

SOCCERROCK

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - DAY

KRIS SANDERSON (37) is soundly sleeping. Handsome and physically fit, charming in a con man sort of way. His alarm clock goes off and it plays HARD ROCK MUSIC instead of a beeping sound.

The clock reads 6:30 AM and Kris slowly rolls over and lights a cigarette from the ashtray.

He takes a few satisfying puffs and gets out of bed.

Music continues through montage but changes from small radio sound to full stereo.

MONTAGE

-- Kris is doing punishing abdominal work and push-ups while wearing just gym shorts.

-- He cooks and eats a small breakfast.

-- Takes a shower then gets dressed in casual clothes.

-- He steps onto a city bus that has an ad on the side of it that indicates he is in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

INT. BUS - DAY

Kris sits down on the nearly empty bus and puts his headphones on to listen to some music.

At the next stop, a man gets on the bus.

DEAN TAYLOR (50's) walks down the aisle, and with all the open seats available, he sits right next to Kris.

Dean is tall, dressed sharply and has a British accent. Kris takes his headphones off and turns to the stranger.

KRIS  
What's up man?

DEAN  
Quite a lot actually, Kris.

KRIS  
How do you know my name?

DEAN  
Everyone knows Kris Sanderson.

KRIS  
What do you want?

DEAN  
I'm here to offer you a very unique proposition, one that will undoubtedly change your life forever.

KRIS  
Are you trying to sell me something?

DEAN  
No. I work for the government. The British government that is. My name is Dean Taylor.

Kris accepts his handshake.

KRIS  
What's going on? What could the British government possibly want with me?

DEAN  
I'll explain everything. I'm taking you out for some coffee.

Kris shakes his head.

KRIS  
No can do, I'm on my way to work.

DEAN  
You won't be going into work today Kris. I've already talked to Tom, your boss at Music World.

KRIS  
What the fuck? What do you mean you talked to Tommy?

DEAN  
Relax. We have some serious matters to discuss and everything is fine. You just have to trust me.

Dean pulls out a wallet and flashes a very official looking identification card, Kris examines it.

KRIS  
So, what's the story?

DEAN  
Have you ever heard of the Freedom  
Brigade?

KRIS  
Yeah. A bunch of asshole terrorists  
from Germany that blow up shit.

DEAN  
This is our stop. Let's get off  
here and we can talk at the  
restaurant.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

They walk up and enter an upscale Italian place.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

SEXY WAITRESS  
Would you like to sit inside or  
would you prefer the smoking patio?

Dean looks at Kris while he speaks.

DEAN  
Smoking, Newports I believe.

KRIS  
(quietly)  
How long have you been watching me?

DEAN  
A few days.

They follow her outside, Kris lustfully stares at her  
beautiful ass.

EXT. SMOKING PATIO - DAY

DEAN  
We won't be eating, just some  
coffee for him and some tea for me  
please.

As the waitress walks away, Kris takes another peek then  
turns his full attention to Dean.

KRIS

Alright, let's cut the bullshit, what does this have to do with me?

DEAN

We know that you played pro soccer for twelve years in Milwaukee, Chicago and Dallas, and that you've been retired for almost three years. We also know you have not kicked a ball since then. Why is that?

KRIS

If you know all that, then you know I've had four knee surgeries, two of them major. I never want to go through that shit again. I'm afraid to play at all, even with little kids.

DEAN

How are the knees now? Could you play again if you really had to?

KRIS

Of course I could play again, I work out almost every day. I'll never lose my skill and the endurance could be built up, but like I said, I'm afraid of doing my knees.

They stop talking as the waitress places the coffee and tea on the table and walks away.

DEAN

What would you say if I set it up where you could play with some of the best players in the world?

KRIS

I would say I'm thirty-seven years old and what the fuck are you talking about?

DEAN

A dozen citizens have been murdered by those lunatics in the Freedom Brigade, not to mention the number of agents we've lost. Kris, I work for a branch of MI-5 that is so secretive that we don't even have a name.

KRIS

Why do they do these attacks? From what I've seen on the news, nobody really knows. Are they religious freaks?

FLASHBACK - EXT. ENGLAND - FACTORY - NIGHT

An explosion blows up a large factory in a rural industrial park. Police and ambulances are taking away dead bodies as well as survivors.

EXT. ENGLAND - OFFICE BUILDING

Another smaller explosion, a building in downtown London.

DEAN (V.O)

We're not exactly sure what to make of them yet. They've told us their name and taken responsibility but haven't made any demands. This is what we know: They've used basic remote devices and their leader is Anton Hassler, German citizen, highly educated. His father was a brilliant computer software designer who amassed millions before he died. Anton inherited the family fortune while he was working as a parking lot attendant at a soccer stadium in Munch. I still can't believe that, going from parking lot attendant to bloody terrorist.

EXT. SMOKING PATIO - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

KRIS

Well, parking lot attendants do have a lot of time to sit around and think of ideas.

DEAN

Funny, but keep your day job.

KRIS

Hey, man, the day job is stress free. I can play my own music, screw around on the Internet and just chill out.

DEAN

Stress free. Haven't known that feeling for quite some time.

KRIS

Seriously, why are you telling me all this?

DEAN

You see Kris, the terrorists are fanatical about soccer. We've devised a plan that we think will get you close to them.

KRIS

Are you crazy? What can I do?

DEAN

Dead Egypt.

Kris is pulling his coffee up to his lips but freezes at Dean's words.

KRIS

Dead Egypt?

DEAN

They are also huge Dead Egypt fans and we know you were on tour with the band for seven months.

KRIS

I'm not following you at all. I don't get any of this.

DEAN

We're going to take you to Australia and your knees are going to be rehabilitated by experts. You'll train with the reserve team and become so fit that you will sign a contract and play with the Sydney Roos first team.

Kris does a spit-take.

KRIS

The Sydney Roos? Those guys are great. What's going on in Australia?

DEAN

It's where Anton and the rest of the Freedom Brigade are based.

(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)

Once you're in Sydney, we'll release a big story in the media about your relationship with Dead Egypt's singer, Ty. Anton has contacts with the Roos and you will definitely meet him. You'll entice him with your stories from the road and hanging out for seven months with the world's most famous heavy metal band. You have to gain his trust.

Kris lights up a cigarette and looks off into space.

FLASHBACK - INT. L.A. - BAR - NIGHT (TEN YEARS EARLIER)

Kris and one of his teammates have just walked into a rock & roll bar. A large sign on the wall says "Bat Cave."

His TEAMMATE is pretending to hold a microphone and interview Kris as they are walking.

TEAMMATE

You just scored the winning goal.  
How are you going to celebrate?

KRIS

I'm going to slam about ten beers and five shots. Listen to some loud music and get in bed with a warm woman.

TEAMMATE

He's not kidding sports fans. I've seen him do it before.

A BARTENDER walks up on a small stage that is loaded with Marshall amps, electric guitar and bass, and a drum kit. He speaks into one of the three standing microphones.

BARTENDER

We got something special for you guys tonight. On lead guitar, Ripper, Machine Head on bass, Arturo on the drums, the beautiful Ty singing. Live, for the first time anywhere, Dead Egypt!

Kris turns around to get a look at the band.

A beautiful rock goddess saunters onto the stage.



TY (20's) has black hair and is wearing tight camouflage shorts and a powder blue see-through silk shirt. She has perfect medium sized breasts and toned sexy legs.

Kris is mesmerized on her as everything else in the room appears to stop and the lights seem to dim.

RIPPER (30) and MACHINE HEAD (30) grab the guitar and bass as ARTURO (20's) sits behind the drum kit.

They all have long hair and look a little scary. Heavy metal personified.

A loud JARRING GUITAR CHORD snaps Kris to attention.

TY

Let's fucking rock!

The CROWD CHEERS as Kris watches Ty SING to the SHREDDING HEAVY METAL sound coming from the band and the music captivates the bar patrons.

TEAMMATE

Oh my god! These guys are awesome.

KRIS

Yeah, she is.

Kris slithers through the drunken crowd and leans over the bar.

KRIS (CONT'D)

Who are these dudes?

BARTENDER

They don't know it yet but they are going to be famous. I'm not sure they even want to be. They live down the block.

KRIS

Who is the lead singer?

BARTENDER

Her name is Thais -- Ty for short.

KRIS

Is she married?

BARTENDER

No. She's not with anyone in the band either. She's a good girl in a bad girl's body.

## SERIES OF SHOTS

Kris and Ty are having aggressive sex in bed.

Ty is getting dressed as Kris sleeps.

As she closes the door, Kris goes to put his arm around her in bed but she's gone.

## EXT. SMOKING PATIO - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

DEAN

So, whatever happened with you and Ty?

KRIS

We fell in love and managed a long distance relationship for years. We drifted apart and the next thing you knew, we weren't together.

DEAN

You can never speak about this conversation with anyone. This can never get out.

KRIS

Dude, I can't kill anybody.

DEAN

No, no, we don't want you to kill anyone.

KRIS

Why would I do this? It's crazy.

DEAN

I'm giving you the opportunity of a lifetime. The chance to play with the big boys. As you know, the Roos are one of the toughest sides in the world and the trainers will help you with your knees. You'll be in a top professional environment and it might surprise you how good you could be.

KRIS

It's not worth maybe getting killed over.

DEAN

You didn't let me finish. We'll pay you one million pounds if you get the job done.

KRIS

Huh?

DEAN

Let's just round it off to one point five million US dollars. We'll open a bank account in your name with half a million. We'll give that to you up front. You'll receive the rest after the job is complete.

KRIS

Are you going to assassinate them?

DEAN

Absolutely not. We want them to pay for their crimes. We need you to uncover some hard evidence and then we move in.

KRIS

That's a lot of money.

Kris greedily rubs his chin.

KRIS (CONT'D)

I'll do it, but with some conditions.

DEAN

Such as?

KRIS

Number one: If something happens to me, the money in the bank account goes to my parents.

DEAN

That can be easily arranged.

KRIS

Number two: I want access to the money now, so I can go to Vegas before we start.

DEAN

Negative. We would have to leave tomorrow.

KRIS  
 (stuttering)  
 Well... Uh... I have to give two  
 week's notice at Music World.

DEAN  
 (laughing)  
 Now that's funny, mate!

KRIS  
 Well, it's good to know you laugh.  
 Fuck me, Deano. I'm gonna drink  
 tonight then.

DEAN  
 Fine, drink it up tonight. I'm  
 going to have to stay with you at  
 all times though.

KRIS  
 Sweet! Let's start now. Hey,  
 garcon, two of your best Italian  
 beers.

The waitress is in earshot and goes to get the beers.

DEAN  
 None for me. I'm officially on duty  
 and it happens to be nine o'clock  
 in the morning.

KRIS  
 Who said one was for you? Ha! I  
 know some great places we can go  
 to. Milwaukee has more dive bars  
 than any city in the world.

DEAN  
 (sarcastically)  
 How exciting.

The waitress delivers two bottles of Moretti beer.

KRIS  
 Thanks, babe.

DEAN  
 Some more tea, please.

KRIS  
 I'm going to have to make some  
 phone calls in a bit, tell my  
 parents I'm going out of town and  
 say goodbye to Music World.

DEAN

Well done.

KRIS

No big loss. The last few months I've felt like I needed to do something more important with my life. I keep having this weird dream that I created a new style of soccer camps for kids.

DEAN

What's that?

KRIS

They would be trained by pros. They would have a morning session followed by the kids eating lunch as they watched a rock band play. Then back on the field for an afternoon session. In my dreams it was called "Soccerrock" and it got very big.

DEAN

Interesting. Look, I know you can achieve the outcome we want Kris, and quite frankly, you have nothing else to do.

Kris clinks his bottle against Dean's cup.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

DEAN

Kris Sanderson, wake up!

Kris hops up in bed and looks around in a confused state.

He falls back and puts a pillow over his face, he then throws the pillow.

KRIS

What's up?

DEAN

Shower and get dressed, son. Like I said last night, you won't need anything on the flight. Everything's going to be provided for you.

KRIS  
Even a toothbrush?

Kris gets out of bed and starts walking toward the bathroom.

DEAN  
Even a toothbrush.

Kris walks into the bathroom and stares in the mirror as he shouts to Dean.

KRIS  
Wow, I should be totally hung over,  
but I'm not.

DEAN (O.S.)  
I put a neutralizing chemical in  
one of your drinks. Physically  
harmless and very effective.

Kris walks back into the room.

KRIS  
I like it. Oh man, it's all coming  
back to me. How much of that five  
hundred bucks you gave me did I  
spend?

DEAN  
Three hundred and forty seven  
dollars. That covered your beers,  
drinks, shots and lap dances.

KRIS  
Damn, they were hot!

DEAN  
Quite right, but the fun and games  
are over. Now the work begins.

KRIS  
I'll be ready in twenty minutes.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Both dressed in expensive suits and sunglasses, they jump in the backseat of a black SUV with a driver in front.

INT. CAR - DAY

DEAN

A word of advice: If you don't take this seriously, you could be hurt or killed.

KRIS

Ten-four mate. Don't worry, I can't spend all that money if I'm dead.

DEAN

You don't understand how bad I want to get these people.

KRIS

I hear ya.

DEAN

It's not about revenge, it's about justice and you're the best shot we have right now.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Kris and Dean step out of the SUV on the airport tarmac where a small private jet is waiting for them, they start walking toward the stairs of the plane.

DEAN

By the way, I wouldn't bring up your nickname too often, if you know what I mean, "Diego."

KRIS

You're still pissed?

DEAN

Cheating bastard.

KRIS

Just because he beat England with a hand ball doesn't change the fact that Diego Maradona was a genius. That was back in the eighties... let it go, man.

They walk up the stairs of the plane and the door shuts.

The plane takes off and rises in the sky.

INT. SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA - VILLA - NIGHT

Kris is tucked away in a very expensive looking pad that is exquisite but lacks character.

There is furniture and decoration, but nothing personal.

WOODY (30's) brings in a suitcase and a duffel bag and starts unloading the necessities, including clothes and hygiene products.

Woody is hulking and muscular and looks like he belongs on a poster for the Marines.

He pulls out a strip of condoms from the duffel bag and holds them up in the air.

WOODY

Everything you'll need is here, even these. You can go about your business, but be careful. We need you to concentrate on the job, so before you even ask, we will not provide you with a prostitute. You're on your own.

KRIS

Who said I would sleep with a prostitute?

WOODY

Dayton, Ohio, June 2005. Ring a bell?

KRIS

That was entrapment! They dropped The charges.

He grabs a soccer ball out of the duffel bag and kicks it against the wall and catches it as it bounces back to him.

WOODY

Only because she actually slept with you. She was supposed to nab you after the solicitation but somehow you actually charmed her into bed. By the way, how did you do that?

KRIS

Trade secret, man.



WOODY

Your first appointment will be tomorrow at 8:00 AM with the physical therapy team. They have to make the muscles surrounding your knees stronger than ever. The afternoon will be light running and abdominal work. It will probably be two weeks before you can train with a team.

KRIS

Okay. So how do we explain the Roos signing a thirty-seven year old player coming out of retirement?

WOODY

The story is that the owner of the Roos is using you as part of a marketing deal in America. If anyone asks, you don't know much about it yet. Get some rest and there's plenty of healthy food here.

He hands Kris a state-of-the-art cell phone.

WOODY (CONT'D)

On this cell phone important contact numbers have already been programmed in. Dean, myself, the doctors and all the Roos coaching staff. You might see me again, you might not. Good luck.

Kris shakes his hand as he starts to unpack and look at the world class training gear out of the suitcase.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a piece of paper with a number on it, he dials the number.

BILL HARTWIG answers.

HARTWIG (V.O)

This is Bill Hartwig, how may I help you?

KRIS

Is this the First Union Bank in Milwaukee?

HARTWIG (V.O)

Yes it is. I'm in charge of new accounts.

KRIS

This is Kris Sanderson and a new account was recently opened in my name. I just wanted to see what funds were in there.

HARTWIG (V.O)

Okay. Do you have your account number, sir?

KRIS

Yes. It is 305, 619, 7878.

HARTWIG (V.O)

Hold one second sir.

The CLICKING SOUND of a computer keyboard is heard.

HARTWIG (V.O) (CONT'D)

Sir, there is a balance of five hundred thousand dollars.

KRIS

Very good. That's all I need to know.

HARTWIG (V.O.)

Welcome to First Union and if there is anything you need help with, please call us.

KRIS

Thank you, bye.

He puts the phone down, falls on the couch and uses the remote to turn on the television.

Closing his eyes, he drifts off to sleep.

INT. VILLA - DAY

Kris is startled awake by his phone RINGING. The television is on and the remote is still in his hand.

KRIS

Hello?

DEAN (V.O)

Good morning. You're going to be picked up in an hour. How do you feel?

KRIS

Great. I can't believe it. I don't think I feel jet lagged at all.

DEAN (V.O)

Another interesting little pill developed by our science lab. I put it in your soda on the plane.

KRIS

I see. You know, you could just ask me and give it to me. I'll be ready, bye.

Kris hangs up, gets off the couch, pumps his fist in the air and shouts out loud.

KRIS (CONT'D)

Today!

MONTAGE

-- Kris is at a therapy training center. He's lorded over by several doctors as his knees are poked and probed.

-- He tries to light up a cigarette in a hallway but a doctor has followed him and pulls it out of his mouth and orders him back to the therapy room.

-- Kris is running on a treadmill and lifting weights.

-- Sophisticated machinery is attached to his knees for testing.

-- The rehabilitation team is putting him through his paces with a series of agility and flexibility exercises.

-- Kris is out on the practice field... training and doing drills with fifteen players on the reserve team, dressed in all green gear, some of them wearing bright yellow pinnies.

All the players are young, between eighteen and twenty-three years old.

INT. VILLA - DAY

Dean is sitting on the couch and Kris is puttering around in the kitchen.

DEAN

It's been a good two weeks. The doctors say your knees are fine and that it's probably just a mental block you've had. The anxiety of worrying about tearing some ligaments again is the biggest battle. You look sharp with the reserves and you're getting stronger every day. I'm sure you are excited about playing in the game tomorrow.

KRIS

Yeah. Of course I have no match fitness right now, but I think I can do some damage.

Kris turns on a BLENDER for a few seconds to make a fruit shake.

DEAN

You're going to play one game with them. Then a few practices with the first team. Then, hopefully play against Melbourne.

KRIS

Wow.

DEAN

The tricky stuff is going to start soon enough. Just be on your toes and alert. Good luck tomorrow.

KRIS

Thanks. I'll see you after the game.

Dean leaves and Kris sits down while drinking his shake. A CHEERING CROWD can start to be heard (PRELAP), softly at first, then getting louder...

#### SERIES OF SHOTS

The gathering of ten thousand in attendance looks very small in the giant Sydney Memorial stadium. Both sides, and the officials, walk out on the field together.

Kris is playing forward for the Roos reserve team and dribbles past an opponent and scores a goal.

His team wins 2-1 and the players are shaking hands and walking off the field.

INT. TRAINING ROOM - DAY

TWO DOCTORS are examining his knees after the game. He is lying on a training table with his cleats and socks off but still in uniform.

FIRST DOCTOR

Any discomfort or pain at all?

KRIS

None. No problems whatsoever.

SECOND DOCTOR

Tomorrow will be conclusive. If there's no swelling or inflammation, then you have our approval to start training with the first team. Let's get some ice packs going here.

KRIS

Great, thanks guys.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Kris is changing into his practice gear in the very spacious locker room of the Sydney Roos first team.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Twenty players are on the practice field, half in green jerseys, the other half in yellow.

The coaching staff is very tough on the players during various drills.

Kris has some impressive moves but it's not all easy going. He is tired and winded when the practice ends. He puts his hands on his knees and is visibly exhausted.

INT. SYDNEY ROOS CLUBHOUSE - DAY

The players are unwinding after training in their amazing clubhouse that consists of couches, plasma televisions, arcade sized video games, billiards and ping pong tables. There is also a large buffet area.

Kris is involved in a very intense game of ping pong with another player.

Dean comes in and motions for Kris to stop playing and to follow him, they walk into an office.

INT. ROOS OFFICE - DAY

DEAN

I've just spoken with Coach Benton. He knows all about the mission and feels you've done enough to justify him playing you in the next game. Listen, when you get in there and if you score a goal, you need to do something outlandish to draw attention to yourself.

KRIS

What? My first game with a world class team and I have to look like a jackass?

DEAN

It's not like that. The Aussies love that stuff. They figure you to be goofy anyway, being an American and all.

KRIS

It's not IF I score Deano, it's WHEN I score.

DEAN

That's the spirit. All right then, keep working.

INT. BREAKFAST RESTAURANT - DAY

While devouring a huge stack of pancakes, Kris stops eating when he sees someone leave the sports section of the local paper on the table next to him.

He grabs it and on the front page is a big picture of him sprinting down a field with a ball at his feet. His WAITRESS refills his coffee.

WAITRESS

What a terrible mess going on in the Middle East, just awful.

KRIS

Aliens could take over the Earth  
and I wouldn't know it unless it  
was in the sports section.

The waitress looks perplexed and walks away. The headline  
reads "Can this Yank star ignite the Roos?"

Kris seems zeroed in on one aspect of the article. He says  
the words quietly to himself:

KRIS (CONT'D)

When asked about his relationship  
with Dead Egypt, Kris replied "I  
wish I could tell you about all my  
experiences with Dead Egypt. Some  
were legal, some were not."

A deep frown comes across his face.

KRIS (CONT'D)

Bullshit. I never said that.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

As Kris walks in, LOUD HARD ROCK MUSIC is being played on a  
boom box.

Kris is razzed a bit by the players and one of them is  
holding the article in front of him.

They change into their green jerseys, green shorts and bright  
yellow socks.

The head coach walks in and the players calm down and turn  
off the music.

COACH BENTON (50's) has gray hair and looks very good for his  
age.

He calmly goes over his strategy.

COACH BENTON

Play fast, play simple. Attack when  
we can, but don't go crazy.  
Remember, intense pressure when we  
lose the ball. Good luck, let's go!

The players start CLAPPING and YELLING as they exit the  
locker room.

EXT. SYDNEY MEMORIAL STADIUM - DAY

They run out of the dark tunnel into blinding sunlight on the field. The stadium is sold out as eighty-thousand fans CHEER wildly as the players acknowledge the crowd.

The games starts and TWO COMMENTATOR'S voices are heard, Kris is not in the starting lineup.

FIRST COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

The Roos are in a good patch of form having won their last three matches convincingly. They will face a stern test here today against the third-place Wanderers.

SECOND COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

If Melbourne has any chance of catching the Roos in the standings, they are going to have to win this match.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Several game shots showing the speed and intensity of a top level soccer match.

FIRST COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

With less than a minute remaining in the first half, the Sydney Roos are clinging to a narrow 1-0 lead. It's been pretty even here so far.

SECOND COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

And there's the whistle for half-time. The crowd is just waiting for something big to happen.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Benton is drawing things on a large dry erase board.

COACH BENTON

Our shape is good. Don't be tentative. If we've got numbers, go forward. Kris, you go in up top for Mark. Work hard. Let the game come to you, don't force things.



## SERIES OF SHOTS

Kris is extremely focused and racing around the field like a madman.

The CROWD ERUPTS as Kris scores a goal. He sprints to the corner flag and rips the pole out of the ground and runs five yards and throws it like a javelin.

As his teammates are congratulating him, the referee comes over and gives him a yellow card for unsportsmanlike conduct.

Kris receives several kicks during the second half but just gets up and keeps playing. The game ends.

## COMMENTATOR ONE (V.O.)

There's the final whistle and the Roos win it 2-0! The American, Kris Sanderson, stealing the show with a great goal in the second half. If there were any questions about him beforehand, he has certainly laid those to rest.

## INT. THE FAR POST NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Kris and his teammates are boisterous and rowdy while drinking shots in the enormous lower level. It's a paradise for a sports junkie.

Curiously walking up the stairs to the second level, a techno pop dance club entices Kris with sexy and mysterious TECHNO MUSIC, most of the floor is filled with women.

A beautiful statuesque blonde appears from the darkness of the far side of the dance floor.

She eyes Kris as she slinks up the stairs to the upper VIP level on the third floor.

Kris follows her up the stairs as she disappears into the ladies room.

Dean comes out of nowhere and walks up to Kris.

## DEAN

A javelin throw? Original. Your celebration was better than your goal.

## KRIS

(distracted)  
Hey, they all count, man.

Dean casually drapes his arm around his shoulder and leads him away.

DEAN

Quite right. Anton is not here, but his friend Karl is. It's time to go with the flow and turn on the charm.

Kris shrugs Dean's arm off his shoulder.

KRIS

All right, man. I know you're supposed to be my agent but you look like a cop. Let me do what I gotta do.

DEAN

(defensively)  
I'm leaving. I'll call you tomorrow. And, by the way, great match today.

Dean walks away and Kris turns his attention back to the door of the ladies room. Before the blonde comes out, ANDY CLARK, the Roos no-nonsense defender, drunkenly walks up with a man next to him.

ANDY

Kris, this is a friend of mine, Karl.

KARL (40's) is average-sized, short blond crew cut and a thick German accent. Karl and Kris shake hands.

KARL

You played hard today. Although in Germany, you would be severely fined for throwing the corner flag pole.

KRIS

Yeah, I just got too excited.

Karl pulls out a business card and hands it to Kris.

KARL

I own and manage SportsCity. We supply the Roos with your jerseys, shoes, equipment, everything.

KRIS

That's great. I'd like to check it out sometime.

KARL

Why don't you stop by after training tomorrow? Let's get some shots... three Jagermeisters?

Karl looks to Kris for approval. Kris nods. A pretty shot girl in a skimpy outfit walks by and they grab three glasses off a tray. They do the shots and then put the glasses back on the tray.

KARL (CONT'D)

Ja! Very good. Kris, most of the team and a lot of the women here will be stopping by my place for a party in a little while and you should come.

KRIS

I don't know. I promised myself I'd be good tonight. Maybe just meet some prospects and get some sleep.

KARL

Tonight is not about sleeping, Kris. It's about sleeping with...

Kris scans at the assortment of sexy women in the VIP area.

KRIS

Yeah, yeah, I think I will stop by.

KARL

Excellent. My address is on my card, come by in a couple hours.

INT. KARL'S MANSION - NIGHT

The party is rocking as attractive women on synthetic substances are dancing everywhere and paying attention to the soccer players. The enormous front room has a dance floor and a bar with couches and chairs everywhere.

Kris is sitting on a couch with a beer and Andy is dancing in front of him with a wild and beautiful BRUNETTE, Andy sits down next to Kris.

BRUNETTE

Hey! Come back here.

ANDY

I can't keep up, love.

Kris leans into Andy as the brunette shakes like a go-go dancer in front of them.

KRIS

So Andy, how long have you known Karl?

ANDY

Since he opened the store, about two years now.

KRIS

He seems pretty cool.

ANDY

He is. He's rich and connected and knows everyone in our club, and his parties, as you can see, are first-class.

BRUNETTE

C'mon.

She grabs Andy's hand and gets him to dance again.

Kris sees the blonde from the nightclub and he gets up and makes his way over to her. This is JEANIE (20's), drop dead gorgeous.

JEANIE

So, you're the big new player from America.

KRIS

Yep. I'm Kris.

She offers her hand and Kris kisses it.

JEANIE

I'm Jeanie. Let's dance.

After a few seconds of dancing and infatuation, Karl's voice can be heard.

KARL (O.S.)

Kris! We're going to play some Dead Egypt, come here.

Jeanie gives Kris a look and a wink and dances off by herself.

Kris goes by Karl who hands him a snifter half-filled with cognac.

KARL (CONT'D)

That was a pretty nice article in the paper about you today.

KRIS

Just the front office trying to sell some tickets.

KARL

What happened when you were with Dead Egypt? It sounded pretty crazy.

KRIS

It was unbelievable.

KARL

Some friends of mine are here that are very big fans of the band. Can you talk with them for a minute?

KRIS

Sure. Hey, what's up with that Jeanie girl? Incredible.

KARL

She's available, and a very nice Sheila. Let's go meet my friends.

INT. KARL'S MANSION - LARGE ROOM - NIGHT

They walk into another large room. There are only a few people and it's much more subdued.

KARL

Kris, this is Franz, and this is Helmut.

Kris leans forward and shakes the hands of FRANZ and HELMUT, both 30s -- both look and sound very German.

HELMUT

I've never seen an American play like that before. What is your secret?

KRIS

Weiss beers and blondes.

HELMUT

Fantastic. You should thrive here as we have plenty of both.

KRIS

I'm here to win games, score goals,  
and party my ass off.

FRANZ

I like your set of priorities. Hey,  
check this out, Dead Egypt, live.

Franz pushes a couple buttons on a stereo remote. HEAVY MUSIC fills the room as Kris enthusiastically SINGS along. Franz turns the volume down a bit.

KARL

So, do you still like them?

KRIS

Until I die.

HELMUT

What was Ty really like?

KRIS

What you see is what you get. She always had her shit together and despite being in rock & roll and becoming famous, she always stayed grounded. It's like a natural high just being in her presence because there is no one like her.

KARL

The newspaper says you went on tour with them.

KRIS

We did some wild things. Watching what their music does to a crowd of a hundred thousand people... it's unreal. The orgies weren't too bad either.

FRANZ

Are they into soccer?

KRIS

Uh... no. They basically breathe sex, drugs and rock & roll.

Jeanie pokes her head into the room and sees that Kris is busy and walks away.

KARL

Kris, I think your biggest fan is getting restless...

KRIS

Excuse me guys, nice meeting you.

INT. KARL'S MANSION - NIGHT

Kris comes back into the main room and looks over to see Jeanie slumped in a love seat playing with the olive in her martini.

He sits down next to her. Jeanie softly snuggles her head on his shoulder.

JEANIE

Hey there.

Jeanie stands up and grabs his hand and leads him to a hallway corner by the front door.

JEANIE (CONT'D)

My dad is a prominent doctor and I've never had to worry about money. I've invested well. I do a lot of work with charities, especially ones that help children. My life is uncomplicated. I like to shop, party and travel.

Suddenly, Jeanie turns to Kris and deeply, passionately kisses him.

JEANIE (CONT'D)

So, now that we know each other a little better, there should be no problem in us shagging our brains out.

KRIS

I'm ready to go.

Jeanie and Kris leave the party without saying goodbye to anyone.

INT. VILLA - MORNING

Kris groggily wakes up in his bed. He sits up very quickly and looks around to see Jeanie putting her clothes on over her pink bra and panties. She sits down next to him and giggles as she kisses him.

JEANIE

Good morning lover. Last night was wonderful.

KRIS

Where are you going?

JEANIE

I have a charity event to attend,  
and you have to practice.

KRIS

Can we do this again sometime?

JEANIE

Count on it. I'll call you  
tomorrow, sexy.

A kiss goodbye and Jeanie is out the door.

INT. SPORTSCITY - AFTERNOON

Kris is walking around the huge sporting goods store that is filled with lots of soccer gear, but other sports are represented as well. Karl is jovial as he shows him around.

KARL

How was practice today?

KRIS

We don't do much the day after a  
game, which is good because I was  
hurting this morning.

KARL

(laughs)

Yes, myself as well. I'm going to  
give you a bunch of free gear.

They are strolling through aisles of soccer jerseys from all over the world.

KRIS

Thanks, Karl. You've been great.  
Maybe I can do some promotional  
work for you in exchange. Like a  
commercial or something.

KARL

Okay, we'll work on it. Did you  
have fun with Jeanie?

KRIS

She's awesome. It would be very  
easy to fall in love with her.



KARL

As long as it doesn't affect your soccer.

KRIS

Yeah, I hear ya.

KARL

Why don't you meet me for dinner tomorrow and we can discuss the commercial. My driver will pick you up... at six?

KRIS

Sounds good.

EXT. SPORTSCITY PARKING LOT - DAY

Kris is walking with his bag of free goodies to his car when his phone RINGS.

KRIS

Deano, what's up? Hey, is it all right to talk? What if these phones are tapped?

DEAN (V.O.)

You don't think we've handled things like that son? How did it go at Karl's party?

KRIS

So far, so good. We're having dinner tomorrow night. He seems like a decent guy, Dean.

DEAN (V.O.)

We are not fully aware of what his involvement is, just that he knows Anton very well. If he had anything to do with the bombings though, he will pay.

KRIS

Right.

DEAN (V.O.)

You should be meeting Anton soon enough. Just keep doing what you're doing and be ready.

KRIS

All right, man. I'll call you  
tomorrow night after our dinner.

Kris hangs up and gets into his team provided green sports car and drives away.

MONTAGE - KRIS AT WORK AND PLAY

-- Soccer field -- Kris is doing training exercises with the team as coaches are shouting instructions, he looks fit and is sprinting very hard.

-- Restaurant -- Karl and Kris are chatting and laughing while eating at an expensive seafood place. Waiters are hovering and attending to their every need.

-- Soccer field -- Kris is shown again practicing with the Roos.

-- Villa -- Jeanie is cuddling with him on a couch, they are eating popcorn while watching a movie and touching and laughing.

EXT. VICTORIA SOCCER STADIUM - DAY

The Roos team bus pulls up inside the visiting team parking area. The players start filing out of the bus one by one.

INT. ANNOUNCER BOOTH - DAY

COMMENTATOR

And for all the American fans who have tuned in to follow Kris Sanderson, the A-League is just like the rest of the world -- three points for a win, one for a draw, and zero for a loss. There are no playoffs, and whoever finishes on top of the table at the end of the season will be declared champions.

INT. VISITING LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Coach Benton has a lineup of eleven players up on a big dry erase board.

COACH BENTON

This game will come down to who wants it more.

(MORE)

COACH BENTON (CONT'D)

We know how they play, they know how we play. We've got to be mentally stronger. Don't retaliate, no matter what they do. Let's take the field.

The players CLAP LOUDLY and exit the locker room.

SERIES OF SHOTS

The game kicks off and Kris is the victim of a few hard fouls as the Victoria players are trash talking to him.

His teammate Andy gets beaten badly on a play where Victoria scores a goal twenty minutes into the match.

He explodes at the referee and insists there was a foul on the play. The referee gives Andy a straight red card for swearing and he is ejected from the game.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

Andy Clark has seen red! He really let his emotions get the best of him there. A big blow for the Roos, who are losing, and are now forced to play a man down for the rest of the match.

A Roos midfielder strips the ball from one of the Victoria players. Sprinting down the left wing, he crosses the ball in the middle to Kris, who is two steps ahead of the nearest defender.

Kris leaps like a salmon jumping out of the water to hit a rocket head ball past the goalkeeper. The entire stadium goes eerily quiet.

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

He's done it! Against the run of play, Sanderson has tied this game.

The scoreboard reads Sydney 1-1 Victoria. The second half kicks off.

A Victoria player slips and the ball pops right to Kris. Two players stand between him and the goal. He beats the first with a tricky step over move as the other player closes him down.

The second player tries to take Kris out with a slide tackle but Kris pushes the ball around him to avoid his vicious lunge.

He dribbles in on the goalkeeper and winds up like he's going to blast the ball, but instead he gracefully chips the ball over the goalkeeper's head for a goal.

Before the ball even goes in, Kris is racing towards his team bench. His teammates are jumping up and down like kids as Kris slides on his knees into them.

A minute of game action goes by and the referee blows his whistle for the end of the match. The Victoria players are respectful to Kris as both teams shake hands.

INT. VISITORS LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The locker room is chaotic as the Roos players are happy and loud. Andy makes his way over to Kris and gives him a massive bear hug.

ANDY

You saved me, mate!

KRIS

Win or lose, the Roos are on the  
booze!

The whole team starts SINGING a soccer song.

INT. THE FAR POST NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Kris sits at the bar and a beer comes sliding down a long way into his hand.

BARTENDER

Great game, Diego!

Andy stumbles up to the bar, clearly intoxicated, nearly knocks Kris over.

ANDY

How'd you get the nickname Diego?

KRIS

When I was a kid, I met someone from Chile who told me about this teenage sensation named Diego Maradona. He said he was the best. He liked the way I played and he started calling me Diego.

ANDY

(disgusted)  
Pele is the best.

KRIS

You can't compare athletes from different eras, it's not fair. Pele was Elvis and Diego was Jimi Hendrix. They're both the best.

Karl emerges from the crowd and gives Kris a high-five.

KARL

You're an animal! You're even better than I thought. Everyone will be at my house later, and I mean everyone.

KRIS

I'm there for sure.

KARL

You've got to meet Anton, he's dying to talk with you.

Kris is startled for a second at the mention of the name but immediately regains his composure.

KRIS

So, what's Anton into? Sports equipment?

KARL

He buys and sells valuable antiques. And yes, he was instrumental in establishing SportsCity.

KRIS

Cool. Does he like soccer?

KARL

Oh god, yes. He's been away on business but he's kept up with the matches on satellite. He'll be at my party.

A voice comes over the speaker system.

BARTENDER (V.O.)

This one goes out to Kris Diego -- cheers, mate.

A popular HARD ROCK SONG comes on. Jeanie appears at the bar and Karl is perceptive enough to know to walk away.

JEANIE

I'm so happy for you.

She kisses and hugs Kris. She is dressed sexy but classy.

JEANIE (CONT'D)

I'm just really curious. Whatever happened with you and Ty?

KRIS

We haven't spoken to each other in years and the last I heard she was living in Seattle. She was disappointed that I wasn't doing much with my life.

JEANIE

She couldn't say that now.

KRIS

Now wasn't then. She really got spiritual. I was happy with a case of beer and watching the Green Bay Packers.

JEANIE

The who?

KRIS

(laughing)  
I love you, baby.

Jeanie leans into him and gets close to his ear.

JEANIE

How about me? Am I now?

KRIS

You are very right now.  
(Aussie accent)  
Crikey! I abso-bloody-lutely love you!

Kris grabs her tightly around the waist and leads her onto the dance floor where they are surrounded by couples dirty dancing.

INT. KARL'S MANSION - NIGHT

A full-blown party is in swing.

JEANIE

I'm going to get us a drink.

She walks away as Karl comes to greet Kris.

KARL

So glad you two came. Anton should be arriving momentarily.

KRIS

I'm looking forward to meeting him.

A man with incredible presence walks through the front door.

ANTON (40's) is solidly built and over six-feet tall with medium-length blond hair. He carries an aura that suggests he is not a person to be messed with.

KARL

Speak of the devil, there's Anton now.

He motions with his hands to Anton.

KARL (CONT'D)

Over here.

ANTON

Ah, the American. Very impressive so far.

They shake hands.

KRIS

Thank you. Nice to meet you.

ANTON

I want to invite you to a party at my house on Wednesday.

KRIS

Sure.

Anton looks Kris up and down slightly before he speaks.

ANTON

The United States is starting to get good in soccer.

KRIS

Yeah, we are. We should have beat Germany the last time we played them.

Anton wags an admonishing finger at Kris.

ANTON

No. We were merely toying with you. Like a cat with a mouse.

Jeanie walks up with a drink for Kris.

KARL

Can we all go in my study and talk?  
Jeanie is, of course, welcome.

JEANIE

That's okay, I can mingle. I'll see  
you in a while Kris.

She gives Kris a peck on the cheek and walks away.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Karl, Anton and Kris walk into a large library/study room and Karl closes the door behind them. Unlike most library rooms, this one has a bar.

KARL

Please sit.

ANTON

What was it like being with Dead  
Egypt? I absolutely worship them.

KRIS

I've got some stories that would  
blow your mind.

ANTON

After Wednesday's game you will  
come to my party and I insist that  
you spend the night at my house.  
You can have any guest room you  
want. Why did Egypt break up?

KRIS

They wanted to go out while they  
were on top. I mean, their last CD  
is their best one, in my opinion.

ANTON

Yes. The one with "Sinister." It's  
my all-time favorite song.

KRIS

Funny thing about that song. The  
lyrics are all about death and  
evil, but it was written about a  
kid who worked at a Denny's  
restaurant that really pissed them  
off.



They all LAUGH together.

SERIES OF SHOTS

-- The three of them drinking shots from old bottles.

-- Karl showing Kris soccer pictures in photo albums.

-- Kris is telling stories and they are laughing and giving each other high fives.

EXT. SYDNEY HARBOR - DAY

Kris and Dean are walking along the waterfront on a beautiful sunny afternoon.

DEAN

So, you met Anton.

KRIS

Yeah, where were you last night?

DEAN

I had other business to attend to. There are going to be times I'm simply not around.

KRIS

Hey, Dean, just be around when it gets "simply" dangerous, okay? Anton invited me to a party at his house and he wants me to spend the night.

DEAN

Excellent. You have to find something in his house that links him to the bombings. Let's sit on that bench over there. I have something important to tell you.

KRIS

Uh, oh.

They walk ten yards and take a seat.

DEAN

I've been talking with Eric Snow.

KRIS

Snow? The manager of Dead Egypt?

DEAN  
Precisely. Are you ready?

Kris nervously nods.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
We're going to get Dead Egypt to play a reunion concert here in Sydney. It's going to be after one of your games at Memorial Stadium and they are going to be paid one hundred million dollars.

Kris immediately jumps to his feet off the bench.

KRIS  
What? Why? They won't do it. They don't need the money and they've all gone their own ways.

DEAN  
Mr. Snow seemed very excited about the project.

Kris starts to light up a smoke and his voice is clearly racing at the news.

KRIS  
Project? He didn't say that. The dude can't even spell the word project, his brain's fried.

DEAN  
Nonetheless, I told him about your success down here and the money we're offering, and how some of the proceeds will go to help the starving children of Australia.

KRIS  
What starving children?

DEAN  
Well, I'm sure we can find some out there somewhere.

KRIS  
Jesus Christ man, is there anything you won't fucking say?

DEAN  
Seriously, some of the profits will go to charity.

Kris is now pacing back and forth in small steps.

KRIS

They'll never do it.

DEAN

Snow said that two members have already agreed, the guitarist and bass player, Ripper and Machine Head.

KRIS

Wow.

DEAN

Yes, apparently the other bloke, the drummer, is undergoing some psychiatric help and they have to talk to his doctor to see if he's well enough.

KRIS

Arturo was always unstable... he thinks the UFO's are here.

DEAN

No one has spoken with Ty yet because she's on a trip in Mexico and efforts to reach her have been unsuccessful. She is due back tomorrow though.

Dean stands up and pulls a small piece of paper out of his pocket and hands it to Kris.

DEAN (CONT'D)

She lives in Phoenix, Arizona. You call her tomorrow at this number. She's the leader. If she agrees to this, then it's going to happen.

KRIS

It's crazy. What's the point?

DEAN

You will be a god to these people if we pull this off and they will feel like they can trust you with anything. You get to see your mates again, they make rock & roll history, everybody turns a tidy profit and most importantly, we nail those bastards. Oh, and Kris...

KRIS  
Yes?

DEAN  
Bloody brilliant yesterday.

Dean shakes his hand and walks away, leaving Kris sitting there smoking.

INT. VILLA - DAY

Kris is lying in bed cradling his cell phone, he sighs and dials the number.

EXT. TY'S HOUSE - DAY

Lying in a lounge chair by a pool and wearing a very small white bikini, she answers her phone.

TY  
Hello?

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION.

KRIS  
Ty? It's Kris Sanderson.

TY  
I used to know a Kris Sanderson a long time ago. He was one hell of a lover.

KRIS  
That's me.

TY  
(sits up; tenderly)  
Oh Kris, it's so great to hear your voice. How are you?

KRIS  
I'm doing pretty good.

TY  
I heard you're playing soccer again and you're better than ever.

KRIS  
How'd you hear that?

TY

I just got off the phone with Eric Snow. So, you're in Sydney?

KRIS

Yeah, what else did he say?

TY

Well, he talked my ear off for an hour about a reunion concert and you know what?

KRIS

What?

TY

We're gonna do it, fucker! One last balls out show from the masters of metal. I like that it's going to help those poor kids, too.

KRIS

Oh, yeah, yeah... the kids. What's the deal with Arturo?

TY

He got all messed up on some acid with his friends and he was convinced there were aliens following him or some shit. His buddies checked him into a facility, but his doctors have cleared him, so he's good to go.

KRIS

(little chuckle)

All righty then. How's Ripper and Machine Head doin'?

TY

Same old crazy stuff. They are pumped about this show.

KRIS

Hey, what do you get when you combine soccer with the power of rock & roll?

TY

I don't know.

KRIS

Soccerrock!

TY

Ha! Soccerrock! I love it. This will be the biggest Soccerrock event ever. Listen, we're gonna be down there soon and we have a million things to do. I'll call you tomorrow, okay?

KRIS

Sounds good. Hey, are you married?

TY

Are you kidding? I can't even take care of my cactus. How about you?

KRIS

Same as ever, desperately single.

TY

Good. Tomorrow then. Bye baby.

KRIS

Bye Ty.

Kris hangs up and a big smile comes across his face.

MONTAGE - KRIS PLAYING SOCCER

-- Training with the Roos on their practice field.

-- The Roos are shown walking out onto their home field for a game, another sold out crowd.

-- Kris scores two goals in the game.

COMMENTATOR (V.O)

Kris Sanderson continues his amazing goal streak. He is unplayable at the moment and the Roos are in scintillating form.

INT. ANTON'S MANSION - NIGHT

The mansion is incredibly large inside, METAL MUSIC can be heard but not too loud. Dozens of people are talking and drinking.

Kris and Jeanie come through the front door.

KRIS

My god, this isn't a mansion, it's a castle.

Anton immediately breaks away from a group of people and heads to Kris.

ANTON

Welcome, welcome. Kris, I'm hearing a rumor about Dead Egypt. Is it true?

KRIS

They're coming. I can't believe it myself.

ANTON

How did you do it?

KRIS

I talked with them but it wasn't just me. I guess it's been in the works for a long time.

ANTON

Fantastic. Jeanie, you look lovely.

They kiss each other on the cheek.

JEANIE

Thanks.

ANTON

Please come in. I'll give you the big tour later Kris. Man, you make scoring goals look easy.

KRIS

Thanks. The team is playing well and I'm surrounded by talent.

ANTON

You're much too modest but that's one of the reasons I like you. Enjoy the party. I'll catch up with you in a bit.

Kris and Jeanie wander through the main room that is filled with many beautiful women, soccer players and high rollers.

EXT. POOL DECK - NIGHT

They walk outside to the enormous pool deck area, about twenty people are swimming and some of the women are topless.

KRIS

Look at this place. This Anton guy  
is unbelievable.

JEANIE

He's a character. He's always been  
nice to me.

INT. ANTON'S MANSION - LATER

The party is thinning out as people are leaving visibly  
drunk.

Kris and Jeanie are about to walk out when Anton comes  
forward.

ANTON

No, no. You're not going anywhere.  
You said you'd spend the night and  
tell me all about Dead Egypt and  
I'm absolutely going to hold you to  
it.

Kris turns to look at Jeanie who immediately kisses him on  
the cheek.

JEANIE

Have fun with your mates. I'll call  
you tomorrow sweetie.

Jeanie winks as she exits.

KRIS

She's amazing.

ANTON

Ja. I'm very fond of her. Let's go  
to the game room.

They walk together through some hallways and enter a  
fantastic man cave.

INT. GAME ROOM - NIGHT

A pool table with yellow leopard spot felt is the centerpiece  
of the room. There is a fully stocked bar.

There's also an intense-looking video game with rifles and  
machine guns. The language on the game is German.



The walls are adorned with signed jerseys, framed posters of soccer teams and Dead Egypt live concerts. Also in the room is an incredibly large plasma television.

Anton expertly pours bottles of Weiss beer into big glasses with lemons as Kris starts to talk. Helmut and Franz are already sitting in the room.

KRIS

God, where do I start? The riot in Brazil or the time we destroyed a golf course with motorcycles?

ANTON

We want to hear all of them.

SERIES OF SHOTS

-- Kris is very animated as he is telling stories and the others are laughing.

-- Drinking many shots together while they are watching a Dead Egypt concert tape.

-- Soccer game on TV and Kris touching the screen explaining tactics.

-- Kris hits an amazing trick shot on the pool table and the others nearly fall over laughing.

INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Lying wide-eyed and awake in one of Anton's guest rooms, Kris quietly gets up.

INT. HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Kris roams the hallways. The house is silent.

INT. ANTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

He opens a door and enters. Quietly closes the door and turns on a light. Going through a desk drawer he picks up a folder of interest. While flipping through the folder, he hears the sound of a DOORKNOB being turned and opened. ULI enters.

ULI

What are you doing in here?

Kris freezes for a couple seconds. He starts to slowly put the folder back in the desk.

KRIS  
(chuckling)  
Man, you scared me. I'm lost. I couldn't find the bathroom and I was looking for some tissue paper.

ULI  
The bathroom is right next to your bedroom and it was shown to you before you turned in.

KRIS  
God, I'm drunk.

ULI  
Anton is on his way.

KRIS  
This house is so big. I don't know where the hell I am.

The two look at each other for a few seconds.

Anton walks in with a cold stare and appears completely sober.

ANTON  
What's going on Kris?

KRIS  
I was just explaining to this guy that I got lost looking for a bathroom.

ANTON  
Kris, people that are looking for bathrooms do not go searching through desks. Do you see that, up in the corner?

Anton points to a small camera lens up in the ceiling.

ANTON (CONT'D)  
As soon as you entered the room you were under surveillance. I'm told you looked like a thief or a spy.

KRIS  
I'm wasted, man. I walked into the wrong room and I was curious about all those charts.

ANTON

Kris, you're not drunk. This is very suspicious. I sense that you're lying and I can see it in your eyes. What the fuck is going on?

Kris doesn't say anything and looks at the floor.

ANTON (CONT'D)

Okay, have it your way. Uli, go get the needle.

Uli walks out of the room.

KRIS

Nothing's going on.

ANTON

I'm sure you've heard of truth serum, Kris. You'll really like this stuff. One small problem though, sometimes I administer too much and it causes brain damage.

KRIS

C'mon man. This isn't necessary.

Uli returns with a small leather case.

KRIS (CONT'D)

Fuck that needle, man. I'll tell you everything if you promise not to hurt me.

ANTON

I'm listening.

KRIS

You're going to kill me.

ANTON

Nobody lives forever.

KRIS

If I tell you what you want to know, you won't hurt me?

ANTON

You'll be hurt for sure if you don't talk.

KRIS

Fuck... they made me do it... the  
British Secret Service.

Anton picks up a stapler on the desk and throws it across the room and it shatters a glass picture frame on the wall.

ANTON

Those fucking bastards!

KRIS

(panic)

They said they would hurt my family  
if I didn't help them.

Anton swipes everything off the desk and the contents tumble to the floor.

ANTON

British Intelligence doesn't  
threaten families, Kris. They buy  
people off. They gave you money.

Anton's eyes are consumed with rage as he flips a chair over.

KRIS

Anton, calm down! This is what  
happens when you kill people.

Anton flies at Kris and viciously backhands him in the face and Kris falls down.

ANTON

They started this war! They are the  
ones who have killed innocent  
people.

KRIS

What are you talking about?

Kris slowly gets off the floor.

ANTON

Of course, they didn't tell you.  
Does money instantly make them the  
good guys to you?

KRIS

No, just tell me what's going on.

Anton stares off into space.

ANTON

My little brother... Willy and seven of his friends... were on a train traveling from London to Manchester when the train derailed and crashed.

FLASHBACK - EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

SCREAMS can be heard as a train goes off the tracks and crashes. Rescue units are bravely running through flames as they try to save as many people as they can.

ANTON (V.O.)

My brother, two of his companions and ten others survived. The British Government told the news outlets that no one had lived. The Secret Service transported them to a medical lab.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Inside a secret medical center, doctors are putting needles into patients and hooking them up to machines.

ANTON (V.O.)

They used them as human guinea pigs and injected them with a drug called TRZ-26. It was designed for brainwashing and the subject would follow any command given to them, even if it meant murder or suicide, or both. Complete mind control.

The survivors react badly to the drug and start convulsing in excruciating pain.

INT. ANTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

ANTON

It was the perfect opportunity to test the chemical on living people who were assumed dead and wouldn't be missed. The drug had horrible side effects and they all died excruciating painful deaths. Poor Willy.

KRIS

How do you know all this?

ANTON

Hans Durmeir. He has known my parents forever. He is a billionaire and was able to buy information. My family could not accept that Willy's body wasn't recovered and they were never satisfied with the initial report.

KRIS

I don't know what to say.

ANTON

They didn't need a drug to brainwash you though, just money.

KRIS

So, you're just killing random people because of what happened?

ANTON

The only people who have died are those responsible for making and administering this evil drug. If some British agents were in the wrong place at the wrong time, so be it.

KRIS

You've got to stop all this, Anton.

ANTON

There is a small factory in Milan, Italy named Exotech. That is the final link, and once this building is destroyed, it will be over. No one will be inside and there will be no more deaths. Now, what are we going to do with you?

KRIS

They made me a soccer player again. They said I was helping fight terrorism. What the fuck can I do?

ANTON

What exactly did they hire you to do? Do they plan on killing me?

KRIS

No. They wanted me to find some evidence in your house.

ANTON

They won't find anything here.  
Listen, fuck these people. I know  
you have nothing to do with TRZ-26.  
Just tell them you quit, I'll match  
their offer.

KRIS

I can't just tell them, "I quit."  
Anton, can I have a drink please?

ANTON

Ja, I think we both need one.

Anton points at Uli and snaps his finger. Two snifters and a  
bottle of Cognac are brought over. The two men stare at each  
other as they take a large drink out of the snifters.

KRIS

I think I have an idea. Can you  
prove everything you say is true?

ANTON

I can show you the official British  
government documents that we  
obtained. Everything I have said is  
absolutely true.

KRIS

You said that this is all over  
after you bomb that factory and  
that no one else will die?

ANTON

No one will be in the factory.  
We've made sure of it.

KRIS

We fake my kidnapping.

ANTON

What do you mean?

KRIS

Like I said, we fake my kidnapping.  
I hide out for a couple of days,  
then show up scared and freaking  
out. I tell Dean this shit is too  
crazy and I quit. I'm just a dumb,  
scared soccer player.

ANTON

Hmm... your plan has some merit to  
it. Let's work out some details.

(MORE)

ANTON (CONT'D)

I'm glad I didn't have to kill you. Accidentally falling down some stairs and breaking your neck is not a good way for you to go out.

KRIS

You wouldn't have really killed me, would you?

ANTON

Nice weather we're having, Kris.

KRIS

Is Karl a member of your Freedom Brigade?

ANTON

No. Karl is an old friend but I have left him in the dark over this. The so-called Freedom Brigade is just myself and a few people. Freedom Brigade was a song I wrote when I was thirteen, I used to play a little guitar.

KRIS

You're kidding.

ANTON

No, I was pretty good.

KRIS

I meant you made up a fake terrorist cell just to disguise what you've been doing.

ANTON

Yes. Now to the immediate matters at hand, let us figure a way to make this work.

EXT. ANTON'S MANSION - DAY

Kris is walking to his car and pulls out his cell phone and calls Dean.

DEAN (V.O.)

Good morning, son.

KRIS

Hey, everything went great last night.

(MORE)



KRIS (CONT'D)

I didn't get anything specific yet,  
but there's a room with a lot of  
maps and plans.

DEAN (V.O.)

Are you going to be able to go  
back?

KRIS

For sure, he totally trusts me.

A short BEEPING SOUND alerts Kris to an incoming call.

KRIS (CONT'D)

Dean, I've got another call. I'll  
call you back in a bit...

(clicks over)

Hey Jeanie... Tomorrow? I'd love  
it. Blue Heaven restaurant at two  
o'clock. I have to go right now  
babe, let me call you later. Bye.

Kris dials a number on his phone.

KRIS (CONT'D)

Anton. Yeah, it's Kris. I will be  
in the Blue Heaven parking lot a  
few minutes before two tomorrow.  
Got it?

EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - DAY

Kris parks his car and looks at the time on his cell phone,  
it's 1:55.

He gets out of the car and starts walking toward a black van.

TWO MEN wearing ski masks jump out of the van and roughly  
grab him then slowly stop and let go of him.

FIRST MAN

Shit, there's no one around.

KRIS

Maybe someone inside the restaurant  
is looking.

Kris peers at the windows of the restaurant.

SECOND MAN

Well?

KRIS

I don't think anyone sees us.

The three of them stand there confused.

FIRST MAN

Anton said to make sure some people  
are watching.

Kris sighs and looks bored. Jeanie pulls into the parking lot  
and makes eye contact with Kris as she waves.

KRIS

That's my chick! Grab me and throw  
me in the van!

The masked men manhandle Kris and force him into the van as  
Jeanie gets out of her car and starts screaming.

JEANIE

Hey! Leave him alone!

The van takes off as Jeanie runs up and pounds on the back  
door.

JEANIE (CONT'D)

Let him go!

She pulls out her cell phone and frantically dials.

INT. VAN - DAY

The two men are sitting in the front seats and pull off their  
masks, LAUGHING while driving.

FIRST MAN

That was fucked up having to wait  
for someone.

SECOND MAN

Anton said we had to have a  
witness. Yes, a good kidnapping  
just has to be seen.

The two men LAUGH again as Kris does not look amused.

EXT. COTTAGE - LATER

The van pulls up and parks outside a small cottage in a  
remote rural area. Kris gets out and walks over to the  
driver's side. The driver hands him keys and a phone.

FIRST MAN

Here's the keys, here's the cell phone. Remember what we talked about. Lay low for a day and a half and wait for the call.

KRIS

Okay.

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

Kris walks into the humble abode. There is a couch, television, refrigerator and stove. Basic and simple, Kris sits on the couch and turns on the television. His kidnapping is being reported on the news.

REPORTER (V.O.)

I'm here outside the Blue Heaven restaurant where Roos phenom Kris Sanderson was abducted by masked men less than two hours ago.

Kris is disgusted and turns the TV off and throws the remote down on a table.

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

Kris is sitting at the kitchen table in the cottage eating a plate of pasta. He has a three-day growth of beard. The cell phone RINGS.

KRIS

Hello?

ANTON (V.O)

It's me. It's done. I'll be there to get you in an hour.

INT. FURNITURE RENTAL STORE - DAY

A bell above the door RINGS when Kris enters. An OLD WOMAN is standing behind a counter. It's a mom and pop furniture store and she looks up in surprise at the sight of Kris. He has ropes hanging off his wrists as though he has been tied up.

OLD WOMAN

Oh my! Kris Sanderson! Everyone is looking for you.

KRIS  
(weakly)  
Call the police.

INT. SYDNEY POLICE STATION - DAY

Kris is sitting and looks nervous as two uniformed officers walk out of a dingy-looking interrogation room after taking his statement. As they are exiting, Dean walks in.

KRIS  
Hey, Dean.

DEAN  
What happened?

Dean paces the room as he listens to Kris.

KRIS  
These two guys grabbed me and blindfolded me. I don't know how long we drove but they put me in a little room. They gave me food and water but were always wearing their masks. They let me go on a street and were driving a black van.

DEAN  
You're okay. Everything will be fine. We'll keep you safe and stick to the plan.

KRIS  
No. This is fucked up. They could have killed me. They obviously found out I'm working for you. That fucking Anton is nuts. I want out. Keep the money. My life is more important.

DEAN  
Calm down, we can still get this done.

KRIS  
It's too dangerous. I'm no spy and I'm not ready to die for this. Fuck, I need a cigarette.

DEAN  
I don't have a cigarette. Now what the hell is going on here?

Dean is staring intensely into his eyes.

KRIS

I told you, I want out!

DEAN

I think you're lying to me.

KRIS

(excited)

What? I almost get killed and you think I'm lying to you?

DEAN

You're not a very good liar Kris. They fucking got to you.

Dean slams a chair against the table.

DEAN (CONT'D)

What did they offer you? What did they tell you?

KRIS

I'm done.

DEAN

They're killers, Kris. They would not hesitate to kill you in a second. One last chance, what happened?

KRIS

I told you everything.

DEAN

You fucking bastard. All the time and resources we put into this. After everything we did for you! You've got your down payment. You'll be out of the apartment by tomorrow and you're off the team. The concert will be canceled and you can go back to your pathetic little life.

KRIS

I just want to live.

Dean shakes his head, goes out the door and slams it shut hard as Kris flinches.

EXT. SYDNEY POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Kris looks like a defeated man walking down the steps of the police department. He gets into a squad car.

INT. VILLA - MORNING

Kris is awoken by his phone RINGING. He stares at the caller ID and sees that it's Coach Benton.

KRIS

Hey, Coach.

INT. SOCCER OFFICE - DAY

COACH BENTON

Thank god you're okay. Listen, I've talked with Dean and I've had some serious thinking to do. I know you've gotten yourself into some trouble, and lord knows what you're mixed up in. All I care about is what's best for the club and I do know that we are a stronger side with you than without you.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION.

KRIS

What are you saying?

COACH BENTON

I want you to stay with us if you're up for it. You can play Saturday if you're physically and emotionally ready.

KRIS

Sir, I'm so sorry for what has happened. I didn't mean to be such a distraction. All I want to do is play soccer if you'll let me.

COACH BENTON

Good man. Do you need anything? Can you train tomorrow?

KRIS

I'm ready to go.

COACH BENTON

Oh, by the way, the concert is going ahead as scheduled, although they've moved up the time table. The show will be after our game on Saturday and the band will be arriving in two days.

KRIS

Wow. I thought the plug had been pulled on the show.

COACH BENTON

No, it's on. Some big corporations are footing the bill. If we win Saturday the championship will pretty much be ours.

KRIS

I'll give you everything I've got. Thanks Coach, I'll see you tomorrow.

INT. VILLA - MORNING

Kris hangs up and dials another number.

KRIS

Ty?

EXT. SYDNEY AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY

It's a media and fan frenzy as Kris is standing on the tarmac waiting for Dead Egypt's plane to arrive. The crowd is held back by a fence and Kris is mixed in with several local city officials.

EXT. SYDNEY AIRPORT TARMAC - LATER

Fans are ecstatic as the plane has landed and the stairs have been wheeled up to the door. The door opens and smoke starts to billow out of the plane.

Ripper stumbles down the stairs with a big beer in his hand and holds it up to the crowd. His cheesy smile lets people know that nothing is wrong and it's just a fog machine blasting out smoke for a corny entrance.

CROWD

E-GYPT! E-GYPT!

Arturo is next and dressed in full camouflage fatigues.

Machine Head comes out with a boomerang and throws it high and towards the crowd as hard as he can. Of course it never comes back.

People are CLAPPING and SCREAMING and going berserk when Ty walks out. She gracefully slinks down the stairs and is wearing a Sydney Roos soccer jersey with white short shorts.

Kris is in awe at the sight of Ty.

She runs past everyone and jumps into his arms, wrapping her legs around him.

KRIS

Welcome to down under.

TY

Oh Kris, I'm so glad you're all right.

KRIS

I'm fine. You look amazing.

The rest of the band members come walking up after doing some ridiculous poses for the photographers.

Ripper hugs Kris.

RIPPER

Hey motherfucker! I love you man.  
How you doin'? How's the pussy down here?

KRIS

I wouldn't know Ripper, but I'm sure you'll keep me updated. Let's go check into your hotel and we can catch up.

Arturo and Machine Head take turns hugging Kris. The members of Dead Egypt shake the hands of some city officials and with Kris in tow, they are whisked away in a big black limousine.

INT. MARRIOTT SYDNEY HARBOUR HOTEL - DAY

Kris and Ty are fully dressed lying asleep on a made up bed, the RINGING of his cellphone wakes him.

He answers and walks toward the balcony.



KRIS  
Anton, what's up?

ANTON (V.O.)  
I'm calling to see who you are  
going to watch the concert with.

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

He's now on the balcony, a spectacular view of Sydney.

KRIS  
You, Karl, Franz and Helmut will be  
backstage with me. I'll leave you  
guys all access passes at will call  
and VIP seats for the game.

ANTON (V.O.)  
Fantastic. I can't wait. Have you  
told Ty about everything that has  
been going on?

KRIS  
No, not everything. I will  
eventually. Hey, meet me at  
SportsCity at four o'clock today,  
okay?

ANTON (V.O.)  
Sure, but why?

KRIS  
It's a surprise... see ya there  
man.

INT. SPORTSCITY - DAY

The band members are doing shots with Anton, Franz and  
Helmut.

Ty and Kris are sitting and talking.

Karl is having the band members autograph a bunch of things.

The Germans are taking so many pictures, it looks like a  
photo shoot.

KRIS  
So, what do you want to do the rest  
of the day?

TY

I don't know. Let's go back to the hotel. These guys could be here forever.

Ripper starts working out on a weight machine and GROANS loudly as the Germans egg him on while they are drinking beer.

INT. MARRIOTT SYDNEY HARBOUR HOTEL - DAY

Kris and Ty are holding hands as they walk into her suite.

TY

The boys want you to come onstage and sing background vocals on a song.

KRIS

What?

TY

Yeah. And do me a favor -- score a goal in the game for me.

KRIS

For you Ty, anything.

They both laugh. Suddenly Ty pulls Kris in for a kiss. She grabs Kris by his shirt and takes him into the bedroom.

INT. TY'S SUITE - BEDROOM - DAY

The lights in the room are already on when they enter. They attack each other like animals in heat, ripping their clothes off, knocking over things. Kris jumps over to the light switch on the wall.

TY

Leave the lights on baby.

INT. ROOS LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Players are sweaty as they walk in after practice. A television in the corner is reporting a news story that a couple of players are watching, Kris walks up behind them to listen.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Details are still coming in, but the explosion was massive.

(MORE)

REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Codinex, a chemical company in  
 Brussels, Belgium has been  
 completely destroyed. Local police  
 say the investigation is focused on  
 the terrorist group, the Freedom  
 Brigade.

Kris grabs his phone out of his soccer bag and dials a number  
 as he walks over to a quiet area.

KRIS  
 Anton, what the hell happened in  
 Belgium?

ANTON (V.O)  
 That was not us. I'm watching it  
 right now like everyone else. I've  
 got my contacts looking into it and  
 I swear to you I had nothing to do  
 with this.

KRIS  
 All right, I believe you. Okay, I  
 gotta go.

He hangs up and a grimace comes across his face.

EXT. SYDNEY MEMORIAL STADIUM - DAY

The inside of the stadium is a flurry of activity.

The Roos are going through a light workout on the field, a  
 giant stage in the corner of the stadium has a massive  
 pyramid on it.

The band members and roadies are doing sound checks and final  
 preparations.

INT. ANTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Anton walks into his office to find one of his security men  
 sitting at the desk with blueprints and maps.

Before Anton can confront him, he swallows a pill and foam  
 comes out of his mouth -- he's dead within seconds.

Anton makes a call.

INT. KRIS'S CAR - DAY

Kris's phone RINGS, he turns down car stereo.

KRIS

Hello?

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION.

ANTON

It's Anton, listen carefully. I found one of my security men with the blueprints for the soccer stadium. We searched his room and discovered evidence of bomb-making materials. We found some other disturbing things.

KRIS

Like what?

ANTON

He was part of some radical religious group that was doing copycat bombings, making it look like it was us.

KRIS

Why? Did you question him?

ANTON

Couldn't. He took the coward's way out right when he saw me. I think it's clear that someone is planning an attack during the game or the concert.

KRIS

We have to call the police.

ANTON

I've already placed an anonymous tip and I'm going to bring a security contingent as well.

KRIS

Un-fucking believable. There's too much money involved for them to cancel the shit now. All right, man. Let's pray nothing happens and I'll see you after the game.

Kris hangs up the phone and shakes his head in disbelief. He cranks up the HARD ROCK MUSIC and hits the gas pedal hard.

EXT. SYDNEY MEMORIAL STADIUM - NIGHT

Not an empty seat can be seen in the stadium. We move over the vast space as an ANNOUNCER speaks.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Without a doubt, a new attendance record will be established here tonight. The Roos can practically wrap up the championship with a win against Perth. The special treat, of course, is the reunion concert of the famous Dead Egypt. A dynamic double, if you will. This place is going to be electric.

INT. ROOS LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Coach Benton is intensely staring at his team and the players are so focused you could hear a pin drop. His words are quiet at first, then building into a loud inspirational speech.

COACH BENTON

This is it mates. We can almost taste it. We are not going to give them fucking anything. When they have the ball, we are right up their fucking arse. Give them no time to play. Because of the concert, the eyes of the world will be on our game and we are not going to disappoint. Don't be nervous, turn it into positive energy. We... will... not... be... denied! Show them who the fucking Roos are! Let's take the field!

SCREAMING and CLAPPING from the players. They are like caged lions being released.

SERIES OF SHOTS

The two teams emerge from the tunnel to a DEAFENING ROAR.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

This is the kind of match that every player wants to be a part of. Words cannot truly describe the atmosphere at this very special event.

The game kicks off and is being played at a breakneck pace -- hard fouls and tricky moves are displayed from both teams.

The passion is evident as the players look like they would run through a brick wall to win this game. Kris is playing well but can't break through the defense. Eventually, the Roos score after a scramble in the penalty box.

The ref blows the WHISTLE for half-time.

INT. ROOS LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

The players are walking in, sitting down and drinking fluids.

A young boy ATTENDANT walks up to Kris and taps him on the shoulder.

ATTENDANT

Sir, you have an urgent phone call.

KRIS

What? From who?

ATTENDANT

I was told not to say.

KRIS

What do you mean you... never mind, where's the phone?

The attendant leads Kris into an office adjacent to the locker room. Kris grabs the landline.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

KRIS

Who is this?

RIPPER (V.O)

You gonna score a goal you fucking pussy?

KRIS

Ha! Ripper, I'm a little busy dude.

RIPPER (V.O)

C'mon man! I wanna see you score and be the big hero.

KRIS

I'm trying. I'll see what I can do.  
By the way, I can smell the weed  
through the phone.

RIPPER (V.O)

How?

Kris hangs up the phone and LAUGHS to himself.

SERIES OF SHOTS

The second half is at a standstill with both teams creating chances but not being able to finish. Kris is dribbling in the midfield when he notices the Perth goalie standing too far off his line.

He masterfully disguises his body motion like he's going to pass the ball, but then unleashes a shot at the goal.

The goalkeeper is in full panic mode as he scrambles backwards and makes a desperate and futile dive.

The ball hits the net on the fly from over fifty yards away, a once in a lifetime goal.

With the crowd out of their minds in delight, Kris starts sprinting around the field like a madman.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Out of nowhere! Sanderson has  
scored from half-field for the  
Roos!

His teammates finally catch him and wrestle him to the ground, creating a giant pile with players flying in on top.

A few more action scenes are shown.

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

There is one minute left in the  
game and the Roos are up 2-0. They  
are taking our Kris Sanderson, and  
that's a sign of respect from the  
manager so the crowd can cheer for  
him. What a goal he has scored!  
That was one for the ages.

Kris slowly walks to the sideline with his hands above his head clapping, acknowledging the CHEERING fans. His teammates hug him as he comes off the field.

INT. DEAD EGYPT DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Kris is decked out in black rock & roll attire as he enters the dressing room. The band members are LAUGHING and TALKING as they are standing in a haze of marijuana smoke.

KRIS

Don't you guys ever get enough?

RIPPER

Man, this Aussie weed is great.

He holds a lit joint up in the air to Kris.

RIPPER (CONT'D)

You want some?

KRIS

That's okay. I'm good man. I think I'm getting high just standing here.

Machine Head comes up and hugs him.

MACHINE HEAD

I heard you scored a great goal, man.

KRIS

Yeah, as long as we won.

Arturo gives him a very hard high five.

ARTURO

That's what I'm talkin' 'bout motherfucker!

Ty comes running up and kisses him.

TY

I saw it baby! It was so beautiful, I started crying.

KRIS

Thanks. Everybody gets lucky sometimes.

TY

My ass! That was the best ever. So, are you ready to do something really crazy?

KRIS

Such as?



TY

This is what's going to happen:  
You're gonna come walking on to the  
stage for the fifth song. You do  
remember the words to "Strip It and  
Rip It?"

KRIS

Of course honey, please.

TY

I'll introduce you and a spotlight  
will follow you up to me. You can  
screech out the chorus or sing  
whatever you want.

KRIS

Ha! Screech? I'll blow you guys  
away! And don't be mad if I steal  
the show. Listen, I just came up  
here to tell you good luck and you  
will never forget tonight.

ARTURO

We are going to rupture Sydney  
Stadium!

KRIS

I have no doubt. Show 'em what  
you're about Ty.

Kris wraps her up in a hug and as he is walking toward the  
door to leave...

TY

Kris...

He slowly turns around.

TY (CONT'D)

I love you.

KRIS

Have a great show Ty. I thought I'd  
never say this, but I'll see you  
onstage.

Suddenly and without warning, a bowl filled with fruit goes  
flying past his head and hits the door. Ripper is LAUGHING  
HYSTERICALLY.

RIPPER

Shit! I fucking missed.

Kris smiles and walks out.

EXT. BACKSTAGE -NIGHT

The backstage area is filled with beautiful women, some of the Roos players, big shot local officials and stage hands.

Kris is hanging out with Karl, Helmut and Franz when Anton walks up and takes him aside for a talk.

ANTON

Kris, my people are spread out across the stadium and if they see anything suspicious they will notify me.

KRIS

Let's just pray no one gets hurt. What do these people want?

ANTON

It's a religious thing. We found a box of documents and maps and it's some kind of cult that thinks evil exists in the world and the sinners must be punished. They think rock music is evil. All the items had a symbol on it, a dragon-like serpent. The writings we discovered were completely insane and they destroyed that factory in Belgium because they are a major sponsor for some of the biggest band's tours.

KRIS

That's where I've heard that name before. God, I hope nothing happens.

EXT. SYDNEY MEMORIAL STADIUM - NIGHT

The crowd can start to be heard as they are chanting:

CROWD (O.S.)

E-GYPT! E-GYPT!

The lights in the stadium go dark and the eighty thousand fans SCREAM in unison.

A MUSIC INTRO starts playing and the band members come walking through the backstage area.

They have their game faces on, focused and deadly serious.

They are on a mission.

Stepping onto the blackness of the stage, which is their arena of combat, the music intro stops.

EXT. STAGE - NIGHT

Flash bombs explode as GRINDING HEAVY METAL attacks the stadium through the massive speaker system.

Ty approaches the edge of the stage with her wireless microphone and aggressively points her arm out to the masses as she addresses the throng.

TY

We're back! We're gonna melt this  
fucking place!

SERIES OF SHOTS

Songs are played in short clips showing the huge passion of the band and the amazing special effects, as well as shots of the enthusiastic crowd bouncing up and down.

EXT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

People start staring at Kris as he takes a big slug out of a Jack Daniels bottle and puts it down on a table. He begins to jog in place. A STAGEHAND curiously looks Kris up and down.

STAGEHAND

Hey mate, the game is over, and we  
won.

EXT. STAGE - NIGHT

Ty speaks to the crowd.

TY

Hey Sydney! We've got a special  
guest. Maybe, if you're loud  
enough, he'll come out and sing a  
song with us. Ladies and  
gentlemen... Kris Sanderson!

A LOUD ROAR can be heard for miles as a spotlight is trained on Kris walking over to Ty.

With one hand waving to the crowd, the other carrying a large beer, he says what he feels.

KRIS

Thank you Sydney! I feel your love!

Ty plants a big kiss on him and the drummer kicks off the song.

Kris shares a standing microphone with the guitar player and belts out a few lines during the short song, "Strip It & Rip It."

After the last note, Ty screams out his name.

TY

Kris Sandersoooooon!

He walks off, waving to the crowd and goes to the backstage area.

EXT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

His teammate Andy steps forward and puts him into a partial headlock.

ANDY

That was fucking mad!

Anton grabs Kris by the arm and pulls him a few steps away from Andy.

ANTON

We've got something. Come here.

