

THE NIGERIAN JOB

Written by

J.E. Clarke

FADE IN:

EXT. AMAZON JUNGLE - DAY

SUPER: The Amazon Delta. June 15th. Eight AM.

Exotic birds CHIRP in trees.

Typewriter text scrolls down a screen:

"Military Involvement - Classified. Personnel information redacted by order of Armed Forces, Section 101.234 of the Penal Code... Trust us. You don't wanna know."

A van bumps along a winding road, a cartoon BEAR painted on the side.

EXT. FUZZY FUN FACTORY ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

POV: BINOCULARS

The van pulls up to a factory.

A nearby outhouse BUZZES with flies. There's a bear silhouette carved on the door.

A blow-up bear wobbles on the factory roof - as wild as the wacky arm waving guy.

The sign over the door reads "Fuzzy Feelings." TWO GUARDS with AK-47s stand sentry outside.

WORKERS emerge from the van, and pull out boxes filled with stuffed toys. A rainbow colored BEAR falls out with a SQUEAK.

The workers gather the cartons, and head inside.

Guard #1 picks up the fallen toy. He shoots an embarrassed look at his companion.

Guard #2 shrugs. Scratches his butt with a Bowie knife.

MUDD (O.S.)
Gentlemen, the package has arrived.

EXT. ALPHA TEAM CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

COLONEL SIRIUS MUDD (45) lowers binoculars.

THREE CAMOUFLAGED MEN huddle around a campsite. Implements of destruction as far as the eye can see.

A nearby jeep bristles with weaponry. A catapult droops off the back end.

PRIVATE BAGGER HAWKINS (35) plays with two STUFFED DINOSAURS (TREVOR and BESS). There's a unhinged look in his eye.

SUPER: Bagger Hawkins - Combat Specialist...

MORE TYPE: Okay, we lied. Who's gonna tell if we give some names?

CAPTAIN "DEMO" DEMETRIO (35) walks in a circle, and pours a pinwheel of power on the ground.

He sets it on fire. Colorful sparks jet towards the sky. Demetrio nods - just what he likes!

SUPER: Demo Demetrio - Explosives Engineer and Combustibles Artiste.

STAFF SERGEANT GUNNER HUMMEL (45) polishes a bazooka between his legs, with almost erotic strokes. A cowboy hat covers his harsh crewcut. His mustache would make Ron Jeremy cry.

SUPER: Gunner Hummel - Heavy Artillery

Leaves RUSTLE at the edge of camp. The muzzle of a rifle peeks through.

SUPER: Stu McKufsky - Sniper Specialist. Master of Camouflage and Sodoku.

Bagger pets Bess' plush dinosaur head.

BAGGER

We can go now? Trevor and Bess want to play...

GUNNER

(Southern drawl)

Toy master's got hisself a point.
We gonna get this show on the road?
Or toast marshmallows by the fire?

Mudd walks to the center of camp.

SUPER: Sirius Mudd - Leader of Alpha Team, Project Fuzzy Feelings Fun Factory - Amazon Drug Warlord Sting.

MORE TYPE: Damn, we're just giving up everything. Aren't we?

MUDD

We don't breathe without HQ's OK.
Gotta build you some patience,
Gunner. Take a tip from Stu, that
'a way.

Mudd waves at the trees. Fingers wiggle in the foliage. Mudd points towards the factory, "bearly" visible over the hill.

MUDD

Men, let me speak with heavy
exposition. Past those gates lies
the biggest, baddest, most
lucrative drug operation this
mosquito bitten country's ever
seen. And it's biggest payoff we've
ever seen. If we play our cards
right.

DEMO

Just let me get home in one piece.
Some of us got families, you know.

Gunner chews on a toothpick, nods.

Mudd spot-checks equipment. He picks up a flamethrower, and waves it around.

Everyone ducks. Bagger hits the ground, shields Trevor from the fallout.

MUDD

When this is over, we retire rich.
(to Gunner)
Enough to buy your boy a thousand
and a half guns of his own.
(to Demo)
Enough explosives to blow off all
ten of your fingers - then sew 'em
right back on.
(to Bagger)
Enough money to get you...

He eyes the dinosaurs.

MUDD

Serious help. All we need do is
await the call.

The radio BUZZES a Beach Boys Tune. Mudd grabs it. Quick.

INT. CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

A spartan room - furnished with a desk and phone.

B.G. DAFOE (30s) sits in shadow, his face obscured. Light bounces off a huge brass ring.

SUPER: B.G. Dafoe - CIA Operative

B.G.
Mudd? It's B.G. Mobilize your men.
Operation Fuzzy Fun Factory is a
go.

EXT. ALPHA TEAM CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

Mudd turns to his team.

MUDD
Time to rock and roll.

Bagger grins like a kid in a candy store. Pulls matching glocks out of Trevor and Bess.

EXT. JUNGLE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The jeep careens down the hill. Demo drives like a wild man: intense concentration on his face.

Bagger stands upright in the passenger seat.

Mudd and Gunner bounce around in back, and fight to control the catapult.

BAGGER
You gotta hit every pothole? Can't
get a bead on the target, man!

DEMO
Guess a seat belt would be out of
the question...

EXT. FUZZY FUN FACTORY ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

A moment of serenity. All's quiet in the Amazonian world.

Guard #2 clutches his stuffed bear, and sucks his thumb.

CRASH. A huge rock from the catapult drops from the sky.

The factory van's crushed like a cheap tin can.

The guards grab their weapons.

The stuffed bear tumbles to the ground.

Mudd rushes from the forest, Rambo rifles in both hands. A military cap shields his eyes. A bandoleer bounces wildly on his chest.

He blows the first guard away.

Guard #2 raises his gun.

A bullet HISSES out of nowhere. The second guard falls on his bear with a sad little SQUEAK.

A bullet pierces the inflatable bear on the roof. Air puffs out with a LONG FART sound.

Mudd tips his hat towards the outhouse. Smoke from Stu's gun wafts from the cut-out in the door.

The jeep BURSTS from the forest. It SCREECHES to a halt at the factory door.

Gunner unloads the bazooka. Demo vaults over the driver's side door, sticks of dynamite in meaty hands.

INT. FUZZY FUN FACTORY, PRODUCTION FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The ROAR of factory engines is deafening.

AMANDO LEE (40s) stands on a balcony with a GUARD. Slick hair. Expensive suit. Here? He's majorly over-dressed.

A huge vat of stuffing churns endlessly on the floor below.

Stuffed bears roll along an assembly line. ARMED MEN wait at one end with bags of cocaine.

Various grades are labelled on the sides: "Lindsey Lohan," "Paris Hilton," "Nick Nolte".

Workers tuck bags inside each bear, and toss the toys in a growing pile.

BLAM! The entrance door blows off its hinges. Four shadows stride in slow-motion through the smoke...

Alpha Team has "dropped in"!

Mudd's in front, silhouetted dramatically by background flames. He whispers to Gunner at his side.

MUDD

I can't turn around - that's not cool. But tell me: is the entrance good?

Gunner tips his helmet in respectful salute.

GUNNER

Better than *Die Hard*, Colonel.

MUDD

You sure? This *feels* a little...

GUNNER

Forced? Nah. Trust me: when it comes to heroic beats, you da man.

AMANDO

(snarls)

Intruders! Kill them all!

Several WORKERS draw guns. Mudd shoots them down.

Demo throws a grenade at the assembly line. A GUARD catches it in both hands...

BANG!!! The grenade detonates. Both arms drop off the guard. Blood spurts from the holes, like a Tarantino wet dream.

Amando freezes. Gunner races towards the balcony.

Bagger scoops up a bear, and eyes it critically.

A WORKER rushes him with a box cutter. Bagger's hands are full. He takes the man out with a single KICK.

He bends over the worker with a knife, and carves a bloody "A" into his forehead...

Demo yanks him away.

DEMO

Pardner, I told you before. No Hawthorne references on my watch...

Mudd and Gunner approach Amando and his guard from opposite ends of the balcony.

CLANG.

Gunner walks along - BANGS his bazooka against the rail.

MUDD

Hear that? That's Sgt. Gunner. You might know him better by his nickname. We call him "Texas Bear".

Amando shrinks away.

AMANDO

(with a lisp)

Yes, I have heard of him...

MUDD

What did you hear?

AMANDO

That he... beats men to death with his gun.

MUDD

(chuckles)

Or Southern BBQs their ass...

(suddenly serious)

Turn over the toys, and no-one gets hurt.

Gunner CLANGS the bazooka again. Amando grabs the guard, and holds a gun to the man's head.

AMANDO

Stop! Or I kill him where he stands!

The guard's eyes bug out. Mudd looks at Lee, confused.

MUDD

He's one of yours. Do we care?

Gunner shrugs.

AMANDO

Oops. My bad.

He shoots the guard, and tosses him casually off the balcony.

MUDD

Give up, Lee. Your men are neutralized. Surrender, while you still can.

AMANDO

B.G. sent you. Didn't he?

Amando cowers against the rail. Mudd and Gunner close in on both sides.

AMANDO

Oh yes, I know his name. Did you know we were partners, once?

Mudd shakes his head. He waves to Gunner, who inches up on Amando from behind.

MUDD

That can't be. He's HQ. A-List Clearance, all the way.

AMANDO

I know him far better than you, my friend. I know he wants a bigger cut of the action. And he's trying to take me out of the picture. Here's a friendly tip. Learn who you're working for, before you risk your men's lives.

Amando peeps over the railing. Too high to jump.

AMANDO

Let me go, and I'll cut you in. We can walk away from this, rich men.

MUDD

No. That ain't how we roll.

AMANDO

Mark my words. He'll kill you, too.

Amando senses Gunner's approach. He turns and swings. Gunner blocks easily.

The men grapple. Sweaty, shiny muscles bulge. Looks like an Schwarzenegger/Stallone porno.

Gunner's rifle catches on the rail. He loses his footing, and plummets off the edge - into the vat of stuffing below.

Mudd shoots. Amando crumples to the deck.

Mudd runs to the railing, and stares over the side.

Gunner fights to "swim" in a sea of cotton. He's losing the battle, inch by inch.

Mudd extends his rifle towards his friend.

MUDD

Grab on!

Gunner reaches out - but not enough. He sucks in stuffing, spits it out. Cotton flies through the air. He CHOKES as cotton balls plop back into his mouth.

GUNNER

(gasps)

Tell my boy I died honorably...

Whirling blades suck him down.

Gunner sinks into the cotton, then disappears. His outstretched hand disappears last.

His cowboy hat "floats" on top.

MUDD

Noooooooooo!

EXT. FUZZY FUN FACTORY, LAWN AND GARDEN - LATER

A perfectly manicured garden - complete with pink flamingos and a slip n' slide. A sign on the path reads: Stop and Smell the Roses. Property of Amando Lee."

A military helicopter lands nearby.

Mudd and Demo load cartons of teddy bears into the copter. The mood is depressed, movements slow.

Bagger sits on the ground with one of the bears, and measures his gun against the length.

Stu walks towards the group with a carton of toys; piled so high his face is obscured.

Demo tosses one of the bears to Mudd. There's a radio in his other hand.

DEMO

He said B.G. was involved? That don't make sense. Dafoe ordered the strike himself.

MUDD

There's gotta be a reasonable explanation. We'll sort it out, when we get back.

Bagger pulls a baggie from his bear. The white powder's labelled "Charlie Sheen."

BAGGER

Think they'd miss one of these?

INT. CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

B.G. eavesdrops over the radio's open line.

MUDD (O.S.)
We've captured the evidence intact.
Once HQ gets it to their labs,
they'll track easy as pie to the
source.

INTERCUT - FUZZY FUN FACTORY/CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS

Demo packs the last of the bears onto the copter.

DEMO
Gunner's kid woulda liked these.

The copter takes off. Wind whips. Its mighty blades ROAR.

B.G. picks up the phone and dials.

B.G.
(into the phone)
Change of plans. Abort Operation
Ruxpin. With extreme prejudice.

The helicopter rises into the sky. It banks -

A missile streaks out of nowhere.

BLAMMMMM!

The helicopter EXPLODES; a Dante's Inferno ball of flame.

Demo's face lights up for a moment. Then he catches himself and frowns.

Stuffing and coke rain down on Alpha Team.

Bagger catches flakes of coke on his finger. He licks it off, and starts to smile.

INT. MILITARY TRIBUNAL - DAY

Alpha Team stands before the court.

Mudd's in front, Demo and Bagger on either side.

Stu lingers on one end, his face blocked by the podium. Next to his teammates, he looks freakishly short.

COLONEL STANDING (63) reads from a report. B.G. and SEVERAL AGENCY OPERATIVES watch from the sidelines, stoically.

COLONEL STANDING

(Southern accent)

Colonel Mudd - you and your team
stand charged with wanton
destruction of the Fuzzy Fun
Factory, located in the Brazilian
Amazon Delta Strip. Not to mention
several civilian casualties.

MUDD

With all due respect, they weren't
civilians. We were on a mission
searching for drugs.

Standing SLAMS the book shut, and descends from the bench.

COLONEL STANDING

Colonel Sirius Tiberius Mudd.
Decorated in Iraq, Afghanistan, and
Quebec. They tell me you're a wild
card, boy. Not so keen on followin'
rules...

MUDD

I do what's needed to get the job
done. Sir.

COLONEL STANDING

(incensed)

You call this travesty gettin' the
job *done*!?

He walks the length of Alpha Team, and stares each member
down. He reaches Stu and blocks him further from view.

COLONEL STANDING

The clean-up crew found no evidence
of an illegal operation. No drug
makin' equipment. No personnel with
criminal records. And - most
importantly - no drugs...

Standing swings on Bagger.

COLONEL STANDING

With the exception of a kilo found
on a member of your team.

Bagger looks at his feet, and shrugs.

COLONEL STANDING

Your squad was commanded to avoid
direct contact with the target.

COLONEL STANDING (CONTINUED)
Yet, you disobeyed orders,
disgraced your uniform. And lost
the life of one of your own men.

Demo shoots Mudd a nasty look.

MUDD
Bullshit! We were cleared to
proceed!

COLONEL STANDING
Your immediate supervisor, B.G.
Dafoe, has testified otherwise. In
absence of any evidence to the
contrary, we find you and Alpha
Team guilty. Of all charges.

B.G. watches, his face impassive. Bagger grins, and waves in
his direction. Demo yanks his hand back down.

MUDD
(glares at B.G.)
It's a lie!

COLONEL STANDING
You are hereby stripped of rank.
Effective immediately, you are all
dishonorably discharged.

Standing RIPS the eagles from Mudd's shoulder. The sleeves
tear, leaving cartoon tattoos exposed.

COLONEL STANDING
As a reward for past service - and
from the kindness of my old heart -
there will be no criminal charges
filed. Count your blessings,
gentlemen. Go home to your families
and put your lives back in order.
And never darken my courtroom
again.

DEMO
(to Mudd)
Where are your plans now, *Colonel*?!
All the riches in the world won't
bring Gunner back to his family!

MUDD
(mutters)
I'll clear our names. If it's the
last thing I do.

One of his sleeves drops to the floor.

Mudd stares at it, silently.

SERIES OF SHOTS - "THE TEAM RETURNS HOME"

SUPER: 48 Hours Later

Rain pours down from a cold, grey sky.

- Stu tucks his rifle inside his trench, and walks down a deserted road. The jacket collar's pulled to his chin. A Fedora covers his face.

- Doritos and plush dinosaurs cover the floor. Bagger drops into a recliner, dressed in a robe. Trevor and Bess sit on the armrest. Bagger turns the TV to a cartoon. He GIGGLES and starts to drool.

- A hand RINGS a doorbell. The door opens, revealing DEMO'S WIFE and DAUGHTER. They smile as Demo walks in from the cold.

- A second door opens, revealing GUNNER'S WIFE and TEENAGED SON. A MESSENGER hands them an envelope. Their faces fall.

- Mudd stands in the rain, in front of a grave. The name on the stone reads "Gunner Hummel." He places a stuffed bear on the ground. In seconds, it's a soggy mess.

SUPER: 1 Year Later.

EXT. GUNNER'S GRAVE - EVENING

Rain splatters all around.

Mudd stares at Gunner's tombstone. Doesn't look like he's even moved.

MUDD (V.O.)
I'll clear our names. If it's the
last thing I do.

FAMILIES lay garlands at other graves.

MUDD
Gunner, what happened to you was a
grave injustice. I've appealed to
the tribunal. They won't listen to
me. Your family misses you. I miss
you, too.

He brushes rain from Gunner's stone. A NEW BEAR tumbles to the ground with a sad SQUEAK.

MUDD

There's something I have to do.
It'll restore your honor. Or at
least get those riches I promised.
For your family. And the rest of
the team.

He places the bear on the stone again.

MUDD

It won't be easy. It never is.

Mudd pulls a metal chain out of a pocket, and slips it over
his head.

MUDD (V.O.)

I'm sure the rest of the team will
be on-board. We may try, but we
can't escape who we really are.
Brothers. Family. Combat fighting's
in our blood.

He walks away. Gunner's dog tags JINGLE from his neck.

SERIES OF SHOTS - "THE TEAM, ONE YEAR LATER"

CLOSEUP: A Buddhist necklace, on a furry chest.

- A restaurant sign proclaims "Demitrios' Bar and Grill."
Demo's visible through a window. A Buddhist symbol hangs from
his neck. He stands at a hibachi table, before a CROWD. He
juggles a knife with amazing skill. He strikes a match; the
table BURSTS into flame. The audience APPLAUDS.

- BAGGER'S LIVING ROOM: The TV's on: same show as before.
Bagger sits on the couch and licks ice cream from a cone. He
turns to Trevor and dotes the toy's nose. Wipes off the cream
with his robe.

- A peaceful forest. A faun stops to graze. Leaves rustle as
a gun peeks from the brush. Someone WHISTLES. A hand pops
out, and offers food. The deer nibbles hesitantly. Stu's
other hand emerges, and pats "Bambi" on the head.

INT. MUDD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chinese food cartons litter the bed, along with "Modern
Soldier Magazine." Faded "Wham" posters decorate the walls.

Mudd types on a keyboard furiously.

MUDD (V.O.)
Fate's smiled on us at last, old
friend. All we need do is answer
the call.

Mudd picks up his phone and dials.

SPLIT SCREEN BETWEEN DEMO, BAGGER, STU AND MUDD

- Demo juggles knives with one hand. Reaches into a pocket
for his phone.

- The phone CHIMES the theme from the A-Team. Bagger searches
under couch cushions for the phone. He finally finds it -
stuffed into Trevor's belly.

- Stu's cellphone goes off. "I'm Too Sexy" RINGS through the
forest. The deer runs away. Stu lifts the phone to his ear.

ALL - IN UNISON
Hello?

MUDD
Something's come up, that you all
need to hear. It's about the future
of the team, and Gunner's memory.
Meet me at Cherry's tomorrow. Eight
o'clock. Don't be late.

INT. CHERRY'S DINER - MORNING

The team gathers at the table. The mood's... not so good.

Stu sits in back. A menu covers his face.

Bagger's dressed in a robe, slippers and Superman PJs. Demo
sits next to him. There's a teenaged boy on his other side.

SPECS HUMMEL (19). Hipster glasses and a wiry frame. He
exhibits more energy than the other four combined.

Mudd eyes Specs suspiciously.

MUDD
I called a team meeting. Who's
this?

DEMO
Gunner's kid. You said this had to
do with his memory. So I figured he
should be part of it. Whatever that
really is.

SPECS

You're Sirius Mudd?! My dad told me all about you! How you saved him in three wars, and taught him everything he knew. He said you always had his back...

Mudd's face falls. His eyes avoid the kid.

MUDD

Yeah, well...

DEMO

What the holy hell's this about, that you couldn't say over the phone?

Mudd glances at Specs nervously.

MUDD

I'm reactivating the team. We've got ourselves a mission, men.

Bagger and Specs lean forward. Demo just crosses his arms.

MUDD

I can't give you the details, but it's huge. I just need the team for insurance. We probably won't even have to fight. I've already chartered the plane. It leaves tomorrow - five AM.

BAGGER

Yeah, baby. Let's go!

Bagger jumps to his feet. Demo pulls him down.

DEMO

Bagger, you're still in your robe.

BAGGER

What, too formal?

He SNIFFS his collar. Specs bounces in his seat.

SPECS

Awesome! I was born for this! Dad's been training me since I was six. Aikido, Muy Thai, Brazilian Jujitsu. Urban Zumba, too. I still got all his gear back home!

Mudd shoots him a look. The kid's face falls.

SPECS

(mutters)

Sorry. Just thought you might need
young blood, is all...

Stu puts down the menu. A WAITRESS arrives, and blocks the view of his face. She drops off the check and leaves.

Demo leans across the table towards Mudd. Stu is face-blocked, once again.

DEMO

It's been a year. We've moved on.
We all have different lives now.

Bagger digs in his robe. He pulls out Bess, and gives her a "drink" from his coffee cup.

MUDD

(sighs)

Some of us, more than others.

DEMO

Well, I have. I got a grill on
Second Avenue. We opened last
month. Doin' great.

MUDD

You're a cook? We're talking
millions for this gig. What the
hell could that pay?

Demo fishes out a receipt, and passes it around the table. Everyone 'Oohs and Aahs.' Only Mudd's unimpressed.

MUDD

Great for you. But what about
everyone else? We need our payday.
Something to live on, besides
broken dreams.

Bagger examines the bill. He reaches into a pocket, and pulls out pennies and a used Kleenex.

ALL - IN UNISON

Ew....

DEMO

I'm too old to slog through the
Amazon again, chasing faded dreams
of glory. I don't know about the
rest of you, but count me out. Have
fun in the jungle, boys. I put in
my time. The war's over for me.

SPECS

Hey, isn't that a Rambo quote? You know, that scene in Thailand...?

Demo stands up and storms away. Mudd yells after him.

MUDD

It's not in Latin America. It's Africa!

Demo SLAMS the door. The entrance bell CHIMES pitifully.

INT. DEMO'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Demo sits on a couch, and pages through a photo album.

PICTURE INSERTS:

- An ENEMY SOLDIER hangs upside down from a tree. Alpha Team surrounds him, smiling. Everyone gives a group "thumbs up."

- A shot of Bagger with blackened face and Einstein hair. He holds an exploded grenade.

- A picture of Alpha Team on a Disneyland roller coaster. Gunner hugs Demo, terrified.

Demo lowers the album to his knees.

DEMO

Yeah. Good times.

KELLY DEMETRIO (30) approaches, a cup of tea in her hand.

KELLY

Looking at old pictures again? It's getting late.

DEMO

I know. It's just - seeing the team brought back so many memories. I haven't thought of Gunner in awhile.

Kelly points out another Disneyland shot. Gunner hugs a EIGHT YEAR OLD SPECS.

KELLY

Remember that one? You all had such a wonderful time. And for once, no-one got hurt. Except for Bagger, on the Tilt a Whirl.

She caresses Demo's hair.

KELLY

But you have a new life now. Here.

SARAH DEMETRIO (6) appears at the door. There's a teddy bear in her hand.

KELLY

With your family.

Demo closes the album and SIGHS.

DEMO

How about Gunner's family? Who's gonna take care of them?

EXT. CHERRY'S DINER - NIGHT

Demo and Mudd linger in the dark, rain-slick ponchos pulled over their heads.

MUDD

So, what's this about, old friend?

(smiles)

That you couldn't say over the phone?

DEMO

This mission - it'll only take a few days? With very little risk?

Mudd nods.

DEMO

It could bring in millions?

Mudd nods again.

MUDD

It can. It will.

Demo studies Mudd's face, very close.

DEMO

Even if we just cover our costs, I want Gunner's family to get first cut. Promise me that, and I'm in.

MUDD

I swear on my honor. And Gunner's grave.

DEMO

Then it's a deal. Don't be late.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - MORNING

A group of men walk across the tarmac in slo-mo.

Mudd, Bagger, Demo and Specs sling bags over their shoulders. Specs wears Gunner's cowboy hat.

Stu trails behind. A stack of luggage obscures his face.

They stop several feet from the plane.

It's a rusted-out Piper. A ladder leads towards the dented door. Demo's eyes examine the plane.

DEMO

We're taking this to Africa?

Specs circles the plane excitedly, and disappears around one side. Mudd turns to Demo.

MUDD

I don't like the idea of bringing the kid. He's green. No experience.

DEMO

You said there's no risk. So where's the harm?

Bagger tosses luggage into the cargo hold. Spec bounds back into view.

DEMO

Besides, we need someone young to carry the gear. I'm gettin' too old for this shit.

They start up the ladder.

DEMO

A private charter. How'd you pay for this?

MUDD

Saved it up from other missions. And leveraged the crap out of my Citibank card... They offered a great APR.

DEMO
(mutters)
Frequent flier miles woulda been
nice...

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Clouds drift by the window. The Piper is airborne. For now.

The team sits on either side of a table, cluttered with maps and MREs (Meals Ready to Eat).

Bagger fumbles with a seat belt. Can't get it to click.

SPECS
Where's Stu?

MUDD
In the cargo hold. Watching the
gear.
(to Demo)
You know how he is about flying.
Can't stand the view. Says he's
more comfortable there, anyway.

Mudd draws a huge red "X" across a map.

MUDD
We'll be staying in Port Harcourt.
I doubt we'll have to even leave
town.

The planes' engines RATTLE. Spec stares out the window, and watches rust flake off the wing.

SPECS
If the wing drops off, we could
steer this thing with the artillery
packed in back. You know, like the
A-Team did, with the tank?

Mudd turns away.

Bagger gives up with the seat belt, and squeezes an MRE into his mouth.

BAGGER
Looks like glue.
(to Specs)
Want some?

SPECS

Nah. I eat Green Berets for
breakfast...

He looks around. Everyone ignores the quote.

DEMO

Really got us flying first class...

MUDD

We finish this mission, and we'll
be eating caviar, all day long. No
more sloppy seconds for this team!

Demo stares out the window.

DEMO

Wonder what B.G.'s eating these
days? Gotta be something better
than this.

MUDD

Forget Dafoe. He's ancient news.
Probably sitting on the beach
somewhere, living off ill-gotten
goods. We'll never see *his* face
again.

INT. CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - BONNY ISLAND, NIGERIA - DAY

The furnishings are sparse, but elegant. An Ikea catalog
rests nearby.

B.G. sits at a table, a bowl of oatmeal in front of him.
Fresh strawberries garnish the top.

EARL OBASANJO (40s) stands at his side. A massive, six-foot-
five Nigerian. The man looks like a wall, dressed in a linen
shirt. Tribal scars line each cheek.

B.G. reaches up. Doesn't bother to look.

B.G.

Hand me the cream, Earl. This bowl
is far too dry.

Earl hands a pitcher to B.G.

A SCREAM OF ANGUISH echoes nearby.

B.G. stirs his cereal, and takes a taste from his bowl.

B.G.

Much better. Attention to detail,
Earl. That's what makes all the
difference. Doesn't matter if it's
the preparation of a meal, or
delicate business negotiation.
Speaking of which...

Another SCREAM tears through the room.

TORTURED SOUL (O.S.)

Not the hook worms! I beg you,
please!

B.G.

Have you called the oil consulate
yet?

Earl nods.

B.G.

Arrange a meeting with the CEOs. I
want to speak with each one
separately. It's the personal touch
that counts.

TORTURED SOUL (O.S.)

Not the eyes! Oh God, not the
eyes!!

RIPPPPPP. The SCREAM morphs into a MOAN.

B.G. SIGHS. He grabs a bag of white powder from the table,
and sprinkles it on his oatmeal.

B.G.

Has the Chief signed over his land
yet?

EARL

No sir. And we've been using the
worms since this morning.

B.G. pulls a lighter from his pocket. He dips the spoon into
the powder, and cooks it over the flame.

B.G.

Sprinkle Tumbu flies in his wounds.
That usually does the trick.

Earl turns to leave.

B.G.

Oh, and Earl?

Another HOWL echoes through the room.

B.G.

Stuff a rag in his mouth. He's
putting a serious dent in my quiet
time.

EXT. PORT HARCOURT AIRPORT, NIGERIA - DAY

The Piper touches down on unsteady wheels. It's a miracle the
plane's still in one piece.

INT. PORT HARCOURT AIRPORT, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The team piles into the lobby, luggage in tow. Bagger steals
a sip from a water fountain.

Stu stumbles in back, loaded down with gear. Specs watches
him, concerned.

SPECS

Dude. Lemme take one of those offa
you.

Specs grabs a box from the top of the pile and replaces it
with his cowboy hat.

DEMO

(to Mudd)

We meeting the client here?

MUDD

No. Our client has political
connections. Can't do anything high
profile. The plan is: we drop off
everything at the hotel and let the
team settle in. I'll travel ahead
and make first contact.

Bagger scans the lobby. Scratches his butt.

BAGGER

Hey, I don't wanna rest. I came to
this country for just one thing!

DEMO

(sarcastic)

What's that? Picking your ass?

SPECS

How about transportation? We got
heavy equipment here.

They peek out the door. Bagger looks towards a packed mini-bus. Ratty luggage is piled on top.

BAGGER

Think the gear would fit?

DEMO

Without the bazooka, maybe.
Wouldn't want nitro falling off the
roof.

SUNDAY (O.S.)

No, no, gentlemen. Very bad idea.

SUNDAY ABACHA (28) approaches, dressed in traditional clothes and headgear. A satchel hangs from his shoulder, stuffed with bootleg DVDs.

SUNDAY

That bus, still only half full.

Sunday points towards a battered taxi, across the lot.

SUNDAY

You need a drop? Only two hundred
naira. No dash.

MUDD

It's a deal. Lead the way.

EXT. PORT HARCOURT AIRPORT PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The team heads outside.

Sunday falls in alongside Specs, and opens his bag.

SUNDAY

You want DVDs? Blue-ray. Very
cheap.

He flashes several pornos, and a copy of Will Ferrell's "Land of the Lost." Specs recoils in disgust.

They reach the taxi. It's covered with dents.

Sunday climbs behind the wheel. Specs digs through Sunday's satchel in the passenger seat.

SPECS

What else you got?

His face lights up. He turns to the team, in the back seat.

SPECS
He's got Machete...!

Sunday CHUCKLES.

SUNDAY
Good movie. "Machete don't text."
Very funny indeed...

The taxi pulls away, from the curb.

INT. OWERRI EXPRESSWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sunday cuts off PEDESTRIANS. The taxi careens down the street; swerves maniacally between lanes.

SUNDAY
You'll like Nigeria. Very friendly.
Plenty of things to buy in the
market.

DEMO
If we make it there alive.

BAGGER
(to Demo)
And I thought your driving was bad.

INT. JESUS SAVES HOTEL, PORT HARCOURT, NIGERIA - DAY

The group staggers into the lobby.

SUNDAY
(to Mudd)
Here we are. Best hotel in town.
Back-up generator, every room.
Complimentary buckets, too.

Demo, Specs and Bagger make a bee-line for the desk.

Stu staggers towards the stairs, buried under luggage. He looks like a human game of Jenga, with stubby legs.

MUDD
(to Sunday)
Wait here. I've got one more stop,
once we drop off the gear.

The others return from the desk. Specs holds up a toilet roll. A bar of soap is stuffed inside.

SPECS

They gave me this. I'm scared.

DEMO

So much for traveling in style...

Demo shoots Mudd a look. Alpha Team heads towards their room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Double beds. Clean sheets. Everything considered, not so bad. Mudd tosses Demo the keys.

MUDD

Everyone, bunker down. Demo, you and Specs take this room. I'll share with Bagger down the hall. Stu gets the suite by himself.

Specs and Bagger lean out the window.

SPECS

Clear view, both ways. Too many vendors, though. No way to get a clean shot. Hey look... One of them's selling kittens! That's so cute!

CUT TO:

EXT. JESUS SAVES HOTEL

The street's clogged with PEDESTRIANS and traffic. VENDORS weave through the crowd, peddling everything portable.

ONE VENDOR crosses the street, a basket of CRYING KITTENS under his arm.

A car horn BLARES. Tires SCREECH.

The vendor gets WHACKED by a car, and flies in the air.

VENDOR

Ahhhh!!

The car keeps going. Doesn't stop. Kitty bodies bounce off the windshield, and rain down on the crowd.

BACK TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Spec backs away from the window.

SPECS
Um, never mind.

BAGGER
God. I think I'm gonna be sick.

SPECS
Yeah, me too.

BAGGER
Seriously. I don't feel well.

He puts a hand to his mouth. Mudd heads towards the door.

MUDD
(to Demo)
Gonna meet with the client, and let
him know we've arrived. Have the
team cross-check supplies. I'll
meet you back here. Eleven-thirty
sharp.

Demo watches Mudd leave.

He turns to the team, and CLAPS his hands.

DEMO
You heard the man. Let's roll.

Bagger clutches his stomach. He grabs the toilet roll and
rushes towards the bathroom.

Demo and Spec glance at each other, concerned.

BAGGER (O.S.)
Where's the running water? There's
supposed to be running water!

DEMO
They said there's a bucket in the
corner...

BAGGER (O.S.)
Got it. Oh God, it smells like
someone went ass to mouth with a
camel in here!

SOUNDS emanate from the bathroom. Demo and Specs listen to
them, horrified.

SPECS
They got camels in this country?

More RETCHING is heard.

DEMO
(to Specs)
Welcome to Nigeria.

INT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

An office furnished in corporate chic.

A flat-screen monitor covers one wall. A huge aquarium
BUBBLES on the other - filled with toothy piranha.

B.G. sits at a desk, hands folded - as if in prayer.

DANIEL STODART (45) and STEVEN CROSS (59) sit opposite. Their
name tags read "Stodart Oil."

Earl pours a glass of water from a crystal pitcher.

B.G.
Thank you, Earl. Much appreciated.
As always.

Earl GRUNTS, and leaves the room.

B.G.
Good help. It's so hard to find
these days.

He runs a hand through immaculate hair.

B.G.
Now then, back to business. I
believe you both have reviewed my
proposal?

STODART
We've read the material, and
appreciate the offer. But - as I
believe we've communicated before -
we already have a security force.

B.G.
Ah, yes. But is it sufficient for
your needs?

B.G. CLICKS a button on a remote, and walks around his desk.

The screen displays a map of Nigeria. Red dots cover the southern border, like chicken-pox.

B.G.

See those lights? Each represents one of your oil rigs. I understand you have even more, under construction as we speak.

CLICK. Yellow dots spread across the screen.

B.G.

These dots mark areas of recent terrorist activity, aimed at vital links in your chain of production. Hundred of gallons lost to theft every year. Damage to irreplaceable equipment.

CLICK-CLICK. Blue dots swarm the map - leaving no room for anything else.

B.G.

And these... Each blue dot symbolizes native camps and villages - known to harbor groups hostile to your interests.

B.G. turns to Cross and Stodart.

B.G.

Not surprising, considering your rampant pollution of traditional hunting and fishing grounds. You've made a lot of enemies over the years. Do you think you can guard against them all? By yourself?

CROSS

What do you propose?

B.G.

Use of my men, for a nominal fee. With our equipment and expertise, you need never fear an attack again.

Stodart waves at the map, and the swarm of red dots.

STODART

That's all well and good. But production of Stodart Oil covers a huge area. Do you have enough firepower to do what you claim?

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK.

The monitor on the wall flips. Reveals a case filled with Bazookas, Flame Throwers, Nipple Rings, Whips, and a really wicked collection of blades.

B.G.

Take your pick, gentlemen. We've also got a wonderful selection of bio-weapons and portable de-neuralizers - available at a steep discount. Nothing like a flame-thrower to strike fear into the heart of an eco-terrorist.

B.G. smiles smugly at Stodart and Cross.

B.G.

Lesson concluded. Any questions?

INT. SUNDAY'S CAB - ONNE ROAD, PORT HARTCOURT - DAY

A run-down section of town. Trash litters the sidewalk and streets. Conditions so bad, it makes the taxi look good.

Sunday steers slowly. Mudd wrestles with a map in the passenger seat.

SUNDAY

This neighborhood - not so good.
You sure this is the right address?

Mudd points at a building, and puts the map away.

MUDD

This has to be it. Stop over here.

Sunday looks wary, but pulls to the curb. Mudd gets out, and leans in the window.

MUDD

Wait here.
(Terminator Voice)
I'll be back.

Mudd walks into the building and disappears. Sunday slumps in his seat nervously.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Paint peels off nasty walls.

Mudd strolls down the corridor.

He checks his notes against numbers on the doors. There's a photo stapled to a page. A CHUBBY MAN - full of smiles.

Mudd stops at a door labeled "24-B". Machinery RUMBLES somewhere inside.

He turns the handle. The door opens with a RUSTY SQUEAL.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - PRODUCTION FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

NIGERIAN WORKERS scuttle around machines. A SUPERVISOR intercepts Mudd on the factory floor.

SUPERVISOR
Can I help you, Akata?

MUDD
I'm not sure. I thought this was
the office of...

A WORKER edges around the corner. Mudd's words die in his throat. He holds up the photo: it's the same guy.

The man spots Mudd. His eyes open wide.

He looks towards the exit. Ducks and runs.

Mudd weaves through machinery, after him.

The man SLAMS the door in his face.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY AND STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

The man slips and slides down the stairs. Mudd vaults over a guardrail, on his tail.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The man waddles across the lobby. He GASPS and reaches for the door...

Mudd grabs him by the elbow.

MUDD
Prince Abadu?

Abadu wheels around, a cornered expression on his face.

PRINCE ABADU
Never - call me that in public!

MUDD
My name is Mudd. Sirius Mudd. You
remember me?

PRINCE ABADU
I remember. Why are you here?

Abadu looks around for an escape. Mudd steps to the side, and
blocks his way.

MUDD
You told me the transaction was
delayed, due to the danger of
transporting the funds. I've
brought you back-up, your Highness.
A fully armed escort, at your
disposal.

Abadu edges towards the door.

PRINCE ABADU
We should not speak of such things.
My enemies are everywhere. We are
in grave danger, you and I...

MUDD
Come to my hotel. My men can keep
you safe.

PRINCE ABADU
No! You should not have come. I
must leave now...

MUDD
But - we've come so far. Your
family fortune is almost free.

Abadu pulls away, and tears open the door.

PRINCE ABADU
I must leave. Do not follow. I beg
of you!

EXT. ONNA ROAD OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Abadu bustles down the street. Mudd stares after him.

Sunday rolls down the window. The chubby man disappears into
the CROWD.

SUNDAY

I am guessing, the meeting did not go well?

INT. NIGERIAN BAR - NIGHT

The bar's dirty. Only a few CUSTOMERS. The team sits around a table, littered with glasses and cigarettes.

Stu SNORES in a puddle of beer. Everyone's words seem drunkenly slurred.

MUDD

Lets just say... It didn't go well.

DEMO

Lemme get this straight. The man tells you he's a Nigerian Prince. He wants to move millions of dollars - out of his bank account, into yours.

Specs SNICKERS, and gulps his beer.

DEMO

And you didn't see anything wrong with that?

BAGGER

I dunno. Sounds reasonable to me.

DEMO

And when you sent him money, problems suddenly pop up? Transportation issues. Unexpected fees...

MUDD

We've dealt with problems like this before. Remember when we had to smuggle the Sultan of Brunei -

DEMO

This guy says he's a Prince! Don't you think he'd have better contacts to use, than your AOL account?

Demo palms his forehead dramatically.

Specs LAUGHS, and nudges Stu. The little sniper falls on the floor with a THUD.

DEMO

You brought us halfway around the world for one of the best known cons in history. You'll never see that guy again. Wish I could say the same about you.

Demo stands up.

DEMO

Pack your bags, boys. We're going home.

MUDD

It can't be.

DEMO

It is. Wake up and smell the music, Sirius.

BAGGER

Smell the music?

DEMO

...you've been scammed. Royally.

Mudd stares at Demo.

MUDD

We don't have a ride. I was depending on the reward money to charter the plane. And without VISA's, we can't fly commercial. We can't go home. We're stuck here.

Demo SLAMS his fist into the table. Stu SNORES - unconscious - on the floor.

INT. ONNA ROAD OFFICE BUILDING - SUNDAY'S CAB - MORNING

Sunday DRUMS his fingers on the wheel. "Prince Abadu's" building sits across the street.

Mudd slumps in the passenger seat.

The rest of the team's jammed in back. Weapons poke out of the trunk.

Stu sleeps between Bagger and Specs, a cowboy hat over his face. One hand rests on Bess, in Bagger's lap.

Specs tries to peek under Stu's hat.

He whips out a phone, and angles it under the brim. Demo SLAPS his hand away.

DEMO

(to Mudd)

What exactly are we trying to accomplish here? The man scammed us. Let's head to the embassy. Explain the situation, and go home. Some of us have families waiting.

Mudd watches "Prince Abadu" walk out the front door, and climb behind the wheel of a car.

MUDD

You're wrong. I know people, better than you. He's just keeping a low profile. This one's legit. I swear.

Sunday rolls his eyes.

Stu SNORES loud enough to wake the dead.

MUDD

If it turns out I'm wrong, we'll go back to the hotel. Find some other way to get home.

SPECS

Or shake the dude down, and get our money back.

BAGGER

Yeah! Rough him up. That could be fun!

A rifle tripod pokes Demo in the neck.

DEMO

Any reason we had to bring our gear?

MUDD

If I'm right and we blow his cover, he might need protection. Ever think of that?

Prince Abadu pulls into traffic. Mudd waves at Sunday to start the car.

They follow at a discrete distance.

The two cars roll down the street.

MUDD (O.S.)

Good military strategy's like a chess game. Gotta always think two steps ahead.

EXT. ABULOMA ROAD - LATER

A line of traffic crawls along. Exhaust shimmers in the heat.

A BLOCKADE waves cars through, far away. ARMED GUARDS collect tolls from DRIVERS. Wads of cash. Cans of food.

Sunday's cab idles behind a mini-bus.

Alpha Team sweats. Bagger squirms. His leather seat makes a FARTING sound.

SUNDAY

Go-slow traffic. Very bad, this time of day.

Demo cranes his neck to find Abadu, parked three cars ahead.

DEMO

Looks like he's heading out of town.

SPECS

Maybe he's got a country home?

Abadu's car passes through the blockade, and turns onto a smaller road. The sign reads "Amadi Creek."

The cab pulls up to a GUARD. Sunday hands the man several nairi. The guard pockets the cash, and waves them on.

They pull off-road. Abadu's car dwindles in the distance.

DEMO

We tail him from here, he'll know he's being followed. Ain't no other cars going this way.

SUNDAY

Only one village in this direction: Eyamba Town, three miles south of here.

Mudd puts his hand on the door.

MUDD

I'll start on foot. Wait twenty minutes, then meet me there.

Specs watches as Mudd climbs from the car, and heads down the road unarmed.

SPECS
He's really brave.

DEMO
He's really stupid.

BAGGER
Anyone know some camp songs, to
pass the time?

INT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

The aquarium glows in dim lighting. Toothy fish swim around.

The rug's rolled into a corner. The chairs and desk are pushed against one wall.

B.G. stands at the edge of an open well, in the center of the room. He swirls a cocktail glass in his hand. Earl holds a bucket nearby.

B.G.
Gotta give him credit. His momma
raised a tough one, there.

Earl nods appreciatively.

B.G.
Most of them settled for bribes.
Three days in the pit and he still
hasn't cracked?

EARL
No sir. Though he does cry a lot.

B.G.
Admirable. Foolish, but admirable,
nonetheless. Earl, you know what to
do.

Earl scoops the bucket into the aquarium, and carries it back to the pit. Fish and water pour into the hole, followed by a round of FRESH SCREAMS.

B.G.
By the way - things went well with
Connelley Petroleum. I do believe
they're going to sign. Five out of
six; not bad at all. The tea was a
nice touch, by the way.

B.G. (CONTINUED)
(giggles)
Earl Gray. Was that a pun?

MOANS echo from the well. B.G. peeks in, and SIGHS.

B.G.
Two toes. One arm. This one's just
not gonna crack. Time for Plan B.

He leans over, and yells into the well.

B.G.
Your village - it's Elamba town,
right? Five miles from Harcourt?

TRIBAL CHIEF (O.S.)
Eyamba Town. Pronounced with a "Y".
Take the expressway to 98, then
turn left. You can't miss it.

B.G.
Thanks!

TRIBAL CHIEF (O.S.)
Don't mention it! Anytime!

CRUNCHING NOISES float up from the hole.

B.G.
(to Earl)
You heard the man. Time to pay
Eyamba a not-so-friendly visit.
Bring a recorder, please. I want a
copy for my movie collection.

B.G. sips his drink.

B.G.
Prepare my jeep. I'm going, too.
It's been far too long since I've
taken a stroll through the
countryside...

EXT. EYAMBA TOWN - TOWN BORDER - DAY

Mudd stands on the crest of a hill - Eyamba Town at his feet.

A water tower rises above a cluster of huts; the walls
thatched with metal, and bits of leaves.

A totem decorates the entrance gate.

WOMEN wash clothes in buckets. ELDERS CHANT around a campfire, in the shadow of a primitive church.

Mudd heads towards the village center.

A TEENAGER sits on the ground, engrossed in a video game.

Mudd shows him shots of Prince Abadu. The kid shrugs, and shakes his head.

A CLUSTER of LOCALS gather, a few feet away.

A WOMAN stands in the center of a circle, and bandages an ELDER'S arm.

Mudd looks towards her. Catches his breath.

TAWANNA LEE (27) - a light skinned African-American, in cut-off jeans.

Even from a distance, she's beautiful. MUSIC SWELLS. Angels SING. Then stop; aware they can't compare...

Mudd walks towards her and holds out the picture.

MUDD

I - was wondering if you could help me. I'm looking for this man.

Tawanna examines the photo.

TAWANNA

That's Johnnie. He lives a few huts away. I can take you there. If you'd like.

She points towards sheds at the edge of the village.

MUDD

(frowns)

That can't be right. I was looking for someone named -

He stops, a sly look on his face.

MUDD

That would be perfect. Lead the way.

EXT. EYAMBA TOWN - VILLAGE SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Mudd follows Tawanna.

CHILDREN LAUGH and play games in the street. Mudd admires Tawanna's flawless face.

MUDD

I'm no expert, but you don't sound Nigerian.

Tawanna holds out a perfect hand.

TAWANNA

Tawanna Laikisha Lee, Jr. Medical missionary from Cleveland.

They keep walking. The scent of mutual attraction floats in the air.

TAWANNA

Is Johnnie in trouble again? I thought we settled this, months ago.

MUDD

What?

TAWANNA

You know. Issues with the 419. Promising things he couldn't deliver. If he's at it again, let me know. I'm sure we can work something out, without involving the police.

They approach a hut, and open the door.

INT. JOHNNIE (PRINCE ABADU'S) HUT - CONTINUOUS

"Prince Abadu" sits at a "table", his laptop stacked on a pile of books. He sees Mudd and springs to his feet.

PRINCE ABADU

No! Not again!

MUDD

Prince Abadu!

TAWANNA

Prince WHAT?

PRINCE ABADU

You shouldn't have come!

Abadu backs away and stumbles against the table. Books spill on the floor. Mudd waves his arms.

MUDD

I wasn't followed. Your secret is safe with me.

TAWANNA

Johnnie, you did it again? You promised!

She throws a book at "Prince Abadu's" face. It bounces off a chubby cheek.

Tawanna turns to Mudd, mortified.

TAWANNA

How much did he take this time?

MUDD

(to Abadu)

You have to explain things to my team. They don't understand your need for discretion like I do...

SCREAMS echo from outside the hut.

Abadu/Johnnie bolts for the door and runs outside.

SQUEALING TIRES and GUNFIRE flow in.

Tawanna and Mudd look at each other, horrified.

EXT. EYAMBA TOWN - TOWN BORDER - CONTINUOUS

SUPER: Five minutes earlier...

Demo peers down at the town through binoculars, eyes cartoonishly magnified.

Specs and Sunday peek over his shoulder.

Bagger lounges on the hood of the taxi, and CROONS nursery rhymes to Bess. Specs shoots him a worried look.

SUNDAY

The village of Eyamba. Home to one of the Igbo tribes.

SPECS

Makes Harcourt look luxurious.

Demo scans the landscape. CHILDREN dart past his view.

DEMO

Don't knock the size. It'll make
Mudd easier to find.

ONE CHILD runs away. Another KID drops his doll.

A jeep pulls up, and crushes the toy under a tire.

Demo lowers the binoculars. The village is enveloped in a
cloud of dust.

THREE SOLDIERS jump from the jeep, led by Earl. He carries a
massive radio. And an even larger gun.

Demo grabs Specs and yells to Bagger (MOS.)

The team dives into the taxi. The engine ROARS to life.

EXT. EYAMBA TOWN - VILLAGE SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

VILLAGERS flee in every direction.

Earl aims his gun at the crowd. He stops, and tabs his radio.

EARL

Target reached. Awaiting orders to
proceed.

EXT. EYAMBA TOWN - CREST OF HILL - CONTINUOUS

B.G. stands on a different hill with a telescope, and surveys
the chaos below.

INTERCUT: VILLAGE CENTER/CREST OF HILL

B.G.'s voice CRACKLES through radio STATIC.

B.G (O.S.)

Don't shoot anyone important, Earl.
It'll be our land, soon. We'll have
to clean up the mess.

Earl raises his voice (along with his gun).

EARL

To the people of Eyamba, a message
from my chief to yours. Next time,
choose a leader who is less proud.
If he had accepted our offer, you
would have all walked away rich
men. Now, you will lose your very
homes.

Earl pumps bullets into the water tower. The structure collapses. Water pours down on VILLAGERS' heads.

Tawanna and Mudd race from Johnnie/Prince Abadu's hut, and look around frantically.

SOLDIERS pry open animal pens. GOATS and CHICKENS dash out.

Another SOLDIER teepees a VILLAGER to a tree.

Tawanna grabs Mudd, and points towards Earl.

EARL
(to the Villagers)
Leave this village by tonight. Or
your fate will be much worse!

A LAUGHING SOLDIER shoots at an ELDER's feet. The old man dances a frightened jig.

TWO SOLDIERS paint pornographic graffiti on a hut wall. They point at a penis and GIGGLE like high school girls.

B.G. surveys the damage from the hill.

B.G.
(into the radio, to Earl)
Tell your men to wrap it up. I want
to be in bed by nightfall. Breaking
Bad's on at nine...

Earl waves at his men.

The jeep behind him EXPLODES.

A door falls in front of Earl.

Earl hits the ground - almost lands face-first in a huge "goat pie." Shrapnel rains down on his head.

Sunday's cab ROARS into view.

Demo hangs out a window, and pulls the pin on a grenade.

EARL'S SOLDIERS return fire. A few bullets ding the cab. And completely shred a nearby hut.

B.G. lowers his telescope...

B.G.
What the hey?

EARL
The villagers. They are revolting!

B.G.
Yeah, I know. They smell crappy,
too.

Demo lobbs the grenade.

It sails past SOLDIERS and hits the village church. The building EXPLODES in a huge ball of flame.

Prince Abadu/Johnnie races - SCREAMING - from the scene.

A SOLDIER pushes him into a well. Johnnie HOWLS and CRIES all the way down.

Sunday's cab SCREECHES to a stop. Alpha Team jumps out.

Mudd and Tawanna rush to their side.

MUDD
Spread out! Attack pattern two!

DEMO
What the (BLEEP) did you do?

Mudd points back towards Earl and the gang.

MUDD
It wasn't me. It's them!

Alpha Team springs into action, the battle engaged.

Mudd pushes Tawanna into the cab and SLAMS the door.

A SOLDIER advances on Specs, bazooka leveled at his face.

SOLDIER
Oyibo, you are in the wrong place.

Specs stumbles backward. Mudd grimaces with disgust.

SPECS
Game over, man. Game over!

Demo disarms the guard. He tosses the bazooka to Bagger, who caresses the weapon tenderly.

BAGGER
Oh, baby. It's good to be back!

Bagger shoots. Misses Earl.

The missile strikes the totem pole at the entrance. It topples, sets fire to a nearby hut.

TOP OF THE HILL

B.G. jumps into his jeep, and grabs a gun off the seat.

B.G.

Do I have to do *everything*??

He GUNS the motor. The jeep shoots down the hill.

VILLAGE CENTER - NEAR SUNDAY'S CAB

Tawanna pushes against the door. Mudd SLAMS it shut again.

TAWANNA

Let me out! I have to help!

MUDD

Stay there, where you'll be safe!

A SOLDIER grabs Mudd, and shoves him against the car.

Tawanna kicks out the glass, and wriggles through. The soldier raises a rifle to her head -

A bullet HISSES through the air. The soldier drops: it's a perfect kill.

Tawanna stares at the body on the ground.

TAWANNA

What the hell was that?

MUDD

Stu. Our sniper expert. Great guy.
Unforgettable face.

Earl throws a STRUGGLING VILLAGER into the animal pens.

He sees Mudd and stalks toward him ominously.

The two stand chest-to-chest. Face-to-face.

A HIT from Mudd. A PUNCH from Earl. The fight degenerates into a girly slap-fest.

A jeep SCREECHES to a halt in front them. B.G. jumps out - gun drawn.

B.G.

I'm quite disappointed in you,
Earl. You let a bunch of pansy
villagers kick your ass? This will
definitely be brought up at your
performance review...

Mudd sees B.G.. Freezes in place.

B.G. stops short, as well.

B.G.
(casually)
Hey, Mudd. It's been awhile. How
you been?

MUDD
(equally mellow)
Not bad. Doing my own thing, you
know. A little this, a bit of that.
Money's been kinda tight.

B.G.
I hear you, bro. The market's
really crap these days.

B.G. raises his gun and grins.

B.G.
Fortunately, you won't have to
worry about that anymore...

His finger tightens on the trigger.

Bagger and Specs charge at him, guns ablaze. Earl's men lie
unconscious in the dust.

B.G.
Earl, retreat! Regroup at camp!

B.G. backs away - his eyes glued to Mudd.

B.G.
This isn't over.

He looks over at Tawanna and leers. Tawanna glares back -
blazing hatred in her eyes.

B.G. and Earl jump in his jeep, and throw it in reverse. The
jeep ROARS away; chased by bullets from Bagger's gun.

Mudd and Tawanna watch them go.

Behind them, the village belches flame.

DEMO
That went well.

Mudd glances at Specs. The boy's about to wet his pants.

MUDD

Yeah. Great performance, team.

Bagger leans against a hut. It collapses with a CRASH.

Tawanna holds a cloth to her head, looks around hopelessly.

TAWANNA

Okay, who wants to help clean up?

EXT. EYAMBA TOWN - VILLAGE CENTER - LATER

The village is in shambles.

Bagger sweeps in the corner.

Specs and Demo struggle to raise a fallen wall. On the other side, Stu pulls on the rope - sight unseen.

Tawanna bandages a VILLAGER and chats with Mudd. Her movements get more anxious, as she speaks.

TAWANNA

You recognized the guy? The Oyibo in the second jeep?

MUDD

He's an old colleague of mine. Real bad news.

Mudd looks over what's left of the village.

MUDD

Obviously.

TAWANNA

I know his name: B.G. Dafoe. He's been pretty active in this area recently. Buying up local lands. Intimidating villages that don't want to sell.

A TODDLER wanders by in search of his toy. Mudd finds it in the dirt, and hands it over. The child scurries away, a smile on his face.

TAWANNA

Word is, Dafoe's in tight with the oil companies. Don't know why he'd bother with small fry like us. All the drilling's off coast, closer to the Basin.

Tawanna pulls the bandage tight, and moves on to another patient. Mudd watches; admiration in his eyes.

MUDD

How long have you lived here?

TAWANNA

Three years, more or less.
Providing medical assistance.
Skills training. Little things,
here and there.

She looks around.

TAWANNA

Though this is a bit out of my
league.

Mudd nods.

MUDD

Looks like you lost your clinic.

TAWANNA

We'll survive. The Igbo have dealt
with way worse. Pollution of their
land. Poverty that makes this look
like a joyride. No corporate
reptile's going to chase us away.
Not if I have anything to say about
it.

MUDD

What about the police? Just call
the authorities. Get political on
these goons!

TAWANNA

Politics? In Nigeria, that's
whoever's fastest with a knife.

She glances at Mudd.

TAWANNA

Sorry about the problems with
Johnnie. I mean, Prince Abadu.
What'll you do now - go home?

Mudd watches Bagger wrestle with a goat. The rest of the team
picks through wreckage, discontent on every face.

MUDD

If only it was that easy.

He touches a hand to Gunner's dog tags, around his neck.

MUDD

I had so much hope for this mission. Now, I have to tell them I failed.

INT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - PRIVATE OFFICE - LATER

The walls are lined with books, awards... photos of things blowing up with style.

B.G. runs through videos on his laptop.

Earl stands at his side - petting a PURRING MANX CAT.

B.G. rewinds. He freezes a frame on Mudd and Tawanna, and zooms in for a head shot.

B.G.

My old enemy. And my old flame.

He turns towards Earl.

B.G.

They make a cute couple. Don't you think?

Earl nods hesitantly. B.G. explodes.

B.G.

Earl, the proper answer is "No." No, they won't last. No, B.G., she's looking old. You're better off without her. Besides his dick is probably micro small, and would never measure up to you. Something reassuring. That kind of thing. How long have you known me? Geez!

B.G. paces the room, unnerved.

B.G.

A suspicious coincidence. To say the least.

He points to the close-up of Mudd.

B.G.

I want to know exactly what he's doing here. Who sent Mudd, and how much she's told him. I want them both neutralized. Detained.

B.G. (CONTINUED)
We've come too far, to let anything
screw with us now.

EXT. EYAMBA TOWN - PRIVATE HUT - NIGHT

Alpha Team huddles around a table. A candle's flame blocks
the view of Stu's face.

DEMO
You want to stay? You've got to be
shitting me.

MUDD
Dafoe's here for a reason. Don't
you want to find out what that is?

He glances towards Tawanna. She sits with a VILLAGE CHILD, a
few feet away.

Sunday crouches nearby, and draws on the floor with a stick.

MUDD
Besides, we sorta trashed their
camp. We should stick around and
fix things up.

DEMO
You like her? Don't you?

Specs ogles Tawanna's leg.

SPECS
She is kinda hot...

MUDD
No! It's not like that. I just -
don't want to leave things so
unfinished.

Tawanna walks from the cabin, her arm around the child. Mudd
pulls Demo aside.

MUDD
(whispers)
Besides, we don't have enough money
for the return flight. I think the
meter's still running on the cab,
too.

He nods at Sunday, then at Specs.

MUDD

If we leave now, it'll be empty
handed. Let's stay awhile, and see
what happens. For Gunner. If not
for me...

Demo opens his mouth. An EXPLOSION outside rocks the walls.

EARL (O.S.)

I'm bccccccccck. Oyiba's come
out, wherever you are!

Alpha Team races from the hut.

EXT. EYAMBA TOWN - VILLAGE CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Earl stands at the village square, his arm wrapped around
Tawanna's waist. He holds a knife to her throat.

SEVERAL SOLDIERS stand behind him, armed.

EARL

Surrender. Or I kill her now.

MUDD

Don't do anything rash. We can work
this out peacefully.

(to Tawanna)

Don't be frightened. You're safe
with us.

Tawanna frowns. Steps sideways.

She elbows Earl in the solar plexus, and flips him over her
head. Two hundred and fifty pounds of Earl fly SCREAMING
through the air.

The team watches, dumbfounded.

Earl crash-lands in a campfire, in a spray of colorful flame.

BAGGER

Cool!

SPECS

Not bad. For a missionary.

Specs, Bagger and Stu scatter to different positions. Mudd,
Demo and Tawanna fight back-to-back.

MUDD

Pretty good move, back there.

TAWANNA

Uh-huh.

Several soldiers race forward.

TAWANNA

(to Mudd and Demo)

You take the ones on the left. I'll
handle the two on the right.

Tawanna disarms the first with joint-lock-twist. The girl's
got fancy footwork, too.

MUDD

(as he fights)

Nice technique. Especially for a
medic from Cleveland. Anything you
forgot to mention earlier?

Several more SOLDIERS join the battle. Tawanna takes a small
step back.

TAWANNA

Can't this discussion wait 'til
later?

Earl rises from the ashes of the campfire. He brushes himself
off - looks really pissed.

Demo, Bagger and Specs dive for the car.

Demo lays down cover as Specs roots inside and pulls out
artillery. He drops Trevor and Bess into Bagger's hands.

Bagger reaches inside. The dinosaurs are empty of guns.

SPECS

Dude! Where's the firepower?

Demo keeps firing, his eyes glued to the enemy.

DEMO

Packed 'em separately. Didn't want
'em going off, in the car.

SPECS

Good idea. Bad timing, though.

Specs rummages through the backseat. He tosses the glocks to
Bagger. Grabs a knife.

An ENEMY SOLDIER rushes in. Specs SOCKS him in the jaw.

Behind them, a hut EXPLODES.

SPECS

Dammit! We just put that up!

A grenade lands near the taxi. It bursts suddenly into flame.

EXT. EYAMBA TOWN - VILLAGE CENTER - LATER

Earl approaches Mudd, Tawanna and Specs. SOLDIERS protect him on either side.

Spec shoots the soldiers. BLAM! BLAM!

He aims at Earl's forehead. CLICK. The gun's empty.

Specs throws it down.

Earl advances - an evil grin on his face.

MUDD

You're running out of henchmen.
Didn't you learn the first time?

EARL

Oh, yes. Yes, I did.

TWO SOLDIERS rise up behind the three members of Alpha Team, and knock them unconscious with rifle butts.

Demo and Bagger race towards them, from across the yard.

EARL

(to the soldiers)
We take those two, and go. The rest
are of no use to us.

Soldiers drag Mudd and Tawanna towards a jeep.

Earl climbs in. The car speeds away.

Demo and Bagger race behind on foot. But they soon give up the chase.

Sunday limps around a corner. Specs joins him; hand held to his injured head.

Flames rage through the village. Huts sag and collapse.

BAGGER

Well, this seems awfully familiar.

SPECS

Damn. What do we do now?

Demo watches Earl's jeep disappear in the distance.

He glances at Sunday's cab. It's beyond repair.

DEMO

Not many options left.

EXT. EYAMBA TOWN - VILLAGE CENTER - LATER

Bagger, Specs and Demo pull weapons from the remains of Sunday's cab.

Knives, rifles and bags are thrown in a heap - along with Trevor and Bess. VILLAGERS watch as the pile grows.

DEMO

(to Sunday)

You're sure about the location?

SUNDAY

It's the only compound for twenty miles. Where else could they be?

DEMO

Twenty miles. Piece of cake. You three ready? Time to save us some face. Show these amateurs what we're made of!

SPECS

Shit, yeah!

Bagger TAPS Sunday on the shoulder.

BAGGER

You sure you wanna come along?

(to Demo)

He doesn't seem like the guerilla type to me.

SUNDAY

I do not fear the fangs of the tiger.

Sunday locks eyes with Demo.

SUNDAY

Mainly because they live in Asia. But this is my country. I wish to defend it. With my blood.

Demo grins, and picks up a rifle.

DEMO
You heard the man. Let's roll!

EXT. NIGERIAN PLAIN - LATER

A humid plain, ringed by trees. The group trudges along.
Their footprints linger in the mud.

Each man carries a bag and a weapon.

Stu follows along in back. Matching bazookas swing on each
shoulder, and block the view of his face.

Specs sprints ahead - a bundle of youthful energy.

BAGGER
Slow down. You're making the rest
of us look bad!

Demo shoots an azimuth with his compass.

SPECS
How much further?

DEMO
Four more miles.

Stu collapses on a rock. Specs tugs at his sleeve.

SPECS
You heard the man. Don't stop now!

SUNDAY
Maybe we should rest. Restore our
energy, before we reach the enemy's
camp.

Demo peers at the dense forest ahead.

DEMO
The man's right. We stop now.
Regroup in an hour.

SPECS
You got it, Chief!

Demo frowns, and throws down his gear.

DEMO
I'm not the chief. Sirius is.

INT. JAIL CELL - AFTERNOON

Dank and dirty. Stone walls surround a floor made from mud and grass. A rat CHEWS on something gross.

Mudd sits on the floor, demoralized.

Tawanna stands at the door, and RATTLES the bars of the small peep-hole.

TAWANNA

There's got to be some way out.

A BURLY GUARD peeks in and leers at her. Tawanna stomps away in disgust.

MUDD

You're the civilian missionary. Why don't you karate chop your way through the door?

TAWANNA

You trying to say something?

MUDD

Just that you owe me an explanation.

Mudd stands up. He GROANS in pain. Does his best to avoid the rat.

MUDD

Perfect location for some getting-to-know-you time. Don't you think?

Tawanna SIGHS, and walks over to Mudd. She reaches up to examine his wound. Mudd SLAPS her hand away.

TAWANNA

I AM a doctor.

(beat)

With a bit of agency experience.
Tours in the Philippines. The
Amazon Delta...

Mudd perks up.

MUDD

Amazon Delta? 2009?

TAWANNA

Nah. 2007-2008.

MUDD
(nods)
Fun times.

She reaches up again. This time, Mudd lets her probe.

TAWANNA
You'll be fine. It's just a flesh wound.

MUDD
(whimsical)
Aren't they all?

They stand in the cell, their bodies intimately close.

MUDD
So, what are you really doing in Nigeria? Another mission for the agency?

TAWANNA
I'm retired, actually. I'm here for missionary reasons... mostly. Though I figured I'd keep an eye on the political situation. Force of habit, I guess.

MUDD
That guy. B.G. Dafoe. Ever run into him? Professionally?

Tawanna steps back, surprised.

TAWANNA
Exactly *how well* do you know B.G?

B.G. (O.S.)
What can I say? I'm a popular guy. I get around.

B.G.'s face appears at the peephole. Earl waves through the door, cheerfully.

B.G. takes in the romantic scene.

B.G.
You know, making moves on a guy's girlfriend... not a wise move. Especially when you're a guest in his home.

Mudd recoils from Tawanna.

MUDD

What?!?!

TAWANNA

Ex-girlfriend, B.G.! I broke it off. Remember?

B.G.

Oh, I remember. I'm still nursing the wounds, my sweet. Since I don't have you to dress them, anymore.

TAWANNA

Just when I thought you couldn't sink any lower! You destroy an innocent village. Terrorize the Igbo, and kidnap our tribal chief! You own half the security force in the region, B.G. What more could you hope to gain?

Tawanna throws herself at the door.

TAWANNA

(snarls)

I know about your connections with the oil industry.

Earl SNICKERS. BANGS on the door.

B.G.

Having connections is one thing, my dear. Gaining personal power from them - that's the trick.

B.G. steps back from the window.

B.G.

Enjoy your love nest. While it lasts.

Earl LAUGHS - a bit too long. B.G. stops and stares.

He drags Earl away by his huge, limp wrist.

B.G.

Come on, Earl. We've got more pressing business to attend to.

Mudd swings on Tawanna, as they leave.

MUDD

Nice ex you've got there. Heaven knows why you'd let a prize like that go.

TAWANNA

Let's just say it got too freaky. Handcuffs. Boas.

MUDD

Lingerie?

TAWANNA

No. Live snakes.

She shakes her head and grimaces.

TAWANNA

Trust me. You don't wanna know.

INT. JAIL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

B.G. and Earl walk past several cells. Earl peeks in one.

The TRIBAL CHIEF sits dejected on the ground, playing a game of Parcheesi.

EARL

She is right, boss. Why are we bothering with tribal lands? Don't we have enough?

B.G.

That's the problem with you, Earl. No sense of the bigger picture.

EXT. NIGERIAN PLAIN - EVENING

The sun sets low on the horizon.

DEMO (O.S.)

The key to military strategy is understanding the bigger picture.

Demo's on his knees, with a stick. The team watches as he scribbles in the dirt.

DEMO

Here's an overview of their camp. Main buildings are stationed here, and here.

He plunks down a block of wood. A few stones.

DEMO

Given the number of guards at the entrance, they're probably holding Mudd and the girl at this location.

He draws a line across the ground.

DEMO

There's only one access road big enough to allow vehicles to enter the base. The rest of the perimeter is lined with trees. More vulnerable to infiltration. And that's where we'll enter. Here. And here.

Demo looks up at Alpha Team.

DEMO

Get what I'm saying? Everyone dig?

Bagger raises his hand, and points to a rock.

BAGGER

They're holding Mudd here?

SPECS

No, man. He's here, over by the well.

Specs points at a hole in the ground. Demo taps the wood block, frustration on his face.

DEMO

That's just a hole in the ground!
They're by the main building!
Wasn't anyone listening?!?

He pauses for a moment.

DEMO

Wait a minute. Be right back.

Demo steps away.

Bagger grabs the stick, and entertains himself herding ants on the ground.

An ant trails up Bagger's leg. He slaps it away.

Demo returns with a back-pack, and unloads the contents. Full-scale models of buildings, figurines and die-cast jeeps.

DEMO

Good thing we packed this, before
we left.

He sets them out, creating a perfect replica of Dafoe's camp.
Sunday stares. Demo shrugs.

DEMO

Standard issue stuff. Mudd carries
it on all our missions.

Demo places toy soldiers around the main building. Sticks
replicas of B.G. and Earl inside.

DEMO

With only four men, we're badly
outnumbered. We'll take them by
surprise, from multiple angles.

Demo draws intricate lines in the dust. He looks up at the
team, satisfied.

DEMO

Get the picture now?

Several ANTS swarm towards Bagger. He brushes them off -
starts to freak.

His leg shoots out, and wipes out Demo's dirt map. A building
model collapses under his combat boot.

Demo glares.

DEMO

Dammit! Lemme redraw this thing.
Nobody move this time, okay?

Specs YAWNS and retreats to a rock with his backpack. He digs
out an I-Pad and turns it on.

Everyone turns and stares.

SPECS

What?

INT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Tawanna and Mudd sit tied to chairs.

B.G. watches them struggle. Duct tape covers their mouths.

B.G.
 You're probably wondering why I
 brought you here.

The Manx cat sits on his desk, and PURRS.

B.G.
 After I left your cell, I thought
 it over. And I really feel we got
 off on the wrong foot. So, I wanted
 to extend an olive branch. Make
 amends, as it were.

Tawanna SCREAMS through the tape. Mudd fights his restraints,
 and nearly knocks over his chair.

B.G. nods to Earl. The Nigerian RIPS the tape from the
 prisoners' mouths.

B.G.
 Comfy?

TAWANNA
 You bastard!

MUDD
 Yeah. What she said.

B.G.
 (sighs)
 There's a whole lot of history
 between the three of us in this
 room. I felt it important to
 explain my mission, in the hopes we
 could come to an understanding.
 Maybe even forgiveness, of some
 sort.

TAWANNA
 What's to understand, you power-
 hungry maniac?

MUDD
 Oh, I get it. All too well. Your ex-
 boyfriend here feels the need to
 control everything he touches.
 Drugs in the Amazon. Now oil, in
 Nigeria.

B.G.
 Oil? That's so passe. Come on,
 Mudd. Let the 80s go!

TAWANNA

You've been running the locals off
their land. If it's not oil, what
do you want?

B.G. CHUCKLES.

B.G.

It's 2013. In this world, if you
want the green, you have to be
green.

CLICK. The map of Nigeria flickers to life. Green dots cover
the display.

B.G.

God, this thing comes in useful.

He points to the map.

B.G.

See those dots? Each one indicates
a pocket of natural gas. Billions
of dollars, sitting right below the
surface. Just waiting to be tapped -
with no pesky villagers in the way.

Tawanna looks at B.G., confused.

TAWANNA

You're not after oil?

B.G.

Natural gas, baby. That's where
it's at.

MUDD

You're driving villagers from their
homes...

B.G.

For the biggest reserve of natural
gas the world has ever seen!

B.G. paces the room, the remote in his hand.

B.G.

I've claimed hundreds of acres
already. By the time I'm done, I'll
own three-quarters of the world's
reserves! I'll be the undisputed
King of Natural Gas!

He stops.

B.G.

Wait. That came out wrong.

MUDD

You're telling me.

TAWANNA

(to Mudd)

Told you there was a good reason I
broke up with him.

MUDD

Something really stinks here.

Earl SNIFFS. Mudd pauses, deep in thought.

MUDD

If you're after natural gas
reserves, why the deals with the
oil companies?

B.G.

You're forgetting the first rule of
strategy! Keep your friends close.
And your enemies closer still.

A sly smile forms at B.G.'s mouth.

B.G.

The only alternative to natural gas
is oil. Destroy their reserves, and
my land will be even more valuable.

He picks up the cat. He walks over to the well, in the middle
of the room.

B.G.

It's a simple plan, really. Install
my men as the sole security force
for the region's refineries. Once
in place, they'll be dependent on
my men. Vulnerable to sabotage from
inside.

He drops the cat down the well. MEOWS SCREECH as the animal
falls. Followed by a heavy SPLASH.

B.G.

They'll never know what hit them.
And I'll be rich!

TAWANNA

That's horrible.

MUDD

Dude, someone! Save the cat!

B.G.

What? I thought oil companies were the bad guys. Aren't we all on the same page?

B.G.'s phone RINGS. It's a Bangles song.

B.G.

(into the receiver)

What? They're already here?

He turns to Tawanna and Mudd.

B.G.

Got to run. Important meeting with Stodart Oil. Another satisfied customer. Ta for now...

B.G. strides out the door.

Earl advances on Mudd and Tawanna, huge arms outstretched.

EXT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - CAMP PERIMETER - NIGHT

Alpha Team stands on a hill, and studies the lights of the camp below. Demo raises binoculars to his eyes.

POV: NIGHT VISION GOGGLES

A grainy green GUARD walks a beat. He ducks behind a building to take a leak.

DEMO (O.S.)

The bird's flown the coop. Gone for the worm.

He hands the goggles to Sunday, along with a radio.

DEMO

You stay here, and keep an eye on the entrance. Any vehicles enter the gate, let us know.

He turns to the rest of the team.

DEMO

Stu, you head for the guard tower - get a bead on Command Center. Specs, you and Bagger follow me.

Stu sneaks off under the cover of darkness - a short figure with a huge rifle.

The remaining three men inch down the hill.

EXT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - CAMP GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

They come to a halt near a cluster of jeeps.

DEMO

Remember, this is a rescue mission.
We got a lot of territory to cover,
in little time. We locate Mudd,
then get the hell out. Anyone finds
them - signal the team with one of
these.

He hands out flashlights. Points out buildings in the dark.

DEMO

There are only two possible places
Dafoe could be holding them. Split
up. I'll create the diversion when
you reach the target site.

Bagger and Specs strike out in opposite directions.

Demo digs into a pack.

He pulls out a string of explosives, and plants them under
several jeep tires.

EXT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - OUTSIDE THE SHED - CONTINUOUS

Specs inches towards the shed. Only fifty feet away.

A pool of light stands between him and the target. Open
space, with nowhere to hide.

He spots a slow moving truck, and runs alongside.

He dives underneath. Grabs the undercarriage, and hitches a
ride. He reaches his destination, and rolls away.

The back of his shirt is ripped to shreds.

Specs slips into the shadows, silently.

EXT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - OUTSIDE THE MAIN BUILDING

Bagger heads towards a large building, dinosaurs tucked under each arm. An AK-47 hangs off his back.

EXT. GUARD TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Stu watches Bagger through his night-scope.

Demo retreats from the jeeps, gas can in hand. He pours a line of gasoline across the ground.

Bagger and Specs raise their radios simultaneously.

SPECS
The Eagle Has Landed.

BAGGER
Target attained.

Specs WHISTLES. Bagger CAWS. Stu puts a hand under his arm and makes a FARTING sound.

Demo tosses the can, and strikes a match.

He dives for cover as the gas flares to life.

DEMO
(into the radio)
Wait for it...

The flame travels along, glacially slow.

DEMO
Just one more moment, now.

Bagger looks at his watch.

DEMO
Almost there...

Specs TAPS his foot impatiently.

BLAM!!!! Jeeps explode, in a glorious display.

INT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM

B.G. and Earl hold court in the conference room, before THREE MEN in business suits. A briefcase reads "Stodart Oil."

The EXPLOSION vibrates through the wall, and knocks a Hello Kitty from a shelf.

B.G.

Go check on that. Won't you, Earl?

He turns to his guests, a strained smile on his face.

B.G.

Now, Gentlemen. Where were we?

CLICK. Dots light up the map.

EXT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - OUTSIDE THE MAIN BUILDING

Bagger head-butts the door. It won't give way. He shakes it off and tries again.

EXT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - OUTSIDE THE SHED

Specs kicks in the door. He's thrown off balance, but stumbles inside.

INT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - ARTILLERY SHED

Specs sweeps his flashlight across the room.

A treasure trove of weapons shine inside. M-16s. Rocket Launchers. Flame throwers with beer decals.

Specs beams like a kid in a candy store.

SPECS

That's what I'm talkin' about!

He grabs too many weapons to carry. He heads for the exit - staggers like a drunk under the weight.

EXT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - CAMP GROUNDS

SOLDIERS stream from buildings, and yell commands (MOS.)

Demo sprints towards Bagger and tosses a grenade at enemy troops. Uniformed guards fly through the air.

EXT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - OUTSIDE THE MAIN BUILDING

Another WHACK by Bagger. The frame finally explodes.

Demo and Specs arrive on cue, armed GUARDS on their heels. Bagger pulls them towards the entrance door.

BAGGER
You clear the area. I'll hold 'em
off.

Specs and Demo dart inside.

Bagger whips out the dinosaurs. The glocks protrude from
plush mouths.

BAGGER
(Scarface accent)
Say hello to my little friends...

Trevor and Bess lay down a spray of gunfire. Bagger grins;
happy at last.

INT. MAIN BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Specs and Demo burst inside, and surprise TWO GUARDS at the
entrance. One shot each: both go down.

The two race down a corridor.

A neon sign with an arrow blinks over a door at the end of
the hall: "Prisoner Detention Cells This Way."

INT. JAIL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Specs and Demo peer into cells, one by one. Dirty and
desperate faces stare back at them:

- Jimmy Hoffa
- Amelia Earhart
- The Cinderella Heavy Metal 80's Band

SPECS
See anyone important?

DEMO
Nah, not me.

Fingers appear at a peep-hole a few feet away.

TAWANNA (O.S.)
Someone, please! We're over here!

Demo races over to a door.

Tawanna and Mudd shove their faces up to the window. Demo
jams plastique between the bars.

DEMO

Stand back!

A CHUCKLE comes from the shadows.

Earl walks into the light, a wicked knife in his hand. He runs it along the wall like Freddy Krueger. Sparks fly like fireflies in the night.

SPECS

I got this. Just get 'em out!

Specs throws himself at Earl.

Demo flattens himself against the wall.

The plastique sputters. Doesn't ignite.

Specs punches Earl's chest. WHACKS Earl in the head with his gun. Earl just stands there and LAUGHS.

Specs pulls out a knife. Looks at Earl... Hesitates.

The Nigerian socks Specs in the gut. The boy flies back several feet, into a wall.

The cell door EXPLODES - filling the hallway with smoke. Demo reaches in and pops the lock.

DEMO

All rightie, folks. Let's get a move-on here. It's not like we've got all day.

Tawanna and Mudd stumble out, stiff on their feet.

TAWANNA

I thought we'd never escape.

MUDD

I had a plan. Really, I did.

Specs waves at Earl to draw him away. Regards the hulking man with fear in his eye.

SPECS

(to Demo)

I know I'm new at this. But I'd recommend a quick retreat...

They race down a hallway, away from Earl.

The smoke ahead starts to clear...

A hand-cuffed Bagger struggles between TWO ARMED GUARDS. More GUARDS block the exit behind them.

Specs swings 180%.

A knife wielding Earl fills the corridor.

EARL
Surrender now. While you still
live.

Alpha Team holds up their arms. Their weapons CLATTER to the floor. SOLDIERS cuff their hands, and march them back towards the cells.

EXT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - CAMP GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

POV: STU'S SCOPE

GUARDS swarm the outside of the building.

Earl walks out the door. Stu gets a bead. His finger tightens on the trigger.

CLICK.

Stu looks up. A huge gun blocks his face.

INT. JAIL CELL - LATER

A GUARD pushes Mudd into the cell. Demo, Specs, Tawanna and Bagger are already inside.

The door SLAMS shut. The bolt CLICKS into place.

B.G. (O.S.)
Terrible mess you've created.
Ruined a perfectly good jail cell.
I don't think they cover
destruction like that, on our small
insurance plan...

Mudd spots B.G.'s face at the window, along with TWO GUARDS. He GROWLS and spits at the door.

B.G.
It's a good thing we had extra
accommodations, available for our
valued guests...

MUDD

Don't think you'll get away with this, Dafoe! When the agency finds out -

B.G.

I'll be a rich man. And you'll be dead.

He turns to his guards.

B.G.

Watch them closely. If they try anything, kill them. Including the girl.

B.G. flashes a grin through the bars.

B.G.

Gentlemen, I'm afraid I have to take my leave. I have a conference to attend. And the appetizers are getting cold.

He heads down the hallway. WHISTLES a tune.

Mudd turns to Alpha Team. Demoralized faces, all around.

MUDD

Where's Stu?

Over in the left wall, a window leads to another cell.

Stubby fingers wiggle through the bars. It's Stu - too short to be seen.

INT. JAIL CELL - LATER

Alpha Team sits huddled in a circle. Mudd draws in the dirt with a twig.

Tawanna stands at the window, a rock in her hand. She peers out, on tip-toe.

A GUARD grins back and flashes rotten teeth.

Tawanna looks him in the eye, and bashes the door's hinge with the rock.

MUDD

We tried that, remember? It won't budge.

TAWANNA

Someone's gotta get us out of here.
Looks like it's got to be me.

Tawanna chips at metal. The rock crumbles to pieces in her hand. The rest of the team stare at her.

Tawanna picks up another stone, and tries again.

DEMO

(to Mudd)

Admirable girl. Make a move yet?

MUDD

Nah. Still feeling each other out.

Bagger GIGGLES.

BAGGER

Heh. You said "feeling each other."

SPECS

She reminds me of Aisha from The Losers. Or Laura Croft. Got that Jolie sort of look.

Specs admires Tawanna's shapely behind.

SPECS

'Course Angelina would've blasted us out by now.

MUDD

Again with the movies? Grow up, kid. This is real life. Things don't work that way.

He lowers his voice.

MUDD

Sometimes, people get hurt. Killed.

SPECS

Don't knock movies, man. That's what got me into the Life. My old man, he made me watch all the classics. Delta Force. Platoon. Under Siege.

BAGGER

Under Siege isn't a classic.

DEMO

Don't encourage him.

BAGGER

You want a classic, watch Rambo.

Tawanna drops to her knees. She runs a hand along the bottom of the door, feeling for available space.

BAGGER

Rambo's a real hero. Saved the girl in half the films. He didn't sit around, waiting for someone else to do his job.

Bagger's eyes slip towards Mudd.

BAGGER

Rambo never would've sat in a cell, waiting to die.

Mudd doesn't catch Bagger's insult. He continues to doodle in the dust, smiles quietly to himself.

MUDD

Movies got me into Black Ops, too. Saw Commando as a kid.

He points the twig at Specs.

MUDD

Schwartzenegger. Now, he rocked.

SPECS

Schwartzenegger is a pussy.

MUDD

Take that back!

SPECS

He is.

(bad Austrian accent)

I am the ex-governator. I thought playing Mr. Freeze was a good career move.

MUDD

Schwartzenegger beat the crap out of a Predator with his bare hands! Beat that. I dare you!

Demo stretches his legs and SIGHS.

DEMO

Chuck Norris could've whipped Arnie with one hand, and two legs tied behind his back.

The rest of the group explodes in protest (MOS.)

Tawanna throws her rock down.

TAWANNA
Somebody get me the hell out of
here. I'm suffocating on
testosterone!

INT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

A tasteful Chinese rug covers the well. A table is laid out with drinks, donuts and sushi appetizers.

A colorful banner hangs overhead: "Welcome Oil Barons of Nigeria." The room is packed full of CORPORATE SUITS.

B.G. struts before the crowd.

B.G.
Today, we witness a historic event
in oil history.

He stops before a desk, piled with papers. A "Sign Here" poster is taped in front.

B.G.
For too long, we have been the
underdog. At the mercy of
government regulation. Special
interests.

A MURMUR rises from the crowd. A CEO shouts out angrily.

ANONYMOUS CEO
Yeah, man! It ain't fair!

B.G.
Testify, brother! We're all friends
here!

His face quickly reverts to "serious mode."

B.G.
They say that one straw is easily
broken. But a bundle together
cannot be bent. Today, we unite and
say enough is enough!

He holds out a pen.

B.G.

Sign on the dotted line, and I promise you security. Peace of mind. The freedom to run our businesses, safe from fear of sabotage.

The crowd HUMS with excitement. BUSINESSMEN elbow for position at the desk. B.G. hands each an application form.

B.G.

Patience, Gentlemen. There's more than enough applications to go around.

He turns to the assembly and smiles.

B.G.

After all, what do we really have to fear? A group of unorganized natives, armed only with sticks and stones?

EXT. EYAMBA TOWN - VILLAGE CENTER - DAY

Sunday paces before a crowd of VILLAGERS, armed with sticks and stones. The men are restless. Some apathetic.

Johnnie/Prince Abadu stands at the front of the line.

SUNDAY

They tried to save us. We owe them something in return, brothers! Do we not?

Villagers GRUMBLE and stare at their feet. Johnnie/Prince Abadu looks away.

A SKINNY VILLAGER yells from the back of the crowd.

SKINNY VILLAGER

They are Oyabi! Why risk our lives for them?

SUNDAY

If not for them, then for ourselves. These soldiers run us off our land. Take our leaders. Leave us with nothing!

SKINNY VILLAGER

They gave my boy got a Nintendo Wi, last May...

Sunday stares at Johnnie.

SUNDAY

Our land brings them riches. Yet
they leave us with nothing to eat.
Do you wish to live like this
forever?

PRINCE ABADU/JOHNNIE

We are unarmed. What can we do?
They have guns. Weapons. The latest
in military equipment.

SUNDAY

We have knives and men. We have
heart. And that, my brothers, is
more than enough!

Sunday pauses for effect.

SUNDAY

Hey, it worked in Avatar.

The crowd. Sunday raises his stick towards the heavens.

SUNDAY

To freedom! Who is with me?

The villagers ROAR approval. United, with one voice.

INT. JAIL CELL - LATER

Alpha Team sprawls about the cell. Tawanna sleeps in the
corner. Trays of food clutter the floor.

Specs toys with an uneaten bread roll.

MUDD

You should eat that.

SPECS

I'm not hungry.

DEMO

Mudd's right. You need to keep up
your strength.

SPECS

Geez. Can't everyone leave me
alone!?

He tosses the roll at the door. It CLANGS loudly, leaves a
dent. Specs throws himself onto the floor.

Mudd touches his shoulder. The teen pulls away, and starts to CRY. Tawanna wakes up and blinks, concerned.

DEMO

Uh, kid. You okay?

SPECS

(sniffles)

Yeah, I'm fine.

MUDD

You don't sound fine. Talk to us.
We're in this - as a team.

SPECS

It's just - I had a chance to take
out Earl. I didn't. We got
captured, 'cause of me.

MUDD

Yeah, that did fuck things up a
bit.

Demo shoots Mudd a "shut-up" look.

DEMO

Kid, don't blame yourself.

SPECS

I let down the team! Dad would be
so disappointed in me...

Mudd sits down, and takes Specs' hand. Tawanna watches from
afar, starts to smile.

MUDD

(gently)

I know I was a little hard on you
when you joined the mission. But
it's 'cause I was concerned. Your
Gunner's kid. We got a
responsibility to keep you safe.

DEMO

Remember, kid - there's no "I" in
Team. We all help each other out.
Your dad was one of the most
capable guys I ever knew. But even
he needed a hand every once in
awhile.

Bagger steps forward, sushi rolls in his hand. He and Demo
gather around Specs, in a show of support.

BAGGER
Remember that time we helped Gunner
on his wedding day?

Specs looks up, confused.

DEMO
(nods)
Yeah. He couldn't perform, so we
each helped out.

BAGGER
All of us pinch hittin' for the
team.

Specs looks around, horrified.

Nostalgia grows on Mudd's face.

MUDD
I still get Christmas cards from
your Mom.

SPECS
...what?

Bagger clutches his stomach and GROANS.

BAGGER
Hey, I don't feel so good.

DEMO
None of us do. This place is
filthy.

He runs a finger along the wall.

DEMO
And the health inspector was giving
me issues?

SPECS
Uh, guys? About my Mom?

BAGGER
Seriously. I feel like crap.

MUDD
Throw up. Get it over with.

BAGGER
It's not puking I'm worried about.

SPECS
You don't mean...?

Bagger nods. His stomach RUMBLES ominously.

EVERYONE
Ew...

Tawanna's face wrinkles in disgust. Bagger approaches the door and BANGS for the guards.

BAGGER
Lemme out! I gotta use the John!

The GUARDS SNICKER.

GUARD #1 (O.S.)
Like we're falling for that!

BAGGER
(desperate)
What do I do?

Demo looks around, points to a tray.

DEMO
Use that. Over in the corner, where
we don't have to watch.

Bagger sheepishly shuffles away. TERRIBLE NOISES issue from the shadows.

Alpha Team squirms. Mudd covers Tawanna's eyes. The NOISES stop. Bagger SIGHS.

SPECS
Hey, can we get a clean up in Aisle
Three?

The first Guard SNIFFS the air. His companion peeks through the bars.

GUARD #2
What's that?

He takes a whiff - quickly recoils.

GUARD #2
Oh, that's terrible! Smells like
someone went ass to mouth with an
antelope!

Specs turns to Demo, inside the cell.

SPECS

Told you.

DEMO

He said antelope. Major difference.

GUARD #1 (O.S.)

We should do something, Abah.
Before it sinks in.

GUARD #2 (O.S.)

You do it. I cleaned up last time.

Mudd's face brightens with an idea.

MUDD

Hey...

He approaches the corner and lights a match. The tray
EXPLODES in a ball of blue flame.

Bagger and Mudd scuttle away. Mudd waves away smoke, and
yells to the guards outside.

MUDD

Somebody help us! It's on fire! Oh,
the humanity!

Demo raises an eyebrow.

DEMO

And if they don't come? We all die,
on a flaming pyre of shit. Great.
Just great. I knew I shouldn't have
gotten up today...

The guards' ugly faces fill the peep-hole.

GUARD #1

Look, now it's burning.

GUARD #1

It doesn't stop. How does it do
that? Shouldn't it burn out on its
own?

GUARD #1

We have to stomp it out, Abah.

GUARD #2

You do it. I have new shoes.

The tray flares up, extra bright.

The guards rush inside, hands clamped over their mouths.

Alpha Team falls on them like hungry wolves.

A few hits - the guards are knocked out cold. Demo and Mudd grab weapons from their utility belts.

MUDD

Good job, Bagger. I knew I could count on you.

Bagger hikes up his pants.

BAGGER

Uh, yeah. Don't mention it. Seriously. Never again.

INT. JAIL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The team rushes out the door. Demo stops.

DEMO

What about Stu?

The team looks over at the next cell. The front door's ajar. A GUARD'S limp foot acts as a door-stop.

The team swings the door open, all the way.

Stu stands in shadow.

Two UNCONSCIOUS GUARDS lie at his feet. Even larger than Guards #1 and 2.

STU

(Hispanic accent)

What took you so long?

SPECS

(to Demo)

Wait a minute. He can talk?

INT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM

B.G. passes applications out to the crowd.

B.G.

Sign Section 2B, on the dotted line. Don't worry about notary requirements. We'll fill those out later, here.

Earl hands around a bucket, filled with pens.

B.G.

Good, good. Don't forget your gift
baskets, on the way out!

He smiles at Earl conspiratorially.

INT. JAIL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Alpha Team edges along the corridor.

Tawanna passes a cell window. The Tribal Chief sits inside.
Monopoly pieces litter the floor. Piranha hang off wet shirt
sleeves.

TAWANNA

Chief Chichi!

CHIEF CHICHI

Thank goodness. I'm finally getting
out of jail? Seems like I've been
here for a year!

She SMASHES the door open.

Chief Chichi rushes out, and crushes Tawanna in a bear hug.
Specs steps between the two.

SPECS

Not to break up the reunion. But
let's get our groove on. Before
reinforcements arrive.

Mudd stops.

MUDD

No. No more running. Not anymore.
We have to stop B.G. Before it's
too late.

INT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - ARTILLERY SHED

Alpha Team gathers in the tiny shed. Bagger caresses a
missile launcher with both hands.

SPECS

Told you this stuff was cool.

Mudd yanks rifles from the wall, and passes them around.

MUDD

We'll still have to travel light.
We only found ammo for a few of
these.

Demo peers through his scope. Then locks and loads.

DEMO

No problem. It'll do.

EXT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - OUTSIDE THE MAIN BUILDING

Lights blaze at the entrance.

OIL MAGNATES file out the door, swag bags dangle in their hands. They like little girls. Show off I-Phone cases, and chocolates shaped like oil rigs.

OIL MAGNATE #1

I got Silly Bandz!

OIL MAGNATE #2

(snooty)

Those are so 2003!

Alpha Team sneaks along the shadows, hidden from the crowd.

SPECS

B.G.'s in there, for sure.

BAGGER

We're a little outnumbered. Don't
you think?

MUDD

Wait for the guests to leave. Our
beef isn't with them.

Demo pulls out a smoke grenade.

DEMO

Then we'll smoke those vipers out.
Catch them when they're vulnerable.

MUDD

Just remember, B.G.'s mine.

Tawanna levels her gun at the entrance.

TAWANNA

Speak for yourself. I've got anger
issues to process.

INT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

B.G. shakes the last GUEST'S hand.

B.G.
I'll send my men by tomorrow.
You'll be fully staffed by noon.

Earl gives the guest a swag-bag, and waves goodbye.

The two walk past the appetizers. B.G. pops a sushi roll in his mouth.

B.G.
Good job, Earl. Now to finalize
Phase Two. Operation Elvis Oil
Spill.

INT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - OUTSIDE THE MAIN BUILDING

Alpha Team stations itself around the entrance. Careful avoids all the lights.

INT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - PRIVATE OFFICE

B.G. shuffles applications, WHISTLING a Disney TUNE.

INTERCUT BETWEEN MAIN BUILDING AND PRIVATE OFFICE

B.G. is visible through the window.

Demo lobbs a smoke grenade. It CRASHES through the glass, and rolls across the floor.

B.G. leaps to his feet. COUGHS as smoke fills the room.

He opens a desk drawer, and gropes inside. His brass ring CLICKS against metal. His fingers close on a gun.

B.G. holds a cloth to his face.

He backs away, towards the door.

INT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY

Earl pulls B.G. from the office.

SEVERAL GUARDS cover them - rifles raised.

A door BURSTS open. B.G. SHRIEKS and darts behind Earl.

Alpha Team rushes in.

MOMENTS LATER

Tawanna rips the rifle from the FIRST GUARD'S hands.

She flips the man across the room. He CRASHES into a SECOND GUARD'S chest.

THREE SOLDIERS surround Specs.

The teen attacks them zealously. A chop to the throat. A kick to the knee. The first two men drop to the ground.

The THIRD GUARD aims his rifle at Spec's face.

Specs runs at a window, and throws himself at the glass. It doesn't break. He bounces off.

SPECS

Ow!!

Specs holds his shoulder and stomps the soldier's foot. SLAMS an elbow into his chin.

The guard topples like an oak tree.

Mudd gut-punches Earl. Earl LAUGHS in his face.

Demo tosses a grenade to Bagger down the hall. Bagger advances on B.G.

B.G. looks at his own gun. Then the grenade.

B.G.

You wouldn't. Your team is here.

Bagger GIGGLES and pulls the pin. B.G. races out the door.

Bagger shrugs. Replaces the pin. Unconscious soldiers litter the floor.

Mudd races after B.G.

Alpha Team follows, close behind.

EXT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - OUTSIDE THE COMPOUND

Mudd SLAMS B.G. against a truck. An UNARMED DRIVER cowers at the wheel.

MUDD

Not so fast, Dafoe. We have
unfinished business, you and I.

Earl TAPS Mudd on the shoulder, and pulls him away. He lifts Mudd into the air, gladiatorial style.

CLICK. Specs levels his gun at Earl - muzzle pointed at his massive chest.

SPECS

Put him down. Carefully.

Earl puts Mudd down. Brushes dirt from his vest. The rest of Alpha Team approach, weapons aimed at Earl and B.G.

Tawanna steps forward, a huge grin on her face.

TAWANNA

Not so tough without your guards
protecting you. Are you, B.G.?

Mudd grabs B.G. by the collar.

MUDD

Tell your driver he can go.
Everyone else, lie on the ground.
Hands behind your backs.

The truck's engine ROARS to life. The driver pulls away - revealing ARMED SOLDIERS on the other side.

Alpha Team is outnumbered. Hopelessly.

B.G.

You think I'd leave my home
unprotected? I'm disappointed in
you, Mudd. I thought you had more
foresight.

A million laser scopes swarm over Alpha Team. Red dots bounce off faces, chests and Bagger's crotch.

Bagger covers his jewels with both hands.

B.G.

Looks like your team's caught a bad
case of measles. Want to put up
your hands, Mudd? Or take a chance
and scratch?

The team look at each other. Their weapons drop to the floor.

EXT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - OUTSIDE THE COMPOUND - LATER

B.G. paces in front of Alpha Team.

B.G.
I think we've all learned a
valuable lesson.

He holds up a hand, and counts on fingers: One, Two, Three.

B.G.
Don't bite off more than you can
chew. Don't make eyes at my ex-
girlfriend.

His eyes blaze with sudden hatred.

B.G.
And don't mess with my business
plans!

B.G. SNAPS his fingers.

Earl walks over, the Manx cat in his arms. He pets it gently.
It's missing an ear.

He hands a mirror to B.G. - a thick line of coke runs down
its length.

B.G. SNORTS it and finds the energy to pace some more.

B.G.
When we were in the Amazon, I was
willing to let you off with a
warning. But you had to push the
envelope. Didn't you?

B.G. RIPS the head off the cat and throws it to the ground.
Earl pouts; the furry body limp in his hands.

SPECS
Dude, what's the deal with cats in
this country?

BAGGER
Where on earth did you get that
blow?

B.G. ignores him, and turns to Alpha Team.

B.G.
Say goodbye, Ladies and Gentlemen.
It's been nice knowing you.

He blows a kiss at Tawanna.

B.G.

Some more than others, of course.

He waves to his men.

B.G.

Ready, aim...

The ENTIRE VILLAGE OF EYAMBA ROARS over the hill.

A car flies through the air in slow-motion - Johnnie/Prince Abadu at the wheel. Sunday leads the charge on a camel.

SPECS

(to Demo)

See? Told you there were camels in this country.

Alpha Team grabs their guns. The final battle begins.

MOMENTS LATER

Faced with civilians, B.G.'s men hesitate...

The villagers swarm them like an avenging tide.

A SOLDIER falls, surrounded by CHILDREN. They beat at him with sticks and toys. He SCREAMS and cowers on the ground.

Sunday and Johnnie runs clotheslines between parked jeeps. TWO SOLDIERS run by and trip.

Sunday and Johnnie jump on top, and finish the job.

Specs takes out SEVERAL SOLDIERS in hand to hand combat. He ROARS in triumph as they fall.

A SOLDIER levels a bazooka at the crowd.

Bagger steps in the line of fire. He aims his gun at the man.

Demo looks over, concerned.

The soldier fires. The missile streaks towards Bagger - and the Nigerian villagers behind him.

Bagger shoots a single bullet. It meets the missile halfway.

The projectile EXPLODES on impact. The fireball blows backward, and consumes the soldier where he stands.

Demo's jaw drops.

DEMO

How did you do that?

The soldier's still on his feet - a burning corpse. Demo looks Bagger, confused.

DEMO

Seriously. I know ballistics. That wasn't physically possible.

Bagger walks over to the soldier and blows on his flaming cap. The fire flickers out, then reignites.

Bagger CLAPS with delight.

BAGGER

Hey, just like my birthday cake!

A FEW FEET AWAY

Specs knocks a SOLDIER back with a kick. Tawanna punches the man back into Spec's arms.

The soldier pinballs back and forth - then finally crumples to the ground.

Tawanna and Specs high-five.

TAWANNA

Fancy footwork, boy!

SPECS

Yeah, you got that right!

He looks up - sees B.G. and Earl slip away. Specs races after them, full speed.

Mudd and Tawanna follow close behind.

INT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Specs tackles Earl, and grabs him in a sleeper hold.

The Nigerian stands up straight and lifts the kid off his feet. Specs waves through air like a limp white flag. Earl shrugs, and tosses him away.

Specs stumbles backward. Steps on the Chinese rug in the center of the room.

It collapses inward, revealing the well underneath.

Specs totters - then falls in.

He grabs the edge, and hangs above the void by one arm.

His fingers slip. One by one.

Mudd races across the room.

MUDD
No.....!!!!!!!

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. FUZZY FUN FACTORY, PRODUCTION FLOOR

Gunner sinks into cotton. His cowboy hat bobs on top.

Mudd reaches for out for his friend. His fingers clutch only empty air.

BACK TO:

INT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM

Mudd's hand reaches for Specs. Their fingers graze, then interlace. Spec jerks to a stop.

Mudd holds on, with all his might.

Specs grabs the edge of the well, and braces a foot against the wall.

Mudd pulls. Muscle bulge in his forearm and back.

Earl rises up behind him like the Angel of Death. The wicked knife shines in his hand.

Mudd yanks Specs upward.

He reaches over his shoulder. Grabs Earl without looking, and flips him into the well.

MUDD
I felt your breath on my neck, you
punk!

Specs collapses on the ground.

Earl falls headfirst and SCREAMS. He ends with a SPLASH. Followed by the MUNCH of fishy teeth.

Mudd and Specs peer over the edge.

SPECS
Is that... piranha?

Mudd nods.

SPECS
Ew. That does not look good.

The SOUNDS get louder. Both men wince.

CLICK. Mud and Specs turn around. A shotgun's pointed at Mudd's face. Aimed by a grinning B.G.

Specs KICKS - the shotgun flies from B.G.'s grasp.

Mudd belly-slides across the floor. Grabs the shotgun with one hand...

A boot STOMPS down. Mudd's fingers CRUNCH under the heel.

MUDD
(in pain)
Ow. That is so cliché...

B.G. (O.S.)
But effective. Isn't it?

B.G. picks up the shotgun. Levels it at Mudd and Specs.

The two men SIGH and raise their arms.

B.G.
You know how hard it is to get good
help in this country? How long it
took to train him right?

B.G. marches them towards the exit, prodding them with a gun.

B.G.
You haven't accomplished anything,
you know. I take care of you here.
My men finish up the rabble
outside. And all goes on, just as
planned.

He waves application papers in their face.

B.G.
I've got all the signatures. You're
a failure, Mudd. You and your men.
You left the Amazon empty handed.
And you have nothing now.

TAWANNA (O.S.)

He does have something. He has me.

A rifle crashes into the back of B.G.'s head. He goes down like a sack of bricks.

THWACK! Tawanna keeps hitting him. She's on a roll.

TAWANNA

This is for what you did to my tribe!

SLAM!

TAWANNA

This is for what you did to me!

CRUNCH.

TAWANNA

This is for making me listen to Duran Duran, all those years...!

Mudd and Specs stare at Tawanna with fear in their eyes.

SPECS

Think we should leave her alone for awhile?

Mudd nods, and inches away. The CRUNCHING SOUNDS continue. Tawanna's just warming up.

Spec looks with sympathy at B.G.

SPECS

Duran Duran? Thought he looked a little gay...

EXT. DAFOE HEADQUARTERS - CAMP GROUNDS - LATER

POLICE cuff B.G.'s MEN, and lead them away.

Mudd and Tawanna watch Alpha Team mingle with VILLAGERS.

Bagger shakes hands with an ELDERLY WOMAN. Demo talks (MOS) with Chief Chichi.

Stu is swarmed by HAPPY CHILDREN. They cover him completely.

POLICEMEN lead B.G. from the compound, hands tied behind his back. Piranha dangle from his clothes and face.

SPECS

But - he didn't go into the well..?

Tawanna smiles.

TAWANNA

There were a few left in the tank.

Mudd watches the squad car with B.G. drive away.

MUDD

Not bad for a day's work. We saved
your chief, and the tribal land.

He looks towards Specs.

MUDD

And not a single man lost. Looks
like our work here is done.

TAWANNA

Not quite.

She grabs Mudd, and kisses him passionately...

EXT. EYAMBA TOWN - VILLAGE CENTER - LATER

Johnnie's car stands in the center of town.

Bagger and Specs pack gear the trunk. Sunday sits behind the
wheel, and bops his head to Ipod TUNES.

CHIEF CHICHI

(to Tawanna)

Are you sure that you will not
stay? There is always a place in
Eyamba for you.

TAWANNA

Thank you, Chief Chichi. But it's
time I went home.

Tawanna wraps an arm around Mudd's waist.

TAWANNA

I have a family to build.

They climb into the car. Specs, Demo and Bagger are already
stuffed inside.

Sunday looks in the rear view mirror at the team.

SUNDAY

Where is Stu? Your little man?

DEMO

He decided to stay. Says he likes
the peace and quiet.

He waves out the window. From the underbrush, a hand waves
back. The car pulls away, towards the road.

BAGGER

I miss him already.

Tawanna turns to Mudd.

TAWANNA

We're heading to the airport? Did
you straighten out the Visas?

MUDD

(smiles)
Not exactly.

TAWANNA

You can't leave the country without
them, you know.

MUDD

The authorities owed us for taking
out Dafoe. I called in a favor for
the team....

INT. PIPER CARGO HOLD - LATER

A cramped compartment - stuffed with luggage and five unhappy
passengers. Walls shake as the Piper taxis down the runway.

The plane's tiny engines ROAR.

Bagger leans against a suitcase. His funky bare foot wiggles
in Specs' face.

An upset Tawanna sits with Mudd.

TAWANNA

Twelve hours, cooped up in cargo?
Not my idea of flying first class.

BAGGER

(to Mudd)
How much did you pay, again?

MUDD

Four thousand naira. But it got us past customs. And we kept all the gear.

DEMO

And the reward money?

MUDD

Eight million naira. That's fifty thousand, for each of us. Not bad, for a week of work.

Specs beds down on his bag and YAWNS.

SPECS

Stu was right. This isn't so bad. No crying kids. Just the roar of the engine. Kind of peaceful, if you think about it.

Tawanna looks uncomfortable. Mudd pulls her close and smiles.

INT. US AIRPORT LOBBY - LATER

The team walks stiffly through the gates. They stop at revolving doors.

MUDD

Well, I guess this is it.

DEMO

Yeah. Right. Keep in touch?

BAGGER

We should schedule monthly get-togethers. Meet at Cherry's Diner for brunch.

SPECS

(to Demo)

What about your place? That fancy-pants restaurant of yours. With the reward money, I bet you'll be fixin' it up just right.

He pulls out a huge wad of bills.

SPECS

Gonna get me a set of wheels with this cash. And maybe a bigger gun.

Demo looks at Tawanna and Mudd.

DEMO

What about you two? Any plans?

Mudd kisses Tawanna on the cheek.

MUDD

You were right, Demo. Family is great. It's the quiet life for me, now. A house in the suburbs, with a pool in back.

Tawanna shoots Mudd a look.

TAWANNA

You promised -

MUDD

- with a sparring room. You know, for practice. Just in case. Never know when the next mission will call.

Demo hesitates. Then snaps to attention and salutes.

DEMO

Goodbye, Colonel. It's been an honor serving under you.

The rest of the team salutes as well. Followed by an awkward pause... After a moment, the four groups scatter.

They head in opposite directions. Far away.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Demo stands on the porch. The door opens, revealing his wife and daughter. Their faces fill with joy.

- WORKERS raise a sign over Demo's restaurant window. It reads "Diner, Grill and Hibachi. Well Done is Our Speciality."

- Specs stands outdoors. He circles a LARGE MAN, crouched in a Sumo stance.

Super: Specs Hummel joined the Peace Corps. He now tours the world, teaching hand to hand combat to the under privileged.

- Bagger wanders into a toy store. The sign at the entrance reads "FAO SCHWARTZ." His jaw drops. He free falls into a pile of stuffed toys.

SUPER: Bagger Hawkins sold his house and moved to NYC. He was never seen again.

- A short FIGURE walks under an African sun, his face in shadow. A child's VOICE RINGS out. CHILDREN jump on the man, bury him in a kiddie avalanche.

SUPER: Still in Nigeria, Stu married a local girl. They live happily in Eyamba, with six beautiful children.

- Mudd and Tawanna walk up their driveway. A Hummer S.U.V. takes up half the lawn. The two hold hands - and head inside.

INT. NIGERIAN PRISON - DAY

Super: Nigerian prison - Maximum Security. B.G. Dafoe: currently serving two life sentences for terrorist activity.

B.G. sits sullenly at a prison table.

His oatmeal has no strawberries. He pulls the spoon out of his bowl. Lumps of oatmeal stick like glue.

A LARGE NIGERIAN MAN appears at his shoulder.

B.G. SIGHS and raises his bowl. Doesn't look.

B.G.

Earl, this food is cold again. Can we do something about it, please?

He glances up. It ain't Earl. It's an even bigger Nigerian - with deeper facial scars. And less sympathy.

He grabs B.G. by the collar. B.G. shrinks in his seat.

INT. MUDD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mudd sits at his computer. A chat box pops on-screen.

INSERT: Just arrived in Guatemala. Wish U were here. Lots of land mines. Made me think of U. - Specs

Mudd types back.

INSERT: Need anyone else? - Sirius.

INSERT: Always room for one more. Can get U a great deal on airfare. Just don't tell the missus, whatever U do...

Mudd toggles from a "Get Rich Quick" article to Expedia.

Tawanna walks up from behind, and SLAMS the laptop shut.

Mudd looks up innocently.

What?? MUDD

FINAL FADE OUT: