

STEVEN MOTHERFUCKING SEAGAL
by
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INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

We are in a dark, cramped, boat cabin.

Leaning up against the wall, next to a port hole, is a bed frame. Tied to the bed frame, a man in a hood.

The lights flash on as three ASIAN THUGS enter the room. Sharp suits. Angry. Scary. Two have Uzis. The other, a silver attache case.

ASIAN THUG 1

He climbed aboard right as we pulled out of the dock.

MOOOOONG. The ship's fog horn blares.

Thug 1 hands Thug 2 a wallet. He opens it and removes the ID.

We get a closer look. The Thug's finger covers the photo, but we can still see the name, "Rex Hardcastle," and the banner across the top, "FBI."

ASIAN THUG 2

You're a persistent man, Rex Hardcastle from the FBI. I don't like persistent men. I also don't like men that kill a lot of my men. And you killed a lot of my men!

The Thug pulls off the hood, revealing none other than Rex Hardcastle.

Or as we know him, Steven Seagal.

A very bored Steven Seagal.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Killing drug dealers is my specialty.

Thug 1 SLAPS Seagal, he spits out some blood, smiles.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)

(Coooool)

Oh please! Stop! I'll do anything you want.

ASIAN THUG 2

I'm not here to fight, Hardcastle. I'm here to make a deal.

(To the ASIAN THUG 3)
Sensei!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Thug with the briefcase steps forward, opens it. Piled high, gobs of dough.

STEVEN SEAGAL
That's a lot of money.

The Thugs laugh. They've got him.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)
Before I kill all of you, I have
one question.

Laughter stops.

Seagal raises his arm, holds up his hand.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)
How many fingers am I holding up?

There's one, two, three, four, five-

ASIAN THUG
Six?

STEVEN SEAGAL
Finger knife!

Seagal flicks his wrist and his sixth finger flies off. A blade extends from the tip right before it slams into Thug 1's forehead.

ASIAN THUG 1
ACCK!

The Thug falls towards Seagal, who grabs his Uzi and unloads into the other Thugs. The briefcase goes flying. Make it rain.

Silence. Everyone is dead. Except Hardcastle, who snaps the cheap rope constraining him. Free, he steps over to the Thug with his wallet and Id, snatches them and sneers down at the corpse.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Rex Hardcastle is dead. Call
me...Grill Cop.

VOICE
Cut!

We pull back, revealing huge stage lights, cameras and those uncomfortable folding directors chairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

We're on a movie set. Folks rush in to help the Thugs to their feet. Seagal pushes past them and heads for the exit doors.

The DIRECTOR, young, energetic, lost, rushes up to Seagal with a handful of script pages. Trailing right behind is DON, the producer. Tall, shiny bald, creepy eyes. Behind them, TOM, malnourished, frayed, Props man. It's a posse.

DIRECTOR

Steven! Steven can I talk to you for a moment?

Seagal pushes through the stage doors.

EXT. BACKLOT - DAY

Out the doors and into the bustling miniature city that is the studio back lot. Crew folks buzz back and forth like flies over a dead turkey.

The seas part for the star, as Seagal heads right for his trailer.

DIRECTOR

Mr. Seagal, we're going to need another take of that one.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Why?

Tom, the props, pushes past.

TOM

I need your wallet and that fake ID.

DIRECTOR

You got the line wrong. It's not, "Call me Grill Cop." It's, "Call me Kill Cop."

TOM

Mr. Seagal. The ID...

STEVEN SEAGAL

"Kill", "Grill," they both work for me.

TOM

Sir!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIRECTOR

But Steven, Kill Cop is the title
of the movie.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Well then...I guess you're going to
have to change the title.

DIRECTOR

What!

STEVEN SEAGAL

Listen Tyler

DIRECTOR

Dylan.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Dylan...I'm done for the day.

(To Everyone)

That's a wrap!

CHEER from the crew.

TOM

Sir. I need that ID.

Seagal steps into his trailer, Don right on his tail.

Something catches Don's eye. Right behind the pleading
Director and Prop guy is a third man.

Wide eyed and star struck. He's still in awe of what he just
saw: The very actor who's face adorns his airbrushed t-shirt.
Steven motherfucking Seagal!

This is FISHER. Bearded, chunky, and noticed. Fisher un-gawks
and goes back to work, picking up trash around the trailer.

As he bends over to pick up a soda can he reveals the moon of
Fisher and it's hairy crevice. Not cool.

DON

Yeesh!

DIRECTOR

Don!

Don snaps back, addresses the angry mob.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DON
I'll take care of this.
(He throws up his hands in
desperation)
Actors!

INT. STEVEN SEAGAL'S TRAILER - DAY

As soon as the door closes-

DON
What a bunch of leeches. Not a bad
first day, huh?

Seagal at the sink, splashes cold water in his face. This
shit is getting old.

DON (CONT'D)
Did you get the new script?

STEVEN SEAGAL
Twin Kill?

DON
Yup. Twin Kill! You and your twin,
both played by you, you're both
kung fu experts, fighting to avenge
the murder of your TRIPLET, who was
killed by...by somebody, I forget.

STEVEN SEAGAL
I'm not doing it.

DON
It's a great script.

A look from Seagal.

DON (CONT'D)
It's a script. Why won't you do it?

STEVEN SEAGAL
You know why.

DON
Right, you don't do kung fu
anymore. Just shooting people or
stabbing them. Setting them on fire
that's cool, but no kung fu, no
karate.

STEVEN SEAGAL
That's right. Never again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks at his hands, they start to ball up.

DON
You have to get over it, Steven.
It's been five years.

As his fingers bend into a fist, his hands start to tremble and quickly un-fist. He can't do it.

STEVEN SEAGAL
I'll never get over it. My fist are retired.

DON
Ok, ok. You don't have to do it if you don't want to... I can always get...Lorenzo Llamas

STEVEN SEAGAL
Llamas, that ball licker? You wouldn't.

DON
People want to see you kicking ass, not just shooting people.

STEVEN SEAGAL
What time do I have to be on set tomorrow?

DON
We start at eight am. I've got this great cabin in the woods over in Arkansas. The owner let us use it for free. He's a big fan of yours. Moron.

A look from Seagal.

DON (CONT'D)
You know what I mean.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Is my car ready?

DON
Right outside. And your ticket's at the airport. Steven, it's a six hour drive to the cabin in Arkansas. Ride with me? Think of all the freebies. My mouth and your face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEVEN SEAGAL
I'm flying. It's in my contract.
And it better be first class.

DON
Of course. Of course.

Seagal picks up his suitcase, heads for the door.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Lorenzo Llamas?

DON
I saw him the other day. He's in
great shape.

EXT. BACKLOT - DAY

The star steps out of his trailer, heads to his waiting town
car.

Fisher drops his garbage bag and runs over. Grabs the
suitcase.

FISHER
Let me, sir.

Seagal ignores him, lets him take the bag.

FISHER (CONT'D)
I'm a huge fan.

STEVEN SEAGAL
That makes two of us.

DON
Shall I send the contract for Twin
Kill to your agent?

Seagal gets in the back seat of the town car, rolls down the
window.

STEVEN SEAGAL
You're a real prick, Don.

The window rolls up. The car zooms off.

DON
Pleasure doing business with you,
as always.

Don smug. Next to him, Fisher, still in awe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DON (CONT'D)

Who are you?

FISHER

Me? Uh, nobody.

DON

I know you're a nobody. Which nobody?

FISHER

My name is Fisher. I'm an intern.

DON

Intern? Aren't you a little...old?

FISHER

You said there wasn't enough money to pay me, so I could work for free.

DON

And you did?

FISHER

I'm a big fan of Mr. Seagal. I've seen all his movies.

Don check out the airbrushed shirt. Seagal drop-kicking a grizzly bear.

DON

No kidding?

BANG. A crew member drops the briefcase from the scene. Money everywhere.

DON (CONT'D)

Be careful. Fake money cost real money! Where are you going with that?

CREW DUDE

The prop truck.

DON

Put it in my car.

The Crew Dude comes over to Don and his BMW. Don reaches in and pulls out a bill. It looks just like a twenty dollar bill, except in Andrew Jackson's place is a picture of Scott Baio, you know, Chachi from Happy Days.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DON (CONT'D)
 Scott Baio. Have a shit ton of
 these left over from, "Son of
 Zapped."

He pockets the bill.

DON (CONT'D)
 (To Fisher)
 And what do they have you doing on
 this particular cinematic
 masterpiece?

FISHER
 Picking up trash. They said I
 should be as far away from the set
 as possible.

Fisher picks up a discarded soda can, shakes it.

FISHER (CONT'D)
 Cool.

He takes a drink.

DON
 I can't see why.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

There's a huge line to check in. Without missing a beat, he
 walks right up to the ticket counter, cutting the whole line.
 Approaches the TICKET LADY.

STEVEN SEAGAL
 Don't get excited, OK?

TICKET LADY
 I'll try.

Seagal takes off his glasses. Impressive, eh?

TICKET LADY (CONT'D)
 Can I help you?

STEVEN SEAGAL
 I'm on the three o'clock to
 Fayetteville, Arkansas.

TICKET LADY
 And you are?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVEN SEAGAL

Right here, in your little airport.
Amazing, right?

TICKET LADY

Ok then.

She taps away on her computer.

TICKET LADY (CONT'D)

I'll need to see some ID.

Steven points to his face.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Really?

TICKET LADY

Homeland Security requires all
airline passengers to show a proper-

SEAGAL

I was in a film called Homeland
Security. I played a flight
attendant, just released from
prison for a crime I didn't commit.
On my first flight, the pilot, *the
pilot*, is the man responsible for
putting me in jail. What do you
think I did?

Seagal hands her his ID.

STEVEN SEAGAL

I tossed him out the emergency
exit, 25,000 feet up. Now who's
going to fly the plane? Luckily, my
ex wife is the air traffic
controller. I land the plane and
save everybody.

TICKET LADY

That's a wonderful story, sir, but
we don't have a Rex Hardcastle
listed on this flight.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Rex? No, that's wrong.

He takes back the Id. We see that it's the fake, movie one.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)

Dammit, I took my fake ID.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TICKET LADY

Sir, it's illegal to attempt to board an airplane with a fake ID.

STEVEN SEAGAL

I know. It's not fake, but it's not real. This isn't me.

TICKET LADY

Looks like you.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Lady, you know who I am-

TICKET LADY

You're Rex Hardcastle, FBI. Says so right there. Or are you not a really a member of the FBI?