He takes Kris through part of the backstage area where they can look out to the stage and the crowd. He gives Kris a small pair of binoculars.

ANTON (CONT'D)

Look above the stage on the catwalk, to the left.

Kris zooms in with the glasses on a man with long hair wearing jeans and a t-shirt. The man is standing on the catwalk, which is fifty yards over the stage.

ANTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Look at his arm, his right arm. The tattoo, it's the same dragon symbol we found on all the cult stuff. He's with them. I talked to the union leader and nobody knows him.

(MORE)

ANTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
He was just hired this week for the  
concert.

Kris sees the tattoo, then scans down to see something in the  
man's hand.

KRIS (O.S.)  
He's got a small black box in his  
hand.

ANTON (O.S.)  
Let me look.

Kris hands over the binoculars and a close-up of the man  
reveals to Anton what he is holding.

ANTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
It's a detonator! He's going to  
blow something.

He puts the binoculars down and turns to Kris.

KRIS  
We have to take him out. Now.

ANTON  
I have a long distance stun gun. It  
won't kill him, but if he falls...

KRIS  
We don't have time, just do it. Can  
it reach him?

ANTON  
This one can. Made in Germany.

Anton pulls out a bizarre looking piece of equipment and  
steadies himself for a shot, he pulls the trigger and a blue  
laser light hits the man.

The man crumbles to his knees and slowly rolls off the  
catwalk and drops onto the stage with a thud.

He comes very close to falling on the musicians and the band  
looks at him but doesn't miss a beat as security hauls his  
lifeless corpse off the stage.

Security drags him over to Anton and they find a detonator  
still gripped in his dead hand.

After carefully removing it, Anton searches his pockets and  
finds a piece of paper that has a sketch drawing of the giant  
pyramid on the stage.

ANTON (CONT'D)

The explosives must be in the pyramid. Let's hope he's the only one who can trigger it.

EXT. STAGE - NIGHT

The show must go on and Dead Egypt is still rocking.

EXT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The band is backstage in their own little area.

CROWD (O.S.)

One more! One more!

Dead Egypt walk back on to THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE for their final encore. As the last song starts, Kris and Anton nervously stare at each other.

EXT. STAGE - NIGHT

The final song is played with the same intensity as the first.

The concert comes to a glorious end.

TY

Sydney! Sydney! You've been great!  
Good night!

Special effect explosions go off and when the guitars hit the last note of the show, all the lights inside Sydney Memorial come on.

People can be seen worshipping the gods of metal as Dead Egypt blow kisses to the crowd. They wave their goodbyes and walk off the stage forever.

EXT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

KRIS

There's no need for the band to know anything right now. The guy just fell and died.

ANTON

Agreed. The police are going to take over the break-down of the pyramid.

(MORE)

ANTON (CONT'D)

I don't know if he's a lone wolf or  
if there are others here tonight.  
It appears to be over.

Kris and Anton embrace in a hug of relief.

INT. MARRIOTT SYDNEY HARBOUR HOTEL - NIGHT

The lobby and bar are packed with selected VIPS at the private post-concert party. Kris is sitting alone at the bar when Coach Benton slides up beside him.

COACH BENTON

That's some life you lead, Kris.  
Soccer player by day, rock star by  
night.

KRIS

(chuckles)

Hey Coach. Yeah, I'm a regular  
Frank Sinatra. Listen, Coach... I  
think I'm going to step down from  
the first team. Everything that has  
happened is so overwhelming, I  
don't know if I can...

COACH BENTON

Kris, let me stop you right there.  
What you've done is amazing,  
really. A few months ago you  
weren't even playing, and you're  
not exactly a spring chicken.  
You've scored game-winning goals  
for us. Add in everything else and  
your head must be swimming.

KRIS

All I wanted to do was to prove to  
myself that I could play at this  
level.

COACH BENTON

You've done that and more, mate.  
Take some time and sort things out  
before you make a decision. I'll  
tell you what, you can sit out the  
first shooting drill tomorrow.

A smile creeps across both their faces.

KRIS

Yeah. I'm going to come to practice to tell the guys. I just feel it's time to stop.

COACH BENTON

(proudly)

Kris, it's been a pleasure. You will always be a Roo and your legacy will last forever. Do you know any other crazy Americans I can look at?

KRIS

I do, but none of them can kick a ball.

They come together in a hug and the mutual respect between the two is obvious. Benton walks away and Kris sees Jeanie with two of her sexy friends and motions for her to come over.

She leaves her friends behind and after a kiss and a hug, she dispenses with the small talk as she speaks what's on her mind.

JEANIE

Do you love her?

KRIS

(quietly)

I've always loved her.

JEANIE

It's okay Kris, I just want you to be happy.

KRIS

Listen, Jeanie, I don't know what to say... I...

JEANIE

You don't have to say anything. I see the way you look at her. Don't let her get away.

KRIS

You're amazing.

JEANIE

I know. There will be other men, but none quite like you. Friends always?



KRIS

You got it.

They kiss on the lips.

JEANIE

Go see her.

KRIS

You're right. I'll stay in touch  
Jeanie.

JEANIE

Just invite me to the wedding. Bye,  
lover.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kris is allowed past two security checkpoints on his way to the suite on the top floor that the band is unwinding in. He opens the door without knocking.

INT. SUITE - NIGHT

The spacious presidential suite has a huge bar and all the amenities.

Ripper and Machine Head are drinking and sitting on a couch with two very attractive REDHEADED WOMEN who are wearing fishnet stockings. They appear to be twins and are engaged in a flirtatious conversation with the guitar players.

Arturo is in the corner on a cell phone. ERIC SNOW, the manager of the band and master of psycho-babble, is talking with two unknown men.

RED HEAD #1

Foreplay should last twenty  
minutes.

Ripper looks at Machine Head and then turns back to the women.

RIPPER

Does that include the drive to your  
house?

They all start LAUGHING HARD.

RED HEAD #2

You're bad.

ERIC

Krissy! It's been years, you look good. How are you?

They hug, Kris is a little surprised.

KRIS

Dude. I haven't seen you the whole trip, where have you been?

ERIC

Working my ass off. Who do you think puts all this shit together? These fucks just walk onstage and get all the money and glory, I'm behind the scenes doing everything. Do you have any idea what it takes to put on a show like this?

KRIS

Oh, I know, man.

Ty walks out of a bedroom and saves Kris from having to listen to more of the rant.

KRIS (CONT'D)

Nice seeing you, Eric.

ERIC

Okay. I've gotta get back to work. Do you know how many phone calls I have to make?

Kris walks to Ty and they kiss and hug.

TY

I'm exhausted.

KRIS

I can imagine.

TY

Come sit with me on the bed, baby.

They walk back into the bedroom that Ty just came out of.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

TY

Make us a drink, Kris.

She stretches out like a cat on the bed. He pours bottles at the small but well-stocked bar.

KRIS

What a night. That had to be one of the greatest shows ever, especially with me singing.

TY

You're not that bad -- you've got a great face for radio.

KRIS

Ha! Piss off. It must hurt knowing you're an expendable singer now that I'm around.

He brings over two drinks and hands one to Ty as he sits on the bed next to her.

TY

I feel terrible about that guy dying. We're really lucky he didn't hit any of us.

KRIS

Yeah. Just too drunk and fell. What are ya gonna do? So, when do you think you're leaving Australia?

TY

I don't know. We're supposed to leave in two days but I really like it here.

KRIS

You should stick around for a while.

TY

Yeah? I was thinking the same thing. You know, Kris, I knew this day would come.

She puts her drink down on one of the bed nightstands.

KRIS

What day?

TY

The day where I said I love you and want to spend the rest of my life with you.

KRIS

(excited)  
Really?

(MORE)

KRIS (CONT'D)

Oh my god, I feel the same way. I love you so much, Ty. Why don't we make Australia our new home? You and me against the world and see what happens.

TY

I want kids, but not right away. And we're not getting married right away either. You're on a trial period to see if I get sick of your ass.

KRIS

This really is the greatest night ever.

TY

Well, don't mess it up. Come over here and kiss me.

He puts his drink down on a nightstand and slides over and their lips meet.

INT. SYDNEY AIRPORT VIP LOUNGE - DAY

The band members are sitting around drinking Bloody Marys. There are about twenty people in the lounge milling around, waiting to board the jet to take them back to the States.

Ty walks in with Kris and it's time for the big goodbye. They walk over to where the band is and Ripper stands up.

RIPPER

(serious tone)

So, you're stealing our fucking singer, huh?

KRIS

(smiling)

That's one way to look at it.

RIPPER

(laughing)

I love you, man.

They embrace in an emotional hug.

RIPPER (CONT'D)

This isn't the end, brother. We'll talk soon, best of luck.

KRIS  
You too, man.

Another hug from Machine Head.

MACHINE HEAD  
It's been a blast. Anytime you want  
to come visit me.

KRIS  
Take care of yourself.

One more hug, this time from Arturo.

ARTURO  
Thanks for everything Kris. I'm  
really happy for you.

KRIS  
Alright Arturo, we'll see each  
other soon.

Kris turns to Ty.

KRIS (CONT'D)  
I'll leave you guys alone.

Kris walks out of the lounge area.

Ty hugs her friends.

TY  
I don't want to do this. I don't  
want to say goodbye. Let's make a  
promise, here and now, that we will  
all get together in, say, six  
months.

RIPPER  
Sounds good.

MACHINE HEAD  
Can we do one last prayer?

TY  
Yes!

They form a huddle with their arms around each other.

MACHINE HEAD  
All hail to the metal gods for  
looking over us one last time. We  
bow to your greatness!  
(MORE)

## MACHINE HEAD (CONT'D)

If we ever need you again, we know that you will be there with your magic and keep us safe. You are the masters and Dead Egypt are your slaves.

They back out of the huddle.

TY

All right, boys -- six months, don't forget.

RIPPER

Stay cool, Ty.

## SERIES OF SHOTS - KRIS AND TY LIVING THE DREAM

-- The two buying and moving into a beautiful house outside Sydney.

-- A double-decker bus is driving through a downtown parade, celebrating the Roos championship. Kris and Ty are mixed in with the players on top of the open air bus, soaking up the adulation from the rabid fans.

-- Construction people are standing with Kris and they are looking at blueprints. Bulldozers are breaking ground for the new sports complex.

-- Ty is in a recording studio working with musicians and singers.

## EXT. SPORTS COMPLEX - MORNING

The sports complex is massive. It consists of six full-length soccer fields with immaculate markings and one half-sized field.

There is a small outdoor stage loaded with musical equipment and dozens of picnic tables in front of it.

Almost two hundred youth players are sitting on a field in front of Kris, who has fifteen coaches standing behind him.

The players range from eight to eighteen years old. All of them are wearing shirts that say "SOCCEROCK" and their first names are written in magic marker.

The coaches vary in age -- some are in their twenties and some in their fifties.

Also behind him are two dozen golf carts with the word "Soccerrock" emblazoned on the side. In the back of each cart, there is a mesh bag of twenty-five brand new multi-colored soccer balls.

Curious parents are sitting in bleachers.

KRIS

Welcome. Today is the first day of Soccerrock camp. Our mission officially begins. We are going to learn how to become better soccer players and how to become better people. Lesson number one: your best friend is the ball. You will notice that all the soccer balls are size five. I want everyone to play with that size, even if you are eight years old. You've met your Coaches and have been assigned to your fields. You're going to practice for ninety minutes and then we will have lunch together and listen to a great new band called Black Frog. Then it's back on the field to practice for another hour and a half. We are here to have fun, and whoever has the most fun wins. Okay, let's get started -- but I have one question for you: who's your best friend?

Everyone screams together in unison.

KIDS

The ball!

KRIS

You got it! See you at lunch.

The campers stand up and start enthusiastically sprinting toward the fields as the staff jump in the golf carts and race the players.

MONTAGE

-- Performing drills under watchful eyes, working hard but lots of smiles and fun.

-- The picnic tables are full as numerous hospitality staff members are serving the kids food and drinks on paper plates and plastic cups. Big metal trash cans are on the side of each table.

-- A band is on the stage playing, the kids are laughing and talking and introducing themselves to each other.

-- Kris is shaking hands and signing autographs with the parents as kids are playing soccer in the background.

EXT. SPORTS COMPLEX - MORNING

Day two of the camp begins with Kris addressing all of the players, just like the day before. The staff and golf carts are behind him as well.

KRIS  
Good morning.

CAMPERS  
(lethargic)  
Good morning.

KRIS  
(loudly)  
Let's try that again. Good morning!

CAMPERS  
(enthusiastically)  
Good morning!

KRIS  
Better. You should be a bit sore today so make sure you stretch a lot. Yesterday was outstanding and we achieved objective number one, which is having fun. We also learned a little bit about the sport and we are going to learn something new every day. You can make friends all over the world through soccer, and anybody, and I mean anybody, can get really good if they practice hard enough. How did you guys like Black Frog yesterday?

The kids all SCREAM and CLAP.

KRIS (CONT'D)  
Good. They will be back again today. Who is your best friend?

CAMPERS  
The ball!



KRIS

That's right. There is something we need to talk about. Something I saw yesterday that we need to correct. When a coach blows his whistle and tells you to "bring it in", you do not walk, you do not jog, you sprint hard. You run as fast as you can to your coach and you pay attention. Okay, Coach Wilson wants to have a word with you. I'll see you at lunch and have fun. Coach Wilson...

COACH WILSON steps forward.

WILSON

Thanks, Coach. Some of you received a phone call from us last night... you know who you are. You will go to the small field, field seven this morning. All right, everybody have a good session. Go to your fields now.

As the stampeding herd starts sprinting and the staff jump in the carts, Kris, Coach Wilson and COACH JOHNNY drive to the far field. As Kris drives, he turns and faces the two other passengers.

KRIS

Remember, don't hold anything back. Let's see how they react.

The small field is fifty yards long but still has regulation-sized goals. On both sidelines there are two giant coolers with bottled water.

Kris and the two staff members are standing in the center circle with the kids sitting in front of them.

There are eighteen players -- eight of them wearing fluorescent green pinnies, eight of them in yellow. Two players are dressed in goalkeeper equipment.

The youngest player is thirteen and the oldest eighteen.

KRIS (CONT'D)

Okay. Good warm-up. We're ready to go. You have been identified by our staff as players with excellent potential.

(MORE)

KRIS (CONT'D)

When we talked with you last night, we also talked with your parents and got their permission for our special training. The week that you spend at camp is going to be different from what the rest of the players are doing. We are going to train you like we would a pro team. If we yell at you and swear at you, we're not trying to be mean. We are trying to help you and make you better. Don't take it personally. If anybody wants to go back to the fun camp, please stand up. We won't think bad of you if you want to leave.

All the kids remain still and no one stands up.

KRIS (CONT'D)

Excellent. Okay, let's play a little game to see what you got.

Kris points with his hands as he's speaking.

KRIS (CONT'D)

There will be one goalkeeper in each goal, and green team down there. I'll coach green, Coach Wilson has yellow and Coach Johnny will be the referee. We're going to go two twenty minute halves. Play hard, we're not fucking around here.

The players get up and take sides.

EXT. SPORTS COMPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

Kris walks over to talk to his team.

KRIS

You're on your own. Figure out amongst yourselves which position you are going to play. I can tell you right now that Coach Wilson is telling them to get stuck into you guys. I'm not saying play dirty, but play fucking tough and show me you want to win.

Kris points at one of the players.

KRIS (CONT'D)

You. Timmy. I know you're only thirteen and not very big. Don't take any shit. Beat them with your skill and your mind. Let's go.

The players huddle up to talk, Kris walks to the sideline.

SERIES OF SHOTS

The referee blows his whistle to start the game, the kids are highly skilled and the action is intense. A player on the green team needlessly gives the ball away.

KRIS

(screaming)

What the fuck? Stop pissing the ball away.

A player on the yellow team scores a beautiful goal and starts to calmly jog back to the center.

COACH WILSON

Are you fucking kidding me? He scores a goal like that and nobody congratulates him or celebrates? The next time we don't celebrate a goal, we will run all fucking day. Great goal!

EXT. SPORTS COMPLEX - LATER

Coach Johnny blows the whistle for half-time. The green team walks over by Kris.

KRIS

Get some water and sit down.

They all grab a bottle of water and sit in front of Kris.

KRIS (CONT'D)

The good news is we're only down by one goal. The bad news would take up too much time to talk about. Keep... the... fucking... ball. Possession is nine-tenths of the law. The other team can't score if we have the ball.

Kris walks in closer and points at one of the players.

KRIS (CONT'D)

Liam. You're playing forward. Your job is to score goals. You score, you're a hero. You don't score, you're rubbish. Take the defenders on when you have a chance. Don't play scared, try some shit. Harrison, stand up.

An older player rises to his feet.

KRIS (CONT'D)

Dude, you're like six feet tall and you're getting beat in the air on head balls? Unacceptable. You should be dominating. You guys have to want it. You've got the skill, it's about mentality and attitude. I know it's not a real game but every time you step on the field I want you to play like it's the last time you will ever kick a ball.

Kris turns and looks at the middle of the field.

KRIS (CONT'D)

Sir, how much time do we have?

COACH JOHNNY

Two minutes, Coach.

KRIS

Thank you.

Looking back at the players he smiles with a mischievous grin.

KRIS (CONT'D)

Okay. Straight cash. If you win this game, I will give each one of you a fifty note bonus. You hear me? You win, each player gets a fifty note.

The players all look at each other in amazement -- fifty dollars is a lot of money to them.

KRIS (CONT'D)

Get back out there. You want the money, go win the game.

The kids spring into action and take their positions.

## SERIES OF SHOTS

Both teams are displaying slick passing and tricky dribbling moves.

Timmy scores a goal and the green team SCREAMS with delight.

With the score tied, Kris is animated on the sideline, urging his team to push forward and score another goal as they have won a corner kick.

The corner kick is swung in and Harrison scores a powerful head ball goal! Another celebration ensues.

The yellow team kicks off and after a few passes, the referee looks at his watch and blows the whistle to end the game.

KRIS

Run and get water and come sit in  
the center circle.

As the players sprint and get water, Coach Wilson and Kris meet in the middle of the field.

KRIS (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Thought you had me, huh? Sanderson  
does it again, this time as a  
coach.

COACH WILSON

Wouldn't look good beating my boss  
and all.

KRIS

Yeah, right.

EXT. SPORTS COMPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

The players run back and sit down.

KRIS

Coach Wilson, would you like to go  
first?

COACH WILSON

Thank you, Coach. Not bad. Not bad  
at all. Remember that you don't  
have to be big to be a great  
player. It's not the size of the  
dog in the fight, but the size of  
the fight in the dog. Right, Timmy?

TIMMY

Yes sir.

Coach Wilson looks at Kris.

COACH WILSON

Did he just "sir" me?

Kris smiles.

COACH WILSON (CONT'D)

Communication needs to be better. You should be talking with your teammates all the time. "Man on", "turn", especially the defenders, you can see the whole field in front of you. Try to play two touch as much as possible. I will never tell you not to dribble, but do it in the offensive third and when you're near their goal.

Coach Wilson steps back.

KRIS

Good points. I can see things in your faces, I see happiness, excitement. I also see disappointment and anger. I want you to be pissed off when you lose and I want you to be pumped up when you win. This game is all about passion. You can't measure the size of someone's heart, and I will take a player with desire over a player with great skill every time. Brilliant by the green, and your bonus money will be waiting for you at the end of the day. We're going to do some shooting drills for about a half hour, then break for lunch. The way that we are going to have fun is to learn how to play this great sport and kick ass. You are going to become masters of your craft.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Ty is wearing a very revealing bikini relaxing next to Kris in the picturesque sunshine.

KRIS

I don't know, baby. There are so many places I could start my next camp, but I really want to bring Soccerrock back to my hometown, Milwaukee.

TY

Then do it. Get the wheels in motion... but before you do, we have to talk about meeting the boys somewhere for a vacation.

KRIS

Okay. Where would you like to go?

TY

That's the hard part. We've pretty much been everywhere.

KRIS

What about Key West, Florida?

TY

That's one place I've never been.

KRIS

It's fun. Deep sea fishing, scuba diving. Nobody cares who you are down there.

TY

I'll run it past the guys and see if they are interested.

KRIS

Let's get a big group. I'll get Anton and Franz and Helmut to meet us there.

TY

Sounds good.

KRIS

Let me know tomorrow if possible. We can make arrangements and I can go straight to Wisconsin from Key West to scout out some locations.

TY

(seductively)

I'd like you to scout out my location.

Kris starts applying tanning oil to himself.

KRIS  
Oh yeah. A little later, baby, I'm  
really enjoying this sun.

EXT. KEY WEST, FLORIDA - RESORT - MORNING

Ty and Kris are walking up to a Tiki bar that is connected with a large pool area at a plush resort.

Plenty of attractive tourists are lying around in bikinis, the BARTENDER is a very pretty young blonde woman.

BARTENDER  
Hey folks. First time in Key West?

KRIS  
I've been here before, she hasn't.

BARTENDER  
Enjoy your trip. What can I get  
you?

KRIS  
Two mojitos, please.

BARTENDER  
I'll have them brought over to your  
lounge chairs. Charge it to your  
room?

KRIS  
Yes. It's 420.

BARTENDER  
(laughing)  
Really?

KRIS  
Yeah.

TY  
Thanks.

She puts a twenty dollar bill in the tip jar.

BARTENDER  
Thank you very much.

They start walking back to their lounge chairs and stretch out.



KRIS

Well, everyone should be arriving this afternoon and since I'm the only one who's been here before, I'm going to play tour guide,

TY

So, what's on our schedule?

KRIS

Tonight is open. We have a full day tomorrow and I'm in charge.

TY

I like it when you take charge.

KRIS

I know you do. We are going to have a great five days.

TY

I have no doubt.

A man of Cuban descent delivers their drinks, they clink their glasses.

KRIS

Cheers, Ty. I love you.

TY

I love you too, baby.

#### MONTAGE - FUN IN KEY WEST

-- The band members, Kris and the three Germans are on wave runners clipping along at sixty miles per hour on the choppy waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

-- All of them are dancing at an outside night time reggae festival with a band playing onstage. Ripper and Machine Head both have huge joints in their hands that they are toking on.

-- Back on the ocean as they are deep sea fishing and scuba diving.

-- Kris is on a beach running barefoot with a soccer ball as a pack of small kids are trying to get it away from him.

EXT. POOLSIDE - SUNRISE

Kris is sitting alone at a table by the pool drinking coffee out of a small china cup and reading the Key West Citizen newspaper.

The Germans come walking up, each carrying a big Styrofoam cup of coffee in their hands. They are the only ones at the pool area.

KRIS

Wow. I can't believe you fuckers are up so early.

Anton, Franz and Helmut sit down at the table.

ANTON

Good morning Kris. So, what does our tour guide have in mind for today?

KRIS

For starters, something just for us. Those musician types don't do mornings. I've entered the four of us in the bingo tournament here at the pool. It starts in a couple hours.

FRANZ

Excellent. We will win.

HELMUT

We want to go eat at that little breakfast place down the street.

KRIS

I'll go with you, just let me finish my con leche.

A man enters the pool area, as he gets closer his face comes into focus and Kris is astonished to see that it's Dean Taylor.

KRIS (CONT'D)

Holy shit!

Dean walks up and stands close to the table.

ANTON

(loud and forceful)

What do you want? You are not welcome here.

DEAN

I come in peace. Anton, I must talk with you.

ANTON

Talk about what? We know who you are and what you've done.

DEAN

Listen carefully. I've only just recently discovered the facts and truth about what happened. I did an investigation of my own and was shocked what I uncovered. My employers kept me in the dark and I had no idea about the experiments.

FRANZ

More British lies.

KRIS

Let's hear him out.

DEAN

Anton, I'm sorry for the death of your brother. What my government did was completely wrong and immoral. I resigned my commission as soon as I found out. Agents that I worked with were killed because of what you did. Nothing can bring back the dead. I'm willing to share with you everything I know, but first things first, we have to let it go.

Dean extends his hand, hoping that Anton will take it. Anton slowly stands up and no one is sure if he is going to punch Dean in the face or shake his hand.

Anton accepts his hand and Dean pulls him in for a hug.

DEAN (CONT'D)

It's over. It's over.

Anton is sobbing a little as a current of pent-up emotions is released. Dean consoles him while patting him on his back.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. I didn't know. It's horrible.

He releases Anton from the hug.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Let's go somewhere and talk. Have you lads eaten yet?

Anton sits back down.

KRIS

We were on our way. So, if you quit, what are you doing for work?

DEAN

You're looking at the new talent scout for the London Wolves.

KRIS

As in the European champion London Wolves?

DEAN

The very same. Who could do a better job? I found you, didn't I?

KRIS

Unbelievable. I knew you were one of the good guys.

DEAN

The evil that men do lives in all of us Kris. Hopefully, this world will come to its senses before we destroy ourselves. I am, of course, sworn to secrecy, even though I left the agency, but perhaps an anonymous source could tip the media off to what happened. I have names, dates and places.

ANTON

The truth should come out.

DEAN

I agree. I'll provide you with all the facts. By the way, that copycat group that tried to set off that explosion at the concert in Sydney? They have all been apprehended. Completely delusional.

KRIS

They must be.

Kris flashes a big smile.

KRIS (CONT'D)  
No one can stop Soccerrock.

Screen goes black with credits rolling and HARD ROCK MUSIC playing.

THE END