
voice.

The dog continues barking.

DAVE
Maybe you're just wrapped up in this
whole Seagal business and you're
having trouble hearing...

VD

He can't wrap me up in anything. If
anything I will wrap him up in
something. A tortilla. And feed
him. To children. At the beach.
While I roller blade. On his grave!

He storms off.

The barking continues.

Dave heads in the direction it seems to be coming from.

It leads him to Theresa's house.

The barking is coming from inside the van parked in the back.

He makes his way over to it and looks inside: sure enough,
through the tinted windows he can barely make out Little Van
Damme.

INT. VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Little Van Damme has managed to chew his way out of the tape
that was used to muzzle him.

He barks excitedly when he sees Dave.

Behind him are some very suspicious looking crates.

EXT. VAN -- CONTINUOUS

But Dave doesn't see the boxes. He just sees the dog.

DAVE

Don't worry, little fella. I'll get
you right out.

He tries the back door.

It's locked.

So he starts heading to the front door of the van.

THERESA (O.S.)

Can I help you?

He turns to see Theresa.

DAVE

Oh. Hi. Yeah. My boss's dog is in
your van here.

THERESA

How'd he get in there?

DAVE
I have no idea.

THERESA
Maybe he jumped in through the window.

They both look at the window - it is half way rolled down.

DAVE
Yeah. I guess he could have...

She goes to unlock the back door and open it, but just before she does she looks and points in the opposite direction.

THERESA
Oh my God. Is that my bra and
panties?

DAVE
What? Where?

He turns to look where she's pointing.

When he does, she quickly opens the door, lets the dog out, and quickly closes it before Dave can see any of the strangely marked crates.

THERESA
Oh, no. I'm wearing my bra and
panties. Silly me.

Little Van Damme immediately starts barking at Theresa - he does not like her.

DAVE
Little Van Damme. Stop that. You're
acting like she's the one who put
you in the car. She's the one who
got you *out* of the car.

Little Van Damme realizes that trying to warn Dave about her is useless and he stops barking.

DAVE (CONT'D)
My boss is going to be so happy about
this. He's having a big party tonight
and if the dog was still lost he
just wouldn't be able to enjoy
himself.

THERESA
You Westerner's really love to party.

The minute the words are out of her mouth, she realizes she may have just blown her cover.

Dave looks at her strangely.

DAVE
Did you say "westerners"?

THERESA
(covering)
Uh. Yes. I'm from New York. I
call everybody out here "westerners".

Dave smiles. In fact, his whole face lights up.

DAVE
I'm from New York, too. I should
start calling everybody out here
"westerners". That's funny.
(then)
Hey. You should come to the party
tonight.

THERESA
Never.

DAVE
It'll be fun. There's going to be
fireworks. Styx is going to play.

THERESA
Styx?

DAVE
Yeah...

He immediately starts doing the robot and singing....

DAVE (CONT'D)
"Do mo orogato. Mr. Roboto".

She just stares at him.

DAVE (CONT'D)
I think there's going to be dip.
Couple kinds. Alcohol.

THERESA
I don't drink.
(then)
Did you say fireworks?

DAVE
The best. Huge. Gigantic. C'mon.
Come. We'll make fun of the
"westerners" and their corrupt morally
bankrupt ways.

She smiles a very fake smile, but Dave is completely
oblivious.

THERESA

I would love to come to your party.

INT. THERESA'S HOUSE/BASEMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

Theresa steps into the basement of the house where four men are packing up suspicious looking bags and crates.

THERESA

There's been a change of plan. We're not going to the desert tonight. We'll test the weapon right here. Under the cover of fireworks.

EXT. VAN DAMME ESTATE/BACKYARD -- NIGHT

The party is in full swing.

It's packed with beautiful sexy people.

They are all eating and drinking and doing the "robot" to Styx's "Mr. Roboto".

EXT. VAN DAMME ESTATE/BACKYARD -- CONTINUOUS

Van Damme is standing with a group of rich looking INVESTORS.

He has his "mirror on a stick" and he's angling it so he can see up the skirt of a HOT BRUNETTE standing in front of him.

VD

I see Spain. I see France. I see flowers on your underpants?

HOT BRUNETTE

Yes!

She laughs and blows him a kiss.

The Investors get very very excited.

INVESTOR #1

There are literally a hundred and one use's for this thing.

VD

That's what I keep telling you.

INVESTOR #2

We are going to be so rich!

They toast.

ALL

To the mirror on a stick!!!!

EXT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE/BACKYARD -- CONTINUOUS

Dave and Theresa are standing in the middle of the party.

DAVE
Check out that "westerner". Total
infidel.

He points to a tanned hipster on typing into his Blackberry
and talking into his mac iPhone.

THERESA
He will die.

DAVE
Tell me about it. I mean no one
really knows how bad cell phones are
for us. All that radiation. Not
for me. No sir. And I really can't
afford it...

He points at a Pamela Anderson type -- huge fake breasts.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Look at her. Now that's a
"westerner".

THERESA
She will die, too.

DAVE
If one of those things blows, we
could all die.

Theresa smiles.

THERESA
When you see decadence on display
like this, it's surprising that this
civilization will need outside help
to make it fall.

Dave looks at her in awe.

DAVE
Wow. That's deep.
(then)
More dip?

INT. SEAGAL'S ESTATE/LIBRARY -- NIGHT

Seagal sits at his desk with a typewriter in front of him.

