

The ExpAndables

Written By:

Matt Clifford

Based on A Story By:

Matt Clifford

&

Jim Whipple

Longitude Entertainment
Steve Longi
SL@Longitude-Ent.com
Office: (310) 571-5560
Mobile: (310) 995-1193

FADE IN:

EXT. COLOMBIAN JUNGLE - MORNING

A helicopter flies low over a wild jungle.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

5 out of shape guys in their 40's (STEVE, LOU, ART, BUCKSHOT, and WADE) are decked out in war paint and fatigues. They're doing their best to pump themselves up for action.

Their team leader, LED HARRIGAN, (60's, great shape, tough as nails and built like a brick shithouse) walks into frame.

He looks over each of the men, then without missing a beat, he hits the deck and does a series of one-armed pushups while giving off an ear piercing grunt with each one.

Led hops back up and looks at the guys ...

LED
Okay, your turn.

The guys just shoot him a WTF blank stare.

LED (CONT'D)
I'm just messin' with you. It's go time. Tuck in your guts, fellas.

FREEZE FRAME:

TITLE CARD READS: "LED HARRIGAN: THE BALLS."

FREEZE FRAME BREAKS AWAY.

EXT. COLOMBIAN JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter lands. The guys all give each other fistbumps before charging out in a mad dash. Led takes the lead and the others follow. After about fifty yards, Led is still sprinting away while the once-mad-dash of the others has sputtered out, as they're drenched in sweat and entirely out of breath. One pulls out an inhaler, another a bottle of pills, another a cigarette, one is curled up in the fetal position, etc. They each have their own way of coping.

They look up to see Led still sprinting away.

Lou gathers the group in a huddle.

LOU
(OUT OF BREATH) Okay, what we need
is some Diet Coke and a new plan

They just stare at Led in the distance. All of a sudden Led
stops and yells ...

LED
Push-ups!!!

He hits the ground again and starts repping away.

LOU
My God, he's still at it.

STEVE
Does he think we're right behind
him?

ART
Does he think we're catching up to
him?

In the distance we see Led stand back up, pull out a knife,
and start stabbing a tree.

WADE
Yep, he's just stabbing a tree.

ART
Maybe this wasn't such a good idea?

As they stare at Led, we seem him now kick the tree.

LED
Front kick!

SMASH CUT TO:

The ExpAndables

FADE IN ON:

INT. HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

TITLE CARD READS: 20 DAYS EARLIER.

BILL WEAVER, 40's, portly sits at his wooden desk in his nice, comfortable study. The nameplate on his desk reads Lieutenant Bill Weaver. He's meticulously working on a ship-in-a-bottle. This has been his hobby for years as is proven by the other ships adorning the shelves.

Pausing to take a swig of beer, he looks at a framed picture on the wall of 8 young men in fatigues. Appearing like the best of friends and in the best shape, you can also tell they've been through hell in back.

BILL
(STARING AT PICTURE AND RUBBING HIS
BELLY) My God, what happened to
us?

He takes another swig of beer.

The doorbell rings.

Bill checks his watch.

BILL (CONT'D)
Ohhoho ... minute 32. This pizza
is (spelling it out) F. R. E. E.

He wiggles his way out of his chair and heads out of the room.

As he walks away, we stay focused on the study.

Bill is heard walking back into the study.

BILL (CONT'D)
Wait a minute, wait a minute, wait
a minute!

BANG! BANG!

Two gunshots rattle the room as a thud is heard.

A hand, with a very distinct ring, is seen taking the framed photo of the 8 men off of the wall.

The ominous figure then picks up the ship-in-the-bottle that Bill was working on and whacks it against the desk. It doesn't break.

It's hit harder against the desk, but still doesn't break. Over and over and over the bottle is hit, but still no breakage.

Finally, the bottle is thrown to the ground and shattered by a round from the gun.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN ON:

EXT. CEMETERY - RAINY AFTERNOON - A FEW DAYS LATER

A military funeral is taking place outside. Lou, Art, Steve, Buckshot and Wade, "the guys" as we'll come to call them, are carrying the flag-draped coffin of Bill Weaver to his final resting place.

A 21 gun salute honors the fallen soldier as his casket is lowered into the ground.

EXT. CEMETERY PARKING LOT - A LITTLE LATER

The guys, minus Wade, are huddled outside in the rain, with no umbrellas, as only tough guys would do.

Led walks up

The guys just stare at each other. Not really sure what to say.

LED

What's it been, 20 years?

Lou walks up to him with a tough guy stare.

PAUSE.

LOU

Come here, you son of a bitch!

Lou wraps him up in a big ol' bear hug.

ART

My God, you don't age.

STEVE

So, this is what it takes to bring you out of hiding? ... One of us dying?

LED

Good to see you too, Steve.

BUCKSHOT

Damn, man, we wrote you off twenty years ago.

LOU

Yeah, ever since ... you know.

Led lets out a grunt.

LED

We need to talk, fellas

STEVE

Yeah, do you think we could do it inside? Gettin' rained on was cool when we were younger, but now it's just givin' me a moldy chode.

The camera freeze frames.

TITLE CARD READS: STEVE

-Former Explosives Expert

-Top Gun aficionado

-Unregistered Sex Offender

We break away from the freeze frame.

LOU

I like the rain. It opens up my airwaves.

The camera freeze frames.

TITLE CARD READS: LOU

-Expert at hand-to-hand combat

-Currently works at a winery and crushes the grapes himself.

-Moderator of a weekly anger management group

We break away from the freeze frame.

STEVE

Then by all means, let's accommodate your 20 year smoking habit, and all get drenched on. No one thought of bringin' and umbrella? Seriously? It was raining when we woke up this morning.

LOU
I didn't bring one because it-

STEVE
-Yeah, we know, it opens up your
airways.

ART
Gentlemen, the tone and inflection
I'm hearing is not helping the
situation. This parking lot is not
a stage, so please, let's not make
a scene.

The camera freeze frames.

TITLE CARD READS: ART

FORMER SNIPER

PART-TIME ARCHERY INSTRUCTOR

PART-TIME ORNITHOLOGIST

FULL-TIME GENTLEMAN

We break away from the freeze frame.

STEVE
We're in a frigging parking lot,
Art. Ten minutes ago, a gaggle of
soldiers fired 21 shots over a
coffin, okay? We're not trying to
take cover here, so come out of the
foxhole.

ART
Is that somehow insinuating that
I'm ... that I'm-

Freeze frame on Art.

TITLE CARD READS: ART

QUESTIONABLY HOMOSEXUAL

We break away from the freeze frame.

LOU
-Art, chill, buddy. Jesus, will
you and Steve just ass-slap and get
it over with?

STEVE

Lou, I didn't insin -- insin -- (TO ART) What's the gay word you used?

ART

Insinuate, you neanderthal.

STEVE

You see, Lou? I didn't insin -- (TO ART) one more time with that word?

BUCKSHOT

Guys, I get it, we're a little off our game with Led popping up, but let's all just inhale and take a deep breath.

The camera freeze frames.

TITLE CARD READS: BUCKSHOT
 FORMER INTELLIGENCE OFFICER
 PART-TIME SUBSTITUTE TEACHER
 PART-TIME PSYCHOLOGIST
 FULL-TIME SELF MEDICATOR

We break away from the freeze frame.

BUCK

Sometimes you just gotta let the bees make honey, but let's not argue here.

STEVE

I'm not arguing.

LED

Enough! I've got something I need to show you guys, but not here.

STEVE

We got the perfect place.

LED

Hold up. Where's Wade?

Wade comes waddling up wearing some type of a headset that he's talking into. He's also carrying an umbrella.

WADE

(INTO HEADSET) Hey, on the fourth date, if she's not puttin' out, then you're gettin' out, you hear me? All right, folks, this is ShadyWade signing off for KROT.

Wade talks off the headset and walks up to the guys

WADE (CONT'D)

Phew! Talk radio waits for no one.

He looks at the rest of the guys.

WADE (CONT'D)

What, no umbrellas? (TO LED) Jesus Christ, look at you! You don't age. (HE GIVES LED A HUG) Seriously, how do you still look the same? Is it just me, is no one else noticing this?

LED

Come on, let's get outta the rain.

WADE

Seriously, am I the only one noticing this? It's been like twenty years and Led looks exactly the same.

LED

Let's go, fellas, we need to talk.

WADE

Oh, did Steve tell you? We've got the perfect place.

EXT. FAMILY STYLE RESTAURANT - EARLY EVENING

The glowing neon sign and cheesy decorations signal that this place is a hybrid of Applebees and TGI Fridays.

INT. FAMILY STYLE RESTAURANT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Gathered in their booth, the restaurant is the furthest thing from covert.

STEVE

Guys, we need to pick a new place, you know, a joint with a pool table, or cheap women. Something that'll put a tent in my undies to dry up the soggy sack.

LOU

I like this place. The food is all buffet.

BUCKSHOT

And the menus have large print, which is good for my glaucoma ... which is why I smell like weed ... if anyone was wondering ... or looking to buy.

ART

Plus, they list all the calories, which is what we clearly need to be looking out for.

STEVE

I'd rather be watching out for some snatch, with a shot and a brew in my hand, but, you know, that's just me.

LED

Alright, it's time to get down to business.

THEY ALL LEAN INTO THE TABLE.

LED (CONT'D)

(WHISPERING) I've got something I need to show you.

ART

What?

LED

It's a pic-

ART

No, I can't hear you, what are you saying?

BUCKSHOT

Huh?

LOU
 Speak up, fellas, my ears have kind
 of gotten chubby, so they're a
 little closed off.

STEVE
 Jesus, Led, can you sign it with
 your hands for these guys?
 Otherwise, we're never gettin'
 outta here.

WADE
 My God, he doesn't age!

LED
 Focus!

Led pulls out a framed picture from his bag. It's the same
 picture that was taken from the wall of Bill Weaver's house.
 A red X is through the face of Bill.

LED (CONT'D)
 This was sent to me in the mail. We
 need to talk about the day this was
 taken.

FLASHBACK:

TITLE CARD READS: 20 YEARS AGO

EXT. THE DECK OF A NAVY WASP CLASS HELICOPTER CARRIER - DAY

The younger, in shape versions of Steve, Lou, Art, Buckshot,
 Wade and Bill Weaver are all gathered on the flight deck, as
 well as Conrad (Con), the rookie of the group who's wearing a
 bright red shirt.

The ghetto blaster is going full volume, as the guys seem
 pumped up.

STEVE
 This is the life, fellas. We're
 young!

THE GUYS
 Oorah.

STEVE
 We're sexy!

THE GUYS
 Oorah.

ART

And we look damn good playin' beach volleyball in our cutoffs.

THE GUYS

OORAH!

ART

Alright! Ass slaps all around, fellas, we got a mission ahead of us.

BILL

Conrad, you Italian bastard, take off that red shirt. I fly you guys in a chopper, not the Enterprise.

CONRAD

What can I say, it brings me luck.

LOU

Don't worry about Bill over there. We each have our own little charms so to speak. Bill?

Bill pulls out a miniature ship-in-a-bottle from his pocket.

BILL

I've spent more than enough time in the air saving your asses from all types of danger. When I'm done with all this, it's a life at sea for me, guys.

ART

Well, right now we need your head in the clouds. Oh God, that didn't sound right, did it?

Led walks over to the ghetto blaster and lowers the volume. He looks exactly the same as he did in the present day scenes ... the guy really doesn't age.

LED

Gather 'round, men, it's time to talk shop. You've all met Conrad?

WADE

Conrad, floating in fresh off the rookie boat. Tell us a little something about yourself.