Seagal leans in close, quiet.

SEAGAL

There's been a mistake. I don't have my real ID, but you know who I am.

TICKET LADY

I know. And do you know what else I know? One time I went to the movies with my boyfriend. One of your movies, of course. Could we see Mystic Pizza? No? Anyway, during your movie, I gave him the best hand job of my life. THE BEST. I went the extra mile. Two hands. The basket weave.

She links her fingers over the PA mike on the desk. Does the basket weave.

A small FAT KID looks on, cocks his head like a dog looking at a chemical formula.

TICKET LADY (CONT'D)

He comes like a water fountain. Ruined my blouse. Then he made me stay through the rest your shitty movie. I had come hands! Couldn't eat popcorn.

Hardcastle, I mean, Seagal squirms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TICKET LADY (CONT'D)
 Anyway. Right after the movie's
 over, he dumps me. Right there,
 come hands and everything. Can you
 believe it?

STEVEN SEAGAL
 I...

LADY
 So, I know who you are, Mister
 Norris, Mister Chuck Norris. And I
 know you're not getting on this
 flight or any other flight in this
 airport.

STEVEN SEAGAL
 Norris?

LADY
 You're in the system as trying to
 board with an illegal id.

The Ticket Lady holds up her hands.

LADY (CONT'D)
 No come on these hands now,
 asshole.
 (To the line)
 Next!

EXT. BACKLOT - DAY

All the trailers are gone. A few crew members linger about.
 Fisher, still picking up garbage and Don, he chats up a cute
 ASSISTANT.

DON
 Your rental car was cancelled? How
 did that happen?

ASSISTANT
 I don't know, they said someone
 from the movie just called them.

Don slips his cell phone into his pocket.

DON
 Son of bitch. I find out who it was
 and fire them.

ASSISTANT
 Thank you sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Don motions to his rental car.

DON
I have room in my car...if you need
a ride.

The Assistant sees where this is going.

RING. Don answers his phone.

DON (CONT'D)
WHAT?

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

STEVEN SEAGAL
I left my wallet in my trailer, did
it leave yet?

EXT. BACK LOT - DAY

DON
Yeah, it's gone.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Have you left?

Don checks out the cute Assistant as she bends down to tie
her shoe.

DON
Yeah, I'm right behind it.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Dammit, how am I going to get to
Arkansas by tomorrow?

Don looks around, there's Fisher not doing anything.

DON
I'll call you back.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Don!

DON
What?

STEVEN SEAGAL
Do I look at all like Chuck...ah
forget it.

Don slaps the phone shut.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DON
Hey kid.

Fisher looks up. Who me?

DON (CONT'D)
Yeah, you. The dumb one. Come here.

Fisher runs over.

FISHER
What do you need, sir?

DON
How would you like to pick up
Steven Seagal from the airport and
drive him to Arkansas for the shoot
tomorrow?

Fisher erupts!

FISHER
Oh my god. OH MY FUCKING GOD! Are
you kidding! FUCK YEAH!

He shakes Don's hand, vigorous.

FISHER (CONT'D)
Thank you sir, thank you so much.

Don extracts his hand.

DON
He's at the airport.

FISHER
Right, right. I'll leave right now.

Fisher turns and runs, stops, then runs back.

FISHER (CONT'D)
Sir, umm since I'm not really
getting paid for any of this, do
you think it's possible, you know,
for gas and stuff-

DON
I understand.

Don goes to his car, opens his back seat and digs into the
briefcase of fake money. He pulls out a wad of fake twenties.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DON (CONT'D)
Here you go kid.

He hands Fisher the money. His eyes light up.

FISHER
Wow!

DON
Keep the change. For all your hard
work around here.

FISHER
Thank you sir, you won't regret
this.

DON
He needs to be on set tomorrow
morning at eight am, OK? Don't fuck
it up

FISHER
Yes Sir!

Fisher runs off, thrilled

DON
I should have called Llamas.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Seagal impatient. Waits.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Chuck Norris?

The Fat Little Kid from the ticket line walks past with his
parents. He points to Seagal.

FAT LITTLE KID
Come hands.

HONK HONK.

A van pulls to the curb. Airbrushed on the side is a massive
painting of Seagal karate chopping a tank in half.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Holy shit.

Fisher pokes his head out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FISHER

Hey Steven Seagal! Over here! It's me, Fisher. I'm your ride.

Fisher jumps out, grabs Seagal's suitcase.

STEVEN SEAGAL

You?

FISHER

Right this way sir, you're chariot awaits.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Don sent you? You're my ride?

FISHER

Yep.

STEVEN SEAGAL

All the way to Arkansas?

FISHER

I know, isn't it cool!?! Come on.

INT. FISHER'S VAN - DAY

Taped to practically every surface are cut out pictures of Steven Seagal.

FISHER

This is such an honor, sir. I've seen every movie. I'm a really big fan.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Of who?

FISHER

That's funny. You should do comedies.

Fisher pulls out a map.

FISHER (CONT'D)

I got the route all planned out. Don gave me money for gas and snacks. We're all set. This is going to be the best road trip of your life.

Seagal puts on his sunglasses, leans back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVEN SEAGAL
Wake me up when we reach Arkansas.

FISHER
Umm. Really?

STEVEN SEAGAL
Really.

FISHER
Oh.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The van passes a road sign: Arkansas 349 Miles.

INT. FISHER'S VAN - DAY

Fisher stares at Seagal, sleeping, sunglasses on.

STEVEN SEAGAL
What?

FISHER
Can ask you a question?

STEVEN SEAGAL
Go for it.

FISHER
In Dead Kill, when you typed in the secret code that stopped the nuclear bomb from going off, how did you know what your brother's middle name was if you didn't even know at that point that your father was really your brother?

STEVEN SEAGAL
I don't remember. It's just a movie.

FISHER
Oh...Well what about the time in Shock Death when you shot the ninja with the gun in your right hand in one scene, and then killed that other ninja in the next scene with the gun in your left hand?

Seagal sits up, takes off his glasses. Is this guy for real?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FISHER (CONT'D)

Was this your first ambidextrous character and how long did it take you to learn how to be ambidextrous?

STEVEN SEAGAL

I'm not ambidextrous. It was a mess up in editing. They flipped the image by accident.

FISHER

Wow! They can do that?

STEVEN SEAGAL

Only when they really care about what they're working on.

Fisher stares at Seagal. Keeps staring at him.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)

What?

FISHER

Some people tell me I look like you. We could be twins.

They look nothing alike.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Who says that? Who would ever say that?

FISHER

It's in the cheeks. We have the same cheekal structure.

Fisher points to his ratty beard.

FISHER (CONT'D)

It's perfect for me, because, when I get older, I want to be a stunt man.

(Sheepish)

Your stunt man.

SEAGAL

Look...

This movie star is not good with names.

FISHER

Fisher.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEVEN SEAGAL
Fisher...It takes a lot of training
to be a stunt man.

FISHER
I know. I train all the time. Watch-
BANG BANG. Fisher bangs his head against the window.

STEVEN SEAGAL
What are you doing!
Fisher smashes his face against the steering wheel.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)
Stop it!
He does. Looks up, glassy eyed.

FISHER
(Groggy)
See. I can be a stunt man. Skills
to pay the bills, yo.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The van drifts into the left lane, cutting off an SUV.

INT. FISHER'S VAN - DAY

SEAGAL
Watch out!
Seagal grabs the wheel and yanks it.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Seagal painted van swerves back into it's proper lane.

INT. FISHER'S VAN - DAY

STEVEN SEAGAL
What's wrong with you!

FISHER
Good thing there's no airbag in
here. Then it would be like POOSH!
His hands mimic the airbag exploding in his face.

FISHER (CONT'D)
And I'd be like WOOSH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He snaps his head back.

STEVEN SEAGAL
You're really fucking weird, pal.

FISHER
That's what Mom says. I think it's
a compliment. What do you think?

STEVEN SEAGAL
Just watch the road, ok?

Fisher, shocked.

FISHER
Oh dammit, I knew I forgot
something. Hold on.

He hands him a tall can. It's a Steven Seagal Lightning Bolt
Energy Drink. Asian Experience flavor.

FISHER (CONT'D)
I didn't offer you anything to
drink.

STEVEN SEAGAL
How many of these have you had?

FISHER
Today? Only seven. You should see
me when I'm super amped up.

Wired, Fisher punches the steering wheel.

FISHER (CONT'D)
They're REALLY good.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Thanks.

He tosses the can out the window.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Run down gas station. Dingy convenience store on the other
side of the pumps. Tow truck at the garage. Two creepy dudes
just hanging out on the bumper, drinking purple Fantas.
TRAVIS and JUNIOR.

Seagal paces, agitated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVEN SEAGAL
 (Into his phone)
 Don, you have a sick sense of
 humor.

DON
 What are you talking about?

At the pumps, Fisher dances the Macarena as the tank fills
 up.

From the tow truck, a skinny weirdo, JUNIOR shuffles over.
 Stops in front of Seagal, stares at him like a nutcase.

STEVEN SEAGAL
 (Into the phone)
 Hold on.
 (To Junior)
 What?

JUNIOR
 Are you Steven Seagal?

Behind Seagal is the van with his face on it. Next to that is
 Fisher, wearing the Seagal t-shirt.

STEVEN SEAGAL
 ...No.

JUNIOR
 Dammit! Lost another bet!

Junior, limps off, back to the tow truck bumper and his
 purple soda.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
 One day, one these people gonna be
 Steven Seagal.

STEVEN SEAGAL
 (Into the phone)
 You're going to pay for this, Don.

DON
 I can't hear you. Where are you?

Static. Buzzing.

STEVEN SEAGAL
 Don?

He looks at the phone. Lost call. No reception.

INT. GAS STATION SHOP - DAY

Small, dusty. Lots of nudie mags and lingering pervos.

Seagal puts a bottle of water on the counter. The teller, fat, smelly, ELMER, is wide eyed.

ELMER
Your...your...

STEVEN SEAGAL
Amazing, I know.

Fisher steps up, dumps a pile of junk food on the counter.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)
Don gave you enough for all that?

Elmer starts ringing it up.

FISHER
He gave me a buttload of cabbage.

Fisher pulls out the money.

The fake money.

Last item scanned.

ELMER
Together?

STEVEN SEAGAL
Don't rub it in.

Fisher peels off a bill, hands it to the Elmer, who barely glances at it. He's too busy gawking at Seagal.