The hundreds of wadded up pieces of paper that surround him
indicate that his attempt to start his autobiography has
failed.

In fact, it's failed so badly, he's taken to reading the book that Dave wrote about the Bulgarian feminist.

After a moment, he finishes the last page and closes the book.

SEAGAL
I must have this man.

EXT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE/BACKYARD -- NIGHT

Dave and Theresa are at the bar.

DAVE
You sure you don't want something to drink? A glass of wine? A margarita? Really get this party started.

THERESA
I'll just stick with my Sheryl Temple.

Dave laughs.

DAVE
"Sheryl Temple". I love how you take something and then you spin it and make it funnier.

She smiles.

THERESA
So when are the fireworks?

DAVE
Any minute now.

THERESA
I can't wait.

Just then a very harried looking VD runs up to Dave.

VD
We have a problem. The fireworks are ruined.

It's hard to tell who is more disappointed - VD or Theresa.

DAVE AND THERESA
What? What happened?

VD
It's that damn Little Van Damme. He peed all over the fireworks. They're ruined.

DAVE AND THERESA
Are you sure?

VD

Do you know anything about fireworks?

DAVE

A little. They were invented in China. Used in royal celebrations...

VD

Do you know how to fix them?

DAVE

No.

Theresa tries to sound casual...

THERESA

I know a little bit about explosives.

VD

Great!

THERESA

I'm going to need a blow dryer.

VD

Done.

THERESA

And some tampons.

VD turns and shouts at the crowd.

VD

We need tampons! And we need them now!

The women all start to reach into their purses.

EXT. HILLS -- SAME

Seagal is now in full on stealth mode.

His face is painted in greens and browns.

He's decked out in military camouflage.

He serpentine's his way down the hill from tree to tree and shrub to shrub.

Each move is done incredible precision and accuracy.

In fact he's so concentrated he doesn't even notice the THREE MEN outside Theresa's house setting up a ROCKET LAUNCHER.

And they don't notice him.

EXT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE/BACKYARD -- CONTINUOUS

VD and DV and Theresa are at the fireworks.

Theresa's just finishing up some last minute adjustments.

THERESA
That should do it.

VD
You're a genius!

DAVE
You really are.

He stares at her in awe and admiration just as Styx kicks into the chorus of "Lady".

STYX
"You're my lady...Of the morning"

VD
I'm going to go sign the papers and then we'll start the show.

He runs off.

THERESA
I have to make phone call.

DAVE
Hey. A cell phone. Who's the "westerner" now?

She smiles politely and dials.

THERESA
(into phone)
Get ready.

Then she hangs up.

DAVE
Wow. That was quick.

THERESA
I have a bad cell plan.

EXT. THERESA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

One of the men hangs up his cell phone and barks orders at the other men in Arabic.

One of the other men breaks open a metal case.

ANGLE ON TWO WARHEADS

He delicately pulls one of them out.

TERRORIST #1
What are you doing? That has the
dirty bomb on it.

TERRORIST #2
I know. I say screw the test and
blow it up tonight.

TERRORIST #1
Those aren't our orders.

TERRORIST #2
I take my orders from Allah. And
he's telling me it's time.

Terrorist 1 thinks it over.

TERRORIST #1
Allah be praised. Let me help you.

He takes the warhead from him.

They walk towards the launcher.

Then he pulls out a gun and shoots the man dead.

TERRORIST #1 (CONT'D)
Allah says, stick to the plan.

EXT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE/BACKYARD -- CONTINUOUS

Dave, VD and Theresa react to the sound of the gunshot.

DAVE
Wow. Sounds like someone else has
some fireworks, too.

VD
It's Seagal. He thinks he can steal
my thunder. No way. Not tonight.
Wait until he sees these bad ass
babies.

VD jumps on the stage and saddles up to the microphone.

VD (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentleman. Thank you for
joining me in celebrating the "mirror
on a stick".

He holds one of the sticks up to the crowd. Every one claps.

He angles it out over the audience and looks hard into the
mirror.

VD (CONT'D)

You're probably wondering what I'm looking at right now. It's the future. And it looks very bright!

And just on cue, the firework show begins.

EXT. THERESA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The terrorists watch the fireworks and begin their launch sequence.

They wait for the fireworks to reach their peak and then fire the test warhead into the sky.

EXT. VAN DAMME ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

Dave and Theresa continue to watch the fireworks.

Theresa spots the war head amidst the firework and smiles to herself.

But Dave notices it too.

DAVE

Hey. Look at that one. That doesn't look like a firework. That looks like a...

Theresa sees him beginning to register what's happening and before he can finish his sentence...

She grabs him and starts making out with him.

Long and hard. Hard and deep.

She finally lets him go.

The kiss has left him completely dazed. In fact, one might say he's seeing...

DAVE (CONT'D)

Fireworks.

She tastes her lips.

THERESA

So that's what liquor tastes like.

DAVE

You really never had any before?

THERESA

No. Not bad. Actually...I kind of like it.

(MORE)

THERESA (CONT'D)

(then)

But it's wrong. I need to go wash
my mouth out.

DAVE

There's some mouthwash in the
bathroom.

She heads off.

THERESA

I'll be back.

DAVE

I'll be here.

Styx starts playing "Lady" again.

PARTY GOER

Don't you guys know any other song?

SEAGAL (O.S.)

Got a light?

Dave turns around...

DAVE

Sorry. I don't...