CONRAD

Not much to say, you know. Come from a strict, quiet family.

LED

I would know ... I practically raised him, isn't that right, little brother?

ART

Oh, a brotherly combat connection. I think it's beautiful. Will this be your first time in the jungle?

LED

Oh hell no. I sent him in with the recon group to check up on our intel. He's been over there three times making sure the cartel stays put.

CONRAD

Thanks, bro, but I can speak for myself. Believe it or not, I've actually been dressing myself for the last few years as well.

WADE

You think maybe the age gap is what's causing that lil' tension here? I mean look, I get it, your parents had a late accidental run in the pregnancy game and out pops little Conrad.

LED

"Our little miracle" is what mom used to call him.

Conrad shoots him look.

LED (CONT'D)

All right, all right, I know when to zip it. Down to business though. As you all know, this mission is under the radar. We received strong intel that reveals the whereabouts of the Doblecara drug cartel. Just to remind you, our mission is to shut them down.

(MORE)

LED (CONT'D)

I don't need to tell you what that means. We watch each others' asses.

ART

Covered.

LED

Under no circumstances do we eliminate Trako Najero, the leader of the cartel. We capture him, and bring him back for questioning. Understood?

THE GUYS

Oorah!

LED

Okay, fellas, same rules apply. If we die out there, our country will ignore us, leave our bodies to rot, and claim we went AWOL in a training exercise.

ART

Oorah! Wait, what?

BILL

All right, let's hit the showers.

LOU

You heard the man, fellas, shower time. Sudsy, sudsy.

STEVE

What are you doing? What's wrong with you?

LOU

Nothing, you know ... scrubby scrubby time, so scooch.

STEVE

What?

LOU

Scooch your caboose ... here we go.

EXT. HELICOPTER FLYING OVER A COLOMBIAN JUNGLE - A COUPLE HOURS LATER

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The group of young guys have their game faces on, and are ready for action.

Lou is in the middle of the floor doing rapid-fire push-ups.

After a quick set, he gets up.

LOU

Now that's what I'm talking about.
Stay in shape, boys, that's what
you gotta do. Lifelong commitment
right here. Who's with me?

THE GUYS

Oorah!

LOU

Alright! Who wants to celebrate
with a Chesterfield?

EXT. THE COLOMBIAN JUNGLE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The helicopter finds an area to land.

BILL

Okay, fellas, don't forget to thank
your pilot before exiting the
aircraft. I've got you covered
from the sky. You radio me when
done ... I'm gonna need you all
back here in one piece. Now get the
hell outta here and kick ass. We
got a hot shower waitin' for us
back home.

LOU

You heard him, ass kickin' and
showers.

The guys all jump out, and are full speed ahead into the jungle.

Almost immediately, a hailstorm of bullets rains down on them.

As an almost unstoppable force, they plow through the jungle, taking out every enemy they encounter.

LED

Hold your fire!

Everything comes to a screeching silence as a moose slowly walks across the field while casually grazing.

The baddies are still firing away, but not one single bullet touches the guys as they just stand there.

LED (CONT'D)

Cover me!

Led runs to the moose, jumps on it, and rides it to safety.

LOU

My God, I admire that man.

WADE

It's like a bronze statue on a unicorn.

ART

I didn't even know you could ride a moose.

Led runs back to the guys.

LED

Resume fire!

Bullets away ... Hell, they're not even aiming at guys and they're hitting them.

Bullets are flying all over the place, but these guys don't get so much as a scratch.

EXT. ENEMY COMPOUND - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Having regrouped, the guys take a good look at the compound.

LED

All right, it's laid out exactly like we were shown. I want us out of there in 60 seconds, fellas. Art, we'll draw their fire. You know what you have to do.

ART

On it.

Art takes a couple of deep breaths, then sprints through the smoke caused by all the gunfire.

LED

Steve, you cover his ass, get in there!

STEVE

You hate me, don't you? You
really, really hate me?

Steve runs right behind Art.

From the POV of the guys, we see Art run into a small hut. Steve covers the front door. In the chaos, Steve notices a young girl, around 20, covered in rubble. He pulls her out, drapes her over his shoulder, and gets back to position at the front door. A moment later, Art comes sprinting out the front door with an unconscious man draped over his shoulder, and whizzes right past Steve.

ART

I got him! Let's go, let's go,
let's go!

Steve runs like hell to catch up with Art.

Everything turns into slow motion as the Chariots of Fire theme plays.

As they look at each other, Steve picks up the pace.

Art matches his pace, then takes the lead.

They see Led signaling for them to get the hell out of there.

Art and Steve are struggling to make it to Led first.

As Art gets there first, the slow motion abruptly stops, as does the music.

Art dumps the unconscious man at Led's feet.

ART (CONT'D)

One cartel leader, unconscious but
alive.

Steve flings the young girl off his shoulders.

STEVE

Why the hell were you racing?

ART

I just lit a flame under my ass.

STEVE

Why do you talk like that? Flame?
Ass?

ART

What are you insinuating?

STEVE

There's another one! Insin- ...
Insin- ... See, I don't even know
what the hell you're saying.

LED

We got what we came for, guys. Cut
the crap, and load up on the
chopper.

Art grabs the cartel leader, and drapes him back over his
shoulder while giving him a little ass slap.

Steve looks around for the girl he rescued, but she's nowhere
to be found.

LED (CONT'D)

Don't sweat it. She was probably
15, maybe 16.

STEVE

And you wonder why I'm pissed?!

As Steve huffs and puffs his way back to the chopper, Led
surveys the damage.

FADE BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. FAMILY STYLE RESTAURANT

The guys all sit in silence, remembering that day.

A fart squeaks out.

LOU

Who did that?

The guys all stare at Led, who does whatever he can to avoid
eye contact with them.

STEVE

Seriously? I'd rather talk in the
rain.

EXT. PARKING LOT - RAINY EVENING - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The guys are all huddled up in the parking lot as the rain
pours down.

STEVE

Sarcasm, fellas ... you guys should learn it. But really, not one God damn umbrella?

WADE

I have one, I just thought we were acting tough.

LED

Guys, we need to figure out what happened to our friend, and why this particular picture was sent. It's time to start sniffing around.

ART

If you don't mind, I'll let my tax dollars do the sniffing. We have a police department for a reason.

LOU

And you know what the police department has? Backed up cases and backed up files. If we want to get to the bottom of this, it's up to us.

BUCKSHOT

I'm feeling the rush, man.

STEVE

Guys, you know that three strikes law? Well, I'm pretty sure I've got like nine of them, and the only reason I'm walking around right now is because of those backed up files.

LED

You think if Bill was standing here, and it was any of you in that pine box, he would let it ride?

STEVE

Are you kidding? He wouldn't even be here. He'd be whackin' off to one of his ship bottles.

LOU

Hell no! Bill wouldn't rest a flabby muscle until he figured out who shot one of us, and why.

(MORE)

LOU (CONT'D)

I want answers, and I'm not going to wait for some cop to eventually give them to me.

BUCKSHOT

He's right. It's time to get back in the shit, man.

ART

Balls deep.

LED

To the scene of the crime, gentlemen.

The guys walk away.

LED (CONT'D)

Wait! Anyone remember where Bill lives?

STEVE

Lived.

LOU

I remember the street, but not the number.

ART

469! I always remembered his number ... Bill -- 469.

BUCKSHOT

Fellas, it's all good. Keep up with the times ... Thomas Guide will get us there.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - RAINY NIGHT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The guys are all walking up to the front door.

The porch light is on.

STEVE

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Remember that whole three strikes thing, and how I almost have a bakers dozen?

ART

We get it, you're a badass.

STEVE

You and ass, man ... it always comes down to that. Look, here's the thing, I don't wanna add breaking and entering to my list of priors.

Steve walks to the door and kneels down in front of the lock.

STEVE (CONT'D)

So, you know, as I pick this lock, not break it, but pick it, I'm going to wait out here, so that way I have neither broken, nor entered.

Led just kicks the door open.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Eh, screw it.

The guys file into the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's a nice, comfortable living room, with floral print couches, white carpet, and a fireplace.

LED

Christ Almighty, guys, this is what happens when you let the woman wear the pants.

WADE

Our boy Bill wasn't married.

ART

This was all him ... Quite the decorative touch.

BUCKSHOT

I'm no expert, guys, but this is a crime scene we're all ruining, right?

LOU

You hear that, guys? Official crime scene up in here, so don't mess anything up.

STEVE

You know, save for our muddy
footprints we've been tracking all
over.

ART

Just leave everything in it's
place. No one likes a messy home.

STEVE

Screw that, I'm taking the
umbrella.

BOOM!

A large clap of thunder rattles the house, and the power goes
out.

All the guys jump, except for Led, who remains steady.

STEVE (CONT'D)

(To Led) I'll hand it to you,
you're still ice cold and cool as a
cucumber. Not even a flinch from
that thunder.

LED

Truth is, I'm not moving because I
think a turd squeaked out.

Led grunts and tightens up his body.

LED (CONT'D)

Alright, it's back in.

LOU

My God, I admire you.

ART

Let's find some flashlights for
this blackout.

STEVE

And maybe a new pair of undies for
the brownout, how 'bout it, Led?

The front door flies open.

Angus, a tall, wispy, middle-aged man is seen in the door
frame.

The guys just stare at him as he slowly invites himself into
the living room.

LED
You lost, pal?

ANGUS
My name is Angus.

LOU
The man asked if you're lost?

Angus reaches into his coat pocket.

BUCKSHOT
Easy there, killer!

ART
(Suggestively holding up his hand)
Two fingers, pal, two fingers!

ANGUS
I'm sorry, I don't speak grunt.

With two fingers, Angus pulls out his business card, and places it on a table.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
Mr. Weaver and I go back a long time. Our friendship was confidential in nature.

ART
I knew it, I just knew it. I always saw Bill stare at us in the showers, and then when we were changing. I just had a feeling, but never wanted to say anything, but-

ANGUS
I'm his attorney. You must be Art.

Art looks confused.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
Mr. Weaver told me all about you gentlemen. (To Art) He always referred to you as his best piece of Art ... you occasionally bring it out in public, but most of the time it stays securely locked in the closet.

ART
Huh.

STE

Hey, Art, whadya think Bill was
insin- ... insi- ... you know, uhh
... oh, forget it.

ANGUS

Gentlemen, I need to see all of you
in my office tomorrow morning. I
have answers that may shed some
light on things. My address is on
the card.

LED

How'd you know we were here? You
followin' us?

Angus just stares at him.

LED (CONT'D)

Now you staring at me. You
eyeballin' me? 'Cause it looks
like you're eyeballin' me,
Phantasm.

ANGUS

I've been following you since the
funeral. The restaurant was quite
nice by the way. Large print,
caloric listings, soft food.

LED

Look, if what you have to say is so
important, why not tell us now?

ANGUS

Because it's late, and, frankly, it
smells like a squeaky fart in her.

Led uncomfortably shuffles.

LED

You know, there was a dead body in
here at one point ... just saying.

ANGUS

10AM tomorrow. Good night, and my
condolences to you all.

He slowly leaves, as the guys just stare at him.

Once he's out the door, the guys stand in silence.

BUCKSHOT

He's totally right, man, there's a stench in here.

STEVE

Jesus, I wanna fart to make it smell better.

LED

Enough! We're calling it a night, fellas.

Led grabs the business card.

LED (CONT'D)

Tomorrow morning, 0900, we meet at my place.

STEVE

Why?

LED

Why do you think? We're gonna carpool.

LOU

Y'all bring change for the meter.

STEVE

Hey fellas, I know our minds aren't the sharpest bulbs in the shed, but weren't we gonna take a look at the crime scene?

INT. BILL WEAVER'S OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The office is in a state of disarray as police tape blocks the doorway. A chalk outline marks the spot of Bill's last moments alive.

Using the same force he broke down the front door with, Led kicks through the yellow police tape. As the tape slowly sails to the ground, the result isn't as dramatic as kicking down a wooden door.

STEVE

(TO LED) You good? ... You get that out of your system.

Led picks up the police tape, grunts, tears a piece of it apart, then drops it.

LED
Yeah, I'm good now.

WADE
We can discuss those pent up issues
on my show tomorrow.

LOU
(REFERRING TO THE CRIME SCENE)
Jesus, it really hits home once you
see it ... the outline of the body.
It's a shame we lost touch for so
long, fellas.

BUCKSHOT
No way does this room turn into
some unmarked Polaroid in an
evidence box.

LOU
No way indeed.

Led notices the shattered ship bottle. He picks up the
remaining glass which still has the ship inside.

LED
Check it out, fellas.

STEVE
That's great, let's leave some
fingerprints while we're here.

LED
You think I'm stupid?

Led spits on the glass and wipes off his fingerprints with
his palm.

STEVE
Even better, DNA.

BUCKSHOT
(He's at the spot where the framed
photo was taken off the wall).
This must be where the photo was
removed.

STEVE
What gave it away, the police post-
it on the wall that says "missing
photo?"

The guys just sort of stand, and look around the office.

LOU
Huh.

 LED
What?

Lou points to a set of blueprints stretched out on an easel.

 LOU
Blueprints. They kinda look
familiar, but I can't place it.

Led takes a look.

 LED
It's some type of a layout.

 STEVE
You mean a blueprint ... yeah, we
got that part covered.

 LED
Why the hell does that layout look
so familiar?

Led grabs the blueprints and rolls them up.

 LED (CONT'D)
It's time to call it a night,
fellas. Until tomorrow.

 LOU
You heard the man, lights out.

 STEVE
What the hell are you talking
about?

 LOU
You know ... just ... you don't
have to go home you just can't stay
here, so you know ... nighty night
time.

 STEVE
You know, I worry about Art, but
sometimes you really bother me,
Lou.

INT. ANGUS'S WAITING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

The guys are scattered about the well appointed, wooden shelved, leather couched waiting room that clearly hasn't been decorated since the passing of Elvis.

ART

You know, it's 10:15, and he's not even here yet. What happened to punctuality?

BUCKSHOT

I want to know why the front door was unlocked and halfway open? What about burglary, and theft?

STEVE

Look around, fellas ... No one wants to steal back the 70's.

With that, the door flies open, and bangs against the wall, startling the guys.

Slowly, they all look over Led.

He squirms a little bit.

LED

No, I'm good.

BAM! The door slams shut.

Again, the guys jump a little bit.

Angus is now in the waiting room.

Angus crosses through the waiting room, and heads to his office.

ANGUS

Gentlemen, if you please.

INT. ANGUS'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Having no windows, and no clocks, Angus's office is very dark, with a decor matching the waiting room.

Angus seats himself behind his large, wooden desk.

The guys scatter about the couches and chairs, while a couple decide to stand.

LOU
Looks like a casino in here.

STEVE
Smells like one too.

Angus lights a cigarette.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Yep, there it is.

LOU
Now we're talking. Smoke if you
got 'em.

Lou pulls out a cigarette and lights up.

Angus unlocks one of his desk drawers, and pulls out a small
box.

ANGUS
Mr. Weaver instructed me to give
this box to you gentlemen.

LED
When?

ANGUS
When did he instruct me, or when
did he want me to give it to you?

LED
Huh?

ANGUS
In the event of his untimely death,
Mr. Weaver wanted you to have this
box. He said you would know what
to do with the contents of it.

Angus opens the box, and stares at the contents for a moment.

The guys are waiting to see what the big reveal is.

Angus closes the box.

STEVE
Are you kidding me? Hey, do we get
to see what's in the box?

ANGUS
Not just yet. You see-

LOU
Jesus Christ! Cut the act! We
don't have time for the slow,
dramatic crap.

Lou walks up to the desk and grabs the box.

The guys gather around as he slowly and dramatically opens
it.

Their jaws hit the floor.

The sole content of the box is a ring, identical to the one
worn by Bill Weaver's killer.

They look at each other trying to figure out what to say.

A few sighs are let out, but no sentences are actually
formed.

Led breaks apart from the group and takes a moment to collect
himself.

ANGUS
I take it this ring is familiar to
you? Please, explain.

Led struggles to find the words.

Art walks up to him and puts his hands on Led's shoulders.

ART
You going to be okay? You need a
massage? Shhhh ... just relax and
let my fingers do the talking.

LED
I'm good, I'm good.

Led takes a deep breath.

LED (CONT'D)
About 20 years ago, all of us,
were on a mission in Colombia.

BUCKSHOT
What are you doing? You know we're
not supposed to talk about that.

STEVE

Pfff ... you know how many chicks
I've told that story to?

ART

It's Top Secret!

STEVE

You know what Top Secret is to the
chicks I hang out with? It's a
movie with Val Kilmer. They think
the Colombian jungle is the
unattended lawn at the university.
(He snaps his fingers) Aha!
Unattended Lawn ... lesbian bar for
hot agricultural chicks.

ART

Be that as it may, this is
information that we shouldn't be
sharing.

Wade's cell phone alarm goes off.

WADE

Oops, can't miss my own show.

He pulls out a headset and puts it on.

WADE (CONT'D)

(TO THE GUYS) Remote access to the
station. (BREAKS AWAY) Morning,
gang, it's ShadyWade comin' at you
from KROT. First order of
business, I'm here with Led
Harrigan who's ready to get a story
off his chest. Led, find a spot in
the "Shade" and share your story.

LED

I've never really talked about it
... I've been trying to bury it
away.

WADE

Fantastic! Let's unbury this thing
for our listeners.

ART

Does no one understand the meaning
of the words 'Top,' and 'Secret?'

LOU

I don't think there's a bar tender in this country that hasn't heard my version of that story.

LED

Here's the thing, Angus, It's 20 years ago ... we're on a mission to slip into the jungle, take out a cartel, and capture their leader.

ART

Top Secret, people! Top Secret!

LED

Everything went according to plan. We took the leader back to the ship, and had a little of the ol' face-to-face. We told him that if he gave up the locations of his production facilities, and his contacts in the U.S., our government would offer him immunity.

STEVE

Like Lethal Weapon 2 immunity, you know what I'm talkin' about? The kind of immunity that lets you sleep with Patsy Kensit, baby.
 Angels & Insects: BOOBS!
 Kleptomania: BOOBS! Bitter
 Harvest: BOOBS! Timebomb: BOOBS!
 Lethal Weapon 2: BOOBS!

The slowly turn to Steve.

STEVE (CONT'D)

It's called wireless internet, fellas. Ditch the dial-up and get your head in the tubes.

LOU

Can I get it through my fax machine?

STEVE

Oh forget it. Just go on with the story.

LED

Ya think? Jesus! Well, I guess this guy liked our deal.

(MORE)

LED (CONT'D)

Hell, even if he didn't take it,
we'd throw him back in the jungle,
and everyone would think he
snitched, so we really didn't leave
him much of a choice.

ANGUS

So he gave up the goods?

LOU

Even better. He gave us the leader
of the cartel.

ANGUS

I thought-

LED

Nope. This guy admitted to being
nothing more than a decoy. A
figurehead who never made a
decision without her approval.

ANGUS

A her? You're saying the cartel
leader was a woman?

STEVE

Cunning, ruthless, dangerous ... of
course we're looking for a woman!
Put her behind the wheel of a car,
and you've got man's most dangerous
predator.

BUCKSHOT

She had two of her own children
killed.

ANGUS

But she's Colombian. Don't they
have like, 20 a piece? I've seen
reunions at the park, and it's ...
it's an event ... T-shirts, pinatas
...

WADE

Stay on track, people.

LED

So anyway, he's ratting her out.
Serving her up to us on a platter.
He told us where to find her.

BUCKSHOT

But could we believe him? I read this guy. I watched his mannerisms. He was telling the truth.

LED

We had no choice but to go back in ... knee deep in Charlie.

STEVE

Wrong war, big guy.

FLASHBACK:

TITLE CARD READS: 20 YEARS AGO

EXT. COLOMBIAN JUNGLE - 2AM

TWILIGHT ZONE by Golden Earring starts to play.

Decked out in their camouflage gear and artillery, the guys approach the village.

Led still looks exactly the same as he does Present Day.

All is quiet.

EXT. VILLAGE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

As they cautiously make their way into the village, Led signals for Art and Buck to cover the flanks by hiding in the trees.

Conrad takes it upon himself to be the pointman.

Led shrugs his shoulders as to say, "all right hot shot, you want to be the cock of the walk, then lead the way."

Led follows closely behind him.

Sneaking between huts, they make their way towards what is, hopefully, the house of the real cartel leader.

Noticing two half-asleep guards just past the front gate, Led gives Art and Buckshot the call sign to take them out.

The silenced guns drop them with barely a whisper.

As all remains silent, the guys make their way through the gate, taking cover wherever they can.

They make their way to the front, where another guard is asleep on a stool. Man, these guys are some horrible guards.

Lou walks up behind him, cigarette hanging from his lip, and with a quick slice of the knife, the guard is no more.

Led approaches the front door. He gears up to kick it in, when Wade holds up his hand to stop him. With one finger, Wade barely touches the door, and it opens.

He signals for the guys to stay alert and motions for Art and Buckshot to join the group.

INT. HOUSE - ENTRY WAY - CONTINUOUS

The guys make their way in.

Led immediately holds up a closed fist to signal for the guys to stop.

He sees a light coming from underneath a door at the end of the hall.

He points out the light to the guys, and starts to creep forward.

They get to the door, and stop.

Led raises his left hand, and signals 1 ... 2 ... 3.

He gears up to kick down the door, but stops himself, then gives Wade the "can I break this down?" look. Wade gestures toward the door giving Led the "by all means, kick away" look.

Led kicks down the door and the guys plow through.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The guys storm into the kitchen, yelling all types of indecipherable English.

Their yelling is quickly stifled when they see that the only person at the table is a small woman in her 50's, PENUMBRA SOLEDAD. Standing behind her is a young woman, Anna in her early 20's.

LED

Get on the ground! Get on the ground, now!

She doesn't budge.

She's as calm as can be.

She holds up her right hand.

PENUMBRA

There's no need to yell. Some of my children might be dead, but my hearing is not.

The guys just stare at her.

PENUMBRA (CONT'D)

Would any of you like some tea?

She gets up and makes her way to the cupboard.

LOU

Grab some chair, sweetie. Don't you move an inch.

PENUMBRA

Or what, you'll kill me? If that was your mission, you would have done it already.

She continues to the cupboard, and starts pulling out several teacups.

PENUMBRA (CONT'D)

So, you killed my men? Were they even awake? I guess it doesn't really matter.

She starts pouring tea into the cups.

PENUMBRA (CONT'D)

I take it you have my imbecile of a son?

ART

Come again?

STEVE

Jesus! I still can't believe someone knocked you up. Like, took the effort to wine, dine, and make you a concubine.

PENUMBRA

Yes, and after having one too many sons, I was finally blessed with a daughter, Anna. Anna, let's show these men some hospitality.

With two cups in hand, Anna walks over to the guys.

LED
Stop right there, lady.

ART
What kind of tea is it?

STEVE
Are you kidding me? This is
Colombia. Where's the coffee? The
good shit? You know, the kind with
coca leaves that can cure a
toothache?

ART
What are you doing?

PAUSE.

STEVE
Nothing.

Anna puts one of the tea cups back on the counter, and takes
the other one to her mother.

PENUMBRA
I'll let you gentlemen help
yourselves.

Art reaches for a cup.

ART
Do you have any milk, or lemon?
Maybe some sugar cubes?

Lou slaps his hand away.

ART (CONT'D)
Ow!

Penumbra starts to tap her finger on the side of the cup.

It makes a loud, metallic clank.

She is wearing a ring identical to that of Bill Weaver's
killer, and the one in the box.

She slowly takes it off and then slams it on the table. The
guys all notice.

PENUMBRA

You like my ring of death?

STEVE

I don't know, take off your panties
and show us.

She starts to laugh to herself.

PENUMBRA

Anna, my dear, I always told you I
would go out with a-

BANG! Two shotgun blast roar from underneath the table.

She laughs even harder now.

Trying to avoid the blast, the guys scatter.

They guys open fire, riddling her with bullets.

She falls back in her chair, hitting the floor.

Anna is hit as well and falls to the ground, unconscious.

As she's coughing up blood, Penumbra still manages to keep a
smile, and a hint of laughter.

She pulls a timer with a red button out of her pocket.

The digital read starts to countdown from the two minute
mark.

The guys bolt for the door.

LED

Wait! We have to take her back,
she's still alive.

She coughs up some blood.

STEVE

Alive-ish.

One more sound of blood curdling is heard as Penumbra exhales
her last breath.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Not even alive. We're outta here.

CONRAD

Hang on!

He grabs Anna and flings her over his shoulder.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
We're not leaving here emptyhanded.

EXT. COLOMBIAN JUNGLE - 2:30AM

As soon as they reach the outside, they are blinded by a field of flood lights.

It's a trap.

They dive for cover anywhere they can.

Enemy bullets rain down on them.

Led yells to anyone within earshot.

LED
Take out the flood lights!

Without skipping a beat, Art takes aim and shatters the flood lights.

Wade calls in from his radio.

WADE
(Into radio) Chopper, come in!
Bill, come in! If you can hear me,
pick us up in the village ... NOW,
NOW, NOW! Wade, out!

With the flood lights now out of commission, the guys battle the enemy until the helicopter arrives

The helicopter arrives and makes a quick, rough landing.

Led looks back and sees Conrad carrying Anna over his shoulder.

The chopper is approaching the landing spot.

Laying down a hailstorm of bullets, the guys manage to dive onto the chopper.

LED
Wait for Conrad!

Led signals for him to hurry up.

Conrad makes his way to the chopper, tosses Anna on, and then safely boards.

As the chopper takes off, Penumbra's house erupts. The force of the explosion blows all sorts of debris towards the chopper and practically forces it off the ground.

INT. CHOPPER - A FEW MINUTES LATER.

The guys are all settled, enjoying an after mission beer.

Anna is unconscious and tied up.

Led addresses the group.

LED

You guys did great out there. Our extraction was compromised, but we still came out ahead, and we're all going back home.

Anna starts to come to, but none of the guys notice. Slipping a knife out of her sleeve, she cuts the rope tying her hands.

LED (CONT'D)

Let's cheers to another successful mission.

As they gather to clink bottles together, Anna jumps up, grabs Conrad from behind, and holds her knife to his neck.

Without missing a beat, the guys drop their drinks, pull their weapons, and aim them at Anna.

ANNA

You guys are good, but not that good. You think this bumpy chopper is going to let you get off a clean shot?

LED

You better believe it, sister. Now, let him go!

ANNA

This works both ways. Toss me over a parachute.

LED

Not a chance, lady.

ANNA

Toss the parachute, or I toss this guy.

Led begrudgingly grabs a parachute and forcefully throws it at Anna, hoping to catch her off guard. It doesn't work, as she catches it without flinching. She manages to strap it on. While doing so, Conrad maneuvers around her knife. Led wastes no time putting a bullet in her chest, forcing her to fall out of the chopper, but not before she grabs Conrad and takes him out with her.

LED

NO!!!

Led is about to jump out after his brother, but the other guys have to hold him back.

As Led stares out of the chopper, we ...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANGUS'S OFFICE - PRESENT DAY

Led just stands there, numb with emotion.

LED

And that's how the mission went down. We lost a good man ... my best man.

STEVE

And probably a good woman.

LED

After that, I went dark. Didn't see any of these guys until Bill's funeral.

WADE

Wow! Powerful stuff, people ... powerful stuff.

ANGUS

So, what's the deal with this ring? Are they floating around all over the place, or is this like your cartel graduation ring?

LOU

Until now, we haven't seen a ring like that in 20 years.

LED
 (TO ANGUS) So, you have no
 idea why Bill gave you
 this ring?

ANGUS
 It's foreign to me.

Led lets out a slight grunt.

LOU
 I know that grunt.

LED
 We've been compromised, fellas.
 Twenty years of being ghosts, but
 it's obvious that someone from that
 cartel got a hold of our identities
 and is seeking a little revenge.

BUCKSHOT
 You're not thinking of? ... I
 mean, come on now.

LED
 Well, it's not like the police here
 are gonna fly to Colombia.

BUCKSHOT
 Exactly, and neither should we.

STEVE
 Yeah, I can't go back there.
 There's probably five, half tan, 20
 year old kids there looking for
 their white daddy. Nah, I'm
 staying put right here, fellas.

LED
 Hey, buck up!

Buck rises to attention.

BUCK
 Sir!

LED
 No, man up, gentleman. I'm gonna
 lay it all out there fellas. We're
 not gettin any younger.
 (MORE)

LED (CONT'D)

I have hearing issues, a slight case of vertigo, twitching joints, which might be MS, but I don't have insurance, so I have no idea. What I do know is, is that I'm heading back there! All those in favor, follow me out the door, and back into the shit. (He takes a deep nostril breath) You smell that? That's the jungle that never left. That's the world we know.

Led marches out, leaving the other guys there.

ART

(uplifted)

He's so dramatic ... "the world we know" ... It's like a Disneyland commercial. Count me in.

STEVE

I can't let you go over there alone. You'll get your ass shot off, and I know there are plenty of guys here that would hate to see that happen.

ART

Excuse me?

STEVE

I meant in the city, not this room. Besides, I already know that Lou's in.

LOU

No, no, no-

STEVE

Please, like you haven't had a getaway bag packed since you uttered the words, "I do" twenty years ago.

With that, Steve walks out the door.

Lou just puts his head down, slowly turns, and moseys on out the door.

ART

Come on, Buck, you need this.

BUCKSHOT

You're crazy for doing this, you know?

ART

I know, and you can evaluate all of us on the flight over. Let us exeunt. We've got a death to avenge.

Art flurries out the door.

The others just stand there.

BEAT.

Art comes back in.

ART (CONT'D)

It means exit, gentlemen ... let us exit.

With that understanding, they exeunt.

BEAT.

Art comes sauntering back in.

Angus just sits at his desk.

ART (CONT'D)

Angus, my new buddy. Surely, you didn't think-

ANGUS

I'm not going.

ART

Perfect.

For the final time, Art struts out of the office.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - A COUPLE MINUTES LATER.

The guys are walking through the lobby with a swagger they haven't had in about twenty years.

ART

God, this feels fantastic. Who's up for some froyo?

All of a sudden, a hailstorm of bullets shatter the glass in the lobby. The guys hit the deck.

Tires can be heard screeching from the outside as a car roars away from the building.

The guys make a mad dash to Led's car.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Trying their damndest to imitate the Dukes of Hazzard, the guys head to Led's minivan which is parked at the meter right out front. They slide across the hood to varying degrees of "success."

The guys all anxiously stand there as Led fidgets around to find his keys.

STEVE

Any day now, old timer.

LED

The keys have a - ah, okay, got 'em.

He hits a button and the minivan makes a Chirp-Chirp sound. The side door slowly slides open.

Lou pushes the door to hurry it along

LED (CONT'D)

Don't push it, don't push it, just let it get there.

The guys haul ass into the minivan.

LOU

Seatbelts!

The chase begins.

The guys are desperately trying to catch up to the other car.

Weaving in and out of traffic, and fish-tailing around corners, Led clearly hasn't lost some of his hot shot moves.

Art's so into it, he takes off his shirt and throws it out the sunroof.

WADE
(INTO HEADSET) Folks, I
don't know how to
describe what's
happening, but chaos has
ensued.

The guys are still playing catch-up to the shooter.

Getting caught up in a little bit of traffic, they make full use of the sidewalk. As they honk the horn, bystanders jump out of the way.

The guys have caught up to the shooter.

Led is right on his bumper.

The passenger in the shooters' car leans out the window, and fires at the minivan.

With some crafty dodging, the guys and the van are unscathed.

The guys finally get clear of the traffic, and are flying down a partially empty street. Led gets close enough to hit the back quarter panel of the shooters' car.

It skids out of control, and flips over a couple of times, finally resting on it's back.

The guys climb out of the minivan and head over to the wreckage.

Art notices gas leaking out of the tank as it slowly drips towards the small fire building up inside the car.

ART
He's gonna blow, fellas.

Buckshot heads over to the driver and checks for a pulse.

BUCKSHOT
He's not breathing.

Lou makes his way to the passenger.

LOU
We've got a live one here.

Lou struggles to pull him out of the car.

He quickly grabs his lower back.

LOU (CONT'D)
Water! We need some water here.

As Steve hands him a flask, Lou pulls out a pill bottle, tosses one in his mouth, and uses the flask to wash it down.

He takes a moment to catch his breathe.

STEVE

What the hell are you doing?

LOU

It's my back ... random spasms.

STEVE

Oh my God. Move outta the way.

Steve brushes him aside, and drags the passenger out.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Ow! Ow! Ow! Trick knee ... Trick knee.

Buckshot intervenes, and finishes dragging the guy out of harms way.

BOOM! The car explodes, sending everyone to the ground.

Led immediately gets up, grabs the gunman by the neck, and gets right in his face.

LED

Why are you trying to kill us? Who sent you?

The bad guy coughs up some blood while managing a slight smirk.

BAD GUY

(holding up his hand to reveal his cartel ring) Doblecara.

The guys coughs up some more blood and then dies.

Led grabs the guys wallet and checks his I.D. He struggles to read it.

He's squinting, while searching his pockets.

LED

You fellas have any specs?

The other guys are very much aware of the cops, with guns drawn, surrounding them ... Led is oblivious to this.

BUCKSHOT

Ummm, boss?

LED

Yeah?

He turns around and sees a cop in his mid-fifties right in his grill. Without breaking stride, Led takes off the cop's glasses and puts them on.

LED (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Led carefully reads the ID as everyone else just awkwardly stands there. He finishes, takes the glasses off, and puts them back on the cop.

He finally notices the gaggle of cops ... that doesn't faze him one bit.

LED (CONT'D)

(To cops) Good work, fellas, but we'll take it from here.

On that note, we CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - AN HOUR OR SO LATER.

It's a typical police holding cell ... Dingy, dirty, a little damp, and customized with one small, once-white-now-yellow porcelain toilet bowl. There's a set of bunk beds, and a bench, both of which are screwed to the floor/wall.

Some of the guys are standing, some are sitting.

Steve is pacing.

Some funky looking bug (maybe a potato bug) scurries by him.

Steve swats it away with his foot.

GUARD

What's the matter, afraid of some bugs?

STEVE

Please! Like this cell is supposed to scare me? I've got nastier looking rodents on my crotch.

All goes silent as Rango walks up to the cell. He's about twenty years older than Led, gritty, chizzed, and tough as nails.

LED
Son of a bitch. You're still
kickin?'

RANGO
And screamin.'

ART
I'm sorry, should we know this guy?

LED
You don't have to, but I grew up
calling him 'Dad.'

STEVE
Jesus, this is your father?

RANGO
The name's Rango, but you can call
me, Sir.

LED
Don't ask him what he does. If he
tells you, he'll have to kill you.

ART
Always a flare for the dramatic.

LED
No, I'm serious.

ART
Oh ... Well then, did you post our
bail?

RANGO
Did you just eyeball me?

ART
I don't ... I don't even know what
that is.

RANGO
'Cause it looked like you eyeballed
me.

ART
Ew.

RANGO
Next time you stare me down, I want
you to remember something ...

(MORE)

RANGO (CONT'D)

I once played Roshambo with James Coburn and Kris Kristofferson wearing nothing but tighty-whiteys and a pair of boots. You think about that the next time your balls-

LED

-eyeballs

RANGO

- eyeballs wonder in my direction.

ART

Ummm ... okay.

LED

(ASIDE TO ART) He's still got some issues that need sorting out. (TO RANGO) You spring us from this joing, or what?

RANGO

It wasn't much. Frankly, these guys just want you outta here. You're making the joint smell like Ben-Gay and asparagus piss.

LED

Good to see you too, dad.

STEVE

(EXAMINING RANGO) My God, you're like a shrine of wrinkles. You were probably born old and chomping on a cigar.

RANGO

There was chomping, but it wasn't a cigar. I was biting off my own umbilical cord. No woman can keep me tied down.

ART

Wow, that's ... that's a whole lotta wow. I am impressed and vomitous.

The holding cell doors open.

RANGO

Let's go, gents. Grab your walkers. We've got work to do.

The guys start walking out of the cell.

LED
How'd you find us?

RANGO
I always keep track of my sons.
Make sure you don't get into any
trouble.

STEVE
Kinda dropped the ball with ol'
Conrad there, didn't ya?

The guys all give Steve the "are you kidding me" look.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Oh come on! We're in jail for
Christ's sake!

RANGO
Which is where I can leave you.

STEVE
(To himself) Why break precedents
now?

INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - DAY - A COUPLE HOURS LATER.

The guys are seated around a table, with Rango standing at
the head.

Set up around the table are corkboards with random photos of
some bad looking dudes. There are a couple of flat screens
with map-like images on them.

LED
(To Rango) You mind filling us in
on why we're here?

From his pocket, Rango pulls out the ID from the bad guy, as
well as his ring.

RANGO
I have a feeling you know what this
means?

STEVE
What'd you do, stroll through the
evidence locker on your way out?

RANGO
Paid a visit to the coroner too.
Cops have a price.

STEVE

I can think of 49 other states where they don't. Believe me, I'm speaking from experience.

RANGO

(Ignoring Steve) This ring is the signet ring of the cartel. It only belongs to the higher ups. We thought you had wiped them all out years ago.

LOU

Try decades ago.

RANGO

Turns out these guys have come back with a vengeance, and they've brought some friends with them. They've partnered up with some middle eastern terrorists, and it's not just drugs they're selling.

STEVE

Prostitutes?

ART

Pornography?

BUCKSHOT

You said drugs?

LOU

Weapons?

BUCKSHOT

But they're still selling drugs, right?

RANGO

2 out of 4 ain't bad.

ART

It's 50 percent.

RANGO

It's passing.

ART

It's failing.

STEVE

Well which 2 is it? The broads and the blow?

RANGO

As far as we can tell, they're putting together some heavy duty chemical weapons. Our satellites can't get a clear picture because the fellas were looking at have pitched a pretty powerful tent.

STEVE

Hehe.

RANGO

But the chem readings are off the chart. Led, I need you and your men to remember all your old intel on the cartel. Their tactics, maneuvers, anything you can recall.

Led is looking a little bit floored.

LED

You're serious? All our intel? From 20 years ago? Intel we bled and lost a man for?

RANGO

Intel I lost a son for, so spill it.

LED

I hate to break it to you, but I have to write myself a note just to remember to pick up the pills that are supposed to help me remember shit.

ART

Oh, what's the name of the pill? I'm finding myself in a little bit of a memory slip every now and then.

LED

I don't know. I keep forgetting to write the note. I've got like a years supply stocked away at some pharmacy that I can't even remember.

ART

Call your doctor.

LED

No idea what his name is.

BUCKSHOT

Call your insurance.

LED

Don't know if I still have any.
Look, here's the straight shot.
I'll give you what we can pull
together, but we're not resting til
the cartel is a thing of the past.

RANGO

Like your memory?

LED

What? What are you talking about?

Rango surveys Led's guys around the table. They're fidgeting with the high tech equipment ... Basically, they just discovered fire, while Buckshot is stealing the batteries off of every remote.

RANGO

(To Led) Let's talk outside.

Led looks around the open hangar.

LED

I didn't know we were inside.

Rango pulls out two cigars, puts them both in his mouth, lights them, and hands one to Led. He then leads Led about fifty feet away to a more secluded area.

EXT. SECLUDED AREA OF HANGAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Led and Rango are chomping away on their cigars as only these stone-cold soldiers can do. Led is a little out of practice though, and is making a complete mess of the cigar in his mouth ... picture a baby's first encounter with chocolate pudding.

Rango keeps looking at the ground.

LED

Why do I get the feeling you're not
telling me something?

RANGO

Why do I get that same feeling from
you?

LED
I'm going back, pop.

RANGO
I know you are, and I can only do so much. You're off the books for this one. Something goes wrong there, you're stuck there. I can't lose two sons to the same jungle.

LED
And I can't lose my men to some goon squad that we thought we eliminated twenty years ago.

Rango gives Led a hug.

RANGO
I missed you, son ... Make me proud, like you always have.

LED
Sorry, the cigar must've made me light-headed. What'd you say?

RANGO
You heard me. You just forgot because you haven't picked up your pills in over a year.

T.L.
What pills?

Rango pats T.L. on the back and walks away, leaving him there with a face full of cigar bits.

As Rango walks away, he looks back.

RANGO
Hey, call me when your back.

As Led spits out his cigar bits, we CUT TO:

INT. THE GUYS USUAL RESTAURANT - AN HOUR OR SO LATER.

The guys are gathered around a table, appetizers and beer are scattered about.

BUCKSHOT
So, that's how we're treated? We get shot at, thrown in jail, and now we're gonna go broke funding this little excursion on or own..

LED

Not to mention we were in jail too.

STEVE

Dude, take your meds.

ART

This is bullshit! I mean the bull was let through the fence, followed us to this restaurant, shat all over our table, and now he's humping our leg for an encore.

LED

Let's think about this for a minute. There's something we're missing ... something right in front of us. Let's evaluate the situation. We've got the cartel reemerging.

LOU

The ring.

ART

The terrorists.

LED

The ring

STEVE

This strange Angus guy

LOU

It makes sense, but at the same time it doesn't make any sense.

LED

Not to mention, the Angus guy - Holy crap.

He's got a look of disgust on his face.

BUCKSHOT

What is it?

LED

Holy Crap!

ART

Come on, don't leave us hung.

The guys turn to stare at Art.

ART (CONT'D)
(Taking it in) Hanging? Is it
hanging? I get flustered
sometimes.

LED
Aw crap, I lost it.

BUCKSHOT
Come on!

LED
Nope, I got it back. Phew! Man, I
really gotta take my pills.
Fellas, I gotta go.

With that, Led marches out.

ART
I can't believe he left us hunging
like that.

STEVE
Didn't even throw in for the
check..

Led quickly comes back in and lays some cash on the table.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Look who just took his pills.

LED
What pills?

And like that, Led is gone.

Beat.

STEVE
Seriously, no one tried to stop
him?

Steve casually grabs Led's money and puts it in his pocket.

STEVE (CONT'D)
You people disgust me.

INT. LED'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Lots of floral print and pink surround the living room. Led
clearly isn't the decorator of the house.

Led is fidgeting with an iphone.

LED
Sweetie, what's the gal's name who
does the phone?

DOREEN (O.S.)
Siri.

LED
(Into phone) Siri, call Rango.

SIRI
Finding Rango. Rango: An animated
film featuring the voices of-

LED
-No, Siri, CALL JOHN RANGO!

SIRI
John Rambo: A fictional character-

Led tosses the phone on the floor, and walks over to the rotary next to the hideous looking couch that's a flower away from being grandmas plastic wrapped couch.

He dials, but Rango's phone just rings and rings. Frustrated, he hangs up.

Doreen, Led's much younger, hot wife walks in. Yeah, he married up.

She's carrying a small, white fru-fru dog.

DOREEN
Everything okay, sweetie?

LED
Yeah, yeah, just hate that stupid
computer phone of yours. Jesus,
you didn't get a dog did you?

DOREEN
No, we're watching it for the
Rumsfield's while they sort some
things out. Her name is Queenie.

LED
Mark and Bonnie don't have a dog.

DOREEN
I know. I guess they were taking
care of it for Walter while he's
out of town. Mark was really
vague.

LED

I don't have time for little Queenie. See if Arthur can take care of her.

DOREEN

Don't be silly. Besides, Arthur's in the hospital. I'll take care of her. You go about your business.

LED

I'm confused. Whatever, just make sure it craps on someone else's lawn.

Led finally gets through to Rango.

LED (CONT'D)

(Into phone) Pop, it's me ... I've got this strange feeling in my gut, and I sure as hell hope I'm wrong.

We can't hear what Rango is saying, but clearly it's important by the way Led is carefully listening.

A deflated look comes across his face.

Without saying a word, he slams down the receiver.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Led's minivan is speeding down the street.

INT. LED'S MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

Led is fidgeting with his bluetooth and talking to himself.

LED

How do you turn the damn thing on?
Is it on? Well what goddamn ear is
it supposed to go in?!

Frustrated, he tosses the damn thing out the window.

He picks up the iphone and stares at it for a few seconds.

LED (CONT'D)
Where the hell's the number screen?

EXT. CITY STREETS - PAY PHONE BOOTH - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Led finally found a form of technology he can operate.

He just finished dialing ...

LED
(Into phone) Hey, it's me. Round everyone up, and meet me at the garage.

He hangs up.

INT. GARAGE - AN HOUR OR SO LATER.

There's a lot of metal in this garage, no doubt the subject of many hours of dude sweat. There's a bunch of car parts lying around, bar stools, a jukebox, a barber shop type chair sitting next to a tattoo gun, etc. It's basically a rundown man cave. The fellas are all there, scattered about.

LED
I'll cut right through the crap.
We're heading out tonight.

The guys are just quiet, staring at Led

BEAT.

LED (CONT'D)
Who can even hear me?

STEVE
I can hear you, I just wasn't listening. I'm soaking this place in.

BUCKSHOT
I can't believe you held onto this place.

LED
It was my pop's garage ... it's a family heirloom.

ART

We used to hang out here all the time when we were younger and you were ... you.

Art looks around.

ART (CONT'D)

Look at all this metal ... all these car parts. Not once did we build anything.

Art picks up a tattoo gun.

ART (CONT'D)

A tattoo gun ... none of us even have tattoos.

Rango appears from the back of the garage.

RANGO

Sack up, ladies!

The guys are startled, and quickly turn to attention.

RANGO (CONT'D)

You're going back into the jungle and you're gonna get knee deep in the shit that gives you nightmares to this day. Now who's ready for one last round of ass-kickin'?!

PAUSE.

RANGO (CONT'D)

This isn't government funded, and it's my due diligence to tell you not to go, but I can't stop you from going, if you know what I mean?

ART

No, we're going, we're just "not going." (He gives Rango a wink and a nod.)

BUCKSHOT

So, we're not going, but we're going?

ART

Once more *not* unto the breach, dear friends.

The guys just casually nod.

LOU
Yeah, that works.

BUCKSHOT
Sure.

RANGO
Now you do what you have to do out there, but you all are coming back alive, is that clear?

LOU
You heard the man! We be comin' back home alive.

LED
Now, how we get there is gonna be a little bit of a hitch.

RANGO
Your flight to Panama is covered. Your flyboy once you get there however ...

STEVE
Not a problem. I know a guy ... he's great. Flies me outta the country whenever something comes up ... taxes ... paternity suits .. You get the idea. He's an ass, grass, or cash type of guy, so it looks like Art's gettin' the best deal here.

LED
Thanks, but no thanks. I think we know who the man for the job is.

LOU
Oh no.

ART
Please no.

LOU
You promised us never again.

BUCKSHOT
You wouldn't do that to us, right?

LED
Fellas, he's our only option.

STEVE

Christ, I'd rather be on a plane
with Travolta.

ART

Oh, me too.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY - A FEW DAYS LATER.

TITLE CARD READS: PANAMA CITY AIRPORT

The guys, carrying duffle bags, are walking out the front of the airport. Some are dressed for a round of serious ass-kicking (Led and Lou), while the others are dressed for a Hawaiian vacation. There's no in-between.

An old VW van pulls up to the curb. The smoke coming from the exhaust of the van is equal to the smoke coming out of the windows.

Tornado, a very weathered hippy in his 50's sits behind the wheel.

STEVE

Aw fuck.

Beat.

Tornado gets out of his van and greets the guys.

TORNADO

Oh man, you guys haven't aged a day
since we Skyped 24 hours ago. Come
on, toss your things in the back.

INT. TORNADO'S VAN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The guys are all uncomfortably seated as Tornado is driving. Despite no one smoking, there's a faint cloud of smoke coming from the front of the van.

LED

Is your engine on fire?

TORNADO

No, no, no, I just keep some coca leaves slightly burning in the ashtray and inhale when I get a little sleepy.

He takes a deep breath.

TORNADO (CONT'D)

Go on, man, fill your air sacks.

LED

We'll pass.

Steve breathes for dear life.

CUT TO:

EXT. TORNADO'S HOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER.

The house is very simple. No real yard, no driveway, just a lot of dirt, some poor carpentry, a crappy roof, some chickens running around the hung up laundry, etc.

The van pulls up, and the guys get out. They're extremely hyper.

ART

My God, I could run a mile. We should run a mile. Who wants to go for a jog?

STEVE

We should buy a boat!

LOU

Oh I hear ya ... joggy time, buy a boat, and then a little swimmy-swim.

The guys are each doing some form of rapid fire calisthenics. Steve is actually trying to lift the van by the rear bumper.

TORNADO

Come on in, guys, I gotta friend staying with me I want you to meet. Play nice though. He's a little short tempered, and, well, short.

CUT TO:

INT. TORNADO'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - ABOUT A MINUTE LATER.

The interior is exactly what you'd expect from a guy named Tornado. It's messy and poorly furnished.

The guys take a quick opportunity to soak it in.

TORNADO

Mi casa es mi casa, but you guys
are welcome to it.

STEVE

The last time we were in a place
like this, we needed bail money to
get out.

In walks an angry, tough looking little man named Lache'. If Al Pacino and Hervé Villechaize crossed DNA, this is probably what you would get.

TORNADO

Fellas, this is Lache', and he's
gonna save your asses.

LED

No offense, but I watch my own ass.

ART

And I help.

LACHE'

Where you're going, you're gonna
need something a little more
powerful than a Saturday night
special.

Lache' walks over to the trunk in the middle of the living room, and opens it up to reveal a small armory.

LACHE' (CONT'D)

This is what's gonna get you back
home with all your sausage fingers
and toes.

LOU

We're not that plump.

LACHE'

Uh huh, and I'm not that short.
The weapons are yours. The
chopper, well that comes with a
price.

LED

It's not all inclusive?

LACHE'

Would you like turndown service in the morning as well? How 'bout a handjob?

ART

Hm?

LACHE'

This is Panama. Anyone here can fart a bullet. You want gasoline though? Time to pony-up, grandpa. You guys need me to explain any of these weapons to you?

STEVE

Only the ones that are bigger than you.

Lache' walks right up to Steve.

LACHE'

If it wasn't so stereotypical, I'd punch you right in the nuts.

STEVE

Like you can reach them.

Lou quickly separates the two.

LOU

Easy, easy. All on the same team here. Use that anger on the battlefield, or outside in the mud, with a hose.

LACHE'

Chopper leaves at 0400 tomorrow. I suggest you get a good night's sleep.

LOU

After dinner though.

LACHE'

Fine, however you want to do it.

WADE

What about dessert? We can have dessert, right?

LACHE'

Morons, I'm not your mother. Stay
up all night if you want, I don't
care. Just be ready by 0400 ...
Jesus.

TORNADO

You heard the man, fellas. I'm
crashing out early. Sleep loose.

EXT. TORNADO'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

TITLE CARD READS: 3AM.

INT. TORNADO'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Led, dressed in full combat gear, stands in the living room,
watching the guys who are sound asleep on the floor.

LED

Wake up!

The guys don't budge.

LED (CONT'D)

You have one hour to get ready.

Still nothing.

LED (CONT'D)

You have one hour to get ready and
only one bathroom to do it in.

STEVE

I went outside.

BUCKSHOT

Kitchen window.

LOU

Kitchen sink.

ART

Bathroom window.

LED

There is a toilet, fellas.

Wade walks in from the front door wearing his headset and carrying a roll of toilet paper.

WADE

Not when your in the jungle. (INTO HEADSET) It's ShadyWade comin' at ya' from the jungle, folks, that's right, the jungle. This is guerilla broadcasting at it's finest, so stay tuned. (BREAKS AWAY FROM HEADSET) Let's go, guys, suit up.

INT. TORNADO'S HOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

A montage of the guys putting on their gear, loading up the weapons, sharpening their knives, throwing on a little face paint, etc.

Their combat gear doesn't fit the way it once did, so there's some struggling when it comes to putting it on.

We end the montage with Art putting on some chap stick. Before he puts it back in his pocket, he takes a big whiff of it.

ART

I love the smell of lip balm in the morning.

EXT. SKYLINE - EARLY MORNING - LATER.

The sun is just starting to come up. The sky is quiet, except for the beat-up chopper carrying the guys. Someone might as well have thrown a propeller on top of Tornado's van.

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS

The guys are strapped in, and each have their headphones on to communicate over the loud sounds of the chopper.

Tornado is the pilot.

TORNADO

Thirty minutes to the drop zone.
Check your chutes.

STEVE

We're not jumping, you dumbass.

TORNADO

What?

LED

You're landing this shitbox in the
jungle.

TORNADO

No jumping?

LED

No parachutes.

TORNADO

Glad we cleared that one up. I was
gonna open the side hatch and roll
you guys outta this bitch.

EXT. JUNGLE - MORNING - LATER

The chopper is coming down for a landing.

INT. CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

As the guys are about to make their way out, Tornado stops
them.

TORNADO

Full disclosure, guys, because I'll
probably never see you again.

LOU

Thanks for the confidence.

TORNADO

No, it's the chopper ... It'll
probably crash on the way back.
I'll be able to find my way home,
but you guys'll be trapped,
captured, tortured, and eventually
killed.

(MORE)

TORNADO (CONT'D)

But, hey, if that happens, and you're feeling down, just remember the title of my favorite Asian porno flick; Chin Up.

LOU

That's your full disclosure?

TORNADO

No, no. Steve, I slept with your wife about 20 years ago.

STEVE

Never had one.

TORNADO

Huh. Led?

LED

Proud bachelor, my friend.

STEVE

No, you have a wife.

LED

What? (Thinks about it for a moment) Yep, that's right, wife, 2 kids.

STEVE

No kids.

LED

But no kids though.

STEVE

Don't worry, Tornado, 20 years ago his wife was like 10.

Beat.

TORNADO

Led, there's a very good chance-

Art slaps Tornado.

ART

You son of a bitch! 20 years ago my wife had a "whirlwind affair" as she put it. "Blew her off her feet" she told me. I never put it together until now.

LOU
You had a wife?

BUCK
Like a wife-wife?

ART
Full disclosure ... I was briefly married back in the day. I didn't tell you guys because the whole marriage didn't really suit me.

STEVE
(Under his breath) On account of the whole vagina thing?

ART
But the ceremony was quick, she got her citizenship, and I got to have a beard for a while.

STEVE
Come again?

ART
Oh, I grew a beard during that period. It was a dark time. I was exploring with all sorts of facial hair. I modeled my facial coif off of two of my favorite innovators, and even used their last names as my nom-de-plum, if you will. Mercury Holmes they called me down at the bar. But I digress, gentleman. Tally ho with the mission.

In a mad charge, the guys sprint like there's no tomorrow. It's a very short-winded sprint, and it's also where we opened this movie.

LOU
Okay, what we need is some Diet Coke and a new plan.

EXT. JUNGLE - MORNING - A HALF HOUR OR SO LATER.

The guys have regained their composure as they reach a stopping point.

Led pulls out a map and takes a quick glance.

LED
Take a knee, fellas.

No one moves.

Beat.

LOU
Not sure my knees are capable of
that right now.

The guys universally mumble about how rickety their knees are, and how standing is probably the best option.

Art, however, straps on a pair of knee pads and gracefully takes a knee. Hell, he takes two knees.

The guys stare at Art.

ART
I've got elbow pads too if anyone
wants to share.

They ignore him.

Led removes his sidearm and hands it to Lou.

LOU
You sure about this?

Led then hands over his knife and ankle gun as well.

LED
Never been more sure about anything
in my life. You know the plan.

Taking in a deep breath, holding his head high and giving the guys a "we're gonna kick some ass" nod, he starts walking towards the village.

A few seconds later he comes walking back to Lou.

LED (CONT'D)
Maybe just the knife ... I'll take
the knife -- no, I'll take the gun,
the small one -- no, the knife.
No, damnit, stick to the plan.
Refresh my memory, what's the plan
again? Nope, I got it, nevermind.

With that, he resumes his walk.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY - ABOUT A TWENTY MINUTES LATER.

Led makes his way right into the heart of the village with his fingers laced behind his head.

Armed men come from all corners to surround him. They've been expecting him.

Led knows the drill, and struggles to get on his knees.

LED

(To himself) Christ, I shoulda borrowed the knee pads.

Surrounded, the group of men in front of him move aside. One guy hits Led in the back of the head with the butt of his rifle, and he falls face first to the ground.

As he lays there, groggy, he looks up to see an ominous figure ask him:

OMINOUS FIGURE

Where's the rest of your team?

Led squints to see the man's face.

LED

Well I'll be damned.

OMINOUS FIGURE

In a few minutes you will be.

This time Led is hit square in the face with another rifle butt.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER.

The rest of Led's guys are on the move in the jungle. They're jogging along at a brisk pace.

ART

(Singing the Golden Girls themse under his breath) Thank you for being a friend, traveling down this road and back again. You're heart is true, you're a pal and a confidant.

Buckshot immediately puts out his arm to stop the group.

BUCKSHOT

Stop! Everyone, stop!

He tries to bend down to look at something, but he's not having much luck.

BUCKSHOT (CONT'D)

Art, get over here and take a look at this.

Art practically slides over on his knee pads.

ART

Oh fellas, what we got here is a good ol' fashioned tripwire. Watch your step.

Art pulls out a knife and gently cuts the wire.

BUCKSHOT

Hold up. I've got an idea. Take a knee, guys.

They all give Buckshot the "anything but a knee" look.

BUCKSHOT (CONT'D)

Just take five, guys.

They all sigh in relief.

INT. EMPTY ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The room is cold, dark, and empty, except for Led, who is strapped to a chair, and a single light bulb hanging above him.

Footsteps are heard approaching him as a splash of water is thrown in his face.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)

Where are the others?

LED

Do I look like the type of guy that has friends?

From out of the darkness, a man walks into the light. It's Conrad.

Led amusingly smirks.

LED (CONT'D)
I figured you out, little brother.

CONRAD
(Amused) How long have you known?

LED
Known what?

CONRAD
Nice memory. Let's cut the crap.
Where's the rest of your team?

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

The guys are in the process of setting up what looks to be a pretty un-technical type of contraption. We're not really sure what it is because we don't get a spot-on look at it, but the guys are pleased with their handiwork.

LOU
Perfect.

STEVE
It's like the MacGyver inside me
wants to grow a mullet and hump
some tree bark.

ART
I'd love to have some MacGyver
inside me.

BUCKSHOT
We're about ten minutes from go-
time, fellas.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. DARK ROOM

Conrad slaps Led right across the face, causing his nose to bleed.

LED
You slap worse than Art.

Conrad gets a good laugh out of that.

CONRAD

Look at you, always protecting your men ... You really are a "no man left behind" type of guy, except, you know, for me.

Anna comes out of the dark and walks up to Conrad.

ANNA

You remember Anna?

LED

Please, I can't even remember to remember things. I'd forget my own name if it wasn't stenciled on my bracelet.

Led looks at the bracelet on his right wrist.

LED (CONT'D)

God damnit, and now I just remembered I have diabetes.

CONRAD

Surely you remember the young girl from the kitchen? The one I carried to safety? She remembers the bullet you put in her chest.

(Insert some flashback scenes from that take-down).

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Did you ever ask yourself why it seemed so easy that day?

LED

Nothin' easy about killing.

CONRAD

You see, big brother, you sent me into that villa three times to check up on your intel ... I was your lapdog, always fetching wherever you would throw the ball. After meeting Anna on one of those intel missions, I was introduced to a world where I wasn't someone's little brother. I supplied them with information about when and where we would strike. In exchange, they looked up to me ... respected me. That day on the helicopter, you had every chance to save me when I fell over.

(MORE)

CONRAD (CONT'D)

A full chopper of parachutes, and no one decided to throw one on and attempt to rescue me. Anna did though. I was deserted by my friends, my country, and my own brother.

Anna cozies up to Conrad.

ANNA

He saved my life, and I saved his.

She runs her fingers through his hair.

CONRAD

The hair, the hair, watch the hair.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Steve is attempting to climb a tree, but it's proving more difficult than expected. He slides back down and kicks it.

LOU

Two minutes ago you wanted to hump it, and now you're kicking it?

STEVE

Oh I'm sorry, do you want Art to get up there and do my dirty work?

BUCKSHOT

Okay guys, focus. You all know the plan. Let's do this.

INT. DARK ROOM

We're picking up where we left Led, Conrad, and Anna.

LED

So you hate your country so much that you sold out to a bunch of terrorists hell bent on destroying it? And then what, kill us as a side project?

CONRAD

This is my country. These are my people.

(MORE)

CONRAD (CONT'D)

The United States doesn't concern me anymore. I served my country-

ANNA

-Your old country.

CONRAD

My old country and got nothing in return. But in this country-

ANNA

-Your country.

CONRAD

My country, I have money, and all the power I want. What else do I need?

ANNA

Me ... you have me too, so money, power, and me. That's -- that's all you need, right?

CONRAD

Oh, of course, sweetie.

He pulls her in for a quick kiss, then gives Led a, "nah, she's more of an ornament" type of look.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Now, where was I? I've had my revenge against the U.S., or at least I will after I meet up with my buyer. After that was plotted out, I realized it was time to exact something a little more personal. I knew killing Bill would be the first step in getting you guys to come back here. I'm guessing you guys are funding this little mission on your own? That means no one knows your here, and I'll be long gone before the government decides to send in a batch of newbies to hunt me down.

ANNA

Us down ... hunt us down.

CONRAD
Like I said.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Art is up in the tree staring at the compound through a set of binoculars.

Lou calls up to him.

LOU
Well?

ART
Hang on.

Art pulls out a twinkie and unwraps it. The guys prey upon him like vultures.

ART (CONT'D)
Stop it! Stop it! I have low
blood sugar.

He wastes no time devouring the twinkie, then gets back to looking through the binoculars.

ART (CONT'D)
Okay, we're good. Let 'er rip,
fellas.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Two armed guards are taking a smoke break when an explosion goes off in the forest.

INT. DARK ROOM

Conrad hears the explosion as the room is slightly rattled. A smile comes across his face.

CONRAD
Oops, looks like your guys found
one of my booby traps out there.

Led chuckles

LED
Booby traps ... only pussies use
that phrase.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Art is in the tree looking at the guys walking around.

ART
Watch your footing, guys. There
could be booby traps everywhere.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE -DAY

The guards on their smoke brake are now on alert. They call some other guards over and head to the sight of the explosion. Just then, another explosion erupts. More guards join them as they make their way to the detonation.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. DARK ROOM

The room rattles again from the second explosion.

CONRAD
Well, that may have done it. You
were probably right when you said
there isn't anyone else with you.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Four guards stay with the village and watch the other guards run into the smoke of the jungle. From the POV of the guards staying in the village, they watch their fellow guards disappear into the smoke.

Silence.

Scattered gunshots are heard, but the guards hold fast and try to see what they can through the scattered smoke. The gunshots stop.

Four shots are heard through the smoke, and one by one, the four guards are struck in the head and eliminated.

JUNGLE - DAY

Art, still in the tree, is positioned behind his rifle.

ART

Did you see that? That's so gross,
but I still got it.

LOU

Get down from there, we still got
work to do.

ART

I know, I know, I just want to
admire the handywork for a moment.

INT. DARK ROOM

CONRAD

You always underestimated me and
that's pretty much what opened
every door for me. Do you really
think your men have any fight left
in them?

LED

The fight never left those guys.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Art is struggling to get out of the tree as Wade and Lou try
to help him.

ART

My ass, my ass ... someone needs to
cradle my ass.

INT. DARK ROOM

CONRAD

I don't think it's registering to you that your men are either dead or captured. Either way, you're on your own here and I have no use for you.

Conrad draws his gun and points it at Led's head. Just then, the door to the room flies open and one of Conrad's goons pops in.

GOON

Boss, we're under attack ... I need to get you to safety.

WHACK! The goon is hit in the back of the head with a bullet. Blood splatters all over Led.

LED

Oh God, he's probably got so many diseases. Seems like maybe I've got a few friends who would like to say hello.

Conrad slaps Led across the face, smearing the spattered blood.

LED (CONT'D)

Oh, don't smear it.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

The guys are cautiously making their way into the village when they suddenly find themselves surrounded by a new batch of baddies armed to the teeth. Steve grins and gets ready for battle.

WADE

(INTO HEADSET) Folks, we're still remotely broadcasting from the jungle of Panama. I hope you can hear me, God knows KROT is paying an arm and a leg for this transmission. We're now officialy under attack, being surrounded by bad guys.

LOU

Hold your fire, fellas. If they wanted us dead, that would've happened. We're gonna play along with these guys for now.

WADE

(INTO HEADSET) Playing along, folks, and you can too at KROT.com. Just guess which member of our team will come back with the bloodiest injury and you can win a dinner for two at Smokey's, where the smoke never fades, but the lights do so everyone looks pretty at 2AM. I'm talkin' to you Tanya from Rancho Park who may or may not be pregnant with a little baby Wade.

INT. DARK ROOM

Conrad is standing in front of Led.

CONRAD

Still underestimating me.

He spits in Led's face.

LED

Seriously, man, are you trying to give me every type of bacterial disease you can think of?

Led's guys are shoved into the room.

CONRAD

Well lookey here.

Art reacts to the blood and saliva splattered on Led's face.

ART

Oh, did they do that to you?

LED

It's not mine.

ART

Ew, the bloodborne pathogens going through your system right now ... awful ...

(MORE)

ART (CONT'D)
and the saliva, it's practically
dripping onto your lower lip.

STEVE
What the hell is this? Conrad?

LOU
Not possible ... not possible!

WADE
(INTO HEADSET) Break out your bon-
bons people because we are in full-
on sudser mode.

CONRAD
Long time, fellas. Looks like they
outlawed gymnasiums in the U.S..
(TO ANNA) Get them out of here.

INT. MAKE-SHIFT HOLDING CELL - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Anna and some goons lead Led and the guys into a makeshift
holding cell that's basically a giant pit in the ground with
a wooden gate on top.

STEVE
Well, this sucks.

LOU
Situation be sucking.

The rattling of a helicopter is heard overhead.

LED
I know that rattle.

He's able to look through the top of the holding cell.

LED (CONT'D)
That's the stuff right there,
fellas. That's our boy, Tornado,
coming through.

STEVE
Please tell me it's not just him?
Please tell me it's not just him?

Art takes a glance.

ART
 Nope, he's got the little fella
 with him, Lache'

STEVE
 Please tell me it's not just them?
 Please tell me it's not just them?

BUCKSHOT
 What the ... ?

EXT. VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

Tornado lands the chopper smack-dab in the middle of the village.

INT. HOLDING CELL. - CONTINUOUS

STEVE
 So much for the sneak attack.

EXT. VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

The chopper is now on the ground, and Lache' walks out. He's immediately greeted and hugged by one of the guards. Tornado hops out of the chopper and heads over to the holding cell.

INT. HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

LED
 Son of a bitch ... I'm gonna kill
 him, I'm gonna kill him.

The guys watch Tornado twinkle toe his way to the cell. He's got that "just hear me out" look on his face. As he gets right up to the cell and leans down, Led grabs him and slams his face into the bars.

TORNADO
 Oww! Okay, okay, I probably had
 that coming.

LED
 Explain yourself, or I'm gonna grab
 your crotch and start ramming it
 into these bars.

ART
 And don't think I won't help.

TORNADO

Look, this was not my idea, okay?
It was the little guy. He
threatened to kill my family.

STEVE

You don't have a family.

TORNADO

It's Panama ... I've got like 20
kids and maybe another 5 I don't
even know about. Don't worry
though, I'm gonna try and get you
guys outta there.

LED

Why should we trust you?

TORNADO

Because you don't have any other
options.

Tornado hurries away from the cell and walks over to the
tent.

BUCKSHOT

It's sad that he's our only option.

A gunshot is heard from inside the tent.

EXT. TENT AREA - CONTINUOUS

Two goons carry Tornado's shot body out of the tent and just
toss him in the dirt.

INT. HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

STEVE

Guess we're outta options.

LED

Fellas, take a look at this cell.
It's rotted to the core. That
wooden gate just needs one kick and
it's as good as open ... you all
know how I love to kick.

LOU

Kick away, big man, kick away.

LED

Patience, guys ... Patience. This village is a disease, and I'll cure it one kick at a time.

EXT. VILLAGE - A FEW MINUTES LATER.

Conrad is walking out of the village with Anna by his side.

CONRAD

I've got to take care of a few things.

ANNA

Make me proud.

CONRAD

I always do.

ANNA

Except, you know, when you were part of a team that killed my mother and blew up her house, but that's in the past.

CONRAD

That's not me anymore, and I'm about to prove how much it's not me. I love you, my dear.

ANNA

When will you return?

CONRAD

Jesus, back off! For Christ's sake ... give 'em an inch ...

Conrad walks away. He's headed towards two helicopters that are landing on the outskirts of the village.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF THE VILLAGE - A COUPLE MINUTES LATER.

A bunch of Conrad's guys are loading missiles onto the helicopters. Once they're loaded up, Conrad and Lache' hop aboard as the choppers take off.

INT. HOLDING CELL

Buckshot has propped himself up to look through the bars.

BUCKSHOT

Okay, good news, looks like we got a pretty empty village out there.

STEVE

No one else is disturbed by that? I mean, come on, all those guys are going somewhere.

LED

He's right. We're getting out of this tomb and we're doing it now.

Led grabs the bars, pulls himself up and is about to kick the gate open when Wade holds up his hand to stop him.

Wade lightly lifts the gate up and down with his hand.

WADE

Silence is golden.

STEVE

Then get off your goddamn headset.

WADE

(INTO HEADSET) You heard that, people, confrontation in the jungle. Silence might be golden, but not on the airwaves.

Led pushes open the gate and maneuvers out. He surveys the village.

EXT. VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

Led is now free from the holding cell, but the other guys are still in there.

BANG!

A bullet lands right by his feet. He looks up to see Anna walking towards him with a gun aimed directly at his head.

ANNA

I don't think so, sweetheart. Back in your cage with the other dogs.

Led doesn't budge. Anna puts the barrel of the gun right in his face.

ANNA (CONT'D)

You know what happens to bad dogs?

Tornado sneaks up behind her with a shovel in his hand.

TORNADO

Yeah, they get sent to the POUND!

He whacks Anna right in the back of the head, sending her flying into the cell.

STEVE

My God, she's even prettier now
then she was 20 years ago.

LOU

Dude.

STEVE

Sorry, sorry ... let's get the hell
outta here.

EXT. VILLAGE - A FEW MINUTES LATER.

Everyone is out of the holding cell and walking around the village.

BUCKSHOT

Jesus, there really is no one here.

Walking by one of the tents, Led sees something.

LED

We've got a computer here, guys.

INT. TENT.

The group has made their way into the tent. There are a few computer screens and some blue prints scattered about.

BUCKSHOT

I got this.

LED

Hang on there, hot shot. You think
you're all fancy with your Casios
and your discmen, but I can handle
this.

Led walks up to the computer.

LED (CONT'D)
Siri, turn on computer.

Nothing happens.

LED (CONT'D)
She's a little hard of hearing.

Led gets closer to the screen, and in doing so, nudges the computer "awake."

LED (CONT'D)
Siri, turn-

The computer light up and makes the "on" sound.

LED (CONT'D)
Haha, see.

As the screen lights up, the guys squint to see what's on it.

LED (CONT'D)
What are those, plans?

ART
It's some type of schematic.

BUCKSHOT
Guys, it's the desktop. Those schematics are called icons, and I'm guessing this one titled 'Missile Drop-Off' might be more than just a subtle hint.

Buckshot moves the mouse and double clicks on the icon.

A map of the jungle appears.

BUCKSHOT (CONT'D)
Coordinates ... that's all we need. Tornado, you plug this location into your chopper and we're good to go.

TORNADO
Uh huh ... you're confusing my chopper with one that has a GPS.

Led grabs his shirt.

TORNADO (CONT'D)

Easy, easy! Okay, man, I'm shot in the shoulder here, so if you want me to fly, then handle the goods with care.

LED

Can you take us to this spot?

Tornado looks at the map.

TORNADO

I don't know exactly where it is, but I've got a good idea. It's just ... you know ...

LED

What? ... Speak?

TORNADO

Gas ain't cheap, so if you fellas wanna pitch in.

LED

You gotta be fu-

TORNADO

I'm kidding, I'm kidding ... but maybe on the way back if you wanna kick in some dough I won't be opposed to it.

EXT. VILLAGE - A FEW MINUTES LATER.

The guys are heading to the chopper. They're dirty, bloody, armed to the teeth, and are probably walking in slow motion while some kick-ass fight song is playing. Art, meanwhile, is singing under his breath again.

ART

(Singing to himself) highway to the danger zone.

Their machismo walk is brought to a quick halt.

TORNADO (O.C.)

Guys, guys?

They turn to the voice. It's coming from the tent.

TORNADO (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 Guys, I'm still in here, and I'm
 gonna need some help gettin' to the
 chopper.

EXT. JUNGLE- SEVERAL MINUTES LATER.

Conrad and his men are set up on the ground. Two trucks pull
 up

CONRAD
 Game faces, hombres.

The two trucks stop. The big, bulky driver gets out of one
 of them. He walks over to the passenger door and opens it.
 He holds out his hand to help out Penumbra Soledad.

She slowly makes her way to Conrad.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
 Mother.

He gives her a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

PENUMBRA
 You have my missiles?

CONRAD
 As you requested.

PENUMBRA
 No Anna?

CONRAD
 She's holding down the fort. So,
 your buyer won't tell you what he-

PENUMBRA
 Or she-

CONRAD
 Or she wants the missiles for?

PENUMBRA
 It's not my business to ask.

CONRAD
 And it's not my business to
 question yours.

EXT. HELICOPTER FLYING OVER THE JUNGLE

Tornado's chopper is flying hot over the jungle.

INT. TORNADO'S CHOPPER.

The guys are pumping themselves up.

Lou is attempting to do some rapid fire push-ups, but is failing miserably.

LED

(to Tornado)

This thing gonna get us there?

TORNADO

Have a little faith.

Led turns to the group.

LED

So, this chopper probably won't get us there, so listen carefully. Art, I slept with your wife 20 years ago.

ART

Eh, it's all good ... she had daddy issues anyway.

STEVE

(TO LED) That's it?

LED

No, here's the plan. Listen up because we need to be precise. We're gonna get down there and shoot some shit. You all leave Conrad to me. We're bringing him back alive-

STEVE

-ish.

T.L.

No, fully alive.

EXT. JUNGLE- A FEW MINUTES LATER

A large cruise ship is entering through a nearby canal.

Conrad looks at it through his binoculars.

CONRAD
(TO PENUMBRA) I believe
you asked for a
demonstration.

PENUMBRA
I can't sell a defective weapon.

Tornado's chopper is heard in the distance. Conrad turns around.

CONRAD
The hell?

He focuses on the chopper through his binoculars.

PENUMBRA
Is this going to be a problem.

CONRAD
Actually, no ... this is a better
solution to check the precise
aiming of these missiles. (TO ONE
OF HIS GOONS.) The target has
changed. Take out the chopper.

The goon quickly sets up the missile and its launcher. He takes aim at the chopper, which is rapidly getting closer.

INT. CHOPPER

Tornado squints to see what's happening on the ground.

TORNADO
Okay, guys, so this landing is
gonna be a little rougher than
expected due to the fact that
there's a missile launcher aimed
right at us.

LED
You get low, and we'll jump.

TORNADO
I'd rather get high, but it's your
call.

EXT. JUNGLE

Conrad's goon is taking precise aim at the chopper.

CONRAD

You know what? This one's owed to me. Give me the launcher.

The goon hands over the launcher to Conrad. He takes it, aims it, and puts his finger on the trigger.

INT. CHOPPER

Tornado get as low to the ground as he can.

TORNADO

Okay, it's go time, fellas. Make me proud.

STEVE

We have no reason to.

TORNADO

Yeah, I know, I just felt like saying that.

EXT. JUNGLE

With the chopper low enough to the ground, the guys leap/roll out to varying degrees of success. After they're all out, the chopper heads back in the air.

EXT. CONRAD'S AREA OF JUNGLE

Aiming the missile at the chopper, Conrad fires. We follow the missile as it heads right for the chopper, which Tornado is able to maneuver out of its path.

PENUMBRA

This is not reassuring.

CONRAD

Did I mention that the missiles are heat seeking?

With that, the missile turns around and heads right back into the path of the chopper, blowing it to bits.

PENUMBRA

Much better.

CONRAD

You load up the missiles and get to safety. I have some unfinished business to take care of.

EXT. LED'S PART OF THE JUNGLE

Having safely evacuated from the helicopter, Led and the gang watch as bits and pieces of it fall from the sky.

Led soaks it in.

LED
(TO THE GUYS) Tornado died
trying to redeem himself.
I won't be able to say
the same about the
asshole approaching us.

From Led's POV, we see Conrad rapidly approaching him with his goons.

WADE
Guys, someone's breaking into my
comm satellite. (INTO HEADSET)
Who is this? Who is this?!?! No
one breaks off a KROT broadcast, no
one, you hear me? (BEAT) (WADE'S
INTENTLY LISTENING TO HIS HEADSET)
(TO THE GUYS) Hey, fellas, why
don't we all hit the ground, like
now ... like right now!

A chopper comes out of nowhere and flies overhead spraying bullets into the jungle, hitting all of Conrad's men, but leaving him perfectly untouched.

Led looks up to see Rango manning the chopper.

Wade walks up to Led and puts his headset on him.

WADE (CONT'D)
I think it's for you.

LED
(INTO HEADSET) You son of a bitch.

RANGO (O.C.)
No that's you, son ... I remember
your mother.

LED
(INTO HEADSET) Give me a sec, pop,
I gotta finish something up.

Led takes off the headset and tosses it back to Wade.

WADE

Easy there ... any damage comes out
of my pay.

As Led and Conrad walk closer to each other, Conrad pulls out his sidearm, which Led quickly knocks away and follows up with a powerhouse left hook, sending Conrad flying to the ground.

Conrad shakes it off.

CONRAD

That's good, big brother, but it's
time I've shown you that little
brother has grown up.

Conrad roundhouse kicks Led and follows it up with a swift backhand punch. Led just stands there, unphased. He rubs the right side of his mouth.

LED

I think you knocked a tooth out.

CONRAD

Awww ... big bro get an ouchy? You
want to show me where it hurts.

Led walks up to Conrad, spits the tooth out towards his right eye, and to speed the process along, Led hammers it in with a left punch, sending Conrad to the ground and out cold with a tooth jammed in his eye.

LED

You can't handle the tooth!

WADE

Oh No!!! Holy shit, you took it
there! You really took it there.

LED

What can I say ... the tooth hurts.

WADE

Double Whammy!!

Steve walks up to Led.

STEVE

I hate to break up the lovefest,
but what about the little guy?

LED

He's right here with a fucking
tooth in his eye.

STEVE
No, the oompa loompa? Where'd he
roll off too?

As Steve and Led look around, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANGUS'S OFFICE - MORNING

TITLE CARD READS: 5 DAYS LATER.

Angus walks into his office and sees Lache' sitting at his desk.

ANGUS
You know, I have a waiting area for
a reason.

LACHE
I find that when you wait for
something, nothing happens.

ANGUS
There's nothing that needs to
happen. Everything fell according
to plan.

Anna walks in behind Angus.

ANNA
I wouldn't say everything went as
planned. We sold the missiles, but
when it comes to revenge, our score
is far from settled.

ANGUS
What do you suggest.

Penumbra walk up behind Anna.

PENUMBRA
I suggest we start with a prison
break.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SOLITARY PRISON CELL.

Conrad sits in a cell with the only sunlight coming from a tiny window.

With a patch over his right eye and Led's tooth hanging around his neck, he twirls the cartel ring on his finger while smirking to himself.

With that we:

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END