

The Take Over  
by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. JFK AIRPORT. DAY

Terminal 5 at JFK Airport is bustling. It is incredibly busy, as people check in to their flights, hand over their baggage, pay for their baggage and run to catch their flights. Terminal 5 is the home of Delta Airlines in New York City.

CUT TO:

INT. TERMINAL 5 OFFICE COMPLEX. DAY

We see the bastion of airline safety and security: a massive Delta Airlines seal hanging on an office wall, high above the Terminal 5 floor.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE. DAY

RANDY McCONNELL is a tall, almost beautiful African-American man in his early 30's. He could be younger; he could be older. His look is timeless. He's that good-looking. Women of all ages or race find themselves breathless with merely a look from RANDY.

TOM FOLEY is also very good-looking but not quite as breath-taking as his good friend RANDY. He is a white male, with a pale complexion and perfectly-coifed brown hair. He is fastidious in his appearance - his pants and sleeves and Delta Airlines vest are perfectly starched. He would never be seen in public without looking perfect.

RANDY and TOM walk into STACEY WILLIAMS' office. She is a short, slightly overweight black woman in her mid-40's. She is an executive for Delta Airlines at JFK airport.

STACY.

Guys, this has been a tough decision. When you pick someone to be a team leader, a crew chief, you have to make sure that they are going to be on top of everything possible.

Both men nod.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STACY. (CONT'D)

So, we have come to the decision  
that...

(a beat)

...Randy, you're our man.

RANDY nods. TOM is incensed.

TOM.

What? What?!! Why?

STACY.

Well, Tom...um...we have some  
questions about how you deal with  
customers...

(Tom questions)

...the flight to Indianapolis,  
Tom...didn't help you.

INT. PLANE. DAY.

TOM is OCD about, well, nearly everything. We see him  
cleaning condensation off of soda cans as he whistles to  
himself. As TOM cleans up around the small kitchen area  
on the plane, we hear the toilet flush and the door to  
the bathroom open simultaneously.

BATHROOM MAN.

(steps out of  
bathroom)

Hey, brother, can I get a drink?

TOM looks at the man, then down at the handle of the  
bathroom door then back at the man.

TOM.

I would love to get you a drink.  
Would you like some probiotics to  
ward off diseases you may come in  
contact with by not washing your  
hands?

BATHROOM MAN.

I washed my hands. I'll take a  
Dr. Pepper.

TOM.

I heard the toilet flush and the  
door open at the same time.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM. (CONT'D)

Which means - even giving you the benefit of the doubt that you did indeed wash your hands - you washed your hands *then* touched that flusher!

TOM gets a cup of ice, pours Dr. Pepper into it, sticks his finger in his mouth, then uses the finger to stir the drink. Smiling, he hands the drink to the man.

TOM. (CONT'D)

There you go, sir.

BATHROOM MAN.

(sets the drink on the counter)

What the hell is wrong with you?

TOM.

You didn't wash your hands! Think of it like this, you touch your junk just like the guy before you touched his junk, and the guy before him and so on...then you touch the flusher. Basically, you are touching hundreds of other men's ball sacks. While you're at it, why don't head down to Rio and get yourself a whole nest of male hookers who don't wash their junk ever?

(shrugs)

But, hey I guess this is way cheaper.

BATHROOM MAN.

Oh, my God, who are you?

BATHROOM MAN turns to walk down the aisle. TOM grabs the intercom.

TOM. (OVER INTERCOM)

Folks, you'll notice this man walking down the aisle. I thought you should know...he didn't wash his hands.

BATHROOM MAN.

(turns around and screams)

I washed my hands, you freaking weirdo!!!

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE. DAY

TOM.

Are you freaking kidding me?

(points to Randy)

I've known Randy since we were 7 years old. I mean, never once has he not been behind me!

RANDY.

(winks at Stacy)

I like it from behind...

TOM.

No...you don't get to be charming right now, asshole.

(to Stacy)

Stacy, this guy...I mean do you even know what this guy does on a regular basis?

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE. DAY.

RANDY looks nervously around himself as he steps into an airplane bathroom.

INT. AIRPLANE BATHROOM. DAY.

RANDY makes dirty, skanky love to a woman in the airplane bathroom. The woman is deathly skinny - we can see her ribs. We never quite see any nudity, but we should be able to tell that this woman is probably not very good-looking. Think a 45 year old woman who has fought meth addiction for at least 10 years and you're probably close to how this woman looks, without seeing her face.

RANDY.

Oh, my God, you're so hot.

SEX WOMAN #1.

Oh, you're making me come in an airplane bathroom.

RANDY.

Oh, my God, I'm almost there!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Freeze frame on RANDY's "Oh" face.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT. DAY

STACY shrugs

STACY.

I know nothing about that.

TOM.

What?

RANDY.

Come on, Tom, you know I'm just laying pipe wherever I can since Amy broke my heart.

TOM.

Fuck you, Randy.

TOM storms out of the office, slamming the door.

RANDY.

(shrugs)

He'll be okay.

(ulterior motives)

What about you? You okay?

STACY opens up the door.

STACY.

Get out, Randy, before I rethink things.

RANDY walks out. He stops just outside the door.

RANDY.

You won't regret this.

STACY shuts the door in his face.

CUT TO:

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE. SAME.

JOE PITKOWSKI is a relatively good-looking guy who has obviously let himself go for a few years. He has a half-sprouted beard that hasn't quite filled in across his face. He is in his early 30's but could probably pass for 42.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His eyes are constantly blood shot because he smokes as much pot as he possibly can and he rarely sleeps. Dark circles line his face beneath his eyes.

LOWELL is an African-American man in his early 40's. He is nearly good-looking and walks with a slight limp from an injury playing basketball years before.

JOE walks into LOWELL's office and shuts the door behind him.

JOE.

How you doing, Lowell?

LOWELL.

You got ratted out, Joe.

JOE.

For what?

CUT TO:

EXT. BAGGAGE AREA. SAME

JOE is sitting in a baggage area, surrounded by baggage, a large joint in his hand. JOE takes a deep pull off the joint while talking. JOE has a thick New York brogue.

JOE.

(wistfully looking up  
above)

You know, I'd like to believe that there is a God, a heaven and a hell, but the more I think about it, the whole idea just kinda caves in on itself. You know what I mean?

(he doesn't wait for  
an answer)

I mean, this God character is supposed to be good and loving yet he sends some people to hell. Kinda doesn't make sense. In the Bukowskian sense of things, it all just falls apart, you know?

We turn to see him talking to a group of Mexican men, PEDRO, a young Mexican man who is good-looking and earnest; and SHANNON, an overweight, jovial woman in her mid-30's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANNON.

What are you talking about, Joe?  
You realize these guys don't speak  
any English, right?

JOE.

(smiles to himself)  
I just like challenging the  
system, Shannon. They're all  
Catholic. They may not be able to  
understand me now, but one day,  
when they speak English, or when  
their children speak English,  
their DNA will remember this  
conversation and the seeds of  
doubt will be planted...and  
ultimately doubt will win.

PEDRO.

That sounds super stupid. DNA  
don't have memories. I went to  
Mexican school and dropped out in  
8th grade and I know that shit.

JOE.

Hey, compadre, human DNA has a lot  
of shit that we can't explain.  
Don't worry. Just talk to me in  
30 years and we'll see where we're  
at.

Freeze frame on JOE both shrugging and taking a toke at  
the same time.

CUT TO:

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE. SAME.

LOWELL.

Joe, you can't smoke pot and talk  
to the Mexicans about heaven and  
hell. I'm catching all kinds of  
grief. Those Mexicans are  
religious as fuck.

JOE.

Religious as fuck? Interesting  
statement, since traditionally the  
church has stood against any kind  
of sexual interaction outside of  
procreation within marriage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOWELL.

Joe, shut up! You're smarter than everyone - we get it. You're so damn smart, you waste your life away hauling baggage and smoking pot. Look, I don't give a shit. You're a good dude and good worker. Just quit causing me grief.

JOE.

Sorry, boss. I'll watch it.

LOWELL.

Get out of here.

JOE turns and leaves, shutting the door behind him.

LOWELL. (CONT'D)

(sighs)

What a waste.

CUT TO:

INT. TSA CHECKPOINT. DAY

VINCE SIGLIONE is a tall, somewhat good-looking man in his early 30's. He looks a little like a football - thicker in the middle than his shoulders or feet. He looks like he was once an athlete - because he was; he played basketball in high school. He's smart and sarcastic and perfectly equipped for his job as a TSA screener.

VINCE stands at his station right on the inside of a large metal detector. He waves people through and helps them figure out which way to go.

VINCE.

Ma'am, what did you say your problem was?

CRAPPY PANTS LADY.

I literally just shat my pants.

VINCE.

(unfazed, turns to the left and quips)

Cleanup on aisle 3

CUT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCE. (CONT'D)

Sir, I'm sorry for the inconvenience but you realize that you can't bring that through...right?

We see an ARAB MAN with a large bowie knife hanging like an earring from his right ear.

ARAB MAN.

What? It's not a weapon, it's an earring

VINCE.

(laughs out loud and hard)

Hahaha...cultural differences are so funny.

(a beat)

But seriously, you're gonna have to pull that off of your ear and I'm going to have to order a cavity search, immediately.

CUT

DEMON LADY.

(speaking with a crazy demon voice)

I HAVE BEEN ORDERED BY BEELZUBUB TO BOARD THIS PLANE AND MAKE LOVE WITH A WARLOCK WHILE 6 MILES IN THE AIR AND YOU WILL NOT GET IN MY WAY!

VINCE.

(quizzically unfazed)

Did you say your name was Lesion with an "s"? or Legion with a "g"?

CUT

VINCE. (CONT'D)

No, Mr. Johnson, I will not allow you to give me an autograph today. In the last year you have given me one for every family member! You just need to catch a plane and I need to figure out how to watch "Standing Tall" for the 37th time

We see DWAYNE "THE ROCK" JOHNSON

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE ROCK.

You know I'll do anything for you  
Vince.

VINCE.

(feigns humility)  
Where to tonight, Rock?

THE ROCK.

Meeting in Miami, then back about  
midnight tonight, home, then fly  
to L.A. tomorrow mid-morning

VINCE.

Wow...rough 24 hours.

THE ROCK.

(pats Vince on the  
back)  
Thanks for making it easier,  
Vince!

As THE ROCK walks towards his gate, another TSA AGENT  
taps Vince on the shoulder.

TSA AGENT.

Hey, Vince, you're off, bro. Good  
luck tonight.

VINCE.

Thanks, bro.

VINCE and 2 of his other co-workers, JIMMY and SHANE walk  
with him as they get off at the same time. They talk as  
they walk.

VINCE. (CONT'D)

Tonight's the night, boys.

SHANE.

Bachelor party, right?

VINCE.

Yep!

JIMMY.

Bachelor party on a Thursday  
night? You realize you're gonna  
be so hung over you won't be able  
to walk tomorrow, nonetheless come  
into work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VINCE.

Yeah, I'll be tired tomorrow, but  
at least I won't be hung over for  
the wedding Saturday.

They reach a set of doors.

JIMMY.

We're headed here, man...you out?

VINCE.

(points the opposite  
way)

I'm out.

SHANE.

All right, man...have fun. My  
bachelor party was legit!

VINCE turns and walks down a long hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. EMPLOYEE HALLWAY. DAY

RANDY is bored, standing in an employee hallway in the bowels of Terminal 5 at JFK Airport. He's been waiting for a while. He has his foot propped up behind him and he's whistling to himself - perhaps some 80's one hit wonder. The doors across from where he's waiting suddenly burst open and JOE appears. JOE spots RANDY but does not stop or slow down. RANDY pushes off the wall and catches up with JOE quickly.

RANDY.

Hey, buddy.

JOE.

Tom leave already?

RANDY.

Whaaaat?

JOE.

I know you only walk out with me  
if Tom's gone or you two are  
fighting.

RANDY.

Eh, he's pissed at me cuz I got  
his job or something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE.

I'd be pissed, too. He's more qualified than you.

RANDY.

Whatever. What do you think about this wedding? You excited about tonight?

JOE.

I fucking hate bachelor parties. You know that.

RANDY.

Yeah, me, too.

JOE.

You LOVE bachelor parties...what the hell are you talking about?

RANDY.

Man, it's just tough having Vince get married. He's only been with Mel for what, like 6 months?

JOE.

2 years.

RANDY.

Right. I mean, I was with Amy for, what, 5 years?

JOE.

9 months.

RANDY.

Right...I mean, I should be the one getting married not Vince.

They walk through the doors into the parking garage. VINCE is waiting for them on the other side of the doors.

RANDY. (CONT'D)

Vince! We were just talking about you!

VINCE.

What's up - you ready for tonight?

RANDY.

(fake excitement)  
Yeah, man....it's gonna be awesome!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The 4 guys cars are all parked side by side. They all drive nice cars and they all have personalized license plates. Tom's: "OCD TOM". Randy: "PssyHnd". Joe: "Weeding", Vince: "ILuvMel"

TOM is standing behind his car, waiting for the guys. He is obviously still pissed off.

RANDY. (CONT'D)

(nervously)

Oh, Tom, you didn't leave yet.

TOM.

We get here together and we leave together - that's how it's always been...I won't have our routine messed up because of you.

VINCE.

(looks at Tom, then  
back at Randy)

Okay, what is going on? What happened?

JOE.

They gave Randy the promotion.  
Tom's pissed.

VINCE.

(to Tom)

Sorry, buddy.

(to Randy)

Congrats, buddy.

TOM.

You know what? It's fine. I'm fine.

JOE.

You're not acting fine.

RANDY.

Oh, please, leave him alone - let him sulk. We're celebrating a marriage and a promotion all at once tonight -

(gestures to Tom)

- drinks are on the loser.

TOM opens his car door and gets in, yelling as his door shuts.

TOM.

Fuck you, Randy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TOM's car backs up, nearly knocking JOE down and screeches off.

VINCE.

He is not taking that well.

RANDY.

(ignores the comment)  
So...you're sure about this, right Vince? This whole, you know...getting married thing. It's the right time? I mean, it isn't too late to just...you know...back out.

VINCE.

What are you talking about?

RANDY.

(shakes his head)  
Nothing...nothing...just, you know...looking out for you.

JOE rolls his eyes and gets in his car.

JOE.

Vince, I'll see you at 7.

VINCE waves and JOE pulls out and drives off. RANDY goes to his car door opens it up before getting in

VINCE.

See you at 7.

RANDY.

(give Vince a big thumbs up)  
Gonna be the best bachelor party ever!

RANDY gets in and starts up his car. VINCE follows suit.

CUT TO:

EXT. MELANIE AND VINCE'S BACK YARD. NIGHT

VINCE and MELANIE'S back yard is a menagerie of plants. MELANIE has so many plants in the yard, she might actually have a problem, like someday she'll be featured on an episode of *Hoarders: Plant Edition*. VINCE and MELANIE sit at a table, as VINCE nurses a beer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELANIE.

I'm gonna have to worry all  
freaking night that these asshole  
friends of yours get you back in  
time...

VINCE.

Baby, we'll be fine. We've been  
friends since we were 7. They  
know how important my wedding is.  
I'll be fine.

(he takes a drink of  
his beer)

What about you and your girls?  
What are you guys doing?

MELANIE.

We're staying home and watching  
all of the *Bridget Jones's*  
*Diaries*.

VINCE.

Aren't there only 2?

MELANIE.

See? We're *so* boring, we're not  
even watching a trilogy.

VINCE.

God, that *is* boring.

The phone rings. He sees it's TOM and picks up.

VINCE. (CONT'D)

(talking into the  
phone)

Tom, what's up, man?

(he waits to listen  
to what Tom says)

Aw, man...that sucks.

(Tom talks some more)

Well, man, I understand, it's all  
good. It's just the only bachelor  
party I'll ever have...no  
biggie...

VINCE looks at his phone, seeing he is getting another  
call.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VINCE. (CONT'D)

(to Tom)

Dude, Randy's calling me, I better get this...I'll see you tomorrow, bro.

VINCE pushes a button then answers RANDY.

VINCE. (CONT'D)

Randy, what's up, man...I was...

(Randy obviously  
interrupts him -  
Vince listens)

Oh, so you can't make it either?  
Really?

(listens)

You shit...an actual hair ball?  
Dude...that sucks, man. That  
sounds completely impossible,  
um...wow....

VINCE looks at his phone, seeing he is getting another call.

VINCE. (CONT'D)

(to Randy)

Um...hey man, Joe's calling. I better get that.