But there's no one there. Just a bush.

Then he makes out a pair of eyes.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Seagal?

It is Seagal. He reaches out and drags Dave into the bush.

INT. SEAGAL'S ESTATE/MEMORABILIA ROOM -- LATER

It's filled with all kinds of mementoes from all his movies.

Seagal sits in a chair drinking a cup of green tea.

SEAGAL

You're a gifted writer, Dave. I
admire you. You can take ordinary
words that we use everyday, put them
in a special order and make me feel
like I know that Bulgarian feminist
better than I know my own mother.
Hell. Better than I know myself. I
want you to write my autobiography,
Dave. I want people to know the
real me.

Reveal that Dave is locked in a bamboo prisoner box. The kind they used in the Vietnam war.

DAVE

I'd be lying if I didn't say I wasn't flattered...

SEAGAL

There you go again. Stringing words together. You make me want to cry, Dave. You really do. But sadly, I can't. I don't have any tear ducts, Dave. I had them removed and donated to a baby seal that didn't have any. His inability to moisten his eyes would have eventually made him blind. And without eyes, he wouldn't be able to find food. And without food... I just couldn't let that happen.

DAVE

Wow. Really?

SEAGAL

No. But if you wrote it down, it would be true.

DAVE

But it would be a lie.

SEAGAL

I believe life is a cosmic dance between truth and lies. In fact, somewhere between the truth and the lie, *lies* the truth.

DAVE

Wow. That's actually an interesting philosophy.

SEAGAL

Thanks. So what do you say - want to dance?

DAVE

I appreciate the offer. I really do. But I already have a dance partner.

SEAGAL

I'll double what he's paying.

DAVE

It's not about money. It's about principles.

SEAGAL

Every man has his price, Dave. What if I got you something more valuable than money? Like that little chippie you were talking to at the party?

DAVE

What?

SEAGAL

I saw you with her. And no offense, you may be great with the words, but you're terrible with the ladies.

DAVE

I don't take offense because it's true. I'm horrible around them. I get nervous and sweaty...

SEAGAL

I can help you with that. I've bedded over 5000 women, Dave. That's over two more than your dance partner down the street. I could draw you a road map that leads straight to that little chippie's heart.

Dave is tempted.

DAVE

I can't. I made a deal with Mr. Van Damme and I have to stick with it.

Seagal shakes his head.

SEAGAL

Then I guess I have no choice.

He breaks out your basic car battery and some jumper cables.

He tests it and makes sure it's sparking. It is. He walks toward Dave.

DAVE

Oh my God. You're going to torture me?

SEAGAL

No. It's the only way I can open the damn door.

He applies the cables to the lock and sure enough the door pops open.

SEAGAL (CONT'D)

You're free to go, Dave.
(MORE)

SEAGAL (CONT'D)
But I have a feeling your going to
change your mind when I give you the
keys to her heart.

INT. VAN DAMME ESTATE -- DAWN

Dave makes his way into the house where a very concerned VD
is waiting for him.

VD
Do you have any idea what time it
is, young man?

DAVE
Have you been waiting up all night?

VD
Yes. I was worried sick. Where
have you been? Wait.

He sniffs the air.

VD (CONT'D)
You were with Seagal! You traitor.

DAVE
He kidnapped me. He grabbed me at
the party and put me in this cage...

VD
Cage?

DAVE
Yes.

VD
Was it bamboo? With a door that
only opens if you electrocute it?

DAVE
Yeah...

VD
That's my cage!
(then)
What did he want from you?

DAVE
He wanted me to write his book.

VD
And what did you say?

DAVE
I said no.

VD
You are a great biographer. And an
even greater employee.

Dave smiles.

DAVE
Thanks.

VD
And in return for your loyalty, I
will help you clean up this mess.

He points out back at the deconstructed party scene.

It's a mess alright.

DAVE
Gee. Thanks.

VD
But we'll save that for later. Now
we must work. There's no way I'm
letting Seagal beat me at this.

DAVE
Okay.

VD
Today I'll tell you about my sexual
conquests. All 4,998 of them.

EXT. THERESA'S HOUSE -- DAY

Seagal, still in full stealth mode, slips through one of the
windows and into

THERESA'S HOUSE

Where, despite his giant size, he lands as gracefully and
quietly as a cat.

He quickly scans around the house.

He spots the shot and wounded Terrorist #2 who's been laid
down on a couch.

He assumes he's sleeping and stealthily makes his way past
him.

INT. THERESA'S HOUSE/BASEMENT -- SAME

We see the men delicately cleaning up some hazardous material.

Meanwhile, Theresa is talking to Terrorist #1.

TERRORIST #1
That was a brilliant plan to test
the launcher in middle of the
infidel's fireworks.

THERESA
(not as confident as
we usually see her)
Yes.

TERRORIST #1
What's wrong?

THERESA
Nothing.

TERRORIST #1
We went through terror school
together. I know when something's
wrong with you.

THERESA
Do you ever wonder if what we're
doing is right?

TERRORIST #1
All the time. But then I just turn
off my brain and follow our trusted
leaders via their mesmerizing internet
messages. Did you see that one the
other day? It even had graphics.
That moved. Allah be praised.

THERESA
Allah be praised.

TERRORIST #1
Why?

THERESA
Last night, at the party, I had some
alcohol.

His eyes go wide.

This is definitely not the girl he went to Terror School
with.