Nervous, Elmer, pulls out his cell phone, hits a button.

ELMER
Can you leave my voicemail message?
My friends would love it.

STEVEN SEAGAL
I'm sorry I don't do that.

ELMER
Oh go on!

STEVEN SEAGAL
We're kind of in a hurry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FISHER

No were not. Go on!

Seagal glares at Fisher, as the phone is shoved in his face.

ELMER

Wait for the beep.

BEEP!

STEVEN SEAGAL

Hi, I'm Jean Claude Van Damme and you've reached some asshole's phone. He's too busy fucking his horse to answer, so call back after he's done fucking his horse, but before he starts fucking his dog and you just might get him.

Seagal hands the phone back to a speechless Elmer.

ELMER

That...Was...AWESOME!

Robust handshake.

ELMER (CONT'D)

Thank you so much mister Van Damme.

KA-KING! The shop's door swings open.

Suddenly all the joy and love drains from Elmer's face.

TELLER

Fuck me. It's Lonsdale.

Enter Sheriff LONSDALE. Bloated, walrus mustache, perpetual scowl. Right behind him, Deputy FINCH. Gangly, bird like, dopey.

The Sheriff whips off his mirrored sunglasses and looks around the room. All bad ass like. Folks turn away, hide behind magazines.

LONSDALE

Well, well, if it ain't the usual assortment of dirt bags and dip shits.

Lonsdale strolls up to a man reading Black Butts magazine. Pulls it away, revealing a SCARED DUDE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LONSDALE (CONT'D)
I hear Joe Reidy's hub caps gone
missing. You wouldn't have anything
to do with that, would you?

Scared Dude shakes his head. All scared and shit.

Next, a stroll over to a redheaded fella putting relish on a
shriveled brown hot dog.

LONSDALE (CONT'D)
When did you get out, Henderson?

HENDERSON
Last week.

LONSDALE
Before or after them ATVs gone
missing?

HENDERSON
After.

LONSDALE
Of course.

Finch giggles, he loves this. The Sheriff glares at the
deputy, and he zips up.

Lonsdale approaches Elmer.

LONSDALE (CONT'D)
Hello Elmer.

ELMER
Hello Sheriff Lonsdale.

LONSDALE
Leaving the farm animals alone?

ELMER
Yes sir.

LONSDALE
Good to hear.

Finch chuckles.

LONSDALE (CONT'D)
Quiet, Finch!

Then the Sheriff turns to Seagal and Fisher for the first
time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LONSDALE (CONT'D)
Boy you look familiar...

ELMER
He's Jean Claude Van Damme!

FINCH
No Shit!

LONSDALE
Finch!

Lonsdale looks him over, head to toe.

LONSDALE (CONT'D)
You ain't, "The Muscles from
Brussels.

STEVEN SEAGAL
You're right.
(Hand extends)
Meryl Streep, nice to meet you. I
just won an Oscar, again.

LONSDALE
You a comedian? Some kind of
Gallagher or Howie Man-dell?

FINCH
No! He's John Claude Dam Van!

STEVEN SEAGAL
I don't want any trouble. Just
passing through.

LONSDALE
Yeah, right.
(To Elmer)
Gimme a pack of that Red Man chew.

ELMER
Yes sir.

LONSDALE
(To Seagal)
Lots of people, "Just passing
through." Just passing through to
stir some shit in my county. Then
make a run for the state line and
cross into Arkansas where I can't
arrest 'em. I don't like that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

STEVEN SEAGAL

Well, you'll be glad to hear that I left my shit stirring stick at home.

LONSDALE

I like that. "Shit stirring stick." You can laugh at that one Finch.

Finch does.

Lonsdale peels off a bill and hands it to Elmer.

FINCH

(Three times, fast)
Shit stirring stick. Shit stirring stick. Shirt steering prick

LONSDALE

Goddammit, Finch! Go to the car!

FINCH

Why?

LONSDALE

Because your mere presences is beginning to annoy the living fuck out of me.

Mopey, Finch shuffles off.

Elmer takes Lonsdale's money and makes change.

Using the fake twenty.

LONSDALE (CONT'D)

That witless shit-bird is the son of my witless shit-bird sister.

Lonsdale sneers and takes his change, unaware of the bad bill.

LONSDALE (CONT'D)

You two stay out of trouble in my county. Whoever the fuck you are.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Will do.

The Sheriff spits on the ground, tips his hat and leaves with the exaggerated swagger of a bad B-movie star.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Seagal and Fisher walk back to the van. Fisher munches on a chocolate bar.

Lonsdale's cruiser pulls out and shoots up a cloud of dust. Its coats our heroes.

LAUGHTER. From the two creepy fellas at the tow truck.

Fisher takes a bite of his chocolate bar.

FISHER

This chocolate taste like dirt.

He tosses it.

FISHER (CONT'D)

I thought for sure you were going to beat him up.

STEVEN SEAGAL

I don't just, "Beat up," cops.

FISHER

But you did in Thunder Cop and Thunder Cop 2: Revenge of Thunder Cop.

STEVEN SEAGAL

And what do those situations have in common?

FISHER

Umm...Your were a cop out to kill the guy who killed your partner?

STEVEN SEAGAL

No, numbskull. They're movies. I don't go around punching out cops. Or anybody for that matter.

FISHER

Yeah, why is that? You used to beat the living fuck out of people.

STEVEN SEAGAL

I don't use my fists anymore.

FISHER

I know! Now you just shoot people or shove grenades in their mouths. Not as fun if you ask me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVEN SEAGAL

I didn't ask you. I will never ask you.

FISHER

But you have to agree, that guy was a dick.

STEVEN SEAGAL

A dick with a badge and a gun. A real badge and a gun. Do you see the difference?

FISHER

I guess so.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Those are movies. This is me. I'm not the guy in the movies. It's frightening that I have to explain that to you.

FISHER

But what if they kill your partner, then you'll beat some ass, right?

STEVEN SEAGAL

In this discussion are you my partner?

FISHER

Why?

More LAUGHS and pointing from the guys at the tow truck. One is wiping grease from his overalls.

FISHER (CONT'D)

I don't like those guys.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Maybe they don't like you either.

FISHER

Impossible. Everybody like me.

EXT. FISHER'S VAN - DAY

Driving along, Fisher alternates between munching on a long beef jerky stick in one hand and an ice cream bar in the other.

Seagal just stares, disgusted. Fisher offers the ice cream.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FISHER
It's chocolate chip cookie dough...

STEVEN SEAGAL
No thanks.

Seagal glance over the seat and into the back of the van.

There's a dirty mattress, some raggedy ass sheets and garbage bags overflowing with clothes.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)
You live in this thing?

FISHER
Who me?

STEVEN SEAGAL
Who else is here?

FISHER
Hey...Let's change the subject. How come you don't do karate anymore?

STEVEN SEAGAL
I don't

FISHER
Why don't you?

STEVEN SEAGAL
I can't.

FISHER
Why can't you?

STEVEN SEAGAL
It's personal.

FISHER
Why?

STEVEN SEAGAL
Why what?

FISHER
Why is it personal?

STEVEN SEAGAL
(Angry)
Because it is! There was an accident. I don't want to talk about!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FISHER

You should be mellow, like the guy
on the can.

He holds up one of the Steven Seagal energy drink cans.
Seagal looks very peaceful there.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Zen flavored...For her pleasure.

STEVEN SEAGAL

You're a moron.

FISHER

Bad vibes! They've got no place
here. I'm all about Karma. I'm good
to the world, so it's good to me.

BOOM.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Smoke pours out from under the van's hood.

INT. FISHER'S VAN - DAY

The smoke quickly fills up the van.

FISHER

Shitberg tacos!

STEVEN SEAGAL

Pull over.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The smoking Seagal van skids to a stop. Seagal and Fisher
jump out, hacking.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Karma my balls.

FISHER

It wasn't my bad vibes that did
this.

LATER

Seagal circles, holding his phone up, like that's going to
help get a signal.

Frustrated, he shoves his phone back into his pocket, comes
over to Fisher, who's looking under the hood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVEN SEAGAL
I can't get a signal.

Fisher doesn't even hear. He's intensely staring at the engine, on the verge of figuring this out.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)
What do you think?

Fisher closes the hood. Wipes his hands, shakes his head. Like every mechanic about to tell you it's going to cost a five grand. Draaaagging it out.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)
So?

FISHER
There's definitely something wrong with the engine.

STEVEN SEAGAL
No shit! Obviously there's something wrong! What?

FISHER
How should I know? I'm not a mechanic?

STEVEN SEAGAL
Then what were you staring at for the last twenty minutes!

FISHER
The engine! Duh!

Seagal might smack him.

BEEP BEEP. It's the tow truck from the gas station.

The two oddballs, Travis and Junior, get out.

TRAVIS
Looks like there's something wrong with your engine.

FISHER
(Elbows Seagal)
See!

STEVEN SEAGAL
It's lucky you came along.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TRAVIS

Lucky?

Him and the Junior laugh. Then he checks out the smoking engine.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Looks like your pla-center is fried
and your conjuncta is all vitus'd
up.

FISHER

Conjunctivitis?

STEVEN SEAGAL

Can you fix it?

TRAVIS

Just so happens I have the parts
with me.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Pay him.

Fisher digs out some cash.

FISHER

How much-

Travis grabs the whole wad.

TRAVIS

That about covers parts and labor.
You boys better have a seat, this
might take awhile.

LATER

At the back of the van, doors open, Fisher and Seagal sit on the back ledge.

Seagal is sunning himself. Fisher swings his leg. Like a bored five year old. BANGING and CLANGING from the front of the van.

FISHER

They're fixing the motor.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Yeah, I know. I was there,
remember?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FISHER

Oh yeah.

Fisher scoots closer to Seagal.

FISHER (CONT'D)

So...Do you think I have what it takes to be a stunt man? You can be honest with-

STEVEN SEAGAL

No.

FISHER

You don't have to be that honest.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Why do you want to be in this business anyway. It's full of slimeballs that bleed you dry. And when there's no more blood to suck, they toss you right in the five dollar, direct-to-video bin.

FISHER

Jeez, that's depressing. Good thing that shitty stuff never happened to you.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Yeah. Good thing.

FISHER

What kind of accident happened with your kung fu? Did you karate chop a guy's head off?

STEVEN SEAGAL

How many times do I have to tell you. I don't want to talk about this!

FISHER

We can rap! We're buds! It's just you and...a man that looks strikingly similar to you under the right lighting conditions. We're both a fan of your movies and we both have a kick-ass fashion sense. We have a tons in common.

VROOM.

The tow truck speeds off.

FISHER
They left without saying goodbye.

STEVEN SEAGAL
It's OK, we're Facebook friends.

FISHER
You are?

STEVEN SEAGAL
No, moron.

INT. FISHER'S VAN - DAY

Fisher turns the key.

Nothing. Not a sound.

His face lights up. Very impressed.

FISHER
Wow! Do you hear that? Now that's a
quiet ride.

STEVEN SEAGAL
That's nothing. You're hearing
nothing.

Seagal gets out, opens the hood.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)
Oh great.

Fisher joins him.

FISHER
Holy moly.

The engine is gone.

FISHER (CONT'D)
Where did the engine go?

STEVEN SEAGAL
Where do you think it went?

Fisher looks around. It could be over there by that
tumbleweed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A light goes on.

FISHER
You think those guys stole it?

Seagal walks away.

FISHER (CONT'D)
I think they stole it!

EXT. FAST FOOD JOINT - DAY

Lonsdale's police car pulls up to the drive through window.

INT. LONSDALES CAR

A sweaty, miserable, Latina FAST FOOD TELLER, slides open the window, holds out her hand.

FAST FOOD TELLER
Nineteen seventy-six.

Lonsdale holds out the fake, Scott Baio, twenty dollar bill. As the teller reaches for it, Lonsdale yanks it back.

LONSDALE
You got them cheesy bits in there,
right?

The teller nods.

LONSDALE (CONT'D)
You understand me? You speak-o eng-
lace?

FAST FOOD TELLER
Fuck you, Lonsdale.

She snatches the money. Lonsdale spits out the window, snarls.

LONSDALE
Everybody's a goddamn comedian
today.

He glances over at Finch, who's wearing a plastic lobster bib. Fork and knife in each hand. Very ready for nummins.

LONSDALE (CONT'D)
How the fuck are we related?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FINCH

It's something to do with when a man likes a lady a whole lot and they make a squishy hug.

FAST FOOD TELLER

We don't accept Chachi.

LONSDALE

What?

The teller hands him back the bill.

FAST FOOD TELLER

Chachi's on that money. We don't accept Chachi.

LONSDALE

Chachi? For your information, on the twenty dollar bill is the seventh President of the United States-

Lonsdale looks at the bill. It's Chachi.

LONSDALE (CONT'D)

Cock suckin' Scott Baio.

The teller slams the window shut. Lonsdale seethes.

FINCH

Scott Baio is the seventh President?...And he sucks cock?

LONSDALE

Elmer, you Motherfucker!

He floors it.

EXT. FAST FOOD JOINT - DAY

The cop car, lights and siren blazing, hops the curb and zooms through a busy intersection. Several near misses occur. Some real stunt driving, folks.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Seagal and Fisher trudge along the highway. Fish drags along an overflowing suitcase with Seagal airbrushed on it. On his back, a huge back pack. Seagal's face on that too.

Fisher is falling behind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FISHER

Wait for me.

STEVEN SEAGAL

No.

His suitcase bursts open. Shit everywhere.

Seagal reluctantly stops and goes back. All over the highway, DVDs.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)

What is all this crap?.

FISHER

All my favorite movies. All your movies.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Why didn't you leave them in the van?

FISHER

Someone might steal them.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Trust me. No one is going to steal those.

FISHER

Maybe we can sell them. If that's cool. Is that cool?

STEVEN SEAGAL

Sell them? Out here? Sure, lets set up a stand, sell used DVD's by the deserted highway.

FISHER

Really?

STEVEN SEAGAL

NO YOU TWIT!

FISHER

OK, OK! We can't sell them...But what if they want to barter?

Seagal throws up his hands walk away.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Maybe we can get some pencils or shoelaces.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

Elmer is picking his nails. Bored

ELMER
Oh shit. Not again.

Lonsdale storms in. Finch in tow. Someone tries to leave.

LONSDALE
Stay right there.

The Sheriff walks right up to Elmer, gets in his face. Shows him the fake twenty.

LONSDALE (CONT'D)
What does this look like to you?

ELMER
Is that Charles in Charge?

LONSDALE
It ain't Mr. Belvedere.

Lonsdale grabs Elmer's collar, gets REAL close, stinky cigar breath close.

LONSDALE (CONT'D)
Where did you get this?

ELMER
Must...must have been them fellas
you was in here with.

LONSDALE
Is that so? I knew that man wasn't
the man I knew he was.

He spits.

LONSDALE (CONT'D)
Finch!

Finch steps forward, salutes.

FINCH
Yes sir.

LONSDALE
Get the paddy wagon and arrest'em.

FINCH
Which one?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONSDALE
All of 'em.

GROANS from all.

LONSDALE (CONT'D)
Then I'm gonna find that cock
sucking impersonator con man.

FISHER
He sucks cock too?

Lonsdale grabs a loaf of white bread, chucks it at Finch.

EXT. DINER - DAY

The sun is setting over this dingy, greasy spoon. Outside by the steps is Fishers DVD suitcase.

INT. DINER - DAY

Seagal sips a cup of coffee, Fisher digs into a mountain of pancakes. Lots of syrup.

DOLORES the waitress, fills the coffee cup.

STEVEN SEAGAL
I can't get reception on my cell,
do you have a phone here?

DOLORES
Went out last month. Waiting on the
repair man.

STEVEN SEAGAL
I'm-

Remembers his sidekick

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)
We're trying to get to Arkansas by
tomorrow morning, are there any
buses?

DOLORES
We haven't had a bus comes through
here for twenty years.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Great. So there's no way to get to
Arkansas from here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOLORES
Without you're own ride? Nope.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Thanks.

She leaves the check.

Seagal pulls out his wallet. Drops it on the table, rubs his throbbing forehead.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)
Dammit, it's the fake wallet. Do you have any money left?

FISHER
Yeah.

Fisher lifts his butt off the table and reaches down the front of his pants, withdraws a handful of crumpled bills.

FISHER (CONT'D)
I always hide some cash by my balls in case of emergency.

Fisher offers. Seagal grabs a butter knife.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Move another inch towards me I will stab you in the throat.

Fisher drops the money.

FISHER
Touchy. You should have had the pancakes.

He stuffs a hunk of hotcake in his mouth.

VOICE
You boys headed to Arkansas?

A white haired old man, Lester, in the booth behind them turns around.

Too much sun. Leathery skin. Bright white hair. Idiomatic handlebar mustache.

LESTER
That's where I'm going.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEVEN SEAGAL

Really? Do you think we could hitch a ride?

FISHER

That old man has a cool mustache.

Seagal kicks Fisher under the table.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Oww!

LESTER

Sure you can get a ride. But you'll have to share my pickup with my pets.

FISHER

I like pets.

STEVEN SEAGAL

That's no problem. Thank you for this. It's very kind of you.

LESTER

We got to leave now. Don't like to leave my pets in the car for very long.

Lester gets up.

LESTER (CONT'D)

Meet me outside.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Thanks.

(To Fisher)

Finally some good luck.

FISHER

Why? What happened?

STEVEN SEAGAL

Finish that and lets go.

Fisher grabs the remaining pancakes and shoves them in his jacket pocket.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)

I hate you.

FISHER

I want to see his pets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Fisher jumps up, skips out of the diner.

Seagal, head shaking, follows. Leaving his fake wallet on the table.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

We're following a pickup truck. Old. Rusty. Two rows of seats in the front. Windows tinted dark. In the bed, a sleeper cabin. Big, white, paint chipping.

INT. OLD MAN'S PICKUP - NIGHT

A full house. In the front row of seats: The Old Man driving and three skinny, bleached blond women. All smoking. All have seen better days. Much better days.

In the back row of seats: Seagal by the window, Fisher in the middle and a massively obese, blond lady by the other window. Tight quarters here. No one is comfortable.

FISHER

I like your pets.

LESTER

They're all Russian or Lithuanian.
I don't know. Just come over on a
boat. My...cousins.

FISHER

(To the OBESE GAL next to
him)

Hi there, what are you chain
smoking?

LESTER

They don't speak a word of English.
My cousins, that is.

Fisher leans in close to Seagal. He's got a secret.

FISHER

(Whispers)

I don't think they're really his
cousins.

STEVEN SEAGAL

How'd you figure that one out,
Columbozo?

FISHER

I think...

(Whispers)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FISHER (CONT'D)

I think they're whores.

(Turns to the Obese Gal)

Are you a whore?

She has no idea what he's saying.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Never ask a woman if she's a whore.

The Obese Gal looks at Steven. She shoves her thumb into her mouth, fellates it.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)

Even if she's totally a whore.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Dolores runs a soggy rag across a table. KA-KING! She looks up.

WAITRESS

Fuck balls.

In walks Lonsdale and Finch.

The nervous MANAGER runs up to the Sheriff, who doesn't even look at him.

MANAGER

Wh-what can I do for you Sheriff
Lonsdale?

LONSDALE

What can you do for me? You can sit
down and shut the fuck up.

MANAGER

All right, sir. I can do that.

The Manager sits right there, on the floor.

LONSDALE

Get up, fart face.

MANAGER

Yes sir.

The Manager rises and scampers off.

LONSDALE

Dolores.

She curses under her breath, steps forward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONSDALE (CONT'D)

You get a coupla...strange fellas
in here today? Big tall one with a
pony tale. And a fat one. Real
stupid.

FINCH

REAL stupid.

She reaches into her pocket, pulls out a wallet, then the ID,
holds out.

WAITRESS

This guy?

Lonsdale grabs the ID. Steven Seagal as Rex Hardcastle.

LONSDALE

Rex Hardcastle?

FINCH

That's a dumb name.

LONSDALE

I knew it. One of them look alike
con men. Like the fella said he was
Pat Sajak and conned Mell Watts
outa five hundred dollars in hog
feed last year.

FINCH

I'll take a, "W," Vanna.

LONSDALE

A fucking con man, in my county!

FINCH

Fucking con man!

LONSDALE

You want me to tell your Momma you
got a fucking potty mouth?

FINCH

No sir.

LONSDALE

(Back to the waitress)
Which way these boys headed?

Dolores points eastbound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LONSDALE (CONT'D)

Finch.

FINCH

The paddy wagon?

LONSDALE

Arrest everybody.

EXT. RAILROAD CROSSING - NIGHT

The Old Man's pickup is stopped at a rail road crossing. So is the freight train. A few over-alled yokels linger about.

At the side of the road is a small shack that passes for a train station around these parts. A FAT NAVAJO rocks in a rocking chair smoking a cigar.

INT. LESTER'S PICKUP - NIGHT

Lester looks back to the crammed, not-comfortable, boys.

LESTER

Conductor says they hit a cow.
Almost done cleaning it up.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Wonderful.

The Fat Navajo, OLLY, waddles over, whispers into the Old Man's ear.

LESTER

I don't know, Olly, you'd have to
be real quick.

Olly holds up a wad of cash, points to one of the less run down, Russian whores.

LESTER (CONT'D)

All right, hurry up then.
(To the Whore)
Go one. On-delay. Move ass.

The whore, spits a Russian curse at him as she pushes her way out the passenger side door.

EXT. RAILROAD CROSSING - NIGHT

The two lovebirds climb into the sleeper cab.

INT. OLD MAN'S VAN - NIGHT

The pickup rocks back and forth, squeaking.

FISHER
What's going on?

LESTER
You ever heard about the birds and
the bees, boy?

FISHER
I've heard of the Captain and
Tennille.

Lester looks to Seagal. Is this guy for real?

STEVEN SEAGAL
Don't look at me.

Squeaking and squeaking. Now MOANING. GROANING.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)
(Trying hard not to loose
his shit.)
Can you turn the radio on, please?

FISHER
Good idea.

Fisher leans forward, into the front and clicks on the radio.

Louder MOANING. Heavy bouncing.

He spins through the stations, not stopping for more than a
few seconds.

Earthquake shaking. The shocks are howling.

STEVEN SEAGAL
What are you doing?

FISHER
Maybe somebody's playing your
music.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Just pick a fucking station.

Smooth jazz. Lots of sax. For all the sex.

Fisher sits back, next to Seagal, who's about ready to
explode.

SQUEAK, MOAN, SQUEAK, MOAN, SQUEAK.

Then everything stops. Except the music.

OLLY
(From the sleeper cab)
Change the station!

Seagal has had enough of this shit.

STEVEN SEAGAL
I've had enough this shit!

He flings open the door and storms out. Fisher scrambles after him.

EXT. RAIL ROAD CROSSING - NIGHT

Seagal, livid, stomps off, towards the shack.

FISHER
Where are you going?

STEVEN SEAGAL
Far away from you?

FISHER
Why? What did I do?

He stops, wheels around, furious.

STEVEN SEAGAL
What did you do? You only fucked up every single thing on this trip?

FISHER
What about the time that I...You know, when I-

STEVEN SEAGAL
What, when you did what? What have you done, other than my bust my fucking balls all fucking day?

A Police siren WAILS.

At the shack, in the shadows, Seagal and Fisher watch as Lonsdale's cruiser pulls up to the love-mobile.

The Sheriff gets out, pulls up his pants and struts over to the bouncing pickup.

Lester is staring at his watch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESTER
You got thirty seconds left, Olly.

He notices Lonsdale, GULPS.

LESTER (CONT'D)
Sheriff Lonsdale. What can I do for
you?

SQUEAK. SQUEAK. SQUEAK.

LONSDALE
Olly!

OLLY
(From the sleeper cab)
Yeah, Sheriff.

LONSDALE
Putt your pants on and get out
here.

Lonsdale pulls out the fake, Hardcastle ID.

Seagal and Fisher watch from the shack, partially hidden in
shadow. Close enough to see and hear everything.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Is that my fake ID?

FISHER
Let's go see.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Wait a second. Let's see how this
plays out.

At the pickup.

LONSDALE
You recognize this lying fuck bag?
He's been going around using fake
money. He's a con man. Posing as
some actor.

LESTER
Rex Hardcastle? I thought that was
Arnold Schwarzenegger.

At the shack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVEN SEAGAL
Schwarzenegger! Did he say fake
money?

(To Fisher)
Do you have any cash left?

Fisher nods, shows him a bill.

There's Scott Baio, smiling right back.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)
Don gave you this?

FISHER
Yeah, isn't he cool?

STEVEN SEAGAL
This is counterfeit. This is a
felony.

Fisher looks at the bill, for the first fucking time.

FISHER
Whoa! Hella sweet.

STEVEN SEAGAL
They think I'm a some kind of con
man. He's got my movie ID. This
asshole's going to arrest me.

FISHER
Wait, wait, calm down. It's OK,
look

He holds up the bill, points to Baio.

FISHER (CONT'D)
It's not your face on the bill.
They'll have to arrest whoever this
guy is.

TOOOT. The train whistle blows and it starts to move out.
Sloooowly.

At the pickup.

Lonsdale, his back to the shack, has everyone from the pickup
lined up in front of him.

Right behind Lonsdale, at the shack, Seagal has picked up a
stick and is whacking Fisher over the head with it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LONSDALE
You seen this fella?

LESTER
Yup.

LONSDALE
Where?

LESTER
They was with me in my pickup.

FINCH
Prostitution solic-ication.

LONSDALE
Shut up Finch.

Behind them. More stick bashing. Fisher's arms flail, trying to block.

LONSDALE (CONT'D)
So what happened to them?

LESTER
They got out.

LONSDALE
(Frustration growing,
fast)
I can see that, shit brain. Where'd they go?

Lester peers over Lonsdale's shoulder, at the stick whipping.

LESTER
That's them, right behind you.

Lonsdale spins around. Caught, the beating stops.

LONSDALE
Hey!

FISHER
Oh shit.

They take off, towards the train.

LONSDALE
STOP!

He takes off after them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Running!

Seagal in the lead, heads for the moving freight train. There's a car with an open door. Fisher huffs and puffs a few steps behind.

LONSDALE (CONT'D)

I said stop!

Seagal lunges and grabs onto a hand hold, pulls himself into the train car.

He looks back at Fisher, closing in, but loosing steam.

FISHER

Wait for me.

Seagal thinks about it for a hot second, then grabs the handle and shuts the door.

INT. TRAIN CAB - NIGHT

Dark. Empty. There's an opening on the roof, where moonlight creeps in.

Seagal, relieved. Finally some peace and quiet.

Then slowly...Guilt creeps in.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Dammit.

Seal, pushes open the door. No Fisher.

The train is moving fast. Fisher would be loooong gone.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)

Shit.

Seagal, closes the door. Bummed.

Behind him, Fisher drops into the car from the opening in the ceiling.

FISHER

That was awesome!

STEVEN SEAGAL

(Starled)

Fuck! You made it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FISHER

I'm faster then I look. Fatter too,
does this shirt make my ass look
small?

Guilt is gone. Hello reality. He plops down on the floor,
frustrated and depressed once again.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Great idea to get on this train.
That cop looked pissed.

STEVEN SEAGAL

I know.

FISHER

So...Where are we going?

STEVEN SEAGAL

I have no idea.

FISHER

Adventure! I love it.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Adventure? We're lost, we're broke,
the cops are after us and we're on
a train heading god knows where.
Wouldn't call that adventure. I'd
call it insanity.

FISHER

Well, I'd still call it adventure.

STEVEN SEAGAL

I was feeling a little guilty, just
then. Now...Now I'm about to rip
your arms off and beat you to death
with your own fists.

FISHER

Why would you do that?

FAAART. Fisher passes gas. Worried look. Then he reaches back
to his butt. Relief.

FISHER (CONT'D)

For a second there, I thought I
sharted.

SHRRROM. The train lurches to a stop.

Seagal peers out the window.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

The train has come up to a small factory. There's a few silos and a long arm that swings over a train car twenty yards away.

Right along the train tracks is a river. Wide. Swift. Probably cold as hell.

STEVEN SEAGAL
It's some kind of factory.

VROOM. Lonsdale's cop car, speeds by, towards the front of the train.

INT. TRAIN CAR - NIGHT

STEVEN SEAGAL
Shit. It's the cop.

FISHER
That guy's really annoying.

STEVEN SEAGAL
We need to make it to the Arkansas border. Then we're out of his jurisdiction.

FISHER
What does Jerry's diction have to do with it?

The train lurches forward ten feet, then stops.

STEVEN SEAGAL
He's checking the cars.

He looks at the river again. Way too fucking cold.

FISHER
I got it.

Seagal, skeptical. You're kidding me, right?

The train lurches forward again. Stops. In the distance, a WHOOSHING.

FISHER (CONT'D)
We take all of our clothes and make a giant parachute. Then we get giants fans and...and-

Another lurch forward. Another stop. WHOOSHING. Louder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FISHER (CONT'D)

Then we...Shit, I forgot. It was right on the tip of my tongue.

STEVEN SEAGAL

My foot is going to be on the tip of your tongue if you don't shut the fuck up.

FISHER

You could do that? Can you teach ME how to do that.

Another lurch forward. Something above them, huge, blocks out the moon.

A wide open shaft hangs above them.

A rushing WHOOSH builds. Louder and louder.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Oh fuck.

FISHER

What if it's candy. Or donuts.

SPLOOOOSH. A wave of brown patties fly out of the shaft and pelt out heroes, knocking them both to the ground.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Shit!

He struggles to his feet.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)

It's cow shit. Fertilizer.

The train car is filling up fast.

Fisher emerges from a pile. A lump in his mouth. He spits it out.

FISHER

I don't like these donuts.

STEVEN SEAGAL

We have to get out of here. Help me with the door.

They pull and pull on the door. It's not budging.

The crap is waste high and still flowing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FISHER

I don't want to be buried in stinky donuts.

A strong yank and the door slides open.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

A wave of shit patties rolls out of the train car. Among the turds, an action hero and his idiot wannabe stunt man.

Lonsdale can't miss this. He draws his gun and runs over.

The human-shit wave rolls down hill at a clip. Right towards the river.

SPLASH. Both flop into the water and are swiftly carried downstream. Arms, legs, flailing as they spin over and under the foamy water.

Lonsdale stops at the point they went in. Finch catches up.

LONSDALE

(Out of breath)

Crafty motherfuckers...But I know where that river ends.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

At a riverbank. We follow muddy footprints from the shore. Past clothes, hanging on a tree branch, shoes on a rock.

Fisher alone, sits by a small fire. He pokes at some burning logs with a stick.

Is he...He's wearing a garbage bag. A big black shiny one. Holes cut out at the head and arms.

STEVEN SEAGAL (O.S.)

I'm not wearing this.

FISHER

It's just until you're clothes dry.

Seagal steps out of the woods. Also wearing a garbage bag.

STEVEN SEAGAL

I look like an asshole.

FISHER

Naw, you look like Shaft in a bad-ass leather jacket. If that jacket was a garbage bag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVEN SEAGAL
Why did you have these in your
backpack?

FISHER
I've got lots of things in my
backpack.

Fisher opens it up. Pulls out an plastic tube.

FISHER (CONT'D)
Toilet paper holder. I just need
the toilet paper.

Next an egg slicer.

FISHER (CONT'D)
Perfect for eggs. Let me know if
you find any eggs.

Finally a soggy box of tampons.

FISHER (CONT'D)
You know, just in case.

STEVEN SEAGAL
How about a cell phone, maybe a
flare gun? Something useful.

FISHER
Tampons are useful...If you're a
lady. How's your phone?

STEVEN SEAGAL
Busted. We've got to find a road.
But we should wait until morning.

FISHER
Oh well. I guess we're forced to
spend some time hanging out, by the
fire. Just two buddies.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Wonderful.

FISHER
I've got a question.

STEVEN SEAGAL
No, I've got a question. Why do you
carry around all that useless shit
in your bag?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FISHER
It's my junk drawer.

STEVEN SEAGAL
You're what?

FISHER
My junk drawer. Everybody's got a
junk drawer.

STEVEN SEAGAL
At home, yes. Not on my back.

FISHER
Yeah, well, this kinda is my home.

STEVEN SEAGAL
What are you talking about now?

FISHER
I've kind of been living in my
van...For awhile.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Really?

FISHER
My parents kicked me out of the
house. They didn't believe in my
dream. Said I was an idiot. Said
I'd never be a stunt man. I should
do like my brothers and become a
prison guard or a mailman.

Seagal can't imagine why.

FISHER (CONT'D)
But that's not me. I've got
something else inside me. I want to
be great. Do great things. It's a
burning. Not like the hemorrhoids
kind of burning either. The burning
is not in my ass, it's in my heart.

STEVEN SEAGAL
That's touching.

FISHER
Thank you...So I loaded up my van
and left. When I heard you were
making a movie here, well, I had to
come out. Got lucky and landed the
job. I owe it all to Don.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

STEVEN SEAGAL

So do I.

FISHER

Yeah, my parents kind of suck.

Seagal looks him over. He's not that bad- Wait, is he feeling sorry for this dope? No. Can't have that.

Fisher pulls out a Steven Seagal Energy drink, cracks it open.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Want one?

STEVEN SEAGAL

No thanks.

Fisher puts the can between his legs and leans back against a rock.

FISHER

So how come you don't want to do karate?

STEVEN SEAGAL

This again!

FISHER

Maybe I can help.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Ha.

FISHER

I'm like Dr. Phil, except cuter and not a douche.

STEVEN SEAGAL

The last time I used karate on a movie there was an accident and I hurt someone. I won't use it again.

FISHER

What happened?

All right. What the hell.

STEVEN SEAGAL

We set up a scene where this guy was going to jump at me and I would karate chop him in the stomach.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)

So, he jumps and I guess my timing was off or something. I chopped him right in the balls.

FISHER

Oww.

STEVEN SEAGAL

I shattered both of them. Both of his balls.

FISHER

WOW! You smacked that guys balls off! Holy shit! That is so cool!

STEVEN SEAGAL

It's not cool. He has to take hormones or he'll grow tits.

FISHER

You can grow tits from hormones?

STEVEN SEAGAL

I ruined his life. Me! It was all me. And these-

He raises his hands.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)

So I only shoot people in the movies now. I couldn't punch someone if I wanted. I can't even makes a fist anymore. My hands won't let me.

He tries to make a fist. His hands tremble. He can't do it.

FISHER

I totally understand where you're coming from. You've got to motivate your body. Talk to it. I do it all the time.

STEVEN SEAGAL

What?

Fisher raises his fists. Nods to the left fist.

FISHER

This is Cagney

Nods to the right fist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

FISHER (CONT'D)
And this is Lacy.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Cagney and Lacy?

He puts Lacy behind his back.

FISHER
(Whispers)
Cagney's better at blowjobs. But
don't tell Lacy.

STEVEN SEAGAL
I won't.

FISHER
If you talk to your body, you can
motivate it to do things it doesn't
want to do. Like when I can't make
a number two or when my pecker
doesn't want to work, I just talk
to it. Pump it up.

Looks down at his crotch.

FISHER (CONT'D)
I'll go. "Wake up! The Meredith
Baxter Birney titty movie is on."
That usually does the trick.

STEVEN SEAGAL
I'm not talking to my hands.

FISHER
You should try it. It works.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Oh wait-

Leans in to his hands, listens.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)
I think they're saying something.

Two middle fingers for Fisher.

FISHER
I'm number one? Oh...I get it.

STEVEN SEAGAL
I'm done with karate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

FISHER

But you were so good.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Was. Was good.

Seagal pulls his garbage bag sheet up. Fisher does the same.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)

And kid, I wasn't, "Good." I was great.

He tosses water on to the fire. It HISSES out.

FADE OUT

EXT. MOVIE SET - DAY

A busy movie set. Folks rushing this way and that.

VOICE

Quiet please!

Every one stops. Folks move aside as Steven Seagal, in beret, ascot and puffy director's pants, strides past all. In one hand a old timey bull horn, in the other a long black cigarette holders.

He is obviously a director.

Steven, "The Auteur," Seagal strides past old cameras and lights, and up to Fisher, standing alone in the middle of a jail cell set.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Are you read for your stunt?

FISHER

Yes sir.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Wonderful. I have a shit ton of confidence in you. And I also think you're really cool. Have I told you that?

FISHER

I won't let you down.

Seagal spins on he his heels and walks to his director's chair. He plops down and raises his bullhorn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVEN SEAGAL

Action!

A horde of football players bust through the set wall. They head right for Fisher, knocking him on his ass.

Like a demented conga line, the players trample and exit set, loop around and come back in and trample him again. And endless stomp-fest.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)

CUT!

Seagal helps up a shaken Fisher.

FISHER

How did I do boss?

STEVEN SEAGAL

Wonderful. Isn't that right. Mister and Misses Fisher.

Over there, by one of the lights, it's-

FISHER

Mom! Dad!

They wave.

DAD

We're so proud!

MOM

We love you.

Seagal hugs Fisher.

SEAGAL

I love you too.

FISHER

Wow. I am so happy.

SEAGAL

I really mean that.

Seagal pulls away. Stares deeply into Fisher's eyes.

STEVEN SEAGAL

I deeply, really love you, Fisher.

FISHER

Great. Awesome.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Seagal's head starts to lower.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Umm...

Seagal's head drops down to Fishers crotch.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Mr. Seagal?
(Jolted)
Whoa! Steven!

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Fisher is asleep, leaning against a rock. Something is under his sheet. Right at his crotch

EXT. MOVIE SET - DAY

FISHER

This is really inappropriate.

Fisher looks over to Mom and Dad. Dad claps and Mom shoots him a thumbs up.

FISHER (CONT'D)

No. No way.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Fisher tosses, turns.

FISHER

No way. No way!

He wakes up. Looks down at his crotch. Something big is down there.

He looks over to Seagal. Still asleep in that last spot we saw him.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Oh boy.

He lifts the garbage bag.

It's FUCKING BEAR. He's licking at the Seagal energy drink can between Fisher's legs.

FISHER (CONT'D)

AHHHHH!!!

Seagal wakes up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVEN SEAGAL
AHHHHH!!!

FISHER
Run you fucker!

EXT. WOODS - DAY

They take off into the woods, barefoot and naked, except for the garbage bags. The bear ROARS and lopes after them.

FISHER
That dog is really angry.

They run and run.

Behind them the bear pursues. ROARS!

There in the distance, flood lights way up high. A whole bunch of them.

STEVEN SEAGAL
That way!

More running and pursuing. The bear is getting closer.

The two push past some branches and stop. Something big blocks their path

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)
What the hell?

It's a giant fiberglass pig. A cartoony leftover from some kiddie amusement park. Trashed, dented, but that big smile is still bright.

All very innocent except for the two, foot long, purple dildos glued to his chest where his nipples would be.

FISHER
That pig has dicks on it's tits.

The boys stand at the edge of a wide swath of astro-turf. Above them, hanging from trees are the bright flood lights.

In the middle of the clearing, a shotgun cabin, covered with a mass of tangled, flashing, Christmas lights and painted bright pink with green polka dots.

Next to the house, a garage. Scrawled on the closed door: Stay Away!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All around are various cartoon animals statues. All worn and creepy, like the pig. And like the pig, all have brightly colored dildos attached to their chests.

The bear ROARS. Branches rustle behind them.

They run up to the front door. Bang away.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Help help. Let us in. Wild dog.

A flap on the roof flies open and a man pops up. He's wearing a cheap Halloween zombie mask and a zebra print leotard. He tosses a smoking shoe box at the approaching bear.

BOOM. Fireworks whizzing and crackling in every direction.

Our heroes duck for their lives.

Spooked, the bear takes off.

Order restored. All is calm.

MASKED GUY

Fucking bear.

He drops back into the house.

FISHER

That was a bear?

The front door swings open.

The masked guy, PARKER, has a shotgun trained on them.

PARKER

Who are you? And what the fuck are you wearing?

You know, since they're wearing garbage bags.

FISHER

My name is Fisher and I'm a Pisces.

PARKER

(To Seagal)

Hey...Are you?

He whips off his zombie mask, revealing a purple Mexican wrestler's mask underneath.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Holy shit, you are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He grabs them both

PARKER (CONT'D)
Come on in boys!

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

Dark, run down, full of broken junk. Empty food containers everywhere. A fucking dump.

Three TVs going at once. There's a bathtub in the center of the room. Full shower curtain around it.

PARKER
The names Parker, welcome to my home.

FISHER
Thank you kind sir.

PARKER
Look Tony it's...umm.
(Can't remember)
It's that guy in the movie that kicked all that ass and shit.

In the corner is a deathly skinny guy, TONY. Smoking, wide eyed, freaky. Staring at the ceiling. He doesn't even notice the guests.

FISHER
Finally someone gets it right.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Whoopee.

PARKER
Ain't you gonna says hello, Tony?

Parker waits. Tony stares, doesn't budge. A big smile as he turns back to the guests.

PARKER (CONT'D)
That's better.

FISHER
That man didn't say anything.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Shut up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKER
Are you filming a movie out here?
Can I be in it?

He looks around.

PARKER (CONT'D)
Am I in it? Are you filming now?

STEVEN SEAGAL
Well-

PARKER
(To Steven)
Would you two-
(To Tony, who hasn't moved
an inch)
I was just going to ask them that!
Why do you always have to interrupt
me?

The boys exchange a look. We've got a live one.

PARKER (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, fellas. Just ignore him.
You two must be freezing. Let me
get you some clothes.

He looks Seagal up and down.

PARKER (CONT'D)
My brother was about your height.

LATER

We start at the feet and move up.

First: Black combat boots. Upward gets us to bare shine and
knees, then frills, pink. Moving up, we see it's a lovely
pink dress.

Steven Seagal's lovely pink dress.

STEVEN SEAGAL
(Less than thrilled)
Your brother's?

PARKER
He had an operation.

STEVEN SEAGAL
This is all you have?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PARKER
Afraid so. Wild pigs ate the rest.

FISHER (O.S.)
Don't complain.

He's got on bright green sweat pants. Lots of holes. And stains. And a too tight purple sweat shirt with and iron-on photo of a pony on the front.

FISHER (CONT'D)
I hate ponies.

PARKER
How could you hate ponies?

FISHER
Well, it all started when I was five-

Parker turns to Tony.

PARKER
Shit that's a great idea, Tony.
(To the guys)
I got a movie. One of your movies.
You boys want to watch it?

STEVEN SEAGAL
We really don't have time.

FISHER
I love his movies. Which one is it?

PARKER
I got the one where he's a cop.

FISHER
Umm...

PARKER
My cousins sent it to me, just the other day, from jail. Lemme go get it.

FISHER
Cool.

Parker takes off.

STEVEN SEAGAL
We need to get out of here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FISHER

What? This place is cool as shit.
Look they've got jiffy pop.

Fisher picks up a used jiffy pop thingy at Tony's feet.

Tony notices the two guest for the first time. FREAKS OUT!.

TONY

AAAAHHHHHHH. AAAAAHHHHHHH!

He bounces up and down in the chair like he's got a cattle prod up his wazoo.

Parker rushes in, gets in Tony's face.

PARKER

Chiropractor! Chiropractor!

Tony calms down for a moment.

Then FREAKS THE FUCK OUT AGAIN.

TONY

AMAMA BAMA! BLABBA WAMBA!

Parker snatches a can of Pam off a pile of newspapers, sprays it in Tony's face.

Tony instantly calms down. Starts crying.

PARKER

Tony gets out of line sometimes.
If, "Chiropractor," don't slow him down, just hit him with the Pam.

STEVEN SEAGAL

I'll remember that.

Parker ducks out.

FISHER

What did I tell you, these guys are cool as shit!

Seagal rifles through piles of junk.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Look for keys, a phone.

FISHER

Why would we need the key to their phone?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Past a pile of dirty clothes over to the tub.

STEVEN SEAGAL
No idiot. Just-

He pulls back the the shower curtain.

Tubes, glass jars, bubbling fluids, more tubes. Lots of white powder coats everything. It's some kind of still or-

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)
This place is a meth lab

FISHER
Meth! No! Maybe they make cakes.
They're bakers. With powdered
sugar.

Fisher takes a taste.

FISHER (CONT'D)
ACKkkk. Taste like powdered shit.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Why do you have to taste
everything?

FISHER
Verification!

Parker comes back with a VHS tape. Around his neck, a set of keys dangle.

PARKER
You boys ok?

The guys perk up. Nothing going on here.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Yup.

FISHER
Great.

Parker slides the tape into his VCR. Sits on his sloppy couch.

PARKER
What the fuck are you guys doin?

At the tub. No drugs here. Not that we'd have a problem with that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

FISHER
We're cool.

PARKER
Come over here and sit down.

They come over there and sit down.

PARKER (CONT'D)
I haven't seen this one before.

Show starts. It's the New Orleans cop reality show. You know, the one where Steven Seagal is a cop and he rides with the real New Orleans Police Department.

PARKER (CONT'D)
What it's about?

FISHER
He's actually a real New Orleans Police-

Seagal elbows him.

STEVEN SEAGAL
I'm a cop. You know, the usual. Someone kills my partner and I'm out for revenge.

Show starts playing.

VOICE OVER
This time Steven Segal is a real cop. On patrol with real cops. Solving real crimes.

Parker takes a sharp look at Segal.

PARKER
Did they say you was a real cop?

STEVEN SEAGAL
That's just about my character. Back story.

PARKER
Like Star Wars?

STEVEN SEAGAL
Exactly like Star Wars.

On the TV screen, we see Seagal and other cops bust through a door and tackle a DRUG DEALER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

DRUG DEALER
It's not my drugs.

Seagal slaps cuffs on the dealer, yeanks him to his feet.

DRUG DEALER (CONT'D)
You're not a real cop. You're
Steven *BLEEEPIN* Seagal!

STEVEN SEAGAL
No, I'm a real cop and your really
under arrest. Cause I can do that.
I'm a real cop and I can really
arrest you for being a drug dealer.
Slime-bag!

He tosses the dealer into the back seat of a cop car.

VOICE OVER
This ain't no movie. Steven Seagal
is a real cop!

PARKER
Wow!...

He turns to Seagal.

Fuck, we're caught.

PARKER (CONT'D)
This is a realistic movie.

STEVEN SEAGAL
(Relieved)
One of my best. Hey do you have a
phone?

PARKER
A phone?

He jumps up off the couch.

PARKER (CONT'D)
What do you need a phone for? You
gonnna call the cops or somethun? I
ain't done noting wrong. I ain't
cooking meth. That's powdered
sugar. I'm a baker.

FISHER
Powdered shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

PARKER

It's not my drugs! Don't call the cops!

STEVEN SEAGAL

Cops? No, why would I call them? I umm...Have to call this orphanage. Every morning I read them the race form. They're big horse racing fans...Orphans.

FISHER

You do?

STEVEN SEAGAL

I do! I'd like to call them, if that's OK.

PARKER

I don't have no phone. But I got the internet!

Parker looks under some junk.

STEVEN SEAGAL

We need to get out of here now!

FISHER

Distraction!

Fisher gets up. Goes over to the drug tub. Snatches a book of matches from Tony's lap.

STEVEN SEAGAL

What are you doing?

FISHER

Is powdered sugar flammable?

STEVEN SEAGAL

No!

Parker looks up. He's found an old Atari game system.

PARKER

I found the Internet. Who wants to email?

Fisher drops the match in the bathtub, ducks. Seagal ducks.

EXT. SHACK - DAY

Fire balls shoot out every window.

INT. SHACK - DAY

Smoldering junk. Parker is laid out, unconscious. Tony stares at the ceiling as usual.

Fisher crawls on the floor, finds Seagal. Shakes him.

FISHER
Powdered sugar is flammable, dummy!
Are you Ok?

Seagal smacks him.

FISHER (CONT'D)
You're ok.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Let's go.

Seagal grabs the keys from around Parker's neck on the way out.

FISHER
(To Parker)
Chew on my dick!

EXT. SHACK - DAY

At the closed garage.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Whatever these keys are for is in here.

Seagal raises the garage door.

FISHER
Awesome.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Really?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

VROOM.

Around a bend, here comes Seagal and Fisher.

They ride a custom chopper with side car.

The bike is long and pink and in the shape of a GIANT PENIS.

The side car, a VAGINA.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On their heads, crash helmets that look like giant HAIRY BALLS.

FISHER
I've been dreaming of just this
moment for years!

The schlong-cycle passes a minivan.

Inside a retired couple gawks at them.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

RETIRED MAN
Is that Steven See-gal wearing a
pink frilly dress and riding a
giant Penis shaped motorcycle?

Fisher waves at them.

OLD WOMAN
Yes it is.

OLD MAN
Hmm. Thought so.

They drive on.

EXT. SHACK - DAY

Unconscious, on the floor, is Parker. Standing above him, Lonsdale.

He nudges Parker's face, with his foot. Parker MOANS.

LONSDALE
Good morning Parker.

He stirs.

PARKER
Lonsdale! Those bastards emailed
you didn't they!

LONSDALE
Looks like you had yourself a
little accident.

PARKER
It was that guy, that guy in the
movie that kicked all that ass and
shit! He came in here and blew my
shit up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONSDALE
Is that so?

PARKER
Me and my cousins are going kill
him.

LONSDALE
Your cousins are in jail. I put
them there.

Suddenly, three shady dudes, Parker's COUSINS, step into the
room.

COUSIN 1
We got out today.

LONSDALE
Right...Hey Finch.

FINCH
Paddy wagon?

LONSDALE
Arrests them all.

The cousins draws guns. Lots of guns.

LONSDALE (CONT'D)
Shit.

EXT. MOVIE SET - DAY

Folks mull about the set as the day begins.

Don, his phone pressed up against his ear, checks his watch.
The Assistant hovers nearby.

DON
Answer the goddamn phone. You're
two hours late.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Back at the makeshift camp site, the bear has returned. It's
face buried in Fisher's backpack.

RING RING.

The bear shakes off the backpack and looks Seagal's
cellphone, buzzing on the ground.

RING RING.

It sniffs the phone, then devours it in one chomp.

EXT. MOVIE SET - DAY

Don looks at his phone: Connection lost.

DON

Shit!

(To the Assistant)

Make the call.

EXT. LYLE'S PETTING ZOO AND GAS STATION - DAY

Hand painted sign. Old, spinning dial gas pumps. Dingy shop.

Way too many retro scooters laying around. Vespas.
Lambrettas...Dont ask me.

And, of course, the Penis motorcycle.

Seagal stands over a man checking out the engine. LYLE. This is his place.

LYLE

I'm shocked you made it this far.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Can you fix it?

LYLE

Nope. But I can get you a good deal
on one these scooters.

He points to a bright yellow Vespa.

STEVEN SEAGAL

I don't think so.

LYLE

You say you're headed to Arkansas?

STEVEN SEAGAL

Yeah.

LYLE

Well, we're just ten miles from the
border. I supposes I could give you
a ride.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVEN SEAGAL

That would be great...We're kind of in a hurry. Actually, I'm already late.

LYLE

Go round up your friend and we'll head off.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Have you seen my friend...I mean, that idiot that I came in here with.

LYLE

He's out back, with the critters. Hey could I get an autograph?

STEVEN SEAGAL

Sure.

LYLE

Wait here.

Lyle runs to the shop, runs back with a plate.

One of those fancy plates. One of those, not to eaten off of plates. You know, a collectible junk plate.

