

JACK HAMMER: AN AMERICAN HERO

Written by

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The following is based on true events.

The United States Government denies their occurrence to this day.

FADE IN:

EXT. BEAUTIFUL BEACH - DAY

SUBTITLE: CUBA - 1961

CUBAN MILITIA and VILLAGE CHILDREN play a friendly game of fútbol. They frolic and laugh and drink Fanta.

A mustachioed CUBAN SOLDIER kicks the SOCCER BALL a little too far. He laughs and points for a kid to go get it.

The INNOCENT CUBAN CHILD runs down to the water's edge. He kneels down to pick up the soccer ball when his eye catches something...

The large black BOOT of an AMERICAN SOLDIER.

INNOCENT CUBAN CHILD
(in Cuban)
Gringos!

SUBTITLE: AMERICANS!

The soldier stares down at the kid and PUNTS him, sending the child rag-dolling ninety feet into the air.

AMERICAN SOLDIERS and their K9 TROOPS come rushing out of the blue deep of the ocean. The invasion has begun.

INT. CUBAN COMPOUND - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Cuban GENERAL GENERALISSIMO, tall with an eye patch over a gnarly scar and green general's beret over his totally convincing comb over, hurries to a MYSTERIOUS CUBAN MAN shrouded in shadow watching fútbol.

In the corner a scantily clad CUBANITA dances wicked hot. The Mysterious Cuban Man barely watches, more in to his fútbol.

GENERAL GENERALISSIMO
(in Cuban)
Sir! The Americans have begun their invasion. José Ramón Fernández leads the counterattack.

MYSTERIOUS CUBAN MAN
(laughing, in Cuban)
Huehue! José, that fool! I will lead the attack myself. Gas up my motorcycle.

EXT. BEAUTIFUL BEACH - CUBA - CONTINUOUS

The Americans massacre the militia when SUDDENLY...

The faint whine of a 150CC engine is heard over the chaos.
The Cuban Militia suddenly stop fighting, and turn to run.

AMERICAN SOLDIER

Ha! We've won! You spineless Commie
bastards!

CUBAN SOLDIER

We are not running. We are getting
out of the way.

The Americans are dumbfounded when BLAM BLAM BLAM three
Americans are MOWED DOWN, the STREAM OF BULLETS cutting them
right in half.

AMERICAN SOLDIER #6

Oh my god! Are you guys okay!?

EXT. JUNGLE ROAD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The Mysterious Cuban Man rides his motorcycle into battle.
Mounted between the handle bars? AN M60.

He pulls a grenade from his belt, pulls the pin, and throws
it in his riding path.

The grenade EXPLODES just after he rides over it, the HUGE
EXPLOSION rocketing him and his bike straight into...

EXT. BEAUTIFUL BEACH - CUBA - CONTINUOUS

...The beach battle.

In midair, he KICKS his bike out from under his feet, sending
it TEARING over Americans, the tires RIPPING SIX FACES right
off. The bike continues, skidding over troops, flying into an
American tank and BLOWING IT TO PIECES.

The Mysterious Man lands in a glorious power stance, head
down. He looks up. It's...

AMERICAN SOLDIER

Castro!

FIDEL CASTRO slowly stands, drawing a razor-sharp machete.
The tank explosion ROCKETS his bike's M60 straight into his
outstretched right hand.

Armed with machete and M60, the true battle begins.

Castro cuts with his blade. He cuts with his M60.

A SNEAKY AMERICAN tries to get the jump on Castro, but a SHELL EJECTION hits him in the eye.

AMERICAN SOLDIER (CONT'D)

Argh!

Castro WHIPS AROUND and chops his head off with a STREAM OF BULLETS from his M60. Then...

CLICK CLICK CLICK. The M60 is spent. Castro stabs THREE AMERICANS through the chest with the empty gun, discarding it. Now, it's machete time.

SLASH. SWING. SLICE! Limbs fall like leaves in fall. Castro is coated in a layer of American blood.

CHINK! His machete snaps! He throws the broken handle at an enemy soldier, it lodges itself in his eye socket. Now he has but his fists.

With a FEROCIOS PUNCH, Castro separates the arm from the body of an attacker.

He easily defeats the remaining Americans, their limbs punched off and flying in every direction, severing EVEN MORE AMERICAN LIMBS.

From the edge of the beach, his men cry out in victory.

MILITIA
Feliz victoridad!

SUBTITLE: WE'VE WON!

A K9 dog whimpers, clearly begging for its life. Castro walks to the dog and scratches it's nose. With a soft CRACK Castro severs its head. He holds it up to the troops. They cheer like madmen.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A man in a crisp blue suit watches the failing invasion on a CLOSED-CIRCUIT TELEVISION. He SLAMS his fist.

FIST SLAMMER
Dammit! Go to plan B.

EXT. BUMPIN' CUBAN CLUB - NIGHT

Castro, flanked by generals, approaches one of his favorite night spots. He strides right by the señor and señorita filled LINE.

CASTRO'S BODYGUARD #1

Sir! It's not advisable to be out in the open like this, especially with the American threat.

CASTRO

Threat? Hue! Nothing will ever keep me from partying.

INT. BUMPIN' CUBAN CLUB - NIGHT

SEXY GIRLS grind on HALF-ERECT PENISES on a CROWDED DANCE FLOOR.

Castro moves across the floor with an air of mystery, sipping a COLORFUL COCKTAIL. One of his BODYGUARDS hands him a TEQUILA SHOT. He takes it straight, barely flinching. His entourage settles into a corner booth.

A SUPER HOT SEÑORITA in spicy tight leather pants, her boobs spilling out of her top like two melting scoops of Ben & Jerry's, makes her way across the dance floor holding a TRAY OF DRINKS.

She approaches Castro's contingent, smiles a wry smile and offers the tray to Castro.

SEÑORITA

(in Cuban)
Mi casa es su casa.

SUBTITLE: IT'S ON THE HOUSE.

Castro grabs her by the bum and pulls her close, taking the drink with his free hand.

CASTRO

(in Cuban)
How did you know my drink?

SUBTITLE: HOW DID YOU KNOW MY DRINK?

She winks. He takes the drink full into his mouth. Her smile fades as she stands. Castro stands with her when SUDDENLY...

He TIGER CLAWS her left breast, and RIPS IT clean off. She falls to the ground, screaming.

Castro CRUSHES the severed breast in his hand. Milk shoots everywhere.

He crouches down next to her, forces her mouth open, and SPITS the drink back into her mouth. He forces her to swallow it.

The Señorita CONVULSES, foaming at the mouth. Poison!

CASTRO (CONT'D)
Assassanitā.

INT. CASTRO'S COMPOUND - THE NEXT DAY

Castro glad hands POLITICIANS. A POLITICAL ADVISOR approaches Castro with a box, opening it to reveal the FINEST CIGARS IN CUBA.

The Politicians take the three cigars on the right, leaving one for Castro.

He takes it, biting the end with his teeth and lighting it when SUDDENLY...

Castro shurikens the cigar into the Politician's mouth. BLAM! It EXPLODES, blowing the head off the Politician, leaving his decapitated neck spurting blood like a garden hose.

CASTRO
Assassanito.

INT. CASTRO'S COMPOUND - TOILET THRONE ROOM - LATER

Castro POOPS on his GOLDEN TOILET, while holding council with his ADVISORS. One holds out a paper for Castro.

ADVISOR
This document will move forward our plans to exterminate the American children and their schools.

He signs it without hesitation. At Castro's beckon, his TOILET ATTENDANT steps forward, offering TOILET TISSUE.

Castro folds four sheets and goes for his butt. But then...

He hesitates. He eyes the Toilet Attendant.

CASTRO
(in Cuban)
You first.

The Toilet Attendant shifts nervously. Castro grabs him, bends him over his knee, and pulls his pants down. Castro WIPES the attendant's ass with the tissue. It IGNITES into GREEN FLAME. The attendant SCREAMS, falling off Castro's knees, dead.

Castro leans over and wipes paint from the assailant's face. It was an American in brown-face! You can tell by the American flag BANDANA he has on under his attendant's uniform.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE

The Fist Slammer continues to watch his plans fail on his CCTV. His CHIEF OF STAFF steps up to the PRESIDENTIAL DESK.

CHIEF OF STAFF
All of our assassins are dead.

The chair behind the desk WHIPS around, revealing the Fist-Slammer to be PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY. He speaks with a slight lisp.

JFK
Get me Jack Hammer.

EXT. REMOTE TIBETAN VILLAGE - DAY

A crowd of eager TIBETANS eagerly listen to a hero, a champion of men, a generic Caucasian male, a DO-GOODER (20's).

DO-GOODER
Here we have dirty water. Doesn't look so good, does it?

The group laughs and shakes their heads.

DO-GOODER (CONT'D)
Now, if we boil the water for half an hour, we'll kill all the germs and our water will look like this!

He holds up a clean bottle. The crowds claps. The Do-gooder shakes a few hands and heads on his way.

FEEL GOOD HELPFUL MONTAGE

The Do-gooder plays soccer with TIBETAN CHILDREN.

DO-GOODER
Good shot, Chodak!

Do-gooder hangs laundry with TIBETAN WOMEN.

DO-GOODER (CONT'D)
I don't know how you get these so
white, Pema!

Do-gooder repairs a roof with a group of men, smiles on all
their faces.

DO-GOODER (CONT'D)
You're a natural tiler, Lobsang!

EXT. TIBETAN VILLAGE - ELSEWHERE

SUDDENLY a 1994 candy-apple red HUMMER H1 with an AMERICAN FLAG screen printed on the back window tears down the street. It runs over the fire boiling the potential drinking water. It stops, and the person inside drops out a case of COCA-COLA.

The Hummer takes a turn and breaks up the kid's soccer game, CRUSHING the soccer ball under the massive tires. As it passes the kids, the driver tosses out a good ole' PIGSKIN. A kid catches it.

He throws out a BASEBALL. Another kid catches.

He throws out a BASEBALL BAT. It SLAMS a kid in the face.

The Hummer takes another turn, CRASHING into the support beam under the roof of the Do-gooder.

The roof collapses, all falling to the ground, the surprise-totally-not-Jack-Hammer Do-gooder knocked unconscious. A slow trickle of blood comes from a hole in his head.

EXT. TIBETAN VILLAGE - SACRED TEMPLE

Two KUNG FU GUARDS flank an ancient door. The red Hummer screeches to a halt in front of the temple, obscuring the entrance.

Someone gets out of the hummer. POW! BLAM! The Kung Fu guards scream in agony.

INT. TIBETAN TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS

The two Kung Fu Guards CRASH through the door of the temple, their bodies limp. Behind them, not a bead of sweat on his brow, walks in...

WOMAN'S VOICE
Jack Hammer.

Muscles threatening to burst from his white tank top, JACK HAMMER (29) whips off his aviator sunglasses and undresses the woman in front of him with his perfectly chiseled baby blue eyes. SENSEI TAMMY (40's), an eighties beauty in a red leather jumpsuit, doesn't flinch.

JACK
I hope you have more than two guards.

SENSEI TAMMY
Oh, don't you worry about me.

Six more KUNG FU GUARDS emerge from the shadows.

SENSEI TAMMY (CONT'D)
Let's see what you can do. Finish him.

The six guards form an orderly line, waiting their turn to fight Jack.

PUNCH! One down.

KICK! Two down.

BAM! CLAP! POW! SPLADOW!

The six guards rethink their line strategy. They surround Jack.

Jack leaps into the air, turning like a pinwheel, kicking and punching all six men in one rotation before landing neatly on his feet.

SENSEI TAMMY (CONT'D)
Impressive! But can you handle me?

She stretches in a ferociously sexual manner. With lightning speed she demonstrates her kicks and punches, then eyes Jack.

She lunges at him. With a swift backhand, Jack knocks her backwards, which transitions mid-fall to...

INT. TIBETAN TEMPLE - LAVISH BEDROOM

Tammy falling backwards, naked save for a black bikini and one of those eighties bathing suits that goes up too far on the sides.

SENSEI TAMMY

Oh Jack, I knew you would pass today's training. The student has become the master.

JACK

Thank you Sensei Tammy. Now that I've kicked some ass, I'm ready to get some ass. Are you ready for the Jack Hammer?

SUPER SEXY EIGHTIES SEX SCENE MONTAGE

Jack takes Tammy from behind, gyrating in short uncomfortable bursts, like a jackhammer. Tammy takes the shock, neither look like they're enjoying it, they simply endure it.

Jack stands above her, hammering down.

Tammy, still in bikini, moans with pleasure staccatoed by Jack's hammering.

INT. TIBETAN TEMPLE - LAVISH BEDROOM - SIX HOURS LATER

The sex continues, Jack doing Tammy from behind, but...

Three AGENTS in plain black suits, KICK down the door and enter the bedroom.

Tammy and Jack pause, their bodies still locked, and stare at the men.

JACK

Can I at least finish before you kill me?

One of the agents looks down into his own pants, then to Jack's hammer. He shakes his head, angry and emasculated.

SENSEI TAMMY

Careful Jack. You can't punch your way out of all of your problems alone fighting with too much emotion.

JACK

There's no time for thematic
messages now, Sensei Tammy.

The Agents LUNGE at coitus-ed Jack and Tammy. The Kung-Fu-Sutra sex-fight is on!

Jack and Tammy, locked in DOGGY STYLE, roll, as one, forward, landing in REVERSE COWGIRL.

Jack, on his back, PUNCHES two attacking agents, while Tammy, on top, PUNCHES the third coming from the other side.

Jack pushes Tammy up, putting himself in a crab-walk position, forming THE BRIDGE. Tammy FLEXES her VAGINA.

SENSEI TAMMY

Kung-fu grip!

Kegal-ing Jack to her, she grabs the CEILING FAN. She extends her legs out, Jack extends his fists and legs. They form a weird sexy helicopter, spinning on the fan, KICKING and or PUNCHING all three agents as they attack again.

Jack and Tammy, still connected, land into THE WHEELBARROW. Jack, holding Tammy's legs, charges her at two of the Agents.

ATTACKING AGENT

No!

When they reach the Agents, Tammy grabs their legs. Jack FLICKS Tammy upwards, launching the Agents into the air, and crumpling back down in a knocked-out heap.

Jack spins Tammy around into THE STANDING CLASP. TammyJack LEAPS at the final Agent, pinning him to the ground, making a Tammy Sandwich. Jack unleashes a FURY OF PUNCHES into the agent's dome as Tammy and Jack climax simultaneously.

TAMMY & JACK

Ughghgoooooghgh!Ahhhhhhhhh!

The Agent is knocked out cold.

INT. DIFFERENT TIBETAN BUDDHIST TEMPLE - DAY

Tammy paints the wall of the temple along with a group of TIBETAN CHILDREN. All laughing and have a great time. Jack enters.

SENSEI TAMMY

So I thought you don't kill people
anymore, Jack.

JACK

I know... I came here to tell you
that I'm done with this life.

SENSEI TAMMY

But you were the best, Jack.

JACK

Only because of your training.

SENSEI TAMMY

I must say I'm surprised you let me
fight with you, you are always such
a lone wolf. But you can't punch
through life alone, Jack.

JACK

I don't have to. I'm leaving this
life to start over as an American
citizen. To find peace. And Love.

SENSEI TAMMY

Where does that leave me? What
about our love?

JACK

You're nice and all but love is
kind of a strong word. It's over,
Sensei Tammy.

SENSEI TAMMY

I knew this couldn't be forever.
I'll always love you.

JACK

Okay.

We REVEAL they've been painting a GIANT AMERICAN FLAG over
the ancient temple walls. Many thousand-year-old Buddhas have
been painted over as well. Jack salutes the flag and turns to
leave.

CRASH. Four new SUITED AGENTS storm into the Sacred Building.

Jack has no time to react. An Agent pulls a DART GUN from his
jacket and SHOOTS.

A SIX INCH DART lodges itself in Jack's forehead. He blacks
out.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE

Someone pulls the black bag off Jack's head. Suddenly he's in The White House, staring John F.K. in the face.

JFK

Jack Hammer. Just the man I wanted to see.

JACK

Mr. President. It's been a while.

JFK

I was sorry to hear about your partner, Jack. Chuck was a good man.

JACK

Don't talk to me about Chuck. You didn't know him.

JFK

Jack lets get straight to business. I have a mission for you.

JACK

You know I don't work for the government anymore.

JFK

Not even if it's to kill your old sparring buddy? That's right, Jack. It's Fidel Castro.

JACK

Fidel... What makes you think I can kill him after all of your failed assassination attempts?

JFK

Because with you it will be an Assassensation!

JFK gets to his feet, standing inches from Jack.

JFK (CONT'D)

You're the only man for the job...

JFK reaches out to stroke Jack's biceps, but Jack takes a step back.

JACK

Mr. President, No. I don't work for you anymore.

JFK

Jack, there's a lot at stake.
Russians and god knows who else are
moving into Cuba and trying to
bring their nuclear missiles with
them. They want to aim them
straight at us. Castro aims to
destroy everything you hold dear.

JACK

I don't work for you anymore. What
I hold dear is my girlfriend
Judith, The Dallas Cowboys, and a
cold American beer.

JFK

I'll give you twenty-four hours to
make up your mind.

JACK

Fine. But the answer will still be
no. I'm out of the game.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

Jack shuts the door of his serviceable two-bedroom apartment. As he walks in, he passes a FRAMED PICTURE of his long-lost partner, CHUCK, who looks at least eighty. He lights a candle next to the picture.

JACK

You were too young, Chuck.

Jack throws his jacket onto his couch. He hits the fridge, grabbing and CRACKING open a can of BUDWEISER, king of beers.

He walks, stopping at an OPEN CLOSET. It is overflowing with guns, ammo, and munitions. Jack stares into it. He SLAMS the door shut, locks it, takes the key, and tosses it nonchalantly over his shoulder, symbolically locking away his old life.

Now something for his new life. Jack picks up a nearby PHOTO of his new girlfriend, beautiful curly blonde haired JUDITH (23). He smiles a smile of love.

EXT. ETHNIC FOOD FAIR - THE NEXT DAY

Jack waits at the entrance. Judith skips up to him.

JUDITH

Jacky-Baby! There you are!

JACK

Judith, you're my girlfriend and I
love you, but please call me Jack.

JUDITH

You're so cute! Come on, let's go
in and get some ethnic food!

JACK

I hope there's a cheeseburger in
there somewhere.

JUDITH

Oh Jack, you should try something
else.

JACK

Maybe, but I'm planning the next
date.

They laugh.

EXT. ETHNIC FOOD FAIR - FOOD STAND

A large sign reads CUBAN DELIGHTS. Judith pulls Jack to a
stop.

JUDITH

Oh, my favorite! It's been so hard
to get since the embargo!

JACK

I'll pass.

JUDITH

Okay well then you get to watch me
eat!

She smiles wicked cute at him and gets a Cuban sandwich from
the SERVER.

Jack laughs at her as she takes a massive bite. He smiles a
smile of complete happiness when suddenly...

"Tonight" by Def Leppard starts to play.

She freezes. Terror in her eyes. She tries to choke, but
can't get enough air. She falls to the ground. Onlookers
scream.

ONLOOKER

Someone do the Heimlich!

Jack pounces, straddling her, and tries to help her the only way he knows how. He punches her in the stomach once.

Twice.

Three times.

JACK
Baby! Don't leave me!

EXT. ETHNIC FOOD FAIR - LATER

The lights of an ambulance blare. An EMT zips the bag up over Judith's dead-as-hell face.

JACK
What happened doctor?

DOCTOR
She choked on her Cuban sandwich. A chunk of chorizo lodged itself in her esophagus and cut off air flow to her brain. She died slowly, wanting for nothing more than a single breath, one moment of relief and air. But at least she was with you.

(then)
Also she had three broken ribs.

Jack is heartbroken. He stands tall, unable to cry. Slowly he walks to the nearby pay phone, lifts the receiver, and dials three numbers.

JACK
I'm in.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE

JFK
What changed your mind, Jack.

JACK
The Cubans killed my girlfriend.
She choked on a massive sausage.

JFK
That doesn't sound so bad.

JACK
So what's the plan?

JFK pushes a button on his desk and the lights dim as a projector lowers from the ceiling.

JFK
We've got a very special plan for
you, Jack.

Images of CUBA and MILITIA show on the projector as JFK talks.

JFK (CONT'D)
Right now a renegade army called
the Jeusharmi are tracking Castro's
movements. They have no allegiance
to us, but we think you can get
them to help you. You will
rendezvous with them--

JACK
--Rendezvous? Mr. President, I
don't speak foreign, I speak
American.

JFK
Oh you don't speak French? Okay,
then meet with them, whatever.
Nguyen!

A young Vietnamese manboy emerges from behind JFK holding a folder, he hands it to Jack, then returns to JFK and sits on his lap.

JFK (CONT'D)
That's all the intel you'll need,
including info on an informant you
can meet that will lead you to the
Jeusharmi.

Jack glares at the lap-sitting Nguyen, raising his eyes at the POTUS.

JFK (CONT'D)
Don't ask don't tell.

In the corner, Jackie Kennedy weeps into her handkerchief.

JACK
How do you plan to get me into the
country?

EXT. CUBAN BEACH - DAY

A CRATE washes ashore a lush Cuban beach. Four MILITIA MEN spot the crate, and lift it between them, dropping it at their squad's nearby Cabana.

CABANA MILITIA #1
We should open it, it might be
cigars!

CABANA MILITIA #2
Or money!

CABANA MILITIA #3
Or large breasted women!

CABANA MILITIA LEADER
No! Shut up you idiots. This came
from America. It's obviously a
trap! Also, we're clearly all ass
men.

They nod in agreement, then step back, scared. They Decide. All cock their guns and fill the crate with lead. The crate topples to its side and a small boy falls out, dead. He's clutching a motionless tiny, adorable puppy.

CABANA MILITIA #1
Oh my god! What have we done!?

YELP. The puppy fidgets, shakes itself free from the dead boy and runs off.

CABANA MILITIA LEADER
Oh thank goodness it's okay.

CABANA MILITIA #2
I don't know why crates of dead
kids keep washing up here.

CABANA MILITIA #1
Wait, isn't this how Americans
usually try to break in to our
country?

CABANA MILITIA LEADER
No you idiot, it's how Cubans try
to break out! You would have to be
pretty stupid to try to break in to
Cuba.

EXT. CUBAN AIRPORT - DAY

Disguised as a tourist, Jack Hammer steps out of his plane and onto the dirty Cuban runway.

CUBAN AIRPORT GUY
Lavate las manos?

SUBTITLE: "DID YOU ENJOY YOUR FLIGHT, SIR?"

JACK
No thank you. I'm just a tourist from... Ugh. Canada.

Jack is busting out of his totally convincing tourist Hawaiian T-shirt. He lifts up a huge camera and pretends to snap a picture. The Cuban Airport Guy shrugs and heads off.

When he's gone, Jack strips off his tourist disguise, revealing his black fatigues underneath. He clicks on his sick black leather fanny pack. The other passengers eye him warily.

With no warning, he sprints into the jungle.

INT. CASTRO'S COMPOUND - DAY

Castro sits behind his white marble desk. Across from him sit two generals, SPIRIDONOVICH PUTIN, an intensely intense Russian, and a MYSTERIOUS GENERAL, shrouded in shadows.

Castro grooms his beard with a nineteen inch bowie knife.

CASTRO
Gentlemen, please. Let us remain civil.

SPIRIDONOVICH
Fidel, the Russians have the superior arms in this race. You must ally with us if you hope to defeat the Americans.

The mysterious general retaliates in a thick German accent.

MYSTERIOUS GENERAL
Nein! The Russians have nothing to offer you. You must side with us if you hope to instill any fear at all.

SPIRIDONOVICH

Har! You barely have an army as it
is. What can you possibly offer
Fidel?

CASTRO

Generals, you both have intriguing
offers. But not intriguing enough.

MYSTERIOUS GENERAL

My plan will guarantee a burning
America within the next ten years!

SPIRIDONOVICH

Oh yeah? Well mine will guarantee a
burning America in less than
whatever he says!

CASTRO

That does sound much better.

MYSTERIOUS GENERAL

Nein!

SPIRIDONOVICH

Eight!

MYSTERIOUS GENERAL

Nein! I mean, no!

CASTRO

You offers are good. But not good
enough. Return to your fortresses.
Do not return until you have a real
offer. Death to America.

MYSTERIOUS GENERAL

Death to America.

SPIRIDONOVICH

Death to America.

EXT. DEEP JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

Jack emerges from the trees to find a secluded JUNGLE BAR.
Motorcycles are lined up outside. Drunkards stumble out in
the middle of the day to feed their donkeys and piñatas.

INT. JUNGLE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack Hammer strides through the turnstile and walks to the
bar.

JACK

Budweiser, in a clean glass.

The bartender stares at him, confused.

Jack straddles the bar stool next to the only other WHITE GUY in this Hispanic-filled bar.

JACK (CONT'D)
So you're the one who can help me
find the Jeusharmi.

WHITE GUY
I knew you were good Jack, but I
didn't know you were this good.

JACK
It's been a while, Richards.

RICHARDS
Seems like it's been ten years
since we went on all of our crazy
adventures.

JACK
Has it really been that long since
we tore up the Cambodian
Countryside?

RICHARDS
You've always had my back. But
enough reminiscing. With you here,
Castro doesn't stand a chance. The
Jeusharmi have been elusive, but I
managed to track one of their
agents. Unfortunately she's been
captured by the Russians.

JACK
Commies? Here?

RICHARDS
Yeah, they're trying to work
something out with Castro. We're
not sure what. But more
importantly, you're going to have
to bust her out of their camp.

JACK
Her?

RICHARDS
Yes. A woman. You'll like her.
She's your type.

JACK
How do you figure?

RICHARDS
She's got breasts.

Jack considers this, then nods, agreeing.

RICHARDS (CONT'D)
The Russian base is thirty miles
north of here, deep jungle. Find
her and you find the Jeusharmi.

SUDDENLY a CUBAN BAR PATRON slaps his hand onto Jack's shoulder, spinning him around.

CUBAN BAR PATRON
(in Cuban)
Hey Whitey, I think you're in the
wrong place.

JACK
Looks like we've got one last bar
to fight our way out of, Richards.

RICHARDS
No. Not this time, Jack.

Richards stands, he takes a step back. The CUBAN BAR PATRONS gather around him. One passes him a CHAIR LEG.

JACK
Traitor.

RICHARDS
That info was my last favor, we're
square. I've gone native, Jack. My
time among the people has taught me
much, like the excitement of a
sporting event ending in a tie.

JACK
How could you?

RICHARDS
It all started when--

POW. Jack CLOCKS Richards in the DOME.

Another bar patron BREAKS his beer bottle over the bar,
brandishing the shiv at Jack.

Quicker than lightning, Jack roundhouse kicks the bottle from
his hand. A massive bar brawl commences.

EXT. JUNGLE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

A Cuban CRASHES through the bar's window. Jack walks out of the bar, unfazed. Richards, bloodied, stumbles after him.

RICHARDS

You really think you can do this,
Jack? You don't even have any
weapons!

JACK

Not yet.

EXT. CUBAN ROAD - DAY

CUBAN CHILDREN kick a soccer ball as a STREET MERCHANT offers his wares. Jack sits on the curb beside the road.

The soccer ball rolls to Jack. A CHILD runs up. Jack smiles, grabbing the kid's nose.

JACK

Got your nose!

Just then a CUBAN CONVOY makes its way down the road. Six men flank a humvee. The men are heavily armed.

The merchants and children see the convoy and bolt. Not Jack. He stands, taking a position in the center of the road, braver than that Asian guy at Tiananmen square.

The convoy comes to a halt.

CONVOY LEADER

(in Cuban)

Hey whitey! Get out of the way.

JACK

I don't speak Cuban.

The leader hops down from the humvee, getting in Jack's face.

CONVOY LEADER

(in American)

I said, hey whitey. Get the fuck
out of my way.

JACK

I'm so sorry, I was just hoping to
ask you where I might purchase some
of your famous Cuban coffee.

The entire convoy laughs.

CONVOY LEADER

(laughing)

Huehuehue! You Americans do not deserve even the smell of our glorious Cuban roast.

Without speaking, Jack removes a SWEET BUTANE LIGHTER from his black leather fanny pack. He ignites the 6 inch flame and begins heating up his fist.

CONVOY LEADER (CONT'D)

What? Is that supposed to scare me?

JACK

No. It's supposed to keep you alive.

Jack charges up and PUNCHES the convoy leader's nose clean off his face. The heat from Jack's fist instantly cauterizes his face hole. The convoy leader lets out a NASALLY SCREAM.

JACK (CONT'D)

Got your nose... Guess you won't be smelling any Columbian coffee... Looks like I cut off your nose to spite your face.

The Convoy Leader runs off screaming and crying. Jack puts the nose in his pocket.

Angry at their leaders embarrassment, the CONVOY SOLDIERS charge Jack. With lightning speed, Jack punches an arm off of each of the attackers. They fall to the ground, blood spurting everywhere.

Jack finishes the attackers with one continuous RUNNING PUNCH to their domes, knocking all their heads 180 degrees around. OWL FACE.

Victorious, Jack collects their guns, strapping so heavy he makes Rambo look like Ghandi. He loads his SWEET FANNY PACK with two grenades 'neath a pistol, looking like a second, albeit less dangerous, penis for Jack.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - RESIDENCE - NIGHT

JFK spoons his Vietnamese assistant, Nguyen, while they watch the news.

WALTER CRONKITE (ON THE TV)

A Cuban convoy was brutally attacked in a small market today. A nose was severed from a man's face.

(MORE)

WALTER CRONKITE (ON THE TV) (CONT'D)
Not the first time we've seen these
tactics...

JFK
Looks like Jack is right on track.

Jackie K. storms into the room.

JACKIE KENNEDY
You promised me you wouldn't do
this in our bed!

JFK
I'm just knockin' on the back door.

NGUYEN
Heeheeheehee!

JFK
Isn't he adorable?

JACKIE KENNEDY
The White House isn't ready for
this much dick for at least another
8 years.

JFK
Don't be such a betch.

JACKIE KENNEDY
We need to lead the public away
from this. I'm calling Marilyn.

EXT. DEEP JUNGLE - DAY - MONTAGE!

Jack treks through the Deep Jungle.

Instead of a Machete, Jack PUNCHES through the thick vines.

Jack, hungry, hunts for food. He sees a RABBIT. He unloads a FULL CLIP from his M16 into the furry rodent.

Jack uses his KNIFE to harvest WHEAT from a field.

Passing a farm, Jack MILKS a cow.

That night, Jack takes the BREAD he made from his harvest wheat, slaps on a piece of CHEESE he made from his cow milk, and tops it with his perfectly grilled RABBIT BURGER. He takes a big bite of his Jungle Cheeseburger.

EXT. JUNGLE - RUSSIAN BASE - DAY

Having finally arrived, Jack watches the Russian base from the safety of the Cuban jungle.

He sees the Jeusharmi prisoner being forcefully dragged through the camp.

FEMALE PRISONER

I'm not the enemy! We're fighting the same people!

JACK

Damn Russians.

A Russian soldier appears behind him, his gun trained on Jack's face.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER #1

What are you doing here?

JACK

You don't wanna do that.

Another Russian soldier appears behind him and knocks him out with the butt of his Kalashnikov.

BLACK OUT.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER

Haf a nice day.

INT. RUSSIAN BASE - JAIL CELL - DAY

Jack wakes to the sound a woman's voice.

FEMALE PRISONER

Hey! Are you alright? They weren't gentle when they threw you in here.

JACK

Feels like I got kicked by a horse.

FEMALE PRISONER

Good. How could you get yourself caught, are you an idiot?!

JACK

No, I'm--

FEMALE PRISONER

Jack Hammer, I know. I expected more.

JACK

Then you know I never get caught
unless I want to be.

Jack moves in to KISS the Female Prisoner. She closes her eyes and loses herself, but only for a moment. She snaps back to her senses and pushes him away before his lips can connect.

FEMALE PRISONER

STAHHP!

JACK

What's wrong?

FEMALE PRISONER

I'm not that kind of girl. Also my name is Jessica.

JACK

Yeah. Let's get out of here.

Jack moves to the cell door.

JESSICA

It's no use, I've tried everything.

JACK

I've got something you don't. A tool that can open anything.

Jack unzips his pants and locks eyes with Jessica. He shoves his "tool" into the lock, gyrates his hips, and with a CLICK it opens. Jessica is half mast. Jack is already halfway down the hallway.

JACK (CONT'D)

You coming?

Jessica is fanning her flushed face.

JESSICA

(Defensively)

No!

EXT. RUSSIAN BASE - CONTINUOUS

Jessica and Jack hide behind a generic crate labeled "WODKA" 'neath a sack of potatoes.

JESSICA

What are we going to do, Jack?

JACK
I need my weapons back.

JESSICA
How are you going to do that?
There's Russians everywhere!

JACK
I've got a plan.

Jack writes his plan with a Sharpie on the back of a crate lid.

JACK (CONT'D)
There are six guards here, another
five here, and four guarding the
weapons hut.

(indicating)
First, I'll sneak over here and
make the mating call of an American
bald eagle.

JESSICA
But we're in Cuba.

JACK
I'm here. America's here. The call
will signal that you have an
opening. Run into the jungle and
find the trees with the green
leaves, those make the most smoke.
Use the leaves to make a fire, find
a clearing so the smoke can reach
the sky. While you're gathering the
leaves, I'll sneak into a position
to rush into the weapons hut. Your
fire should create enough of a
distraction to--

RUSSIAN PATROLMAN
HEY!

JESSICA
Well, so much for that plan.

JACK
It'll still help.

Jack hurls the crate lid into the Patrolman's skull. Blood
shoots out of his ears, knocking over the two Russians on
either side of him.

A SIREN cuts through the air like a fart in an elevator.

Russians cock their guns.

Jack throws Jessica back into the jail building.

JESSICA

Ahhh!

She's out of the fight.

Jack runs straight towards the MUNITIONS HUT.

His path is blocked by guards on foot, in humvees, and in guard towers.

Jack hears the FWOP FWOP FWOP of a helicopter as it comes into view and starts firing on his position.

JACK

Alright.

Jack launches a kick at a foot soldier. He uses his momentum to kick-jump himself into the air and onto a gunman in an attacking humvee. He kick-jumps off the gunman to a rocket trooper in a guard tower. He kick-jumps off the rocket trooper to...

The helicopter. He latches onto the front of the helicopter like a spider monkey. He punches through glass and rips the pilot out like he's unwrapping a Hanukkah present.

He lifts the pilot into the rotor, and with one single FWOP his head is severed sending, the helicopter on a path to destruction.

Jack leaps into the air, hurtling down into...

INT. MUNITIONS HUT - CONTINUOUS

Jack breaks through the roof and lands flat footed.

He straps on rifles.

Holsters pistols.

Attaches grenades.

Clicks on fanny pack. Ziiiip.

EXT. WEAPONS HUT - CONTINUOUS

The entire base is waiting with their guns, tanks, and rockets trained on the weapon hut door.

Jack calmly exits. Jack and the base stare each other down, both refusing to make the first move.

A nervous guard, his hands rattling in fear, sweats profusely. Suddenly his hand slips BANG BANG! He fires off two nervous shots. They ZIP past Jack's mullet.

JACK
Don't mess with the hair.

Tensions and bullets are released instantly. Jack one hands two M16s, he unloads all 60 of their bullets. All 60 connect with human flesh.

The Russians fire wildly, their bullets dance around Jack. Heads explode. Blood splatters. Huts erupt into flame.

Suddenly around the bend of the road, a TRUCK with MOUNTED M60s tears around the corner and skids to a halt.

Jack and the truck stare each other down, like two Samurai preparing to meet their fate. The truck revs its engines. Jack tosses down his rifles, and UNZIPS his fanny pack.

The truck LURCHES off the line, Jack sprints forward. The MOUNTED GUNNER FIRES as Jack and the truck sprint towards each other. The foes cross, the truck power slides to a stop, the DRIVER looking victorious.

Jack falls to one knee. Defeated? No. Jack stands.

JACK (CONT'D)
Buckle up.

The truck driver looks to his passenger seat. A grenade! The buckled-in grenade EXPLODES, the truck is engulfed in flames. Jack ZIPS his fanny pack back up.

SUDDENLY three FIGHTER JETS tear overhead. But that's not all.

BOOM. The hut next to Jack EXPLODES. He looks forward, a TANK has entered the battle.

JACK (CONT'D)
Okay.

EXT. RUSSIAN BASE - AIRSPACE - CONTINUOUS

The three jets loop around for another attack. They unleash a hellstorm of bullets before a ROCKET.

FIGHTER PILOT
(in Russian)
Target is down, repeat, target is
down. Wait...

SUDDENLY the pilot notices something in his rearview mirror.
It's Jack!

Jack runs up the back of the jet towards the cockpit. The pilot panics, and pulls his ejector switch.

Jack grabs the ejecting pilot's seat as it attempts to rocket into the air.

JACK
Please keep your hands and feet
inside the vehicle at all times.

The jets on the bottom of the seat die out, Jack throws the pilot back into the cockpit. With a quick maneuver, Jack cuts the pilot's seat belt, wraps it around the pilot's neck, and stands tall on the back of the jet, riding the jet and the pilot like a bad ass Santa steering in his reindeer.

Jack pulls left on the seat belt, the jet veers left. He pulls right, it turns right. Jack steers the jet towards one of the other fighters. Set on a collision course, Jack leaps from the back of the jet.

The two planes COLLIDE in a VICIOUS EXPLOSION.

Jack lands flat-footed again. Two jets down. One to go. WOOSH. A shell flies by Jack's mullet, exploding a hut fifty feet away. He forgot about the tank.

Jack takes off in a sprint, the tank firing after him in long intervals.

Jack runs circles around the tank, distracting it. The tank can't quite turn fast enough.

INT. RUSSIAN TANK - CONTINUOUS

TANK DRIVER
(Russian)
Where is he? Where'd he go?

Suddenly Jack appears in front of the tank's barrel.

TANK DRIVER (CONT'D)
(Russian)
Fire!

EXT. RUSSIAN BASE - CONTINUOUS

Jack hears the driver yell fire. In one swift Haduken, Jack uppercuts the tank barrel straight into the air.

The tank FIRES, the shell shoots straight up and DESTROYS the final fighter jet.

Nearby, Jessica finally digs herself out of the rubble.

JESSICA
Jack! Watch out!

She pulls out a tiny femme-pistol and POPS off six shots at the tank. It does nothing. Jack stares at her incredulously.

Jack UNZIPS the fanny pack yet again, and without even looking at the tank, tosses a grenade through the small window on its front.

He walks away like a total bad ass. The tank EXPLODES, like Jack even cares. A chunk of metal FLIES OUT and knocks Jessica in the face, she falls to her back.

Jack, still doing his cool-not-looking-at-the-explosion walk, picks her up mid stride, and keeps on walkin'.

EXT. SMALL JUNGLE CAMP - NIGHT

Jack and Jessica sit around a small fire, warming their hands.

JESSICA
So why are you in Cuba, Jack Hammer?

JACK
That's classified.

JESSICA
Well I know it's not for the cigars.

JACK
You're right. It's for the coffee.

JESSICA
I thought you never made jokes,
Jack Hammer.

JACK
How do you know so much about me?

JESSICA

I don't know anything about you.
Tell me about your parents? That's
important to me.

JACK

I never knew my parents. I grew up
in an orphanage. At the age of
twenty I was finally adopted by my
future Sensei, Tammy. She taught me
a lot of things. About life. About
love. And about death. What about
you?

JESSICA

I'm daddy's little girl. I've
followed him my whole life. He's
taught me everything I know, and
now he's my commander.

JACK

Why are you here?

JESSICA

Vengeance.

JACK

Let's not talk about work.

JESSICA

Where'd you go to college? What's
your five year plan?

JACK

Before we get to that, let me get
some of that.

And with that Jack pounces on her. They kiss with the passion
of a thousand passions, but then she stops him.

JESSICA

Wait! I want to, but I can't
tonight.

Jack TEARS his shirt open slightly and applies a generous
amount of OIL to his chest, rubbing it in and flexing.

JACK

Are you sure?

She's already asleep.

EXT. THE JEUSHARMI CAMP - THE NEXT DAY

Jack and Jessica trek through the jungle. As the trees thin they emerge at a makeshift camp.

Jack looks relieved, he makes to run towards the camp.

JESSICA

Wait! I have to give the secret
signal or they'll shoot us on site.

They stop. Jessica takes in a huge breath of air, and...

JESSICA (CONT'D)
AHHHGUGHUGHAAA!!!

...Let's out a bloodcurdling scream.

JEUSHARMI SOLDIER #1 (FAR AWAY)
Is that Jessica?

They run to the camp.

Troops call out to Jessica, happy to see she's alive. LIEUTENANT GOLDBERG, tall dark and handsome with thick accountant's glasses and a yarmulka-sized helmet, runs up to Jessica and wraps her in a hug.

LIEUTENANT GOLDBERG
Jessica! You're alive!

Goldberg leans in to kiss Jessica, but she turns her head.

JESSICA
Thanks to Jack, here. We need to
speak to my father straight away.

LIEUTENANT GOLDBERG
You should see the doctor first.

JESSICA
There's no time! Jack needs to know
what we're up against.

LIEUTENANT GOLDBERG
(to Jack)
So you're Jack Hammer come to help
our little cause. I'm Lieutenant
Goldberg, Jessica's--

JESSICA
--Friend!

JACK

Nice to meet you, Goldberg. But
you're gonna help me.

INT. THE JEUSHARMI CAMP - COMMANDER'S TENT - DAY

Jessica and Goldberg lead Jack through the camp.

They pass a group of soldiers tearing a practice dummy to shreds with their rifles. All the bullets land cleanly on the dummy's junk. The soldiers have all put the same nickname written on their guns, "THE CHOSEN GUN."

Soldiers demonstrate incredible hand to hand fighting skill, punching towards fixtures of eight candles, the speed of their fists extinguishing the flames.

They arrive at a makeshift boxing ring. At the center, smallish with black curls of hair, is COMMANDER STEWART. He lands a clean KNOCKOUT PUNCH on his OPPONENT. The men cheer as he looks up, seeing...

COMMANDER STEWART

Jack Hammer. Just the man we've been waiting for.

JESSICA

Jack, this is my father. Commander Stewart.

COMMANDER STEWART

Nice to meet you. Oh, hi Jessica.

JACK

Sorry to disappoint you Commander, but I'm just here for information. I'm not here to help the Jeusharmi.

COMMANDER STEWART

Dammit, how many times am I going to have to say this, it's not "Jeusharmi," it's "Jewish Army."

Commander Stewart pulls a MEDICAL MASK from his pocket and begins operating on THREE PATIENTS... At. The same. Time.

JACK

You're a doctor, too? That's impressive.

COMMANDER STEWART
We're all doctors. Except my son.
He thinks he's going to make it in
"Hollywood."
(he sighs)
Listen Jack, we need you. We're up
against it all here.

JACK
Why exactly are you here?

COMMANDER STEWART
Follow me.

He passes off the surgeries to three LESSER DOCTORS/SOLDIERS.

EXT. JUNGLE RIDGE - DAY

Commander Stewart, Jessica, Goldberg and Jack crawl over a ridge and look down into a massive camp.

JACK
Are those...

Down below, soldiers pass SAUERKRAUT RATIONS to each other. Polka music OOM-PA's through the camp. Men in lederhosen fill DAS BOOT MUGS with beer. And at the center of it all, a MASSIVE SWASTIKA FLAG.

COMMANDER STEWART
Nazis.

JACK
So that's why you're here.

COMMANDER STEWART
After the war, the Nazis fled to Cuba. Now the Nazis and the Russians are bidding for Castro's affections. And more importantly, the privilege to station their missiles in his country, and point them straight at America. But we don't care about that. We all left our homes in Brooklyn and various parts of Long Island for this exact moment. All we want is our vengeance. They think the war is over. I'll tell them when it's over.

JESSICA

We've spent our entire history
fleeing. Now it's their turn.

LIEUTENANT GOLDBERG

Together we can defeat the Nazis
once and for all.

JACK

Sorry, but I work alone. And I've
got a country to save. There's only
one man I'm after.

INT. CASTRO'S COMPOUND - EVENING

CASTRO sits with Spiridonovich and the MYSTERIOUS GENERAL.

CASTRO

Stop sitting in the shadows,
Rudolph.

The MYSTERIOUS GENERAL leans forward out of the light, to
reveal...

RUDOLPH HITLER, tall and powerfully German with a nose
reddened from stein-drinking. The long lost, super secret
hidden son of Adolph Hitler. In fact, he's drinking from a
stein right now.

RUDOLPH HITLER

Ja.

CASTRO

Why are you back so soon,
Gentlemen? What could you possibly
have to offer after such a short
time?

SPIRIDONOVICH

We haf brought you amazing nesting
dolls!

He pulls out a DOLL, super excited. He opens it and pulls out
a SMALLER DOLL.

SPIRIDONOVICH (CONT'D)

Look! There is smaller doll inside
bigger doll! And look! Another!

He is far too excited.

RUDOLPH HITLER
Jaahaa! Embarrassing. We have
brought you Das Boot!

He pulls out a BOOT BEER STEIN.

RUDOLPH HITLER (CONT'D)
And Das Boot!

He pulls out a VHS of famous German war film DAS BOOT.

SPIRIDONOVICH
That film is overacted to hell!

RUDOLPH HITLER
(slamming fist)
Those men went through hell! Unlike
your pathetic nesting dolls.

SPIRIDONOVICH
At least my father had both his
balls!

RUDOLPH HITLER
At least I didn't look at my dad's
balls, gaylord!

CASTRO
Shut up both of you. Spiridonovich,
you're not a gaylord. Rudolph, your
father Adolph Hitler was am amazing
man who changed the lives of
millions, and I weep for his loss
every day. And you are twice the
man he was, with twice the balls.
But right now both of you
disappoint me. How did you even get
here, Rudolph? I hear you're
dealing with some problems of your
own.

The Cubans HUE and the Russians HARHAR. Rudolph's nose glows
red with embarrassment.

RUDOLPH HITLER
Das Jewish militia is nein problem.
I have a very special plan for
them. They will be dead by midday
tomorrow. Vould you like to join us
in the slaughter?

CASTRO
 (standing)
 I wish I could. But I have a prior engagement.

INT. EL RINGO EL FUEGO CLUB - NIGHT

The most bumpin' club in all of Cuba, dark joint with a bright circular stage. A small MARIACHI BAND stands at the back of the stage, accompanying a SMALL LATINO BOY. He prepares to sing. One of the MARIACHI MEMBERS whispers in his ear.

MARIACHI MEMBER
 (in Cuban)
 There's a very special guest in the house tonight. You better put on a good show.

The boy looks to the crowd. In the corner booth, sipping a colorful martini, sexy señoritas hanging from his arms, sits Castro. He watches the young boy with an intense Cuban concentration.

A tender tune floats from the lead guitar. The stage lights go down, a single spotlight illuminating the young boy. He begins to sing a slow, jilting tune.

SMALL BOY
 He's into cool traditions, black hats and shopping malls/ I feel a premonition that boy's gonna have a ball/ He's on a spree, with new clothes and pretty shoes/ He's got a brand new outfit, for every day and night/

Castro is intrigued by this lovely ballad.

SMALL BOY (CONT'D)
 He'll make you take your shoes off and go splashing in the rain/ He'll make you live a crazy life and he'll make you feel no pain/ But he doesn't know my name, come on!

General Generalissimo runs up to Castro and whispers frantically in his ear.

GENERAL GENERALISSIMO
 (in Cuban)
 Sir, there's something you need to see.

CASTRO
 (in Cuban)
 Wait.

Suddenly the tempo picks up! The ring'ed stage IGNITES IN FLAMES! It is an amazing spectacle, one the patrons of this establishment have come to know and love. The crowd ROARS as the SMALL BOY hits the chorus.

SMALL BOY
 I wish he'd notice me, he's livin'
 la vida loca/ He'll hug and kiss
 you good, livin' la vida loca/ His
 lips are apple red and his skin's
 the color mocha/ He will have a
 ball, livin' la vida loca, come
 on!/ He's livin la vida loca!

The entire club has broken into dance. Castro is enthralled.

SUDDENLY the noseless CONVOY LEADER stumbles into the club. The Boy sees this and...

SMALL BOY (CONT'D)
 (in Cuban)
 Gasp!

The entire club halts. Silence. All stare at this de-nosed "man."

GENERAL GENERALISSIMO
 (in Cuban)
 Dammit! I told you to wait!

CONVOY LEADER
 (in Cuban)
 He needs to know!

Castro stands. All eyes turn to him as he delicately sets down his cocktail and walks up to the Convoy Leader.

CONVOY LEADER (CONT'D)
 Fearless leader! As you may have noticed, I have no nose. I didn't know such a thing was possible, but this man punched my nose clean off! This man... This... American!

CASTRO
 Día de los muertos?

SUBTITLE: HOW ARE YOU ALIVE?

CONVOY LEADER

(in Cuban)

He held a flame to his fist, and
the heat cauterized the wound.

CASTRO

(in Cuban)

Thank you for bringing this to me.
This information is vital to our
cause. I will send two crates of
cigars and four bushels of grain to
your family as thanks...

CONVOY LEADER

(in Cuban)

Thank you, dear leader.

BANG. Castro produces a pistol and shoots the Convoy Leader dead.

CASTRO

(in Cuban)

...But never interrupt party night.

Slowly the band begins to play again, but with much less Cuban vigor. People return to their drinks.

The Small Boy stares at the corpse. Castro walks up to him, and kneels before him.

CASTRO (CONT'D)

(in Cuban)

You're very good.

Castro holds out his hand, and a WAITER places a cerveza in it. Castro hands the drink to the small boy.

CASTRO (CONT'D)

(in Cuban)

What's your name?

SMALL BOY

Ricky.

CASTRO

(in Cuban)

You're going to go far, my boy.

RICKY

(in Cuban)

Who was the man that he spoke of?

CASTRO

(in Cuban)

I only know one other man who could
punch the nose clean from a face.

EXT. JEWISH ARMY CAMP - NIGHT

Jack cleans an M16 as men relax after a long day of training.
Goldberg approaches Jack.

LIEUTENANT GOLDBERG

I guess I should thank you.

JACK

Don't worry about it. Wait... For
what?

LIEUTENANT GOLDBERG

For saving my girl.

JACK

I didn't know she had an owner.

LIEUTENANT GOLDBERG

Well... We once made love in the
handicap stall at Tarbut V'Torah
Academy.

RANDOM JEWISH SOLDIER

All you did was hold hands!

LIEUTENANT GOLDBERG

Shut up!

JACK

This ain't whatever you said
Academy, boy. It's war.

LIEUTENANT GOLDBERG

I've already killed six men.

JACK

So did I... After breakfast. And
before lunch.

LIEUTENANT GOLDBERG

Well... I'm just happy you brought
her back to me.

JACK

I bought her back, that much we can
agree on.

In the distance a TRUCK drops off a MASSIVE CRATE. The men surround it.

JEWISH SOLDIER #1
Sir! We've got a shipment! It's
more beer!

The men CHEER! Jack and Goldberg head towards the crate with the rowdy men. Commander Stewart exits his tent to watch.

The men, excited, surround the crate. Stamped on the side, "BEER." A soldier is about to crowbar it open when...

Goldberg grabs the SHIPPING MANIFEST from on top.

LIEUTENANT GOLDBERG
(smiling)
Hold on boys, let's see what we got here!

He FLIPS a page and frowns.

LIEUTENANT GOLDBERG (CONT'D)
It's not Kosher certified. Sorry
boys, guess the order got mixed up.
Better safe than sorry.

JEWISH SOLDIER #1
Blow it up!

JEWISH SOLDIER #2
Blowin' it up!

Jewish Soldier #2 produces a ROCKET LAUNCHER and takes aim.

BOOM!

But... From the explosion comes not evil non-kosher beer, but SCREAMING NAZIS ON FIRE!

Their body parts FLY in various directions. Others scream and run in circles, burning alive.

The Jewish army is surprised!

COMMANDER STEWART
Trojan Horse!

EXT. NEARBY JUNGLE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Onlooking Rudolph Hitler pulls his LUGER with his non-stein occupied hand, and points it at his FIRST OFFICER.

RUDOLPH HITLER
(in German)
You idiot! I told you to buy the He-Brew!

BANG. He shoots him in the face.

RUDOLPH HITLER (CONT'D)
Attack!

The small German Strike Force charges out of the jungle to...

EXT. JEWISH ARMY CAMP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

COMMANDER STEWART
It's an ambush! To arms!

The NAZIS charge into the camp. JEWISH SOLDIERS pick up their Chosen Guns and FIRE A VOLLEY. The NAZIS are still coming, so...

COMMANDER STEWART (CONT'D)
Charge!

...They charge right back.

The two charging forces MEET in a GREAT CLASH of MEN, RIFLES, and TESTOSTERONE.

Bullets FIRE. Rifles CLASH against each other. Men PUNCH other MEN. With their FISTS.

The fight RAGES, Jack carefully finishes cleaning his rifle.

SUDDENLY JEWISH MEN start FALLING left and right, their heads EXPLODING.

Goldberg is locked in battle. He fends off four NAZIS, who are stabbing at him with their rifles, using only his FOUR INCH KNIFE.

GOLDBERG
Jack! Sniper!

JACK
Okay.

Slowly, Jack polishes the last part of his rifle, and CLICKS up the IRON SIGHTS.

Far in the distance, Jack SEES a small white REFLECTION, clearly from the scope of the distant sniper.

Jack clicks up the iron sights on his gun, aims, and FIRES. He hears the SCREAM from the Nazi, and knows he's found his mark.

NAZI SNIPER IN DISTANCE
Jaaaaaargh!

EXT. NEARBY JUNGLE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Rudolph stands over the now-dead NAZI SNIPER. He scoffs, takes the last swig from his stein, and turns to leave. But not before throwing his stein to the ground in an über dramatic fashion.

EXT. JEWISH ARMY CAMP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jack, still sitting, starts to pick off NAZIS. The Jewish Army continues to fight, the battle has shifted in their favor.

Goldberg is still locked with four Nazis. Goldberg LEAPS at one of the Nazis swipes down with his tiny knife, cleaving him in 'twain. He easily disposes the third with a quick STERNUM STAB.

The third Nazi starts to raise his rifle. Goldberg RUNS at him. He grabs the barrel of the Nazi's gun and swings his knife into the Nazi rifle's trigger, jamming it.

THIRD NAZI
Jargarghargh!

Goldberg SPINS the rifle on his knife, pointing it at the Nazi's chest. BANG. He explodes the Nazi's chest.

With a flick of his wrist Goldberg sends his knife into the final Nazi's brain.

Nearby, Commander Stewart is punching the shit out of a Nazi. He straddles the defenseless, and possibly already dead, Nazi.

NAZI STRIKE FORCE SOLDIER
Blitzkrieg!

SUBTITLE: RETREAT!

Commander Stewart continues to pummel his Nazi.

COMMANDER STEWART
That's right! Run you bastards!
We've got em!

The Nazis retreat, the Jewish Army chase them into the Jungle. The battle is won.

COMMANDER STEWART (CONT'D)
The battle is won.

Commander Stewart stops pummeling his guy. SIX JEWISH DOCTORS convene on the downed Nazi.

COMMANDER STEWART (CONT'D)
Get this guy fixed up enough to talk. We need information.

Jessica suddenly emerges from one of the TENTS. She sees the destruction before her.

JESSICA
What happened?

INT. JEWISH ARMY CAMP - COMMANDER'S TENT - THE NEXT DAY

The CAPTURED NAZI sits tied to a chair, his face a bloody pulp. SIX JEWISH DOCTOR SOLDIERS stand in the wings. Commander Stewart questions while Jack stares down at the Nazi.

COMMANDER STEWART
I'll ask you one more time. Who is leading your forces? Why are you in Cuba?

The Nazi GROANS.

CAPTURED NAZI
Ughhhhhhhh...

COMMANDER STEWART
(to Doctors)
Fix him up again.

The Doctor's surround the Nazi in a whirlwind of charts, stethoscopes, and beeping equipment. When they pull back the Nazi is completely healed.

CAPTURED NAZI
Stop, please! No more! I can't take being beaten and perfectly healed another time!

COMMANDER STEWART
Then it's time to start talking.

CAPTURED NAZI
Never!

Jack raises his clenched FIST high above the Nazi.

CAPTURED NAZI (CONT'D)
Okay! To the north three kilometers
there is a road. A convoy will be
travelling on it in the next hour.
You'll find your answers with them.

COMMANDER STEWART
Thank you. You're free to go.

Commander Stewart unties the Nazi.

CAPTURED NAZI
You'll never take me alive!

COMMANDER STEWART
Yeah, we...

The Nazi bites a cyanide capsule hidden in his tooth and keels over, dead.

Jack is more intrigued with the convoy information. His moment has arrived.

JACK
Sounds like my moment has arrived.

Jack slings his M16 over his shoulder and walks off.

LIEUTENANT GOLDBERG
Where are you going?

JACK
That convoy will lead me straight
to Castro's compound. I'm gonna
hitch a ride.

COMMANDER STEWART
Dammit Jack, you're not ready for
that! We're not ready.

JACK
I was born Ready. But then I
changed my name to Jack.

EXT. JEWISH ARMY CAMP - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Jack straddles a motorcycle and picks the helmet up from the back seat. He tosses it to the ground, not wanting to mess up his mullet. Commander Stewart and Goldberg run up to Jack.

COMMANDER STEWART
Please Jack, not yet!

LIEUTENANT GOLDBERG
It might be our only chance,
Commander. We can wipe them out
once and for all, and make it back
in time for the Sabbath.

JESSICA (O.C.)
Jack! Wait!

She runs up to him.

JACK
I work alone, sweetheart.

Jack revs and takes off. Jessica manages to hop on the bitch seat.

COMMANDER STEWART
Dammit! Someone get after him! I
won't be responsible for the death
of Jack Hammer!

LIEUTENANT GOLDBERG
And your daughter!

COMMANDER STEWART
Yeah I guess.

Goldberg takes off after them.

LIEUTENANT GOLDBERG
Jessica! Wait! I love you! You
don't have to say it back right
away! I understand!

A SIREN cuts through the air like a fart on an escalator.
Nearly the entire JEWISH ARMY grabs guns, hops on bikes, gets in jeeps, and takes off.

EXT. DEEP JUNGLE ROAD - DAY

The NAZI CONVOY makes its way down the road, laden with NAZI TROOPS and GIFTS FOR CASTRO.

The NAZI CONVOY DRIVER ambles along, driving without a care in the world.

The Driver looks in his side mirror and sees... A wild man and woman on a motorcycle? No. He looks forward. But wait... He looks back! There's no one there, he had nothing to worry about.

NAZI CONVOY DRIVER

(in Nazi)

Jahaahaa! I thought I saw a man and a woman on das auto-bike!

He laughs, turning to the guy in the passenger seat. It's Jack!

NAZI CONVOY DRIVER (CONT'D)

Oooh!

JACK

Keep your eyes on the road.

Jack grabs the Nazi Convoy Driver, shoves him out of the truck, and SLAMS his face on the jungle road.

The eyes pop from the Nazi's head and roll to a stop on the side of the road.

Jack's motorcycle, Jessica still riding bitch despite the empty front seat, rolls up next to the truck. Jack jerks the steering wheel of the truck to the side, leaps out, and lands back on his bike.

The truck, along with the GIFT CRATE of BMW HOOD ORNAMENTS veers off the side of the road and bursts into RAGING FLAMES.

The other Nazi trucks see and hear the EXPLOSION draw an armies worth of weaponry. Jack is fucked. But then...

The JEWISH ARMY appears behind him. It's time for a sick car chase slash gun battle.

Jack speeds to the front NAZI TRUCK. He leaps into the back of the truck, but is instantly PUNCHED BACK OUT onto his motorcycle.

JESSICA

Are you okay?

JACK

Is the Pope Catholic?

JESSICA

I do not know.

Jack jumps onto the roof of the truck this time, but from the truck climbs A MASSIVE MUSCULAR NAZI with biceps on his face.

MASSIVE MUSCULAR NAZI
Jaahaa! Come! You fight! You fight!

Jessica, still riding bitch on the bike, LOSES CONTROL. The bike warbles to the side of the road and wipes out. Jessica is out of the fight.

Nearby a JEWISH ARMY TRUCK pulls up behind a NAZI TRUCK, which is loaded with EIGHT NAZI TROOPS.

LIEUTENANT GOLDBERG
I've only got one bullet, but I'm
going to make it last for eight
Nazis.

Goldberg raises his rifle and FIRES.

Eight Nazis, who were lined up along the BAR in the back of a truck (drinking from steins) fall dead.

LIEUTENANT GOLDBERG (CONT'D)
It's the festival of fights,
bitches.
(to fellow soldier)
Do we have any fully loaded clips?

Jack isn't having such an easy time. He punches his bad guy, but the Massive Nazi merely flexes and barely feels it.

He PUNCHES HIM again. And again. And again. Nothing. The Nazi smiles and wipes a SMALL DOLLOP of BLOOD from his nose. He reaches back, and CLOCKS Jack. Jack falls.

JACK
Okay.

Jack steps into a power stance, charges a punch, and BAM. He hits the Nazi right in the shoulder. The arm Stretch-Armstrongs away from the Nazi's body, about to be punched off, but...

The Nazi grabs the detaching arm, and POPS it back into the socket.

Jack is shocked. That's never not worked.

Behind Jack, the Jewish Army is tearing the convoy to shreds. Trucks EXPLODE. A Nazi takes a carefully aimed bullet straight to the dick.

DICKLESS NAZI
Mein strudel!

THREE JEWISH JEEPS surround the next truck. The COVER FLIES off REVEALING TWELVE NAZIS. All twelve cock their various German weapons. One wields a medieval German HALBERD.

The three Jewish Army Trucks approach. The Jewish Troops cock their Chosen Rifles. There is a moment where they eye each other, like two pirate ships preparing for a cannonade.

JEWISH TRUCK SOLDIER #2
Don't fire 'till you see the reds
and the yellows and the blacks of
their flags and also the reds and
whites of their Swastika things!

ONE OF THE TWELVE NAZIS WITH WEAPONS
(in German)
Don't fire 'till you see the blacks
of their payoses!

ONE OF THE OTHER TWELVE NAZIS WITH
WEAPONS
(in German)
But Sir! They're wearing pants!

ONE OF THE TWELVE NAZIS WITH WEAPONS
I said payos, dammit!

ANOTHER ONE OF THE TWELVE NAZIS WITH
WEAPONS
There! It's black and curly!

Another One Of The Twelve Nazis With Weapons swings his HALBERD at the approaching truck, and cuts the PAYOS clean from a PAYOS HAVING JEWISH SOLDIER.

PAYOS HAVING JEWISH SOLDIER
Noooooo!!!

He falls from the jeep. The cannonade begins.

Bullets cut through the air like a warm knife through butter. Thousands, if not millions, of bullets are fired. None connect. All clips run dry.

Silently, all twenty-three soldiers take a solid fifteen seconds to reload their guns. The halberd guy lowers a welding mask, lifts a CRUCIBLE and pours MOLTEN METAL into a HALBERD MOLD.

The cannonade continues.

JEWISH JEEP SOLDIER WHO IS KIND OF A
LEADER

Wait! Account for the forward
motion of the jeeps!

The Jewish soldiers, still not being hit by the Nazi bullets
(or halberds) aim slightly in front of the Nazi Truck and
FIRE.

Eleven of the Nazis EXPLODE into BLOOD and GUTS. The Halberd
guy continues to swing his weapon wildly above his head
when... It gets caught on a vine.

The vine YANKS the Halberd Guy's arms (with halberd) off.
They remain hanging from the vine.

The armless Nazi screams. The Nazi truck EXPLODES. In the
distance, still hanging from the vine, the Halberd Guy's arms
EXPLODE.

The Jewish Army CHEERS!

Jack is on his back, the MUSCLE NAZI straddling him, punching
his face into a bloody pulp.

BAM.

Black eye.

POW.

Broken nose.

CLOBBER.

Tooth flies out.

KA-BLAM.

Bloodied ear.

WOMP.

Blood shoots from everywhere.

MASSIVE MUSCULAR NAZI
Guess you wont be making it to das
Woodstock.

JACK
Woodstock? I'm no hippy.

The Muscular Nazi looks like he's about to deliver the final
blow to Jack when...

PLOW. The Muscular Nazi's head EXPLODES into brains and stuff.

Jack turns, down below him is Goldberg, holding his rifle high.

LIEUTENANT GOLDBERG
You're welcome.

JACK
I had him right where I wanted him!

Jack leaps to Goldberg's jeep, grabs a grenade, throws it in the Nazi truck, and sits back.

The final Nazi truck EXPLODES. Like, a huge explosion. Like, two tiered, maybe even three. BAM. BOOM. BANG. Just the biggest explosion yet. It's crazy.

LIEUTENANT GOLDBERG
You look like shit, Jack.

JACK
I'll be fine.

EXT. CASTRO'S COMPOUND - LATER - EVENING

The Jewish Army convoy skids to a stop at the compound. Cuban soldiers on the gate ready their weapons.

The Jewish Army aims back.

Stalemate.

Jessica runs up and rejoins the army. She's got twigs and leaves in her hair and looks a little ruffled.

JESSICA
I can't believe you guys left me!

No one responds.

Jack, with absolutely none of the wounds he had in the last scene, steps out of his truck and walks towards the compound.

JACK
Castro!

The gate to the compound grinds open. Far in, from the center of the compound, General Generalissimo and Castro emerge.

Slowly they walk towards the gate. As he gets close enough for Jack to see, Castro claps.

A couple of Castro's minions clap in confusion, trying to fit in like the lame kid at the party.

CASTRO

Jack Hammer. Congratulations. You found me. And you brought friends. I thought you always worked alone.

JACK

I thought you did too.

CASTRO

It's been a long time since we trained together, Jack. People change.

JACK

For better...

CASTRO

...Or for worse.

JACK

Where did you go so wrong, Fidel?

CASTRO

I see the world for what it really is. If only you knew the true scope of people like you and me.

JACK

We couldn't be more different.

CASTRO

We are one in the same, Jack. So tell me, why are you here in my country, Jack Hammer?

JACK

To stop you from pointing missiles at my country. The greatest country in the entire universe.

CASTRO

Is your sight really that blind? Can you really only see the red, white, and blue, of that flag?

JACK

I love that flag. I'm a flaggot!

CASTRO

So you're here to kill me.

JACK

I thought that much was clear.

CASTRO

Well then stop wasting my time.
Tonight is a very important night.

JACK

You'll never change.

CASTRO

Neither will you, brother.

The men circle each other. The fight is on.

The two charge up their spirit bombs and sprint towards one another.

They collide, both punching the other simultaneously in the face. And again, exchanging simultaneous punch-to-the-face for punch-to-the-face.

They leap back to regroup. They realize their fighting styles are too similar.

JACK

Our fighting styles are too similar.

Again they charge. Their punches fly ferociously fast. Their fists get so hot, they begin to glow.

When one punches, the other mirrors. They throw punches, and punch punches away with punches.

Jack mixes it up, throwing a kick in for good measure. Castro punches away his leg, and his glowing fist IGNITES the bottom of Jack's pants.

Jack uses this to his advantage, waving his flaming foot fast and fierce at Castro's noggin.

Jack's other pant leg ignites. The flames don't phase him. He jumps, twirls, and kicks, Castro very much on the defensive.

Jack's pants burn up, leaving him with short shorts that expose his rippling thighs. Short shorts very tastefully frayed by flame.

The flames FIZZLE OUT. Jack's fiery advantage gone, Castro launches a sick leaping triple spin kick, landing three blows to Jack's dome. The final foot sends Jack to the ground in a heap.

CASTRO

You've lost, brother. You fought
with pure rage. Have you forgotten
our training? You must control your
emotions.

JACK

Don't call me brother. I'm an
American.

CASTRO

If only you knew. Huehuehuehuehue!

His generals and troops, ready for the moment this time, join
in.

CUBAN SOLDIERS

Huehuehuehuehue!

CASTRO

You are defeated.

JACK

The Yankees looked like they were
beat against the Reds in the World
Series this year, too.

JEWISH SOLDIER #1

Yankees Rule!

JACK

Now!

The Jewish Army raise their guns and fire! Jack and Castro
take cover as the battle erupts. Our heroes are turning the
tide in their favor when...

The sun drops behind the mountains. The scene quiets. The
Jewish Army has stopped firing. Slowly, the Jewish Army
members put down their weapons.

JACK (CONT'D)

What are you doing?! Tell your men
to keep firing!

Bullets rain down from the Cubans.

LIEUTENANT GOLDBERG

It's Friday, Jack. Sundown is the
Sabbath. It's our day of rest.

Goldberg sets down his own rifle. He undoes the top few
buttons of his uniform and sighs in relaxation.

LIEUTENANT GOLDBERG (CONT'D)
I'll see you at sundown tomorrow,
Jack.

JACK (V.O.)
He never did see another sunset.
But that's a story for another
time.

Goldberg and the rest of the Jewish army stand. They turn their backs on the fight, hands in their pockets, and start casually walking down the jungle road. We enter super slow-mo as a super sad song swells.

JACK
Noooooooooooooo!

Castro and the Cubans HUEHUE in laughter as they mow down the Jewish Army.

Goldberg explodes into guts. Soldiers are torn apart by bullets.

Jack calls out to Jessica.

JACK (CONT'D)
Get down!

A bullet from Castro himself flies straight at Jessica. Jack tries to get to her, but he's moving in too much slow motion.

The bullet connects with her face. She falls like a fart-filled elevator with its cables cut.

Slow-mo ends. The last of the Jewish Army are cut down. Jack is the only one left standing.

JACK (CONT'D)
Castro!

Jack squares off against the entire Cuban army. Castro pulls a different pistol and aims it at Jack.

CASTRO
You think you can fight us all on
your own? You are pathetic. An
honorable death is too good for
you, Jack Hammer.

He fires. A POISON DART lodges itself in Jack's rippling thigh.

Jack yanks it out, its effects already gripping him. Knowing he cannot continue to fight, he flees into the jungle.

GENERAL GENERALISSIMO
What was that?

CASTRO
A very special poison.

GENERAL GENERALISSIMO
He's a resourceful man. He could
find a cure out in that jungle.

CASTRO
Not likely. The only known cure is
the blood of a tiger. But it cannot
be taken by force, it must be given
willingly.

GENERAL GENERALISSIMO
Hue... Hue... Huehuehue!

The cuban army laughs as Castro stares after Jack. His face a mix of triumph and sadness.

TITLE CARD: "CHAPTER 6: THE REBIRTH OF JACK HAMMER"

EXT. REALLY DEEP JUNGLE - NIGHT

Jack stumbles through the deep, thick trees of the inner jungle. His vision is warped, he's delusional. He probably hears Pink Floyd music, like that weird shit from Ummagumma.

Jack continues to stumble, looking for something. Finally he hears a low growl.

He turns to see a full grown TIGER. Jack and the beast lock eyes, staring each other down. Jack bows to the beast, and sits cross legged. The tiger circles him, judging.

JACK
Please...

The tiger continues to take Jack in. It smells him, it tastes his ear with its tongue.

JACK (CONT'D)
I don't have long.

JUNGLE TIGER
(in Tiger)
You are not yet worthy.

The tiger strides away.

JACK

Wait! No!

The Tiger ignores him.

JACK (CONT'D)

If you won't give it to me, then
I'll have to take it.

Jack tackles the beast. It scratches his face, but he barely feels it, the drugs numbing his senses.

Jack scratches the tiger right back. His fingernails open a wound on the tiger's face.

Jack hungrily presses his mouth to the tiger's open wound, drinking deep.

He releases the tiger and it runs off.

Jack falls to the ground, tiger's blood dripping from his mouth, waiting for the antidote to take effect. Nothing happens.

JACK (CONT'D)

Taken forcefully... I forgot...
Won't... Work...

Jack rolls onto his back. He stares up at the jungle night sky. As he begins to pass out, a dark form appears above him. Jack reaches upwards, hoping for salvation.

He blacks out.

EXT. REALLY DEEP JUNGLE - DAY

Jack awakens. He is propped up, sitting, against a tree.

A loud CRACK pierces the jungle, followed by a playful GROWL and the PITTER-PATTERING of paws.

CRACK.

VOICE OF A YOUNG CUBAN

Abierto 24 horas? Abierto?

JACK

Hello?

CRACK.

After this crack and paw sounds, the JUNGLE TIGER walks by Jack. It stares him down, holding a baseball in its mouth.

JACK (CONT'D)
You...

A YOUNG CUBAN appears before Jack. He wears an Oakland A's hat and holds a baseball bat.

VOICE OF A YOUNG CUBAN
You're awake! I wasn't sure if you were going to make it. The poison had been in your system for so long.

JACK
You saved me?

VOICE OF A YOUNG CUBAN
Huehue! Me and Detroit here did the best we could.

He motions to his Tiger, Detroit. Detroit MEWS.

JACK
You named your tiger Detroit?

VOICE OF A YOUNG CUBAN
Of course! After the Detroit Tigers! I love baseball, and I love America! You are from America, yes?

JACK
I am America. Jack Hammer.

He holds out his hand to shake. The Cuban boy holds his hand out. CLOSE UP on two WHITE HANDS shaking.

JOSÉ CANSECO
José Canseco. Nice to meet you, American Jack Hammer.

JACK
Thank you for saving me, José.

JOSÉ CANSECO
Don't forget about Detroit!

JACK
Sorry, it's really easy to forget about Detroit. Thank you for deeming me worthy of your blood.

Jack tries to stand, he struggles and falls back to the jungle floor.

JOSÉ CANSECO

Careful! Detroit hasn't deemed you worthy yet. I have only stalled the poison.

JACK

How did you manage that?

JOSÉ CANSECO

I know a lot about drugs. It'll take some time, but we'll have you back to one hundred ten percent very soon. And worthy in Detroit's eyes.

EXT. REALLY DEEP JUNGLE - CANSECO'S CAMP - MONTAGE!

Jack, one of his arms in a sling, stands at the end of a small clearing.

JOSÉ CANSECO

First we must get you healthy again! Catch this!

José stands at the other end. He tosses up his baseball and THWACKS it at Jack.

Jake makes a GRAB at the ball, but he misses. Detroit retrieves the ball, running it back to José.

Another ball SMACKS his injured shoulder.

Another ball POUNDS Jack's NUTS. Jack groans and falls over. José and Detroit laugh. For the first time in his life, Jack feels powerless.

JACK

(through tears)

Again!

JOSÉ CANSECO

This might take some time.

JACK

I don't have time.

THAT NIGHT José drops his BOX OF BASEBALL CARDS at tired Jack's feet. Jack wants none of this, he turns away to fall asleep.

THE NEXT DAY after training, José and Detroit LEAP into a river. They swim and splash in frivolity. Jack watches, his arms crossed.

THE NEXT DAY Jack continues to fail to catch balls. He's covered in bruises.

THAT NIGHT they sit by the fire. José looks longingly at his baseball cards.

JACK (CONT'D)
Looks like you've got almost a complete set.

JOSÉ CANSECO
Yes... But I cannot read them.

LATER Jack reads the cards to José.

JACK
First baseman. .243 batting average. Ninety-four runs batted in.

JOSÉ CANSECO
(in poor American)
First... Base... Base... Man.
Nine... Tee... Four...

THE NEXT DAY back at the swimming hole Jack watches Detroit and José. Detroit BITES Jack's leg and pulls him into the river. Jack seems mad at first, but then he LAUGHS! He splashes José and a cute, clearly-bonding-moment splash fight breaks out between the three new friends.

DAYS/WEEKS LATER. Jack and José in the clearing. Jack no longer wears the sling.

José hits a ball, the tiger waiting to retrieve but... SMACK. Jack catches the ball. They all jump for joy.

THE NEXT DAY. José hits balls as fast as he can. Jack catches all of them flawlessly.

JACK
I think I'm ready.

JOSÉ CANSECO
Yes... For the next step. Follow me.

José leads Jack through the jungle to a clearing to find a makeshift baseball diamond and bases in the dirt.

JACK
What's this?

JOSÉ CANSECO
Baseball. I thought you would have
known that, Jack Hammer!

And with that cue a crowd of CUBAN KIDS run out of the jungle, lining up to play.

JACK
Why are we doing this?

JOSÉ CANSECO
You'll see.
(to the kids)
Alright! Jack and I are captains!

JACK
That's okay. I play alone.

They all stare at him.

JOSÉ CANSECO
Okay...

Jack PITCHES the ball, José CRACKS it, Jack retrieves it with a textbook SCOOP of his glove, he throws to first base with plenty of time but...

There's nobody there.

JACK
Dammit!

JOSÉ CANSECO
You could probably use a first
baseman!

JACK
Never.

Jack SCOOPS another grounder. He tries to run the ball to first base, but can't get there in time.

Jack yet again SCOOPS a grounder. He HURLS the ball at the runner himself, and BEANS the kid in the head.

JACK (CONT'D)
Gotcha!

JOSÉ CANSECO
That's still a base hit, Jack. This
isn't your American dodge ball.

Jack frowns.

THAT NIGHT they're around the campfire. The kids and Detroit listen to Jack tell them a story.

JACK

And then, the bad President Carter forgot all about the hostages, but Good President Regan, saved the day!

JOSÉ CANSECO

Yay President Regan!

JACK

Yes, José. Yay President Regan.

THE NEXT DAY they're at it again. Jack can't win.

JACK (CONT'D)

Why are we doing this, José? I'm sick of losing.

JOSÉ CANSECO

You must learn team work! You can't do everything alone, Jack.

JACK

Working together... Like a baseball... Team! I think I get it! Alright José, get on first base.

Jack yet again SCOOPS up a grounder. He throws it to José. It's an out!

JACK (CONT'D)

Wow, José, you were right!

Over many days, Jack's team grows. Eventually he has a full roster! They face off against the one last loser CUBAN KID who didn't join Jack's team.

The kid swings as hard as his little Cuban arms can swing, but Jack catches it and LAUGHS in his face.

JACK (CONT'D)

Maybe you should have a team you can work with, like I learned to, you dumb kid!

CUBAN KID

I had a team until you showed up!

He runs off CRYING. José smiles at Jack.

END of MONTAGE.

EXT. REALLY DEEP JUNGLE - CANSECO'S CAMP - NIGHT

Jack, Detroit, and José sit around the fire.

JACK

I think I'm ready.

JOSÉ CANSECO

Not yet. There's something you need
to know. It can help you defeat
Fidel.

JACK

What is it?

JOSÉ CANSECO

His one weakness.

JACK

Which is?

JOSÉ CANSECO

The only thing that you can predict
about him.

JACK

Okay tell me.

A pregnant pause.

JOSÉ CANSECO

Castro loves to party. Nothing will
stop him from having a drink in his
hand when it's party night.
Nothing.

At this last revelation, Detroit scratches his arm and lets a small trickle of blood into a bowl. José hands it to Jack. As he drinks it he instantly feels his full strength return.

JACK

Detroit, José, thank you. I don't
know where I would be without you.
I'm going to take the teamwork
you've taught me and reunite with
my friends. Then we will defeat
Castro.

JOSÉ CANSECO

You don't have to thank me. I love
America! It is my one and only
dream to one day make my way to
your country and play baseball.

Jack smiles a fatherly smile and grips José's shoulders.

JACK

If you ever. Set foot on American soil. I will have you deported.

EXT. REALLY DEEP JUNGLE - CANSECO'S CAMP - MORNING

José and Detroit wave goodbye to Jack, smiles on their faces. With a hopeful look, Jack sets out.

EXT. JEWISH ARMY CAMP - DAY

Jack returns to the camp, expecting a heros welcome. He is met with destruction. WOUNDED SOLDIERS moan their way through the camp.

INT. JEWISH ARMY CAMP - COMMANDER'S TENT - DAY

Jack storms into the tent to find Commander Stewart operating on a patient.

JACK

Commander Stewart.

COMMANDER STEWART

Jack. We thought you were dead.

JACK

I thought you were dead too.

COMMANDER STEWART

Ha! Almost none of the men that followed you are alive.

JACK

The Cubans couldn't have killed them all...

COMMANDER STEWART

Well the ones that made it back were inoperable... A lot died waiting for sunset on Saturday.

JACK

Well I'm sorry to say both Goldberg and Jessica lost their lives in the assault on Castro.

COMMANDER STEWART
Goldberg, yes... Sadly. But Jessica
is just fine.

JACK
What?!

JESSICA (O.C.)
Hi Jack!

Jack whips around. Jessica leaps into his arms, looking quite well. A small band-aid covers the bullet hole on her forehead.

JACK
I saw you get shot, how is this
possible?

JESSICA
Prayer.

JACK
Amazing.

COMMANDER STEWART
Sorry to interrupt this beautiful
moment, but what are you doing back
here, Jack?

JACK
I found myself in the jungle,
Commander. And you were right. We
need to work together to defeat
Castro.

COMMANDER STEWART
Good for you Jack, but we've got
our own problems. Our numbers are
too small since your little circus
act. We have no hope left.

JACK
But I know how to defeat Castro! I
know his weakness!

COMMANDER STEWART
That's your fight, Jack. Not ours.

JACK
Fine! If you wont help me, I know
someone who will.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - RESIDENCE

JFK and MARILYN MONROE sit awkwardly close to each other on a couch as Jackie K. instructs them.

JACKIE KENNEDY
Dammit Marilyn, it's really not
that difficult.

JFK tries to inch away from Marilyn.

JACKIE KENNEDY (CONT'D)
John! Stop it! Get comfortable.

JFK
She smells like fish Fridays! It's
gross!

JACKIE KENNEDY
Deal with it!

Nguyen BURSTS into the residence.

JFK
Oh thank god!

JACKIE KENNEDY
Get out of here Nguyen! Now's not
the time!

NGUYEN
Heeheehee!

Nguyen plops on JFK's lap and picks up the nearby PHONE. He dials a number and passes it to the President.

JFK
This is the President.

INT. JEWISH ARMY CAMP - COMMANDER'S TENT - INTERCUT

JACK
(on phone)
Mr. President! I'm here with the
Jewish Army, but they're refusing
to cooperate. I need your help.

JFK
You need help? Jack, you've
changed. Has... Anything else
changed?

JACK
Keep your pants on, Mr. President.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - RESIDENCE - INTERCUT

JFK
Sassy! I like this new Jack!

Nguyen giggles sadly.

NGUYEN
Hee... Hee... Hee...

JACK
I'm ready for the full force of the
American Armed Forces down here.

JFK
Uh...

JFK looks over at Jackie K. She's screaming at Marilyn.

JACKIE KENNEDY
Are you sure you can do it?!

MARILYN
(robotically)
Happy birthday, Mister President--

JACKIE
No! More sex! Like this...

She undulates her body, her eyes screaming "do me."

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Happy birthday... Mister...
President.

JFK
...We're a little busy over here.
Some reporter saw me with Nguyen...

JACK
Gross.

JFK
You think that's gross? You should
see what I'm looking at.

Marilyn and Jackie K. start kissing.

JFK (CONT'D)
Ech.

INT. JEWISH ARMY CAMP - COMMANDER'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

Jack hangs up the phone.

COMMANDER STEWART
Looks like you're on your own,
Jack.

JACK
No.

Jack storms out.

EXT. JEWISH ARMY CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Jack jumps up on top of a truck. He takes in the crestfallen soldiers and claps three thunderous claps, drawing all eyes to his.

JACK
Brothers! Countrymen! Americans!
Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation. In less than an hour, aircraft from here will join others from around the world and you will be launching the largest aerial battle in the history of mankind.

Soldiers start to gather and listen to Jack. Commander Stewart emerges from the tent, intrigued.

JACK (CONT'D)
I don't have to tell you things are bad. All I know is that first you've got to get mad. You've got to say I'm a human being god dammit. I want you to get up right now, go to your windows and yell "I'm as mad as hell and I'm not going to take this anymore!" It ain't how hard you can hit, it's how hard you can get hit and keep moving forward.

Soldiers are getting excited.

JACK (CONT'D)
Great moments are born from great opportunity. We could play 'em ten times and they'd beat us nine. But not this night.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
Tonight we skate with 'em. Tonight
we stay with 'em, and we shut them
down.

VARIOUS JEWISH SOLDIERS
Yeah!

JACK
You can get busy livin', or you can
get busy dyin'. Fight and you may
die, run and you may live at least
a while. They may take our lives,
but they will never take our
football. You drop a pass, you will
run a mile. You miss a block, you
will run a mile. You miss a shot,
you will risk the lives of everyone
around you and the sanctity of your
once great nation... And then you
will run a mile.

VARIOUS JEWISH SOLDIERS
Yeah!

JACK
Are you not entertained? We stay
together, we survive!

VARIOUS JEWISH SOLDIERS
Yeah!

JACK
I've got a feeling we're not in
Kansas anymore!

VARIOUS JEWISH SOLDIERS
Yeah!

JACK
There's no crying in baseball!

VARIOUS JEWISH SOLDIERS
Yeah!

JACK
Love means never having to say
you're sorry!

VARIOUS JEWISH SOLDIERS
Yeah...

This continues.

EXT. JEWISH ARMY CAMP - NIGHT

Much time has passed. What was once a large encapsulated crowd, is now one guy listening to Jack.

JACK
Nobody puts Baby in a corner!

ONE REMAINING JEWISH GUY
Yeah.

Commander Stewart grabs Jack's shoulder.

COMMANDER STEWART
You've lost them. I'm sorry Jack, but the answer is no. We've got our own problems. Our numbers are too few. We don't stand a chance. At sunrise, we march on the Nazi camp to the North. At least we can go out in a blaze of orthodox glory.

Jack resigns, defeated.

EXT. NAZI CAMP TO THE NORTH - MORNING

Just outside the camp, Commander Stewart gives his own speech to the remaining Jews.

COMMANDER STEWART
I'm not one for speeches. So let's meet our fate with honor, and maybe send a few of those Nazi goy bastards to whatever our concept of hell is along the way!

JEWISH ARMY
Charge!

The army STORMS into the camp and what meets them is...

...Pure destruction. The camp is in shambles. Dead Nazis litter the floor like litter. Exploded tanks smoke.

Their charge comes to a stop. As the morning fog clears, all eyes turn to...

Jack Hammer sitting atop a destroyed Nazi tank. He picks his teeth with a KAISER EAGLE PIN thing.

JACK
Morning, boys. I thought I'd help you out with your problem.

COMMANDER STEWART
I'm impressed, Jack. You did all
this in one night?

JACK
I did all this in one hour. I had
some time for fun after.

Jack motions with his head, the Jewish Army looks to a nearby setup of SIX DEAD NAZIS arranged at a CARD TABLE playing poker. Jack has clearly arranged them here for his amusement. One of them doesn't have a head.

JACK (CONT'D)
(motioning to headless
one)
He doesn't have much of a poker
face.

COMMANDER STEWART
Alright, Jack. You've got me. What
can the Jewish Army do for you?

INT. JEWISH ARMY CAMP - MONTAGE!

Jack and the Jews prepare for their final confrontation.

Jewish soldiers repair TANKS.

Other soldiers load CHOSEN GUNS.

Jack plans the assault with Commander Stewart, pouring over maps and complicated diagrams.

COMMANDER STEWART
So what's this weakness of Castro's
that you learned?

JACK
Castro likes to...

INT. BUMPIN' CUBAN CLUB - NIGHT

CASTRO
Fiesta!!!!

The club hops with the sickest party we've seen yet. Castro and his generals pound insanely colorful rainbow shots.

CASTRO (CONT'D)
One, two, très... Benvenuto!

A piñata effigy of JFK kissing another man lowers from the ceiling. General Generalissimo passes a BASEBALL BAT to Castro.

Castro looks to the effigy, but passes the bat instead to a nearby SPIRIDONOVICH.

CASTRO (CONT'D)
To a long and healthy alliance.

SPIRIDONOVICH
Thank you, Fidel.

The Russian takes the bat and SMASHES the effigy piñata right in the DICK. It explodes COCAINE over all their faces.

CASTRO
Viva Cuba!

The entire club cheers. MEANWHILE...

EXT. CASTRO'S COMPOUND - NIGHT

Cubans look on as a large NAZI CONVOY of TANKS and TRUCKS pulls up to the gate.

The gate opens. CUBANS and RUSSIANS walk out to the convoy.

CUBAN SOLDIER #10
Sorry boys, but we've chosen our allegiance.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER #45
They've picked the winning side. We beat you once before, and now we've beaten you again!

NAZI CONVOY SOLDIER #9
We're just here to see Castro, he sent for us.

CUBAN SOLDIER #10
Well he's not here. You're wasting your time.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER #45
Don't make us fight you again, or do you want the Russian Winter to annihilate you once more?!

The Nazi Convoy Soldier #9 RIPS AWAY his Pickelhaube helmet to reveal...

It's Jack! He rips off his Nazi uniform to reveal his throbbing muscles. Behind him the entire convoy REVEALS itself as the Jewish Army.

JACK
Russian winter?

BANG. He shoots the Russian.

JACK (CONT'D)
It's summertime, bitch.

All hell breaks loose. The commandeered Nazi Tanks FIRE on the Cubans, exploding guard towers like BLAM. Commander Stewart commands the attack.

COMMANDER STEWART
Charge!

JEWISH SOLDIERS
Storm the castle!

Commander Stewart blows on his SHOFAR, urging his troops to battle. The Jewish Army digs in. Jack finds Commander Stewart.

JACK
Are you going to be alright here?

COMMANDER STEWART
We can handle it. Time for you to get to phase number two.

JACK
Good luck.

COMMANDER STEWART
Mazel tov.

JACK
Yeah, okay.

Jack runs off towards destiny.

INT. BUMPIN' CUBAN CLUB - MEANWHILE

Castro and his people continue with their wild rager.

Castro does body shots off sexy señoritas. His generals cheer him on, hiding erections. Castro doesn't appear to get drunk, never losing his Cuban composure.

Out of nowhere a CUBAN MESSENGER hurries to Castro.

CUBAN MESSENGER
(in Cuban)
Sir! Sir!

CASTRO
(in Cuban)
This better be good.

CUBAN MESSENGER
(in Cuban)
Sir, an unknown force is attacking
the compound.

CASTRO
(in Cuban)
Thanks for the intel, but...

BANG. Castro kills him.

CASTRO (CONT'D)
(in Cuban)
...It's party night.

His men CHEER. No one gives a fuck about that guy.

Suddenly, low POPS and GURGLES are heard from the back of the club. All heads turn towards the bathrooms.

Señors AND señoritas run SCREAMING from the toilets. They're covered in a dark brown substance. Almost as if chasing them, brown poop-water creeps out of the bathroom onto the club's dance floor.

GENERAL GENERALISSIMO
Kaka!

Castro's bodyguards surround him, pushing his head down and hurrying him out.

CASTRO'S BODYGUARD #3
We're moving The Carnitas to the
backup Taco!

CASTRO
I could kill everyone here for this
atrocious Party Night. But...
Ricky is singing at El Fuego. So
they shall keep their lives.

INT. EL RINGO EL FUEGO CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Castro's posse arrives. Ricky is on the stage, accompanied by a small MARIACHI BAND.

The lead mariachi wears a heavy cloak, his face hidden by a large SOMBRERO. His fingers FLY across the frets, accompanying young Ricky to a jaunty up-beat tune.

RICKY

He bangs, he bangs, on my drum now/
He moves, he moves, on my dance
floor/ I don't know how he does
what he does to me/ He's opened up
my eyes so that I can see/ He
bangs!

The song finishes with a FLOURISH from young Ricky and his MARIACHI. The crowd erupts into applause, none clapping harder than dear Castro.

The party returns to normal. Castro heads to the stage. He pats Ricky on the back.

CASTRO

(in Cuban)

You've done it again, young Ricky.

RICKY

(in Cuban)

Glorious leader! I did not know
that you would be here tonight!

CASTRO

(in Cuban)

You have nothing to worry about,
you killed it! We must give some
credit to your new mariachi.

(to Mariachi)

What is your name?

MARIACHI

Sorry, I don't speak Cuban.

The Mariachi RIPS his cloak off, tossing it and his hat aside.

It's Jack Hammer!

JACK

We meet again, Castro. It ends
tonight.

CASTRO

You found me again, I'm
impressed... Again.

JACK

It was easy once I learned how much you like to party. Then it was just a simple matter of getting you to the club where I would be waiting.

CASTRO

Why didn't you just wait at the first club?

JACK

...It ends tonight. The night we meet again.

CASTRO

(keeping his eyes on Jack)
Ricky... Go hide.

Ricky runs off the stage of the now-silent club. He runs into a nearby CLOSET.

The rest of the MARIACHI BAND begins to play a lively tune, when...

CLUB EMCEE

(in Cuban)

Señors and señoritas you know what that song means! It's el ringo el fuego!

The stage IGNITES into flames. Castro walks THROUGH the flames to meet Jack in the center of the ring. The fire burns the shirt clean from his back, revealing an oily, muscly form.

Jack steps forward as well, each step disintegrating his shirt more and more to reveal his oiled bod.

CASTRO

What makes you think you can beat me this time?

JACK

I found myself in the jungle. I've taken what we both already knew and harnessed it in a new form, thanks to a young boy, his tiger, and a really psychedelic trip.

CASTRO

Hue. Nothing you've learned can save you now.

The fight is on! Castro and Jack engage in the sickest and most exciting kung fu EVER. The crowd watches from behind the flames as the Mariachi provide the perfect score for this confrontation.

Castro PUNCHES with the speed of a hit baseball. Jack remembers his spiritual journey and CATCHES the fist like it's a ball flying from the bat of a promising young future disgraced baseball star.

Holding Castro's fist, Jack retaliates all over Castro's face.

EXT. CASTRO'S COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

The Jewish Army gains a foothold at the gate.

JEWISH SOLDIER #99
Sir, the men fight well, but we
can't keep this up forever.

COMMANDER STEWART
We need to get to the compound's center building and activate the self destruct sequence! Strike force Delta! Make your way there, we'll hold them off here.

The four men of Strike Force Delta, the Jewish DALET emblazoned their uniforms, charge into the base.

COMMANDER STEWART (CONT'D)
We need to protect their flank! No matter what comes out of that jungle, we hold!

Famous last words. A MASSIVE TANK, at least thrice the size of a normal tank, ROLLS out of the jungle. On its side, a massive SWASTIKA. Rudolph Hitler emerges from the top, holding a full STEIN.

The tank FIRES, the shell hits its mark, EXPLODING Strike Force Delta.

COMMANDER STEWART (CONT'D)
No! I thought you were dead by Jack Hammer's hands!

RUDOLPH HITLER
Jack may have destroyed our camp, but luckily I was away at a pottery class making mein new stein.
Prepare to die das Jews!

The massive tank FIRES again, exploding a Jewish truck. With a mighty BLOW on his SHOFAR, Commander Stewart calls his troops to attention.

COMMANDER STEWART
Fall back! Fall back into the compound!

The men flee into the compound, shooting dead the few remaining CUBANS as they run for cover.

The tank rolls by and out leaps Rudolph. He lands in a cloud of dust. Commander Stewart steps forward.

As the dust clears, Rudolph is standing tall, a HALBERD at his side. He stares down Commander Stewart. He swigs the last mouth of beer and throws his stein CRASHING to the ground.

Commander Stewart raises his gun! Rudolph doesn't flinch.

COMMANDER STEWART (CONT'D)
It's been a while, Rudolph.

RUDOLPH HITLER
Indeed. How long has it been?

COMMANDER STEWART
Fifteen years. Fifteen years since...

RUDOLPH HITLER
The orphanage. I can't believe we both grew up there. I can't believe I used to call you my friend.

COMMANDER STEWART
Just because the American government tried to convert you doesn't mean you were my friend.
Say good night.

CLICK CLICK CLICK. His clip is empty. Stewart throws the useless gun into the dirt. Rudolph wields his halberd.

Commander Stewart gropes on his person for some kind of weapon. Slowly he raises his SHOFAR.

INT. EL RINGO EL FUEGO CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The fight continues. Jack is looking better in this confrontation.

CASTRO
You're looking better in this
confron--

POW. Jack socks him. They fight and talk, like a walk and talk but way cooler.

CASTRO (CONT'D)
Very good.

JACK
Tonight is not your night.

CASTRO
There's no way I'm letting you get
away with ruining party night.

JACK
Keep talking, it might keep you
alive longer.

CASTRO
I'm sure it will. Too bad it didn't
help Sensei Tammy.

JACK
What?

CASTRO
I slept with her. I made love to
your sensei, Jack.

JACK
You bastard!

BAM. He hits him, but his hit is too emotional, and it throws off his balance. Castro returns a quick three-punch barrage to Jack's chest. Jack quickly recomposes himself.

CASTRO
Too much emotion, Jack.

JACK
Nice try, but I'm totally cool.

CASTRO
I also had Tammy killed.

JACK
You bitch!

Jack tackles Castro.

EXT. CASTRO'S COMPOUND - INNER COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Rudolph STABS with his halberd like crazy. STAB STAB STAB.

On the final STAB, Stewart catches the halberd blade in the mouth of the horn. With a quick TWIST he knocks Rudolph to the ground.

COMMANDER STEWART
Wish I could stay and kill you,
Rudolph, but I've got a compound to
explode.

He takes off, leaving Rudolph in the dirt. Commander Stewart sprints through the compound like a boss, whacking Nazis with his shofar as he goes.

INT. CASTRO'S COMPOUND - SELF DESTRUCT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stewart sprints into the room but he's greeted by...

Rudolph Hitler stands in front of the large RED BUTTON labeled "EL SELFO DESTRUCTO". Commander Stewart cant help but laugh.

COMMANDER STEWART
Alright. Let's do this.

INT. EL RINGO EL FUEGO CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The fight fights on. Jack is pinning Castro to the ground, landing blow after blow in a rage-induced rage.

Castro starts to laugh. This slows Jack's fists.

CASTRO
Huehuehuehue...

JACK
Is me beating your ass funny to
you, Fidel?

CASTRO
If only you knew...

JACK
Just tell me then!

PUNCH.

CASTRO
You couldn't handle it.

JACK
Handle this.

PUNCH PUNCH PUNCH.

CASTRO
(spits blood from mouth)
Huehuehuehuehue!

JACK
Out with it!

CASTRO
You and I aren't just Eskimo
brothers, Jack. We are...
(sudden french accent)
Frères!

SUBTITLE: BROTHERS!

JACK
What?

In Jack's moment of hesitation, Castro kicks him off. He gets to his feet.

CASTRO
You and I come from the same mère.

SUBTITLE: MOTHER.

JACK
I don't know what that is.

CASTRO
Yes you do. It means "mother." We
are brothers, Jack. Quite
literally. And even more shocking.
We are FRENCH brothers. I'm no
Cuban, and you're no American.

JACK
Ha! That might be the funniest
thing I've ever heard.

CASTRO
C'est vrai, Jack.

SUBTITLE: IT'S TRUE, JACQUES.

JACK
It's so untrue that I didn't even
understand those words you just
said.

CASTRO

I'll prove it to you. If you're as "American" as you say, you wouldn't be able to understand French. I'm going to tell you blows I'm going to throw, Jack. And if you can't understand me... Well then you will die.

Castro charges at Jack.

CASTRO (CONT'D)
Crocet du droit!

SUBTITLE: RIGHT HOOK!

Jack dodges it perfectly.

CASTRO (CONT'D)
Crocet gauche! Jab droit!
L'uppercut! Coup de pied circulaire!

SUBTITLE: LEFT HOOK! RIGHT JAB! UPPERCUT! ROUNDHOUSE KICK!

Jack dodges all the blows perfectly. He can't believe it. He understands. Jack comes to his senses for a moment and KICKS Castro back to the ground.

CASTRO (CONT'D)
Huehuehue... I told you, Jack. You understood perfectly. We are brothers. We both speak French. We are meant to rule.

JACK
We?

CASTRO
Oui indeed! See? You can even speak French!

JACK
I said we, not oui! I don't believe you.

CASTRO
If you don't believe me, maybe you'll believe me in my final form.
Fidel... Castreau!

Jack gasps. Castreau stands. His laugh changes...

CASTREAU
Huehuehuehue-HAUHAUHAUHAUHAU!

As he stands his mustache curls, and his FIDEL HAT catches a certain light and looks just like a FRENCH BERET.

CASTREAU (CONT'D)
(singing)
Allons enfants de la Patrie/
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!

Jack unwillingly snaps to attention. His hand forces itself to that weird palm forward FRENCH SALUTE.

CASTREAU (CONT'D)
Welcome back, mon frère, Jacques Hammère!

INT. CASTRO'S COMPOUND - SELF DESTRUCT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rudolph and Stewart battle, halberd versus shofar. Silver FLASHES. White bone GLISTENS.

The men grapple and duel in a pretty sick fight, but not the sickest one yet, that's the Castro/Jack fight.

Stewart LUNGES for the big RED BUTTON. Rudolph sticks out his halberd's shaft, tripping him.

RUDOLPH HITLER
You won't be pushing that while I'm still fighting.

COMMANDER STEWART
You're right.

With a vicious SWIPE Stewart knocks the halberd from Rudolph's hands. He TWIRLS his shofar six times in a WHITE BLUR, reaches back, and STABS Rudolph with the shofar's point end, right through the stomach, stapling him to the wall with the shofar.

Rudolph chokes on his own blood. Blood POURS from the end of the shofar.

Calmly, Commander Stewart walks to the big RED BUTTON and pushes it.

CUBAN COMPOUND COMPUTER
Selfo destructo initiatedo.

SUBTITLE: SELF DESTRUCT INITIATED.

As he exits, he stops in the door frame, half-turning to look back at the defeated Rudolph.

COMMANDER STEWART
Stick around. It'll be a blast.

EXT. CASTRO'S COMPOUND - FRONT GATE - SLOW MOTION

Commander Stewart walks like a bad ass out of the compound, followed by his fellow Jewish Soldiers. As soon as they're out of range the compound EXPLODES in a massive fireball. A SWASTIKA PIN is blown from the blast and lands in front of Commander Stewart. Without even looking, he steps on it, symbolically crushing the Nazi regime.

INT. EL RINGO EL FUEGO CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Jack is completely distracted by the shocking revelation of his origines françaises. Castreau presses his advantage.

CASTREAU
Hau!

He lands a KICK.

CASTREAU (CONT'D)
Hau!

PUNCH.

Jack is getting his ass handed to him. With a vicious FRENCH SLAP, Castreau knocks Jack to the ground.

CASTREAU (CONT'D)
Embrace who you are. Return to my side, mon frère.

JACK
No... Never.

CASTREAU
What else do you have? This is who you are!

JACK
I may have been born a dirty frog, but it is a choice. And I choose America. Bald Eagle style!

Jack leaps to his feet, assuming a new fighting stance. His arms extend like wings, his fingers bent like talons. Jack SCRATCHES and WING ATTACKS.

JACK (CONT'D)
Caw!

POW!

JACK (CONT'D)
CAW CAW CAW!

SLAM! Jack is regaining the advantage. The fight reaches its highest intensity yet.

CASTREAU
Mon dieu!

SUBTITLE: FUCK THIS!

With a fierce ROUNDHOUSE KICK jack temporarily stuns Castreau. He has his chance to land the final blow. Jack pulls all energy to himself, charging up and leaping into the air. He midair punches with both his punching fists while simultaneously kicking with both his kicking feet.

His fists connect with Castreau's shoulders, separating his arms.

His feet connect with Castreau's hips, separating both his legs.

Castreau, now but a torso, falls to the ground, defeated.

The flames in the club die. Jack hurries to Castreau's side and cradles his dying brother's head in his arms.

JACK
I'm sorry it had to come to this,
brother.

CASTREAU
I always knew it would be you. This
may be my end, but it is your
beginning. Come closer.

Jack presses his ear to Castreau's mouth as Castreau does that annoying thing where he whispers something we can't hear, something of incredible significance. Jack stands. He refuses to cry.

JACK
It's safe now, little boy. You can
come out of the closet.

RICKY
No!

JACK

Come on, you'll feel much better.

Slowly, Ricky emerges from the closet, just the tip first, then the rest of his fingers, then the whole Ricky.

RICKY

You're right, it feels much better out here. It feels... Right.

JACK

What's your name, little boy?

RICKY

Ricky. Ricky Martin.

JACK

Every day is a gift now.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - WEEKS LATER

JFK

Well, you really did it, Jack.

Jack is standing tall. Commander Stewart and Jessica stand proudly behind him.

JACK

I didn't do it alone.

He looks back to Stewart and Jessica, they smile back at him.

JFK

Well, Fidel Castro is dead, there's no missiles in Cuba, and the American people have been duped into believing that I'm having an affair with Marilyn Monroe, and happily married to Jackie K., that slut.

COMMANDER STEWART

Yes, I would say that everything has been tied up nicely.

JACK

Maybe for you. But my journey has just begun. I need to find out who I really am.

JFK

We know who you are. You're Jack Hammer: An American Hero.

(MORE)

JFK (CONT'D)
The American people need you! Our
country isn't safe yet.

JACK
I have my own mission to complete
first.

With that, Jack strides out.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN BEACH - SUNSET

Jack stands looking out at the ocean. Commander Stewart and Jessica stand in the same spots behind him.

Jessica walks up to Jack.

JESSICA
Jack... We can start our life now.
We can be together. Well, after we
have dinner with my parents later.

JACK
I wish I could, sweet, sweet
Jessica. But I need to figure out
who I am. Sometimes I speak... And
it's Française!

JESSICA
We can figure it out, Jack!
Together.

Jack steps out into the ocean, walking into the surf.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Where are you going?!

JACK
To France.
(in French)
Je suis la jeune fille.

SUBTITLE: "I DON'T KNOW WHO I AM ANYMORE."

Jack walks into the ocean, eventually submerging, swimming
into the sunset.

JESSICA
But we have a reservation at
Marcel's!

Jack Hammer disappears into the sunset.

90.

THE END?

EPILOGUE.

RICKY MARTIN

would go on to sell over 70 million albums, have 95 platinum records, six number one Billboard albums, eleven Number one hit songs, six Grammys, and four Kids Choice Awards.

To this day, his greatest regret is that he could only come out of the closet once.

JOSÉ CANSECO

immigrated to the United States six months after meeting Jack Hammer. He would go on to win two World Series, Six Stanley Cups, Three Super Bowls, an F1 Grand Prix, two PGA Players' Championships, and an Olympic bronze medal for Ribbon Dancing, for Team USA.

In 2004 an anonymous tip to his questionable citizenship caused José to be deported. Jack Hammer would immediately take credit for the tip, going so far as to petition to have all of his championships, and his Olympic medal stripped.

So far, all have been successful revoked from José, save for the World Series Championships. Jack's petition to Major League Baseball is pending to this day.

COMMANDER STEWART

returned to America and his family a conquering hero. In the eighties he revolutionized ball park hot dog sales techniques, eventually starting his own hot dog company to memorialize the events in Cuba. He named it, Hebrew National.

Stewart's son Jon got into the entertainment industry with his own program called "The Daily Show." To date it has grossed a bajillion dollars. When asked of his son's success, Commander Stewart labeled Jon as a failure, for he never went to medical school like his father had hoped.

SPIRIDONOVICH PUTIN

survived the Cuba incident and went to live in peace. One day he was cursed by a Russian Sorcerer, who made him ageless. Not wanting to waste his new gift, he seized the Russian Throne, and ceased going by his middle name, Spiridonovich, and instead returned to his birth name. Vladimir. He rules with an iron stare to this very day.

THE JEWISH ARMY

disbanded shortly after defeating the Nazis. Some found homes in Florida Condos where they live to this day. The rest went

to take over and control Hollywood and the New York Stock Market.

To this day, no film is made without the express consent of the Jewish Army, which re-branded itself as five major motion picture studios.

JOHN F. KENNEDY

orchestrated a fake assassination on his own life to escape the hell of being married to a woman. For a time he lived happily in secret with his Vietnamese love in a small town called Pjyeungon.

Years later, Jackie Kennedy organized a war to attack the country that stole her husband away from her. It was later known as the Vietnam war.

JFK was killed during an American carpet bombing of Pjyeungon during the campaign.

JACK HAMMER

stepped out into the ocean to swim to his suspected birthplace, Paris, France. He has not been heard from since.....

CREDITS.

SUPER SECRET POST CREDITS SCENE

EXT. BEACHES OF NORMANDY, FRANCE - SUNRISE

Jack steps out of the ocean onto the white French beaches.

JACK
(in French)
Père... Omlette du fromage.

SUBTITLE: "FATHER. I WILL FIND YOU."

FADE OUT.
THE END. (?)