TERRORIST #1
The Red Devil's elixir. Heathen.

THERESA
No. It's not what you think. It
only happened because I kissed a
man.

His eyes go even more wide.

TERRORIST #1
You had alcohol and sex?!

She nods humbly.

THERESA
Yes.

He looks at her. Judging her. Then...

TERRORIST #1
How was it?

She doesn't answer.

TERRORIST #1 (CONT'D)
C'mon, girlfriend. Dish.

THERESA
Honestly? It was...hot.

TERRORIST #1
I am so jealous.

THERESA
And it really got me thinking. Maybe
the western lifestyle isn't so bad.

TERRORIST #1
In moderate doses.

THERESA
Of course. But maybe we should call
this whole thing off. At least until
we try to understand the Great Satan
a little more.

He nods.

TERRORIST #1
When you put it that way, it does
feel wrong to blindly kill thousands
of innocent people...

Then he pulls out a gun and puts it to her head.

TERRORIST #1 (CONT'D)
But it feels more wrong not to.

INT. THERESA'S HOUSE/THERESA'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Seagal has stealthed his way into Theresa's bedroom.

He makes his way to her bookshelf.

He scans it.

The books are predominately scientific with an emphasis on nuclear physics. And nuclear bombs.

He goes through her closet.

Some shirts.

Some jeans.

Some burka's.

A haz-mat suit.

He shakes his head.

Nothing of interest.

Then something catches his eye on her nightstand -- it looks like your typical diary.

He opens it up.

But he can't read it - it's all in arabic.

And there are some complicated drawings that look scientific.

He tosses it to the side.

He finally spots something that looks useful - it's a CD.

He picks it up.

It's Kelly Clarkson.

He smiles - finally some insight into who Theresa is and what she likes.

Then he hears a LOUD COMMOTION below.

He immediately bolts out of the house.

INT. THERESA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Now we see where the noise is coming from.

Theresa has tried to break free and is fighting with her former comrades.

But there's too many of them.

They eventually overpower her and tie her up.

TERRORIST #1

You're lucky we still need you. Or
else I would shoot you now, you
infidel traitor.

She tries to break free again, but it's no use.

INT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE/BATHROOM -- DAY

Dave is taking a quick pottie break.

But that doesn't stop him from working. He's got his laptop on his bare legs while he sits on the toilet.

SEAGAL (O.S.)

You can get ball cancer that way.

He turns to see Seagal outside the window looking in.

DAVE

What the hell are you doing here?

SEAGAL

I'm here to get you the girl of your dreams. Like I promised.

DAVE

I told you I didn't want your help.
And I'm on the toilet!

SEAGAL

Let me just ask you this. Who do you think her favorite recording artist is?

DAVE

What does that have to do with anything?

SEAGAL

You have to know what the lady likes if you want the lady to like you.

He holds up the CD.

SEAGAL (CONT'D)

It's Kelly Clarkson.

Off Dave's incredulous face.

SEAGAL (CONT'D)

I broke into her room and found out everything you need to know. You get your girl. I get my book. What do you say?

But before Dave can say anything, the door opens and VD enters the tiny bathroom.

VD

What the hell is going on in here?

DAVE

Can you people not see I'm on the toilet?!

VD

Yes. I see you. Sneaking in here, pretending to be on the toilet, pretending to make number 2 so you can talk to your new best friend Steven Seagal.

DAVE

I'm not pretending. And I didn't sneak in here. He snuck in to try to get me to help him write his book by helping me win over Theresa.

VD

I can't believe I called you a great employee.

DAVE

I said no.

VD is thrilled.

VD

Of course you did. He could never help you win over a woman.

Seagal rolls his eyes.

SEAGAL

I could do a lot better job than you, Flemmie. In fact, I could do two better than you.

He sure knows how to press VD's buttons.

VD

The only reason you have two more conquests than me is because no women were able find me for two days after you changed the name of my street sign.

Seagal laughs fondly at that memory.

EXT. STREET -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Seagal stands on a foot ladder and with the help of a screwdriver changes VD's street sign.

INT. BATHROOM -- DAY (PRESENT)

VD

If you're so great with the ladies,
let me see your opening line.

SEAGAL

"Hey, ladies. I'm Steven Seagal."

VD

I'll give you three reasons that
will never work. One, it's lame.
Two, his name isn't Steven Seagal.
Three, it's lame.

DAVE

I don't need an opening line. Because
I don't know if I'll ever see her
again.

SEAGAL

Why?

DAVE

Oh. I don't know. Maybe because
you kidnapped me before I could ask
her out.

SEAGAL

Technically it wasn't a kidnapping.
I was wearing a uniform. That makes
it an act of war.

VD

Dave, then you must go and ask her
out.

SEAGAL

When you do, you're not going to
wear that are you, Dave?

VD

What's wrong with his clothes?

SEAGAL

Nothing. If you don't mind looking
like a european gigolo.

VD

And what would you have him wear? A
kimono and a snap on pony tail?

SEAGAL

I'll give you something to wear,
Dave. Don't worry.

VD

Why don't we each show Dave what we think is best and let him decide?

SEAGAL

Fine by me. How about you, Dave?

Dave can't help but ponder what that experience might actually be like.

"Girls Just Wanna Have Fun" kicks in over Dave's imaginary

"MAKE-OVER" MONTAGE

In which VD and Seagal present Dave with various options.

We will see Dave all garbed up in classic Seagal ware, including kimonos.