LYLE (CONT'D)

I got this off the QVC. Could you sign it?

On the plate: A lifeguard. Oiled up. Muscles rippling. Baywatch in huge letters on the top. David Hasselhoff

LYLE (CONT'D)

Were all them titties real? Or was they silly-corns?

EXT. LYLE'S PETTING ZOO AND GAS STATION - DAY

Behind Lyle's gas station is Lyle's petting zoo.

Lyle's petting zoo is a wide circle, fenced in with chicken wire. Mulling around: Some chickens, a few pigs and a pack of goats that are all over Fisher.

FISHER

They love me. Must be my animal magnesium.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVEN SEAGAL
You threw a lit match into a bath
tub full of meth.

FISHER
When?

STEVEN SEAGAL
Five minutes ago.

FISHER
Oh yeah. Wasn't that cool?

STEVEN SEAGAL
You could have killed us.

FISHER
We needed a diversion.

STEVEN SEAGAL
"Look over there!" That's a
diversion.

FISHER
Look where?

STEVEN SEAGAL
What you did was attempted murder.

FISHER
We got out of there. Got a sweet
ass ride. Met some cool friggin
goats.

STEVEN SEAGAL
You don't get it, do you?

FISHER
What?

STEVEN SEAGAL
You'll never be a stunt man! You'll
never be *my* stunt man. You don't
look anything like me. You're brain
is dented. There's something wrong
with you.

FISHER
What are you saying?

STEVEN SEAGAL
What do you think I'm saying?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FISHER

You don't want to be friends
anymore?

STEVEN SEAGAL

(Yelling)

Friends! Friends! I can't stand
you. Everything you say, everything
you do seems like it was grown in a
test tube specifically designed to
PISS ME OFF!

FISHER

Test tube? I'm all man.

STEVEN SEAGAL

You're lucky I don't punch your
face off right here.

FISHER

(Yelling)

Well maybe you should. Maybe you'd
be better off if you punched
people. That way your movies would
be so...poopie!

Fisher immediately covers his mouth. Shocked at what he said.

FISHER (CONT'D)

I didn't mean that.

STEVEN SEAGAL

We're done. Find your own ride
back.

FISHER

Wait.

Goats all over him, won't let him get far.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Fucking goats!

EXT. LYLE'S GAS STATION - DAY

Seagal heads right for the yellow Vespa

STEVEN SEAGAL

Which way is the border?

LYLE

Right down this road.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Seagal hops on the yellow Vespa, turns the key.

LYLE (CONT'D)
Hey what are you doing?

He turns the key zooms off.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Mail the bill to Hasselhoff!

Fisher runs out onto the road. Goats chase him.

FISHER
Come back!

Seagal disappears around a bend.

FISHER (CONT'D)
Crap!

VROOM!

Behind Fisher, three Harleys ROAR around a bend and into the gas station.

It's the three cousins. Each cousin has a passenger. Parker, Finch and Lonsdale. The two cops tied up.

FISHER
Oh hi Parker.

Parker hops off his bike pulls out a pistol.

FISHER (CONT'D)
Balls.

EXT. MOVIE SET - DAY

Busy set.

A tall man in a pink dress riding a bright yellow vespa pulls in.

Don runs over.

DON
Steven? What the hell happened?

STEVEN SEAGAL
Don't ask.

DON
Where's the kid?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mr. Seagal meet Mr. Guilt.

DON (CONT'D)
 Who cares. We'll get another.
 Change out of that crap and let's
 go to set.

LATER

They walk to set. A log cabin.

Out front. Lorenzo Llamas chops wood as they film a scene.

STEVEN SEAGAL
 Llamas?

DIRECTOR
 Cut!

DON
 What was I supposed to do? You were
 a no-show.
 (To Lorenzo)
 Llamas!

LORENZO LLAMAS
 Yeah.

DON
 Take a hike. You're fired.

LORENZO LLAMAS
 Aww man.

STEVEN SEAGAL
 Now get into you costume and lets
 shoot this fucker.

A Wardrobe Lady comes over with a pair of overalls.

In the background, a TV blares

TV
 The hostage situation continues
 here at Lyles Gas Station.

Seagal perks up, looks over at the small portable TV, sitting
 on the bed of a crew truck.

We see a shot of the gas station. Cops everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TV (CONT'D)

Four gunmen apparently took hostage County Sheriff Skylar Lonsdale, his deputy Paul Finch, the establishments owner Lyle Kendrick and an unidentified man.

TV shows scared hostages and Fisher waving at the camera, thrilled to be here.

TV (CONT'D)

Who seems to be wearing-

The camera zooms in on the Seagal shirt.

TV (CONT'D)

Some kind of Patrick Swayze t-shirt.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Son of a bitch.

TV

The gunmen have just released a demand. They say they'll release all the prisoners in exchange for quote, "That guy in the movie that kicked all that ass and-." Umm...I can't say that word on TV.

Don storms over.

DON

Dammit Steven, what the hell are you waiting for? Haven't you wasted enough of my time and money!

Seagal looks at the TV, the kid waves, then gets kicked in the stomach by Parker.

Don turns off the TV.

DON (CONT'D)

Earth to has-been. Come in has-been.

Seagal gets all angry-cool. Squints at Don. The SEAGAL LOOK.

SEAGAL

Don-

DON

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

STEVEN SEAGAL
Chew on my dick.

Seagal jumps on the Vespa and takes off.

INT. GAS STATION

Fisher and all the others are tied up.

The three Cousins and Parker are arguing.

FISHER
This is really cool, isn't it?-

LONSDALE
What?

FINCH
I think it's cool.

FISHER
I like you.
(To Lonsdale)
I like him.

PARKER
Shut up!

EXT. GAS STATION

Lots of cops. None quite sure what to do.

Seagal rides up on his Vespa. Hops off.

Looks down at his hands.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Whaddya say. Ready to come out of
retirement?

The left hand makes a fist. The right, still open, shaking.

RIGHT HAND
I don't know. We hurt that guy real
bad last time.

STEVEN SEAGAL
It was an accident. Time to move
on.

RIGHT HAND
I'm not sure I can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVEN SEAGAL

You have to.

Cops look at Steven Seagal talking to his hands.

The right hand tries to close. Shakes and fails.

RIGHT HAND

I can't do it.

STEVEN SEAGAL

There comes a time in every man's life where your true mettle is tested. Are you a man? Or are you just a piece of meat holding a beer can and jerking your chicken twice on Saturday.

RIGHT HAND

I don't know.

LEFT HAND

Don't be a pussy.

STEVEN SEAGAL

(To Left Fist).
Hey. I can handle this.

LEFT HAND

Sorry bro.

STEVEN SEAGAL

It's time. Time for you to show the world what you can do. Show the world you can be great again.

His right hand starts to ball, shaking bad.

RIGHT HAND

I...I

STEVEN SEAGAL

You can do it!

Right hand shaking, getting tighter.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)

Do it!

LEFT HAND

Yeah, do it pussy!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RIGHT HAND

AHHHH!

The right hand balls up into a fist.

RIGHT HAND (CONT'D)

I did it.

STEVEN SEAGAL

We did it.

He looks up to the gas station.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)

Now let's go DO IT!

He pushes forward, past cops trying to stop him.

CAPT

You can't go in there.

STEVEN SEAGAL

They want me. They can have me.

Seagal heads for the station.

COP

Who are you?

He turns around, slow, powerful, like it's going in the trailer.

STEVEN SEAGAL

I'm Steven Motherfucking Seagal.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Seagal walks up to the pumps. The four gunmen are inside the station. The hostages on the floor.

STEVEN SEAGAL

You want me. Here I am.

PARKER

Blow him away.

The Cousins raise their guns.

STEVEN SEAGAL

I'll make a deal. Four on one. You guys against me. But no guns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FISHER

No guns?

PARKER

Four on one? You're nuts. You don't do kung fu anymore. That's what he said.

Points to Fisher, who shrugs, guilty.

FISHER

We got bored.

STEVEN SEAGAL

You're right. I don't do kung fu.

Seagal raises his hands, they ball into fists.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)

I do kung F U.

PARKER

Get him!

The three cousins rush Seagal.

PUNCH! CRACK! The first cousin goes down in heap.

SMACK! POW! Second cousin flies into the gas pump.

WAM! BOOM! The third and final cousin rolls into a puddle.

Seagal brushes dirt of his shoulder.

STEVEN SEAGAL

(To Parker)

Next.

FISHER

Fuck yeah.

Parker looks on. Shaking. He pulls out his gun.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Not fair.

He gets to his feet.

Parker raises the gun, points it at Seagal's head.

CRASH. Fisher dives through the gas station window and on to Parker's back, creaming him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEVEN SEAGAL

Fisher!

The cops rush in. They grab Parker and the cousins. Cuff them.

Seagal stands over Fisher, dazed, winded.

FISHER

I think I broke my pecker.

Seagal helps him up.

STEVEN SEAGAL

That was so incredibly...

Fisher looks up, hopeful.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)

Amazing.

High five.

FISHER

I am awesome, aren't I? And what about you. The fist!

STEVEN SEAGAL

We had a little chat.

He raises his right fist.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)

Brad.

He raises his left fist.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)

And Angelina...Are back in business.

FISHER

Yes!

Lonsdale walks up. Sneering, as always. Spits.

LONSDALE

Looks like you was who I thought you was after all.

Lonsdale sticks out his hand. They shake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FINCH
He was? Who was he?

LONSDALE
Shut the fuck up, Finch.

They leave.

STEVEN SEAGAL
We make a good team.

FISHER
We did kick some ass there didn't
we.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Sure did.

FISHER
Do you think...

STEVEN SEAGAL
Are you kidding me?

FLASH.

EXT. LOG CABIN - DAY

Seagal has a big bushy, fake beard, just like Fisher.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Are you kidding me?

We pull out.

Both Seagal and Fisher are in identical orange blazers with leopard print pants and shirts.

They both stand in fighting poses. Surrounding them are a circle of NINJAS!

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)
Please tell me you're kidding me.

FISHER
Fuck no! We can take them.

STEVEN SEAGAL
I don't know.

Don, beaten, pissed, watches behind the cameras, next to Lorenzo Llamas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORENZO LLAMAS
These guys are pretty good.

DON
Didn't I fire you?

Back to the action. Fisher and Seagal, ready to pounce.

FISHER
You know what I say at a time like
this.

STEVEN SEAGAL AND FISHER
CHEW ON MY DICK!

They rush the ninjas.

The END