VINCE pushes the button and answers JOE

VINCE. (CONT'D)

Joe, what's up man?

(listens)

Oh, you can't make it? Man,  
that's all right...it woulda just  
been you and me...woulda been  
weird.

(listens)

Okay...later.

VINCE puts down the phone. MELANIE looks sad.

MELANIE.

Did your friends seriously just  
all bail on your bachelor party?

VINCE.

(shrugs)

I've totally always wanted to see  
the Bridget Jones movies.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VINCE. (CONT'D)

I mean, like, forever, since they came out.

MELANIE.

Aw, baby, I'm sorry...

Melanie hugs him.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF JFK AIRPORT. NIGHT.

VIKTOR IVANOV stands with his back to the camera, surrounded by 2 of his soldiers: Zulia and Borz. Through this scene we never get a view of Viktor except for his back....which is covered by a large, black cape.

BORZ.

Everything is in place, Viktor.

VIKTOR.

We have done our part.

ZULIA.

We have done our part and, with a little luck, in less than 24 hours, our patriots will have been returned to their rightful place.

VIKTOR.

(long pause)

There is no luck needed when all the preparation has been correctly followed through on.

BORZ.

You are wise, Viktor. We have much faith in our great leader.

VIKTOR.

Practice doesn't make perfect. Perfect practice makes perfect.

The henchmen glance over at Viktor to see if this is still a serious moment.

ZULIA.

(finally)

Yes..yes, Viktor, you are correct.

VIKTOR.

A lemon peeled does not an apple make.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Longer silence. Uncomfortable.

ZULIA.  
(voice cracking just  
a little)  
You are absolutely correct,  
Viktor.

VIKTOR.  
(begins singing)  
I saw the sign and it opened up my  
eyes, I saw the sign, life is  
demanding, without understanding.  
I saw the sign, and it opened up  
my eyes, I saw the sign, no  
one's...

As he sing, he suddenly breaks into what looks like  
ballroom dance around the grass.

(realizes no one is  
singing with him)  
Why is no one singing?

Awkward silence.

BORZ.  
What song are we singing, Viktor?

(pulls out an iPhone)  
I will search lyrics on  
allthelyrics dot com.

(holds up the phone)  
Amazing website.

VIKTOR.  
You do not know the genius of the  
Swedish gods and goddesses of Ace  
of Base? Where do you come from?  
Siberia?

Viktor storms off. Zulia looks at Borz and shrugs.

ZULIA.  
I am from Siberia. What of it?

Borz shrugs and the 2 lieutenants follow after Viktor,  
leaving a clear view of JFK airport.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE. NIGHT

A young FBI agent, AGENT SIMPSON puts down the phone, thinks for a moment, then gets up and walks down a long aisle way between desks. We follow him as he walks through a door, then down a hallway. He reaches a door, pauses, then knocks. The door reads, "Special Agent Wallace".

AGENT WALLACE.

(off screen)

Come in.

AGENT SIMPSON opens the door and walks in.

AGENT WALLACE. (CONT'D)

Agent?

AGENT SIMPSON.

Agent Wallace, sir...it is most likely nothing.

AGENT WALLACE.

Son, I've been doing this 32 years....it all has some kind of relevance. Might just takes us a bit to figure out what the relevance is sometimes.

AGENT SIMPSON.

Yes, sir. Well, I just received a phone call from a man with a thick, Eastern European accent...well, at least I think it's Eastern European...very thick...

AGENT WALLACE.

(impatient)

What did the man say, Agent?

AGENT SIMPSON.

Well, sir, he said something about airplanes and political prisoners. Sir, I'm sorry...I just had a hard time understanding what he was saying.

AGENT WALLACE.

Hmmm...okay, son...here's what we're going to do...

(pause)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT WALLACE. (CONT'D)  
I will get ahold of someone at the  
FAA...you get ahold of someone at  
JFK and LaGuardia and tell them to  
have security on their toes.

AGENT SIMPSON.  
Yes, sir, Special Agent Wallace.

The officer leaves AGENT WALLACE's office.

After a short pause, WALLACE picks up his phone, dials a  
number and waits for an answer. Finally someone picks  
up.

AGENT WALLACE.  
I need to speak to your boss.  
Immediately.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE. MORNING

SHANE and JIMMY stand in the door of the hallway,  
watching the employee entrance - other employees walk in  
and out. They each have cups of coffee in their hand  
that they occasionally drink from.

JIMMY.  
You think they'll make it? They  
all always get here at the same  
time and walk in together, so  
we'll know soon....

SHANE.  
Absolutely not. No one goes to  
work the day after their bachelor  
party.

The door opens and TOM walks in and down the hallway.

JIMMY.  
(shrugs)  
Okay. One down...but they won't  
all get here.

A few seconds later, RANDY walks in.

SHANE.  
Um...okay.

JIMMY.  
Dude, neither one of them even  
looks hung over. Like, at all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A few seconds later, Joe walks in. He looks high, as always.

SHANE.

(shrugs)  
Well, he looks high.

JIMMY.

To be fair, he looks high every day.

VINCE walks in.

JIMMY. (CONT'D)

Dammit.

VINCE.

What're you guys doing?

SHANE.

We had bets that you wouldn't show up.

VINCE.

All the guys blew off the bachelor party.

VINCE walks past them. They remain for a moment, then follow VINCE in.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT. DAY

THE ROCK comes through the metal detector.

THE ROCK.

Good morning, Vince.

VINCE.

Mr. Johnson! So good to see you!  
Rough day yesterday?

THE ROCK.

Good to be alive, buddy.

THE ROCK goes over to the x-ray machine and grabs his carry-on bag. He pulls out a small box and hands it to VINCE, who is waving through another customer.

VINCE.

(turns and takes the  
box)  
What is this, Mr. Johnson?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE ROCK.

Wedding present. Open it on your wedding night.

VINCE.

Thanks so much, Mr. Johnson. I will kiss my wife in honor of you!

THE ROCK.

Okay.

VINCE.

We will make love as a highlight tape of your WWF Greatest hits plays in the background.

THE ROCK.

(holds up his fingers  
an inch apart)

Maybe a little too far.

VINCE.

Sorry, sir. I'm just so excited!

THE ROCK salutes him and turns and walks towards his gate. VINCE turns back and waves the next person through the gate.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF TERMINAL. MORNING

A black school bus pulls up to the curb of the terminal and stops. All of the windows are tinted very dark, including the front windshield. People stop and look at the bus, but then quickly move on. We then see exact copies of the bus stop at each of the terminals.

Back at the main terminal (Terminal 5), security guards notice the first bus that pulled up. Finally 2 security guards walk up and one of them taps on the door with his bobby stick.

The door opens to reveal Viktor.

SECURITY GUARD 1.

What's happening, buddy?

VIKTOR.

I'm sorry, what?

SECURITY GUARD 1.

What's happening? What's going on? Loading and unloading only.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIKTOR jumps off the bus to reveal BORZ and ZULIA behind him, both holding silenced semi-automatic guns.

VIKTOR.

I will be unloading, sir.

ZULIA shoots SECURITY GUARD 1. SECURITY GUARD 2 immediately puts his hands up in the air.

SECURITY GUARD 2.

Dude, don't do nothing stupid.

VIKTOR.

I don't do anything...stupid.

VIKTOR snaps his fingers and BORZ shoots the man.

Chaos breaks out around the terminal as people realize what is happening. VIKTOR watches with great joy as the people panic and run.

VIKTOR. (CONT'D)

It has...begun.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT. SAME

We see the rebels rush into the airport, carrying silenced automatic weapons. They yell out instructions to people. We shift between several different groups of rebels taking over the airport. The rebels shoot several security guards.

CUT TO:

EXT. AERIAL SHOT OF THE AIRPORT. SAME

At every terminal, chaos breaks out as black buses unload with Chechen rebels. People fall down, obviously shot and civilians run to get away from the rebels.

INT. AIRPORT. SAME

VIKTOR walks into the airport, followed by ZULIA and BORZ. The three men look around, quietly, as chaos happens around them. Rebels are trying to corral people, they shoot security guards, etc.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIKTOR.

(finally)

We are about to take the world by surprise, Zulia. All people will soon know the plight of the Chechen people.

ZULIA.

(nods)

Da. All people.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE. DAY

Randy and Tom stand awkwardly in the back cabin of a plane.

TOM.

Do you even feel bad about getting my job?

RANDY.

Your job?

TOM.

You know what I mean, Randy. I've been gunning for that job for 3 years. And you go in, turn on your charm, probably screw the girl - and get the job.

RANDY.

I didn't have sex with Stacy.

(a beat)

Yet.

TOM.

Yeah, you would say that.

RANDY.

You could say congratulations to me for getting the job. It's kind of a big deal.

Tom thinks for a moment.

TOM.

Fuck you.

CUT TO:

EXT. TARMAC. SAME

We see a large group of large airplanes simply sitting idle on the tarmac, waiting to take off.

CUT TO:

INT. TSA CHECKPOINT. SAME

VINCE is with SHANE and JIMMY at their checkpoint when they hear shots.

VINCE.

What the...are those gun shots?

JIMMY.

No way....

As he says this, VIKTOR, ZULIA and BORZ and several other rebels round the corner. The rebels walks straight up to the shocked TSA AGENTS.

VINCE.

(mostly unfazed)

Um....hello. Are you late for a flight?

Long pause as the rebels look sternly at VINCE.

VIKTOR.

(points at Vince)

You...you are funny.

(to Borz)

Bring him with us. He is funny.

ZULIA and BORZ grab VINCE.

ZULIA.

The others?

VIKTOR.

Kill them.

VIKTOR turns to walks away. VINCE strains against BORZ.

VINCE.

Hey, asshole! What the hell?!

VIKTOR stops in his tracks. He slowly turns around.

VIKTOR.

What did you say to me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCE.  
(with not quite as  
much authority)  
Look, man, fuck you.

VIKTOR walks over and gets in VINCE's face.

VIKTOR.  
Fuck you? I have all the guns and  
all the men and you say "fuck  
you"?

VINCE.  
Look, these guys are my friends  
and they have kids and  
families...let them go. No reason  
for the death count to go up quite  
yet. Take me...but let them go.

VIKTOR.  
(thinks for a moment)  
These situations always have a  
hero.

ZULIA.  
Heroes usually end up dead, yes?

VIKTOR.  
(still staring at  
Vince)  
Usually.

(long pause)  
Borz...Let these men go, bring...  
(leans in to read  
Vince's badge)  
Vince...with us.

BORZ.  
Viktor, let them go?

VIKTOR.  
Yes...if they get out alive, they  
deserve to live.

VIKTOR turns and walks away.

VIKTOR. (CONT'D)  
Come!

ZULIA and BORZ frisk JIMMY and SHANE for weapons, then  
set them loose. The 2 agents run away.

ZULIA grabs VINCE and puts him in handcuffs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ZULIA.

Your bravery from here on out will be rewarded with punishment, swift and unkind.

VINCE.

Whatever. Zulia. What a stupid name. Like Julia. With a Z. Stupid.

ZULIA elbows Vince in the stomach as they walk.

CUT TO:

INT. AGENT WALLACE'S OFFICE. SAME

WALLACE sits at his desk doing paper work. AGENT SIMPSON runs in...

AGENT SIMPSON.

JFK has been taken over by Chechen rebels!

AGENT WALLACE.

What?!

AGENT SIMPSON.

Yes, sir...Chechen rebels have taken over JFK airport. They came in 8 armored buses, raided the airport at 9 o'clock sharp...

(looks at his watch)  
Roughly 30 minutes ago, sir!

AGENT WALLACE.

Damn! I knew something was up.

WALLACE stands up and grabs a jacket off the back of his chair and walks out the door. SIMPSON follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWS REPORT. SAME

A NY City NEWS REPORTER is standing in front of JFK, talking to the camera. Behind the reporter, we can see people madly running out of the airport still.

NEWS REPORTER.

It is reported that approximately 45 minutes ago, terrorists took over JFK airport.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEWS REPORTER. (CONT'D)

They arrived in 8 armored school buses painted black, each filled with approximately 50 terrorists, armed with automatic weapons and the will to kill.

Insert aerial footage of the buses parked in front of the terminal as people run out of the airport in a mad dash.

NEWS REPORTER. (CONT'D)

The terrorists have not yet made any demands...but we will keep you up to date with this evolving, breaking story!

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE. SAME

VIKTOR is watching the news report on a tv in a large, opulent office.

ZULIA, BORZ and VINCE are in the office. The office is high above the terminal floor, overlooking all places where anyone might come from.

VIKTOR.

It is time to start negotiations, men.

VINCE.

What are you doing here? Who takes over an airport? Why?

VIKTOR gestures to VINCE, annoyed.

ZULIA.

(punches Vince in the stomach)

Speak when you are spoken to!

VIKTOR picks up the phone and hits the zero button.

VIKTOR.

Hello? Hello?

CUT TO:

EXT. AGENT WALLACE'S CAR. SAME.

WALLACE picks up his cell phone, as he drives. AGENT SIMPSON sits in the passenger seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT WALLACE.  
 (in the phone)  
 Who is this?

VIKTOR. (V.O.)  
 My name is Viktor Ivanov. I have  
 taken over New York's JFK airport.

AGENT WALLACE.  
 Well, Viktor, my name is Agent  
 James Wallace. I am the FBI's on-  
 the-scene director.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE. SAME

VIKTOR.  
 The FBI? We are already in the  
 large leagues.

AGENT WALLACE. (V.O.)  
 You mean big leagues? Yes...but  
 down to brass tacks, Viktor:  
 whattaya want?

VIKTOR.  
 Right to the almonds, eh?

CUT TO:

EXT. AGENT WALLACE'S CAR. SAME

WALLACE is now pulling into JFK. AGENT SIMPSON leans up  
 in the windshield and shows his ID to some police  
 officers who have road-blocked the road.

AGENT WALLACE.  
 Sure, Viktor. What makes someone  
 do something so...bold?

VIKTOR. (V.O.)  
 You ask the wrong questions,  
 James. The riddle I ask is this: I  
 will kill everyone in this  
 airport, including my men if my  
 demands aren't met.

AGENT WALLACE.  
 (a long pause)  
 That isn't a riddle.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE. SAME

VIKTOR looks relaxed, his feet up on the desk, talking to WALLACE.

VIKTOR.

Isn't it?

AGENT WALLACE.

Well, we don't meet terrorists' demands, Viktor...not usually.

VIKTOR.

Our demands will be...must be met, Agent Wallace or hell will rain down from heaven. As we speak, my men are lining the halls of the terminal with explosives.

CUT TO:

INT. TERMINAL. SAME

No one is lining any halls with explosives

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE. SAME

VIKTOR.

Enough to blow up the entire city of New York. I know you need this airport. All I ask is that your government return 3 Chechen patriots to their rightful place, with us

AGENT WALLACE.

(a beat)

Political prisoners? Viktor, I'm just an FBI Agent. What do I know about political prisoners?

VIKTOR.

Learn, Agent Wallace, or I have no need to speak with you again.

VIKTOR hangs up the phone. He turns to BORZ.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIKTOR. (CONT'D)  
Borz, please find me some tee-tees. Nice, big tee-tees.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE. SAME.

RANDY and TOM are strapped in their seats but the plane isn't moving. TOM looks like he is about to explode.

RANDY.  
You know you're gonna have a heart attack if you keep it in, Tom.

TOM.  
Fuck you.

RANDY.  
There you go. Now, can we talk about my feelings?

TOM.  
Fuck you.

RANDY.  
Good. Man, this whole wedding thing is kinda bumming me out, man...I mean me and Amy were supposed to get married this year...not Vince and Melanie.

Long pause.

TOM.  
Fuck you.

RANDY.  
I thought that might be coming.  
(a beat)  
How was the bachelor party?

TOM.  
You didn't go?

RANDY.  
What?!! You didn't go either?  
Shit. We are horrible friends.

TOM.  
Speak for yourself. I just didn't go because I had no desire to see your dumb ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDY.

That still makes you a horrible friend, only as opposed to me, you're a horrible friend to 2 people instead of 1.

Long pause

TOM.

Fuck you.

RANDY.

So predictable. Such language. Your mom would be ashamed.

Long pause.

TOM.

Fuck you.

CUT TO:

INT. BAGGAGE AREA. SAME

A group of terrorists march into the baggage area. LOWELL (JOE's boss) wanders out of his office, reading a piece of paper. He looks up to find the terrorist.

LOWELL.

Um...can I help you?

The terrorists immediately shoot him. LOWELL falls to the ground, dead.

TERRORIST CREW LEADER.

Look around and make sure there is no one else. If they are outside the building, leave them...We will not expose ourselves. Yet. Go!

Behind the terrorists, we see JOE's feet barely protruding from underneath a bunch of bags. They slowly, cautiously pull completely under the bags, so they effectively disappear.

The terrorists immediately span out and begin searching for others.

JOE. (V.O.)

(from underneath the bags)

Whaaaat?

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE. SAME

From behind, we see a woman dancing awkwardly in front of VIKTOR with her top off. BORZ stands at attention with a gun in his hand. ZULIA has disappeared somewhere or another. VINCE is still sitting on the floor with his hands behind his back.

VINCE.

Viktor, I like you. You seem nice. I mean, beyond the whole "I'm a terrorist who's going to blow up one of the biggest airports in the world" vibe you have going on.

VIKTOR.

Why, thank you, Vincent.

VINCE.

It wasn't really a compliment--and the name is Vince...just Vince - whatever. Look, I'm getting married tomorrow, so if you do blow up the airport, I'd really LOVE to get out of here first. You know, if possible.

BORZ.

(sarcasm)

Aw, that is sweet. You are getting married.

VIKTOR.

Why would a good-looking man like you want to tether yourself down for the rest of your life with one woman?

VINCE.

Easy - cuz I love her.

VIKTOR.

Marriage turns men into vaginas and vaginas into "no entry" points. You are better off being blown up.

VINCE.

That makes absolutely no sense.

VIKTOR pushes the woman out of the way and walks over to VINCE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIKTOR.

Vincent, if you are blown up for the cause of rebellion, you will spend eternity with all the beautiful woman you desire...you will die a martyr for rebellion!

VINCE.

(thinks for a beat)

Look, that's great for you and all, but the last time I was into rebellion was when I was 15 and getting laid for the first time before I threw up the 5 Keystone Lights I drank earlier.

BORZ.

Americans always think so superficially. Life is bigger than beer and vaginas, asshole!

VIKTOR.

What we are doing here, Vince, is monumental. And I have chosen you, and only you, to see it from the top looking down.

(a beat)

Then, later, I will kill you.

VIKTOR walks back over and sits down, gesturing at the woman.

VIKTOR. (CONT'D)

Dance, pussycat, dance!

The woman begins awkwardly dancing again. Vince starts to become worried.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE OF TERMINAL. SAME.

WALLACE and his crew have set up a mobile unit in a large moving truck-like vehicle.

AGENT WALLACE.

All right, people, things are serious. We have roughly 400 Chechen rebels who are threatening to blow up the biggest airport in America if we don't meet their demands...or kick their ass first. How about we kick some ass? Huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The group of people all cheer. AGENT SIMPSON raises his hand.

AGENT SIMPSON.

Sir, just wanted to make sure you knew...but Denver is actually the largest airport in the US - 53 square miles. And JFK is only the 6th busiest airport in America. Atlanta-Hartsfield is the busiest.

Everyone in the room looks at him. One man shakes his head, sorrowful.

AGENT WALLACE.

We're just...getting pumped for a mission, son.

Long pause.

AGENT SIMPSON.

Sorry...didn't realize we were, you know...bending the facts. But, hey, what do I know?..I'm just a rookie. First rodeo. Along for the ride. Oh - kay.

Another long pause as WALLACE and everyone else just stare at Simpson.

AGENT WALLACE.

(finally)  
People....Let's kick some ass!

The whole room cheers.

CUT TO:

INT. BAGGAGE AREA. DAY

JOE pulls the bags off of himself and slowly gets up, looking around. He sneaks off and goes around a corner to be decked and knocked to the ground. SHANNON and PEDRO stand over him.

SHANNON.

Joe?

PEDRO.

Are you one of the terrorists?

JOE pushes them off of him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE.

Of course not! Get off of me!

JOE stands up.

JOE. (CONT'D)

Okay, obviously we gotta get out of here. Anyone we know get hurt?

SHANNON.

They killed Lowell.

JOE.

Damn.

PEDRO looks nervously at SHANNON then back at JOE

JOE. (CONT'D)

What?

(nothing)

What?!!

SHANNON.

We saw Sanjii, you know, the Indian guy from the Food court.

JOE.

Yeah, little guy? Smells like curry?

SHANNON.

Yes...well, Sanjii snuck down a trash chute when all the commotion was going down.

JOE.

(thinks about Sanjii)

Yeah, he's tiny.

SHANNON.

Anyway, he said he saw them take Vince hostage.

JOE.

Like...my Vince?

SHANNON.

Your Vince.

Pedro looks sad and ashamed as JOE turns white.

PEDRO.

Sorry, bro.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE.

Shit...I wonder if anyone has let Tom or Randy know what is happening...

(pulls out his phone)  
...I guess if they're in the air, they can get the message later...

CUT TO:

INT. PLANE. SAME.

RANDY walks up to the front of the cabin and knocks on the cabin door. A beat passes then the door opens. The CO-PILOT sits back down in his seat and both he and the PILOT look a bit nervously up at Randy.

RANDY.

All right, guys, what's up? Close to an hour out on the damn runway? That's gotta be a record, even for us.

PILOT.

We've been grounded. For now, at least.

RANDY.

Why?

The PILOT looks nervously over at the CO-PILOT, then back up at RANDY.

PILOT.

Something is happening in all of the terminals.

RANDY.

Something? Like a flash mob that is being filmed by 7 cameras so it can be a YouTube sensation?

PILOT.

Er...not exactly.

CO-PILOT.

(interrupting)  
Randy...

RANDY.

In your big boy voice, Allen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CO-PILOT.

Randy...terrorists have taken over all 8 terminals. It's like some crazy blitz. All 8 terminals.

RANDY.

What?! So let's get the hell out of here!

PILOT.

Randy...Vince and Joe are in there.

RANDY.

Oh, my God...Vince and Joe are in there.

CO-PILOT.

Someone confirmed that...that Vince got taken hostage. No one has seen Joe. It's mayhem in there, man.

RANDY.

(tears up and thinks hard for a moment)

I swear to God if they hurt either one of my boys I'm gonna cut off someone's balls and feed their balls to them...

The pilots nod, thinking the rant is over...but it continues.

RANDY. (CONT'D)

...via their mouth, wait 10 to 12 hours to allow them to digest them, shit them out, then I will use the shit they shit out to make a paste that resembles peanut butter, I will then spread that over bread - it will smell and I may gag, maybe puke...but I will get through it, throw on some Smucker's preserves - probably grape or possibly peach, I'm not really sure - then feed that to them. Then, I will wait another 10 to 12 hours, and then...

TOM comes running up from behind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOM.

Randy...Joe just called! He's in baggage area, trying to avoid terrorists who have taken over the airport. The terrorists got Vince!!!

RANDY.

(turns around)  
Tom, I know. And if someone hurts one of my boys, I am gonna cut off someone's balls then feed the...

PILOT.

(interrupts Randy)  
Randy, Randy...I'm sure the cops and FBI and whoever else is working on this...just let them do their jobs.

Everyone, sober, stops and thinks.

TOM.

The Rock...I saw the Rock boarding. He'll help us!

(to the pilots)  
Call around and see which plane he's on.

RANDY.

(nods)  
If anyone can help us get Vince and Joe back safely it's the Rock.

The pilots and TOM nod with RANDY.

TOM.

The Mother. Fucking. Rock.

A long beat.

CO-PILOT.

You do realize that The Rock is an actor...like, what he does isn't real.

RANDY.

You hold your tongue! The Rock was a WWF Champion!

CO-PILOT.

(confused)  
Okay, again...not real wrestling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RANDY.

He played football at the University of Miami...he's obviously killed people in real life.

PILOT.

(to the Co-Pilot)  
He does have a point.

The CO-PILOT shrugs. They both look up RANDY and TOM.

TOM.

(nods)  
The mother fucking Rock.

Long pause.

TOM. (CONT'D)

Hey, Randy?

(Randy gives a what  
up? nod)  
Fuck you.

RANDY.

Dammit, Tom, can we just set aside your petty differences long enough to go and save our friends?

TOM.

Why? Why save them? You don't even want Vince and Mel to get married.

RANDY.

(thinks for a second)  
I may not want them to get married because he's my best friend and I'm a selfish prick...in fact, I will do everything in my power to inhibit his getting married. But I'll be damned if anyone else tries to take away his rights. Only friends have the right to fuck with each other's lives, dammit! That's friendship!

CO-PILOT.

I'm pretty sure that is absolutely not what friendship is.

RANDY.

(aside)  
Shut up, Allen.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RANDY. (CONT'D)

Are you even a real pilot? Do co-pilots even have any actual friends?

Tom turns and walks away, throwing the next line over his shoulder.

TOM.

Let's hope the Rock can kick some ass cuz you're about as manly as Ryan Seacrest in a bonnet.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF A DELTA PLANE. SAME

RANDY and TOM run up to the plane from out of frame, ducking as they run, trying to not be noticed...even though they are the only people out on a runway covered with large planes.

They get to the plane and RANDY jumps up and hits the front door while TOM looks nervously around, while talking on the phone. The door doesn't open.

TOM.

Melanie, this is Tom...I'm sure this will be all over the news soon...dammit, I wish you'd picked up! Terrorist took over JFK and Vince is a hostage. We're getting the Rock right now and then we're gonna meet up with Joe and go save Vince. Love you...and don't worry!

TOM hangs up the phone

RANDY jumps up and hits the door again. After a moment, the door pops open and a flight attendant pops his head out. The flight attendant is very effeminate and has a thick Southern accent.

EFFEMINATE ATTENDANT

What the hell do you think you're doing? This is highly illegal, sir.

RANDY.

We're the flight attendants you talked to, you idiot!

EFFEMINATE ATTENDANT

Oh...the ones who were coming to get that actor?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM.

Yes! The Rock...who else would we be?

EFFEMINATE ATTENDANT

(thinks for a moment)

Terrorists.

RANDY.

Oh, my God...lower the stairs.

The EFFEMINATE ATTENDANT quickly opens the door all the way and drops down a set of flimsy stairs.

EFFEMINATE ATTENDANT

Come on up, ya'll.

RANDY and TOM climb up the stairs and into the cabin and enter first class where THE ROCK is sitting, wearing a pair of reading glasses, with his legs crossed while reading *Time Magazine*.

RANDY.

(a little out of breath)

Rock...sir...we need to talk to you.

THE ROCK.

Who the hell are you?

RANDY.

We are Vince's best friends.

THE ROCK.

Vince? The TSA agent Vince?

TOM.

Yes, sir. Look...

RANDY holds up his hand in TOM's face, as if to say "Let me handle this"

RANDY.

Look, Rock...you are a national treasure and a legitimate goddamn American hero....

TOM.

Based on *GI Joe* alone.

RANDY.

Exactly! That's not even taking into account *The Rundown* or *The Scorpion King*. A fucking hero!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE ROCK.

Guys, I really like Vince. What can I do to help you help Vince?

RANDY.

(loudly)

Terrorists have taken over the whole freaking airport! Vince was taken hostage. We are going to go save him from these terrorists.

EFFEMINATE ATTENDANT.

Oh, my God...terrorists?

The rest of the plane overhears and murmurs of "Terrorists?" ripples across the plane. Suddenly everyone looks scared. Randy realizes what is happening and stands up straight, holding out his hands to calm people.

RANDY.

Guys, guys, guys. The terrorists haven't ventured out onto the runway. Yet. That's why we need the Rock to save all of our asses.

All of the passengers look around then begin to chant...

ALL PASSENGERS.

Rock! Rock! Rock! Rock! Rock!

The Rock stands up and waves his hands for people to calm down.

THE ROCK.

People...for you...I will see what I can do. I am an American and I will not be intimidated by some terrorist thugs. America does not negotiate with terrorists! We kick their asses!

The passengers cheer loudly.

CUT TO:

EXT. TARMAC. SAME

THE ROCK, RANDY and TOM run across the tarmac towards the baggage area of the airport. They reach a massive door and take cover.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE ROCK.

All right, guys...Randy and Tom, right?

(the guys nod)

You guys have any kind of combat training?

(the guys both shake their heads)

All right...that's to be expected. You're flight attendants. Okay. Look, I'm gonna need your help, but I'll take care of the heavy lifting until we can get some guns. Once we have guns, it'll be easier. You two ever shot a gun?

(they both shake their heads)

Okay. You get the basic gist of it, right? Point and squeeze the trigger, right?

(the guys nod)

Okay, good.

(thinks a beat)

All right, let's get some guns.

THE ROCK opens the door and looks down a long hallway.

THE ROCK. (CONT'D)

All right...we're clear. Follow me.

THE ROCK enters and they run down the hall as quietly as they can. They get to the end of the hallway and the Rock stops and looks around the corner. 4 of VIKTOR's men loiter a few feet away.

THE ROCK looks at RANDY and TOM and holds his finger up to his lips to make sure they are quiet. He looks around the corner again, making sure of the rebel's position, then leans into RANDY and TOM, who lean in to hear what he has to say.

THE ROCK. (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Okay. You guys, stay here. I'm gonna kick some ass and get some guns.

RANDY and TOM nod.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE ROCK rounds the corner and saunters lazily towards the men.

THE ROCK. (CONT'D)  
Hey guys, I'm looking for a bathroom.

REBEL #1.  
Stop!

THE ROCK.  
Guys, guys, why the attitude?

REBEL #2.  
(thick Russian accent)  
Oh my Got. It is Dey Rack.

THE ROCK.  
(points to himself)  
Yes! The Rock! That's me.

The other soldiers look at Rebel #2.

REBEL #3.  
Dey Rack?

REBEL #4.  
Da! Dey Rack!

The men relax and lower their guns, as they do, THE ROCK punches #1 in the face, breaking his nose, and takes his gun. He shoots #2 in the face as he kicks #4. He shoots #3 in the chest, then turns and shoots #1 in the head. He turns to #4 who is trying to stand up. THE ROCK holds up his gun to #4's head.

REBEL #4. (CONT'D)  
No! No!

THE ROCK.  
It's pronounced "the Rock"

REBEL #4.  
(surprised, then excited)  
Da! Dey Rack!

THE ROCK.  
No. The Rock. Raaaahhhhck.  
Rock.

REBEL #4.  
(excited)  
Da! Da! Dey. Raaaaaack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THE ROCK.

Ah, fuck it.

THE ROCK shoots #4 in the face.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI MOBILE UNIT. SAME

WALLACE sits in the mobile unit with his team. He turns around and yells across the trailer.

AGENT WALLACE.

What do we know, people? What do we know?

AGENT YOON runs over with a laptop. On the laptop is a picture of VIKTOR.

AGENT YOON.

Sir, Viktor Ivanov was a 5 star General in the Chechen army. He is known to be ruthless, bordering on manic. He will kill anyone who gets in his way and seemingly feels no remorse. He is willing to do whatever it takes to get ahead.

AGENT SIMPSON.

Everyone! Everyone! This guy seems like a class A jackhole.

Everyone looks at him like he's a complete idiot.

AGENT WALLACE.

Son, what is wrong with you?

AGENT SIMPSON.

Sir, I'm just trying to help you inspire the troops.

AGENT WALLACE.

Why don't you just let me inspire?

A long beat.

AGENT WALLACE. (CONT'D)

(yells)

Back to work everyone! We've got some damn terrorists to kill!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT SIMPSON.

(yells to everyone)  
Or...capture safely and soundly  
according to NATO law and the  
Geneva convention!

WALLACE rolls his eyes and sits down, going back to work.

Suddenly the phone rings. Wallace picks it up.

AGENT WALLACE.

Viktor? Good to hear from you.  
We were just talking about you.

VIKTOR. (V.0.)

I'm sure you were. Look, no more  
games. I need 3 political  
prisoners released: last names  
Tupov, Daudov and Romanov.

(long pause)

And, Agent Wallace...if I haven't  
seen some success with these  
demands within an hour...I will  
begin to kill hostages.

Viktor hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. BAGGAGE AREA. SAME

THE ROCK, RANDY and TOM open up a door and peek their  
head in. They don't see anyone, so they walk in, slowly  
and carefully. All 3 of them carry machine guns and have  
hand guns stuffed in their belts. THE ROCK has an extra  
machine gun hanging from his body.

RANDY.

(loud whisper)  
Joe? Joe? Are you here?

From around a corner, JOE appears with his hands held up.  
THE ROCK turns quickly and almost shoots.

JOE.

Don't shoot!

SHANNON and PEDRO comes nervously around the corner

THE ROCK.

Who is this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE.

(pointing)

I'm Joe..this is Shannon and Pedro.

SHANNON.

Oh, my God...I'm the biggest fan of your movies. Anyone who can stand toe to toe with the great Christopher Walken AND Paul Walker deserves my respect.

THE ROCK.

Um, thanks.

PEDRO.

I have never seen one of your movies. In Mexico, the Rock usually refers to drug paraphernalia.

JOE.

Look, guys, I get the whole fawning over the celebrity, but we're in deep shit.

TOM.

They've got Vince.

JOE.

Yeah...God knows how many of these freaking terrorists there are down here.

RANDY.

Well, there's 4 less because of us.

The Rock glares at Randy.

RANDY. (CONT'D)

Well, because of the Rock...and our...support....

THE ROCK.

Guys, we have a lot of ground to cover if we're gonna get Vince in time for his wedding. Joe...you seem to know your way around down here - show us where to go

JOE.

Where do we need to go?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOM.

The pilots said someone saw them  
take Vince to the office complex.

JOE.

Well, there's only one way to get  
there. Let's go.

JOE turns and walks towards the door RANDY, JOE and THE  
ROCK came out of.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK AIRPORT HALLWAY. SAME

VIKTOR, BORZ and ZULIA walk down the hallway.

VIKTOR.

We have them exactly where we want  
them, Zulia. We have nothing to  
worry about.

ZULIA

All must fall into place.

BORZ.

We are hearing from all the men  
that all is clear. All the  
security guards that we did not  
kill have been rounded up and are  
in the Food Court. Baggage  
handlers have been moved up to the  
top floor and are being held  
safely. Passengers are split up  
between several different  
locations. Everything is in  
place.

VIKTOR.

(grabs Zulia and Borz  
by the shoulders)  
Men! The egg is nearing the  
cradle of humanity's completion.

BORZ.

(looks nervously at  
Zulia)  
Um, yes, sir!

ZULIA.

Exactly my thoughts, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIKTOR.

(looks to the  
heavens)

There is a heartbeat pounding away  
like a drum in the distance and we  
will take the heartbeat by storm  
and cause the rains to fall in  
sheets of hail and stone.

ZULIA.

(voice cracking)

That is unbelievably correct,  
General!

BORZ.

Da, Da!

VIKTOR.

(slowly breaks into  
song - "Dynamite" by  
Tayo Cruz)

I want to celebrate and live my  
life, singing Hey-yo, mommy, let's  
go. We gonna rock this club, we  
gonna do it right, we gonna light  
it up like it's dy-no-mite.

(encourages Zulia and  
Borz)

Join me!

(continues singing)

Well, I told you once and now I  
told you twice...

ZULIA and BORZ mumble indistinctly along with the song,  
obviously not knowing a word.

VIKTOR. (CONT'D)

What the hell must I do to get my  
top men to sing along with me?

ZULIA.

Sir, I don't know these songs you  
sing.

VIKTOR.

And you, Borz? Surely you know  
the songs!

BORZ simply shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VIKTOR. (CONT'D)

What the hell kind of music do you listen to?

BORZ.

I am more into more artsy stuff that flies a bit under the radar, sir.

VIKTOR.

Like what?

BORZ.

Nickelback, KISS, Aerosmith...stuff like that.

VIKTOR.

(nods)

Yes, I have heard of them. I do not know their music. Too obscure.

VIKTOR turns to ZULIA.

ZULIA

I am a soldier, sir. My mind is filled up with how to be a great soldier!

VIKTOR.

Oh, bull dung, Zulia! You have to listen to music at some point. What do you listen to?

ZULIA.

(a long beat)

Well, I like that one song...I don't know who sings it...

VIKTOR.

Well, sing it! If we know it, we will sing along!

ZULIA begins singing a screechy and out of tune version of the Backstreet Boys' song "I Want It That Way"

ZULIA

You are the fire...the one desire...

VIKTOR recognizes the tune and joins in...

VIKTOR & ZULIA.

Believe when I say...that I want it that way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VIKTOR.

You know this, Borz...sing!

As all 3 join together singing, a musical track comes in beneath them.

ALL 3.

But we are two worlds...apart,  
can't reach to your...heart, when  
you say...that I want it that way

The men are basically screaming the song at this point. They hold each other by the shoulders and sway back in forth, almost in time with the music.

VIKTOR.

Tell me why...

BORZ & ZULIA.

Ain't nothing but a heartbreak!

VIKTOR.

Tell me why...

BORZ & ZULIA.

Ain't nothing but a mistake! Tell  
me why...

VIKTOR.

I never want to hear you say..

ALL 3.

That I want it that way!

They seem like they're about to screech out the 2nd verse when a soldier comes running up, out of breath.

SOLDIER.

What are you doing?

BORZ.

We are singing the song of the  
relatively unknown American folk  
group the Blackstreet Men!

SOLDIER.

(ignores Borz)  
General! A fire fight has broken  
out in the lower levels!

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY DOWNSTAIRS. SAME

THE ROCK and the rest of the crew are crouched down as shots whizz past them, splattering a wall across from them.

THE ROCK.

Look, guys, no worries. I'll go out, they'll think I'm awesome because I'm the Rock, you jump out and shoot them all. Easy.

Everyone nods. It worked before, it'll work again.

The shooting stops and THE ROCK takes off his gun and hands it to Randy.

THE ROCK. (CONT'D)

Here goes...

He sticks his hands around the corner and yells

THE ROCK. (CONT'D)

Guys, guys! Hold up, there's been a HUGE misunderstanding. I'm coming out.

THE ROCK steps out and is immediately shot too many times to count. He falls to the floor, dead.

JOE.

What the FUCK?!!

RANDY.

Holy shit! We killed the Rock!

TOM.

Oh, my God! What are we going to do?

SHANNON steps up and peeks around the corner.

SHANNON.

You babies need to shut up and let mama handle some business.

TOM.

What?!

SHANNON jumps out into the hallway, rolling and twisting, landing on her stomach, she immediately begins shooting at the rebels. As she shoots, she rolls back towards the rest of the crew. We see several of the rebels (who are firing back) go down, shot dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANNON gets back to cover.

SHANNON.

Shit! Shit! Shit! They shot me!

RANDY.

(scared)

Where? Where?

SHANNON stands up, jumping up and down in pain and pulls down the left side of her pants to show where a bullet has grazed her ass cheek. RANDY looks down in awe.

SHANNON.

What are you looking at, you perv?! Do something!!!

RANDY runs around, looking for something to do. Suddenly PEDRO picks up a bottle of water and splashes SHANNON's butt with water. This apparently feels good, as SHANNON grunts in approval. She then pulls up her pants.

JOE.

What the...hell?

RANDY peeks around the corner and quickly counts how many men are left.

RANDY.

Dude, she killed like 7 of them. If I wasn't so scared that I may be about to lose my life, I would for sure have a boner right now!

(looks down)

Oops...half-way there already.

TOM.

Oh, my God. Vince will never recover: we skipped his bachelor part and got his hero killed the day before his wedding. We are fucking horrible friends.

RANDY.

(nods)

The Rock was a national treasure. A hero. A real American...

JOE.

Shut up, Randy...Shannon, were you in the military or something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHANNON.

There's something you should know about me, guys: I was in the CIA for 11 years. I killed people with guns, knives...and with my bare fucking hands. I'm not proud of it, but you do what you have to do in combat, boys. Combat is hell. Hell.

JOE.

This whole time I thought you were a lesbian...but now it all makes sense: you're a spook.

PEDRO.

Don't be racist.

RANDY.

You're, uh, not a lesbian, are you?

SHANNON.

Me? A vaginaterian? Absolutely not. I'm a big meat-eater, if you know what I mean.

JOE.

(peeks around the corner)

Guys, I think we have a problem.

They all peek around the corner. About 15 men have showed up as reinforcement. All of the new rebels are wearing body armor and riot masks.

SHANNON.

I had 11 years in the CIA, men...and we'd call this a pig fucking. Or was it a pig shucking? I can't remember. Either way, we're screwed.

JOE.

Does anyone else have combat experience they want to tell us about?

JOE looks around from person to person, coming to PEDRO last.

TOM.

Pedro? You want to tell us something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PEDRO.

Okay, okay! I was an assassin for the drug cartel until about a year ago. I bought a new life for 250,000 dollars.

JOE.

You bought a new life...as a baggage handler?

PEDRO shrugs, like, "obviously this job is awesome"

RANDY.

You killed people?

PEDRO.

My job was drugs and ass-kicking. Best job ever...besides this job.

TOM peers around the corner again and sees the men marching slowly and carefully towards them.

TOM.

Joe, we need to get out of here, fast! I know you hide places and take naps. How can we get out of here before they get to us?

JOE thinks for a moment, then...

JOE.

Come on!

He turns and runs down the hallway, away from the corner where THE ROCK's body lies. PEDRO, RANDY and TOM take off after him. SHANNON puts her machine gun around the corner and lets off a burst of fire, then gets up and runs as fast as her fat little behind can take her.

REVERSE ANGLE: POINTING BACK TO THE CORNER

A few seconds pass and eventually we see the rebels' guns peek around the corner. They let off a burst of fire. The bullets ping all around. Then the rebels jump out from behind the corner, bodies tense and ready for a fight.

BACK TO THE ORIGINAL SHOT

The crew has disappeared. The rebels walk down the hallway, looking for the crew, but find nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE A LARGE AIR VENT. SAME

All of the crew is stuffed in the vent. SHANNON peers through the slats of the vent. Half the men are on one side of the vent and half the men are on the other side. She turns back to the rest of the crew.

SHANNON.

(whispering)

The first place they're gonna look when they realize we're not really gone is in this vent. We need to ambush them while we still can.

They all nod.

SHANNON. (CONT'D)

Pedro, you ready for this?

PEDRO nods, grimly.

SHANNON. (CONT'D)

Okay, I'll open the vent, you take the guys to the left, I'll take the ones to the right.

PEDRO looks confused.

SHANNON. (CONT'D)

(points left)

Left - you

(points right)

Right - me.

PEDRO now nods.

SHANNON. (CONT'D)

(to the other 3)

All right...you guys...protect our blind side.

(to Pedro)

All right, Nacho Libre! Let's rock!

In one quick motion, SHANNON pushes open the vent and begins shooting, Pedro jumps out behind her and begins shooting, too. We show SHANNON and PEDRO (out of the vent now) back to back, twirling around, shooting the rebels, in slow motion. The rebels are shot and killed and are falling all around.

Back in the vent the guys watch with eyes wide open, in awe of what they are seeing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDY.

Joe, why have you never told me  
about this chick?

We move back to the action. PEDRO and SHANNON (still in slow motion) twirl and twirl around and around, shooting until all of the rebels are piled up on the ground, dead.

They come to a stop. SHANNON looks around at the carnage they just created. Then gives PEDRO a high five. (Still slow motion)

Slow motion ends. The guys jump out of the vent.

TOM.

That was...incredible.

JOE.

(hums a circus-  
sounding tune)

The merry-go-round of death!

SHANNON looks around at her handiwork. She sees a rebel stirring, trying to get up. She walks over and points the gun at the man's head. The man looks up, with great fear in his eyes.

INJURED REBEL #1.

(in broken English)

Who...are...you?

SHANNON.

I am one half of the merry-go-  
round of death, bitch.

SHANNON pulls the trigger.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF MOBILE UNIT. SAME

WALLACE paces back and forth beside the mobile unit talking on a cell phone to his boss, AGENT NEARING

AGENT WALLACE.

(into phone)

Sir, we can't send people in yet.  
We just can't. This guy will kill  
who he needs to kill...his profile  
tells us that. We can't afford  
the collateral damage...not yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT NEARING. (V.O.)

(through phone)

I'm in a shit storm, Wallace. The Mayor, the Governor...they want this shit taken care of. They're breathing down the President's neck, he's breathing down the director's neck...shit filters down, James.

AGENT WALLACE.

Sir, you know that no one is going to do this better than me. I can figure out the angle on this guy.

AGENT NEARING. (V.O.)

If anyone can, you can. I just don't know how long I can give you.

AGENT WALLACE.

This guy is legitimately able to blow up this whole fucking airport, himself in it. He is our - he is MY worst nightmare. He is near non-negotiable. Is there anything I can give this guy?

AGENT NEARING. (V.O.)

(a beat)

Look, James...they're not gonna let these prisoners go. They're too important to some bullshit you and I will never know anything about.

(silence)

Look, do what you can....but please don't let them blow up the airport.

AGENT WALLACE.

(sighs)

Sir...I will do everything I can. I'm doing everything I can.

WALLACE ends the call and lets the phone fall down to his side. As he does, AGENT SIMPSON sticks his head out of the mobile unit.

AGENT SIMPSON.

Sir...I think we may have something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALLACE climbs up into the trailer where AGENT YOON has her laptop out, filled with photographs.

AGENT YOON.

Sir, we did some looking into these names that Viktor gave us. We believe we have found something useful with one of them.

AGENT YOON pulls up a picture of a stern-looking Chechen General.

AGENT YOON. (CONT'D)

This is general Ivan Daudov. He has served 29 years in the Chechen army. He and Ivanov went to military school in Moscow together, then went to college together. After college, they were trained by the KGB - again, together - and sent back to Chechnya as high-level KGB informants. He and Ivanov have been close friends for as long as we have any record of the two.

Wallace thinks for a long minute.

AGENT WALLACE.

Someone as disciplined as Viktor Ivanov isn't simply trying to negotiate the release of his best friend. It doesn't make sense.

AGENT YOON.

Well, sir...there's...well, there's more.

AGENT YOON pushes a button on the computer and a picture of IVAN DAUDOV pops up. The older man is wearing a pink man-kini, obviously shaking his booty when the still picture was taken. He holds a glass filled with pink liquid and topped with an umbrella. As the picture pops up everyone looking recoils in horror.

AGENT WALLACE.

What the...?

AGENT YOON.

This picture was taken a little more than 12 months ago on a cruise ship in the Mediterranean. Daudov was...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AGENT YOON. (CONT'D)  
(she looks into a  
folder)

...yes, he was dancing to the  
greatest hits of ABBA when this  
picture was taken.

AGENT WALLACE.  
Um...okay. What does this tell  
us? I have...my own thoughts,  
but I want to hear what you guys  
are thinking.

AGENT SIMPSON.  
Sir...there's more.

AGENT YOON clicks a button on her computer and another  
picture pops up. The picture show DAUDOV from the side  
as he lays across a deck chair on a cruise ship. His  
face is looking up and to the side and is filled with  
more pleasure than a man should be allowed to have.  
Behind him, we see VIKTOR, entering DAUDOV from behind.  
He is looking at the camera, flexing.

AGENT WALLACE.  
What the...

The aid quickly closes the computer.

AGENT WALLACE. (CONT'D)  
They're gay?!!!

AGENT SIMPSON.  
I believe the correct term now-a-  
days is homosexual, sir.

GAY ANALYST shakes his head.

GAY ANALYST.  
Where do little shits like you  
come from? Oh, my God....

WALLACE thinks for a moment.

AGENT SIMPSON.  
(answers the analyst)  
Being a homo isn't bad...gosh, no  
one is saying that. I get it!  
I'm on your side!

GAY ANALYST.  
Homo?! Can you hear yourself  
talking right now!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

AGENT WALLACE.  
Simpson, shut up! Yoon, get me  
Ivanov on the phone!!!

AGENT YOON picks up the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE. SAME

VIKTOR is pacing back and forth as his men look a little worried.

VIKTOR.  
21 men killed?!!! What is  
happening?!!!!

ZULIA.  
Sir, we know very little....

BORZ.  
Do you know the actor The Rock?

VINCE perks up over in the corner where he sits.

VIKTOR.  
The Rock? Yes, I saw the Tooth  
Fairy.

VINCE nods.

VINCE.  
(under his breath)  
Great movie.

BORZ.  
Yes...the same man. He was  
accidentally shot.

VINCE gasps.

BORZ. (CONT'D)  
And killed.

ZULIA.  
His body was found near the  
baggage area.

VINCE.  
You killed the Rock?!!

VIKTOR.  
You know this man...the Rock?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCE.

The man was a national treasure!  
What the hell, guys?! What the  
hell?!!!

VIKTOR.

(to Borz)  
Ignore the prisoner. Continue.

BORZ.

That's it, sir...we don't know who  
or what we are up against.

VIKTOR.

(thinks for a beat)  
Well, we must catch them!! Do not  
kill them...I want to question  
them personally.

The phone on the desk rings. VIKTOR walks over and hits  
the button for speaker phone.

VIKTOR. (CONT'D)

Agent Wallace, I presume.

AGENT WALLACE. (V.O.)

(through phone)  
You presume correct, Viktor.  
We've done a little research on  
the men you want released and I  
think you haven't been completely  
honest with me.

VIKTOR.

I never pretended to be *completely*  
honest with you, Agent Wallace.  
We all have things we must keep  
close to the vest, yes?

CUT TO:

EXT. MOBILE UNIT. SAME

AGENT WALLACE.

Viktor, look, I *AM* going to be  
completely honest with you: this  
is not going to end well for you.

VIKTOR. (V.O.)

(through phone)  
Well, then it will not end well  
for anyone...and that will be sad  
for everyone, will it not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT WALLACE.  
You got me on speaker phone, huh,  
Viktor?

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE. SAME

VIKTOR looks around.

VIKTOR.  
I do.

AGENT WALLACE. (V.O.)  
Great! I'm looking at a picture  
of you humping Agent Daudov on a  
Mediterranean Cruise, and he looks  
very, very happy.

VIKTOR about chokes.

VIKTOR.  
What?!!! Lies!  
  
(to the topless  
woman)  
Dance! Dance! Now!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. MOBILE UNIT. SAME

AGENT WALLACE.  
I don't care about your personal  
life, Viktor, but if you're gonna  
ask for me to release your  
boyfriend, you should at least  
tell me he's your boyfriend.

VIKTOR. (V.O.)  
HE is NOT my boyfriend!

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE. SAME

VIKTOR quickly hangs up the phone. The men look stunned.  
There is silence for a long moment.

ZULIA.  
Sir, what does this American pig  
speak of?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BORZ.

Yes, surely...surely he...Daudov?

VIKTOR.

These Americans are trying to spread lies, tear us apart.

VINCE, in the corner, looks like he might cry.

VINCE.

You took all of us hostage, killed the greatest actor of a generation...all to free your boyfriend?!!! You got the Rock killed for your lover?!!!

Awkward silence.

VINCE. (CONT'D)

That is the most fucked up, romantic thing I have ever heard in whole life!

VIKTOR.

Out! Get him out! OUT!!!!

ZULIA and BORZ pick VINCE up and carry him outside the office.

VINCE.

(yells over his shoulder as they carry him out)

Love conquers all, Viktor! Love conquers all! You gotta let me go to my wedding, man! You have to!

They finally get him outside the office and shut the door behind them. We can barely hear Vince still yelling, through the door. VIKTOR sits down in the office chair and rubs his temples. He thinks long and hard. VIKTOR suddenly stands up and walks out and grabs Vince and pulls him up to his feet. VIKTOR pulls out a gun and puts it into VINCE's neck.

VIKTOR.

Are you trying to embarrass me in front of my men?

VINCE.

No! No! Come on, man, put down the gun!

VIKTOR.

You are *trouble!* Trouble for me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VINCE.

I just want to get married, man!

VIKTOR.

Why?!! What is so good about this woman?!! Why should I not just put a bullet in your brain RIGHT NOW? Tell me! Tell me why I should let you go to your wedding!

A long beat

VINCE.

Okay, okay...just be careful man: on our first date, we saw a horrible scary movie...

VIKTOR.

How scary?

VINCE.

Crazy scary...she reached out and grabbed my hand at one point and in that moment I realized I could never be apart from her, ever.

VIKTOR.

Sounds like a bad Tom Hanks-Meg Ryan film.

VINCE.

They have happy endings...

VIKTOR.

And if your ending isn't happy?

VINCE.

Man...she's pregnant - we just found out - you're the first, the only person we've told. It can't end now. She needs me. Our baby needs me.

VIKTOR puts the gun up against VINCE's temple and looks as though he might pull the trigger. Then he lets VINCE fall to the ground and he walks back into the office.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE A LARGE AIR VENT. DAY

The crew hangs out in the vent, waiting till the heat blows over from the fire fight from before. They whisper as they talk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

From front to back, it's SHANNON, RANDY, PEDRO, TOM and JOE.

RANDY.

I'm gonna be honest with you...I'm a fragile leaf, just trying to not be trampled.

SHANNON.

Well, war is hell and this is war...so it's hell.

RANDY.

Totally.

(confused)

Are we talking about my dating life or this whole terrorist take-over thing?

SHANNON.

I was talking this...

RANDY.

Oh...

RANDY and SHANNON still whisper amongst themselves as we focus on TOM and JOE's conversation.

TOM.

(to Joe)

We never talk any more, Joe...what's up with that?

JOE.

What do I have to talk to you about, Tom?

TOM.

Everything. Life, our job, I mean, everything.

JOE.

Tom, since you and Willow broke up you have turned into this clean freak, OCD guy that I just can't stand to be around.

TOM.

If you'd keep anything remotely clean, I wouldn't have to be OCD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE.

It's been 4 years, buddy. No matter how clean your apartment is, she's not coming back. You're boring. You're a one-act play. A joke with one punchline.

TOM.

Some one-act plays are pieces of art, dammit. God, what happened to you...you've always been a dick, but this is, like, new proportions of dick-dom.

JOE.

It's sad watching you fade into insanity..

TOM.

You think it's any easier watching your waste your life away? You're the smartest person I know - and you work as a luggage handler so you can smoke pot and read books that make you feel smarter than everyone else.

JOE.

I don't have to read a book to make myself feel smarter than you, Randy and Vince.

RANDY leans over, hearing his name.

RANDY.

You're not smarter than me, Joe. Don't be a douche.

TOM.

Joe, I dunno what the hell is up with you, but you can't just act like this. It's not cool, man. It's not how friends act.

JOE crosses his arms.

JOE.

So, friends get pissed when their friends get a promotion?

TOM.

That's not fair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOE.

(turns down to Randy)  
 Friends skip bachelor parties  
 because they think they are the  
 ones who should be getting  
 married?

RANDY.

Fuck you, Joe.

JOE.

Yeah, fuck me. Fuck you both.

All 3 of the friends sit back, pouting, with their arms  
 crossed.

Silence for a long moment.

SHANNON leans forward and whispers to RANDY

SHANNON.

What's this all about?

RANDY.

Eh, I just came out of a long-term  
 relationship. Thought I was gonna  
 marry the girl.

SHANNON.

Oh, that sucks. Sorry to hear  
 that.

RANDY.

No...you know, it's good - best  
 thing that coulda happened. Tell  
 me more about the CIA, more about  
 you. Where are you from?

SHANNON.

Are you...hitting on me?

RANDY.

Call it what you want. We're just  
 2 ships in the night, passing each  
 other by, trying to find a port  
 for our vessels.

SHANNON.

(nods)

Mmm...I like that. We're 2 ships  
 in the night, sending up flares  
 trying to see if the other vessel  
 wants a skirmish.

(a beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SHANNON. (CONT'D)

And by a skirmish I mean a possible fuck-session with half our clothes on because we couldn't get to bedroom in time.

Randy's eyes bulge.

RANDY.

Are you feeling this right now?

He motions from his heart to hers and back.

SHANNON.

(nods)

I'm feeling it. And it's special.

JOE.

(to Randy)

Go fuck yourself, Randy. Shannon is out of your league, asshole.

SHANNON.

Joe, that's not nice. We're gonna be fighting in the same proverbial fox holes...we need to find some common ground.

JOE.

Okay...sorry, Shannon, I'll see what I can do...for you...

(to Randy)

...not for you, asshole, for Shannon...not for you.

SHANNON.

(to Tom)

Tom, you ready to band together like merry men and take down some fucking rebels?

TOM.

I'm in. I'm merry.

JOE.

Gay isn't necessarily merry.

SHANNON.

Randy?

RANDY.

I'd do anything for these guys. They know that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SHANNON.

All right. Looks like we've got our shit together, guys!

PEDRO.

You didn't ask me nothing. You just assume I'm in because I'm the Mexican, following the Americanos?

SHANNON.

Oh...I'm sorry, Pedro...these morons were fighting...I just assumed you were in.

PEDRO.

(shrugs)  
I'm in.

SHANNON.

All right, let's kill some bad guys!

She starts to open the vent...

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE. SAME

VIKTOR sits, fuming at his desk. BORZ and ZULIA sit in chairs. Outside, 2 armed rebels keep guard over Vince.

VIKTOR.

Borz, Zulia, come here!

BORZ and ZULIA stand up and walk quickly over to Viktor's desk.

VIKTOR. (CONT'D)

We will let the American, Vincent, go.

BORZ.

What? Why?

ZULIA.

Viktor, this sends the wrong message!

VIKTOR.

This isn't a discussion. He is getting married. His wife is pregnant. I will not kill him. But in showing mercy, we can use him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZULIA.

Viktor, I have never known you to make this kind of decision.

BORZ.

It will look soft, sir. It will look like you are caving to the pressure.

VIKTOR pulls out his gun and points it at BORZ's head, taking the safety off with his thumb.

VIKTOR.

Then perhaps I should kill one of my lieutenants so that no one questions my will.

BORZ and ZULIA both put their hands up.

BORZ.

Viktor, I am simply raising objections, trying to save you from bad decisions.

VIKTOR points the gun at ZULIA's head now.

VIKTOR.

And you, Zulia?

ZULIA.

Sir, we will follow...but we just want to ask the questions to help you make the best decisions!

VIKTOR holds the gun up, then points it back at BORZ for a moment, then puts it down.

VIKTOR.

Let Vincent go.

VIKTOR gets up and walks out of the office to VINCE.

VIKTOR. (CONT'D)

Vincent, I am allowing you to go.

VINCE.

Oh, my god, thank you!

VIKTOR.

You will tell the FBI that I have been killing hostages.

VINCE.

But you haven't killed any hostages.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VIKTOR.

You will tell them that I released you so that you could tell them of the horrors I have unleashed inside this airport.

VINCE.

Anything...I'll tell them anything.

VIKTOR.

If I find that you have not told them these things, I will bring people up, one by one, every fifteen minutes and shoot them in between the eyes. I will not listen to their sad stories of getting married and having a child on the way. I will have no compassion. So, save their lives, Vincent.

VINCE.

I'll do whatever you want.

VIKTOR storms back into the office, slamming the door. BORZ and ZULIA pick him up and walk him away from the office.

VINCE. (CONT'D)

(turns around and yells)

Thank you, Viktor! Thank you!!!

CUT TO:

INT. TERMINAL. AFTERNOON

Time has passed. The sun is starting to set. The terminal is completely deserted. The door to one of the gate ramps opens up a crack. The crack widens a little bit, then a little bit more until we finally see Pedro's face peek out of the door.

PEDRO.

I think we're all clear.

PEDRO opens the door and sneaks out. The others follow behind. SHANNON is the last one out and she makes sure the door closes quietly. They sneak along the terminal towards the entrance and exit, figuring that VINCE is most likely being held hostage somewhere in the office complex.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They come to a Nathan's Hot Dog and are about to continue...

RANDY.

Guys, I think it's safe to say we're all hungry, we're all thirsty...we need some energy.

JOE.

Randy, we can't stop right now. We're in the middle of the fucking terminal.

(he looks around  
nervously)

I mean, anyone can just come from anywhere.

SHANNON looks around.

SHANNON.

I don't think anyone's coming from that end. And we just keep our eye on that end, and we're good.

TOM.

Guys, there's no one working...how can we get food?

JOE.

This isn't a good idea...

RANDY.

Look, Tom...there's heaven just waiting for us.

He points to a hot dog warmer, where probably 15-20 hot dogs turn over and over.

SHANNON.

(visibly begins  
salivating)

I think we all can agree that energy is going to be vital. We've been going for, like, 8 hours. We need protein.

RANDY jumps over the counter and begins pulling out plates and buns. TOM jumps over the counter and helps him get the hot dogs on buns on the plates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE.  
 (looks around)  
 All right, all right...we gotta eat.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOBILE UNIT. SAME

Everyone in the unit claps and pats WALLACE on the back.

AGENT SIMPSON.  
 We're getting to him, sir! We're getting to him! Everyone knows the way to a homo's heart is...!

GAY ANALYST.  
 (interrupting)  
 I swear to God, if you say 'homo' one more time, I'm gonna cut your throat with my zipper!

AGENT SIMPSON.  
 (confused)  
 What? Am I saying it wrong? Hoe-moe? Is there another way to say it?

The analyst looks like he might explode.

AGENT WALLACE.  
 Son, I think he's saying "homo" is NOT okay to say. If you're gonna say anything, say "Gay" - otherwise it's offensive.

AGENT SIMPSON.  
 (looks horrified)  
 Oh, my God!

(he turns to the analyst)  
 I am so sorry! I am so embarrassed! I was under the impression I was being sensitive!

GAY ANALYST.  
 (trying to be the better man)  
 Okay...I will forgive you. You're a rookie, you're young, you can learn to be more sensitive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT SIMPSON.

(innocently)

Thanks, I will refer to you only  
as Fags from now on! You know,  
like cigarettes in England.

The Gay analyst throws his hands in the air.

GAY ANALYST.

That's worse! Just don't call us  
anything! We're people just like  
you! Normal.

Simpson looks confused.

AGENT YOON.

(pats Wallace on the  
back)

Agent Wallace! We're getting  
somewhere - we've got them on the  
run!

Everyone cheers again. Suddenly there is a commotion as  
a police officer runs up and into the mobile unit.

POLICE OFFICER.

They're letting a hostage go!

Everyone races out of the mobile unit to see ZULIA and  
BORZ opening the doors to the airport and letting VINCE  
go. VINCE runs out into freedom, his arms raised high.

ZULIA and BORZ shut the doors and head back into the  
airport. WALLACE and SIMPSON race over and pulls VINCE  
down.

AGENT WALLACE.

Who are you?!!

VINCE.

My name is Vince Siglione and I'm  
a TSA Agent.

AGENT SIMPSON.

Why the hell did they let you go?

VINCE.

They wanted me to tell you of the  
horrors of what is happening in  
there! It's fucking horrible!  
Fucking crazy! This Viktor guy is  
a goddamn monster!

They stand up and walk VINCE quickly into the mobile  
unit. Once inside, they continue the conversation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AGENT WALLACE.  
Tell us everything!

VINCE.  
(with great  
intensity)  
From the very beginning, these  
guys have just been torturing and  
killing for the hell of it!

AGENT SIMPSON.  
Who are they killing?!!

VINCE.  
They bring people up, one by and  
one and toy with them, tell them  
they're gonna let them go, then  
they shoot them in the head! It's  
like sport to them.

WALLACE and AGENT SIMPSON sit down, completely in shock.  
Everyone in the mobile unit looks terrified. VINCE's  
story is much worse than they suspected.

AGENT SIMPSON.  
Oh, my God...this is bad.

AGENT WALLACE.  
This isn't bad, Simpson. This is  
Arme-fucking-geddon.

VINCE.  
(suddenly okay)  
I need a phone to call my fiancée!

WALLACE and SIMPSON are a little shocked at his sudden  
change in demeanor.

AGENT WALLACE.  
Okay. So, everything you told us -  
that was all true, right?

SIMPSON hands VINCE a cell phone.

VINCE.  
(nods nonchalantly)  
Oh yeah...but, hey, I'm out now,  
right? Viva la Vida. Gotta call  
my fiancée'...we're getting married  
tomorrow.

VINCE stands up and walks out of the mobile unit with the  
phone. WALLACE and SIMPSON are left scared and confused.

CUT TO:

INT. TERMINAL - NATHAN'S HOT DOG. SAME

A tv blares the news a few feet away while they all watch. Those with their backs to the tv have turned their chairs around so they can see. The same NEWS REPORTER from before reports over images of the whole airport under seige.

NEWS REPORTER.

It has been nearly 8 hours since the terrorists took over JFK airport. A source close to the situation says there are over 400 Chechen rebels who have taken nearly 2000 people hostage.

The footage shows rows of planes still sitting on the runway.

NEWS REPORTER. (CONT'D)

Planes sat on the runway for several hours until the FAA finally decided to allow them to get away from the airport so that more hostages couldn't be taken.

RANDY.

Damn, this is crazy...crazy!

TOM turns around to answer then stops cold in his tracks.

SHANNON.

(sees Tom's reaction)  
What?

SHANNON and RANDY turn around to see ZULIA and BORZ holding their weapons on the crew. JOE turns around, wondering what's happening and sees the situation.

JOE.

Ah, shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOBILE UNIT. SAME

VINCE talks on the phone to MELANIE.

VINCE.

Baby, baby, I made it out!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELANIE. (V.O.)  
Oh, my God, I've been so worried!

CUT TO:

INT. MELANIE'S OFFICE. DAY.

Melanie stands up at her desk in a cubicle, talking to Vince.

VINCE (V.O.)  
They took me hostage, but I told them about us and about...you being pregnant, and they let me go!

MELANIE.  
I'm so glad you're okay, I have been so afraid.

VINCE (V.O.)  
I'm so sorry baby! I couldn't call or anything.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOBILE UNIT. SAME

Switch between locations as needed.

VINCE.  
Have you heard from Randy or Joe or Tom?

MELANIE.  
Yeah, Tom called and left a message saying that they were getting the Rock and they were going to go get Joe so they could come save you.

VINCE.  
Shit.

MELANIE.  
They'll be okay, baby.

VINCE.  
But, Mel, they're in there...and I'm out here. And the Rock got killed. This is the worst day ever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELANIE.

Oh, no! I'm sure they'll be okay,  
I'm sure!

VINCE.

I honestly kinda hope they get  
moderately injured - you know a  
minor gunshot wound, a stab wound  
that doesn't hit any vital organs -  
those assholes deserve it for  
skipping my bachelor party.

MELANIE.

(laughs)

Baby...they're gonna be okay...

VINCE.

I love you, baby...I better go and  
figure out what is going on, so I  
can get home to you.

VINCE hangs up the phone, stands and thinks for moment,  
then heads into the mobile unit.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE. SAME

VIKTOR sits in his chair as the topless woman dances  
awkwardly. He doesn't look at her at all.

ZULIA and BORZ lead the crew into the office.

VIKTOR.

What is this? I tell you to let  
Vincent go and you bring back 5  
others?

TOM.

Wait, you let Vince go?

VIKTOR.

(suprised)

Yes...he is getting married  
tomorrow. And his wife is  
pregnant.

RANDY.

Mel is pregnant?

JOE.

No wonder they're getting married  
so fast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDY.

I am an asshole.

VIKTOR.

What is this pattering on about?  
Who are you?

SHANNON.

We are friends of Vince.

VIKTOR stands up, holding his gun.

VIKTOR.

I'll tell you what I believe to be true.

JOE.

Oh, God, who is *this* fucking guy?

VIKTOR points the gun at JOE's face.

VIKTOR.

I am the worst nightmare New York City has ever faced. I will kill you and feel no remorse.

JOE.

Wearing a cape and a monocle for your ONE bad eye.

VIKTOR puts the gun against JOE's head.

VIKTOR.

Let me tell you what I believe to be true: you are FBI spies sent to make me crazy.

TOM.

Sir, I don't know who you are or why you're doing this, but we...

(gestures to Randy)  
...aren't spies, we're flight attendants. And these 3...

(gestures to the other 3)  
...are baggage handlers for the airline. The 3 of us have known Vince since we were 7...we've been best friends forever...went to high school, college together. We're groomsmen in his wedding!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VIKTOR.

LIES!!!!

VIKTOR pistol whips TOM across the face. TOM falls to one knee, holding his face in his hand. RANDY reaches down to attend TOM, whose nose and mouth are bleeding.

RANDY.

Dude!

VIKTOR.

(ignores Randy)

Borz, get the FBI on the phone.

We will get to the bottom of this.

BORZ walks over to the desk and hits the speaker phone button then the '0' button, dialing out.

AGENT WALLACE. (V.O.)

Viktor?

VIKTOR.

Did I not warn you, Agent Wallace?

AGENT WALLACE. (V.O.)

Warn me about what?

VIKTOR.

I warned you that I would begin to kill people if my demands weren't met!

CUT TO:

INT. MOBILE UNIT. SAME

Everyone is huddled around the phone, listening to Viktor. Vince huddles around the back of the pile.

AGENT WALLACE.

Viktor...it's not time to kill people yet, man!

VIKTOR. (V.O.)

I have your FBI spies here!  
Dressed like flight attendants and  
baggage handlers! Nice try, Agent!  
Nice try!

AGENT WALLACE.

(nervously)

We don't have any spies, Viktor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIKTOR. (V.O.)

(laughs)

You expect me to believe that Randy, Tom, Joe, Shannon and Pedro aren't your spies. If that's even their real name.

VINCE.

(whispers to Agent Simpson)

Those are my friends! They must've been captured! Shit!

VIKTOR. (V.O.)

No more games! I kill one person now and one more every 15 minutes till my demands are met.

A gunshot sounds over the phone and the line goes dead. A ring tone sounds over speaker phone. Everyone in the room looks shocked.

VINCE.

What the fuck?!

AGENT SIMPSON leans into the phone, listening intently.

AGENT SIMPSON.

Sir, I am only about 65% sure that they really hung up! Let me check this out.

Everyone is stunned by the gunshot, and even more by SIMPSON's stupidity.

AGENT WALLACE.

What are you talking about?!

AGENT SIMPSON.

Well, sir, they could easily be faking hanging up, giving us a fake dial tone.

A long pause

AGENT WALLACE.

And why in God's green earth would they do that?

AGENT SIMPSON.

Well, sir, so that we think they have hung up and then we talk freely. We deal with sensitive information here!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AGENT WALLACE.

(confused)

So, why would they use a dial tone so that we hang up, thus making it impossible to listen in because there's no open line?

AGENT SIMPSON.

(a long beat)

Sir, I'm 100% sure that this is an actual dial tone.

SIMPSON clicks the phone off and the dial tone ends.

VINCE.

Who is this idiot? One of my friends just probably got shot and he's worried about a fucking dial tone?

AGENT WALLACE.

I apologize, Mr. Siglione...he's a rookie.

AGENT SIMPSON.

Sir, we don't know that they for sure shot one of your friends.

VINCE.

Shut up, Simpson.

VINCE storms outside.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE. SAME

VIKTOR is pacing back and forth, obviously frustrated.

VIKTOR.

It is falling apart! Falling apart!

BORZ.

Viktor, we can't lose it now! We have come too far

VIKTOR.

How does this happen?

Long silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZULIA.

We have perhaps bitten off too much, Viktor.

They sit in silence and think.

We slowly move away from VIKTOR to the outside of the office's door, RANDY, TOM, JOE, SHANNON and PEDRO sit with their backs against the wall - none of them have been shot. A couple of nameless guards stand holding guns.

RANDY.

Gosh, my ears are still ringing from that gunshot - the dude in the cape is freaking crazy! What was up with that?

JOE.

How freaking dumb are you? He shot the gun so that the guys on the other side of the line think he's a bad ass willing to kill whoever he wants.

RANDY.

Oh...didn't think of that.

JOE.

Of course you didn't.

TOM.

You're such a douche, Joe.

JOE.

Fuck you, Tom.

SHANNON.

Look, we've got to pull together...this whole sister act is freaking ridiculous.

Silence

TOM.

So...what's next, Shannon? What can we do?

SHANNON.

(looks nervously up  
at the guards)  
Guards?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE.

They don't speak English.  
Watch...

(to the guards)  
Hey, guys, you speak English?

(nothing)  
Any English?

(nothing)  
I ask just cuz I *may* be your  
father. I was in Russia  
like...gosh, 20 years ago, and I  
assume both of your mothers are  
prostitutes...so I may be your  
father.

(no response)  
See? No English

SHANNON.

(leans in and  
whispers)  
Okay, look...the guy in the cape  
is obviously the head guy. The  
other 2 morons are his right - and  
left - hand men. If they leave us  
with these 2 schlubs...  
(gestures to the 2  
guards)  
...then we have to figure out how  
to ambush the 3 big guys. We take  
them out, and the rest of the  
rebels will fall like dominos.

Everyone nods, thinking through what she said.

JOE.

Pedro...you got anything to add?

PEDRO.

When I was in Mehico, working for  
the cartel, there was a capo - a  
head - who ran everything with,  
how do you say it? An iron fist?

RANDY.

Yes...ran it with an iron fist,  
that's the phrase. I learned  
that...

(looks down at Joe)  
...in college.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PEDRO.

Anyway, this man was cut-throat. He would kill you in a heartbeat if he didn't trust you or didn't like you. He had two guys - Miguel and Estanza - who were his main dudes...those guys wouldn't do anything except the Capo told them it was okay. Like, I actually heard Miguel ask this capo dude permission to take a shit one time.

TOM.

Where's the story going, Pedro?

PEDRO.

I'm getting there, yo...okay, so I decided I had had enough of this piece of shit and his killing people for the fun of it. This capo dude, he was married and his wife was just okay-looking...you know like a 5 and a half out of 10...like, a chick I'd never bang on purpose...like, ever.

RANDY.

I've been there. One time this actress - you know, that girl from *Friends*, the one that was just okay looking...

TOM.

Lisa Kudrow?

RANDY.

No! Not the blonde-haired one!

JOE.

(confused)

Um...Lisa Kudrow wasn't the okay one in *Friends*?

RANDY.

Hell no...you know, the chick that had the bob haircut and was married to Brad Pitt for a minute...what was her name?...you know, just like a five and a half or so...

TOM.

Jennifer Anniston?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RANDY.

Yes! That chick tried to get me to screw her one time on a flight.

(snorts a laugh)

Yeah! Like that's gonna happen.

SHANNON.

What? She is a tasty morsel...

RANDY.

Whaaaaat?

JOE.

I feel like we should go ahead and deal with this now. Randy, what the hell is wrong with you?

TOM.

Joe, let it go...

JOE.

You shut the hell up! We might be dead in 10 minutes and I need to make peace with this shit before I die.

(back to Randy)

Randy, who the hell, in your mind, is hot?

RANDY.

Celebrity or normal?

JOE.

Let's make it easy...celebrity hot chicks...

RANDY.

Hmmm...okay...when I was a kid it was that chick from The Facts of Life?

TOM.

You mean Kim Fields?

RANDY.

Which one was that?

JOE.

Kim Fields was the black chick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

RANDY.

Ugh, no! I'm talking about the head mistress...*THAT* chick was hot as hell.

JOE looks like he's about to explode. TOM grabs his arm as if to shut him up.

TOM.

Um..okay...so, any other celebrities?

RANDY.

That chick who played the Nanny?

TOM.

Fran Drescher?

RANDY.

Holy shit, that chick turned me on...and that accent?

(he shudders with pleasure)

JOE.

Oh, my God! You think ugly ass chicks are hot as hell.

RANDY.

What? You're crazy!

PEDRO.

You really think the Nanny is hot?

RANDY.

(confused)

I don't understand why everyone is so surprised. She had her own tv show, guys! She obviously was hot! You don't get your own tv show if you're not hot.

JOE.

I don't even know how to talk to you right now.

TOM.

So, wait...all the "hot chicks" you banged over the years, would you say they fit more in the Jennifer Anniston category, or the Fran Drescher category?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

RANDY.

Is this a joke?

TOM.

(shakes his head)

Absolutely not. Not a joke. At all. Which one best describes most of your bang buddies in your lifetime?

RANDY.

Dude, easily...Fran Drescher.

A long silence. Joe and Tom are in a bit of a daze.

JOE.

Dude, now Becky Hilson from 8th grade makes sense.

TOM.

And that girl that looked like the Indigo girls in college.

JOE.

And Susan.

TOM.

(nods)

And Susan.

RANDY.

Guys, what is wrong with you?

JOE.

Wait...Amy actually looked a little like Jennifer Anniston.

RANDY.

Oh, yeah...I went out with her at first as a pity date, and fell in love with her personality. But she was for sure more of a "I like you a lot, but your face and body could use some work...and 15 extra pounds"

RANDY holds up a picture of Amy to SHANNON

RANDY. (CONT'D)

See?

SHANNON.

What? Seriously? Why'd you guys break up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

RANDY.

I think she knew that I just wasn't into her physically.

JOE.

Shut up, Randy. I'm disgusted by you right now. I can't even process this.

TOM.

(sighs)  
Pedro, please finish your story.

Pedro nods and starts back up.

PEDRO.

Anyway, so this capo's wife is like a five and a half. And so I slept with her. Man, I fucked her good. Doggy-style, reverse doggy-style, doggy-style laying down...

TOM.

You, uh, really like doggy-style huh?

PEDRO.

She was a five and a half, bro...can't look at her face while doing it, you know...

RANDY.

(shrugs to Shannon)  
Amy and I used to do it doggy-style all the time.

JOE.

Fuck you, Randy, you make me sick.

PEDRO.

(annoyed at the interruption)  
SO...I do it and I video tape the whole thing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

PEDRO. (CONT'D)

Then I take the video tape and I show it to Miguel and Estanza and they like freak out and go tell the capo and he's like "I'm going to kill you Pedro!" And I'm, like, "For what?" And he says, "You fucked my wife" and I said, "It's just because I don't like you killing everybody, yo" and he's like "I'm gonna kill you, mother fucker" and I'm, like, "That so typical - just prove me right, asshole!" And he pulls out a gun and tries to shoot me. So...I moved to America and got a job here.

A long, long silence.

JOE.

Pedro, what. The. Fuck. Does that have to do with anything we're talking about?

PEDRO.

(shrugs)

The head guy having 2 right hand men reminded me of the Capo and Miguel and Estanza.

TOM.

We're going to die. We are absolutely, 100% going to die.

RANDY.

Well, if that's the case...Shannon, I need to talk to you privately.

Shannon looks around. Obviously they can't move.

SHANNON.

I think this is about as private as it's gonna get buddy.

RANDY.

Good call...you got a good head on your shoulders. Let's at least whisper, then.

Randy leans in to Shannon's space.

RANDY. (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I think you're hot as hell.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

RANDY. (CONT'D)

And if we get out of here, I want to take you out for a nice dinner and maybe a good time of love-making - you may not be into it right now, but a man can fantasize about a beautiful piece of meat like yourself...right?

SHANNON.

Um...well, I think you're a tasty piece of meat, too, Randy.

JOE.

Oh, my God, I can hear you! This is disgusting.

RANDY.

Shut up, Joe. I'm sick of your shit! Quit being an asshole!

JOE.

Oh, I'm an asshole? You're the fuckwad that got us captured!

(doing an impression  
of Randy)

Oh, I'm hungry, let's eat some hot dogs.

(crosses his arms)

God, you're pathetic!

TOM.

I'm so sick of both of you. Randy, you're an idiot who gets by on good looks and charm; Joe, you're a fucking asshole who thinks he's superior to everyone because you have read some bullshit existential novel one time that questioned the relevance of God. Who gives a shit? You're both fucking nobodies.

JOE.

At least I'm a nobody with a brain capable of a train of thought that doesn't consist of pussy and or germs - or both.

RANDY.

What's wrong with thinking about pussy? I like pussy. So what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

JOE.

God, you're a mental midget!

TOM.

And you're a selfish prick!

RANDY.

(to Tom)

And you're a fucking whiny baby!

RANDY punches TOM on the arm. TOM slaps RANDY across the face.

JOE.

(chuckles)

Bitch fight...this shit is gonna be grand.

Both TOM and RANDY turn and punch JOE, RANDY on the arm, TOM on the side of JOE's head.

JOE. (CONT'D)

What the...you're both fucking dead!

JOE, TOM and RANDY dog pile each other, each trying to punch the other in the kidneys or the balls. Finally the 2 guards come and pull the 3 of them apart. They separate them...now the order of the line goes RANDY, SHANNON, TOM, PEDRO and JOE. All 3 of them sit, pouting with their arms crossed.

Long silence.

SHANNON.

What the hell just happened here? You guys act like you're brothers or something.

JOE.

I've known these assholes since I was 7, so it IS little bit like being brothers.

TOM.

Well, you won't have to worry about that anymore, will you, Joe?

RANDY.

I hope I survive and your idiots get shot, get a massive infection and on your sick beds ask my forgiveness - cuz I won't fucking grant it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

SHANNON.

Are you saying you want your  
friends to die?

RANDY.

(taken aback)

What?! No. I just want them to  
experience a shit ton of physical  
pain...then experience the  
emotional pain of me not granting  
them forgiveness.

TOM.

You're an asshole.

RANDY.

Shut up, Tom.

JOE.

Randy, you fuck ugly chicks. Only  
ugly chick I ever fucked was your  
mom.

Silence. RANDY is hurt.

TOM.

That crossed the line. Mrs.  
McConnell was a goddamn saint.

JOE.

Fuck you, Tom. After this I'm so  
done with you stupid fucks.

TOM.

Good!

RANDY.

Good!

JOE.

Good!

Long silence.

PEDRO.

You guys realize how stupid you  
sound, right?

The 3 friends cross their arms and don't talk.

FADES TO:

EXT. MOBILE UNIT. NIGHT

WALLACE paces back and forth in front of the mobile unit. He is trying to figure out how to end things. SIMPSON comes out of the mobile unit and down to WALLACE.

AGENT SIMPSON.

Sir, I know that I'm an idiot. I'm a rookie, I know that I say stupid things. I was home-schooled, what do you expect?

AGENT WALLACE.

What's your point, Simpson?

AGENT SIMPSON.

This has been going on for 13 hours now and it doesn't look to be ending any time soon. And yet you have stayed completely in control and...sir, you are my hero. If I can be half the agent you are when I'm your age, well I'll be the best agent in the damn FBI.

AGENT WALLACE.

(a beat)

Son, today I'm struggling to figure out how this world hasn't left me behind. If something doesn't happen soon, they're gonna send the National Guard in, and God knows how many people end up dead. That'll be on me.

VINCE wanders out of the mobile unit and heads over towards SIMPSON and WALLACE. As VINCE nears, SIMPSON grabs WALLACE's shoulder.

AGENT SIMPSON.

Sir...you have done better than anyone else could ever hope.

VINCE approaches.

VINCE.

Guys, it's been 5 hours. Nothing from Viktor. What's happening with my friends?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT WALLACE.

(sighs)

Vince, this is where he ignores us, this is where he tells us HE is in control, not us. This is where he proves he'll do what it takes to get what he wants....but the truth is we're not gonna give him what he wants. People have died - more will die. Our only hope is that he doesn't actually blow up the damn airport. Your friends are the least of Viktor's worries right now.

VINCE.

I...I don't know what to say. I need you...you *have* to save my friends. We've been together since we were 7. 25 years, man. I need them at my wedding.

A long silence.

AGENT WALLACE.

Vince, I hope that this can end well...but...honestly, statistics say that your friends aren't gonna be at your wedding tomorrow.

VINCE sighs and tears come into his eyes.

VINCE.

Just...save my friends.

AGENT WALLACE nods.

We move slowly away as music plays quietly in the background.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL. SAME

VIKTOR, ZULIA and BORZ walk through the terminal.

VIKTOR.

We must be determined. Our job is coming to the end.

BORZ.

Viktor, do you think we are doing the right thing? Can we really do what we must do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIKTOR thinks long and hard.

VIKTOR.  
(singing "The Sign"  
by Ace of Bass)  
I've...I've got a new life, you'd  
barely recognize me if you tried,  
how could a person like you care  
for me.

BORZ.  
Viktor, can we not sing, please?

VIKTOR.  
Wrong song?

ZULIA.  
We don't want to sing, Viktor.  
This is very serious.

VIKTOR.  
What is wrong with singing?

BORZ.  
(finally approaches  
the elephant in the  
room)  
Is General Daudov your lover,  
Viktor?

VIKTOR.  
What?!!

ZULIA.  
You like to sing - and/or dance.  
A lot. It is a valid question.

VIKTOR.  
So, a man singing and dancing is  
indicative of him being in a  
loving relationship with a man he  
has known since he first began to  
explore his budding sexuality in  
preparatory school, then military  
college, then during training for  
the KGB, then through 29 years of  
service in the military?

BORZ.  
(confused)  
Is Daudov your lover? Is what the  
American says true?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ZULIA.

Viktor, we love you like a brother. But we must know if what the American says is true.

VIKTOR looks at ZULIA who obviously supports BORZ.

VIKTOR.

Duadov and I have been very close for many years.

ZULIA.

Viktor, this is not the answer.

VIKTOR.

Yes. Yes. He has been my lover for many years...that is what I've been trying to say!

There is silence.

ZULIA.

And you did not feel that you could be honest with us? We have been with you for nearly as long as we have been in the military.

VIKTOR thinks for a long moment.

VIKTOR.

Men...this is...complicated.

BORZ.

Sir, you are a great soldier. We would follow you because you are a soldier...what you do behind closed doors isn't what defines you...

ZULIA.

You actually had sex with Daudov?...he is an ogre.

VIKTOR.

(shyly)

He is nicer...behind closed doors.

BORZ.

Sir...we will follow you. We HAVE followed you.

(a beat)

And we will not stop now.

VIKTOR.

Um...well, thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

A long beat

BORZ.  
But, really? Daudov?

VIKTOR chuckles. ZULIA follows with a laugh. Soon all 3 are laughing very hard.

VIKTOR.  
He is very gruff. His beard is very rough on my thighs.

This makes them laugh even harder.

FADE TO:

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE. SAME

Outside of the office, the crew sits with the backs against the wall. RANDY, TOM and JOE are still pissed at each other.

The guards have become noticeably more lax. Their guns have made their way pointing more towards the ground and they are standing comfortably as opposed to at attention.

SHANNON.  
(whispers)  
Guys, these guards are acting completely different without the head guys here. Now's our chance.

TOM.  
Are you kidding? They have guns!

SHANNON.  
I'll take care of it.

SHANNON stands up and waves at the guards. The guards immediately point their guns, standing attentively again.

SHANNON. (CONT'D)  
I have to go to the bathroom, please.

The guards look confused.

SHANNON. (CONT'D)  
I have to take a shit!

She squats then grunts and groans like she's pushing out a shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDY.

(shakes his head)

Oh, my God, how does one chick get it all? Looks, personality, the ability to squat like that, free form? Imagine what she can do in that position. Just imagine...

The other 3 guys look grossed out and shake their heads.

SHANNON.

I have to go to the bathroom.

The guards finally understand and they nod their heads, laughing a little bit. They loosen back up, letting their guns relax. They walk over to SHANNON and immediately Shannon goes into action.

She grab GUARD 1 by the neck while kicking GUARD 2's gun down towards the ground. She then grabs GUARD 1's head and breaks his neck. As the dead man falls, SHANNON grabs his gun and shoots GUARD 2 in the head.

SHANNON. (CONT'D)

Come on, guys, we gotta clean up these assholes before the big wigs get back!

The 4 guys run over and grab the bodies and drag them around a corner.

SHANNON runs into the bathroom and a few seconds later returns with a roll of paper towels. She cleans up the blood spots and then runs back into the bathroom and returns without the paper towels.

SHANNON. (CONT'D)

Randy, Joe...you're the closest in size to the dead guards, take off their uniforms and put them on!

RANDY.

I'm not doing shit with that asshole.

SHANNON.

(gestures to her body)

Randy, do you a run at this?

RANDY.

Hell, yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHANNON.

Then put the fucking clothes on.  
Now! This is our only chance!

RANDY and JOE run around the corner and begin to undress the guards. They argue as they get dressed.

JOE.

When we get out of this, I'm gonna punch your nuts so damn hard, you'll be jizzing blood for 10 screws.

RANDY.

You're gonna apologize for saying you fucked my mom...like she'd ever stoop to a loser philosophical pot head like you.

JOE.

Dude, you had sex with Susan Blanchard. That bitch was a dogface.

RANDY.

You listen to Radiohead for the lyrics, you philosophical dong-licker.

JOE.

You listen to N\*Sync for the lyrics, you intellectual termite.

RANDY.

(taken aback)  
Of course I do. "Bye, Bye, Bye" is a modern classic.

They are both dressed by now and run back around the corner.

SHANNON.

All right...here's the plan...

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE. SAME

Outside of the office VIKTOR, ZULIA and BORZ walk slowly towards the office, laughing.

SHANNON, PEDRO and TOM are up against the wall across from the windows. TOM is halfway behind the desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the Chechen men walk up it looks like RANDY and JOE could be behind the desk, against the wall.

RANDY and JOE stand, in uniform, with their backs to the door. The 3 Chechens walk through the door and immediately JOE and RANDY point their machine guns at the men's heads.

TOM, SHANNON and PEDRO jump up. Shannon and Pedro point hand guns at the men.

SHANNON.

Jigs up, guys!

VIKTOR.

(shakes his head,  
turning to Borz and  
Zulia)

Amateurs?! Amateurs could do  
this? To us?!!

(his eyes narrow)

Or FBI spies?

PEDRO.

I am not immature!

(pounds his chest)

I am a man! A man!

SHANNON.

I was in the CIA for 11 years, you  
Chechen freaks. You didn't even  
know what was coming for you.

VIKTOR.

And these men? What about them?

Randy walks over and puts his arm around Tom.

RANDY.

You got bested by a couple of  
Flight attendants. How does that  
feel?

JOE.

And I'm a loser wanna-be  
philosopher who works - but mostly  
lazes around - in the baggage  
department for Delta airline.

VIKTOR.

Well, what will you do with us?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The crew thinks for a long moment.

CUT TO:

INT. MOBILE UNIT. SAME

WALLACE's crew sits their, looking defeated. Suddenly, the same cop from before comes running up the stairs of the mobile unit.

POLICE OFFICER.

Guys, there's a group of people coming out of the terminal!

All of WALLACE's crew (including VINCE) race outside. They see SHANNON, PEDRO, TOM, RANDY and JOE holding guns on VIKTOR, ZULIA and BORZ as they walk through the front door towards the mobile unit.

VINCE recognizes them and starts to run towards them. SIMPSON runs after and grabs him.

AGENT SIMPSON.

Mr. Siglione...no...not yet...it's not the time yet.

VINCE.

Those are my friends! They're holding the bad guys hostage!

AGENT SIMPSON.

Just wait, sir. Trust me, please.

WALLACE and several armed military men head out towards the people who just emerged.

AGENT WALLACE.

Stop! Stop!

The crew stops.

AGENT WALLACE. (CONT'D)

Who are you?

SHANNON.

We are the people who just saved the biggest airport in the world.

AGENT SIMPSON, who has joined WALLACE now, begins to raise his hand to object, but WALLACE knocks his hand down. SIMPSON is disappointed to not correct the incorrect facts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT WALLACE.

Hello, Viktor.

VIKTOR.

And you must be Agent Wallace.

WALLACE is satisfied with what is happening.

AGENT WALLACE.

All right, guys, walk slowly  
towards us.

They move forward, pushing the Chechen men with their guns, and VINCE breaks away from SIMPSON and runs to hug his friends. VINCE goes to give RANDY a hug when VIKTOR punches RANDY in the face, takes his gun and puts VINCE in a headlock, all in one quick motion.

VIKTOR.

I should never have let you go,  
Vincent! You were the beginning  
of the end for me!

The military men with WALLACE immediately aim their guns, ready to shoot in a second's notice if the order is given. WALLACE holds up his arms.

AGENT WALLACE.

Hold up! Hold up! No one shoot!  
No one shoot!

VIKTOR backs away from the shocked group of friends.

VINCE.

Viktor, what are you doing, man,  
it's over!

VIKTOR.

(to everyone)  
Don't move or I will shoot! No  
one move!

(to Vince)  
It's over when I say it's over!

Everyone freezes. Except JOE. JOE walks slowly towards VINCE and VIKTOR.

VIKTOR. (CONT'D)

Stop! Stop!

(a beat while Joe  
continues walking)  
STOP!!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE pauses.

VINCE.

(nervously)  
Joe, what are you doing?

VIKTOR.

Yes! What are you doing?

JOE.

Look...Viktor, right?

(Viktor nods)

Look, man, I get it. You've got your back against the wall and you're a fighter. You're not gonna go down without a fight, right?

VIKTOR nods slowly.

JOE. (CONT'D)

Well, man...I'm not gonna let you do anything to hurt Vince. He's a good man and he's getting married tomorrow.

VIKTOR.

I AM IN CONTROL!!!!

JOE.

You are, you are, bro. But we're gonna do this...we're gonna make a trade.

VIKTOR.

A trade?

JOE.

I'm gonna have everyone put down their guns, just for a minute. Then you're going to let Vince go and you're gonna take me.

RANDY.

Joe, what are you doing?

JOE.

Shut up, Randy.

VIKTOR.

Why would I trade?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOE.

Because I think below that gruff exterior, you're a reasonable man, and you know that Vince has got to get married. Man, I'm just a guy who thinks he's smarter than he is. Honestly, outside of these 3 morons, if you kill me tonight, no one would miss me. But this guy...this guy would be missed by everyone...everyone. He's too good a man for you to take right now. So...let's do this.

(to the military men)  
Everyone rest easy with the guns.

The Military men look at WALLACE. WALLACE nods. Everyone lowers their guns. JOE walks up to VIKTOR and puts his face literally millimeters away.

JOE. (CONT'D)

Take me, Viktor. I'm yours.

VIKTOR lets go of VINCE, who jumps away, and immediately grabs JOE around the neck.

VIKTOR.

Now, Agent Wallace, I am going to go back in and tell my men that you have failed to follow through on your promises...so we must kill everyone.

At that moment JOE tries to do a wrestling move of trying to grab VIKTOR's body and flip him over his shoulder. VIKTOR doesn't move an inch, he just tightens his grip on JOE's neck. After a few seconds, JOE stops struggling.

JOE.

Well, that did NOT go how I thought it would.

TOM.

(flabbergasted)  
THAT? That was your plan the whole time? To try to flip a trained soldier over your shoulder with the one move you learned before you quit wrestling?

RANDY.

(chuckles)  
And you think YOU'RE the smart one. Idiot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

VINCE.  
(sympathetically)  
Dude...that was so crazy and so  
fucking brave it's nuts.

VIKTOR, still holding JOE waves his gun back and forth.

VIKTOR.  
I am going back into the terminal.

WALLACE holds up his hands.

AGENT WALLACE.  
Viktor, if you take another step I  
will be forced to put you down. I  
have too many guns trained on you -  
you're not gonna get back inside.

VINCE.  
Viktor, listen to me, man! You  
are GOING to die one way or  
another tonight, unless you give  
up. If you die while holding onto  
my buddy, there's a chance he  
could get hurt or killed.

VIKTOR.  
I am not worried about your  
friend, Vince! He will die a  
martyr. That is worth it.

RANDY moves a little closer to VIKTOR and JOE.

RANDY.  
I get it, man! You want your life  
to mean something. We all do.

TOM moves closer. VIKTOR points the gun at him.

TOM.  
Man, that guy you've got in your  
arms is the biggest asshole I  
know. And believe me, I know he's  
an asshole, I've known him since I  
was 7.

RANDY takes another step towards VIKTOR. VIKTOR aims at  
him.

RANDY.  
The guy in your arms is such a  
douche that we can't stand being  
around him most of the time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

VINCE takes a step towards VIKTOR. VIKTOR aims at him, now.

VIKTOR.

You are not making the case for him that I think you think you are.

VINCE.

I need my friend, man. He's in my wedding.

VIKTOR.

I don't care about your wedding!

VINCE.

Agent Wallace...

AGENT WALLACE.

Yes, Vince?

VINCE.

Can you go to your superiors, get them on the phone right now...and ask them for a special promise: if Viktor turns himself in right now, he can room with Daudov in prison.

WALLACE immediately gets on the phone, walking away. After a few seconds of the phone being to his ear, he comes back. VIKTOR keeps aim on TOM, JOE and VINCE, going back and forth between them.

AGENT WALLACE.

They have promised that if he turns himself in right now, they will let him room with Daudov, at least until his trial is over.

VINCE.

(turns to Viktor)  
It's a good deal. Dead tonight...or you can see your hunk-a-hunk o' burning love again.

BORZ and ZULIA turn to VIKTOR.

BORZ.

Viktor you have always trained us that we die on our own terms....not like this.

ZULIA.

Da...not like this, surrounded, no way out. We die like men.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

VIKTOR thinks for a long moment.

VINCE.

Come on, Viktor, you know we're  
right...this is your only choice.

VIKTOR thinks a moment more then raises both hands in the air, letting JOE go. In slow motion, the military men rush in and tackle VIKTOR, kicking away the gun he stole from RANDY while VINCE, RANDY and TOM run in and tackle JOE, hugging him on the ground.

Out of slow motion, RANDY, VINCE, TOM and JOE stand up.

TOM.

What the hell were you thinking?

JOE.

I was thinking that he looked like  
a puss and that I could take him.

RANDY.

It wasn't even close.

JOE.

Well, I know that now,  
asshole...hindsight is 20/20.  
What else could I do? I had to do  
something!

TOM.

You've never done anything  
before...why now?

JOE.

Wasn't thinking about me...had to  
save Vince. Had to.

SHANNON and PEDRO come over.

PEDRO.

We did it! We did it!

SHANNON.

Good job, men. Now Mama needs to  
put a little salve on an open  
wound.

TOM.

That gunshot wound still bothering  
you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

SHANNON.

Nope...Randy has a broken heart and I'm about to rub some salve on it to make it all better. And by rub some salve I mean, later tonight I may have to give him a full body tongue bath - kitten style.

SHANNON bends RANDY over her knee and kisses him full on the mouth, then pulls him back up.

RANDY.

Wow...that was unbelievable.

SHANNON.

You want some tartar sauce with that?

RANDY.

Um, can I just say that we won't be doing it doggy style because I need to!

SHANNON and RANDY kiss again. They pull apart and TOM is waiting.

TOM.

Randy, I'm sorry. I should be happy that you got the job...I was deserving...but so were you.

TOM holds out his hand. RANDY looks at it for a beat, then pulls him into a hug.

JOE comes over to TOM and RANDY.

JOE.

Assholes...I want you to know...I'm sorry. I can't help it that I'm smarter than you. I can help that I don't act like it.

TOM.

(shrugs at the horrible apology)  
You know what? That's a start, I'll take it.

JOE waits for RANDY to hug him.

RANDY.

You got something you want to apologize to me for, Joe?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

JOE.

Um...

TOM gestures to RANDY and mouths "Mom"

JOE. (CONT'D)

Oh! Yeah...Um, man, I'm  
sorry...I, uh...look your mom is  
one hundred percent not ugly.

RANDY hugs him. As they pull away from the hug, RANDY  
has a puzzled look on his face.

RANDY.

Wait, does that mean you actually  
did...fuck her?

The thought is interrupted by VINCE walking over to the  
group.

VINCE.

You assholes blew me off for my  
own bachelor party. Who does  
that?

Silence

VINCE. (CONT'D)

I had to watch both of the *Bridget  
Jones* movies. Do you have any  
idea what kind of pain and  
suffering I had to deal with?  
Huh?

RANDY.

(steps forward)  
Vince, I didn't come  
because...well, because my heart  
was still hurting from the break-  
up with Amy and I couldn't  
understand why you were getting  
married so fast. I am S0000  
sorry. I was wrong.

He hugs VINCE who, after a short beat, hugs him back.  
VINCE looks at TOM and JOE.

VINCE.

And what about you two assholes?

TOM.

I just didn't wanna see Randy.

JOE.

I just hate bachelor parties.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

VINCE thinks for a moment.

VINCE.

Well, do you still wanna be in my wedding?

JOE.

I think I can speak for all of us, right guys?

TOM and RANDY nod

JOE. (CONT'D)

We are going to be at your wedding and we are going to make sure it is the best damn day of your life.

The 4 friends hug.

AGENT SIMPSON comes over to the group of friends.

AGENT SIMPSON.

Guys, unfortunately, we have to take you down to the FBI building for questioning about the whole thing. It's just standard protocol.

VINCE.

(looks at his watch)  
It is 2:07am. I am getting married in 8 hours and 53 minutes at 11. Are you gonna get me out of there in time?

AGENT SIMPSON.

Absolutely, Mr. Siglione!

VINCE.

Oh, by the way, Viktor didn't really kill anyone...I just made you think he did. He forced me to lead you guys along.

SIMPSON looks relieved and confused at once.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE FBI BUILDING. MORNING

We focus on a clock. It reads 10:34am.

In the room, RANDY and SHANNON sit on the floor, holding hands and whispering to each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEDRO and JOE sit across the table from one another talking while TOM looks on. VINCE paces back and forth in front of the double-sided glass mirror/window looking into the room.

JOE.

So, you literally would sit all day and smoke pot? That was your job?

PEDRO.

Yeah, hombre. It was pretty sweet. Every now and then I might have to go and shoot someone, but, you know...that was no biggie.

TOM.

It was no biggie to shoot someone?

PEDRO.

Man, it ain't no biggie to kill bad guys.

VINCE looks into the mirror and raises his hands out, frustrated.

VINCE.

I have to get married! Come on!

At that moment the door to the room opens and AGENT WALLACE and AGENT SIMPSON walks in.

AGENT WALLACE.

Well, men...and lady...what you have done for our country has been invaluable. We could not have saved JFK airport without you.

JOE.

What took so long? We have a wedding in 25 minutes!

AGENT SIMPSON.

Sorry...this is standard. We just had to verify that everything you said was true.

AGENT WALLACE.

We have several statements here we need you to sign and then you can get the hell out of here-we made it easy for you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALLACE drops the pieces of paper on the table along with a few pens. Everyone jumps over and immediately signs the documents.

AGENT SIMPSON.

All right, you are free to go!  
Just head down to the elevator and  
head down to floor 1.

The crew all rush away, leaving WALLACE and SIMPSON.

AGENT WALLACE.

Simpson, I want to tell you  
something: the first mission I was  
a part of, I got a man killed.  
(a long beat)  
You did okay, son.

AGENT SIMPSON.

(beaming)  
Thank you, sir.

AGENT WALLACE.

(hands him a folded  
piece of paper)  
But you are going to have to  
attend a required sensitivity  
course starting tomorrow. You  
can't call gay guys "homos" or  
"fags" - that's bad. Real bad.

WALLACE walks out of the room, leaving a crestfallen  
SIMPSON opening a folded piece of paper.

We focus in...it reads: "Job well done, son."

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWS REPORT. DAY

The same news reporter reports on what has happened. We see helicopter footage of the crew leading the Chechen rebels out of the airport.

NEWS REPORTER.

The reports we are receiving are  
that 5 hostages fought their way  
out of the airport by taking the 3  
leaders of the rebels hostage  
themselves! It's an incredible  
story of American and New York  
ingenuity and spunk!  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEWS REPORTER. (CONT'D)

After bringing out the leaders,  
the rest of the rebels slowly  
surrendered to military and agents  
from the FBI and Homeland  
Security. All of the hostages  
were let go, safely, but there  
were many people injured or killed  
during this siege. More on those  
numbers to come, as we receive  
more information...but for now we  
know this...5 American heroes saved  
JFK airport! And now we have an  
interview with one of the men  
responsible for saving JFK

PEDRO comes onto the screen. Underneath him reads "Pedro  
Gonzalez, baggage handler JFK airport"

NEWS REPORTER. (CONT'D)

This is Mr. Pedro Gonzalez. Mr.  
Gonzalez, how did this all go  
down?

PEDRO.

3 guys had a friend who needed  
saving, so we went and saved him.  
But then he had already been set  
free, so then we had to take the  
hostage-takers down so we could  
get ourselves out of there.

NEWS REPORTER.

That sounds...unbelievably  
exciting.

PEDRO.

You're good-looking, baby. You  
want to make out some time?

NEWS REPORTER.

And that's it for now...keep up  
with our up to date coverage  
online!

We come out of the newscast being played on a small  
television in a dressing room.

INT. CHURCH BRIDE'S ROOM. MORNING

Melanie watches the TV - on the tv, the clock reads  
10:41am. Mel's mom is sitting next to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEL'S MOM.

Are you ready, honey? You need to get ready. Today is your day!

MELANIE.

They better get his ass here on time.

MEL'S MOM.

Let them worry about that. You need to be beautiful!

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAFFIC-FILLED NEW YORK CITY STREET. MORNING

The crew run out of the FBI building and wave down a taxi and they all pile into a taxi, except Pedro. They wave for him to get in.

PEDRO.

Guys, I can't crash your wedding!

VINCE.

Pedro, get your ass into the damn taxi, you're coming with us.

Pedro jumps in the taxi and they pull off the curb, moving slowly with the traffic.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYNN CATHEDRAL. MORNING

The taxi pulls up in front of the cathedral and the crew piles out and runs into the building. RANDY looks at the clock on his phone: 10:56am

CUT TO:

INT. SAME CATHEDRAL. SAME

The Cathedral is filled with well-wishers. The crew runs up the aisle and head behind the stage.

The well-wishers excitedly look to see if anyone else is coming, then settle in, waiting for the wedding to start.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME CATHEDRAL. 30 MIN LATER

We see Vince lean in to kiss Melanie. As he kisses the Cathedral erupts in applause.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB (RECEPTION). AN HOUR LATER

A DJ plays music as the crew watch Mel and Vince take their first dance. To the side of the dance floor is a large tri-stand holding a massive picture of the Rock smiling.

TOM.

The Rock was a good man. He didn't have to help us try and save Vince.

JOE.

I feel a little bad that the rebels ended up just letting Vince go. We didn't even need to go after him. The Rock got killed for nothing, really.

RANDY.

When that guy went into action, though, on those first 4 terrorists...it was like watching a live movie. He was a real American Hero.

JOE.

I think life can be defined as a live movie, moron.

SHANNON.

This was nice wedding, Randy...thanks for inviting me.

PEDRO.

And me, too.

RANDY.

You both kicked ass today...we wouldn't be here without you, you know?

VINCE and MELANIE dance across the dance floor, smiling and whispering in each other's ears, completely happy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM.

Such a great couple. I wonder when they'll tell us they're pregnant.

JOE.

Oh, shit - they're pregnant - I totally forgot!

RANDY.

Let them tell us...we already got the Rock killed - we can't tell him that Viktor ruined this, too.

RANDY looks from person to person as everyone nods.

RANDY. (CONT'D)

Good, so we all act completely surprised when they tell us they're having a baby.

Everyone nods again.

The song ends. VINCE and MELANIE walk over to the crew.

VINCE.

Guys, we have some news for you...

MELANIE.

(claps her hands)  
It's really big.

RANDY.

Viktor told us you guys were pregnant!

Everyone in the crew groans.

TOM.

Dammit, Randy!

VINCE.

(crestfallen)  
That asshole ruined everything.

JOE.

(tries to save the moment)  
A toast!

JOE raises his glass high and everyone follows. VINCE and MELANIE grab a glass off of a nearby waiter's tray and follow suit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE. (CONT'D)

To friendship...

TOM.

To marriage...

RANDY.

To overcoming a shit ton of...  
shit...

VINCE.

To love...

SHANNON.

To babies....

EVERYONE

Here, here!

They all drink and slam their cups on the table.

VINCE.

Now, let's dance, bitches!

Everyone heads out the dance floor as dance music plays.

FADES TO:

BLACK SCREEN

THE END

The next few scenes happen during the credits.

CUT TO:

INT. RANDY'S HOUSE. NIGHT

RANDY and SHANNON enter the house kissing, hot and heavy. They begin to remove clothing. Suddenly RANDY pushes SHANNON away.

RANDY.

Shannon, look, I really like  
you...a lot.

SHANNON.

I like you, too.

SHANNON tries to kiss him, but he holds her back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDY.

Look, I'm trying to tell you something. I'm a sensitive man. I've been hurt. I hide it with this bravado, this tough guy exterior...

SHANNON.

I wouldn't really think of you as a tough guy...

RANDY.

(shrugs)  
Well....kind of a tough guy...I mean...

SHANNON.

(shakes her head)  
No...good-looking metro-sexual exterior, maybe...but tough guy?

RANDY.

(waves her off)  
Look, my point is this: I want to make this work, and as much as I just want to jump in bed with you and give you what-for, I feel like we should take it slow, get to know each other, then...you know...move on to deeper stuff.

SHANNON.

(thinks for a moment)  
Look, I like you, too, Randy. But let me put it to you like this:

She karate chops his neck then takes out his legs with a swift kick. He falls flat on his back.

SHANNON. (CONT'D)

Mama wants what mama wants.

She pulls off his belt and unbuttons his pants as he continues talking.

SHANNON. (CONT'D)

And mama wants a little meat and 2 for dinner.

RANDY.

(gasping for breath)  
That'll work, too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHANNON.

With a little man-frosting for  
desert.

SHANNON pulls his pants off and looks down lustily at  
him.

SHANNON. (CONT'D)

And a cock-tail of gizz and juice.

RANDY.

Okay, I get it.

SHANNON.

Time for mama to take a ride.

She jumps in the air, aiming for RANDY.

CUT TO:

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE. NIGHT

VINCE carries MEL across the threshold and into the  
suite. He sets her down on the ground and they share a  
long, long kiss.

VINCE.

So, I feel like we should talk  
about names for the baby. I'm  
voting for Randy, Joe or Tom...or  
some combination of those names.

MELANIE.

Vince, I'm not naming any of my  
kids Randy, Joe or Tom.

VINCE.

We'll discuss....we've got a few  
months. Hopefully you're knocked  
out cold when the birth  
certificate shows up

VINCE and MELANIE sit on the edge of the bed. He pulls a  
small box out of his coat jacket.

MELANIE.

What's that?

VINCE.

The Rock gave it to me this  
morning - a wedding present.

A long beat

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELANIE.

Are you gonna open it?

VINCE.

I dunno...what do you think?

MELANIE.

(thinks for a moment)

You should open it.

VINCE thinks for a moment and opens it. He pulls out a small card and a small gold locket. VINCE opens it up to find a picture of THE ROCK and VINCE together.

VINCE.

Wow...that is nice...yet a bit anticlimactic.

MELANIE.

Read the card...

VINCE.

(opens and reads the card)

Vince, you make traveling easy. If you're a half a good a husband as you are at making my trips through JFK great...you'll be the greatest husband that has ever lived. Kiss your wife, give her this locket for me...but no making love with my WWF tapes playing. That's just weird. With love, The Rock.

A long beat

MELANIE.

Great gift.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S GARAGE. NIGHT.

PEDRO, TOM and JOE sit on lawn chairs in the garage, passing the biggest doobie in the world back and forth. TOM lets him pass him by every time, never taking a toke.

JOE.

Well, I've decided to go back to college and finish up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM.  
(surprised)  
Wow, really?

PEDRO.  
Congrats, bro!

TOM.  
Where did that come from?

JOE.  
Look, let's be honest: I'm a bitter bastard who uses sarcasm as an excuse for letting life pass me by. I'm self-aware enough to know that about myself. I just haven't had the balls to fix it.

PEDRO.  
What are you gonna study, ese'?

JOE.  
I think I'm gonna finish up a degree in philosophy...I've been searching for the meaning of life since I was 4.

PEDRO.  
That's easy bro...the meaning of life is love.

TOM.  
(mulls over the statement)  
I wouldn't disagree with that, actually.

JOE.  
Love, huh. Huh...well, I guess I better find some love then, right?

PEDRO.  
What are you talking about, Joe? You got 3 friends who've loved since you were 7 years old. That's love, bro. If anyone needs love, it's me. Since I left the cartel, I ain't got no real friends.

JOE.  
Dude, those days are over. I think Tom and I can speak for Vince and Randy...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOM nods his head in agreement

JOE. (CONT'D)  
...and say that you are officially  
part of the crew. Anything you  
get mixed up in, we're mixed up  
in. We're on your side.

PEDRO.  
Really?

Both TOM and JOE nod.

PEDRO. (CONT'D)  
That is incredible! I am part of  
a crew again!

PEDRO takes a massive toke off the doobie.

JOE.  
So, seriously...your whole job  
with the cartel was to sit and  
smoke pot all day, then every now  
and then go shoot someone?

(Pedro nods)  
Now that you're doing this baggage  
handling thing, you think I could  
apply for your old job?

CUT TO:

INT. CAPO'S MANSION. DAY.

We see the back of a large chair with a dark-skinned  
Mexican man sitting in it, a cigar smoking from his right  
hand.

There is a knock at the door.

CAPO.  
Come in.

ESTANZA walks in, holding a DVD

ESTANZA.  
Capo, sir...I have something you  
may want to see.

He puts the DVD into a DVD player. There is another  
knock at the door and MIGUEL walks in.

MIGUEL.  
What is going on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ESTANZA.

You'll want to see this.

The TV shows the interview with PEDRO. ESTANZA pauses it on the close-up of PEDRO with his name and job information underneath.

CAPO.

So, this is where our little Jesus disappeared to.

(a beat)

No one eludes me forever.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN FOR A LONG MOMENT

FADES TO:

INT. PRISON CELL. NIGHT

DAUDOV lays in bed, alone in his cell. The door to his cell opens and DAUDOV stands up. 2 guards lead VIKTOR into the cell, then reach down and take off his wrist and ankle restraints. They push him into the cell a little further then shut the door behind him. DAUDOV stands up.

DAUDOV.

Viktor...you...why are you here?

VIKTOR.

(singing)

I got a feeling...that tonight's gonna be a good night, that tonight's gonna be a good night, tonight's gonna be a good, good night, I feel it...

DAUDOV.

(joins in)

Whoo-hooo...

CUT TO:

BLACK