Then we will see Dave all garbed up in VD wear, including most importantly a stone washed denim suit with a large belt.

We will see VD and Seagal arguing over the clothes.

And then we will see Dave in a horrible compromise --- a stone washed kimono, mirrored sunglasses and a pony tail.

And then for the first time ever, we will see VD and Seagal actually agree on something when they both give him the big thumbs up.

VD (V.O.)

Yeah, Dave. What do you think?

INT. BATHROOM -- DAY

Dave snaps out of his dream and back to the horrible reality of taking a crap with Jean Claude Van Damme and Steven Seagal watching.

DAVE

I think I want you both of out here.
Now!!

They realize he means business.

VD

I'm sorry, Dave. You're right.

He leaves.

Before Seagal scales back down the wall, he tosses the CD through the window to Dave.

SEAGAL

Key to her heart, Dave. Trust me.

He leaves.

Dave looks at the CD.

He hates to admit it, but maybe Seagal's right.

He puts it in his laptop.

But it's not a Kelly Clarkson CD.

It's a terrorist CD.

Filled with notes, pictures and diagrams of how to build a dirty bomb and how to fire it into Staples Center.

DAVE

Oh my God!

VD (O.S.)

Sounds like someone just made a big one.

DAVE

Theresa's a terrorist!

VD comes back in.

VD

What?

DAVE

Look at this.

VD squats down next to Dave.

DAVE (CONT'D)

They're going to launch a dirty bomb into Staples Center. During the Republican convention.

VD stares at the screen and nods his head.

VD

I was going to say something about you launching a dirty bomb in here, but Mon dieu...you're right.

INT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE/LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Dave watches anxiously as VD is on the phone to the police.

VD

Please. You must believe me...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. POLICE STATION -- CONTINUOUS

There's a cop on the other end of the line. He shakes his head.

POLICEMAN

With all due respect, Mr. Van Damme. We've received a lot of calls from you and Mr. Seagal over the years. And frankly, we're tired of being caught in your little feud and being made to look like jackasses.

VD

But....

POLICEMAN

And between you and me, if it wasn't for Mr. Chuck Norris, I'd have hauled both your asses into jail a long time ago.

VD

But...

The cop hangs up.

END INTERCUT:

INT. VAN DAMME'S ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

DAVE

What did they say?

VD

They don't believe me.

DAVE

What?

VD

They think I'm making it up. Pulling some kind of prank on Seagal.

DAVE

But they're going to launch the dirty bomb in less than an hour.

VD

I know. I know.

He starts dialing the phone again.

DAVE

You calling the police again?

VD
No. I'm calling some girls. If I
can sneak in three before we all
die, I can beat Seagal.

He smiles triumphantly at the thought.

VD (CONT'D)
He won't know what hit him.

Dave tears the phone away from him.

VD (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

DAVE
We have to stop them!

VD
Dave. They're terrorists. Who are
we?

DAVE
You're an action star! This what
you do! You save the world!

VD just stares at him.

VD
Dave. I'm listening to what you're
saying and it makes me think...

DAVE
That I'm right?

VD
No. It makes me think that you
haven't been paying attention to my
movies. Because traditionally, I
don't save the world. I tend to
stop kidnappers, drug dealers, the
occasional triad gang lord... sure,
I like to think that what I do helps
the world, but I don't know about
saving it...

Dave grabs him by the shoulders and tries to shake some sense
into him.

DAVE
There are terrorists next door
planning to blow up Los Angeles and
we're the only ones who can stop
them.

VD

Dave. Even if I wanted to, we don't have enough men. They're going to have real guns with real bullets.

DAVE

Then call Seagal.

VD's eyes go wide with shock and disgust.

VD

What? No. I will never work with him!

Dave leans in real close. And his voice has deadly seriousness to it.

DAVE

If you don't pick up that phone right now and call Seagal I am going to take your stupid mirror on the stick and shove it up your ass.

VD

Okay, Dave. You don't have to get all up on my grill.

VD reluctantly starts dialing.

VD (CONT'D)

But I want it on the record that this was your idea, not mine.

DAVE

Duly noted.

EXT. SEAGAL'S ESTATE/BACKYARD -- MOMENTS LATER

Seagal stands behind a tree with the "mirror on a stick".

It's angled so he can see Theresa's house.

He spots two of the terrorists setting up the rocket launcher.

SEAGAL

My God. You're right. They are terrorists.

(then)

In our own damn backyard. How did we miss this?

VD

I didn't miss anything. I called you. Remember?

Seagal looks at him and then shakes his head.

SEAGAL

Dave. I can't work with this.

DAVE

You missed this because the two of you spend so much time feuding you can't see what's happening right in front of you! And how did this stupid feud start in the first place?

VD and Seagal think about it. Neither of them seem to have an answer.

SEAGAL

I think...no...

DAVE

Oh. It's because he...

SEAGAL

Tell you the truth, it's been so long I don't remember.

VD

That makes two of us.

DAVE

Well, it stops right now!

SEAGAL

Alright, I'm in. I just want it to be noted...

DAVE

I know. I know. It was my idea...

SEAGAL

No. I just wanted you to know that's the exact attitude you need when you ask out Theresa. Forceful, confident, sexy.

DAVE

She's a terrorist.

SEAGAL

Exactly. That's why you need that kind of attitude.

VD

I hate to admit it, David. But the man is right.

VD and Seagal look at each other.

SEAGAL
How about that? Looks like we finally
agree on something.

VD nods his head.

VD
I never thought I'd see the day.

They smile at each other.

Dave shakes his head.

DAVE
Can we go save the world now? Or
would you two lovebirds rather be
alone?

EXT. THERESA'S HOUSE -- DAY

Seagal and VD are stealthily making their way down the hill.

They barely make a sound as they serpentine from tree to
tree.

As they join up at the last tree before they hit the house,
VD steps on a large branch. It makes a LOUD CRACK.

The noise immediately draws the attention of one of the
terrorists that has been sent out to secure the perimeter.

He raises his machine gun and starts walking toward them.

VD
Crap.

SEAGAL
What do we do now?

ANGLE ON TERRORIST #5

as he makes his way closer to VD and Seagal.

Then he stops in his tracks. Stunned.

Now we see what he sees...

VD AND SEAGAL ARE MAKING OUT (cue Marvin Gaye's "Let's Get
It On"?)

Terrorist #5 lowers his gun and shakes his head.

TERRORIST #5
Enjoy it while you can, western
infidels.

He walks off.

VD and Seagal break apart.

VD
I won't put this in my autobiography
if you won't.

SEAGAL
Deal.

EXT. THERESA'S HOUSE -- LATER

Dave nervously stands at the front door with a pad of paper
and a pencil.

It opens, revealing Terrorist #6.

TERRORIST #6
What do you want?

DAVE
Is Theresa home?

TERRORIST #6
No.

He starts to shut the door.

DAVE
I guess she must be getting ready to
launch the dirty bomb.

He stops shutting the door.

TERRORIST #6
I don't know what you're talking
about.

DAVE
Hey. It's okay. She told me all
about it. And she told me I could
come by and watch.

TERRORIST #6
There's nothing to watch.

DAVE
I should explain...I'm a writer. A
biographer. And she said I could
document this great moment in history.
So everybody would know exactly how
it went down.
(then)
I'm going to make you guys so famous
it will blow your mind.

Terrorist #6 looks at him.

Then...

TERRORIST #6
My name is Mohammed.

Dave writes that down.

DAVE
Is that with one or two "m's"?

TERRORIST #6
Two.

DAVE
Got it.

He finishes writing and heads into the house.

EXT. THERESA'S HOUSE -- LATER

VD stealthily sneaks up behind Terrorist #4 and KICKS his legs out from underneath him.

Terrorist #4 quickly SPINS AROUND with his gun.

VD KICKS it out of his hands.

Terrorist #4 takes this opportunity to knock VD's legs out from underneath him.

VD falls on his back.

Terrorist #4 takes out a knife and goes to plunge it into VD's heart.

VD KICKS HIM IN THE CHEST with both of his feet.

Terrorist #4 FLIES BACKWARDS into the arms of Seagal.

He toques Terrorist #4's arm.

The sheer pain causes him to drop the knife.

Then Seagal holds him up so VD can knock him out cold with a flurry of shots to the head.

He falls to the ground and rolls down the hill.

VD
(a la Borat)
High five!

They "high five".

INT. THERESA'S HOUSE -- LATER

Dave is being led down to the basement.

TERRORIST #1
What is he doing here?

TERRORIST #6
It's okay. He's a writer and he's
going to make us all famous.

DAVE
That's right.

TERRORIST #1
You're the infidel who corrupted her
with your western ways.

He points to Theresa who's tied up with a gag in her mouth.

DAVE
Corrupted her?

TERRORIST #1
That's right. One night with you
and she no longer wanted to kill
thousands of innocent people.

DAVE
(to Theresa)
Really?

She nods.

He can't help but feel a little proud of this accomplishment.

Then...

DAVE (CONT'D)
That's ironic. One night with her
and I wanted to help kill thousands
of innocent people.

Terrorist #1 smiles.

TERRORIST #1
Write this down. The first innocent
to die was...

He points his gun at Dave.

TERRORIST #1 (CONT'D)
You.

But before he can pull the trigger, there's the sound of
GUNFIRE outside.

He starts barking orders to his men and they start heading
outside.

EXT. THERESA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Seagal is firing a machine gun at a Terrorist who is hiding behind the van.

The Terrorist is firing back.

Seagal fires again and shouts at VD.

SEAGAL

Now!

VD makes his way toward the van under the cover of the shooting.

Seagal's gun jams.

The Terrorist realizes this and steps out from behind the van to finish him off.

Just as he's about to shoot, VD does a SPIN KICK and sends the gun flying out of the Terrorist's hands.

He quickly spins back around and gives a flurry of kicks to VD.

SEAGAL (CONT'D)

You going to take that from him?

VD shakes his head.

VD

No.

He jumps back up and proceeds to give the Terrorist a classic VD ASS WHOOPIN'.

It ends with the VD smashing the Terrorist's head into the van over and over again.

The Terrorist passes out and slumps to the ground.

SEAGAL

Took you long enough.

VD

You could have done better?

SEAGAL

If by better you mean better, then yeah.

VD

Okay, big shot. Tell me what you would have done.

SEAGAL
First of all, what's with the
"split's"? That's a total show boat
move and a complete waste of energy.

VD shakes his head.

VD
You aikido guys are all the same...

But before he can finish his sentence, a rain of gun fire
comes down on them.

ANGLE ON THE TERRORISTS

as they storm out of the house, GUN'S BLAZIN'.

VD jumps behind the van and grabs the machine gun from the
terrorist he just beat the crap out of.

Seagal takes cover behind a CENTRAL AIR CONDITIONING UNIT.

They both start firing back.

INT. THERESA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Dave is untying Theresa.

DAVE
Are you all right?

THERESA
Yes. Thanks, Dave.

DAVE
My pleasure. Is it true what they
said? About a night with me turning
you?

THERESA
Honestly? It was the alcohol.

DAVE
(disappointed)
Oh.
(then)
But if you think about it, it actually
was me...

She looks at him, puzzled.

DAVE (CONT'D)
I was the one who gave you the
alcohol.

She smiles.

Then she stops smiling when a bullet rips into her shoulder.

ANGLE ON A TERRORIST

with a gun pointed at them.

He smiles with glee as he's starts to pull the trigger.

ANGLE ON LITTLE VAN DAMME

The song, "Who Let The Dog's Out" kicks in as he leaps off the stairs and lands on the terrorist.

The Terrorist falls to the ground.

TERRORIST #7

Ahhhhhhh!

Dave runs to Theresa.

THERESA

I'm all right. You have to stop the launch, Dave.

EXT. THERESA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

VD and Seagal are still in a gunfight with the Terrorists.

TERRORIST #1

(screaming)

Hold them down with your fire so I can launch the dirty bomb!

They continue firing as Terrorist #1 makes his way to the rocket launcher and starts to break out the war head with the dirty bomb on it.

Both Seagal and VD turn their fire power toward the rocket launcher.

They pelt it with bullets.

ANGLE ON THE CONTROLS

As the bullets rip into it, rendering it useless.

TERRORIST #1 (CONT'D)

Damn!

Then an idea hits him.

He grabs the dirty bomb and holds it in front of him and starts making his way toward the van.

Both VD and Seagal take careful aim at him.

TERRORIST #1 (CONT'D)
Go ahead. Shoot. If you want to be
responsible for a nuclear holocaust.
I can just see it now. 80's action
heroes responsible for destroying
Hollywood.

VD and Seagal lower their guns.

He keeps making his way toward the van.

SEAGAL
Hey, Jihad-boy. Mind if I ask you a
question?

TERRORIST #1
(smiles)
Shoot.

SEAGAL
Why do you guys hate us so much?

TERRORIST #1
To be honest, I don't really have a
problem with America. It's my wife.

VD
Your wife?

TERRORIST #1
She's a real camel. Always
complaining. Always nagging. But
Allah won't let me get a divorce.
So when I heard about the 72 virgins
if I martyr myself, I just couldn't
resist.

He climbs into the van.

VD
But what if there aren't 72 virgins?

He starts the engine.

TERRORIST #1
Still better than that bitch I'm
married to. Like I said - a real
camel.

He hits the gas and peels out.

VD and Seagal start firing at it, but the terrorists start
firing at them.

They have no choice but to fire back.

That's when Dave pops out the front door.

He watches as the Van goes flying past him.

VD spots him.

SEAGAL

Dave! He has the bomb in the van!
You have to stop him!

DAVE

But I can barely drive!

VD

You can do it, Dave! Just remember
what I taught you!

Dave nods.

He knows it's up to him, but he's not really sure he can do it.

He starts running toward VD's house to get a car.

VD (CONT'D)

Dave...!

Dave turns to VD.

VD (CONT'D)

After you catch him and stop him,
make sure you fill the car up before
you come back.

Dave smiles - in that simple order, VD has demonstrated that he has faith that Dave will not only stop the terrorist, but also that he'll survive.

This fills Dave with great confidence.

DAVE

You got it!

INT. VAN -- DAY

Terrorist # 1 drives the van as fast he can down the hill.

He looks in his rear view mirror and spots a Cadillac closing in on him.

He hits the gas.

INT. CADILLAC -- CONTINUOUS

Dave is behind the wheel, doing his best to catch up to the Van.

EXT. LAUREL CANYON/SUNSET INTERSECTION -- LATER

The Van runs the red light and hangs a hard left, barely dodging a car along the way.

INT. CADILLAC -- CONTINUOUS

Dave's eyes go wide with terror as he realizes that if he wants to keep up with the Van he'll also have to run the red light.

He SCREAMS as he runs the red light and hangs a hard left, also barely missing a car.

DAVE
Noooooooooooo!!!!

When he makes it through to the other side, he lets out another SCREAM. But this one's a scream of triumph.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Yessssssssss!!!!

EXT. THERESA'S HOUSE -- SAME

The gunfight has now turned into good old fashioned hand to hand combat.

The Terrorist's succumb to VD and Seagal's kung fu ways.

EXT. WILSHIRE/FIGUEROA INTERSECTION -- LATER

The Van hangs a hard right onto Figueroa.

The Cadillac follows.

INT. VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Terrorist #1's eyes go wide with pleasure as he spots Staples center off in the distance.

He hits the gas.

He looks in the rear view mirror and smiles --- he's out distancing Dave.

EXT. STAPLES CENTER -- CONTINUOUS

The place is filled with people who have gathered for the Republican Convention.

A man stands on the podium, speaking to the exuberant crowd.

POLITICIAN
...And as long as I'm in office, I
promise you that I will do everything
in my power to keep America safe!

The crowd cheers.

INT. CADILLAC -- CONTINUOUS

Dave realizes he's losing the van.

He hits the gas.

He goes faster, but he's still not catching up.

Then a thought hits him.

He pops open the ash tray, revealing the big red button.

He hits it.

The car takes off like a rocket.

EXT. FIGUEROA -- CONTINUOUS

The van is closing in on Staples Center.

INT. VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Terrorist #1 smiles as he closes in on his target.

INT. CADILLAC -- CONTINUOUS

Dave holds on for dear life as he flies down the street, zig zagging his way through traffic.

EXT. FIGUEROA -- CONTINUOUS

The Van busts through a barricade.

The Cadillac follows after.

INT. VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Terrorist #1 gets ready to ram his van into Staples Center.

INT. CADILLAC -- CONTINUOUS

Dave, knowing it's now or never, hits the gas even harder.

His body is pushed back against the chair as the G forces hit him.

EXT. STAPLES CENTER -- CONTINUOUS

The Cadillac gains on the van.

And then passes the van.

INT. CADILLAC -- CONTINUOUS

Dave slams on the breaks and turns the steering wheel hard right.

EXT. STAPLES CENTER -- CONTINUOUS

The Cadillac spins to a halt in front of the Van.

INT. VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Terrorist #1 instinctively hits the breaks and spins his wheel hard.

EXT. STAPLES CENTER -- CONTINUOUS

The Van does a 360 and spins to a stop.

ANGLE ON THE VAN BUMPER

as it delicately touches the Cadillac bumper.

INT. VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Terrorist #1 tries to start the van up, but it won't kick over.

He goes to grab the smart bomb warhead, but before he can...

Dave grabs him by shirt and drags him out of the car and into the

PARKING LOT

He throws a punch at the terrorist, but the terrorist easily dodges it (he did go to terrorist school, after all).

Then he punches Dave hard, sending him to his knees, gasping for air.

The Terrorist then grabs the dirty bomb war head and starts toward Staples Center.

Dave tries to get up, but it's no use.

VOICE (O.S.)
It's okay, Dave. I'll take it from here.

Dave looks up to see who's talking to him. But the overhead sun makes it hard to tell.

Then the head of the man moves so it blocks out the sun and his identity is revealed.

It's Mr. Chuck Norris.

DAVE
Chuck Norris? What are you doing
here?

CHUCK NORRIS
Just finishing up what you started.

DAVE
But how did you even know...?

CHUCK NORRIS
I'm Chuck Norris. When God wants to
know something, he asks me.

He runs off after Terrorist #1.

CHUCK NORRIS (CONT'D)
Keep up the good work.

Dave watches as Chuck Norris catches up with Terrorist #1.

EXT. STAPLES CENTER -- CONTINUOUS

Chuck Norris proceeds to kick the living crap out of Terrorist
#1.

Something's are so sublime they defy description.

Suffice to say...

This is one of them.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. BOOKSTORE -- DAY

A hardback book with a picture of VD and Seagal on it is
prominently displayed in the window.

The title reads: Van Damme vs. Seagal.

Then it reads: Written By: Dave Vincent.

Then there's another sign that says "New York Times
Bestseller".

INT. LETTERMAN SHOW -- NIGHT

The show is in full swing.

LETTERMAN
My next guests used to be known for
their movies. And now their known
for saving the world.
(MORE)

LETTERMAN (CONT'D)
 (re: Paul Shaeffer)
 Have you ever saved the world, Paul?

PAUL
 Not that I know of. No.

Audience laughs.

LETTERMAN
 Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome
 Steven Seagal and Jean Claude Van
 Damme.

The crowd cheers loudly as VD and Seagal walk on stage.

ANGLE ON DAVE IN THE AUDIENCE

as he applauds.

He sits with Theresa, the Kids, Bill, Xin-Xin and Little Van
 Damme.

LETTERMAN (CONT'D)
 First off, I want to thank you guys
 for saving the world.

The crowd cheers.

VD
 It wasn't just us.

SEAGAL
 It was also Dave Vincent.

LETTERMAN
 Stand up, Dave.

Dave stands up. People cheer.

He sits back down.

LETTERMAN (CONT'D)
 I got to be honest with you. I look
 at you guys, I think to myself -
 sure, they could save the world.
 They've got the experience. They
 got the know how. But that guy?

Everybody, including Dave, laughs.

LETTERMAN (CONT'D)
 Now I understand you two knuckleheads
 have a movie coming out...

VD
 That's right, Dave.

SEAGAL
It's a western.

LETTERMAN
Oooh. A western. I love westerns.
Now which one of you is the star?

SEAGAL AND VD
I am. I am.

They slowly turn to look at each other.

LETTERMAN
(to Paul)
I think I may have hit on a nerve,
Paul.

PAUL
You're like an emotional dentist.

Everyone laughs.

But not Seagal and VD. They are getting up and preparing to do battle.

LETTERMAN
Uh-oh...

Letterman scrambles behind his desk as both Van Damme and Seagal strike their battle poses.

And then it's on.

Alien versus Predator? Give us a break.

Jason versus Freddie? Have you told your friends your gay?

King Kong versus Godzilla? Go back to your CGI fantasy life, geekster.

Cuz this is the real deal.

What we've been waiting for our whole lives.

Van Damme versus Seagal.

Paul and the band kick into "Kung Fu Fighting" as Seagal and Van Damme kick into some kick ass fighting.

And you?

You can't wait to brag to your friends that you saw it before they did.

Go ahead.

Text 'em.

U know u want 2.

FADE OUT: