

WAR INC.

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DRAFT
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FADE IN:

EXT./INT. VARIOUS SHOTS OF AMSTERDAM -- DAY

Golden autumn sunlight dances off the CANALS. A SIGHTSEEING BOAT packed with TOURISTS traverses the water. HIPPIE WANNABES toke up in a smoky COFFEE SHOP. PROSTITUTES pose in NEON-LIT WINDOWS. One window has its curtains drawn.

INT. CURTAINED ROOM -- DAY

In the red neon glow, a surgically enhanced BOTTLE BLONDE, clad only in lacy lingerie, kneels on the edge of the bed.

A shirtless YOUNG STUD stands before her, undoing his belt.

Suddenly, a door BURSTS open, casting the shadow of a woman framed in harsh daylight over the startled couple.

YONICA (O.S.)
Hauser! How could you?

HAUSER (O.S.)
Cut!

A CAMERAMAN unshoulders his camcorder. BRAND HAUSER, early 40's, oozing oiliness, bolts from his director's chair, and rushes to YONICA BABIAK, a willoughy, 20-ish Russian beauty.

YONICA
I thought you were going to New York to talk to your friend.

HAUSER
You misunderstood. Jack was only meant to be Plan B in case Plan A didn't pan out.

YONICA
And this is Plan A?

HAUSER
No, that's also in New York.

YONICA
Then why are you still here?

HAUSER
I was just helping out a friend. Be patient. I'll go soon.

YONICA
No, Hauser. I've been patient. I can't wait any longer. Mama can't wait any longer. You have to do this now, or it's over.

Hauser opens his mouth to argue, but her look stops him.

HAUSER
All right. I'll go to New York.
(Yonica turns to go)
What, no kiss?

She turns back, hand out. He gives her some money. She plants a long, wet one on him and goes.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST APARTMENT BUILDING, NEW YORK -- DAY
A MOTHER and her CHILD, age 6, approach the DOORMAN.

MOTHER
Mathis birthday party?

DOORMAN
Go right up. Apartment 12A.

They head inside.

INT. JACK AND MARSHA'S DINING ROOM -- DAY

Decorated for a child's birthday party. RICK, age 6, the birthday boy, sits at the head of the dining room table.

His sister, ILSA, age 4, and a dozen rambunctious CHILDREN, flank him. Then, from the kitchen--

MARSHA (O.S.)
Jack, wax is dripping on the cake.

JACK MATHIS, late 30's but youthful, energetic, looks through the viewfinder of a camcorder mounted on a tripod.

JACK
We're just about ready. Okay, kids, settle. Let's have some good energy now, and... Action!

The kitchen door swings open. MARSHA, Jack's sensibly sexy, 30-something wife, comes in with a cake, followed by the

other MOTHERS. Everyone SINGS--

EVERYONE
Happy birthday to you/Happy birthday
to you/Happy birth...

JACK
Cut.

Marsha glares at him.

MARSHA
Jack!

JACK
Sorry, Marsha, but the lighting's still not right.

MARSHA

Does it really matter?

JACK

Just give me one minute. And put some new candles on the cake... No yellow ones this time. They don't read.

(off her look)

Years from now you'll thank me.

MARSHA

You're assuming a lot, Jack.

Jack's already gone. She shakes her head and returns to the kitchen with the other mothers.

INT. THE HALL CLOSET -- CONTINUOUS

Jack rummages through the mess, and pulls out a flood light.

The cord gets caught on a long sign. It falls at his feet.

Jack picks up the sign and looks at it. It reads:

MATHIS/LONDON PRODUCTIONS. A sad smile crosses his face.

He stands it on its end, and returns to the party.

INT. JACK AND MARSHA'S DINING ROOM -- LATER

Jack adjusts the light, waves his hand in front of it, and checks the shadows. Satisfied, he returns to his viewfinder.

Marsha comes out of the kitchen, pissed.

MARSHA

Jack, any longer and I'll have to put another candle on Rick's cake.

JACK

Just about there.

He looks over the camera at the table, and purses his lips.

MARSHA

Now what?

JACK

You there. The little girl in the Harry Potter t-shirt. Could you trade hats with the boy next to you?

MARSHA

Oh, for crying out loud!

JACK
Marsha, her shirt's red. The hat's
red. It's too much.

Marsha leans in and WHISPERS--

MARSHA
You're too much. Can you please
just get on with it?

She goes back to the kitchen. Jack returns to the camera.

JACK
Okay, kids. This is picture. And...
Action!

FULL SHOT TV SCREEN

NO SOUND. Marsha and the mothers bring the cake out of the
kitchen. Everyone is singing. It looks great.

INT. JACK AND MARSHA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Jack and Marsha lie in bed. Marsha rubs lotion into her
hands, her mind elsewhere. Jack presses the stop on the
remote, and leans back with a dreamy smile. Marsha looks
over at him.

MARSHA
Jack, are you happy?

He looks at her, surprised.

JACK
What?... What do you think?

MARSHA
I think you'd rather be making
movies.

JACK
I made movies.

MARSHA
I mean instead of what you're doing
now.

Jack takes her hand.

JACK
Marsha, I love my life. I love
you. I love Rick and Ilsa. I love
that we can afford to live here.

He pulls her close. She looks away.

MARSHA

I just don't want you looking back one day, and blaming the kids and me for all the things you didn't do.

He turns her face towards his.

JACK

That will never happen. I had my chances and I made my choices.

MARSHA

I suppose I should be grateful that you didn't go the porn route with Hauser.

JACK

Only because he never asked.

They play fight, ending in a kiss. Then--

ILSA (O.S.)

I have a bellyache.

Ilsa climbs into bed with them.

JACK

You do? I guess we'll have to do something about that.

MARSHA

I'll get the Pepto.

She goes into the bathroom. Jack pulls Ilsa onto his lap.

JACK

Mommy's gonna give you something special. One day, and the day may never come, she may call upon you to do her a service.

ILSA

I stick my neck out for no one.

JACK

Wrong movie, sweetheart.

Marsha returns, pours a capful, and gives it to her.

MARSHA

Here. Drink this down, baby.

JACK

You'll feel better in a minute, Rosebud.

ILSA
(giggling)
Daaaaddy, I'm not Rosebud.

He looks at her like this is shocking news.

JACK
You're not?! Why is that?

She throws her arms around his neck, and WHISPERS--

ILSA
Because Rosebud's a sled.

He hugs her tight, the proudest of papas.

JACK
That's right, sweetheart. Rosebud
is a sled.

Marsha watches them. Then, she pours herself a shot of Pepto.

EXT. COMMUNICOM BUILDING, TIMES SQUARE -- DAY

The morning rush. Jack weaves through the CROWD, and into the revolving door.

INT. LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Jack rushes past the security desk. HARVEY, the security guard, CALLS after him--

HARVEY
ID please, Mr. Mathis.

Jack comes back and flashes his ID.

JACK
Sorry, Harvey.

Jack continues on towards the elevators. A moment later, Hauser appears at the desk.

HARVEY
May I help you, sir?

HAUSER
I'm Hauser London. I have an
appointment with Morty Lipkin at
the Pandemonium Network.

HARVEY
Yes, sir. You're on my list. I'll
just need to see a photo ID.

Hauser takes out his passport and shows it to Harvey.

HAUSER
Things sure have changed around
here.

HARVEY
Yes, sir, they have. Can't be too
careful during wartime. Take the
elevator to thirty-seven, and see
the receptionist.

Hauser starts away, then turns back.

HAUSER
Would you happen to know if a Jack
Mathis still works here?

HARVEY
I'm not at liberty to say, sir.

Hauser shakes his head and takes off towards the elevators.

INT. MORTY LIPKIN'S OFFICE -- LATER

MORTY LIPKIN studies a PHOTO of a WOMAN in a traditional
Dutch milkmaid's outfit. Hauser sits opposite him, leaning
so far forward he practically falls out of his chair.

MORTY
Where have I seen this woman before?

Hauser mops some sweat beads from his brow.

HAUSER
Gee, Morty, I don't know.

MORTY
And that name, Helga Van Troon.
For some reason that sounds awfully
familiar.

Hauser's stands and goes to a spinet piano in the corner.

HAUSER
Why don't I play the theme song I
wrote. Just so you get a sense of
what the whole thing's about. May
I?

MORTY
Be my guest.

He looks back at the photo. Hauser sits at the piano, and
starts PLAYING.

HAUSER
(SINGING)
Now here is the story of Helga Van
Troon/She lives in a house way up
(MORE)

HAUSER (CONT'D)
on the moon/And she hopes all the
children will visit her soon/In
the magical world of Helga Van
Troon...

Morty drops the picture and jumps to his feet.

HAUSER
Hel-ga Van Troon/She'll feed you
on fresh scones and jelly...

Morty picks up the song--

MORTY
(SINGING)
Hel-ga Van POON/Men bounce up and
down on her belly...

Hauser stops playing, but Morty keeps going--

MORTY
Hel-ga Van Poon/When she spreads
her legs you'll swoon/So we're
singing this tune/For Hel-ga- Van
Poon.
(he stops singing)
You produced the Helga Van Poon
videos? You dog, you!

HAUSER
How do you know about those? I
thought this was a *children's*
television network.

MORTY
Pandemonium is just one small part
of the Communicom empire, Hauser.
Our subsidiaries cover every corner
of the entertainment industry.

Hauser closes the piano lid.

HAUSER
Bone Jockey Video?

MORTY
That's us... And may I say you do
some outstanding work, Hauser.
Really high quality.

HAUSER
Oh... Uh... Thanks. Look, if it's
just the *name*, that's not a problem.
We can change that.

MORTY

It's not the name, Hauser. Any association between us and an adult video company... Well that's just a PR nightmare waiting to happen.

HAUSER

But you're already associated.

MORTY

Not directly. Sorry, Hauser. We can't take the chance... But believe me, there are a lot of people here who would love to work with you. Longstick Productions has always been synonymous with the finest in adult erotic entertainment. "Dickless in Detroit" is the "Citizen Kane" of lesbian biker movies.

Hauser goes to the door.

HAUSER

Can't do it, Morty. I really need to make a change.

MORTY

You're not going to do it in children's television, Hauser.

HAUSER

That's okay. I've got a Plan B.
(starts out; then)
Do you know a guy named Jack Mathis?

MORTY

No, should I?

INT. VIDEO LIBRARY -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack wheels a library cart amidst floor to ceiling shelves of videotape. He stops to pull some cassettes onto the cart.

A leggy SECRETARY in a tight skirt waits by the door. HAUSER APPEARS in the hall behind her. He sees Jack coming, and ducks out of sight. Jack hands the tapes to the secretary.

JACK

Okay, episodes two, seven, nine, twelve and fifteen of "Gristlebutts." Sign, please.

She does and punctuates it with a flirty smile.

SECRETARY

Thanks, cutie.

As she goes, she crosses paths with Hauser. He stops to check her out, then turns to Jack, grinning.

HAUSER

I knew there had to be a logical explanation for why you'd still be here after all these years.

Jack's jaw drops. Before he can speak, Hauser gets him in a bear hug, lifting him off the floor.

JACK

I thought you were in Amsterdam.

HAUSER

I was yesterday. Today, I'm here pitching a kid's show to Morty Lipkin.

JACK

How'd that go?

HAUSER

Not so great. Are you familiar with the Helga Van Poon videos?

JACK

Must've missed `em the last time I was in Blockbuster.

HAUSER

They're stories about this Dutch milkmaid. Kind of like Heidi... but with anal sex. I made six videos and pretty much exhausted the formula. She was a good character, and I thought I could get some more mileage out of her as a kiddie show host.

Jack just stares at him, speechless. Finally--

JACK

What, exactly, was she gonna do with the kids?

HAUSER

Not what you think. Just a straight kiddie show. Educational and shit. Unfortunately, it seems my reputation has preceded me. So that's it for me and children's television.

(with a wicked smile)

Luckily, I have a Plan B.

JACK

The blow-up farm animals?

HAUSER
How would you like to make movies
again?

Jack's face flashes momentary glee. Then--

JACK
I won't do porn.

He takes cassettes off his desk, and puts them on the cart.
Hauser helps him.

HAUSER
It's not porn. I'm getting out of
that... Although you could do a
lot worse than the adult video
business. At least you'd be doing
what you were trained for. Did you
really need a masters in film to
be a librarian?

Jack stops loading the cart, and looks at Hauser, stung.

JACK
I'm an archivist. I'm putting food
on the table, and I'm saving money
to send my kids to college.

HAUSER
You could make enough money from
one video to pay for college.

JACK
I don't doubt it, but how do I
keep my kids from finding out about
it?

HAUSER
Change your name. Nobody uses their
real name. I work under the name
Hardy Longstick. You could be...
Red Peters. It's a gold mine.

JACK
So why are *you* getting out?

HAUSER
Have dinner with me tonight, and
I'll tell you.

INT. JACK AND MARSHA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Jack, half-dressed, rummages through his sock drawer for
two that match. Marsha hovers over his shoulder.

JACK
It's just dinner.

MARSHA
It's never just dinner with Hauser.
Where's he taking you?

JACK
Jean Georges.

MARSHA
He wants something.

Jack sits on the bed, and pulls on his socks. Marsha looks him in the eye. He looks down.

JACK
(quietly)
He did mention something about
making a movie.

MARSHA
He wants you to do *porn*?!

JACK
Not porn. Mainstream.

He goes to the closet. She trails him.

MARSHA
I don't like it, Jack. The last
time you made movies with Hauser
you lost your life savings.

JACK
So did Hauser.

MARSHA
He didn't have as far to go.

He picks out a sport coat, and puts it on.

JACK
Well, he seems to be doing okay
now.

MARSHA
I'm sure. Lotta perverts out
there... And even if it isn't
pornography, it's probably something
just as smarmy. Like vivisection...
or autopsies.

JACK
Why do you hate him so much?

MARSHA
I don't hate him. I love *you*...
Because you're not like him. You're
honest, responsible, dependable...
(MORE)

MARSHA (CONT'D)

(Jack cringes)

But Hauser has a way of talking
you into doing things before you've
had a chance to think it through
clearly.

JACK

When did he ever do that?

Marsha opens her mouth to speak.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION -- LATE NIGHT

YOUNG HAUSER stands on the deserted platform, aiming a
clunky camcorder at the tracks. The RISING RUMBLE of an
approaching train is accompanied by an equally loud RISING
SCREAM.

The train speeds by on the express track with YOUNG JACK
plastered against an outside doorframe, SCREAMING BLOODY
MURDER. As the train disappears into the darkness--

YOUNG HAUSER

Got it! You da man, Jack! See you
at 125th Street!

RESUME

JACK

Well if I'm so susceptible to
manipulation, how can I be sure
I'm not being manipulated right
now?

MARSHA

Don't *ever* compare me to Hauser!

JACK

I have to go. I promise I won't
agree to anything that will bring
dishonor upon our family, okay?

He tries to kiss her, but she pulls away. He shrugs and
goes. She runs to the bedroom door and CALLS after him--

MARSHA

Don't let him stick you with the
check.

She slumps against the doorjamb.

INT. JEAN GEORGES RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Jack and Hauser dine in style. A CAPTAIN oversees a WAITER
as he pours the wine. JEAN GEORGES, the chef/owner, stops
by for a little glad-handing. Then, once they're left alone--

JACK
So tell me about your movie.

HAUSER
It's not *my* movie.

He takes a manuscript from the briefcase by his chair, and gives it to Jack. Jack reads the title page.

JACK
"Why We Fight in the 21st Century."
Produced by...
(looks up, surprised)
The Department of the Army?!

HAUSER
Yeah, I was surprised too. Turns out the largest producer of movies in the world is the United States government. The Army plans to do a series of these morale building docudramas. The company that turns in the lowest bid gets the contract. I'm pretty sure I've beaten every bid out there. I just need one more thing to make it work.

JACK
What's that?

HAUSER
You. You direct it. You light it. You shoot it. You cut it. I've worked out an entire budget based on you at the helm... Also, your impeccable reputation would require you to be the front man for the company. We can't afford a repeat of the Lipkin fiasco.

JACK
What, you don't want me to do the catering too? I don't get it, Hauser. Why give up porn for this?

HAUSER
Because it's respectable and I need to be respectable.

JACK
Why now, all of a sudden?

HAUSER
Because I'm in love, Jack. I want to get married again.

Jack stares at him in disbelief.

JACK

You? You swore you'd never get married again after Rebecca.

HAUSER

That was before I met Yonica. Jack, I never thought I could feel this way about anybody. She's changed my life. And I know she feels the same.

JACK

How did you two meet?

Hauser opens his mouth to speak.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. AMSTERDAM RED LIGHT DISTRICT -- NIGHT

Hauser strolls the main canal amidst throngs of TOURISTS.

HOOKERS of all shapes and sizes, pose and beckon in their windows. Suddenly, he stops dead in his tracks as he SEES--

YONICA

--in a heart-shaped chair, like a queen on her throne. She's an angel, even in her hooker outfit, bathed in red neon, and reading The Economist. She looks up, sees Hauser, and smiles.

Everything around them becomes a BLUR. They hold a look.

Their smiles genuine. Love at first sight.

RESUME

Jack chokes on a sip of wine.

JACK

She's a...

HAUSER

It's not what you think. I've been her sole client for the last year, and now I'm ready to take the next step. But first, I have to be worthy.

JACK

You have to be worthy?

HAUSER

She won't marry me without her mother's blessing. And she won't even introduce me to her as long as I'm in the adult video business. Mama would never approve.

JACK
Mama? There's something ass
backwards about this. I mean, she's
a *whore*!

The room falls silent. EVERYONE turns and looks at them.

Jack sinks down in his chair. Hauser glares at Jack.

HAUSER
If you weren't a black belt, I'd
break your neck for that. Yonica
is not a whore. She's a *prostitute*.

I haven't fucked a whore since I was married to Rebecca...
Mama doesn't know what she does. She thinks she's a
bartender.

JACK
Then why not just tell Mama you're
a legitimate businessman?

HAUSER
No, Yonica already feels bad enough
that she has to lie about herself.

JACK
Then retire. You must've made enough
money in the last few years, right?

HAUSER
I've made more money than most
people need for a lifetime. But
you have no idea how much this
arrangement is costing me. It's
gotten to the point where it's
more cost-effective for me to get
married than to stay single... But
I can't do this without you. Please
say you'll do it, Jack.

JACK
I'm sorry, Hauser. No.

HAUSER
Don't shut the door yet. Read the
script and think about it... Please?

He gives Jack his best puppy dog look. Finally, Jack nods.

INT. JACK AND MARSHA'S BEDROOM -- LATER

The room is dark. Light spills in from the hall as Jack
tiptoes in. Marsha turns on the light, and sits bolt
upright.

MARSHA
What happened?

JACK
What are you doing up?

MARSHA
Are you kidding? It's Hauser.

JACK
It's a legitimate project.
Propaganda film for the Army.

He sits on the bed, and pulls off his shoes. Marsha slinks up behind him, and PURRS in his ear--

MARSHA
Jack, I've been giving this a lot of thought. Remember about six months ago we talked about doing that thing, and I said I would never do such a thing with you or anyone else?

He thinks for a second. Then--

JACK
You mean *that* thing?
(she nods)
What about it?

MARSHA
If you still want to do it, I'm willing.

JACK
Really?

MARSHA
On one condition. You don't make this movie with Hauser.

JACK
I told him no.

MARSHA
And he agreed?

They hold a look. Jack blinks first.

JACK
I told him I'd read the script...
But I didn't promise him anything...
Can we still do the thing?

MARSHA
We'll see.

She goes back to her side, and pulls the covers over her head. Jack opens the nightstand drawer, takes out an unused tube of KY, and looks at her. Then, from under the covers--

MARSHA

I said we'll see, Jack.

He puts the KY back in the drawer, and closes it.

INT. JACK AND MARSHA'S KITCHEN -- MORNING

Rick and Ilsa eat breakfast. Marsha makes coffee. Jack hurries in and gives them each a kiss.

JACK

I'm late. I'll pick up something at the cafeteria.

MARSHA

Did you read it?

JACK

About half of it.

MARSHA

And?

JACK

It's truly awful. It makes "Showgirls" look like "The Godfather." I'm gonna tell Hauser I pass.

MARSHA

Thank God. I was scared it might be good, and you'd "have" to do it.

RICK

What's "Showgirls?"

MARSHA

Never mind. Finish your breakfast.

Jack glares at her.

JACK

Don't do that. It's a perfectly innocuous question.

ILSA

What's inn-oc-u-ous?

JACK

It means it can't hurt you.

(to Marsha)

I'll see you tonight.

He starts out.

RICK

What's "Showgirls?"

JACK
Not now, Rick. Daddy's late.

He goes, leaving Rick frustrated.

INT. COMMUNICOM CAFETERIA -- DAY

Jack follows Morty and his nephew, BILLY, through the line.

BILLY
So what's he like?

MORTY
To be honest, I never even knew about him until yesterday. But he's been here for seven years, and I understand he's very well regarded.

BILLY
And he'll go along with this?

MORTY
He won't know. As far as he's concerned, you're just there to assist him. Keep your mouth shut and your eyes and ears open, and when you feel comfortable with how things work, let me know.

BILLY
I gotta say, Uncle Morty, I feel a little funny about this.

MORTY
It's just first day jitters. You'll be fine.

BILLY
It's not that. You say the guy is well regarded, but you want me to replace him? How can I be sure that the same thing won't happen to me somewhere down the road?

They arrive at the CASHIER. Morty takes out his wallet.

MORTY
Because you're family, and you're cheaper. Mathis has priced himself out of the market. It's simple economics. With ad revenues down as much as they are, we don't need to be paying a librarian an archivist's salary.

Morty and Billy take their trays and go, leaving Jack pale and stunned at the cashier.

CASHIER
Is that it for you?

MIDNIGHT COWBOY-STYLE MUSIC OVER FULL SCREEN BUSINESS CARD --
SMUT B US OF TIMES SQ.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE -- MORNING

Hauser looks up to see CHILDREN riding the ferris wheel in the TOYS 'R US megastore. Happy FAMILIES come and go all around him, no jostling. He tosses the card and moves on.

INSERT ANOTHER CARD -- MAN/MAID ADULT VIDEO ON 42ND STREET

Hauser looks up only to see the DISNEY STORE before him. He tosses that card into the trash, and wanders off.

Hauser shows a card to a GUY dressed as a HERSHEY'S KISS.

The Kiss gives an exaggerated shrug. Hauser heads off, only to stop in his tracks when he SEES the VIRGIN MEGASTORE SIGN.

Hauser steps off the curb. A cab SCREECHES to a halt inches from him. Hauser slaps the hood.

HAUSER
I'm walkin' here! I'm walkin' here!

CABBIE
Sorry, sir. I wasn't paying
attention.

A CLOWN strolls over and offers Hauser a balloon.

INT. VIDEO LIBRARY -- DAY

Billy wheels the empty library cart up to Jack's desk.

JACK
Good job. Why don't you go to lunch.

BILLY
I will right after I pull the tape
for Uncle... Uh... Mr. Lipkin's
meeting.

JACK
Nah, go ahead. I'll take care of
Uncle Mr. Lipkin.

BILLY
Thanks, Jack. See you in an hour.

Billy goes. Hauser comes in carrying a shopping bag.

JACK
Did you get `em?

HAUSER

Yeah. And it wasn't easy. What happened? It looks like fucking Disney World out there.

JACK

Say, you *have* been gone a long time. This is the *new* Times Square.

HAUSER

I liked the old Times Square better. What's out there now is just sad.

JACK

Most people don't see it that way.

HAUSER

Hypocrites. They all talk a good game about morality and values, but I know for a fact that somebody in this country is buying my videos. And not just in the blue states either.

JACK

So, what'd you get me?

Hauser empties the bag onto Jack's desk. Videos spill out.

HAUSER

Ta da. The very best of Longstick Productions.

JACK

You bought your own stuff?

HAUSER

You deserve the finest, Jack.

Jack picks up a tape and looks at it.

JACK

"Crouching Hooker, Hidden Strapon?"

HAUSER

The first pornographic martial arts epic. Talk about a flying fuck.

(he hands Jack
another)

Check this out. My masterpiece.

JACK

"Titantrix?"

HAUSER

I screened that one at the Adult Video Producer's convention in
(MORE)

HAUSER (CONT'D)
Vegas a few years ago. There wasn't
a dry seat in the house.

Jack reaches for another tape.

JACK
What's this one?

Hauser blushes.

HAUSER
Oh yeah. In hindsight that one
probably wasn't such a great idea.

JACK
"Schindler's *Fist*?!"
(looks at the cover)
Ooh. That's gotta hurt.

HAUSER
Not if you relax your sphincter
muscles.
(off Jack's look)
So I hear... What's this all about,
Jack?

JACK
You still want me to direct your
army movie?

HAUSER
Are you kidding? My budget depends
on it.

JACK
You're sure your bid will be
accepted?

HAUSER
Positive. All the other bids were
three hundred thousand or more. I
came in below that.

JACK
How do you know about all the
other...

HAUSER
You just let those creative juices
flow, Jack. That's what you do
best. Let me run the budget, and
sweat the details. That's what I
do best.

JACK
Okay, you got me.

HAUSER

Great! But what's the porn for?

JACK

Watch and learn.

Jack picks up a tape and heads for the shelves. Hauser follows. Jack takes a cassette box from the shelf, and switches tapes. A MESSENGER comes in.

MESSENGER

You have something going upstairs?

Jack hands him the box.

JACK

Take this up to Mr. Lipkin in
conference room 37B.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- LATER

Morty pops the cassette into a VCR, and turns to CARDINAL MCGWIRE and two MONSIGNORS seated at the conference table.

MORTY

I didn't know we had these old
shows in our library, your Eminence.
Of course once I became aware of
them, I thought it presented a
great opportunity for Pandemonium
to give back to the community. And
we're prepared to provide copies
of these shows to all the elementary
schools in the Archdiocese free of
charge.

CARDINAL MCGWIRE

That's most generous, Mr. Lipkin.

MORTY

Believe me, your Eminence, they
don't make Catholic children's
television like this anymore. But
don't take my word for it. See for
yourself.

He hits play. CHURNING MUSIC OVER MOANING and GRUNTING
fills the room. The Cardinal and Monsignors turn red. Morty
looks at them, then at the monitor, and faints dead away.

EXT. COMMUNICOM BUILDING -- DAY

Jack and Hauser come out. The sun shines on Jack's face.

HAUSER

Where to now?

JACK

C'mon, let's go tell Marsha.

HAUSER
Do we have to?

JACK
I don't think I can keep it a secret.

HAUSER
Why do *I* have to go?

JACK
Whatever's gone on between you two in the past has got to be put to rest. I can't direct a movie, and be a referee at the same time. You have to make your peace with my wife, Hauser, or it's no deal.

They hold a look. Hauser nods.

HAUSER
All right, Jack. That's fair.

JACK
She'll be fine with it, Hauser. At her core, she's really a very reasonable person.

INT. JACK AND MARSHA'S LIVING ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Hauser sits on the sofa, leafing through "The Giving Tree."

WAVES of HYSTERICAL CRYING come from the bedroom.

INT. JACK AND MARSHA'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Marsha is spread-eagle, face down on the bed, WAILING.
Jack tries, in vain, to console her.

JACK
Honey, please. He'll hear you.

MARSHA
Good! I want him to know what he's done.

JACK
He didn't do anything. We're actually lucky he showed up when he did.
(off her look)
They were gonna fire me no matter what. At least now I have a job.

MARSHA
With Hauser!

She starts CRYING again.

JACK

It's a movie. For the war effort.
It's practically my patriotic duty.

She takes the KY from the drawer, and squeezes it out into the waste paper basket.

MARSHA

All right, fine. Kiss the "thing"
goodbye, Jack. You said you loved
your life. You said you loved me.
You said you loved Rick and Ilsa.
You said you were going to pass.
You lying sack of shit!

Jack retrieves the flattened tube, opens the bottom flap, and attempts to replace the KY.

JACK

I do! I love you all...
(he gives up)
But I love making movies, too. I
didn't know how much until Hauser
showed up. It's what I do best.
How can I do what's best for you
and the kids, if I don't do what's
best for me?... But I won't do it.
Not if you really don't want me
to.

She stops crying and looks at him.

INT. JACK AND MARSHA'S LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

It's quiet. Hauser looks up from the book. Then, the apartment door opens REVEALING ILSA and CARLOS, a doorman.

CARLOS

There you go, mija.

She steps inside and turns back.

ILSA

Thank you, Carlos.

CARLOS

You be a good girl. I see you
tomorrow.

He goes. She locks the door and turns to see Hauser by the couch, trying to look as non-threatening to a child as he possibly can.

HAUSER

Hello. You must be Ilsa.

ILSA

Who are you?

HAUSER
I'm Hauser. I'm a friend of your
daddy and mommy.

The CRYING RESUMES in full. Ilsa and Hauser look towards
the bedroom door.

ILSA
Is that mommy?

HAUSER
(uncomfortable)
Yes.

ILSA
Why is she crying?

HAUSER
I think it might be because of me.

ILSA
What did you do to her?

Hauser fights against a wave of panic.

HAUSER
Nothing. Nothing. You see, your
daddy and I used to play together
before he married your mommy, and
she thought I was silly. Then, I
went away, and she didn't think I
would ever come back, but I did.

ILSA
Why did you come back?

HAUSER
I need your daddy to help me with
something.

ILSA
What?

Hauser relaxes back onto the sofa. Ilsa joins him.

HAUSER
Wow. You're really easy to talk
to... You see, I fell in love with
this girl where I live, and I want
to marry her. But I can't marry
her unless your daddy helps me out
first. And I'm not trying to get
him into any trouble or anything,
but your mommy's worried because
sometimes we got into trouble when
we used to play together. But it's
different this time. It really is.
And I'm sorry I made your mommy
cry.

ILSA
That's okay. I forgive you.

HAUSER
(relieved)
Thank you.

ILSA
You're welcome.

She skips off to her room.

HAUSER
Nice kid.

INT. JACK AND MARSHA'S BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Marsha stands at the door, steeling herself. Jack puts his hand on the doorknob.

JACK
Ready?

MARSHA
Okay.

Jack opens the door and they go into the living room. Hauser gets up quickly, stands stiffly, and pinches out a smile.

HAUSER
Marsha.

MARSHA
Hauser... Jack tells me you're planning to get married again. Congratulations.

HAUSER
Thank you... I just met Ilsa. What a doll.

Marsha turns red and trembles.

MARSHA
You stay away from my baby!

JACK
Honey...

She composes herself.

MARSHA
Sorry. Jack explained to me about your movie. I won't lie to you, Hauser. I'm a little skeptical about... No, that's not quite accurate. I'm scared to death by the thought of you and Jack working
(MORE)

MARSHA (CONT'D)
together again. But it means a
lot to Jack. So, under the
circumstances, I'm prepared to
stand by my husband, and support
him in any way that I can.

Jack beams at Hauser.

HAUSER
That's great, Marsha. I can't tell
you how much that means to me,
too.

MARSHA
And if you do anything to hurt my
family, I'll rip off your head,
and shit in your neck.

She goes back in the bedroom, SLAMMING the DOOR behind
her.

Jack turns to Hauser.

JACK
I think that went pretty well.

Hauser can only manage a timid nod.

INT. ILSA AND RICK'S ROOM -- MORNING

Ilsa, in her jammies, rummages through her closet. Marsha
comes in.

MARSHA
You're not dressed yet? C'mon.

Ilsa picks out an outfit, then turns to Marsha.

ILSA
Mommy, can Amy come over after
school tomorrow, and eat dinner?

MARSHA
It's okay with me as long as it's
okay with Amy's daddy.

ILSA
He said it was okay. He has to
work tomorrow. He's playing an ins-
man on a T.V. show.

MARSHA
What's an ins-man?

ILSA
Amy says it's a man who goes to
restaurants, and arrests the
dishwashers.

Marsha looks at her, confused. Then--

MARSHA

Oh no, baby, it's not "ins," it's I-N-S. And they don't just arrest dishwashers. It's their job to make sure that anyone who doesn't belong in America gets...

Suddenly, her eyes grow big as an idea hits.

ILSA

Gets what, mommy?

MARSHA

I'll tell you later. Get dressed. I'll be back in five minutes.

Marsha hurries out.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Marsha knocks on an apartment door. RAY BAILEY, late 30's with soap opera looks despite being unshaven, answers.

RAY

Hi, Marsha. I was gonna call you later to ask if...

MARSHA

Ilsa already told me and it's fine. I hear you got a T.V. show, Ray.

RAY

Just a day on "Law and Order." Playing an I.N.S. agent.

MARSHA

What are your plans for the rest of today?

RAY

Nothing much. Learn lines. Work on my character. You never know. Could turn into a recurring role. Why?

MARSHA

What would you think if I said you could work on your character, and earn fifty bucks at the same time?

INT. HAUSER'S HOTEL ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Hauser is on the phone, and he doesn't look happy.

HAUSER

I understand... Okay, we'll be there.

He hangs up. There's a KNOCK. As he goes to the door--

HAUSER

Jack, you're not gonna believe
this.

He opens the door to REVEAL RAY, clean shaven, in a business
suit with briefcase. He flashes a BADGE.

RAY

Mr. London? I'm Brad Leffler of
the Immigration and Naturalization
Service. May I come in?

Without waiting for an answer, he steps inside.

HAUSER

What's this all about?

RAY

As part of our effort to enhance
homeland security, we do random
followups on recent entrants into
the United States.

He sits, opens his briefcase, and pulls out a stack of
papers.

HAUSER

I don't understand. I'm an American.

RAY

Yes, but according to our records
you've resided in Amsterdam,
Netherlands for the last seven
years. We were just interested in
the nature of your visit here at
this time.

HAUSER

I'm here to bid on a Pentagon
contract.

RAY

I see. May I see a copy of your
Form I/624, please?

Hauser starts to sweat.

HAUSER

My what?

RAY

You did file a Form I/624 with the
Department of Commerce, didn't
you?

HAUSER

No... I...

RAY
Mr. London, this is very serious.
If you, as a non-resident citizen,
bid on a federal contract without
first filing Form I/624...

Another KNOCK.

HAUSER
Hold that thought.

Hauser answers the door. This time it is Jack. He presents the MATHIS/LONDON sign to Hauser.

JACK
Figured it was time to take this
thing out of mothballs.

Hauser puts a finger to his lips, points at Ray's back, and WHISPERS--

HAUSER
I.N.S. I need you to run
interference.
(to Ray)
Agent Leffler, this is my partner,
Jack Mathis. He's a resident.

Ray rises and turns very slowly. He and Jack hold a look.

JACK
Agent Leffler...? Of the I.N.S.?

RAY
Uh... That's correct.

JACK
What seems to be the problem?

RAY
Are you aware that Mr. London bid
on a Pentagon contract without
first filing a Form I/624?

Jack looks at Hauser in mock shock.

JACK
Hauser, please tell me you didn't
forget to file Form I/624.

HAUSER
Nobody told me.

JACK
Agent Leffler, does it make any
difference that I'm the principle
partner in this venture?

RAY
You are? Oh, well, that's different.
(packs his briefcase;
then to Hauser--)
You're a lucky man, Mr. London.
But do be careful. I'll be watching.

Jack opens the door for Ray. As Ray passes Jack, he mouths "Thank you." Jack nods, closes the door, and turns to Hauser.

JACK
He sounds serious, Hauser. He may be back.

HAUSER
I'll deal with it when the time comes.

Right now, we've got a bigger problem.

INT. JACK AND MARSHA'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Jack enters, moping like Hamlet. Marsha comes out of the bedroom, barely able to contain her glee when she sees his face. But she sucks it up, and tries to look concerned.

MARSHA
Is something wrong, honey?

Jack drags himself to the sofa, and slumps into it.

JACK
There's a problem with the movie.

MARSHA
I'm sorry, Jack... But maybe it's for the best. I know how excited you were about this, but sometimes things just aren't meant to be.

JACK
It's not over yet. It's down to us and another company. Hauser and I have a pitch meeting at the Pentagon tomorrow. Completely blindsided us.

He hangs his head in mock defeat.

MARSHA
That doesn't sound so bad.

JACK
That's only part of it.

MARSHA
What else happened?

Jack raises his head and looks her straight in the eye.

JACK
I went to see Hauser today, and
there was an I.N.S. agent in his
room.

Marsha's knees buckle slightly. She can't look at him.
Finally--

MARSHA
I'm really sorry, Jack. I was only
trying to protect you. It's Hauser.

JACK
I can handle him. Trust me... But
for what it's worth, I didn't blow
Ray's cover... or yours.

They hold a look. She cuddles up with him on the sofa.

MARSHA
I'd kill for you and the kids.

JACK
Hopefully that won't be necessary.

He lifts her chin from his chest.

JACK
We're not going to talk about this
ever again... Just know that you
owe me one. I'll let you decide
what that involves.

MARSHA
Sounds fair.

They kiss, still very much in love.

EXT. REAGAN NATIONAL AIRPORT, WASHINGTON -- DAY

The Delta Shuttle comes in for a landing.

EXT. THE PENTAGON -- DAY

Jack and Hauser show their ID's at the entrance, and go
in.

INT. PENTAGON CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack half runs to keep up with Hauser as he hurries along
the corridor. Hauser glances over at him. Jack tenses up.

HAUSER
Relax, Jack. You'll do fine.

JACK
I don't feel prepared.

HAUSER

Believe me, you're prepared. Just go in there, and close the deal. I've taken care of everything else.

JACK

That's exactly my point. You've done everything.

HAUSER

Don't thank me. Anything I can do to make your job easier.

JACK

It would make my job easier if I had some more information. *You* did the work. Why don't you do the talking?

HAUSER

Because you're a solid, responsible family man who oozes wholesome American values.

JACK

...And you're not?

HAUSER

Bingo.

JACK

But doesn't it make sense that I should know everything you know?

HAUSER

Of course.

Jack stops to consider this. Hauser continues on through a door marked ARMY CHIEF OF STAFF. Then--

JACK

BUT I DON'T!!!

INT. WAITING AREA -- MOMENTS LATER

Hauser checks in with MILLIE, the receptionist. Jack catches up to him, and WHISPERS--

JACK

I don't even know our budget.

HAUSER

Gen. Wood already has the budget.

JACK

You're not following me, Hauser. I'm asking you. What is our budget?

Hauser hesitates. Just then, a door opens and GENERAL BRETTON WOOD, the Army Chief of Staff, pokes his head out.

GEN. BRETTON WOOD
Gentlemen, come in.

Hauser is in the office like a shot. Jack follows.

INT. OFFICE OF THE ARMY CHIEF OF STAFF -- DAY

Jack and Hauser sit across a big oak desk from Gen. Wood.

Jack fidgets.

GEN. BRETTON WOOD
Here's the problem, Mr. Mathis.
Your bid is by far the lowest, yet
you're offering essentially the
same package as the other finalist.
It's raised some red flags with
us.

Jack looks at Hauser. Hauser gives him an encouraging nod.

Jack turns to Gen. Wood.

JACK
Maybe if you told me the difference
between the two bids, I could
explain how we're able to do that.

Now Hauser fidgets.

GEN. BRETTON WOOD
I suppose there's no harm now.
They bid three hundred thousand.

JACK
And that's a *big* difference?

GEN. BRETTON WOOD
Don't *you* think so?

Before Jack can answer--

HAUSER
I think what Jack is saying,
General, is that it all comes down
to the way we calculate our cost
to profit ratio. Right, Jack?

JACK
Uh... I... Sure. Here's an idea.
Why don't you show me the two
budgets side by side, and I'll
show you...

HAUSER

I don't think that's necessary. I can tell you without even seeing their budget that they've already factored in cost overruns. Here, I've broken our budget down for you.

Hauser hands a sheet of paper across the desk. Jack rises, and tries to read it as it passes. Hauser pulls him back into his seat, and mouths "You're doing great." Then--

HAUSER

As you can see, we can account for every expenditure. They obviously can't. Right, Jack?

Jack shoots him an annoyed look. Gen. Wood studies the paper. then looks up at Jack.

GEN. BRETTON WOOD

So, you stand by your numbers?

JACK

(Almost choking)

Absolutely. Hauser's never done a budget we couldn't stick to.

(to Hauser)

And he's not about to start now.
Right, Hauser?

Hauser forces his best Cheshire Cat smile.

HAUSER

We guarantee it.

Gen. Wood eyes them both, then bursts out LAUGHING.

GEN. BRETTON WOOD

That's the kind of can-do spirit we're looking for, gentlemen. My secretary has the contracts all drawn up. Just let me know when you're ready to begin, and I'll send over your production liaison officer.

Jack looks to Hauser and mouths "Liaison officer?". Hauser shrugs and turns back to Gen. Wood, wide-eyed.

EXT. REAGAN NATIONAL AIRPORT -- AFTERNOON

The Delta Shuttle takes off.

INT. AIRPLANE -- CONTINUOUS

Jack struggles to open a packet of peanuts. Hauser pores over LEGAL NOTICES in a newspaper. Jack looks over at him.

JACK
What're you doing, Hauser?

HAUSER
Looking for studio space that fits
our budget.

JACK
Are you ever going to tell me what
we bid?

HAUSER
Sure. Fifty thousand.

The packet rips open. Peanuts rain down on Jack and Hauser.

JACK
Dollars?! Are you nuts?! Why fifty
thousand?

HAUSER
It was the lowest bid, wasn't it?

JACK
Yeah, by about a quarter million
dollars. What were you thinking?

HAUSER
I was guarding against someone
coming in with a lower bid.

JACK
Couldn't you have bid, say... one
hundred-fifty thousand?

Hauser shakes his head.

HAUSER
Too risky. You wouldn't believe
how low some of these bids can go
when there's government money at
stake.

JACK
Yes... Yes... I would believe it.
I can't make this movie for fifty
thousand dollars, Hauser.

HAUSER
If you can't, nobody can.

Jack leans in and in a LOUD WHISPER--

JACK
That's right. *Nobody* can make this
movie for fifty thousand dollars.

HAUSER

You can... And it's only for the first one. We pull this off, and we can write our own ticket.

JACK

We've got seventy-three scenes to shoot. There's sets, costumes... Exteriors. We need a cast and crew.

HAUSER

We use soldiers and film students as cast and crew. We shoot on one stage on digital video. Two takes max per setup. Exteriors will be done on a green screen. Relax, Jack, I've worked it out to the penny.

JACK

And who pays the difference if we go over budget?

HAUSER

We do.

JACK

With what?

Hauser circles something in the paper.

HAUSER

That's why I'm here, Jack. To make sure we don't. Voila!

He hands the paper to Jack.

JACK

What's this?

HAUSER

As soon as we get back to New York, get on the horn with your buddy Gen. Wood, and have him get in touch with the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms regarding that property.

Hauser leans back and closes his eyes. Jack looks at the notice, and breaks into a broad grin.

EXT. THE SLIMEPIT CLUB -- DAY

A converted church with an A.T.F. SEIZURE NOTICE plastered on the padlocked door. AGENT BURNS, of the A.T.F., removes the lock, and holds the door open for Jack and Hauser.

INT. THE SLIMEPIT CLUB -- CONTINUOUS

A cavernous space filled with lights and a huge open dance floor. Jack turns to Hauser, excited.

JACK
This is perfect.

Hauser walks Agent Burns to the door.

HAUSER
On behalf of Gen. Wood, I'd just like to say that we really appreciate the Bureau's cooperation on this, Agent Burns.

AGENT BURNS
No thanks necessary, Mr. London. We're all on the same team. And whatever you do with it has gotta beat what was going on here before we shut it down.

He hands Hauser the lock and keys, and leaves. Hauser looks around to find Jack already up in the booth.

HAUSER
Think you have enough lights?

JACK
More than I hoped for.

He flips a switch. The room comes to life with POUNDING HOUSE MUSIC, FLASHING LIGHTS and FOG MACHINES. He switches it off.

JACK
I doubt we'll need all of it.

Hauser joins him in the booth.

HAUSER
Maybe for the wrap party. And so far, we haven't spent dime one.

JACK
I hope you have a few more rabbits in your hat, Hauser. Your budget left us no wiggle room.

HAUSER
You heard Agent Burns. We're all on the same team. Patriotism is the great economizer, Jack. Nobody wants to be seen as impeding the war effort. I intend to milk the full faith and credit of the United States for every last cent I can get.

JACK
You know something, Hauser? This
could work.

Hauser flips the switch, and the ROOM COMES ALIVE again.

Hauser and Jack dance.

THE MUSIC CONTINUES OVER A SERIES OF SHOTS

Gen. Wood, on the phone, nods in agreement.

Jack hangs up the phone, and slaps high fives with Hauser.

ARMY ENGINEERS unload building materials from a truck, and
carry them into the club.

The engineers erect sets around the edge of the dance floor.

Jack and Hauser hand out flyers outside NYU FILM SCHOOL.

Jack and Hauser, seated at a table in the middle of the
dance floor, review file folders. A line of male and female
SOLDIERS snakes away from the table, and around the floor.

Jack coaches TWO SOLDIERS as they read from the script.

Hauser takes Polaroids of various pairings of SOLDIERS.

Jack and Hauser lay out the Polaroids on a table in Hauser's
hotel room, then slump back on the sofa, exhausted.

INT. THE SLIMEPIT CLUB -- MORNING

Jack and Hauser inspect the sets surrounding the dance
floor; A LIVING ROOM, COFFEE SHOP, GUARD TOWER, JEEP MOCKUP
against a GREEN SCREEN.

HAUSER
Well?

JACK
It's great. How much have we spent
so far?

HAUSER
Less than eight thousand.

JACK
Amazing.

HAUSER
Get plenty of rest this weekend,
because starting Monday you'll be
putting in some killer hours. We
have to shoot fifteen pages a day,
and wrap a week from today.

Just then, Gen. Wood comes in with COL. ROCK HARDWICKE.

GEN. BRETTON WOOD
Looks like Hollywood on the Hudson.
Well done, gentlemen.

HAUSER
Couldn't have done it without your
help, sir.

GEN. BRETTON WOOD
We're all part of the same team,
Mr. London.

Hauser elbows Jack.

JACK
What brings you here, General?

GEN. BRETTON WOOD
I wanted to personally introduce
you to your liaison officer. Mr.
Jack Mathis, Mr. Hauser London,
say hello to Col. Rock Hardwicke.

HAUSER
Rock Hardwicke...? Damn, I wish
I'd thought of that.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
Thought of what?

HAUSER
Nothing, nothing. A great honor,
sir.

He pumps Hardwicke's hand.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
For me as well.

HAUSER
I meant for you. Will you be in
New York during the shoot?

GEN. BRETTON WOOD
Not just in New York, he'll be
right here for the entire shoot.
Any questions, problems, disputes,
Col. Hardwicke will handle them.
As of now, he is the ultimate
authority, and the final arbiter
on this project.

Jack and Hauser trade nervous looks.

JACK
Do you have any experience with
motion picture production, Colonel?

GEN. BRETTON WOOD
I should say he does. Col. Hardwicke
wrote the script you're shooting.

JACK
Really? Where did you learn
screenwriting, Colonel?

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
From a book. "The Six Day
Screenplay."

JACK
How `bout that. It took you six
whole days to write this, huh?

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
The first draft did.

JACK
You're kidding! You mean this isn't
a first...
(Hauser kicks him)
I mean, it has such a nice
spontaneous quality to it. Hard to
believe it's been rewritten.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
Well, that's the trick, isn't it?
I will be needing office space,
and a direct phone line to Gen.
Wood. I'll supply my own laptop.

JACK
Laptop?

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
To do rewrites.

JACK
Rewrites?

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
I'm good, Mr. Mathis. I'm not
perfect. I'll see how things go,
and provide you with new scenes on
an as needed basis.

GEN. BRETTON WOOD
If there's nothing else, Colonel,
I think we should leave Mr. Mathis
and Mr. London to their prep work.
Carry on, gentlemen.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
Until Monday, then.

He and Gen. Wood go, leaving Jack and Hauser in shock.

JACK
What just happened here, Hauser?

HAUSER
You just witnessed a miracle, Jack.

JACK
Miracle?

HAUSER
Never before in the history of
motion pictures has a screenwriter
had anything close to this much
power.

INT. JACK AND MARSHA'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Jack and Hauser huddle at the kitchen table.

JACK
What did Gen. Wood mean by the
ultimate authority and final
arbiter? I didn't like the sound
of that.

HAUSER
That's just military speak. Don't
take it too seriously.

JACK
Yeah, but...

Marsha comes in. Jack and Hauser clam up, and look down.
She looks at them.

MARSHA
What's wrong?

JACK
Nothing. Why would you think there's
anything wrong?

MARSHA
It got very quiet in here all of a
sudden... Well?

HAUSER
We're just contemplating the task
that lies ahead of us.
(off her look)
Well, we are.

They hold a look, then Marsha looks at Jack.

MARSHA
The kids want you to tuck them in.
(Jack and Hauser
start for the door)
Not you, Hauser.

Hauser stops. Jack goes. Hauser smiles at Marsha.

HAUSER

So, Marsha... How was your day?

MARSHA

I'm watching you, Hauser.

They eye each other like a couple of gunfighters.

INT. ILSA AND RICK'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Ilsa sleeps. Jack pulls the covers up, and gives her a kiss.

Then, he goes to Rick, and sits on the edge of the bed.

Rick stirs.

RICK

Hi, daddy. Where ya been?

JACK

Daddy's been busy with work. I'm directing a movie for the Army.

RICK

What's it about?

JACK

Well, you know we're fighting a war right now, don't you?

RICK

Uh huh.

JACK

Sometimes the people we're fighting against pretend to be good people. And my movie shows you how to tell the good people from the bad people.

RICK

Is that man you brought home tonight good people or bad people?

JACK

You mean Hauser? He's a good man. He's my friend. We're making the movie together.

RICK

Okay, but if he shakes your hand, you better count your fingers.

JACK

What?

RICK
That's what mommy told me to do.

JACK
Didn't you shake hands with him?

RICK
Uh huh.

JACK
And?

Rick holds up his hand, and wiggles his fingers.

RICK
So far, so good.

Jack pulls up Rick's covers, and kisses him goodnight.

INT. THE SLIMEPIT CLUB -- MORNING

SCOTT, a film student, moves a video camera into position in front of the coffee shop set. JOHN, another student, stands on a ladder focusing lights. Jack and Hauser come over.

JACK
How're we doing, Scott?

SCOTT
Ready to go.

JACK
Great. Bring in the talent. John, start on the next setup.

Scott goes. John carries the ladder to the living room set.

Scott returns with PVT. LUKE MANN, PVT. NORMAN HAWKINS, and PVT. JANE KIRK. Kirk wears civilian clothes.

JACK
Morning.

THE ACTORS
Morning, sir.

JACK
Let's drop the protocol. Call me Jack. Luke?

PVT. LUKE MANN
Yes, sir... Jack.

JACK
Take a seat at the front table.
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Norman, Jane, when I yell action, you two come in the door, go over to Luke and start the scene. Keep going until I call cut. Any questions?

(they shake their heads no)

Good. Shall we try one?

Just then, Hardwicke joins them.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE

Morning, gentlemen.

JACK

Colonel. You're just in time. We're going for picture. Pull up a chair.

Hardwicke looks at the camera.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE

Amazing how small they make these things nowadays.

JACK

Yeah, technology is a wonderful thing.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE

What kind of film does it take?

HAUSER

Actually, Colonel, that's a digital video camera. It doesn't use film.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE

Video? I think we have a problem.

HAUSER

We do?

Hardwicke opens his briefcase, and takes out a sheaf of papers. He leafs through it and shows Hauser a page.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE

This is the mission directive, Mr. London. It specifically states that the project is to be done on film.

HAUSER

It will be. We'll shoot and edit on video, then transfer it to film.

Hardwicke leafs through some more pages.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
The directive doesn't say anything
about video to film transfer.

JACK
So it's not a problem, right?

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
But it does *specifically* state
that the project is to be done on
film.

Jack and Hauser exchange a look.

HAUSER
What would you like us to do?

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
It's not what I want, gentlemen.
It's what the Army wants. I suggest
you get some motion picture cameras
in here, pronto. Time is money.

HAUSER
Don't I know it. Does the directive
specify sixteen or thirty-five
millimeter?

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
It doesn't. I think we can leave
that to your discretion.

HAUSER
Are you sure? We don't want to
step on anyone's toes here.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
You're the filmmakers, gentlemen.

HAUSER
Right. I forgot for a second.

He looks at Jack and shrugs. Jack turns to the others.

JACK
All right, everyone, that's lunch.
Be back here in two hours.

SCOTT
Lunch? It's nine o'clock in the
morning, Jack.

JACK
All right, make it brunch. Either
way, be back here in two hours.
(to Hauser)
C'mon. I've got an idea.

He and Hauser hurry out.

INT. WESTSIDE CINEMA RENTALS -- DAY

Jack and Hauser stand at the counter.

COUNTERGUY

Let me get this straight. You don't care if the cameras work or not?

JACK

Do they look like they work?

COUNTERGUY

Well, the red lights come on, and they make noise, but film won't go through them.

JACK

That's perfect. How much?

COUNTERGUY

Hold on. I gotta ask my boss.

He goes into the back. Hauser turns to Jack.

HAUSER

What good are broken cameras?

JACK

We're still gonna shoot on video. Hardwicke just has to think we're shooting on film. We'll mount the DVC's on top of the Arri's, and I'll sit back and watch it on the monitor.

HAUSER

And what happens if Hardwicke asks why we're still using the DVC's?

JACK

I tell him this way, I can see how the shot will look before the film comes back from the lab.

(off Hauser's look)

What?

HAUSER

U-S-A, U-S-A, U-S-A...

Jack joins in.

JACK & HAUSER

U-S-A, U-S-A, U-S-A...

The counter guy comes back. Jack and Hauser clam up.

COUNTERGUY

Okay. I can let you have two broken Arriflex sixteens with dollies for five hundred including security deposit.

JACK

Throw in a couple of cases of empty film stock boxes, and it's a deal.

The counter guy shrugs and nods.

INT. THE SLIMEPIT CLUB -- DAY

Scott mans the camera. John holds the boom mike. Jack and Hardwicke sit behind a bank of monitors. Hauser steps in front of the camera with a clapboard.

HAUSER

"Why We Fight in the 21st Century,"
scene one, take one.

He CLAPS the STICKS and steps out. Pvt. Mann sits at a table on the coffee shop set. Pvts. Hawkins and Kirk enter.

PVT. NORMAN HAWKINS

Hi, Larry.

PVT. LUKE MANN

Hello, Joe. Whaddya know?

Jack rolls his eyes.

PVT. NORMAN HAWKINS

This is my girl, Fatima. She and her family just moved to town from Dearborn. Fatima, this is my buddy, Larry Brown.

PVT. JANE KIRK

(in a foreign accent)
Hello, Larry.

Hardwicke stands up.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE

Hold it.

JACK

Cut. Is there a problem, Colonel?

Hardwicke points to the line in his script.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE

Joe is supposed to say, "Fatima, this is my buddy, Larry Brown. He's an MP."

JACK
He's wearing an MP armband.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
She's a foreigner. She doesn't
know about MP's.

JACK
Okay. Let's pick it up from "This
is my girl..." And... Action!

PVT. NORMAN HAWKINS
This is my girl, Fatima. She and
her family just moved to town from
Dearborn. Fatima, this is my buddy,
Larry Brown. He's an MP.

PVT. JANE KIRK
(foreign accent)
Hello, Larry.

They shake hands. Hardwicke stands.

Cut. COL. ROCK HARDWICKE

JACK
Now what?

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
In her culture women and men don't
shake hands.

Hauser marks the scene. TIME PASSES.

HAUSER
Take two.
(CLAP)
Take six.
(CLAP)
Take ten.
(CLAP)
Take fifteen.

ON THE MONITOR

PVT. JANE KIRK
My friends Suha and Tariq are having
a party at their house tonight.
Why don't you come by?

PVT. LUKE MANN
Okay, maybe I will.

PVT. NORMAN HAWKINS
Great. See you there.

He and Pvt. Kirk go. Jack jumps up.

JACK
And... Cut! Great. Mark it, check
the gate and print it. Next setup.

Hauser CLAPS the ENDSTICKS. Hardwicke stands.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
I think we should try one more.
The energy seemed a little low.

Jack slumps back into his chair.

INT. AN EDITING ROOM -- NIGHT

Hauser stands over Jack's shoulder. Jack fast forwards and
rewinds through the day's footage.

JACK
One and a half pages, Hauser. One
and a half pages in nine hours,
and all I have to show for it is
shit.

HAUSER
It's not a complete disaster, Jack.
We're only behind thirteen and a
half pages. We'll make it up.

JACK
It's not what we need to do. It's
what we've done. I can't put my
name on this crap.

HAUSER
So do what we do in the porn biz.
Change your name.

JACK
Great solution, Hauser. This was
supposed to be my calling card
back into the business.

HAUSER
It's what they want, Jack.

JACK
It's not what *I* want.

HAUSER
We can't do what you want on our
budget... Unless...

Jack gets up from the console, and faces him.

JACK
Unless what...? Never mind. I know
what you're thinking. And if Gen.
Wood found out, we'd be toast.

HAUSER

I've got a ton of scripts in Amsterdam. Yonica could overnight one to us. We could make the money you need to make the movie you want.

JACK

In a week?

HAUSER

A lot's happened since you left the business. Like the internet. Two hundred new videos are produced each week. There's no reason we can't be one of them, and nobody, including Gen. Wood, has to be the wiser.

JACK

Somebody always finds out. No thanks. I'll make do with what I have.

He returns to the video console.

INT. THE SLIMEPIT CLUB -- MORNING

Jack and Hauser come in, and find Hardwicke already there with new pages.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE

Morning, gentlemen.

JACK

Colonel. You're here early.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE

I was up all night. I finally realized what was missing.

HAUSER

I wasn't aware anything was missing.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE

A prologue.

JACK

Prologue?

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE

I'll do it myself. We open on me in a mockup of my Pentagon office. I speak to the camera. I explain how this is a different war from any in our history. Then, I give a talk on the need for every citizen to be extra vigilant on the
(MORE)

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE (CONT'D)
homefront. Then, we go into the
story. That way we set up the first
scene.

JACK
With all due respect, Colonel, the
first scene sets itself up.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
No, it's too abrupt. I'm afraid
the audience will be confused.

HAUSER
We don't have an office set.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
Not yet. I took the liberty of
ordering more material from the
building supply company and the
furniture rental store. Should be
here any minute. Of course, I
couldn't get the Army engineers in
on such short notice, so I hired
some theatrical carpenters out of
the phone book.

Hauser leans over to Jack, and WHISPERS--

HAUSER
We're fucked.

INT. HAUSER'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Jack paces. Hauser looks out the window.

JACK
Let's just say, for argument's
sake, that we don't have the money
to finish the movie.

HAUSER
We don't have the money to finish
the movie, Jack. Hardwicke hired
union carpenters...

On the positive side, they did beautiful work.

JACK
What are our options?

HAUSER
We either deliver a finished movie,
or we pay back the money they
already gave us... There is a third
option.

Jack stops pacing and looks at Hauser, hopefully.

JACK
What is it?

HAUSER
We go to prison for defrauding the federal government.

JACK
How much will it cost us to finish the movie?

HAUSER
I conservatively estimate another fifty thousand.

JACK
I don't suppose you have an extra fifty thousand lying around, do you?

HAUSER
No. Do you?

JACK
No! I can't believe this. "It sets up the first scene." The whole script is setups without payoffs. It reads like a porn movie without fuck scenes.

Hauser looks at him like he's just struck gold. He picks up the script, and flips through it.

HAUSER
You are a genius.

EXT. THE RITZ CARLTON HOTEL -- NIGHT

Jack hurries out of the hotel. Hauser rushes after him.

HAUSER
Come on, Jack.

JACK
I'm not going to do it, Hauser. I have a wife. I have kids. What would they think of me if they knew I made porn?

HAUSER
What would they think of you if they had to come visit you in Leavenworth? We're ready to go, Jack. We have the sets. We have the equipment. We have the script. I have a cast in Amsterdam. I can have them here by Thursday afternoon.

Jack stops and turns to him.

JACK
We still need the money.

HAUSER
You have credit cards?

JACK
What? You want me to charge it?

HAUSER
You'll have the money to pay it off before the bills come. We'll shoot the whole thing in three nights. We'll edit all day and all night Sunday. We deliver it to Bone Jockey Video first thing Monday morning. They have it on the internet that day. Then, we sit back and let the money roll in.

JACK
What's the catch?

HAUSER
No catch. This is how I make my living. Bone Jockey has over a million subscribers. A new release averages sixty-thousand downloads a day and runs for one week. We get fifty cents per download. That's thirty thousand a day. Times seven.

Jack stares at him in disbelief.

JACK
You make two hundred-ten thousand dollars a week?

HAUSER
On average. Some do more, some do less. "Hairy Puta and the Sorcerer's Bone" did almost twice that much.

JACK
How often do you do this?

HAUSER
My agreement with Bone Jockey allows for up to fifteen videos a year.

Jack does some quick calculating in his head. Then--

JACK
That's over three million dollars!

HAUSER
Give or take a few hundred thousand.
You also get royalties on video
and DVD sales and rentals.

JACK
And you can't front fifty grand?

HAUSER
Nope.

JACK
What about *your* credit cards?

HAUSER
Maxed out.

JACK
How much do you *pay* this hooker!?

He turns and goes. Hauser follows, talking to his back.

HAUSER
Don't walk away from me, Jack.

Jack walks faster, not looking back.

JACK
You're a selfish, manipulative
prick, Hauser. Did you ever stop
to think that maybe you *would* have
the money if you didn't spend it
on deluxe hotel rooms, and paying
a hooker thousands of dollars to
pretend she loves you and wants to
marry you?

Hauser grabs his shoulder and spins him around. Jack assumes
a karate stance.

HAUSER
Don't kick me... Did *you* ever stop
to think that maybe you'd have the
money if you didn't spend it on a
wife, kids and a mortgaged co-op
on the Upper West Side? I won't be
judged by you. Make movies any way
you can. Don't think too much about
it. Don't try to rationalize it.
Don't make excuses for it. Make
movies because that's what you do.

JACK
Where have I heard that?

HAUSER
You said it back at NYU. You were
my hero. I hung on your every word.
(MORE)

HAUSER (CONT'D)
Nobody had more passion than you.
And now, I won't be judged by you
just because I did what you said
and you didn't.

They hold a look. Finally--

JACK
I have to tell Marsha.

HAUSER
That's up to you.

JACK
And I won't be Red Peters.

HAUSER
You can be anyone you want to be,
Jack.

Another look, this time affectionate. Hauser puts his arm around Jack's shoulder, and they walk off together.

INT. JACK AND MARSHA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The room is dark. Light spills in from the hall as Jack tiptoes in. Marsha flips on the bedside light.

JACK
I didn't mean to wake you.

MARSHA
Shooting late?

JACK
Not exactly... I need to talk to
you about something.

She sits up.

MARSHA
Hauser talked you into making a
porn movie, didn't he?

Jack's jaw drops.

JACK
How'd you know?

MARSHA
Please, Jack. Anyone paying
attention could've seen that one
coming. Did you eat?

JACK
No.

MARSHA

Come on. I'll heat up the leftover meatloaf.

She gets up and pulls on her robe.

INT. JACK AND MARSHA'S KITCHEN -- LATER

Marsha takes the plate of leftovers from the microwave, and puts it in front of Jack. He looks at it, then at her.

JACK

I won't use my real name.

She sits across from him, and picks at his plate.

MARSHA

I'm not happy about it, but I trust you, Jack. I know you have our best interests in mind... And it's not an entirely selfless act on my part.

JACK

How so?

MARSHA

This makes us even for the Ray incident. And if you blow it, I'll have some powerful shit to hold over your head for the rest of our lives.

JACK

Sounds fair.

She slides her chair around next to his.

MARSHA

But you won't blow it, Jack. Hauser's always brought out the best in you. I've known it since I first met you. It may be his one good quality, and it's the thing I hate most about him. I wish I could do that.

JACK

You do plenty for me.

MARSHA

Right. I make sure you have a clean house, clean clothes, clean kids, and leftover meatloaf at one a.m.

Jack takes her hand.

JACK

And you make me want to do the right thing in spite of my worst intentions.

MARSHA

Well, if the road to hell is paved with good intentions, it stands to reason that the road to heaven is paved with bad ones.

JACK

And you know what else?

MARSHA

What?

JACK

You look a hell of a lot better naked than Hauser.

MARSHA

Tell me how good I look after you've spent a couple of nights with young, naked porn stars.

She gets up, kisses his forehead, and heads back to bed.

INT. HAUSER'S HOTEL ROOM -- SAME

Hauser dials the phone.

INTERCUT WITH YONICA'S APARTMENT IN AMSTERDAM

It's morning. The RINGING PHONE rouses Yonica from a deep sleep. She gropes for the receiver.

YONICA

Ja?

HAUSER

Did I wake you?

YONICA

Hauser? I was sleeping. Is anything wrong?

HAUSER

Everything's fine. Or, at least, it will be. I need you to round up the Longstick Players...

YONICA

Hauser, you said no more porn. For my Mama. So we can get married.

HAUSER

I'll explain everything when I see you. In the meantime, round them up. Then, go see Franc Marnix at the Ministry of Tourism. He owes me a favor. Have him give you some Ministry letterhead. Then, go to the American Express office on Damrak. There'll be seven tickets for the Thursday flight to New York waiting for you. While you're there, send a fax on the letterhead to the Dutch Consulate here requesting accommodations for the six members of the trade delegation who will be arriving Thursday afternoon. Sign it Koos Vanden Heuvel. I'll meet you at the airport. Do you understand?

YONICA

Yes, but I can't just leave without saying something to Mama.

Hauser makes a face and mouths the word "Mama."

HAUSER

Tell her... it's for your job.

YONICA

She thinks I'm a bartender.

Hauser rubs his forehead. Then--

HAUSER

Okay. Tell her you're representing the bar in the Pillsbury International Bartending Championships in New York.

Yonica perks up.

YONICA

Ooh. Can I come in first place?

HAUSER

Sure, why not?

YONICA

And I get a trophy, of course.

Hauser bites down on the receiver mouthpiece. Then--

HAUSER

Yes. A big fucking trophy with laurels and shit.

YONICA

Mama will be so pleased!

HAUSER

I can't wait to see you, baby. I miss you more than I've ever missed anyone in my entire life.

YONICA

Awww. My poor baby.

HAUSER

Talk dirty to me?

YONICA

Anything for you, my angel. Visa or Mastercard?

EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT, AMSTERDAM -- DAY

HEIDI HO, a tall, scantily clad Indonesian, stands in a neonlit window in deep discussion with Yonica, oblivious to the OGLERS outside. Then, she closes her curtain.

Heidi, in street clothes, and Yonica exit the building.

They brush past a DROOLING GUY holding out a wad of euros.

HEIDI

Sorry, baby. Come back next week.

EXT. DAM SQUARE -- DAY

HENDRIK VAN GELDER, a handsome Dutch street performer, PLAYS "THE LOVE THEME FROM ROMEO AND JULIET" on a recorder. TWO MONKEYS, in Elizabethan costumes, mate on the sidewalk next to a hat with some coins in it.

Hendrik sees Yonica. He stops playing. The monkeys don't.

YONICA

Are you available, Hendrik?

Hendrik PLAYS "AN ACTOR'S LIFE FOR ME." The monkeys head into the home stretch.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

SARA CELLINI, a voluptuous Italian nurse, leans over the bed of an ELDERLY MALE PATIENT, and adjusts his IV. Her breasts press up against his face.

YONICA APPEARS in the doorway.

YONICA

Hauser needs you, Sara.

SARA

It's about-a time.
(she kisses the old
man on the lips)
Ciao, bello.

She and Yonica disappear into the hall. The elderly patient lies in bed, red-faced, grinning and trembling.

INT. THE COCKRING S&M BAR -- DAY

MUSIC POUNDS. ALBERT DE CUIR, a dreadlocked African-American stud, dances on the bar shirtless, in leather chaps and leather thong. S&M TYPES throw money at his feet.

Yonica snakes through the crowd until she's pressed up against the bar at Albert's feet. She CALLS up to him--

YONICA

Albert, Hauser wants you to come
to New York to make a movie.

ALBERT

No shit?

He jumps off the bar, grabs her hand, and they take off. A collective "AWWWWW" ripples through the crowd.

EXT. THEATRE CASA ROSSO -- DAY

Yonica goes inside past a poster announcing: JESSICA ST.

JESSICA AND PETER THRUST LIVE ONSTAGE.

INT. THEATRE CASA ROSSO -- CONTINUOUS

JESSICA ST. JESSICA, every curvy inch a star, poses naked on all fours atop a platform onstage. A robed PIK DE KOCK, aka PETER THRUST, enters to WILD APPLAUSE.

REVERSE ANGLE REVEALS

An AUDIENCE made up entirely of JAPANESE TOURISTS, except for Yonica who stands in the back of the house.

Jessica and Pik both see Yonica. They look at each other, then Jessica looks out at Yonica and mouths, "Fifteen minutes." Pik undoes his robe.

INT. MINISTRY OF TOURISM -- DAY

FRANC MARNIX, a buttoned down bureaucrat, meets Yonica in the main reception area. He hands her some papers.

FRANC MARNIX

There you go, young lady. And be
sure to thank Hauser for those
"instructional videos."

She gives him a wink and goes.

INT. AMERICAN EXPRESS OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

A CLERK slides the airline tickets through the window to Yonica. She slides a neatly typed letter on MINISTRY OF TOURISM LETTERHEAD back through to him.

INT. THE SLIMEPIT CLUB -- EVENING

A party scene. EXTRAS fill the living room set. MUSIC PLAYS. PVT. VITO RUOTOLO huddles with Pvt. Jane Kirk.

PVT. VITO RUOTOLO
You see how weak the Americans
are, Fatima? Suha has that young
MP wrapped around her little finger.

PVT. JANE KIRK
Yes, Tariq. Our victory over the
infidel will be swift and merciless.

They CACKLE like the Wicked Witch of the West.

JACK (O.S.)
And... Cut!

CLAP of ENDSTICKS. Jack walks onto the set.

JACK
Thank you, everyone. That's it for
today. We'll see you tomorrow
morning at eight sharp.

Hardwicke joins him.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
Good day's work, Jack.

Hardwicke goes just as Hauser comes in, carrying the script, and a big fucking trophy with laurels and shit.

HAUSER
How'd we do today?

JACK
Ten and a quarter pages.

HAUSER
Not too shabby.

JACK
Yeah. I think we're finally wearing
Hardwicke down. What time is it?

HAUSER
Six-thirty. Let's go back to my
place, order some room service and
get to work on this script.

As they head for the door--

JACK
What's with the big fucking trophy?

HAUSER
Don't ask.

INT. HAUSER'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Jack and Hauser sit on the sofa, sleeves rolled up, bleary eyed. The script lies open on the coffee table. Hauser scribbles notes on the page, and hands it to Jack.

HAUSER
That's it. Whadda ya think?

Jack tries to focus on the page. Then--

JACK
I don't know, Hauser.

HAUSER
What don't you know? It tracks perfectly.

JACK
It's not that. It's this whole thing. It still feels like robbing Peter to pay Paul.

HAUSER
It's not robbing Peter to pay Paul.
It's *sucking* Peter to pay Paul.

Jack looks back at the script and nods.

INT. INTERNATIONAL ARRIVALS, NEWARK AIRPORT -- SAME

Hauser scans the faces of the arriving PASSENGERS as they come out of Customs. Suddenly, he breaks into a grin.

Yonica leads the porn stars into the arrivals hall. She sees Hauser and runs to him. He grabs her around the waist, and goes to kiss her. She turns her face away.

HAUSER
Oh, sorry.
(he takes some bills
from his pocket)
I didn't bring my conversion
calculator.

YONICA
It's okay. I did.

She whips out her calculator, punches in some numbers, takes the money, and gives him a kiss. Hauser exchanges hugs with the porn stars. He takes Yonica's bag and leads them out.

EXT. THE DUTCH CONSULATE -- DAY

Hauser holds the door. Yonica and the porn stars file in.

INT. THE DUTCH CONSULATE -- CONTINUOUS

A RECEPTIONIST looks up from her paperwork, and sees Hauser smiling down at her.

RECEPTIONIST

May I help you?

HAUSER

I'm Mr. Malden from the United States Chamber of Commerce. I have the trade delegation from your country with me. You should have received a fax from Mr. Vanden Heuvel at the Ministry of Tourism.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, we just received it this morning.

One moment, please.

(she dials the phone)

Mr. Van Dijn, Mr. Malden from the Chamber of Commerce is here with the trade delegation... Yes, sir.

(to HAUSER)

Please have a seat. Mr. Van Dijn will be right down.

HAUSER

Thank you.

He and the others take seats. The receptionist gives the porn stars the once over, then returns to her paperwork.

JAAP VAN DIJN arrives at reception. The receptionist points towards Hauser and the others. He glances over, then does a double take. He heads over, and extends his hand.

JAAP VAN DIJN

Mr. Malden?

Hauser jumps up and pumps his hand.

HAUSER

I'm Malden.

JAAP VAN DIJN

I am Jaap Van Dijn, assistant to the Consul General.

Hauser pulls Yonica alongside him.

HAUSER
My assistant Ms. Reynolds.
(the porn stars
rise)
And this is the trade delegation.

Van Dijn stares at them. Anyway you cut it, they look like porn stars. He leans close to Hauser and WHISPERS--

JAAP VAN DIJN
Exactly what trade do they represent?

HAUSER
Entertainment and Leisure Industries.

JAAP VAN DIJN
I see. I wish we had received Mr. Vanden Heuvel's fax a little sooner. Unfortunately, the General Assembly is opening its session this week, and hotel rooms are quite scarce.

CLOSE ON HAUSER

HAUSER
That *is* unfortunate. I told Koos to give you plenty of advance notice.
(he looks down)
Do you have a hole in your pocket?

JAAP VAN DIJN
Excuse me?

HAUSER
I think you dropped something.

He reaches down and picks up several HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS lying at Van Dijn's feet. He hands them to Van Dijn.

JAAP VAN DIJN
Oh yes, thank you.
(he stuffs the bills
in his pocket)
Actually, we do have two rooms here at the Consulate that we keep on standby, if the delegates have no objection to sharing. Each room is more than large enough for three.

HAUSER
I'm sure that will be entirely satisfactory.

INT. A GRAND BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Hauser, Yonica and the others gawk at the opulent bedroom.

Van Dijn opens double doors leading to an adjoining room.

JAAP VAN DIJN
I hope these will be adequate.

HAUSER
These will do nicely.

JAAP VAN DIJN
Then I'll leave you to get settled
while I arrange for some rollaway
beds to be brought up.

He goes. Hauser looks at the others.

HAUSER
We *have* to film here.
(they all nod; then)
Okay, gang, rest up. I'll be back
to collect you all at nineteen
hundred sharp. Come on, baby.

He and Yonica go.

INT. THE SLIMEPIT CLUB -- NIGHT

Jack leans back in his chair behind the monitors. The cast
and crew file out. Hardwicke stops by his chair.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
Got any plans for tonight, Jack?

JACK
Just sleep.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
See you tomorrow then.

He goes. All is quiet. Jack pulls the other script from
his briefcase. Hauser comes in.

HAUSER
Is the coast clear?

JACK
Bring `em in.

HAUSER
Did you come up with a name for
yourself yet?

JACK
I'm still working on it.

HAUSER
Well, work fast.

EXT. THE SLIMEPIT CLUB -- MOMENTS LATER

Hardwicke waits at the corner. He glances back, and sees Yonica and the porn stars going in the back of the club.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE

What the...

He doubles back, and slips through the front door.

INT. THE SLIMEPIT CLUB -- CONTINUOUS

Hauser holds the back door open. Yonica and the porn stars file in. Jack rises to greet them.

HAUSER

Everyone, I'd like you to meet your director. This is Jack...

JACK

Mehoff!

Hauser looks at him and gives him a thumbs up.

HAUSER

Okay. Jack Mehoff. First, say hello to Yonica de Cuyper.

Jack kisses her hand, then WHISPERS--

JACK

That's not my real last name.

YONICA

I know, Jack.

HAUSER

And this is the pride of Jakarta, Ms. Heidi Ho, Mr. Hendrik Van Gelder, Ms. Sara Cellini, Mr. Albert de Cuir...

ALBERT

But you may remember me better as Jar Jar Boinks in "Slut Wars: Episode One. The Phantom Penis."

Jack forces his best smile.

JACK

I'll be damned. Was that you?

ALBERT

Damn straight. Nice cock, huh?

Jack looks to Hauser for rescue. Hauser leads him over to Jessica and Pik.

HAUSER

And last, but not least, the Tracy and Hepburn of the adult film industry. This is Pik de Kock.

JACK

That's very clever. What's your real name?

HAUSER

That is his real name, Jack. He works under the name Peter Thrust. And *this* is the legendary Helga Van Poon herself, Jessica St. Jessica.

JACK

I've never heard of a St. Jessica before. Is she real?

JESSICA

Real? Ja, of course. All natural.

She bares her breasts, takes Jack's hands, and plants them on her bosom. Jack pulls away like he just touched a hot stove. Hauser steps between them.

HAUSER

It's best if you don't make a lot of small talk with the talent, Jack. It just confuses them.

JACK

Gotcha.

(to the others)

Okay, everybody. Shall we get to work?

The porn stars disrobe right there in the middle of the floor, while--

IN THE BALCONY -- HARDWICKE

--peers over the railing, watching everything, and taking notes.

INT. COFFEE SHOP -- MORNING

Hardwicke sits at a window table watching the club across the street. He sees the porn stars file out, and hail cabs.

He jumps up, throws down some money, and runs out.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

Hardwicke hails a cab, and takes off in pursuit.

EXT. THE DUTCH CONSULATE -- LATER

Hardwicke steps out of a cab idling across the street, and watches the porn stars go inside. He dials his cell phone.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
It's Hardwicke. I need you to check
on something for me.

INT. HAUSER'S HOTEL ROOM -- MORNING

Yonica looks out the window at Central Park, Hauser comes out the bathroom, tucking in a clean shirt.

HAUSER
Why don't you go to bed?

YONICA
I'm not sleepy. I'm going out.

Hauser stops in his tracks.

HAUSER
Out? Where?

YONICA
Exploring.

Hauser forces a smile.

HAUSER
I don't know if that's such a good
idea, baby. New York can be a rough
town.

YONICA
You don't think I can take care of
myself?

HAUSER
I know you can take care of
yourself. That's what worries me.

Yonica whirls around and gets in his face.

YONICA
Just because you pay me, doesn't
mean you own me, Hauser.

HAUSER
Renters have rights too.

YONICA
I want to go out. I want to see
how real New Yorkers live.

Hauser breaks into a broad grin.

HAUSER
Well, why didn't you say so?

INT. JACK AND MARSHA'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Marsha opens the door. Hauser and Yonica step in.

MARSHA
Hauser. What an unexpected...
pleasure.

HAUSER
Marsha, this is Yonica. Yonica,
this is Jack's wife, Marsha.

YONICA
Hello, Marsha.

MARSHA
This is the...

HAUSER
Significant other, yes. Could I
ask a big favor of you?

MARSHA
You want a favor from me?

HAUSER
Please. Would it be all right if
Yonica hangs out with you today?
She won't be any trouble. I'll
pick her up around six-thirty.

MARSHA
Well, I...

HAUSER
Thanks, Marsha, you're a pal. You
stay here with Marsha, baby, and
I'll see you later.
(he opens the door)
I owe you one, Marsha.

He goes. Marsha goes to the door, and CALLS after him--

MARSHA
You owe me a lot more than one,
Hauser.

She closes the door and turns to see Yonica smiling sweetly
back at her.

INT. JACK AND MARSHA'S KITCHEN -- LATER

Yonica sits at the kitchen table. Marsha pours them each a
cup of coffee, and joins. They smile at each other, an
awkward moment. Finally--

MARSHA

So... My husband tells me you're a
whore.

YONICA

Prostitute, ja.

MARSHA

Hm.
(another awkward
silence; then--)
How proud you must be.

INT. THE DUTCH CONSULATE -- DAY

A MAID leads Van Dijn up the grand staircase.

MAID

I just started cleaning the room
when they came in.

JAAP VAN DIJN

What time was this?

MAID

About eight, eight-thirty. I told
them I wasn't finished. They said
they didn't care, and to get out.

They arrive at her cart outside the bedroom door.

JAAP VAN DIJN

And they haven't been out since?

MAID

No. And another thing, sir. Am I
expected to do their laundry?

JAAP VAN DIJN

Laundry?

MAID

Yes, sir. When I came back to check
on them, I found this on the
doorknob.

She hands Van Dijn a shopping bag. He reaches in and pulls
out a RED SEQUINED BRA and matching THONG. He shoves them
back in, and hands the bag back to her. She looks at him.

JAAP VAN DIJN

Well, it's not going to wash itself.

And he leaves her holding the bag.

INT. THE SLIMEPIT CLUB -- DAY

John and Scott set up for a shot. Jack naps in his chair,

tossing and turning.

Hauser comes in the back. Hardwicke comes in the front.

They meet by Jack's chair. Hardwicke eyes them, coolly.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
Everything A-OK, gentlemen?

HAUSER
Everything's fine, Colonel.

Jack MOANS in his sleep.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
Is he all right?

Jack tosses about and MUMBLES--

JACK
Try to cum on the small of her
back.

Hardwicke looks at Hauser.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
What did he just say?

HAUSER
It sounded like, "I'll try to come.
If not, I'll call her back."

Jack tosses again. Then, more CLEARLY this time--

JACK
Okay, fine. Get the enema bulb and
a can of condensed milk.

Hardwicke and Hauser exchange a look. Hardwicke waits for
an explanation. Hauser shrugs.

HAUSER
I'm glad I'm not having *that* dream.

He shakes Jack. Jack wakes up to find Hardwicke staring
down at him.

INT. JACK AND MARSHA'S LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

Marsha, Yonica, Rick and Ilsa sit on the floor. They play
CANDY LAND. GIGGLES all around. Yonica picks a card.

ILSA
Uh oh. You have to go back, Aunt
Yonica.

There's a KNOCK. Marsha answers. Hauser comes in and stops,
dumbstruck by all the domesticity unfolding before his
eyes.

MARSHA
Is it six-thirty already? Okay,
kids, say goodbye to Aunt Yonica.

RICK & ILSA
Awwwww.

YONICA
I'll come back and see you again.

RICK
When?

YONICA
Soon. I promise.

RICK & ILSA
Bye, Aunt Yonica.

The kids throw their arms around her, and she gives them each a big hug. She gets up and kisses Marsha on both cheeks.

MARSHA
Come back soon.

YONICA
I will. And thank you for a
wonderful day. You have a beautiful
family.

Two more pecks and she goes to the door. Marsha holds it open.

Hauser looks back and forth, confused. Then, he and Yonica go. A moment later, he pops his head back in.

HAUSER
Did you have to pay her for that?

Marsha closes the door in his face.

INT. THE SLIMEPIT CLUB -- NIGHT

Jack waits alone. Hauser and Yonica come in.

JACK
Where is everybody?

HAUSER
Back at the Consulate.
(he hands Jack some
pages)
Here's the dream sequence.

JACK
What dream sequence?

HAUSER

The one I just wrote where Tariq dreams he's in Paradise, being attended to by seventy-two virgins... Or in our case, three virgins. We'll shoot it at the Consulate. It's a perfect setting.

Jack looks at the pages, way too tired to argue.

JACK

Okay, grab some stuff.

They all pick up some equipment, and head out.

EXT. THE SLIMEPIT CLUB -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack, Hauser and Yonica come out, and hail a cab. A moment later, Hardwicke comes out of the bushes with a CAMERA CASE, and hails the next cab.

INT. THE DUTCH CONSULATE, UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

A STRAUSS WALTZ ECHOES through the corridor outside the bedroom. The porn stars come out, rubbing the sleep from their eyes, and head downstairs.

INT. THE BALLROOM -- CONTINUOUS

A black tie diplomatic reception in full swing. DIPLOMATS and DIGNITARIES mingle and sip champagne. An ORCHESTRA PLAYS.

The porn stars slip past the open doorway in the b.g., then come back again, followed by Hauser, Yonica and Jack.

INT. GRAND BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Sara lies naked on the bed, a veil obscuring her face. Jack runs his hand above her body, checking the shadows. He adjusts a light, then picks up the camcorder.

JACK

Okay, shall we try one?

Albert drops his robe and climbs on top of Sara.

EXT. AN ADJACENT ROOFTOP -- CONTINUOUS

Hardwicke, perched on the edge of the roof, aims a camcorder at the bedroom window.

INT. THE BALLROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The CONSUL GENERAL mounts the bandstand, followed by Van Dijn. The orchestra stops playing. He steps to the mike.

CONSUL GENERAL

On behalf of her majesty, Queen Beatrix, I would like to welcome you all, and ask your indulgence as we observe a minute of silence in honor of all those who have made the ultimate sacrifice so that we may continue to live in freedom.

Heads bow. The room goes silent, but soon SQUEAKING

BEDSPRINGS and MUFFLED MOANS leak through the ceiling. Then--

SARA (O.S.)

Oh yeah, baby. Give it to me. I want it all. Every last-a inch. That's it, baby. Harder. Harder.

ALBERT (O.S.)

Yeah. You *love* that dark meat, don't you, baby?

Van Dijn opens one eye, and looks up at the ceiling.

INT. THE DUTCH CONSULATE, UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR -- LATER

The porn stars, Jack, Yonica and Hauser, come out of the bedroom with the equipment, head downstairs, and sneak past the ballroom.

Hauser is almost out the door when a hand on his shoulder stops him in his tracks. He turns to face Van Dijn.

JAAP VAN DIJN

Mr. Malden. This is *most* irregular.

HAUSER

Yeah, well, what can I say? This damned war's got the whole world turned on its ear.

(he looks down)

You really gotta fix those pants.

Van Dijn looks down. Several more HUNDREDS lay at his feet.

He kneels and picks them up. He looks up to find Hauser gone.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK ZOO -- DAY

Marsha carries Ilsa. Yonica holds Rick's hand. They stroll past the cages. Suddenly, Rick jumps up and down, pointing.

RICK

Mommy, look! They're feeding the seals! Can I watch?

ILSA
Me too, me too.

Marsha puts her down.

RICK
You wanna come, Aunt Yonica?

YONICA
You go ahead. I'll catch up. Tot
ziens.

RICK & ILSA
Tot ziens.

Rick takes Ilsa's hand and they run off. Marsha and Yonica
stroll on together like old friends.

MARSHA
You really have a way with the
kids.

YONICA
For a hooker?

MARSHA
I didn't mean it like that.

YONICA
But you thought it, didn't you?
(Marsha blushes)
It's okay. I'm used to it. The
same way you must be used to people
thinking of you as "just a
housewife."

MARSHA
Hey! I have a masters degree in
English literature.

YONICA
And I speak seven languages
fluently.

MARSHA
You're kidding. Really?

YONICA
See? In the end, you are what you
do. Most people don't look beyond
that.

MARSHA
I don't know how you do what you
do. Some of those men have to be
disgusting. How can you stand them
on top of you, all sweaty... ugh?

YONICA

It's just a job. And that's really not an issue for me anymore. Hauser is my only client now, and he's a wonderful man.

Marsha stops dead and looks at her, speechless. Then--

MARSHA

Okay. You're just messing with my head now, right?

YONICA

Not at all. He's kind, respectful, and he always treats me like a lady. Some men think if they pay you, it gives them the right to do anything they please. But not Hauser. He loves me.

MARSHA

Do you love him?

YONICA

Of course. I hope we can get married one day, and have a beautiful family just like yours.

MARSHA

So what's stopping you?

YONICA

We have to get my Mama's blessing first. And before we do, Hauser has to prove to her that he's a fine, upstanding man.

MARSHA

Good luck. So why does he still pay you?

YONICA

As long as he pays me it's just business, and I'm protected from a broken heart if Mama doesn't approve of him.

Marsha looks at her, incredulous. She chokes back a laugh.

MARSHA

I hate to be the one to break it to you, but it doesn't work that way.

Yonica looks at her defiantly, like a temperamental child.

YONICA

It works that way for *me*. You don't know my Mama.

MARSHA

No, but I do know that mothers can
be wrong sometimes.

She and Yonica hold a look. They arrive at the seal pool.

Yonica kneels down between Rick and Ilsa, pulls them close,
and the three of them share a big hug.

INT. THE SLIMEPIT CLUB -- EVENING

Pvts. Kirk and Mann lie "dead" at the base of the guard
tower set. Pvt. Hawkins stands over them with SGT. JASON
VICK, playing a general.

PVT. NORMAN HAWKINS

Larry wasn't a bad man, General.
He was led astray. We both were.
Thank God I discovered the truth
in time. This could be me.

SGT. JASON VICK

Well, I hope you've learned your
lesson, Sergeant. In this crazy
world today, you can't be too
careful. Sometimes a pretty face
can mask a black heart.

PVT. NORMAN HAWKINS

I know that now, sir.

SGT. JASON VICK

Good. Let's go, Sergeant. We've
got a war to win.

He puts his arm around Pvt. Hawkins' shoulder, and they
walk off, heads held high.

JACK (O.S.)

And... Cut! Mark it.

Hauser steps in with the slate, and gives it a CLAP.

HAUSER

That's a wrap, people! Thank you.

The cast and crew say their goodbyes, and file out. Jack
leans back in his chair.

Hardwicke stands in a far corner on his cell phone,
scribbling a note on a scrap of paper.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE

Got it.
(he clicks off;
goes to Jack)
So what happens now?

JACK
We cut it all together, and screen
it for the brass.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
When will it be ready?

Jack looks at Hauser. Hauser mouths "Tuesday."

JACK
Should be ready by Tuesday. We'll
arrange for a screening room. I'll
call you Monday and let you know
where and when.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
Should be very interesting.

He leaves. Hauser comes over to Jack.

HAUSER
Nice going, Jack. You really spun
gold out of shit. I'm gonna pick
up Yonica and the talent, and I'll
meet you back here in an hour and
a half. You need anything?

JACK
Yeah, about fourteen hours of sleep.

HAUSER
You can sleep Monday. That way
you'll be well rested for your
gala premiere. In the meantime,
catch a cat nap.

He goes. Jack leans back and closes his eyes.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST -- EVENING

Marsha and Yonica walk along the park side towards the
apartment building. Rick and Ilsa run ahead playing hide
and seek at every bench. Marsha CALLS--

MARSHA
Don't go too far away.
(to Yonica)
I need your professional advice.

YONICA
Professional? Marsha, do you need
money?

MARSHA
Oh, no. I meant... Have you ever...

She turns red and whispers the rest into Yonica's ear.

YONICA

Ja, of course. But only with Hauser.
I would never do that with any of
my other clients.

MARSHA

Why not?

YONICA

It's private. Like kissing. Why do
you ask?

MARSHA

Jack's brought it up a few times.

YONICA

And you don't want to.

MARSHA

I'm not totally... comfortable
with the idea. I mean, I've
considered it. He even bought a
tube of KY.

YONICA

KY?! No wonder you're nervous. KY
isn't used for that.

MARSHA

It's not?

YONICA

No. You wouldn't plow the snow
with a soup spoon, would you?

MARSHA

I guess not. Then again, I'm not
the one doing the plowing.

YONICA

I just mean that every job requires
the proper tools.

She takes a small tube from her purse, and gives it to
Marsha.

MARSHA

Skidmore?

YONICA

(pointing)
With collagen. Protects *and*
replenishes.

MARSHA

There's really a difference?

YONICA
Before Skidmore, I used to feel
just like you. Now... no problem.

Marsha hands it back. They walk on in silence, then--

MARSHA
Like kissing? Really?
(off Yonica's nod)
Hm.

INT. MOM & POP VIDEO STORE/BACK ROOM -- EVENING

Hardwicke steps inside and goes to a CLERK on the floor.

The clerk regards the uniform, then--

CLERK
Lemme guess. "Saving Private Ryan."

Hardwicke shows him the scrap of paper.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
Do you have this?

CLERK
Follow me.

He leads Hardwicke back to a curtained doorway marked ADULTS ONLY. He pulls the curtain aside. Hardwicke looks around, nervously, and ducks inside. The clerk follows.

CLERK
I think you'll find what you're
looking for against the far wall.

Hardwicke browses the wall until he sees a smiling Jessica on THE HELGA VAN POON COLLECTORS EDITION BOX SET.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
Ah hah.

INT. THE SLIMEPIT CLUB -- NIGHT

DISCO LIGHTS and SMOKE pulsate to the beat of HOUSE MUSIC.

Jessica and Pik go at it on the hood of the jeep. Jack snakes around them with a camera. Then--

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE (O.S.)
The smoke's a bit of overkill,
don't you think?

Jack whips around. Jessica and Pik jump off the jeep, grab their robes, and cover up. Hauser switches off the music, and runs to intercept Hardwicke.

HAUSER

This is a separate project, Colonel.
It has nothing to do with you.

Hardwicke pushes past him, shoving the Helga Van Poon Box Set into his hands. He goes to Jessica, and kisses her hand.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE

Ms. St. Jessica, I... I... I'm a huge fan. Would it be an imposition to ask for an autograph?

JESSICA

Of course not. Do you have a pen?

Hardwicke fumbles in his pocket, and pulls out a pen.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE

Could you sign it, "To Rock, Stay hard. Love, Jessica."?

JESSICA

Do you have some paper?

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE

Could you sign this?

ANGLE ON JACK AND HAUSER

The SOUND of a ZIPPER being UNZIPPED. Suddenly, they look like they've just seen God.

JACK

Holy shit! We're gonna win the war!

HAUSER

A star is born. Rock Hardwicke. Freud was right, Jack. There are no accidents.

(to Hardwicke)

Oh, Colonel? Could we have a word with you?

Jessica is on her knees, signing away. The others gawk.

Hardwicke looks over his shoulder at Hauser, smiling.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE

In a second. In the meantime get everyone to autograph that video.

INT. AN EDITING ROOM -- MORNING

Jack works two video editing machines like a concert pianist.

He slides his chair from one to the other, and back again.
Hauser watches over his shoulder.

HAUSER
You've still got it, Jack.

JACK
Ta da! They're all yours.

He pushes buttons on both consoles, and two videocassettes eject. Hauser picks them up.

HAUSER
Good job. I'll take it from here.

JACK
Terrific. May I go home now?

HAUSER
You may. Get some sleep. I'll see
you at the screening room tomorrow.

He shoves the tapes in his bag, and heads out. Jack drags himself to his feet, and pulls on his jacket.

EXT. MAGNO SOUND & VIDEO BUILDING -- DAY

Jack waits in front of the building. A taxi pulls up and Hauser gets out, carrying film cans.

HAUSER
Are they here yet?

JACK
Not yet. Did you get a chance to
look at any of it?

HAUSER
No. They weren't even finished yet
when I got there.
(off Jack's look)
Relax, Jack. If there was a problem,
they would've told me.

Another taxi pulls up and Hardwicke gets out. He walks stiffly.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
Gentlemen.

HAUSER
Rock, baby. How're you feeling?

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
Still a little sore.

HAUSER
One of the hazards of the trade.
You'll get used to it. Shall we?

They go inside.

INT. SCREENING ROOM -- LATER

Jack, Hauser and Hardwicke greet Gen. Wood and two AIDES.

GEN. BRETTON WOOD
Gentlemen, you continue to impress
me. I really wasn't expecting to
see anything for a few weeks yet.

JACK
I hope you're as impressed with
the results, General. Why don't
you take these seats up front.

Gen. Wood and his aides take their seats. Hauser and Jack
take their seats in the back with Hardwicke between them.

Hauser picks up the phone next to his chair.

HAUSER
Okay, roll it.

The lights go down.

ON THE SCREEN -- THE GREAT SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES

A rousing SOUSA MARCH comes on the soundtrack. SUPER TITLE:
THE DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY PRESENTS.

SUPER NEW TITLE: UNE FILM DE JACK MEHOFF.

INTERCUT WITH HAUSER, HARDWICKE, JACK, GEN. WOOD, ET AL.

Hauser leans back and smiles. Hardwicke and Jack look
horrified.

SUPER NEW TITLE: JESSICA ST. JESSICA & PETER THRUST IN
"FUCK OR FIGHT."

Jack leans forward and looks at Hauser. Hauser ignores
him.

Gen. Wood and his aides exchange puzzled looks.

SUPER NEW TITLE: SCENARIO JACK MEHOFF, HARDY LONGSTICK &
COL. ROCK HARDWICKE.

Hardwicke buries his face in his hands.

TITLES END. CLOSEUP of HARDWICKE, in an office, heavily
made up, and in a general's uniform. He speaks to the
camera.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
 Hello. I'm Gen. Dick Ramshugh,
 United States Army. The story you
 are about to see didn't really
 happen, but it could have. It's a
 cautionary tale, and one worth
 heeding. We are engaged in a war
 unlike any in our storied history.
 We face an enemy unlike any we
 have ever known. Victory depends
 on each and every American
 maintaining extreme vigilance on
 the homefront. Our enemy can come
 in many guises. He might run the
 shop down the street. Or he might
 be a neighbor, or co-worker. Or *he*
 might be a *she*. And she could be
 right under your very nose.
 (he looks down)
 Halt! Who blows there?

A WIDER ANGLE REVEALS a PANTLESS HARDWICKE. Jessica kneels
 in front of him. Her head bobs up and down. She turns to
 the camera, wipes her mouth, and winks.

Gen. Wood and his aides glance back, and see Hardwicke
 banging his head on the seat in front of him.

The scene onscreen shifts to the coffee shop. Hendrik, in
 an army uniform, comes in with Sara.

HENDRIK
 Hi, Larry. Oh, sorry. I didn't
 know you were still eating.

Heidi, in a waitress uniform, sits on a table with her
 skirt hiked up, and her legs spread. Pik has his face buried
 in her crotch. He looks up, and in his thick DUTCH ACCENT--

PIK
 Hallo, Joe. What do you know?

Hardwicke grabs Jack and Hauser, and in a LOUD WHISPER--

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
 Outside. Both of you. Now!

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SCREENING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack lunges at Hauser. Hardwicke restrains him.

JACK
 You idiot! What have you done?! I
 marked the tapes clearly.

HAUSER
 I know.

JACK
Then how could you make such a mistake?

HAUSER
It wasn't a mistake.

Hardwicke and Jack stare at him, aghast.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
What were you thinking?

HAUSER
With all due respect, Rock, this movie is a lot closer to the one you wrote than the one you wrote.

JACK
You've lost your mind, Hauser.

HAUSER
No, Jack. I saw both movies. This one's better. You know it is. You're a great director. You can do it all. You proved it. And I'm a great producer. And we're using our God given talents in the service of our country. How can that be a bad thing?

JACK
But why would you even *think* of doing such a thing?

HAUSER
You gave me the idea.

Everything stops. Jack's jaw drops. Then--

JACK
I did?

HAUSER
Sure. When you pulled that switcheroo on Morty Lipkin.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
My career is over.

HAUSER
Are you kidding? With that python of yours? Your career opportunities are limitless.

Hardwicke's demeanor softens instantly.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
Really?

Hauser nods. Jack rubs his temples. Hauser grabs him by the shoulders, and looks him in the eye.

HAUSER

I believe we're doing the right thing here, Jack. But if you don't, just say the word and I'll stop it, give them the other movie, and smooth things over.

Jack opens the screening room door a crack, and HEARS--

ALBERT (O.S.)

You see how weak the Americans are, Fatima? Suha has that young MP wrapped around her little finger.

SARA (O.S.)

Yes, Tariq. Suha can suck a golf-a ball through a garden-a hose.

Jack closes the door. He turns back to Hauser.

JACK

No. Let `em watch it.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE

You're *both* nuts. For my part, I intend to say you drugged me. And if either of you contradict my story, I'll shoot you both. Do we understand each other?

Jack and Hauser nod. Jack opens the screening room door just in time to HEAR--

SARA (O.S.)

Oh yeah, baby. Give it to me. I want it all. Every last-a inch. That's it, baby. Harder. Harder.

ALBERT (O.S.)

Yeah. You *love* that dark meat, don't you, baby?

Jack closes the door. He and Hauser hold a look, then he goes back inside, followed by Hardwicke.

INT. SCREENING ROOM -- LATER

Gen. Wood and his aides sit bolt upright in their seats.

The entwined bodies of Pik and Jessica REFLECT in Gen. Wood's glasses before they fog up.

Jack and Hardwicke sink deeper and deeper into their chairs with each onscreen MOAN of ecstasy.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCREENING ROOM -- LATER

Onscreen, Pik and Jessica lie naked and "dead" at the base of the guard tower. Hendrik and Hardwicke stand over them.

HENDRIK

Larry wasn't a bad man, General.
He was led astray. We both were.
Thank God I discovered the truth
in time. This could be me.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE

Well, I hope you've learned your
lesson, Sergeant. In this crazy
world today, you can't be too
careful. Sometimes, even a sweet,
pink pussy can mask a black heart.

HENDRIK

I know that now, sir.

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE

Good. Let's go, Sergeant. And next
time, let's fuck `em all.

He puts his arm around Hendrik's shoulder, and they walk off, heads held high.

SUPER TITLE: THE END? The lights come up.

Gen. Wood and his aides rise as one, and turn to Jack and Hardwicke. Jack rises. His eyes drift down to the general's crotch.

JACK

Does this mean you liked it?

Gen. Wood quickly covers up with his briefcase.

GEN. BRETTON WOOD

I want to see the three of you in
my office at nine o'clock tomorrow
morning... Where's Mr. London?

INT. TAXICAB -- MOVING -- AFTERNOON

Hauser and Yonica sit silently in the back. Yonica cradles her trophy in her lap. Finally--

YONICA

I don't understand, Hauser. What's
the big rush?

HAUSER

The shit's hit the fan, baby. Time
to go home.

YONICA

But I didn't even get a chance to
say goodbye to Jack or Marsha or
the children.

Hauser looks at her, annoyed.

HAUSER

I'm sure they'll survive.
(off her hurt look)
I'm sorry.

YONICA

What's wrong, Hauser?

HAUSER

I can't do it.

YONICA

Do what?

HAUSER

Pretend to be a respectable
businessman, because I'm not. I
make porn. That's what I do.

YONICA

Not anymore. This was the last
time.

HAUSER

No, it wasn't. I like it, I'm good
at it, and I'm gonna keep on doing
it. We have a saying in America.
"Ya dance with the one that brung
ya." I have to be honest with
myself. And that means not turning
my back on the one thing I do well.

YONICA

But what about Mama? What do I
tell her about us?

They hold a look. He takes her hand.

HAUSER

I guess nothing. I'll never be the
man your Mama wants you to marry.
(he forces a smile)
We'll just have to go on like
before.

YONICA

I can't do that forever, Hauser. I
want to get married, and have a
family like Jack and Marsha.

HAUSER

I know you do. And I'm sure that one day you will. I just don't think it's going to be with me... I guess that's one regret I'll have to learn to live with.

She turns away, fighting back tears.

INT. THE RITZ CARLTON HOTEL -- AFTERNOON

Jack stands at the reception desk.

DESK CLERK

I'm sorry, sir. Mr. London checked out about an hour ago.

JACK

Did he leave a forwarding address?

The desk clerk checks.

DESK CLERK

No, he didn't. Sorry.

Jack walks off in a fog.

INT. JACK AND MARSHA'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Marsha clears the table. Jack stares off into space.

JACK

I went to the hotel, and I left a message on his cell phone.

MARSHA

Did you try his pager?

JACK

Disconnected.

MARSHA

That is so Hauser. And I was almost ready to believe he'd changed. I feel sorry for Yonica.

JACK

He wasn't wrong. About the film, I mean. It was the better one.

MARSHA

But he left you to make the case.

JACK

That's the weird part. He was so passionate about it. We both were. He had me convinced it was the right thing to do.

Marsha holds her tongue and just rubs the back of his neck.
Rick and Ilsa come in, ready for bed.

MARSHA
Did you brush your teeth?

RICK & ILSA
Uh huh.

MARSHA
Okay, bedtime.

RICK
Tuck us in?

JACK
I'll do it. Come along, my little
acolytes. I am your lord and master.
Obey me, revere me, worship me.

He gets up and takes their hands.

ILSA
Is Aunt Yonica coming over tomorrow?

Jack stops and looks at Marsha, then at the kids.

JACK
No, sweetheart.

RICK
The day after tomorrow?

JACK
I don't know, sport. I don't know.

He takes them out. Marsha watches them go, then returns to her dishes, sniffing.

INT. JACK AND MARSHA'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Jack stuffs papers into a battered old briefcase. Marsha comes in. She hands him some sheets of paper.

JACK
What's this?

MARSHA
Just some stuff I downloaded from
the internet. I thought it might
help. It's about the government.

He puts the papers in the briefcase without taking his eyes off her.

JACK
Thank you.

MARSHA
I wish I could do more. I wish I
could go with you.

She pulls him close and buries her face in his chest.

JACK
I'll handle it.
(he lifts her chin)
And I'll be home for dinner.

MARSHA
Promise you'll call me as soon as
you're done?
(he nods)
I love you.

JACK
I love you, too.
(off her worried
look)
I'll see you tonight.

He kisses her and heads out. She slumps onto the bed.

INT. GENERAL WOOD'S WAITING ROOM -- MORNING

Jack and Hardwicke fidget on hard chairs. The INTERCOM
BUZZES. Millie answers.

GEN. BRETTON WOOD (V.O.)
Send them in.

MILLIE
Yes, sir.
(to Jack and
Hardwicke)
You can go in now.

Jack and Hardwicke rise together, and head towards the
office like it was the last mile.

INT. OFFICE OF THE ARMY CHIEF OF STAFF -- DAY

Gen. Wood, flanked by his aides, looks up from his desk,
and GROWLS--

GEN. BRETTON WOOD
Where is Mr. London?

JACK
I'm perfectly capable of speaking
for Mr. London *and* myself.

GEN. BRETTON WOOD
Very well, Mr. Mathis. Perhaps you
can begin by explaining what you
(MORE)

GEN. BRETTON WOOD (CONT'D)
and Mr. London had in mind when
you perpetrated this little
sexcapade.

Jack gropes for words. Finally--

JACK
In all fairness, sir, there's only
so much you can do with fifty
thousand dollars.

The INTERCOM BUZZES. Gen. Wood answers, annoyed.

GEN. BRETTON WOOD
I told you no interruptions, Millie.

MILLIE (V.O.)
Mr. London is here.

Jack and Hardwicke exchange confused looks.

GEN. BRETTON WOOD
Send him in.

Hauser bounds in, breathless, carrying film cans and a
videocassette. He puts them on Gen. Wood's desk.

HAUSER
Okay, here's your damn movie.

GEN. BRETTON WOOD
I've already seen it.

HAUSER
Not this one you haven't.

GEN. BRETTON WOOD
What is it?

HAUSER
The movie we made following your
directives to the letter. Pop it
in the VCR, and watch it.
Once you've seen it, you'll
understand what the real problem
is.

GEN. BRETTON WOOD
Don't keep us in suspense, Mr.
London. What is the "real problem?"

HAUSER
You guys are great at issuing
directives, but you don't know
shit about making movies. So, go
ahead.

(MORE)

HAUSER (CONT'D)
Release *this* movie. You're the ones who'll have to explain why, when people are losing their jobs, and our troops are risking their lives overseas, and we still have to worry about more attacks at home, you're spending taxpayer dollars to create tripe like this!

Gen. Wood glares at Hardwicke, then back at Hauser.

GEN. BRETTON WOOD
There's still the matter of the other... film.

HAUSER
We didn't spend one cent of your money to make that. In fact, Jack used his own money to finish your movie. So, I guess we don't have a problem, right?

GEN. BRETTON WOOD
We don't? I'm going to consult our JAG office, because I believe what you've done may be punishable by a fine, imprisonment, or both.

Hauser snorts dismissively.

HAUSER
C'mon, Brett. Even if you could, you wouldn't seriously consider throwing us in jail over something like this. Nobody's that stupid.

INT. JAIL CELL -- LATER

Hauser, Jack and Hardwicke cool their heels.

HAUSER
I'm really sorry, guys. I never figured on this happening at all. But don't worry. I can fix it.

Jack glares at him as he dials a phone held through the bars by an MP.

JACK
No, that's okay. You've done more than enough, Hauser.

INTERCUT WITH MARSHA AND THE KIDS IN THE KITCHEN

Rick and Ilsa snack on milk and cookies. A distracted Marsha stuffs a chicken that has long ago run out of room. The PHONE RINGS. She runs to answer it.

MARSHA

Jack?

JACK

Hi, honey.

MARSHA

Are you finished?

JACK

Not quite.

MARSHA

How long do you think you'll be?

JACK

Actually, this might take a little longer than I thought. I'll try to call you tomorrow.

MARSHA

Where are you?

Jack cups his hand over the phone.

JACK

Where are we?

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE

The federal prison in Lorton,
Virginia.

JACK

(into the phone)
Lorton, Virginia.

MARSHA

What's in Lorton, Virginia?

JACK

They have a... facility here.

Marsha's jaw drops.

MARSHA

Are you in jail?

JACK

I wouldn't exactly call it a jail.

MARSHA

What *would* you call it?

JACK

It's more like a... maximum security prison... It's just a misunderstanding. We're gonna straighten it all out in the morning.

Marsha stands frozen.

MARSHA

We? Who's we?

JACK

Me... and Hauser.

MARSHA

He's there?!

JACK

Yeah.

MARSHA

Good. Saves me the trouble of having to hunt him down and kill him... Should I get you a lawyer? What am I saying? We don't even have the money for bail.

JACK

Calm down. We're not under arrest.

HAUSER

Yet.

Jack shoots him a angry look.

JACK

They're just holding us here overnight, so let's not get ahead of ourselves. Don't worry about money yet. If it comes to that, we'll have enough money by the end of the week to hire the dream team.

HAUSER

Uh, Jack...?

Jack waves him off.

JACK

Marsha, are you still there?

MARSHA

I'm still here, Jack. We'll be down there first thing in the morning. We'll wait for you outside the Pentagon. If you're not out by noon, we're coming in after you.

She hangs up.

JACK

Marsha, no... Marsha...?

(Hauser taps his
shoulder; he turns)

What?

HAUSER

I never gave the tape to Bone Jockey.

(Jack goes white)

I started thinking about our movie being used to help the war effort, and I guess I just got caught up in the patriotic fervor of it all, and...

He shrugs, apologetically. Jack buries his face in his hands.

INT. YONICA'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Yonica lies on her bed, staring at the phone, her eyes red and puffy. The trophy lies next to her. Suddenly, she sits up, throws it in the waste basket, grabs her coat, and goes.

INT. JAIL CELL -- MORNING

Hauser and Hardwicke doze. Jack reads the papers Marsha gave him. He CHUCKLES more and more with each new page. A GUARD opens the cell door, and two MP'S come in.

MP

All right, on your feet!

Jack stuffs the papers back in his briefcase. They struggle to their feet. The MP's herd them out.

INT./EXT. STAFF CAR -- MOVING -- MORNING

Jack, Hauser and Hardwicke sit sandwiched together in the back. Hauser turns to Jack.

HAUSER

For what it's worth, I meant every word I said about the movie.

JACK

Is it really *that* good, Hauser?

HAUSER

The best *I've* ever produced. Of course, look at the director I had.

The car turns into the Pentagon driveway, and disappears down a ramp.

EXT. THE PENTAGON -- CONTINUOUS

Marsha walks towards the entrance with Rick and Ilsa. Suddenly the kids's faces light up. They break free and run.

MARSHA
Rick! Ilsa! Wait!

She chases after them.

INT. OFFICE OF THE ARMY CHIEF OF STAFF -- LATER

Jack, Hauser and Hardwicke stand before the General. Gen. Wood and his aides reveal nothing in their expressions.

GEN. BRETTON WOOD
I just have one question for you,
Mr. London. Think carefully before
you answer. Did you show us the
wrong film by mistake?

HAUSER
No, but that was my doing. Jack
and Rock weren't in on it.

Gen. Wood looks at his aides. The aides shrug and shake their heads. He looks back at Hauser, almost pleading.

GEN. BRETTON WOOD
But why?

Jack takes the papers from his briefcase, and steps in front of Hauser like he's shielding him.

JACK
We didn't do anything the government
doesn't already do.

GEN. BRETTON WOOD
What are you talking about?

Jack puts a sheet of paper on the desk in front of Gen. Wood.

JACK
Ever hear of Rancho Delirious?

GEN. BRETTON WOOD
No.

JACK
It's a whorehouse in Nevada. Seized
by the I.R.S. in 1979. They've
been running it ever since.
(he puts a second
sheet on the desk)
How about the Platinum Key Clubs?

GEN. BRETTON WOOD
The what?

JACK

A chain of tittie bars in the southeast. Seized by the A.T.F. in 1992. Still open. And there's more.

(he puts the other pages on the desk)

You guys are generating so much revenue from the sex trade, it's a wonder we still need an income tax.

Gen. Wood looks at the papers, then at Jack.

GEN. BRETTON WOOD

May I remind you, Mr. Mathis, that we are not the I.R.S. or the A.T.F. We're the United States Army!

JACK

What happened to, "We're all part of the same team?"

(off Gen. Wood's look)

Did you *watch* the other movie?

Gen. Wood exchanges embarrassed looks with his aides.

GEN. BRETTON WOOD

Most of it... I couldn't stay awake.

JACK

You know why? Because the one we showed you, *that's* the movie you asked us to make.

GEN. BRETTON WOOD

I beg your pardon?

Jack puts his arm around Hauser.

JACK

Hauser and I are filmmakers, General. You didn't give us much to work with. You gave us a script, but it wasn't a movie.

(to Hardwicke)

I'm sorry, Rock, but I know about these things. You're a great guy, but as writer... you blow.

(to Gen. Wood)

We took what you gave us, and made the best movie we could.

GEN. BRETTON WOOD

But pornography? It flies in the face of conventional wisdom.

JACK

Conventional wisdom is the first casualty of extraordinary times, General. These are extraordinary times. We're trying to sell our brand of freedom to the world, and the world's not buying. Why? Because they think we're a bunch of degenerate hypocrites who say one thing to them while doing something else entirely at home. So I say, let's not be hypocrites. Let's embrace freedom, warts and all, without fear, apology, or judgment. Instead of telling people how to live, let's show 'em how it's done. Because in the end, freedom is what we fight for... Even the freedom to be degenerate. And if we don't run from it, if we're up-front and open, we won't just win the war, we'll win the day.

Gen. Wood and his aides huddle. Hauser puts his arm around Jack, and gives him a hug. Then--

GEN. BRETTON WOOD

Colonel, would you mind waiting outside for a moment?

Hardwicke gives Jack and Hauser a sympathetic look, and goes.

Jack and Hauser turn back to face their fate.

GEN. BRETTON WOOD

Gentlemen, part of being in the military is being prepared for the unexpected, and being able to handle it when it comes. But if you intend to submit *that* film in consideration of the money we paid you, ... then we must insist that you use the original title we provided you.

Jack and Hauser break into broad smiles.

JACK

So that's it?

GEN. BRETTON WOOD

Not quite. Wait outside and send Col. Hardwicke in.

He returns to the papers.

INT. THE WAITING AREA -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Hauser return Hardwicke's sympathetic look as he goes into the office. Then--

JACK
Is Yonica here with you?

Hauser looks at him, sadly.

HAUSER
No. It's over. That's why I took off like that. We had a lot to talk about before I put her on the plane.

JACK
You ended it?

HAUSER
Not in so many words, but the result is the same.

JACK
I'm sorry.

HAUSER
It's okay. It feels pretty good messing up my own life for a change instead of everyone else's... I mean, it hurts like nothing I've ever known, but I still feel good about it. You know, noble and shit.

JACK
Don't pat yourself on the back just yet. I'm still in to the credit card companies for over sixty-six grand, and then there's Hardwicke.

HAUSER
Don't worry about Rock. I'll take care of him. Even if they bust him out, I can keep him working steady for the next year... And this is for you.

He takes a check from his pocket, and gives it to Jack.

JACK
What's this for?

HAUSER
That should cover all your credit card charges, don't you think?

Jack looks at the check, then at Hauser.

JACK
Yeah, times three. I thought you
didn't send the video to Bone
Jockey.

HAUSER
I didn't. That's from me.

JACK
But you said you didn't have any
money.

Hauser shakes his head.

HAUSER
Come on, Jack. Did you really
believe I could make over three
million dollars a year, and not
have *anything*? Nice to know you
have such a high opinion of me.

JACK
So, you had the money all along?
We never had to do any of this?

HAUSER
I certainly didn't have to, but
when I saw you in that same job
you had seven years ago, I thought
what a waste. You definitely needed
some shaking up. And you rose to
the challenge. Welcome back to the
wonderful world of filmmaking,
Jack.

JACK
But why did you make *me* charge
everything?

HAUSER
A producer never uses his own money.

JACK
I was the producer too.

HAUSER
So now you know.

The office door opens and Hardwicke comes out, ashen faced.

Jack and Hauser look worried.

JACK
How bad is it, Rock?

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
They promoted me to brigadier
general in charge of Special
Services.

HAUSER
The U.S.O.? That's great, Rock!
How did that happen?

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
Never underestimate the ability of
the Army to save face. It was either
that, or admit they screwed up.

Hauser gives him a pat on the back.

HAUSER
Well, the Army's gain is my loss.
But you're still gonna appear in
the next five episodes, right?

COL. ROCK HARDWICKE
You kidding? I made that one of
the conditions under which I'd
accept their offer.

HAUSER
See you on the set, General.

He and Jack salute Hardwicke.

EXT. THE PENTAGON -- DAY

Jack and Hauser head down the walk. Suddenly, Hauser's
face lights up.

Marsha, the kids and Yonica wait at the foot of the walk.

Yonica beams as Hauser joins her.

HAUSER
What are you doing here?

YONICA
I got worried about you. You said
you'd call me when you got back
from Washington, and you didn't
call.

HAUSER
Sorry. I've been a little
preoccupied for the last twenty-
four hours.

YONICA
And I missed you. I thought about
you the whole trip back to
Amsterdam. I thought about
everything you said, and I realized
you were wrong about something.

HAUSER
What was that?

YONICA

You're *exactly* the man Mama wants me to marry. And I'd be proud to introduce you to her.

HAUSER

Really?
(she nods)
When?

YONICA

As soon as possible.

Hauser takes some money from his pocket, and slides it into her blouse top. She removes it, sticks it back in his shirt pocket, throws her arms around him, and they lock lips.

Jack joins Marsha and the children. They hold a look, grinning like lovestruck school kids, then they kiss as Rick and Ilsa dance around them.

"STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER" OVER A SERIES OF SHOTS

An endless line of MOVIEGOERS outside RADIO CITY. The marquee reads: "WHY WE FIGHT IN THE 21ST CENTURY," followed in much smaller letters by: ALSO MADONNA LIVE ON THE GREAT STAGE.

OVERLAPPING IMAGES of AVERAGE AMERICANS, real Norman Rockwell types, lining up at MULTIPLEXES across America.

VARIETY spins up. The headline: ARMY PORNOGANDA NEW B.O.

KING, and subheadline: HUGE ERECTION SINKS "TITANIC."

THE NEW YORK TIMES spins up OVER IMAGES of POPPING CHAMPAGNE CORKS, CIGARS being lit, and PEOPLE DANCING in the streets.

The headline: FEDERAL INCOME TAX ABOLISHED.

Hauser and Yonica get pelted with rice as they run hand in hand from a CHURCH.

An AIRCRAFT CARRIER on the open sea at NIGHT. Steam rises from, and obscures, its deck.

A closer view REVEALS SAILORS, male and female, crowded on the flight deck watching the movie in rapt attention. Their faces glisten with sweat. Steam rises from their heads.

On the BRIDGE, the CREW watch the movie on the deck below.

A WIDER ANGLE REVEALS the CARRIER GOING IN CIRCLES.

Jack and Hauser meet QUEEN ELIZABETH at a ROYAL GALA PREMIERE.

ARMY RESEARCHERS show the movie to "guinea pig" volunteers.

The lights come up to REVEAL the VOLUNTEERS whipped into a testosterone fueled frenzy. The researchers shake hands.

Smiling TROOPS march aboard a TROOP TRANSPORT.

TROOPS in a BUNKER aim a giant projector at a nearby mountain range. The MOVIE PROJECTS onto a sheer rock wall.

ENEMY TROOPS emerge from the mountains, happily surrendering.

A WINDOW DRESSER puts the finishing touches on a display of COL. ROCK HARDWICKE ACTION FIGURES in the window of TOYS R US in TIMES SQUARE.

A U.S.O. SHOW. WAYNE NEWTON introduces Jessica to the frenzied TROOPS. She shimmies out, flashes them, kisses Wayne, then winks at Rock in the wings. He waves back.

Jack and Hauser, in the WHITE HOUSE ROSE GARDEN, receive the Presidential Medal of Freedom. Marsha, Yonica and the kids look on. They join hands and acknowledge the CHEERING CROWD.

Jack, in the LINCOLN BEDROOM looks out on WASHINGTON AT NIGHT.

Marsha, in full VICTORIA'S SECRET, slinks up behind him with a tube of SKIDMORE, and pulls him onto the canopied bed.

ANGLE ON THE WHITE HOUSE. THE LIGHTS GO OUT IN THE LINCOLN Bedroom. The MARCH CONCLUDES as we--

FADE OUT:

THE END