

TRAY COOL
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FADE IN:

EXT. RUGGED MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

Forbidding, rocky terrain, pock-marked with caves.

SUPER: AL KILLYA HEADQUARTERS, ITZABITCHINSTAN

INT. CAVE

Torches illuminate a large area filled with armed TERRORISTS. They study documents.

INSERT - DOCUMENTS

"OPERATION NOT COOL" stenciled across the top.

A POSTER ON THE CAVE WALL

Of a bulls-eye superimposed over a handsome, smiling young man dressed in a tuxedo and holding a martini.

YOMAMA BIN FAHKHAN, the terrorist leader, with five AK-47's strapped around each shoulder, stands to address his minions. The weight of the rifles causes Bin Fahkhan to stagger and fall face-first to the cave floor.

The Terrorists ignore him and continue to read the plans. They mumble to each other and nod approval.

Bin Fahkhan struggles to his feet and straightens his turban.

BIN FAHKHAN

Well, what do you think of the plan? Be honest. You know I respect your opinions.

TERRORIST #1

(stands)

This is too risky, Yomama Bin Fahkhan. It will never work in a hundred million ...

KILLA EM ALLA, Bin Fahkhan's top lieutenant, RACKS his weapon and FIRES a full clip into Terrorist #1's chest.

BIN FAHKHAN

That is what I like. Honest, open discussion. Anybody else?
(aside, to Em Alla)
Nice shooting, Killa Em Alla.

EM ALLA

Thank you, Yomama Bin Fahkhan.

The Terrorists mumble to each other, ad-lib "Looks good to me", "Great plan", "You are a genius".

BIN FAHKHAN

Good. You know I never start an operation unless all of us in Al Killya agree on it. Phase one of Operation Not Cool begins immediately. Killa Em Alla, leak the phony plans to OINK Headquarters.

EXT. OFFICE OF INTERNATIONAL NATIONAL KNOWLEDGE - HQ - DAY

Stark, black, monolithic structure covered with US flags.

The big, bold acronym chiseled into black stone -

"O.I.N.K. HEADQUARTERS"

Underneath, the agency's motto -

"WE KNOW SHIT, YOU DON'T"

Emblazoned over it all, the agency's logo -

THE ROLLING STONES' TONGUE

INT. O.I.N.K. HQ CONFERENCE ROOM

Helmeted MAJOR GENERAL BALDEAGLE watches the room full of military bigwigs and tuxedo-clad intelligence community intelligentsia study

DOCUMENTS

"TOO SECRET" plastered across the pages in red stencil.

BALDEAGLE

Stands, leans over the conference table to address the group. The weight of his chestful of medals causes him to pitch forward and SMASH face first into the table.

THE GROUP

Doesn't notice. They continue reading. Nerdish AGENT RAPPAPORT nudges AGENT ICEYPHOBIA, the queen of cleavage.

RAPPAPORT
This is incredible.

ICEYPHOBIA
(British accent)
This will not stand.

Rappaport leers at her.

RAPPAPORT
(sotto)
You could make mine stand.

ICEYPHOBIA
Excuse me?

RAPPAPORT
Um, time for a line in the sand.

AIDES

Assist Baldeagle back up. He shrugs them off, addresses the group.

BALDEAGLE
Have you all read the documents?

RAPPAPORT
Yes, sir.

BALDEAGLE
Do you all realize what we're
dealing with here?

RAPPAPORT
You bet.

BALDEAGLE
I would like to thank the Prime
Minister for sending Agent
Iceyphobia across the Great Pond
to help out on this one.

Applause from the table.

ICEYPHOBIA
This will not stand.

BALDEAGLE
Suggestions, Agent Iceyphobia?

ICEYPHOBIA
Don't let it stand. Sir.

Baldeagle rolls his eyes.

BALDEAGLE
Thanks, Iceyphobia. Rappaport?

RAPPAPORT
There's only one man who can
deal with a menace like Al
Killya, General.

BALDEAGLE
Cool. Where is he?

ICEYPHOBBIA
You demoted him to watersports
field ops six months ago,
General.

Baldeagle removes his helmet and scratches his completely bald head.

BALDEAGLE
I did? Why?

RAPPAPORT
It was after the, um,
embarrassing parade in
Itzabitchinstan.

BALDEAGLE
Oh, yes, that, well, perhaps I
overreacted. Find him and bring
him in to OINK HQ immediately.

EXT. RESERVOIR - DAY

Three ski-masked TERRORISTS crouch and run down the tree-lined walkway at the edge of the huge, glittering lake.

One Terrorist carries a large, white bucket labeled "WATER SUPPLY POISON" with a skull and crossbones.

They stop near a large sign:

"MEGALOPOLIS WATER SUPPLY"
"10,000,000 MEGALOPOLITES DRINK THIS STUFF"

Underneath it, a smaller sign:

"NEVER, EVER POUR POISON HERE"

With an arrow that points down into the lake.

THE TERRORISTS

Look around, make sure the coast is clear.
One pries open the lid of the bucket with a crow bar.

AN OAK TREE

Behind them has two knot holes on its trunk.

CU: KNOT HOLES

Two steely blue eyes.

THE TERRORISTS

Rip the lid off the bucket. Two of them hoist it up. The third raises a finger: "One minute". He kneels down next to the lake and drinks some water and washes his face, then stands and nods: "Okay, go ahead".

They tilt the bucket and

TWO HUGE BRANCHES

Of the oak tree whip down and clobber the Terrorists. The branches flail up and down, beating the Terrorists silly. The bucket of poison falls harmlessly on the walkway pavement.

THE OAK TREE TRUNK OPENS

And out steps tuxedo-clad THEODORE ROOSEVELT ALOYSIUS YARROW (TRAY) COOL, the man in the bulls-eye poster on Yomama Bin Fahkhan's cave wall.

Tray carries a stainless-steel attache case.

He dons wraparound shades and looks down at the unconscious Terrorists with contempt.

TRAY

Nimrods.

He opens the attache case, takes down the "NEVER, EVER POUR POISON HERE" sign and puts it inside.

Then he folds up the oak tree.

ICEYPHOBLIA AND RAPPAPORT

Run down the walkway and up to Tray. Iceyphobia takes Tray's arm and pushes her ample breasts into him.

ICEYPHOBIA

Nice work, Tray.

Tray slides the oak tree, now an impossibly small wooden rectangle, into the attache case.

TRAY

Have we met?

ICEYPHOBIA

I keep your picture on my bedroom ceiling. You're the first thing I see every morning. And it comes in real handy when I ... you know.

TRAY

(interested)

I see.

RAPPAPORT

Calm down, Iceyphobia.

He fumbles for his wallet, pulls out a badge shaped like the tongue logo.

RAPPAPORT

I'm Rappaport. We're from OINK, Mr. Cool. General Baldeagle ordered us to locate you and bring you back to HQ immediately.

RESERVOIR WALKWAY - LATER

Tray, Iceyphobia, and Rappaport, each with an unconscious Terrorist slung over their shoulder in a fireman's carry, make their way toward a white van with the tongue logo.

TRAY

Baldy has forgiven me for that little stunt in Itzabitchinstan?

RAPPAPORT

Not quite.

ICEYPHOBIA

I thought it was brilliant, actually, organizing the Million Nude Women march down Main Street in Kabulseye.

RAPPAPORT

I wish I could have seen that.

TRAY

Sometimes Baldy has no sense of humor. They all had military boots on.

THE TERRORIST

Slung over Rappaport's shoulder opens his eyes.

TRAY (O.S.)

So, why does Baldy want me back at HQ?

The Terrorist wriggles his arm.
A BOXCUTTER slides out of his sleeve into his hand.

ICEYPHOBBIA (O.S.)

We received a threat that requires the talents of the one and only king of cool.

The RAZOR juts out of the boxcutter.
The Terrorist raises his arm.

ICEYPHOBBIA

Flutters her long eyelashes at Tray.

ICEYPHOBBIA

And Rappaport and I get to work with you. I hope to get the opportunity to see your talents in ... action.

TRAY

Uh-huh. Excuse me for a sec.

He BASHES the Terrorist over the head with his steel attache case just as Rappaport is about to get sliced with the boxcutter. The Terrorist GROANS and slumps down.

TRAY

How rude. What's the nature of the threat?

ICEYPHOBBIA

Well, that's just it. It isn't specific, but it's very serious. Your first job will be to help intelligence figure it out.

INT. TERRORIST CAVE - NIGHT

The Terrorists lounge on sofa-shaped rocks and watch CNN on a big-screen TV. Bin Fahkhan flips open a Pepsi. Em Alla grabs a handful of Fritos Scoops from a

HUGE BRASS BOWL

That stands on serpent's feet.

Em Alla throws the empty dip dish at a group of WOMEN in full burkhas cowering against the cave wall.

EM ALLA

More dip! Sour cream with chives
and onions. Now!

Bin Fahkhan holds the remote.

BIN FAHKHAN

Anybody want to watch something
else? I'm goint to flip to ESP-
INSANE. The execution playoffs
from the soccer stadium are
coming on.

Em Alla points to the screen.

EM ALLA

Wait a minute, Yomama Bin
Fahkhan, there's a bulletin
coming on.

TELEVISION

"SUPER-DUPER IMPORTANT FUCKING BULLETIN" flashes on the screen. The REPORTER shuffles some papers.

REPORTER

Three Al Killya terrorists were
captured today while attempting
to poison the Megalopolis water
supply. Tray Cool, the free
world's super-cool spy, single-
handedly foiled the cocksuckers'
attempt to fuck up our water.
This is the sixteenth time Mr.
Cool has saved our asses since
being assigned to OINK's
watersports division six months
ago.

BIN FAHKHAN

Hurls the remote and SMASHES it to pieces against the bulls-eye poster of Tray on the cave wall..

BIN FAHKHAN

That bastard Tray Cool! How does he keep doing this?

Em Alla flips through the AL KILLYA USER GUIDE.

EM ALLA

It says right here: "Find the sign that says "Never, Ever Pour Poison Here" and dump the shit into the drinking water". What could be simpler?

BIN FAHKHAN

You know, Killa Em Alla, maybe Tray Cool has a copy of our user guide.

EM ALLA

I check Amazon dot com everyday, Yomama Bin Fahkhan. We haven't sold a copy in three years.

BIN FAHKHAN

Well, in light of this we can't take any chances with Operation Not Cool. Killa Em Alla, I want you to handle this mission personally. Does everybody else think that's a good idea?

Terrorist #2 climbs to his feet.

TERRORIST #2

With all due respect, Yomama Bin Fahkhan, Killa Em Alla is too valuable to Al Killya to risk on one operation. What if they ...

Bin Fahkhan FIRES his AK-47 and cuts Terrorist #2 to ribbons.

EM ALLA

You've still got it, Yomama Bin Fahkhan.

BIN FAHKHAN

Like riding a bicycle.

EM ALLA
 (to the terrorists)
 He raised a good point. Does
 anybody else have anything they
 would like to say?

The Terrorists mumble, shake their heads, ad-lib "Heck, no";
 "Sounds like a plan to me"; "Great idea".

EXT. OINK HQ - DAY

The white van with the tongue logo pulls up in front.

Tray, Iceyphobia, and Rappaport climb out the back of the
 van, each carrying a Terrorist.

Tray BASHES the Terrorists Iceyphobia and Rappaport carry,
 then hands the attache case to Iceyphobia who BASHES the
 Terrorist slung over Tray's shoulder.

They stride into the building.

INT. OINK HQ - GENERAL BALDEAGLE'S OFFICE

Baldeagle, Iceyphobia, and Rappaport watch Tray study the
 "TOO SECRET" document.

BALDEAGLE
 Well, what do you make of it,
 Cool?

RAPPAPORT
 Excuse me, General, but this is
 far from "cool".

BALDEAGLE
 Are you blind?

ICEYPHOBBIA
 He's right here, Rappaport.

RAPPAPORT
 What are you talking about?

BALDEAGLE
 Shut up!

TRAY
 Elementary. Al Killya's plan is
 to destroy the keystone of
 Western economy.

ICEYPHOBBIA
Manufacturing?

RAPPAPORT
Agriculture?

BALDEAGLE
Weapons production?

Tray rises, paces around the room.

TRAY
None of the above. Think. What is the one thing that would change our society forever if it were taken away? The one thing that we have an abundance of and they have none? The one thing that we are clearly better at than they are?

Baldeagle and Rappaport frown and think hard.
Iceyphobia leaps to her feet.

ICEYPHOBBIA
Exotic dancing?!

RAPPAPORT
That's the stupidest thing ...

TRAY
Bingo.

RAPPAPORT
Huh?

BALDEAGLE
Of course! What a brilliantly sinister plan. Shut down all the exotic dance clubs and the rest of the economy will collapse ...

TRAY
Like a house of porno cards.

ICEYPHOBBIA
My god.

RAPPAPORT
Holy fucking shit!

BALDEAGLE
Cool, do you have a plan?

RAPPAPORT
Once again, General, this is
hardly "cool".

ICEYPHOBBIA
It is, too!

RAPPAPORT
You're nuts!

BALDEAGLE
Shut up!

TRAY
We need to do some research, and
fast. Iceyphobia, you and
Rappaport get down to the lab
and get started. I need a moment
alone with General Baldeagle.

ICEYPHOBBIA
Right away, Tray.

She and Rappaport hustle out of the office.

Tray turns to Baldeagle.

TRAY
You know what I want, Baldy.
Reinstate my License.

BALDEAGLE
I can't do that Tray. Congress
outlawed the License six months
ago in the "No More Cruel And
Unusual Dirty Rotten Spy Stuff"
Act. There are no more double-
pew agents.

TRAY
This is no time to be a wimp.

BALDEAGLE
It will mean the end of my
career if you're caught!

TRAY
Big deal. Do you want your
daughters to grow up under the
heel of Yomama Bin Fahkhan? Do
you want your sons to go through
college and never get a lap
dance? I need that License!

Baldeagle studies head shots of his offspring framed on the desk. All of them are bald and look exactly like him. He agonizes, then -

BALDEAGLE

If you get caught, I'll deny it.

He opens his desk and pulls out an official government document with all sorts of ribbons and raised seals on it. In calligraphy across the top:

"LICENSE TO FART"

Baldeagle signs the License and hands it to Tray.

Tray flips his steel attache case open and places the License on top of the "POUR POISON HERE" sign.

TRAY

Now the secret weapons.

BALDEAGLE

Not a word of this to anyone.

He reaches into his desk and pulls out a big bottle of Bombay Gin, a small bottle of Tribuno Vermouth, and a bottle of

"OLIVES GRANDE STUFFED WITH JALAPENOS"

Tray loads the "weapons" into his attache case.

BALDEAGLE

If this ever gets out ...

TRAY

It dies with me, Baldy. I swear.

BALDEAGLE

Just stop Al Killya, double pew seven.

INT. OINK HQ - COMPUTER LAB

Tray, Iceyphobia, Rappaport, and dozens of other OINK agents sit at long tables of computers. They surf the web.

TRAY'S COMPUTER SCREEN

The web page of "LOOKERS - BUNS BASH THURSDAY NIGHT - CLEVELAND'S ONLY NON-STOP GO-GO"

ON THE WALL

A giant map of the United States.

TRAY (O.S.)
Cleveland, Ohio

An Agent climbs a stepladder and sticks a red push-pin into Ohio.

ICEYPHOBBIA'S SCREEN

"NAUGHTY BUT NICE - SAN DIEGO'S ONLY ALL-NUDE STAGE SHOWS AND PRIVATE LAP DANCES"

ICEYPHOBBIA
San Diego, California.

ON THE WALL

An Agent bends down and pushes a red pin into Southern California.

AT A LONG TABLE

Full of Agents working computers, rapid fire shouts: "San Francisco, California"; "Union, New Jersey"; "Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania."

ON THE WALL

Agents scramble on ladders and stick pins all over the map.

RAPPAPORT'S SCREEN

Two beautiful strippers fondle each other. "TWO-ON-ONE NIGHT AT FRANK'S CHICKEN RANCH - THE GO-GO MECCA IN MANVILLE, NEW JERSEY".

Rappaport checks to his left and right to make sure no one is watching, then clicks "PRINT".

TRAY (O.S.)
Rappaport! What are you doing?

RAPPAPORT
(flustered)
Oh, um, ah, Manville, New Jersey!

LATER

Agents hustle around the map sticking pins into it.

TRAY (O.S.)
Houston, Texas.

ICEYPHOBBIA (O.S.)
Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

RAPPAPORT (O.S.)
Holy shit! I didn't know they
could do that --

TRAY (O.S.)
Rappaport!

RAPPAPORT
Oh, ah, ah, Edison, New Jersey.

LATER

SLOW PAN across the map of the States from West to East.

Lots of pins in California and Nevada.

ICEYPHOBBIA (O.S.)
Well, it seems pretty obvious

None in Utah, a few in the other mountain states.

The pins become more dense on the Eastern side of the
Mississippi.

RAPPAPORT (O.S.)
No question about it.

Tons in Florida. But in

NEW JERSEY

The pins cover the state, piled four deep stuck on top of
each other.

TRAY

stands at the head of the crowd of agents, arms folded. He
faces the map.

TRAY
Bada-bing.

Iceyphobia takes his arm.

ICEYPHOBBIA
What now, Tray?.

TRAY

To the Disguise Lab. We're going
in undercover. There's no time
to lose.

INT. CAVE FULL OF EXPLOSIVES

A sign: "WORLD'S LARGEST SUPPLY OF AL KILLYA ORDINANCE" over
endless boxes piled high labeled: "NAPALM"; "DYNAMITE";
"GRENADES".

Bin Fahkhan and Em Alla stand in front of a platoon of Al
Killya Terrorists. Everybody except Bin Fahkhan now clean-
shaven and dressed in a tuxedo.

BIN FAHKHAN

Name your poison, Killa Em Alla.

EM ALLA

Hmm. Let us go with TNT this
time.

A few Terrorists load TNT into a suitcase.

BIN FAHKHAN

Our intelligence confirms that
Tray Cool and his evil infidel
associates are heading for New
Jersey.

EM ALLA

Just as we thought. The first
phase of Operation Not Cool is
successful. New Jersey is where
I will take care of that boil on
Al Killya's collective foot once
and for all, Yomama Bin Fahkhan.

BIN FAHKHAN

Who shall be your second in
command, Killa Em Alla?

Em Alla taps a nearby Terrorist, BA RAIN WASH, on the
shoulder.

EM ALLA

I select Ba Rain Wash as my
number two.

BIN FAHKHAN

Good choice.

RAIN WASH

Oh, my great leaders, Yomama Bin Fahkhan and Killa Em Alla, I am honored.

BIN FAHKHAN

(to the group of Terrorists)

Ba Rain Wash will be Killa Em Alla's number two! Anybody have a problem with that?

Terrorist #3 steps forward.

TERRORIST #3

I respectfully submit to you, Yomama Bin Fahkhan, that I have more seniority in Al Killya than Ba Rain Wash and therefore ...

Bin Fahkhan fires a BURST from his AK-47. Terrorist #3 falls.

BIN FAHKHAN

Good point. Anybody else?

The Terrorists look down and mumble "Nope"; "Nosiree"; "Always liked Ba Rain Wash".

INT. AIRPORT - SECURITY CHECKPOINT

Two SECURITY GUARDS man the walk-through metal-detector.

SECURITY GUARD #1

I had it good at Burger King, man, real good. Then the damn axe just fell.

SECURITY GUARD #2

Tell me about it. Layoffs at Wendy's is how my sorry ass wound up here.

Behind them Em Alla, Rain Wash, and the platoon of Terrorists tiptoe through the checkpoint. All wear tuxedos with AK-47's slung over their shoulders.

SECURITY GUARD #1

This here job is this lowest of the low. Ain't nowhere to go but up, now.

The Terrorists tiptoe around the metal detector.

SECURITY GUARD #2
Sure is slow tonight. Tune in
the portable TV, man. Maybe
there's a game on.

INT. AIRPLANE

The Terrorists squeeze down the aisle with the normal
passengers, everybody jamming luggage into the overhead
compartments.

A SWEET OLD LADY shoves her sweater further back into the
compartment to make room for Killa Em Alla's rifle.

SWEET OLD LADY
You should have enough room now
for your AK five-sixty-seven
special with that laser-ray-
telescope, young man.

Em Alla shoves the rifle in, smashes the door shut.

EM ALLA
Thanks.

They take their seats.

SWEET OLD LADY
Don't mention it. Oh, look.
We're sitting together. Isn't
that nice? Tell me, where are
you going?

EM ALLA
Manville, New Jersey.

SWEET OLD LADY
Really? I have a cousin in
Manville. Are you traveling on
business or pleasure?

EM ALLA
Terror.

She pats his hands and smiles.

SWEET OLD LADY
Well, I hope you enjoy it.

EXT. NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE - DAY

Two men in flowing middle-eastern robes and fezzes and one woman completely covered in a fundamentalist Muslim burkha motor down the superhighway on mountain dirt bikes.

One of the male riders has a steel attache case slung over his shoulder.

INT. POLICE CAR

Two STATE TROOPERS watch the three motorcyclists whiz by. They check the radar gun: 82 MPH.

TROOPER #1

Let's go.

They take off, siren wailing.

EXT. TURNPIKE - SHOULDER

The three bikers stopped. The two Troopers approach, hands on their sidearms.

They study the bizarre trio, Tray and Rappaport in the fezzes. Iceyphobia speaks through her veil.

ICEYPHOBIA

Good afternoon, officers. Is there some sort of problem?

TROOPER #1

We'll ask the questions.

(to Tray)

Where are you going?

TRAY

To a major urban center.

The two Troopers exchange a glance.

TROOPER #1

What for?

TRAY

To save the Western economy from collapse, of course.

TROOPER #1

A comedian, huh? What's in the case?

TRAY
Classified, I'm afraid.

TROOPER #1
Open it.

TRAY
Sorry.

TROOPER #1
Okay, smart-ass, you and your
friends are under arrest for --

Trooper #2 grabs Trooper #1 by the arm and pulls him aside.

TROOPER #2
You can't do that, Jack.

TROOPER #1
You kiddin'? They're terrorists,
Sam. That's probably a suitcase-
nuke!

TROOPER #2
Maybe it is, but we've got to
let them go.

TROOPER #1
Are you crazy! Why?

TROOPER #2
We'll get slapped with racial
profiling.

TROOPER #1
Holy shit! We'll lose our
badges. What should we do?

TROOPER #2
Maybe if we're real nice to them
they won't press charges.

The two Troopers return to the bikers with big cheesy smiles
on their faces.

TROOPER #1
Hehe. It was all a
misunderstanding.

TROOPER #2
If there's anything we can do
...

TRAY

Now that you mention it, we are
kind of in a hurry ...

EXT. TURNPIKE - LATER

The Police Car, with full lights-and-siren, leads Tray,
Iceyphobia, and Rappaport on their mountain bikes down the
highway at high speed.

EXT. MANVILLE, NJ - MAIN STREET - DAY

Post-industrialist, blue-collar Americana. Bars, tattoo
parlors and convenience stores line the street, all dominated
by

"FRANK'S CHICKEN RANCH - GO-GO MECCA"

Em Alla, Rain Wash, and the rest of the tuxedo clad, weapons
toting Al Killya Terrorists huddle on a street corner.

Flannel-shirted, blue-jeaned passerby stare at them
strangely.

Em Alla studies the AL KILLYA USER GUIDE.

EM ALLA

(reading)

"Once you arrive at the theatre
of action, casually blend in
with the natives".

He checks the locals gawking at them.

EM ALLA

Ba Rain Wash, why are they
staring at us?

RAIN WASH

They must be foreigners, Killa
Em Alla.

EM ALLA

Damn tourists.

(reads)

"Establish a strategically
located, yet unobtrusive base of
operations"

He looks around the neighborhood, spots the

"DALLY-A-WHEE MOTEL - SHORT STAY RATES"

Attached to Frank's Chicken Ranch.

EM ALLA

Ba Rain Wash, take half of our
forces and purchase several
caves in that palace over there.

RAIN WASH

Consider it done, Killa Em Alla.

Rain Wash and half the Terrorists shoulder their AK-47's and
with forced, over-the-top casualness walk across the street.
They whistle, wave and smile sheepishly at the locals who
back away from them in horror.

KILLA EM ALLA

Flips through the AL KILLYA USER GUIDE.

EM ALLA

Hmm.

(reads)

"It would be a good idea to
acquire small denomination coins
of the realm to avoid drawing
attention to your wealthy self".

INT. MANVILLE NATIONAL BANK

Em Alla and the Terrorists saunter in.
The Guards panic, draw their weapons.
Em Alla waves to them and smiles.

The Terrorists approach a traumatized, acned TELLER.

EM ALLA

How about them Yankees, huh?

The Teller gapes at him, eyes wide.

EM ALLA

I'll bet Babe Ruth has his place
in Nirvana, does he not?

TELLER

C-c-can I help you?

EM ALLA

What is the smallest
denomination of coin in this
realm?

TELLER

Huh? A one, I guess.

Em Alla pulls a bill out of his pocket.

EM ALLA

Is this paper a "one"?

TELLER

Um, no, that's a thousand.

EM ALLA

Is that larger than a "one"?

TELLER

Well, duh. Yeah.

EM ALLA

Good. I will give you papers like this in exchange for all of your papers of "one".

EXT. MAIN STREET

Tray, Iceyphobia, and Rappaport in their Middle East disguises tool down the street on the mountain bikes.

They pull up and stop in front of the Bank and dismount.

Locals flatten themselves against the storefronts.

Tray pulls out a canteen labeled "EVIAN", pushes back his Fez and takes a sip. He hands the canteen to Iceyphobia. She lifts her veil and guzzles.

ICEYPHOBBIA

Well, here we are. Manville, New Jersey.

TRAY

Go-go Mecca.

RAPPAPORT

(dreamy)

Home of Frank's Chicken Ranch.

Behind them, Em Alla and the Terrorists come out of the Bank, their pockets bulging with singles. They casually make their way across the street toward the Dally-A-Whee.

Locals dive behind garbage cans and cower on the sidewalk.

EM ALLA

Browses the AL KILLYA USER GUIDE as he walks.

EM ALLA

"Remember, Western males are not real men. They do not stink like the camel. Take a shower when you reach the base of operations".

He sniffs his armpit, makes a face.

EM ALLA

Anybody know what a "shower" is?

The Terrorists ad-lib "Beats me"; "Never heard of it".

TRAY

Takes a final sip from the canteen, puts it away.

ICEYPHOBIA

Do you think Al Killya's here, Tray?

TRAY

They're here.

RAPPAPORT

What makes you so sure?

TRAY

(sniffs)
I can smell them. But we'll double check.

INT. MANVILLE BANK

Tray, Iceyphobia, and Rappaport at the Teller's window. He studies their attire, horror on his face.

Tray lays a \$1,000 bill on the counter.

TRAY

Singles.

TELLER

I-I-I'm sorry, sir, someone else took every single we have.

Tray dons his shades, turns to Iceyphobia and Rappaport.

TRAY

They're here.

INT. DALLY-A-WHEE HOTEL - TERRORISTS' ROOM - DAY

In the bathroom, a dozen naked Terrorists fumble under the gushing shower, partially obscured by the shower curtain.

EM ALLA (O.S.)

Eeeyow! This water is hotter than Zhul's breath.

RAIN WASH (O.S.)

What is that you are holding, Killa Em Alla?

EM ALLA (O.S.)

It is called "soap", Ba Rain Wash.

RAIN WASH (O.S.)

The Al Killya User Manual says to never pick soap up.

EM ALLA (O.S.)

That is only when you are in prison.

TRAY'S ROOM

Tray, Iceyphobia, and Rappaport stumble in with an impossible load of matching luggage.

TRAY

Whew! Okay, we've got three connecting rooms. Rappaport, you move in next door, then scout around and see if you can find any terrorists.

RAPPAPORT

Sure thing, Tray.

Rappaport drags huge suitcases through the connecting door.

ICEYPHOBBIA

What should I do, Tray?

Tray sits on the bed and pops open the attache case.

TRAY

Start practicing.

ICEYPHOBIA
Practicing?

TRAY
(removes gin,
vermouth, shaker and
olives)
You're going undercover. Without
cover. Let's see what you've
got.

ICEYPHOBIA
I thought you'd never ask.

She whips off her Muslim hood and blouse, then gyrates around
the room, shaking her hooters like a freshman coed.

ICEYPHOBIA
Wadda'ya think?

TRAY
(stirring martini)
No, no, no. You're supposed to
be "exotic", remember? Go slow.
Start over.

ICEYPHOBIA
Sorry.

She puts the hood and blouse back on, dances slowly around
Tray.

Tray gets an JALAPENO STUFFED OLIVE out of the jar and plops
it into his martini. He downs it in three gulps and chews the
olive.

TRAY
Need ice.

Iceyphobia smiles, puts her hands on his shoulders.

ICEYPHOBIA
Mama's right here, Tray.

TRAY
I mean the drink. Keep
practicing.

TERRORISTS' ROOM

Crowded with freshly showered, jabbering Terrorists. They
wear towels and blow-dry their hair.

Em Alla hands Rain Wash a BLOWTORCH.

EM ALLA

Ba Rain Wash, we need to make sure the infidel Tray Cool comes to protect the symbol of Americana called the Chicken Ranch. Go start a fire down by the vending machines.

RAIN WASH

Will this get me into Nirvana, oh Killa Em Alla?

EM ALLA

(thinks)

It cannot hurt.

Rain Wash tightens the towel around his waist and heads for the door.

RAPPAPORT'S ROOM

Rappaport teeters on tippy-toes on top of a chair, peering through the transom into Tray's room.

RAPPAPORT

(sotto)

Oh, man. Oh, baby. You are so hot. Take it all off.

VENDING MACHINES AREA

Tray fills a bucket with cubes from the ice-maker.

HALLWAY

Rain Wash sneaks toward the "VENDING MACHINES" door, blowtorch in hand.

He carefully opens the door and peers in.

EMPTY

Rain wash slinks in, ignites the torch, applies the flame to the Coca-Cola machine.

TRAY

Hidden behind the door. He bends over. Hands on his knees. Points his ass at Rain Wash.

TRAY

Unnhhh.

He FARTS.

FLAMES

Engulf Rain Wash. He SCREAMS, staggers around.

Tray calmly scoops some cubes, tops off the ice bucket

TRAY

Nimrod.

TRAY'S ROOM

Tray walks in with the ice bucket. Iceyphobia prances around in her bra and panties.

ICEYPHOBBIA

How'm I doing, Tray?

Tray pops a couple of cubes into his martini.

TRAY

Not bad. You'll need to practice lap-dancing next.

RAPPAPORT (O.S.)

Oh, yeah!

TRAY

We'll need a volunteer to practice on.

He throws open the connecting door.

RAPPAPORT

Comes flying into the room.

RAPPAPORT

Oh, sh --

He CRASHES to the floor.

TERRORISTS' ROOM

Em Alla and the other Terrorists straighten their tuxedos, bow-ties and cummerbunds.

Sounds of a porno movie come from the TV. Terrorists stare at it, mouths agape.

The door flies open and Rain Wash stumbles in, face black as coal, towel smoking.

EM ALLA

Ba Rain Wash, I told you to set the vending machines on fire. Why did you self-immolate?

RAIN WASH

Tray Cool is here, oh Killa Em Alla. He ... he fired at me with the ... the miniature flame thrower!

EM ALLA

No!

RAIN WASH

I swear to the heavens it's true.

EM ALLA

That flaming, parade-starting infidel! He disrupts an honest, decent terrorist act with a weapon so insidious that his own government outlawed it! He has broken the rules. And without rules, what is left? Anarchy! That is what! This jeopardizes the careers of decent, hard-working terrorists all around the world.

RAIN WASH

What are we going to do, Killa Em Alla?

EM ALLA

Proceed as planned with Operation Not Cool, Ba Rain Wash. Only now we know we are playing for the whole camel's hump!

TRAY'S ROOM

Tray sips a martini as he watches Iceyphobia give a beat-up looking Rappaport a super-hot lap-dance. Tray holds a stop-watch.

TRAY

Remember the rules, Iceyphobia,
you can touch them, but they
can't touch you. Okay,
Rappaport, try it again.

RAPPAPORT

Not again, Tray ...

TRAY

C'mon, this is important. Try to
feel Iceyphobia up or something.

Rappaport tries to grab Iceyphobia's tits. She grips his
hand, spins his arm over her head, karate kicks him in the
solar-plexus, then judo-chops the small of his back.

RAPPAPORT

Oooff!

He lands flat on his face.

TRAY

(clicks the stop-
watch)

One point three seconds. Not
bad.

ICEYPHOBBIA

Thanks, Tray.

TRAY

But still not good enough. We
need sub-second response. C'mon,
Rappaport, one more time.

RAPPAPORT

Ohhh.

LATER

A box of DEPENDS sits on the bed.

Iceyphobia watches Tray and Rappaport try to wrap diapers
around their heads with little success.

RAPPAPORT

It ain't workin', Tray. How do
they do this?

TRAY

Beats me. Iceyphobia, get your
suitcase.

ICEYPHOBIA

Sure, Tray.

She slides her suitcase off a chair, tosses it onto the bed, flips it open.

LATER

Three figures completely covered in fundamentalist Muslim burhkas.

One figure lifts its veil and sips a martini. The second, smaller one takes his arm and snuggles.

The third figure doubles over and holds its back.

RAPPAPORT

Damn, Iceyphobia. I think you fractured my spine.

ICEYPHOBIA

Don't be such a wimp, Rappaport. I pulled my chops.

TRAY

Straighten up, man. Nobody's going to hire a gimpy Muslim stripper.

INT. FRANK'S CHICKEN RANCH - NIGHT

The large club jammed with cheering Manville locals. All wear sweatshirts and baseball caps. The room full of smoke from cigars, cigarettes, and the fog machine.

On the big circular stage in the center of the room, two strippers strut their stuff to thumping bump-and-grind music.

MANAGER'S OFFICE

FRANK, the Chicken Ranch owner, counts a pile of cash at the desk. Frank wears a derby hat and chomps a stogie.

A knock at the door.

FRANK

Get lost, I'm busy.

The door opens. Tray, Iceyphobia, and Rappaport enter in their Muslim getups. Tray carries his steel attache case.

TRAY
 (falsetto)
 Are you Mr. Frank?

FRANK
 Depends on who wants --
 (looks up)
 Holy fuck!

ICEYPHOBBIA
 Do not be alarmed, Mr. Frank.
 Your country needs your help.

FRANK
 Huh?

All three flip open their wallets revealing tongue-shaped OINK badges.

FRANK
 OINK? What the ...

Rappaport extends his hand.

RAPPAPORT
 (falsetto)
 It's an honor to meet you, sir.
 The Chicken Ranch is truly an
 American icon.

Horror on Frank's face as he shakes Rappaport's hand.

FRANK
 Wh-what do you want?

TRAY
 (falsetto)
 For starters, does this place
 have a back door?

ON STAGE

The two Strippers get down to their g-strings. The crowd in a WHOOPING frenzy. The Strippers accept dollar bill tips between their breasts.

IN THE CROWD

Em Alla, Rain Wash, and the other tuxedo-clad Terrorists stand surrounded by a crush of baseball capped Locals.

The Locals cheer like crazy. The Terrorists stand in stony silence. They shield their eyes from the stage.

Em Alla hold a suitcase labeled "TNT".

RAIN WASH
Disgusting!

EM ALLA
This is a holy war, Ba Rain
Wash. We must make sacrifices.

RAIN WASH
Let us plant the bomb and be
done with it!

EM ALLA
In a minute.

They peek at the stage and gawk.

RAIN WASH
I can not bear to look at it.

EM ALLA
Neither can I.

Two g-strings SMACK them in the face.
The locals around them go berserk.

RAIN WASH
Allah in heaven! They are
completely ... completely ...

EM ALLA
Completely.

RAIN WASH
If their women uncover
themselves, only Mohammed knows
what other atrocities they
commit.

EM ALLA
Women reading?

RAIN WASH
Women writing?

EM ALLA
Women talking?

RAIN WASH
Women voting?

EM ALLA
Women going to the doctor?

RAIN WASH
I heard some of their women ARE
doctors.

EM ALLA
An abomination!

All of the Locals stop cheering.

The Terrorists whoop it up.

RAIN WASH
Oh, baby!

EM ALLA
Now you are talking!

RAIN WASH
Shake it, mama, shake it.

EM ALLA
Bump that groove thing.

ON STAGE

Tray, Iceyphobia, and Rappaport do a pitiful, synchronized bump and grind to the thumping music in their full burkhas.

IN THE CROWD

The dropjawed Locals stand in silence.

THE TERRORISTS

Jump up and down and cheer like crazy.

Rain Wash and Em Alla wave fistfuls of singles at the stage.

RAIN WASH
Shake for me, baby!

EM ALLA
I want a lap dance! Two on one!

LAP DANCE AREA

Dimly lit. Garish colors. Low music volume. Topless strippers grind sensuously against patrons reclined in velour couches.

RAIN WASH

Slouches in an easy chair, a smile on his face. Rappaport, in full veil, gyrates around him in a dance of the absurd.

RAIN WASH

Oh, baby. Do it to me.

RAPPAPORT

(falsetto)

Don't be in such a rush, honey.
I'll do it to you when the time
comes.

RAIN WASH

You are such a tease.

EM ALLA

Reclines on a couch, Iceyphobia writhes on his lap.
Tray does an awkward dance around them.
The "TNT" suitcase stands next to the couch.

EM ALLA

Two beauties at once! I have
found Nirvana.

TRAY

(falsetto)

It's our pleasure, baby doll.

A BUZZING sound.

ICEYPHOBIA

Ohh! That felt nice. What was
it?

Em Alla digs in his pocket.

EM ALLA

My beeper.

He checks the message.

EM ALLA

Uh-oh.

He pulls out a cell phone and dials.

INT. TERRORIST CAVE

BIN FAHKHAN angrily paces around the torch-lit rocks.

A FLINTSTONES episode plays on the big-screen TV.
Bin Fahkhan's cell-phone RINGS. He flips it open.

BIN FAHKHAN
Killa Em Alla?

INTERCUT: BIN FAHKHAN AND EM ALLA

Iceyphobia and Tray continue giving Em Alla the lap dance.

EM ALLA
Yomama Bin Fahkan? You beeped?

BIN FAHKHAN
Allah-damn right I did! How come
you haven't checked in with Al
Killya Cave HQ?

EM ALLA
Um, sorry, I must have forgot. I
have been pretty busy.

BIN FAHKHAN
Is the operation proceeding
according to plan?

EM ALLA
Oh, yeah.

Iceyphobia drapes her arms around his neck.

BIN FAHKHAN
Is that music I hear? What are
you doing?

EM ALLA
Doing? Now?

BIN FAHKHAN
Yes. Right now.

EM ALLA
I am, um, ah, I am researching
the West's weaknesses.

BIN FAHKHAN
Good. How about Ba Rain Wash?
How is he doing?

Em Alla takes a look across the room where Rappaport does
ridiculous gyrations for Rain Wash.

EM ALLA

He is doing fine. Never better.

BIN FAHKHAN

Good. Now do not forget to check
in tomorrow.

EM ALLA

I will not, Yomama Bin Fahkan.
Thank you for calling. Bye-bye
now.

He flips the cell-phone shut.

EM ALLA

(sotto)
Party pooper.
(to Iceyphobia)
Now, where were we?

She wriggles in his lap.

ICEYPHOBBIA

Right here, big boy.

EM ALLA

Arise, my lovely. I wish to feel
what your compatriot has to
offer. Then I will watch the two
of you pleasure each other.

ICEYPHOBBIA

(pinches his cheek)
Ohhh. You're such a cute devil.

She gets up.

ICEYPHOBBIA

(to Tray)
He's all yours, baby. Show him
what you've got.

TRAY

(falsetto)
Ohhh. Okay.

He bends over, sticks his ass in Em Alla's face.

TRAY

Do you like it?

Em Alla fondles his butt.

EM ALLA
It is a delicious, perfect
behind. I am blessed being so
close to it.

TRAY
Get a little closer.

EM ALLA
Oh, yes. Oh, yes.

Tray FARTS.

EM ALLA
Aiiiiieee!

Em Alla passes out.
Tray and Iceyphobia rip their Muslim veils off.

RAIN WASH

Leaps to his feet, points.

RAIN WASH
Cool!

Rappaport judo-chops him in the neck. He goes down in a heap.

RAPPAPORT
Hardly.

TRAY
Nice work, Rappaport. Gather
them up and follow me to the
back door.

Rappaport heaves Rain Wash over his shoulder.
Icelyphobia hoists Em Alla.

ICEYPHOBIA
Grab the TNT, Tray.

TRAY
Negative. I have other plans.

Tray leads his Gang and the unconscious Terrorists out of the
lap dance area.

The other happy Patrons get grinding lap dances from naked
strippers. They pay absolutely no attention to any of this.

ON STAGE

Three strippers let it all hang out to the LOUD music.

IN THE CROWD

The Terrorists shield their eyes, cower in the cheering crowd.

TERRORIST #1
Have you seen Killa Em Alla?

TERRORIST #2
He went for a lap dance with Ba
Rain Wash.

TERRORIST #1
Did they call in to Al Killya
Cave HQ?

TERRORIST #2
I do not think so.

TERRORIST #1
We better remind them.

BACK DOOR

Frank holds the door open. Iceyphobia and Rappaport lug Em Alla and Rain Wash out into the parking lot.

Tray stops, shakes Frank's hand.

FRANK
I thought you were a pretty
lousy dancer for a broad. You're
Tray Cool, aren't you?

TRAY
Guilty. You're a true patriot,
Frank.

Frank hands him the steel attache case.

FRANK
Just doin' my bit.

TRAY
I need thirty seconds. Remember
what I told you.

FRANK
God bless America, Mr. Cool.

LAP DANCE AREA

Terrorists rush in, RACK AK-47's. They spot

TRAY

Running out the back door.
Frank SLAMS it shut.

TERRORIST #1
(points)
Cool!

A PATRON with a stripper grinding on his crotch perks his head up.

PATRON
You got that right, dude.

The Terrorists grab the TNT suitcase and charge to the -

BACK DOOR

Frank blocks the way out with his arms folded.
A dozen rifle muzzles point at his head.

TERRORIST #1
Out of our way!

FRANK
I gotta see some I.D.

TERRORIST #1
But ... we are trying to leave!

FRANK
Sorry, house rules.

TERRORIST #1
Ha! Our organization has
anticipated this.

The Terrorists dig in their pockets.

TERRORIST #1
Visa, Master Card, American
Express ...

FRANK
Social Security Cards?

TERRORIST #1
 (digging through
 pockets)
 No problem. Your American
 security is laughable.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Iceyphobia and Rappaport drape the unconscious Em Alla and Rain Wash across the handlebars of their bikes. They mount the bikes and start them up.

Tray runs up to them.

TRAY
 Get going.

ICEYPHOBBIA
 What about you?

TRAY
 I've got some unfinished
 business. I'll meet you at OINK
 HQ. Hit the road. Now!

CU: ICEYPHOBBIA

Love in her eyes.

ICEYPHOBBIA
 Tray?

TRAY
 Yeah?

ICEYPHOBBIA
 Be cool.

TRAY
 Always.

RAPPAPORT
 Let's go, Iceyphobia!

Iceyphobia and Rappaport REV their bikes, pop wheelies and ride them out of the lot.

INT. BACK DOOR

Frank studies the Terrorists' Social Security Cards.

FRANK
 Driver's licenses?

The Terrorists get out their wallets and hand them over.

FRANK
Mother's maiden name?

TERRORIST #1
Washington.

FRANK
Birth certificates?

TERRORIST #1
All right. That's it!

He shoves Frank out of the way and the Terrorists charge out through the back door.

EXT. PARKING LOT

The Terrorists spot Tray on his bike. He REVS it, flips the Terrorists the bird, and ROARS out of the lot.

The Terrorists hustle over to a bunch of their own bikes and mount up.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Tray roars down the tree-lined, empty street. He slams on the brakes near a billboard advertising "TITS, ASS, AND OMELETTES AT FRANK'S CHICKEN RANCH - BREAKFAST AU GO-GO".

Tray drives the bike behind the billboard.

COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

The Terrorists roar along like a pack of Middle Eastern Hell's Angels in tuxedos. One Terrorist has the TNT suitcase slung over his handlebars.

The "BREAKFAST AU GO-GO" billboard looms up ahead.

The Terrorists streak past the sign.

A BIG OAK TREE BRANCH

Swings down in front of them at neck level.

TERRORISTS
Ahhhhhhhh!

They slam on the brakes. Too late.
The oak tree branch CLOTHESLINES all of them.

The Terrorists fly off the bikes, splatter on the pavement.

THE TNT SUITCASE SPINS

In the air and comes down in the midst of the fallen Terrorists. It EXPLODES in a massive fireball.

THE OAK TREE

Door opens. Tray steps out, martini in hand.

He casually saunters over to the platoon of vaporized Terrorists.

He looks down at them with disdain, sips his martini and slides on his wraparound shades.

TRAY

Nimrods.

EXT. NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE - DAY

Iceyphobia and Rappaport roar South on their bikes with Em Alla and Rain Wash, still unconscious, slumped over the handlebars.

Iceyphobia and Rappaport shout over wind and engine noise.

RAPPAPORT

I thought Congress took the licenses away from the double-pew agents.

ICEYPHOBBIA

They did.

RAPPAPORT

Well, Tray sure looked like the old double-pew-seven back there, didn't he?

ICEYPHOBBIA

Desperate times call for desperate wind, Rappaport.

EM ALLA'S

Eyes open.

RAIN WASH

Opens his eyes, too.

RAPPAPORT (O.S.)
 You've got a thing for Tray,
 don't you?

Em Alla signals "shhhh" to Rain Wash.

ICEYPHOBIA (O.S.)
 That's none of your damn
 business, Rappaport.

Em Alla shakes his arm. A BOXCUTTER slides into his hand.

RAPPAPORT (O.S.)
 Everybody can tell that you go
 all ga-ga when Tray's around.

Rain Wash slides out his boxcutter and exposes the pointed
 razor's edge.

ICEYPHOBIA (O.S.)
 Ga-ga? What the hell does that
 mean, ga-ga?

Em Alla and Rain Wash raise the boxcutters and take aim at
 the front tires.

RAPPAPORT (O.S.)
 I mean you just about wet your
 shorts when --

WHACK! A steel attache case clobbers Em Alla on the head.
 WHACK! An identical blow delivered to Rain Wash.

They slump down, unconscious. The boxcutters CLATTER to the
 pavement behind the speeding bikes.

TRAY

Now rides between Iceyphobia and Rappaport.

ICEYPHOBIA
 Tray!

RAPPAPORT
 They were gonna slash our tires.
 You saved our lives!

TRAY
 Don't mention it. Don't mention
 that double-pew-seven is back in
 action either, okay?

ICEYPHOBIA

My lips are sealed, Tray. Unless
you want a ... you know.

RAPPAPORT

You've got my word, Tray.

TRAY

Good. On to OINK HQ. Step on it!

The three bikes roar away.

EXT. OINK HQ - DAY

Tray, Iceyphobia, and Rappaport, still dressed in
fundamentalist Muslim burkhas, pull up on their bikes in
front of the building.

They dismount. Iceyphobia hoists Em Alla over her shoulder,
Rappaport carries Rain Wash.

On the way up the steps, Tray clobbers the two Terrorists one
time each on the head with his steel attache case.

INT. GENERAL BALDEAGLE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Baldeagle, Iceyphobia, and Rappaport CLINK their champagne
glasses against Tray's martini glass.

BALDEAGLE

To OINK!

TRAY, ICEYPHOBIA, RAPPAPORT

To OINK!

They all take a sip.

BALDEAGLE

Hot damn! Killa Em Alla is Bin
Fahkhan's number one lieutenant,
and we've had our eye on Ba Rain
Wash for over a year. State has
him listed as a super-talented
up-and-coming assassin. This
deals a serious blow to Yomama
Bin Fahkhan's Al Killya
organization.

TRAY

Has interrogation gotten
anything out of them yet, Baldy?

BALDEAGLE

Nah. And they probably never will. They offered them everything. Chocolate, Playboy, XO Cognac, even MTV. Nothing works with these Nirvana-seekers. But it's a serious blow to Bin Fahkhan just the same. How the heck did you three pull this off, anyway?

ICEYPHOBBIA

We suckered them into the lap dance area where Rappaport karate-chopped Rain Wash and Tray SBD'd Em Alla, General.

BALDEAGLE

SBD'd? Then ... you two know?

RAPPAPORT

About time the double-pew agents were back in action, if you ask me.

ICEYPHOBBIA

Goddamn right.

BALDEAGLE

Those candy-asses in Congress will never understand.

TRAY

The fact that the double-pew agents are letting 'em fly again must never leave this room. Understood?

RAPPAPORT

Understood, Tray.

BALDEAGLE

Enough of this deep throat chit-chat. You three are going to be honored in the Rose Garden tomorrow. My orders for tonight? Let's get seriously shit-faced!

TRAY

(raises his martini)
Hear, hear!

They guzzle their drinks.

INT. TERRORIST CAVE - NIGHT

In the torchlight, Bin Fahkhan relaxes on the stone couch and watches the news on the big screen TV.

He sips a Coke and grabs a big handful of cheese doodles from the gigantic brass bowl.

REPORTER (T.V.)

In a crushing blow to Yomama Bin Fahkhan and his Al Killya terrorist network, Tray Cool and other OINK agents have captured Killa Em Alla and Ba Rain Wash, two high-ranking members of Al Killya, while the two scumbags were attempting to plant a bomb at Frank's Chicken Ranch. OINK authorities state that the two fucking assholes will remain in custody until further notice.

Bin Fahkhan sips his Coke, leans back and smiles.

BIN FAHKHAN

Perfect.

He hurls an empty dip bowl at the cowering burkha clad women.

BIN FAHKHAN

More dip!

EXT. ROSE GARDEN - DAY

The PRESIDENT at the podium.

PRESIDENT

Make no mistake about it. Tray Cool and his OINK colleagues, under the leadership of Major General Baldeagle, are true American heroes.

Polite APPLAUSE.

PRESIDENT

While I will not reveal sensitive intelligence information, I can give you some details about the manner in which this insidious attack on a great American institution, Frank's Chicken Ranch, was foiled ...

The President drones on. Tray, Baldeagle, Iceyphobia, and Rappaport sit in the first row. Behind them sit CONGRESSMEN and other DIGNITARIES.

Tray sips a martini.

Right behind Tray in the second row, two silver-templed Congressmen, SNEERWELL and LOOPHOLE, lean over. They strain to get a better look at Tray's glass.

CONGRESSMAN SNEERWELL

(whispers)

What do you think, Mr. Loophole?

CONGRESSMAN LOOPHOLE

I don't know, Mr. Sneerwell. That olive could be stuffed with a jalapeno.

CONGRESSMAN SNEERWELL

I think Baldeagle has reactivated the double-pew agents without getting approval from us.

TRAY

Leans back in his seat, eavesdropping.

CONGRESSMAN LOOPHOLE

Damn! This threatens the very foundation of democracy. How do we prove it?

CONGRESSMAN SNEERWELL

We get hold of Cool's olive and have it analyzed.

CONGRESSMAN LOOPHOLE

Right. If we find traces of jalapeno ...

CONGRESSMAN SNEERWELL
 General Baldeagle's goose is
 cooked. Someday they'll learn
 we're pretty smart down there in
 Mississippi.

CONGRESSMAN LOOPHOLE
 You bet. When this breaks up,
 I'll brace Mr. Cool and, you
 know, shake his hand, glop on
 some shit about him being a
 hero.

CONGRESSMAN SNEERWELL
 And I'll grab the olive.

CONGRESSMAN LOOPHOLE
 Right. Get ready, Mr. Sneerwell,
 here we go.

PRESIDENT (O.S.)
 And now, I'd like to ask our
 four heroes to stand for a round
 of applause.

Tray leans forward to get up. As he slowly rises he LETS ONE
 GO. The two Congressmen slump over, unconscious.

As the crowd applauds, two Dignitaries look down at the
 fallen Congressmen with disgusted sneers.

DIGNITARY #1
 Look at that!

DIGNITARY #2
 Congressmen inebriated in the
 middle of the day. Disgraceful!

DIGNITARY #1
 (waves his arm)
 And they smell, too.

ROSE GARDEN - LATER

Cocktail reception for the heroes.

MP's lead the staggering Congressmen Sneerwell and Loophole
 away.

The President watches with Tray and Iceyphobia.

PRESIDENT

Whoa. I gotta find out what those two were drinkin'.

TRAY

I don't think you'd want any, sir.

The President shakes Tray's hand.

PRESIDENT

I wanted to personally thank you for saving the tittie bars from the terrorists, Mr. Cool. God knows what would have happened to the economy if they had succeeded.

TRAY

No big deal, sir. I hardly broke wind.

PRESIDENT

And who is your beautiful ladyfriend here?

TRAY

Please allow me to introduce special agent Iceyphobia, Mr. President.

ICEYPHOBBIA

This is an honor, sir.

She extends her hand.

The President can't tear his eyes away from her tits.

PRESIDENT

She's special, all right.

COCKTAIL RECEPTION - LATER

Tray and Iceyphobia relax at the bar. Iceyphobia CLINKS her champagne glass against Tray's martini.

ICEYPHOBBIA

Ladyfriend.

TRAY

Pardon?

ICEYPHOBBIA

The President called me your ladyfriend.

TRAY

Yes he did, didn't he.

Iceyphobia rubs Tray's shoulder.

ICEYPHOBBIA

Isn't part of your job making sure our President is an honest man?

INT. ICEYPHOBBIA'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Beautifully appointed with fragile antique furniture and curio cabinets filled with precious china and porcelain statues.

Tray and Iceyphobia recline in front of the fireplace. Tray sips a martini. Iceyphobia sips champagne. Their lips move closer. They kiss. Gently.

ICEYPHOBBIA

Do you practice rough sex, Mr. Cool?

TRAY

Every chance I get.

ICEYPHOBBIA

Cool.

She throws her champagne in Tray's face. She leaps behind Tray and gets him in a stranglehold.

She drags Tray to his feet and RIPS his shirt off.

Tray reaches back and grabs Iceyphobia's head. He flips her and BODYSLAMS her into an antique coffee table.

Tray tears Iceyphobia's blouse off. She KICKS him in the nuts. Tray doubles over.

TRAY

Careful.

ICEYPHOBBIA

Sorry.

She grab's Tray's pants and pulls them down, then karate-kicks Tray in the back.

Tray sprawls forward and flattens a Victorian armchair.

Iceyphobia leaps on top of Tray and claws at his skivvies.

TRAY

Not so fast.

He struggles to his feet and lifts Iceyphobia up and over his head. He gives her an airplane spin and SMASHES her into a Louis XIV velvet sofa.

LATER

Tray and Iceyphobia, naked. Tray staggers around the destroyed room carrying Iceyphobia, her legs wrapped around his waist.

They grapple each other into headlocks and kiss passionately. Tray loses his balance and they lurch forward, still coupled, and take out a row of curio cabinets.

AFTERWARDS

Tray and Iceyphobia lie in front of the fireplace, bruised, black-eyed and bandaged, covered by a section of the shredded wall-to-wall carpet. They sip drinks and smoke cigarettes.

SLOW PAN

Around the room to reveal the rubble of smashed antique furniture and demolished objects d'art.

TRAY (O.S.)

Damn, you're good.

ICEYPHOBIAS (O.S.)

You get it on pretty good yourself. Had enough?

TRAY (O.S.)

Don't push your luck.

KISSING and pre-coital MOANS (O.S.). Then martial arts SCREAMS and CRASHES.

LATER

They lie under the carpet in front of the fireplace, sated and dreamy-eyed. Iceyphobia's bruised head on Tray's chest.

ICEYPHOBBIA

If we ever live together, it's going to be a bitch getting homeowner's insurance.

TRAY

That's for shit sure.

ICEYPHOBBIA

Hey, Tray, I've got a wild and crazy idea.

Tray's eyes bulge.

TRAY

Uh, look, baby, it's gonna have to wait. I'm kind of all out right now, you know?

ICEYPHOBBIA

No, not that. God knows my crotch needs a rest. It's an idea about Yomama Bin Fahkhan and the Al Killya network.

TRAY

What about them?

ICEYPHOBBIA

I have an idea on how to take them all down.

TRAY

The entire Western coalition hasn't been able to do that, and they've been at it for ten years.

ICEYPHOBBIA

But we don't need the coalition. We just need you, me, and Rappaport ...

INT. GENERAL BALDEAGLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Tray, Iceyphobia, and Rappaport sit across from the General. He looks at the three of them like they all have two heads.

(MORE)
BALDEAGLE

Let them escape? Are you all fucking crazy?!

BALDEAGLE(cont'd)

I think you've finally O.D.'d on martinis, double-pew-seven.

TRAY

Let Iceyphobia finish, Baldy. This might just be the breakthrough the West has been waiting for.

ICEYPHOBIA

If Killa Em Alla and Ba Rain Wash were to somehow escape, General, what's the first thing they'd do?

BALDEAGLE

High-tail their pimply asses out of our country anyway they can.

TRAY

Correct. Then what?

Baldeagle gets up and angrily paces back and forth.

BALDEAGLE

Back to Itzabitchinstan. They'd try to get there even if they had to goddamned walk. Then they'd hook up with Yomama Bin Fahkhan and the Al Killya organization and plot more terrorist attacks.

ICEYPHOBIA

Exactly.

RAPPAPORT

Bingo.

BALDEAGLE

Why, in the name of God, would we let something like that happen?

TRAY

Think about it, General. What's the number one reason the Coalition has failed to stop Bin Fahkhan?

BALDEAGLE

Because we've never been able...
(slow enlightenment)
... to find him.

EXT. FEDERAL MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - NIGHT

Spotlights crisscross the yard in front of the prison wall.

IN THE BUSHES

Tray, dressed in striped prisoner clothes and disguised with a long beard, hides in the foliage. He coils a length of rope attached to a grappling hook.

Iceyphobia and Rappaport, in all black, hide next to him.

RAPPAPORT

I should be the one going in.
They've never seen my face.

ICEYPHOBBIA

Bull-fucking shit! I should go
in. It was my idea.

TRAY

You'd look pretty funny wearing
a beard. I'm going in. End of
discussion.

Tray rises, grips the grappling hook. He prepares to make a run for it.

Iceyphobia grabs his arm.

ICEYPHOBBIA

Tray ...

TRAY

I know. I'll pay for half of the
damage we did to your townhouse.

ICEYPHOBBIA

Thanks. That means a lot to me.

RAPPAPORT

We'll watch your back, Tray.
Remember, the General will deny
any knowledge of this if you get
caught.

TRAY

Thanks, Rappaport.

Tray guzzles from a canteen labeled "BOMBAY DRY GIN", then munches a bunch of JALAPENO OLIVES straight from the bottle.

ICEYPHOBIA

Hey, Tray, take it easy.

TRAY

I have a feeling I'm gonna need
plenty of ammo. Later, guys.

He takes off out of the bushes.

YARD OUTSIDE THE PRISON WALLS

Tray runs. He serpentine to avoid the searchlights. He runs
past a sign:

"THERE ARE SOME REALLY BAD DUDES IN HERE"

He pirouettes to avoid a searchlight. Past another sign:

"TERRORISTS AND SHIT"

He hits the dirt and crawls past a third sign:

"SO, GO THE FUCK AWAY"

He makes it to the base of the prison wall.

Tray takes the grappling hook and hurls it up.

TOP OF THE PRISON WALL

The grappling hook catches.

TRAY

Grabs the rope and climbs halfway up the prison wall, then he
stops and hangs there.

In the yard below, the searchlights scan to and fro.

TRAY

(sotto)

Come on, come on.

The searchlights scan the wall but miss him.

TRAY

(sotto)

How fucking difficult can this
be?

The searchlights scan and miss him again.

TRAY
 (waving)
 Over here!
 (singsong)
 Hel-lo-o, I'm try-ing to esc-ay-
 yape!

A searchlight finally lands on him but goes right past.

TRAY
 Hey!

The searchlight comes back and stops on him.
 Sirens BLARE. Dogs BARK.

TRAY
 (sotto)
 About goddamned time.

INT. PRISON - ELEVATOR.

Going down, jammed with GUARDS surrounding Tray.

DING. The elevator stops and the doors open. A sign on the wall "SOLITARY CONFINEMENT LEVEL" (YOU'VE BEEN BAD)".

A couple of Guards get on and off. The doors shut and the elevator whirrs.

DING. The doors open: "DEATH ROW LEVEL (YOU'VE BEEN VERY BAD)". A few Guards get on. The doors shut.

The elevator starts down.

DING. The doors open to reveal: "TERRORISTS' DUNGEON LEVEL (MAN, YOU REALLY FUCKED UP)".

Four Guards drag Tray off the elevator.

GUARD
 This is your stop, asshole.

They shove Tray down the hallway.

INT. JAIL CELL

Em Alla and Rain Wash sit on bunk beds. They watch MTV on a 13 inch Sony.

EM ALLA
 I am a U-2 fan, myself.

RAIN WASH

They are old news.

EM ALLA

Not the plane. The band.

The iron door opens and the Guards throw Tray into the cell. He lands in a heap on the floor. The Guards SLAM the cell door shut.

Em Alla and Rain Wash gawk at Tray as he gets up and straightens his prison suit.

TRAY

Well, well, well. If it isn't
Killa Em Alla and Ba Rain Wash.
How are you guys doing? Are they
treating you okay?

EM ALLA

Who are you?

TRAY

My name is Uva Bin Hosed. I'm
with Ops Gee Had.

RAIN WASH

You are with Ops?

EM ALLA

The Al Killya Secret Police?

TRAY

No goat shit, campadre.

EM ALLA

How come we never heard of you?

TRAY

Duh! Because it's a secret. I've
been looking all over for you
guys.

RAIN WASH

Looking for us? Why?

TRAY

Ops sent me to bust you two out
of stir and help you get back
home to Itzabitchinstan.

EM ALLA
Bust out? Do you have a plan,
Uva Bin Hosed?

TRAY
That depends. How long can you
guys hold your breath?

HALLWAY

Three Guards carry trays of food past the "TERRORIST DUNGEON
LEVEL" sign.

GUARD #1
I don't see why we bother to
feed these slime buckets.

GUARD #2
Because we're the good guys.
Just be careful in there. No
telling what these Al Killya
dudes will try.

GUARD #3
Puh-leeze. These prisoners are
lucky they have a pot to pray
on.

They reach the cell door. The automatic lock CLICKS and the
cell door slides open.

INT. CELL

The Guards walk in and scan the scene with shocked faces.

GUARD #1
What the ...

GUARD #2
You two sick or something?

EM ALLA AND RAIN WASH

Huddle in one corner. They cover their faces with pillows.

TRAY

Doubled over in the opposite corner, hands on his knees.

TRAY
Unnnhhh.

A wind-sticky, napalm BURST from Tray's ass.

GUARD #1

Holy sh --

The three Guards stagger back. The food trays CLANG to the floor. The Guards swoon and collapse.

Tray rushes to a bunk bed and rips off the blanket.

TRAY

(to Em Alla and Rain Wash)

Stay down!

Em Alla and Rain Wash cower in fear.

Tray furiously fans the room with the FLAPPING blanket.

TRAY

Gimme a minute.

LATER

Tray, Em Alla, and Rain Wash straighten their Guards' uniforms.

EM ALLA

That was awesome, Uva Bin Hosed!

RAIN WASH

We had no idea our side had developed double-pew technology.

TRAY

Ops Gee Had doesn't miss a trick, boys.

EM ALLA

These are pretty nice uniforms, Ba Rain Wash.

RAIN WASH

Maybe Yomama Bin Fahkhan can get these for Al Killya, Killa Em Alla.

TRAY

The dry cleaning bills are a bitch, guys.

EM ALLA

Good point, Uva Bin Hosed. You have to shave your beard, by the way. It says so in the Al Killya User Guide.

RAIN WASH

That is correct. We have to blend in with the West.

TRAY

Didn't you guys get the DD-two-fourteen point three-niner-echo-delta User Guide update yet?

EM ALLA

Update?

TRAY

Yeah. Your not supposed to shave your beards anymore. It's a dead giveaway. Here.

He pulls two fake beards out of his discarded prison clothes.

TRAY

Put these on.

EM ALLA

Ops thinks of everything!

INT. PRISON SECURITY DESK

The GUARD munches Chinese food while watching a bank of security monitors.

Tray, Em Alla, and Rain Wash stroll by in their Guards' uniforms and phony beards.

Tray waves to the Guard

TRAY

Have a nice night, pal.

GUARD

You too, man. Hey, nice beards, guys.

EM ALLA

Why, thank you.

RAIN WASH

We just grew them.

They stroll down the hallway, away from the Guard's desk.

EM ALLA

Uva Bin Hosed, you are so cool!

TRAY

So I've been told.

RAIN WASH

Are we going to just walk out
the front door?

TRAY

Hell, no. Ops doesn't do lame
escapes. Follow me.

EXT. PRISON WALL - NIGHT

Tray, Em Alla, and Rain Wash rappel down the rope.

EM ALLA

What about those searchlights,
Uva Bin Hosed?

TRAY

Don't worry about them. Trust
me. When we hit the dirt, do
exactly what I do, okay?

BUSHES

Iceyphobia points at the prison wall.

ICEYPHOBBIA

Rappaport, look!

RAPPAPORT

Well, I'll be dipped in shit. He
did it.

ICEYPHOBBIA

Is that Tray cool or what?

Rappaport looks at Iceyphobia strangely.

RAPPAPORT

Of course that's Tray Cool. Who
the hell do you think it is?

ICEYPHOBBIA

What are you talking about?

RAPPAPORT

Well, Iceyphobia, with all due respect that was a really dumb question.

ICEYPHOBBIA

Shut up! Here they come.

YARD OUTSIDE PRISON WALLS

Tray, in a running crouch, serpentines between the searchlights. He runs in a complete circle back to the wall, touches it, then serpentines out again.

Em Alla and Rain Wash follow in Tray's footsteps, mimic his every move.

BUSHES

Tray, Em Alla, and Rain Wash pile into the bushes right next to the hidden Iceyphobia and Rappaport. Tray retrieves his steel attache case.

EM ALLA

What is that, Uva Bin Hosed?

TRAY

Ops Gee Had secret weapons.

RAIN WASH

You Ops guys are so cool!

INT. TERRORIST CAVE - NIGHT

Yomama Bin Fahkhan reclines on the stone couch in the flickering torchlight. He flips open a Coors Light and grabs a handful of potato chips out of the giant brass bowl.

On the big screen TV -

Flashing: "BIG-ASS HOLY-FUCKING-SHIT STOP-THE-PRESSES BULLETIN"

REPORTER

The two terrorists arrested in the recent attempt by Yomama Bin Fahkhan's Al Killya organization to topple the exotic dancing industry have escaped from the Federal Maximum Security prison.

BIN FAHKHAN
(smiles)
Right on schedule.

INT. GENERAL BALDEAGLE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Baldeagle sips a drink and watches the same news bulletin on a little 13-inch TV.

REPORTER
The dumb chickenshit bastards that run the prison were unavailable for comment. We have also received word that the two cocksuckers were assisted in their escape by an unidentified special agent from the elite Ops Gee Had arm of the Al Killya network.

BALDEAGLE
(smiles)
A very cool special agent.

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY STATION - NIGHT

Tray, Em Alla, and Rain Wash, in their prison guard uniforms and fake long beards, wait on a long line leading up to the walk-through metal detector.

Everybody on line watches the same news bulletin on a TV near the wall.

REPORTER
The President has asked all citizens, especially those of you at airports, to be on the lookout for two, or possibly three, suspicious-looking motherfuckers dressed in prison guard uniforms.

A SECURITY GUARD near the walk-through metal detector points at Tray and the Terrorists.

SECURITY GUARD
Hey! You three with the beards!

Rain Wash grabs Em Alla's arm.

RAIN WASH
Uh-oh.

EM ALLA
What should we do, Uva Bin
Hosed? Run for it?

TRAY
I'll handle it. Just be cool.

RAIN WASH
I don't know how to be cool!

EM ALLA
Me neither!

TRAY
Then just shut up, okay?

Tray waves to the Security Guard.

TRAY
Hey, man. Whazzup?

SECURITY GUARD
You guys don't have to wait on
line. You can go right on down
to the gates.

Tray walks up to the metal detector with Em Alla and Rain Wash.

SECURITY GUARD
You can go around.

TRAY
Thanks, pal.

SECURITY GUARD
No problem, man. It's a new
rule. Guys with long beards
don't have to get checked out.

Tray and the Terrorists make their way past the metal detector toward the gates.

EM ALLA
You are too cool, Uva Bin Hosed.

RAIN WASH
How can we ever repay you?

TRAY
Oh, I'll think of something.

INT. GENERAL BALDEAGLE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Baldeagle watches the end of the special news bulletin.

REPORTER

Law enforcement agencies across the length and breadth of the nation want to know the identification of the Ops Gee Had agent involved in the Terrorists' escape so they can fry the cocksucker's ass.

Baldeagle drains his drink.

BALDEAGLE

(sotto)

I hope you know what you're doing, Tray.

The door BURSTS open. Congressmen Sneerwell and Loophole rush in with a bunch of INTELLIGENCE GUYS wearing mirrored aviator sunglasses.

CONGRESSMAN SNEERWELL

Get up, General!

CONGRESSMAN LOOPHOLE

Move away from the desk.

An Intelligence Guy whips out his .45, levels it.

INTELLIGENCE GUY

Now, General!

Baldeagle gets up and backs away from the desk, hands raised.

The Intelligence Guys swarm on the desk, RIP it apart.

BALDEAGLE

If you tell me what you're looking for, I'll try to --

CONGRESSMAN SNEERWELL

Silence!

CONGRESSMAN LOOPHOLE

We'll be the judge of what we're looking for.

An Intelligence Guy pulls a jar of olives from the desk and hands it to Sneerwell.

Sneerwell holds the jar aloft and studies it.

"OLIVES GRANDE STUFFED WITH JALAPENOS"

CONGRESSMAN SNEERWELL
You've got some explaining to
do, General.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - NIGHT

An ITZABITCHIN AIR jumbo jet speeds down the tarmac and lifts
off.

INT. JETLINER - FIRST CLASS - IN FLIGHT

Em Alla and Rain Wash sit in adjoining seats. Tray sits
directly across the aisle.

Rappaport, disguised in a long beard, sits directly behind
Tray.

A STEWARDESS in full fundamentalist Muslim covering stops by.

ICEYPHOBBIA (STEWARDESS)
Can I get you gentlemen
something to drink?

EM ALLA
I will have a goat's bladder
nuclear fireball.

ICEYPHOBBIA
Very good, sir.

EM ALLA
And hold the Anthrax.

ICEYPHOBBIA
Are you sure? It's very potent
today.

EM ALLA
I love it, but it disagrees with
me.

ICEYPHOBBIA
No problem. How about you, sir?

RAIN WASH
Hump of the camel, on the rocks.

ICEYPHOBIA

Would you like a fig leaf with that?

RAIN WASH

No. I prefer the smashed camel's gonads.

ICEYPHOBIA

With the juice?

RAIN WASH

Of course.

ICEYPHOBIA

Excellent. Anything for you, handsome?

TRAY

Let's see. Something simple. How about a Bombay Sapphire martini, made with a quarter ounce of dry Tribuno vermouth, stirred, not shaken, and chilled over natural Maine mineral water ice cubes for two minutes and forty-five seconds, and served in a frozen long-stemmed Florentine crystal goblet, engraved with Picasso etchings.

ICEYPHOBIA

Number five. Coming right up.

Iceyphobia moves down the aisle.

Tray gets up.

TRAY

Be right back, guys. Gotta see a man about a camel.

EM ALLA

Maybe that sexy stewardess will hold it for you, Uva Bin Hosed.

Em Alla and Rain Wash laugh.

TRAY

Actually, I think she had her eye on you, Killa Em Alla.

EM ALLA

You do? Really?

RAIN WASH

Why don't you try to do something to impress her? Maybe you'll get lucky.

Tray heads for the lavatory, leaving Em Alla deep in thought.

INT. LAVATORY

Tray shuts the door, pulls out his cell phone and dials.

AISLE

Iceyphobia pushes a cocktail cart up the aisle. Her cell phone RINGS. She flips it open.

ICEYPHOBBIA

Itzabitchin Air.

LAVATORY

Tray relaxes on the can.

TRAY

Hey, Babe. Everything under control?

ICEYPHOBBIA

(phone)

I'm a little queasy, Tray. Have you ever seen smashed camel gonads au jus? Yeeech!

TRAY

(laughs)

If that's our biggest problem, we're in pretty good shape. Where's Rappaport?

ICEYPHOBBIA

He's the bearded gentleman in the seat right behind you.

TRAY

Good. Everything's going according to plan so far.

ICEYPHOBBIA

So far, so -- Ahhhh!

TRAY
What's wrong?

ICEYPHOBIA
(strangling)
Tray ... you better ... get out
here!

Tray flips the cell phone off and rushes out of the Lavatory.

AISLE

Tray bursts out of the Lavatory door.

Em Alla has Iceyphobia in a stranglehold. He holds a
boxcutter to her throat.

Rain Wash threatens the other passengers with a plastic
dinner knife.

Rappaport has his .38 pointed at Em Alla.

RAIN WASH
Get back! Now!

The passengers cower backwards down the aisle.
Rappaport stands his ground.

TRAY
(to Rappaport)
Put the gun away.

RAPPAPORT
But Tr--

TRAY
Now!

Rappaport grudgingly holsters his weapon.

EM ALLA
Good job, Uva been hosed. You
have excellent powers of
persuasion.
(to Iceyphobia)
Open the cockpit door! Do it, or
I will slice your throat.

Tray taps Em Alla on the shoulder.

TRAY

Um, look, I know you're busy,
but can I talk to you and Ba
Rain Wash privately for a sec?

EM ALLA

Not now. Can't you see we are
taking over the plane?

Tray opens the lavatory door, motions the two Terrorists
inside.

TRAY

I know, but this will only take
a second. The passengers aren't
going anywhere. You can
terrorize them again in a
minute.

Em Alla, disappointed, releases Iceyphobia.
Rain Wash relaxes, shakes his head.

RAIN WASH

We'll be right back! Nobody
move.

Tray and the two Terrorists pile into the

LAVATORY

Tray SNAPS the door shut.

TRAY

What the hell happened? Did the
drinks suck?

EM ALLA

I thought this would be a good
way to impress the Stewardess.

TRAY

Impress her? You've got her
shitting in her burkha.

RAIN WASH

We need to hijack the plane
anyway to get to Kabulseye.

TRAY

Guys, this is ^(MORE) Tzabitchin Air
flight 911, non stop to
Kabulseye.

TRAY(cont'd)

You don't have to hijack the plane. It's gonna land there anyway.

EM ALLA

It is?

RAIN WASH

But, we always hijack the plane.

TRAY

Even when it's taking you where you want to go?

EM ALLA

We have never been on a plane that was going where we wanted to go.

RAIN WASH

Never.

TRAY

Well, there's always a first time. Now, drop the hijack gig, okay? It is not cool.

RAIN WASH

It is not?

TRAY

No.

EM ALLA

But, what are we going to tell the passengers? This is very embarrassing. We will lose face.

TRAY

I'll handle it. I'll make it cool.

EM ALLA

You will?

TRAY

Have I ever let you down?

Em Alla and Rain Wash shake their heads like scolded little kids.

TRAY

Gimme the weapons. C'mon, let's have 'em.

Em Alla hands over his boxcutter, Rain Wash gives Tray his plastic knife.

Tray opens the Lavatory door.

TRAY
Okay. Let's go.

AISLE

The passengers cower precisely where they were when Rain Wash told them not to move.

Tray and the two Terrorists emerge from the Lavatory.

TRAY
Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen, for participating in this terrorist hijacking simulation, and pretending to be terrified, and pissing in your pants. When we get to Kabulseye, you will all receive the Itzabitchinstan purple boxcutter award from your grateful government. Had this been a real hijacking, we know you would have rushed the terrorist assholes and kicked the living shit out of them.

EM ALLA
(to Tray)
What?

TRAY
Just go with me on this, okay?

The passengers APPLAUD Tray, Em Alla, and Rain Wash.

PASSENGER #1
Helluva simulation.

PASSENGER #2
Had me fooled.

TV SCREEN

Yomama Bin Fahkhan relaxes on the stone couch. His fingers slide along the edge of the huge brass bowl filled with Fritos.

"YOMAMA BIN FAHKHAN - AL HAZZERI EXCLUSIVE" on the bottom of the screen.

BIN FAHKHAN

This so-called superpower will be shown who's god has the biggest swinging dick very shortly.

(admires the bowl)

They have no chip bowls as big as this! And out satellite reception is better. Now, I ask you. Where does the power lie?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Baldeagle sits handcuffed to a chair.

Congressmen Sneerwell and Loophole stride into the room and SLAM the jar of olives on the table.

CONGRESSMAN SNEERWELL

Absolutly genuine jalapeno stuffed olives grande, General.

CONGRESSMAN LOOPHOLE

Double-pew-seven's weapon of choice.

CONGRESSMAN SNEERWELL

You just don't get it, do you?

CONGRESSMAN LOOPHOLE

This is a democracy, General. The elected officials make the rules, not military officers in charge of covert agencies.

BALDEAGLE

Elected? Why, you two are as crooked as they come. OINK investigated your last election day "victories" down in Mississippi. We know about the bribes and the payoffs and the dead guys voting. And we know all about the huge campaign contributions you received from Al Killya.

CONGRESSMAN SNEERWELL
Really? Were you ever accused of
any wrongdoing, Congressman
Loophole?

CONGRESSMAN LOOPHOLE
Never. How about you,
Congressman Sneerwell?

CONGRESSMAN SNEERWELL
Nope. How do you explain that,
General?

BALDEAGLE
We don't have enough proof ...
yet. But someday --

CONGRESSMAN SNEERWELL
There's not going to be any
"someday" for you, I'm afraid.

CONGRESSMAN LOOPHOLE
Consider yourself officially
charged with violating the "No
More Cruel And Unusual Dirty
Rotten Spy Stuff" Act, General.

CONGRESSMAN SNEERWELL
Your career just ended.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

The ITZABITCHIN AIR jumbo jet touches down on the runway.

SUPER: KABULSEYE, ITZABITCHINSTAN

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL

Tray, Em Alla, and Rain Wash head for the BAGGAGE CLAIM
section.

They pass ADS on the walls:

"RUBBLE TOURS"

"SEE THE ANCIENT RUBBLE FROM OUR WAR WITH ENGLAND"

"SEE THE OLD RUBBLE FROM OUR WAR WITH RUSSIA"

"SEE THE NEW RUBBLE FROM OUR WAR WITH AMERICA"

"SEE THE REALLY NEW RUBBLE FROM OUR WAR WITH EACH OTHER"

Rappaport and the veiled Iceyphobia follow them.

ICEYPHOBBIA

You go get some burgers and
fries for the trip. I'll keep
them in sight.

RAPPAPORT

Right.

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL

Tray, Em Alla, and Rain Wash wait with an impossible load of
designer luggage by the GOAT'S HEAD SOUP LIVERY SERVICE.

TRAY

Back in the good old Itzabitchin-
A, huh, fellas? Where are you
guys headed for?

EM ALLA

Up to Yomama Bin Fahkhan's super-
duper top-secret you'll-never-
find-it-in-a-million-years
terrorist cave. How about you,
Uva Bin Hosed?

TRAY

Well, if you don't mind, I'll
just tag along over to the cave.
With you guys. I'll catch a hop
from there back to Ops Gee Had.

EM ALLA

Sounds good.

Iceyphobia comes out of the terminal and waits a short
distance away.

RAIN WASH

Look, Killa Em Alla, it is the
beautiful Stewardess you
impressed on the plane.

EM ALLA

Flag down the next goat, Ba Rain
Wash. I will be busy for a
minute.

Em Alla approaches Iceyphobia. He flashes a horrific smile.

EM ALLA

Good to be home, huh?

Iceyphobia looks away and ignores him.

EM ALLA

I hope I didn't frighten you
back there on the plane.

ICEYPHOBBIA

Oh, heavens, no. I always enjoy
being strangled with a boxcutter
pressed against my jugular vein.

EM ALLA

I am sorry. It was just a sim
... sim ...

ICEYPHOBBIA

Simulation. I know. I apologize
for overreacting.

Em Alla extends his hand.

EM ALLA

I am Killa Em Alla.

Iceyphobia takes his hand, shakes it.

ICEYPHOBBIA

Madda Gir El.

EM ALLA

My friends and I are catching
the next goat. Can we give you a
lift?

ICEYPHOBBIA

I'm just going to the Kabulseye
Rubble Hilton. I've got a three
day layover.

EM ALLA

The Kabulseye Hilton is rubble,
I'm afraid. Why not come stay
with us? We've got plenty of
room.

ICEYPHOBBIA

Where?

EM ALLA

(proud)
Yomama Bin Fahkhan's private
cave.

ICEYPHOBIA
 (impressed)
 Ohhh. You're with Al Killya?

INT. AIRPORT MACDONALD'S

Rappaport waits by the cash register. The CLERK rings up the sale on the register.

CLERK
 Two camelburgers with goat
 cheese. You want Llama fries
 with that?

RAPPAPORT
 Large.

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL

Rappaport rushes out to the taxi stand carrying a Macdonald's bag. He sees the

MOUNTAIN GOAT PULLING THE WOODEN CART

With a yellow "TAXI" emblem. Tray, Iceyphobia, Em Alla, and Rain Wash on board.

Rappaport turns and raises his arm.

The next goat cart pulls up.
 Rapaport jumps on board.

DRIVER
 Where to?

RAPPAPORT
 (points)
 Follow that goat!

EXT. GOAT TAXI - DAY

The mountain goat pulls the cart along a treacherous dirt road high up in the Itzabitchinstan Himalayas.

In the front seat of the cart, a CHART next to the DRIVER:

"GOAT'S HEAD SOUP LIVERY SERVICE"

"FIRST MOUNTAIN: TWO MOUNTAIN GOAT HIDES"

"EACH ADDITIONAL MOUNTAIN: ONE CAMEL HIDE"

"(WE ACCEPT ALL MAJOR AUTOMATIC WEAPONS)"

In the back, Tray and Rain Wash sit on one side of the cart.

RAIN WASH

Home sweet rubble. Nothing quite
like being back home, huh, Uva
Bin Hosed?

TRAY

Back in the "bitch", Ba Rain
Wash. Nothing like it.

Tray opens his steel attache case and mixes a martini.

TRAY

Care for a bullet?

RAIN WASH

No thanks. I've got plenty.

Tray PLOPS in three grande jalapeno olives.

TRAY

Suit yourself.

He downs the martini and chews the olives. He mixes another.

On the other side of the cart, Em Alla wriggles to get next
to Iceyphobia. He puts his arm around her.

ICEYPHOBIA

Mmm. Your cologne is
interesting. What is it?

EM ALLA

Eau de goat dung. Glad you like
it.

He leans over and kisses Iceyphobia on the veil.

ICEYPHOBIA

(gagging)

Have you been with Al Killya
long?

EM ALLA

Four years. It's a good company.
My pension fund is vested next
year. They've got a good dental
plan and lots of paid vacation
time. The 401k plan is dynamite,
too.

ICEYPHOBIA

Have you ben on a lot of, um,
projects?

EM ALLA

Let's see. There was the
firebombing in Kenya. Then the
smallpox crop-dusting in
Nairobi. Then the ...

LATER

The cart much higher up in the mountains. The sun sets.

Tray sips another olive-laden martini.

EM ALLA

... Then the cockroach
infestation in Paris. Then the
acid rain in Rome. Then the ...

Iceyphobia's head bobs up and down on her chest.
She SNORES.

The cart rolls up to an intersection with a roadsign:

"WELCOME TO AL KILLYA CAVE HEADQUARTERS"

"ENJOY YOUR VISIT"

"INFORMATION, CAVE TOURS, AL KILLYA GIFT SHOP" with an arrow
straight ahead.

"WORLD'S LARGEST SUPPLY OF AL KILLYA EXPOSIVES" with an arrow
to the left, and -

"YOMAMA BIN FAHKHAN'S TOP-SECRET HIDE-A-WAY" with an arrow to
the right.

The cart turns right and rolls up the road.

EM ALLA (V.O.)

Then the botulism epidemic in
Berlin. Then the Ebola outbreak
in London ...

Iceyphobia SNORES (V.O.)

INT. PRISON - NIGHT

GUARDS lead Baldeagle into a cell. The General wears striped
prison clothes.

GUARD #1

I don't know if this makes you feel any better, sir, but all of us guards are with you one-hundred percent.

BALDEAGLE

Thanks, son. It helps a lot.

GUARD #2

And we all hope double-pew-seven kicks some serious Al Killya butt.

BALDEAGLE

Me too, son. Me, too.

The Guards leave. The cell door CLANGS shut. Baldeagle slumps down onto the cot and puts his head in his hands.

EXT. AL KILLYA HEADQUARTERS RECRUITING STATION

A large poster of YOMAMA BIN FAHKHAN pointing his finger: "AUNT YOMAMA WANTS YOU".

The RECRUITER sits at the desk. Rappaport stands at attention in front of him with his right hand raised.

RECRUITER

... and to the insanity for which it stands ...

RAPPAPORT

... and to the insanity for which it stands ...

RECRUITER

... one organization of crazy fuckers ...

RAPPAPORT

... one organization of crazy fuckers ...

RECRUITER

... under Allah ...

RAPPAPORT

... under Allah ...

RECRUITER

... with death and dismemberment
for all.

INT. TERRORIST CAVE - NIGHT

BIN FAHKHAN and a group of Terrorists relax on the stone
couches and watch the big-screen TV. They munch corn chips
from the huge brass bowl.

Three full-burkhad WOMEN bring in bowls of dip with little
flags: "BEAN-DIP (HOT)" "BEAN-DIP (HOTTER)" "BEAN-DIP (WOW!)"

ON THE TV

"Monday Night Football" music.
The turbaned SPORTCASTERS broadcast from the press box.

SPORTSCASTER #1

Welcome to "Monday Night
Executions" coming to you live
on ESP-Insane from the Kabulseye
soccer stadium.

SPORTSCASTER #2

In tonight's AK-47 shootout, two
undefeated executioner teams go
head-to-head and something's
gotta give.

SPORTSCASTER #1

The Kabulseye Beheaders and the
Insanabad Grim Reapers are just
about ready to get it on.

SPORTSCASTER #2

Tonight's executions have
serious playoff implications, so
don't go away.

EM ALLA (O.S.)

Yoo-hoo! Yomama Bin Fahkhan.
Anybody home?

BIN FAHKHAN

And the Terrorists leap to their feet. Bin Fahkhan spreads
his arms wide.

BIN FAHKHAN

Killa Em Alla! You are home!
Come here, you wild-and-crazy
old bio-terrorist nut.

Em Alla runs to Bin Fahkhan. They hug and pat each other on the back.

BIN FAHKHAN
It is good to have you back, old friend.

EM ALLA
It is good to be back, buddy.

Bin Fahkhan spots Ba Rain Wash.

BIN FAHKHAN
Ba Rain Wash! This is like old cave week!

He hugs Rain Wash and notices Tray and Iceyphobia.

BIN FAHKHAN
(cautious)
I see you have made some new friends.

Em Alla points to Iceyphobia.

EM ALLA
(proud)
This is Madda Gir El.

Iceyphobia bows shyly.

EM ALLA
(aside to Bin Fahkhan)
Is she not a hottie? I already have arrived safely at first base. Look at those bazookas!

BIN FAHKHAN
You sly devil.

He walks around Tray, eyeballing him up and down.

BIN FAHKHAN
And who is this?

EM ALLA
This is Uva Bin Hosed from Ops Gee Had. He was instrumental in our escape, Yomama Bin Fahkhan. He is very cool.

Bin Fahkhan continues sizing Tray up.

BIN FAHKHAN
I'll just bet he is.

He grabs Tray's phony beard and yanks it off.

EM ALLA, RAIN WASH
(gasp)
Tray Cool!

The other Terrorists turn their heads to the BULLS-EYE POSTER of Tray on the cave wall, then RACK their AK-47's and point them at Tray's head.

TERRORISTS
(hushed)
Tray Cool.

BIN FAHKHAN
(to Tray)
Theodore Roosevelt Aloysius
Yarrow Cool, to be exact.
Welcome to my humble cave,
double-pew-seven.

TRAY
Cozy little shithole you've got
here, Bin Fahkhan.

BIN FAHKHAN
Your wisecracks will be the
death of you, Mr. Cool.

A Terrorist scans Tray with a wand labeled: "MINIATURE FLAME
THROWER DETECTOR".

TERRORIST
He's clean.

BIN FAHKHAN
Good.

Bin Fahkhan whirls and de-veils Iceyphobia.

BIN FAHKHAN
And this must be the up-and-
coming pain-in-the ass special
agent Iceyphobia.

EM ALLA
Damn! Just when I was going to
get some.

ICEYPHOBBIA

Get some? One more whiff of that camel breath of yours would make me barf. I wouldn't let you eat the peanuts out of my shit.

Em Alla SMACKS Iceyphobia across the face.

EM ALLA

Silence, woman!

BIN FAHKHAN

Before you die, Tray Cool, I want you to know just how badly you've been outsmarted.

TRAY

Do tell.

BIN FAHKHAN

I knew you would thwart the attack on the Chicken Ranch, and I knew your imperialistic government would incarcerate Killa Em Alla and Ba Rain Wash.

EM ALLA, RAIN WASH

You did?

BIN FAHKHAN

Of course I did. I also knew you were smart enough to come up with the plan to help my men break out of jail and follow them back here to my secret hideout.

ICEYPHOBBIA

Hey! That was my idea!

BIN FAHKHAN

Really? I didn't realize you were so dangerous. Fortunately for Al Killya, you are about to die also.

(to Tray)

You see, Mr. Cool, Operation Not Cool had only one goal ... to have you die before my eyes.

(motions to his men)

Take them to the dungeon!

BIN FAHKHAN(cont'd)

There's one more thing I want
Mr. Cool to witness before we
end his miserable life.

TRAY

I can hardly wait.

A bunch of Terrorists drag Tray and Iceyphobia out of the
room.

BIN FAHKHAN

Killa Em Alla, you stand guard
in the dungeon.

EM ALLA

(whining)

Me? Come on, Yomama Bin Fahkhan.
Dungeon guard duty is so boring.

(points to the TV)

I will miss the game.

BIN FAHKHAN

All right. Stop whining. You
stand guard, Ba Rain Wash.

RAIN WASH

Gee whiz, Yomama Bin Fahkhan, I
want to watch the game, too.
Send one of the new guys.

INT. DUNGEON

Dark and dank. Medieval torture apparatus. Tray and
Icelyphobia chained to the wall.

ICEYPHOBBIA

How did they know we'd figure
out that the attack was on
Frank's Chicken Ranch? And how
did they know Baldy would send
you?

TRAY

A high-level spy, obviously, in
the heart of our government.
Perhaps more than one.

ICEYPHOBBIA

If we get out of here, Tray,
will you marry me?

TRAY

That's my line, isn't it?

ICEYPHOBBIA

Well? Yes or no?

TRAY

Can we talk about this later?
Like after we get killed?

RAPPAPORT (O.S.)

Pssstt!

He runs up to Tray and Iceyphobia DANGLING keys.

TRAY

Rappaport!

ICEYPHOBBIA

Where did you come from?

Rappaport unlocks their chains.

RAPPAPORT

I'm the new guy so they gave me
guard duty.

EM ALLA (O.S.)

Guard! Bring the prisoners to
the TV room at once!

RAPPAPORT

Huh? Oh, sure, okay. Right away.

ICEYPHOBBIA

Shit! What now?

RAPPAPORT

When we get up there, I'll open
up on them and take out as many
as I can. You and Tray make a
run for it.

TRAY

Negative. There are too many of
them.

ICEYPHOBBIA

You have a plan, Tray?

TRAY

Just follow my lead.

TERRORISTS' CAVE

Bin Fahkhan and the Terrorists recline on the stone sofas in the flickering torchlight.

Rappaport leads Tray and Iceyphobia into the room in chains.

Bin Fahkhan grabs a handful of chips from the huge brass bowl.

BIN FAHKHAN
(motions to the TV)
Please, watch carefully, Mr.
Cool. It is the last thing you
will ever see.

ON THE TV

Flashing: "BIG-ASS REALLY FUCKING IMPORTANT BULLETIN"

REPORTER
Major General Baldeagle has been
found guilty of violating the
provisions of the "No More Cruel
And Unusual Dirty Rotten Spy
Stuff" Act, and has been
sentenced to life imprisonment
without the possibility of
parole. The evidence against the
General was uncovered during an
investigation by Congressman
Sneerwell and Congressman
Loop-hole from Mississippi ...

BIN FAHKHAN

Flips off the TV and smirks at Tray.

BIN FAHKHAN
Any last requests, Mr. Cool?

Tray points to the big brass bowl.

TRAY
Can I try some of those chips?

BIN FAHKHAN
I see defeat at my hands has
driven you insane. My greatest
satisfaction. Go ahead, Mr.
Cool, eat your chips. Then you
shall die.

TRAY

Hey, thanks. Is that bean dip?

BIN FAHKHAN

Only the best. Enjoy.

Bin Fahkhan and the Terrorists SNICKER as Tray walks to the bowl, chained to Iceyphobia. Rappaport follows, "guarding" them.

Tray grabs some Fritos Scoops and lathers on a mountainous load of WOW! bean dip. As he munches -

BIN FAHKHAN

I'd go easy on that stuff if I were you, Mr. Cool. It can kill you.

The Terrorists SNICKER again.

Tray bends over.

Iceyphobia and Rappaport turn away and hold their noses.

TRAY

Unnnhhh.

He lets go with THE BIG ONE.

CU: BIN FAHKHAN

His eyes roll up into his head and he keels over.

TERRORISTS

Drop like flies.

THE THREE WOMEN IN FULL BURKHAS

Squeeze their veils against their noses.

TORCHES

Ignite the spreading gas into a fireball.

TRAY

Hoists the unconscious BIN FAHKHAN into a fireman's carry.

TRAY

(to Iceyphobia and
Rappaport)
Get in the bowl!

Rappaport and Iceyphobia hustle the three Women over to the bowl and they all jump into the corn chips.

INT. CAVE FULL OF EXPLOSIVES

Beneath the "WORLD'S LARGEST SUPPLY OF AL KILLYA ORDINANCE" sign lies endless boxes piled high labeled: "NAPALM"; "DYNAMITE"; "GRENADES".

Flames burst through a hole in the cave wall. Tongues of gaseous fire lick the boxes.

TERRORISTS' CAVE

Terrorists passed out all over the cave floor.

IN THE BIG BRASS BOWL

Tray uses BIN FAHKHAN's unconscious body to shield the occupants from the inferno.

TRAY

Hang on!

EXT. AL KILLYA MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

Smoke pours from the mountaintop.
A series of small EXPLOSIONS, then

KA-BOOM!

The mountaintop blows sky-high.

The brass bowl hurtles toward the stars like a Saturn V.

EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER U.S.S. KITTY HAWK

The mammoth Navy warship cruises the moonlit waters.

INT. KITTY HAWK - RADAR ROOM

The RADAR OFFICER leans over the shoulder of the RADAR TECHNICIAN. They watch a fast moving BLIP on the screen.

RADAR OFFICER

Ours or theirs?

RADAR TECHNICIAN

Unknown, sir. Ops says we have
no planes in the area.

The Officer grabs the red phone on the wall.

RADAR OFFICER
Unidentified incoming. Moving
fast. Probably hostile.

EXT. KITTY HAWK

Anti-aircraft batteries FIRE everything they've got at the
little dot coming in over the horizon.

The shells EXPLODE harmlessly as they approach the aircraft.

INT. KITTY HAWK - BRIDGE

The CAPTAIN and the FIRST MATE watch the action with
binoculars.

CAPTAIN
Damn! Their in-flight anti-
missile defenses are light years
better than we thought.

EXT. BRASS BOWL

Hurtling toward the Kitty Hawk on the moonlit horizon.

TRAY

Crouches. He fires volleys of defensive WINDBURSTS, blowing
up incoming rockets.

ICEYPHOBBIA, RAPPAPORT, AND THE THREE WOMEN

Crouch in the bowl behind Tray.

ICEYPHOBBIA
Nine-o-clock high! Coming in
fast.

Tray breaks wind. The shell EXPLODES off the starboard bow.

RAPPAPORT
Stinger at three-o-clock, Tray!

TRAY
Unnhhh.

He FARTS.
The stinger EXPLODES harmlessly.

TRAY
Mix me a martini!

ICEYPHOBIA
Are you kidding?

Shells WHIZZ by.

TRAY
I'm running out of gas.

Iceyphobia opens the steel attache case and yanks out the bottle of Bombay Gin and jalapeno olives. Both empty.

ICEYPHOBIA
We're out of ammo, Tray!

Tray yanks out his tongue-shaped OINK badge and stands up.

ICEYPHOBIA
Tray! Watch out!

Tray ducks as a missile misses him by inches. He gets back up and holds the OINK badge over his head.

INT. KITTY HAWK - BRIDGE

The Captain adjusts the focus on his binoculars.

CAPTAIN
They're from OINK!

FIRST MATE
Sir?

CAPTAIN
Cease fire! That's an order.

The First Mate grabs a bullhorn.

FIRST MATE
Cease fire. Cease fire.

CAPTAIN
Prepare to land the, um, bowl.

EXT. KITTY HAWK - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

FLIGHT DECK SAILORS wave orange flashlights.

THE BRASS BOWL

Sails in. Tray, Iceyphobia, Rappaport and the three Women peer over the edge.

It HITS the deck, bounces, SKIDS across the runway.

THE BRASS BOWL'S SERPENT'S FEET

Grab the Kitty Hawk's aircraft restraining cables and the bowl SCREECHES to a stop.

Sailors swarm over the deck.

Tray climbs out of the bowl with the unconscious BIN FAHKHAN over his shoulder.

The Captain runs across the flight deck.

TRAY

Good evening, Captain. Do you happen to have any Bombay gin on board?

CAPTAIN

Who are you?

TRAY

Cool. Tray Cool.

They shake hands.

CAPTAIN

Your reputation precedes you, Mr. Cool. This is an honor.

The Captain motions to BIN FAHKHAN.

CAPTAIN

Who do we have here?

TRAY

Nobody. Just the bitch who would be king.

Tray flips BIN FAHKHAN's body off his shoulder. It lands with a THUD on the flight deck.

TRAY

Nimrod.

CAPTAIN

Hey, that's Yomama Bin Fahkhan himself. You did it, Mr. Cool!

The Captain wraps an arm around Tray's shoulders.

CAPTAIN

C'mon. I'll mix that martini myself.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The President sits on a couch across from Tray and Iceyphobia.

TRAY

He was set up, Mr. President.
Why can't you grant him a
pardon?

PRESIDENT

Under normal circumstances I
would, Tray. But after my
predecessor pardoned every
shithead who ever gave him a
dime, the rules are different
now. Bring me some proof and
I'll grant the pardon.

ICEYPHOBIA

Can you keep the Al Killya
collapse secret while we go
undercover?

PRESIDENT

I'll do the best I can.

INT. ICEYPHOBIA'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Tray and Iceyphobia sit in front of the fireplace, both
barechested, Iceyphobia's back to the camera.

An electronic GIZMO is taped to Tray's abdomen. Tray pulls
off a strip of scotch tape and applies it to Iceyphobia's
chest.

ICEYPHOBIA

Hey! That tape is cold.

TRAY

Don't wimp out on me, okay?

ICEYPHOBIA

If we live through this one, I
am going to make love to you
until you're black and blue.

TRAY

Promises, promises.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Tray, in his long beard and Muslim robe disguise, and Iceyphobia, in her fundamentalist Muslim burkha, march toward a desk in the center of the warehouse.

Tray carries a large duffel bag.

AT THE DESK

Congressmen Sneerwell and Loophole watch them approach.

CONGRESSMAN SNEERWELL
Where's Killa Em Alla? He
usually makes the drop.

TRAY
He's very busy. Just buried back
in Itzabitchinstan, I'm afraid.

CONGRESSMAN LOOPHOLE
Who are you?

TRAY
I am Uva Bin Hosed, and this is
Madda Gir El. Yomama Bin Fahkhan
sends his regards.

Tray PLOPS the duffel bag on the desk.

TRAY
Three million. Your fee for
outlawing miniature flame
throwers as part of the "No More
Cruel And Unusual Dirty Rotten
Spy Stuff" Act.

CONGRESSMAN SNEERWELL
(laughs)
Look, we're more than happy to
take your money, but you guys
still don't get it. The double-
pew agents don't use miniature
flame throwers. Have you ever
tried mixing Bombay gin and
jalapeno-laced olives?

TRAY
Just have the law changed. It is
what Yomama Bin Fahkhan wants.

Congressman Loophole pats the duffel bag.

CONGRESSMAN LOOPHOLE
Yomama's wish is our command.

Sneerwell unzips the duffel bag.

STUFFED WITH DIAPERS

CONGRESSMAN SNEERWELL
Is this some kind of bad joke?

Tray turns and bends over.

TRAY
Rotten, actually.

He LETS ONE GO.

Loophole and Sneerwell keel over.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Tray and Iceyphobia lead Baldeagle out the front gate.

BALDEAGLE
I don't know which one makes me
happier, putting Yomama Bin
Fahkhan out of business or
getting the goods on Sneerwell
and Loophole.

ICEYPHOBIA
What makes me happiest is
getting you out of the clink.

BALDEAGLE
What can I ever do to repay you
guys?

TRAY
You can be our best man, Baldy.

INT. HOTEL ROOM DOOR - NIGHT

"Honeymoon Suite" on the brass plate.

ICEYPHOBIA (V.O.)
"Mrs. Cool". I like that.

TRAY (V.O.)
Me, too.

ICEYPHOBIA (V.O.)
C'mere, Mr. Cool.

Sounds of kissing and pre-coital pleasure moans, then ju-
jitsu SHRIEKS, SHATTERED glass, and SMASHED furniture.

FADE OUT.