ZOOLANDER

Screenplay by

BEN STILLER & DRAKE SATHER

September 4th, 1998
FADE UP:

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL, MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Tom Clancy espionage music comes up; lots of snare drums and strings...

The muted clicking of computer keys accompanies the title:

NEW YORK CITY -- JACOBIM MUGATU FALL UNDERPANTS LINE
UNVEILING PARTY

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL-- PENTHOUSE -- NIGHT

The party is in full swing. A POSTER of ANTONIO SABATO JR., modeling MUGATU underpants is the centerpiece of the room. Almost surreally, the real SABATO, wearing only underwear, dances into frame humping the air to an impossibly fast PRODIGY number as a CROWD cheers him on.

ANGLE ON:

AMBER VALETTA and CARLA BRUNI

AMBER
The guy on Canal Street gets out way more than the guy on 23rd.

CARLA
That’s what I’m hearing.

AMBER
It’s true. I mean, I looked at this big bag of sludge and just couldn’t believe that all that was in me.

CARLA
I know.

ANGLE ON:

JOHN GALLIANO and JACOBIM MUGATU

Jacobim is tall, dry and incredibly affected. He’s wearing full KABUKI MAKEUP and a black plastic suit. He speaks with an UNSPECIFIED EUROPEAN ACCENT that changes constantly throughout the film. Also, from scene to scene, his clothes will become more and more outrageous.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GALLIANO
You've outdone yourself this season Jaco. Bold, nasty undergarments, with a touch of sentimentality. Bravo.

JACOBIM
The things we do to entice the K-Mart shopper. I'm lucky if I can see a profit this fiscal year with that Filipino Yen playing hide the salami with my ass. Not to mention getting the shelf space.
(nods to Antonio)
That's why I gotta stick that monkey on my boxes.

Galliano nods sadly in agreement.

BACK ON ANTONIO:

Dancing his heart out, he suddenly loses the beat for a moment, noticing....

A MAN, who looks totally out of place wearing a very straight suit and tie.

Antonio stops dancing. His face whitens, he looks to the front door.

Two BIG MEN IN SUNGLASSES take position in front of it.

The Man In The Suit gestures to Antonio, with a slight smile, to join him. This seems to frighten him even more. He steps down from the coffee table, backing away across the room.

The Man nods to the the Two Sunglass guys, who move toward him.

BATHROOM

Antonio seeks refuge in the bathroom only to find TWO SEXY FEMALE MODELS having sex in the empty bathtub. They see him and beckon him in, he considers it a moment then turns away.

KITCHEN

Sweating, Antonio checks behind him as he moves through the crowd. He bumps into...

MAURY BAULSTEIN, 55, a short, balding model agent, heavyset, with lots of jewelry. Maury talks with a deep garment salesmen tone. His mouth is full with a shrimp brochette.

(CONTINUED)
MAURY
There he is! The man of the hour...

ANTONIO
No, I'm fine. I have to go.

MAURY
It's not everyday a thirty year old model slash actor lands an underwear deal. T-shirts maybe. I wedgied MUGATU's ass on this one. We're seeing ten cents on every unit.

ANTONIO
I know.

MAURY
Yeah, yeah. I know, you know. You know everything. Two years on Melrose place, I bet you could cure cancer.

He gives Antonio a paternal pat on the butt. Antonio moves away.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALCONY -- NIGHT

Antonio, now in a full on state of hysteria, steps out on to the balcony, and looks over the railing, forty flights down to the busy street below. He climbs on top of the railing.

The Man in the Suit and the Sunglass guys step to the doorway, and stop when they see this. A crowd of partiers starts to gather.

ANTONIO
(gesturing wildly)
I won't be your freak! I won't be your mutant freak boy!!

The Man, not wanting to be noticed, shrinks back. He laughs nervously, as if Antonio is crazy. Maury comes to the door, as does Mugatu, and more partiers...

ANTONIO (cont'd)
I'm not an animal! I have two legs, not four!

The crowd reacts to his craziness, murmuring to each other.

(CONTINUED)
MAURY
He's whacked out on the crack cocaine.
I've seen this before. Come down from there, Tony!

Antonio eyes glaze over, as if he is if he has moved on to another plane, a tear rolling down his cheek... The MUSIC INTENSIFIES...

ANTONIO
(straight to Mugatu and the Man, very dramatic)
My face might be on your underwear -- but Antonio Sabato Jr.'s soul has just been taken off the market.

He takes a silent step backwards, plummeting toward the ground.

The CROWD GASPS. The Man and the Sunglass Guys disappear.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - NIGHT

Sabato comes flying towards us, his ass obliterating the frame.

BLACK

Folksy, Springsteen-esque music comes up out of nowhere, as the TITLES play over...

SUPER 8 HOME MOVIES CIRCA MID-'70'S

An extremely good looking MOTHER and FATHER are taking their two TWIN 5 YEAR OLD SONS on a day trip.

The parents waking the children while it's still dark.

Loading the station wagon. One son constantly poses for the camera, the other holds a plastic guitar.

Stopping for lunch at Denny's. The poser brother stares at his reflection in a spoon. The guitar brother pretends to play a tune while the parents clap and cheer. The poser looks over jealously at the attention his brother gets. He seems sad, in his own world.

Mt. Rushmore. The family waves to the camera -- all except the poser, who seems enamored of the giant chiseled faces of the former presidents. As the camera lands on him....
he shoots us a look that we immediately recognize as “Blue Steel.”

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - PRESENT DAY -- EVENING

A fully grown DEREK ZOOLANDER shoots his “Blue Steel” look right through us as he swaggers up the star-clogged red carpet towards the entrance to the VH1 Fashion Awards.

Everyone is there from MADONNA to DEMI, from CALVIN KLEIN to DONATELLA VERSACE.

TITLE TYPES ON SCREEN:

VH1 FASHION AWARDS, NEW YORK CITY

Derek clowns around with DAVID BOWIE for the FASHION TV crew.

MUGATU emerges from a limo, wearing a hoop skirt frame over biker spandex. He passes Bowie and Derek, who are being interviewed by separate crews...

REPORTER
(to David)
Are you performing tonight?

DAVID
No, I’m strictly here to watch Derek win his fifth consecutive Male Model of the Year award.

Cutting through the limos, a primer black customized and beachered-out 73 FORD BRONCO pulls up. THREE MODELS and a blonde, waify looking MALE MODEL pour out. The flashbulbs go crazy, all for the Beck-like looker in the paisley shirt.

REPORTERS
Hansel! Over here! Hansel!

He smiles a laid back grin, but doesn’t stop. He has a yo-yo, which he plays with as he passes Derek, whom he doesn’t acknowledge. Derek returns the favor.

REPORTER
Are you worried about Hansel, Derek?

DEREK
Not as much as I’m worried about Gretel.

Derek smiles weirdly at his joke.
DEREK (cont’d)
But seriously, my dream came true would
be that there’s a four-way tie tonight.

REPORTER
You mean, five-way tie, don’t you?

Derek pauses, looks around for a moment, then moves off.

CUT TO:

INT. FASHION AWARDS - LATER

The awards show is almost over. The host, ALEC BALDWIN, is
at the podium.

ALEC
Welcome back. And before we present the
final two nominees for Male Model of the
Year, I’d just like to ask for a moment
of silence as we send all our love and
healing thoughts to Mr. Antonio Sabato
Jr, who is fighting the fight of his life
as we speak.
(closing his eyes, tearful)
We’re with you hot stuff.

The crowd applauds.

ALEC (cont’d)
Back to business. Here are the final two
nominees for Male Model of the Year.

CUT TO:

HANSEL VIDEO MONTAGE

Beck’s LOSER plays over a slickly edited series of images of
the blonde and beautiful HANSEL.

Hansel in different runway shows, wearing a thong only...

ANNOUNCER
Hot. Young. Brash. With more covers in
his first year than any rookie model
ever, and an attitude that says...

He gives the camera the finger, we FREEZE FRAME, but it’s
adorable, cause he’s Hansel...

ANNOUNCER (cont’d)
...Who cares! It’s only fashion!
Hansel on the cover of GQ, PAPER, winking on the ID cover.
Hansel skateboarding in the Hamptons with his friends, wearing love beads and sandals.
Hansel Extreme Snowboarding on virgin powder...

HANSEL
Hey, if somebody wants to snap my picture, that's their trip. I'm just along for the ride. Right now, me and my friends are into crater-lugging...

Hansel and his grunged out yet beautiful buddies luge down the inside of a rocky volcano crater...

HANSEL (cont'd)
If modeling can buy me an extra twelve feet of bungee cord, I'm ahead of the game. Know what I mean? It's all good.

Hansel at a photo shoot, surrounded by BEEKEEPERS in full gear, wearing a COAT OF LIVE BEES, looking beautiful for the camera...

ANNOUNCER
Hansel!

ON DEREK
He watches uneasily in the audience, checking out the crowd's reaction.

Behind him Hansel plays with his yo-yo, soaking in the applause.

CUT TO:

DEREK VIDEO MONTAGE

Techno music pounds over slick images of Derek doing different photo shoots -- holding a poodle, wearing a fur, oozing modelness -- the complete opposite energy of Hansel.

ANNOUNCER
Over the past decade male modeling has had a shadow over it. That shadow has been cast by one man, and five syllables...
(with reverb, spoken to a pounding beat)
DER-REK-ZOO-LAND-DER!!!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Derek on a billboard for DKNY, running in traffic almost getting hit.

Derek in a European looking commercial for Diet Coke, pouring it on his head in slow motion.

Derek on a runway doing his trademark loping gait, wearing a silly suit.

Derek being interviewed.

DEREK
I guess the look I'm best known for is "Blue Steel"...

Derek flashes "Blue Steel" to camera with a lateral shift of his neck.

ON THE CROWD
They break into applause. Derek looks relieved.

BACK TO VIDEO

DEREK (cont'd)
But I'm also known for "Ferrari" -- which is a much softer look...

He flashes "Ferrari" -- the exact same look as "Blue Steel".

DEREK (cont'd)
Blue Steel is much more aggressive -- Ferrari, I save that for softer work, like gloves and socks...

Derek at a photo shoot with a PHOTOGRAPHER, who is treating him like a piece of meat, moving his face as if he is a mannequin.

DEREK (cont'd)
My face is my instrument. I use it the same way a cowboy would use his...
(makes lassoing gesture)
Or a nurse would use her... hat.

Derek in SAD CLOWN MAKEUP, turning a giant industrial wheel, covered in grease...

ANNOUNCER
Four time winner of the most prestigious honor that any male model would kill for....Zoolander!
ON THE PODIUM

As the crowd reacts, Alec Baldwin opens the envelope.

ALEC
And the award goes to...

TIGHT SHOT OF DEREK

He seems supremely confident and scared shitless.

We TRACK to HANSEL, who seems oblivious, doing "Walk the Dog" on his yo-yo for his seat mate.

ON ALEC

ALEC

...Han--

ON DEREK

He gets up, assuming he's won.

ON ALEC

ALEC

--sel!

ON THE CROWD

Oohs, aahs, and cheers at the huge upset.

DEREK

is caught standing up as the realization that he lost hits him. For a moment he looks stunned, and then quickly begins clapping as hard as he can, going into standing ovation mode...

Hansel looks around, mildly surprised, casually high fives some buddies around him and heads to the stage, passing Derek, who looks lost and scared.

CUT TO:

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN -- SIDE DOOR -- NIGHT

Derek bursts out of the theatre, leaving the awards show early. He is forlorn. He walks over to the street, gazes at his reflection in a mud puddle as he hails a cab.

(Continued)
DEREK
(to himself)
Who am I?

He becomes fascinated with the distorted image of himself in the puddle, and bends down like Narcissus, touching his finger to the reflection. Just as he does so, a LIMO pulls up splattering him with mud.

A group of female models lead by LINDA EVANGELISTA and BRIDGET HALL come running out the side door, into the car.

LINDA
Come out with us, Derek.

DEREK
I can’t.

LINDA
We’re going to do a bunch of blow then go skinny-dipping in Donald Trump’s pool. It’ll be fun.

BRIDGET
Yeah, come with us!

DEREK
I really can’t. I’ve got a lot of things to ponder.

Hansel pops his head out of the limo, with Linda on his lap.

HANSEL
Don’t think too hard, amigo. It’s all good.

The door closes on their laughing faces and speeds off. The mud, mixed with tears drips off Derek’s face.

He walks down the street, into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. DEREK’S SOHO LOFT -- EARLY MORNING

He shuffles inside, locking the door behind him. As he passes by the mantle piece, he stops and looks at the FOUR VH1 MODEL OF THE YEAR AWARDS, and the empty FIFTH SPOT. He fingers the empty space sadly.

BEDROOM

(CONTINUED)
Derek opens the door quietly. We reveal that there are two sets of bunk beds. His three male model roommates BRINT, RUFUS and MEEKUS, sleep soundly in their beds, each with their names on them.

Derek falls onto his bottom bunk, feeling alone. He lies there for a long moment then...

BRINT
I just have one thing to say...

Brint Rufús and Meekus simultaneously pop their heads out of the sheets, Meekus being upside down from the bunk on top.

BRINT/RUFUS/MEEKUS
Hansel can kiss our ass!

Derek breaks into a huge grin, buoyed by his friends support.

DEREK
You guys!

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

They are all in work out clothes, wearing tank tops that say B’ALLS MODELS.

Rufus is on his cell phone checking his pager. So is Meekus. Brint is doing sit-ups on a Roman chair. Derek gazes at his own reflection in a spoon. During this conversation, no one actually looks at each other.

RUFUS
I’d be happy to even be a finalist for male model of the year even once.

MEEKUS
I’m telling you, the whole thing’s fixed.

BRINT
Yeah right, Meekus. You and your conspiracies. Like that idea you had that someone was spying on us.

MEEKUS
I’m telling you Brint, someone is spying on us. I was taking a shower last week and my loofah was damp -- and no one had been home all night.
Brint
Loofahs are supposed to be damp. That's why they're called loofahs.

Mekus
Come on Derek, tell them how you found that little camera in the ceiling fan.

Derek shrugs, still gazing into the spoon.

Rufus
Oh please. Every apartment I've ever lived in has had a camera in the ceiling fan. It's part of being a model. People will do anything to see us naked.

(reading his pager)
Hey! There's a party tonight!

Everyone brightens, save Derek.

Derek
Do you ever think that maybe there's something more to life than being really, really, really, super, super, super, good-looking?

They consider this for a moment, then, pretty much in unison, shakes their heads, "No."

During this, the camera slowly falls below the table to reveal a small microphone, taking in the conversation.

Mekus
What do you mean, Derek?

Meekus nonchalantly tries to see his own reflection in Derek's spoon.

Derek
I don't know, do you ever feel like we should be doing something more meaningful with our lives?

Brint
Like what?

Derek
You know, like helping people?

Mekus
What people?
DEREK
(confused)
People that... need help...

RUFUS
Models help people. They give them a good self image.

MEEKUS
Yeah.

DEREK
That's true...

BRINT
Hey Dude, I know what you need.

He jumps off the Roman chair and tosses the towel playfully at Rufus, who flips his cell phone closed and playfully tosses the towel at Meekus.

RUFUS MEEKUS BRINT
JAMBA JUICE!

WHAM'S TIMELESS HIT "WAKE ME UP BEFORE YOU GO-GO" KICKS IN...

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVERTIBLE -- DAY

The male models, now dressed in elegant summer casuals, are cruising in a restored, cherry apple red convertible T-bird. They pull in to a gas station, GROOVING TO THE MUSIC...

GAS PUMP

Meekus pumps gas while Derek cleans the windshield. Derek playfully flicks the wet squeegee at Brint and Rufus. They hop out and arm themselves with squeegees as well, and, before you can say "Dior turn," a male model romp is on.

SLOW MOTION

The boys flinging sudsy sponges at each other, all of them getting soaked to the skin.

Things escalate to another level when Rufus takes the GASOLINE HOSE and douses Meekus and Brint with super unleaded.

Meekus returns the favor in kind. The frivolity winds down, all four of them weak from laughter and horseplay.

(CONTINUED)
Meekus sighs and takes a cigarette from out of the glove compartment. He places it in his mouth, and produces a lighter.

SUPER SLO MO as the MUSIC DISTORTS

Meekus striking the font...

Derek lunging towards Meekus to knock the cigarette from his mouth...

DEREK
(slowed down)
Noooooo!!!

Meekus looks up, meeting Derek's eyes just hundredths of a second before he's engulfed in flame...

Derek is knocked back by the explosion. He watches in horror as, in quick succession...

Meekus, Brint and Rufus catch fire. All three of them, cloaked in flame, run around the gas station screaming for help as...

Derek stands by, helpless, crushed.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP:

EXT. FLORAL HILLS CEMETERY - DAY

Derek is giving the eulogy at the triple male model funeral. There are easily over one hundred sharply dressed male models in attendance. MAURY is there, with an incredibly hot MODEL CHICK.

DEREK
Rufus, Brint and Meekus were like brothers to me. And I don't mean "brother" like someone who is your actual brother. I mean "brother" like the way black people use it, which is more meaningful, I think.

About fifty feet behind the mourners, THE MAN IN THE SUIT FROM THE OPENING PARTY watches hidden behind a marker.

DEREK (cont'd)
... When God calls one of us away, or in this case, two of us...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
DEREK (cont'd)
or three of us, actually, now that I count the coffins, he or she does so because he or she, needs us more in heaven than on earth. And, if nothing else, heaven just got a whole lot cuter. And also, earth is going to get a lot less cute too. And also, due to all the really bad things that have happened lately, I have decided to stop being a male model.

The CROWD REACTS in shock, especially Maury.

CUT TO:

EXT. B'ALLS MODELS BUILDING -- MIDTOWN -- DAY

Maury and Derek walk into the building, Maury eating a hot dog.

MAURY
(pissed)
You're overreacting! Three faggottinis catch the wrong end of a duraflame and all of a sudden you wanna throw away a career? Who the hell has a gasoline fight, anyway? What the hell were they thinking?

INT. B'ALLS MODELS -- LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

They enter the reception area, heading towards Maury's office. The halls are filled with BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE.

DEREK
I'm turning in my tear book, Maury. I want to do something meaningful with my life.

MAURY
You know what's meaningful? The crack of that chick's ass I was with at the funeral. I'm telling you, you stick your nose as deep as you want into the crack of that eighteen year old ass and it smells like roses. Deep as you want.

DEREK
I'm serious.

MAURY
So am I. I don't get it, you quit, then what?
DEREK
The other day, I was thinking of volunteering to help underprivileged children learn how to read... and just thinking about it was the most rewarding experience of my life.

They enter...

MAURY’S OFFICE

It is filled with modelling agency stuff and has a great view of Manhattan. Maury sits behind his huge desk and turns on his computer. Derek sits across from him.

Throughout the scene he fiddles with the computer.

MAURY
What about me, huh? What happens to B'allis? What do I do? Sell churros on the street?

DEREK
You’ll be fine.

MAURY
Alright, fuck me. What about us? I thought we had a connection here. I’ve always considered you like a...

DEREK
... son?

MAURY
Yeah, whatever. I mean, we built this place together. When I met you, you were a Junior Petite who didn’t know Jean Paul Gaultier from Long John Silver. Now look at you.

Derek looks down, ashamed.

MAURY (cont’d)
All the nights you spent on my couch crying about how you can’t turn left...

DEREK (defensive)
I can turn left.

MAURY
Derek, please. Some male models go left at the end of a runway, others go right.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
MAURY (cont'd)
You're a right turner. Nothing to be ashamed of.

DEREK
I can go left.

MAURY
Bullshit.

DEREK
It's true.

MAURY
Alright, baby wants to play? Prove it.

Derek gets up and finds some runway room in the spacious office. He prepares for a moment, then does a spectacular walk to the end of the office. He pauses for a moment then turns...right. It's a beautiful turn.

Maury applauds politely. Derek does another perfect walk to the other end of the office, begins a turn to the left, and freezes.

A few awkward moments go by. Derek starts to shake, on the verge of tears.

MAURY (cont'd)
Derek. Very few male models are ambi-turners.

Derk finally shakes it off and goes to the wall. There are two magazine covers framed on the wall: one Hansel, the other Derek.

DEREK
(angrily)
Hansel is an ambi-turner.

MAURY
(sighing)
Here we go. I was wondering how long it was going to take before you brought up his name. You're mad I signed Hansel. That's what all this is about, isn't it?

Derek slumps into his chair. Maury crosses over in front of the desk and sits down in front of Derek.

MAURY (cont'd)
Lemme tell you something. There is only one Zoolander. You hearing this? There is only one person on this whole planet who can do "Blue Steel". Am I right?

(CONTINUED)
Derek doesn't look up, but nods.

MAURY (cont'd)
Now, gimme one. Come on. One Blue Steel.
Do it.

Derek can't bring himself. Maury gets in his face.

MAURY (cont'd)
Come on. Do it. Do it. Do it.
(a long beat, almost threatening)
Do it.

Finally a sad, yet gallant Derek flashes his smoldering look.

MAURY (cont'd)
(smiling)
There he is! That's the male supermodel I know. Now get outta here.

DEREK
Okay. But I'm serious. I need to take some time off. Maybe go home. Figure things out.

MAURY
(laughing a bit too hard)
Yeah, you do that. Go, figure it all out. And when you do, tell me how the hell to get the free porn on the internet. Cause I'll be damned if I'm giving them my credit card to play with!

Derek stands, they hug.

DEREK
I love you, Maury.

MAURY
Yeah, yeah.

Maury pushes him out, shutting the door. He returns to his desk, takes a phone out from his bottom desk drawer.

He picks up the receiver and waits a few seconds. His demeanor becomes very serious.

MAURY (cont'd)
(into phone)
2-7-9-5-4-8... This is Jock Rocket requesting clearance.
(MORE)

(Continued)
MAURY (cont'd)
(with a pained whisper)
Zoolander's ready.

INT. A DARK BUNKER LIKE OFFICE

THE CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES behind the desk of the man on the
other end of the phone. Across from him sits an intelligent
and, in spite of herself, attractive CIA agent, MATILDA
JEFFREYS.

TITLE TYPES ON: CIA HEADQUARTERS -- LANGLEY, VIRGINIA

The man hangs up the phone. Though we don't see him yet, he
is SLOANE.

SLOANE
(to Matilda)
Zoolander's ready.

Matilda nods, then...

MATILDA
Which one is he again?

Sloane casually clicks a mouse and images of Derek in various
goofy poses appear on a large wall of monitors.

MATILDA (cont'd)
(unimpressed)
Oh, that guy. He's not gonna go Sabato
Jr. on us is he?

We reveal that Sloane is the Man in the Suit from the first
scene and the funeral.

SLOANE
That's your job, Agent Jeffreys.

On her concerned look...

The Springsteenesque music comes up...

EXT. CHISELHEAD, SOUTH DAKOTA -- DAY

A Greyhound bus pulls to a stop by the side of the highway,
and Derek deboards, followed by five big pieces of Gucci
luggage.

The bus pulls away, and Derek takes in his hometown.

(CONTINUED)
Title types on: CHISELHEAD, SOUTH DAKOTA

EXT. CORNFIELD -- DAY

Derek totes his luggage up a long driveway, past a mailbox that reads Zoolander. He heads up the long road to the house, struggling with his bags.

ZOOLANDER HOME

It is a traditional farmhouse, except for the fact that it is in the shadow of the impressive peaks of Mount Rushmore, which loom in the background.

Derek’s mother, SUNNY, a very pretty older woman, leans out of a window.

SUNNY
Derek? Is that you? My Baby!

DEREK
Hey, Mom!

Sunny shuts the window and runs downstairs to greet her son. She emerges from the front door and hugs him.

SUNNY
Look at you. You look so skinny! Don’t they have food in New York City?

DEREK
(Puzzled)
Yes, they do.

SUNNY
Oh, Derek.
(hugging him)
Well, you’re getting a mouthful tonight. Your brother and father are going to be so happy to see you!

Off of Derek’s most complicated expression yet...

CUT TO:

INT. ZOOLANDER DINING ROOM - EVENING

Uncomfortable silence, broken only by the sound of utensils clinking.

Derek, Sunny, Derek’s father LARRY (also really good looking), and Derek’s twin brother, TIM, sit across from each other, not speaking.

(CONTINUED)
Tim happens to look and talk very much like Bruce Springsteen.

TIM

(like Springsteen)
These potatoes are special, Ma.

SUNNY
Thank you, honey.

LARRY
(after a long beat)
To what do we owe the privilege? I figured you’d be off God knows where doing your “modeling”.

DEREK
It’s Male modeling. And I’ve decided to quit.

Derek waits for his family to react.

LARRY
(beat)
Your brother’s performing tonight, Derek. We’re all going out to watch him.

DEREK
Did anyone hear what I said?

SUNNY
Of course. Good for you, sweetheart. If that’s what you want. We can all go see your brother’s show tonight and celebrate. He’s added songs from the new album.

TIM
Inspired by the new album, Ma. The lawyers were very explicit about that.

DEREK
(slightly sarcastic)
Oh. Still doing the “act” Tim?

TIM
(regular voice)
What’s that supposed to mean?

SUNNY
Now Derek, don’t start.
DEREK
I'm quitting male modeling. Everyone else in the world is in shock over the news and all you want me to do is go see Tim's stupid show!

TIM
(non plussed, as Springsteen)
There comes a time in every man's life when he reaches a fork in the road, and he's got to decide which way to go. You came to that fork, and you made that decision. I gotta respect that.

LARRY
That's real well put, Tim. I'm proud of you.

He looks at Derek, as if he's about to say something, and eats a green bean instead. Derek runs to his bedroom in tears.

SUNNY
(to Larry)
Couldn't you have at least acted like you were happy to see him?

LARRY
I'm a farmer, not an actor.

TIM
(as Springsteen)
Many a time a man finds himself thrust on to the world stage, not knowing his lines, or his motivation...

SUNNY
Not now, Tim.

CUT TO:

INT. DEREK AND TIM'S CHILDHOOD ROOM - EVENING

Derek's walls are covered with pictures of fashion magazines from the seventies, along with posters of good-looking bad actors from the seventies like Burt Reynolds, Jan-Michael Vincent, Michael Sarrazin, Bruce Jenner, etc.

Tim's side of the room is entirely plastered with Springsteen pictures.

Derek weeps into his pillow. Sunny lets herself in.
DEREK
It doesn’t matter what I do, he’ll never approve of me.

SUNNY
That’s not true. He just doesn’t approve of... male models.

DEREK
If he doesn’t approve of male models, why isn’t he happy that I’m quitting?

This stumps Sunny.

SUNNY
He’s a complicated man, Derek.

INT. ZOOLANDER FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Larry is watching a college basketball game, drinking a beer. Derek comes down stairs, and hesitantly sits next to him.

DEREK
Who’s winning?

LARRY
State.

Derek nods, pretending to understand.

ON THE TELEVISION

The game goes to commercial -- and it is...

Derek’s “Obsession” ad. Derek appears to be naked, swimming through clouds over a crashing surf. It is very artsy.

DEREK ON TV DUBBED WITH
ANOTHER ACTOR’S VOICE
She’s getting away... I must catch her...

ON LARRY AND DEREK

It couldn’t be more awkward. Even Derek feels embarrassed. After a horrendously long beat, Sunny comes in with jackets.

SUNNY
Come on, we better get going or we’ll be late for the show.

(CONTINUED)
Both men bolt out of their seats, incredibly relieved.

EXT. FOUR PRESIDENTS THEATER - NIGHT

The theater seems to be the only place open in the quiet town. The marquee reads

THE THUNDER ROAD REVUE - TIM ZOOLANDER IS "THE BOSS"

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

Derek, Larry and Sunny are in the front row of the packed house. Tim is onstage, dressed as the Eighties Springsteen, singing "Shopping Cart" to the tune of "Hungry Heart."

Derek watches grudgingly. His parents have their hands in the air, singing along.

TIM

Everybody's got a shopping cart,
everybody's got a shopping cart, lay down
your credit card and pay for your part,
everybody's got a sho-o-o-ping cart. Ooh yeah...

He finishes the song, and Larry applauds wildly. Derek watches his Dad give Tim all this love and support and can't help but feel sad.

TIM (cont'd)
(talking)

Yeah, shopping is something that Americans like to do. Go to the mall, buy things, even when they don't need nothin'. Just buy it, you know what I mean?

Derek's cell phone rings. Larry looks at him as if to say "how could you?". Derek goes off with the phone.

THEATER AISLE

DEREK

(into phone)

Hello?

INTERCUT BETWEEN DEREK AND MAURY

(CONTINUED)
MAURY
You figure it out yet?

DEREK
Maury?

MAURY
Hey, I’ve got some good news and some bad news. The good news is, I’ve got you an incredible gig.

DEREK
What’s the bad news?

MAURY
You’re going to be richer than me.
   (laughs)
You up for it?

DEREK
Maury, I was serious, I think it’s over for me.

MAURY
Yeah, right, and I’m Tara Lipinski. You know, that skater chick with the sweet touchas.

DEREK
I’m not kidding.

MAURY
Well, somebody better tell Jacobim Mugatu. He says you’re the only face for his new campaign.

DEREK
Really?
   (a beat)
No, Maury I can’t...

MAURY
Derek, this is big. They wanna go exclusive with you worldwide. This’ll make the Sabato deal look like minimum wage.

DEREK
What is it?
MAURY
It's very hush hush. Mugatu wants to fly you in right away and tell you about it himself.

DEREK
Maury, I have to take time to --

MAURY
Listen, I told him you quit, but he wouldn't listen. Oh, I mentioned the little kids who can't read and he says he'll build you a center, you know to tutor them or whatever the fuck.

DEREK
(brightening)
Are you joking?

MAURY
What am I, shovelling shit up your ass? Of course it's for real. But you gotta go now. Will your family be upset?

Derek looks over to his parents, who are singing along to "Born To Have Fun". He nods "no" silently to the phone.

The sound of a jet landing as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. JFK -- DAY
Derek's jet lands.

Title types out: NEW YORK CITY

CUT TO:

EXT. MUGATU ENTERPRISES - DAY
Derek enters the Mugatu Enterprises building, a tall, shiny skyscraper in mid-town Manhattan.

MUGATU'S VOICE
"Assassine" isn't just one product...
INT. MUGATU’S OFFICE - DAY

An incredible showroom/office/design studio, overlooking the city.

MUGATU himself is dressed and made up in full Maori tribesmen tattoos and a miniskirt.

MUGATU
(enervated)
...or even several products. It is no products! How about that! And every product! It's a look, it's a shove on the subway by an oily stranger. Do you understand me? Yes, there is a clothing line, yes there is fragrance, a coffee table book, blah blah blah, so what! I DON'T CARE!

Jacobim quickly sketches something on an electronic pad. Instantly, a beautiful, colored sketch appears on a huge, brilliant computer monitor.

The sketch is of Derek, dressed as a ninja bearing nun-chuks, a machine gun and a sabre, wearing a decidedly flamboyant outfit.

MUGATU (cont’d)
Are you “Assassine”?

Derek struggles to look like he knows what the word means. He starts to answer, but Mugatu continues.

MUGATU (cont’d)
Am I crazy, Derek? Maybe. The question is, do you want to dance in the places where a little elf named “genius” hangs his pointy cap?

DEREK
No offense Mr. Mugatu, but you never hired me before, and I've been around for-

MUGATU
Yes! Yes, around and around! And I wanted nothing of you! And now I cannot have you and I must -- you have played me masterfully. Now the forbidden fruit must be tasted!

(he drops to his knees)
You have won! You have taken me, Assassiné!

(CONTINUED)
Derek is won over.

DEREK
Okay. And you’re going to build that reading center, right?

MUGATU
What? Oh, yeah.

DEREK
Then I’ll do it.

Mugatu gets up and hits a button on his desk. Sloane and Matilda walk in, dressed in conservative business attire.

SLOANE
(exremely straight)
Welcome aboard, Derek. I’m Hayden Sloane. I’ll be the creative director on the campaign. And let me tell you, we’ve got some kooky ideas.

MATILDA
I’m Matilda Jeffreys. I’ll be handling your day to day. Taking care of anything you need.

DEREK
Oh, okay. You mean like getting my moisturizers? I guess you know all about my chafing problem.

MATILDA
(hesitant)
Right...

MUGATU
Your life is about to change, Derek. We are going to create a new way of thinking, dressing and smelling -- and we are launching in just two weeks!

SLOANE
Derek, I’m sure you’re familiar with the G7 conference coming up later this month.

Derek nods, lying.

(CONTINUED)
SLOANE (cont’d)
Over thirty world leaders are going to be here in New York for it, and we are having our unveiling smack dab in the middle of the Grand Hall of the United Nations -- It’s going to be the first fashion show there ever.

MUGATU
And it is all you! All you, master manipulator! I am such a fool for you!

MATILDA
I’ll pick you up in two hours at your hotel. Bring a bag.

DEREK
Where are we going?

Mugatu places his fingers to his lips.

MUGATU
Shhhhh. From this point on, you can know very little, Derek. You are going on a journey of the soul, a transformation of your entire physical and spiritual essence. You must become “Assassin”.

DEREK
Okay. Do you think I need to bring sunscreen?

Matilda rolls her eyes.

EXT. MUGATU ENTERPRISES -- DAY

Matilda walks out, says something to Sloane, who goes off. She hails a cab, of which an OLDER MAN is getting out. As he holds the door open...

MATILDA
(under her breath)
It’s Zoolander.

OLDER MAN
Central Park Carousel.

He goes off. She closes the cab door.
EXT. CENTRAL PARK CAROUSEL -- DAY

Matilda walks toward the entrance to the Carousel. A few families are there. From the restroom emerges a custodian who walks toward her. It is the older man, WENDELL.

WENDELL

Where?

MATILDA


WENDELL

Stay close on this one. We don’t want another Sabato Jr. Situation.

MATILDA

I’m going to need--

He goes off, pushing his broom. Matilda seems irked by all this.

CUT TO:

EXT. TARMAC -- NIGHT

A black car pulls up to a private jet, with the MUGATU logo on the tail. Derek and Matilda are greeted by handlers who take their bags. They walk up to the plane entrance. Derek is impressed.

DEREK

I know I’m not supposed to ask questions, but --

MATILDA

(sweetly)

Then don’t.

She gets on the plane, leaving Derek to ponder this.

CUT TO:

INT. PLANE -- NIGHT

Derek and Matilda are seated next to each other. It is clear they haven’t talked at all. In fact, Matilda pretends to be asleep. Derek leans over and pokes her. She is gritting her teeth. He pokes her again.

(CONTINUED)
DEREK

Hey, are you asleep? Look, I just wanted to say I'm sorry about asking that question before.

He starts to pull something out of his bag.

DEREK (cont'd)

And I know a lot of women are interested in me because I'm so good looking. But I'm really just a regular guy. I just put on a strange survival mask and a weapon to protect myself.
MATILDA
(turning her back, terse)
Thank you.

After a moment of thought she turns back to him.

MATILDA (cont'd)
Listen, if I were you, I'd get some sleep. And you might want to stock up on peanuts.

DEREK
But I'm not hungry or tired.

MATILDA
Suit yourself.

WE DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TROPICAL ISLAND-- DAY

The jet approaches a small, beautifully lush and hilly volcanic island.

Title types on: CHIBBI CHIBBI ATOLL, SOUTH PACIFIC

EXT. ISLAND -- DAY

The plane lands on a JUNGLE CLEARING landing strip.

Derek and Matilda deplane. He looks around in awe.

MATILDA
This is going to be our home for the next ten days.

DEREK
Could be worse.

A military jeep pulls up and a couple of BIG GUYS in uniforms with Mugatu logos grab their bags and throw them in the jeep.

A sunburnt ex-marine, CHET MENGERS, approaches. He is also in uniform.

CHET
Welcome to Chibbi Chibbi!

MATILDA
Chet, this is Derek Zoolander. Derek, this is Chet Mengers.

They shake hands.

(CONTINUED)
CHET
Hey, shitball. I’m Mr. Mugatu’s personal trainer and weapons expert. It’s my job to transform you from a pansy-ass boy toy into a killing machine.

DEREK
Hunh?

Chet gets behind the wheel. Derek looks to Matilda, who won’t look him in the eye. She gets in the passenger seat. Derek goes to get in the back. Chet starts the engine.

CHET
Hold it. We’re a little full up in here, scumfuck. Why don’t you run behind the vehicle, get your appetite up for dinner? It’s only seven clicks to the west.

The jeep pulls out. On the backside of it, staring at Derek, is a CUT OUT PICTURE OF A SMILING OLD MALAYSIAN MAN.

He looks at it, perplexed, and starts running after the car, in his full Prada suit.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE ROAD - DAY

Derek struggles to keep up with the car through the dense underbrush, ripping off articles of clothing in the sweltering heat.

Matilda looks back over her shoulder then turns to Chet.

MATILDA
Aren’t you starting off a little rough?

CHET
Rough? I got a rocket up my ass from your boss informing me not to have another fubar—sit like the Sabato Jr. meltdown. Okay, lady? I got ten days to rip him down, empty out what little there is in there and make him ours. Now, if you wanna worry about manners you can sit on my face and fart that idea through my asshole. I got a job to do. You gotta problem with that?
Matilda looks back to the struggling Derek, who trips and falls flat on his face.

EXT. MUGATU COMPOUND -- DAY

The jeep pulls through a heavily barricaded gate strung with barbed wire. Huge concrete walls give the structure a very unfriendly, bunker-like atmosphere.

Derek follows after the jeep, limping along, covered in mud and scratches.

EXT. MAIN BUILDING -- DAY

The jeep pulls to a stop, followed by Derek, who drops to his knees. He is staring right at the picture of the smiling Malaysian man. Chet squats down in front of him.

CHET
You don’t feel too good right now, do you? Look at that face. He’s responsible.

DEREK
(huffing)
Who is he?

CHET
He’s nothing. He is X. He has no children, he has no mother. He is a virus infecting the earth. All bad things relate to him. He is your pain.

DEREK
Oh.

CHET
Jeffreys will put you in your hut. I’ll see you in twenty at dinner, fuckface.

He boots a load of sand in Derek’s face. Matilda watches him go, then comes over to Derek.

DEREK
(re: the picture)
He really doesn’t like that guy.

(CONTINUED)
MATILDA
Come on.

INT. DEREK'S HUT - NIGHT

It is stark and bare, like a prison camp. No bed, just a mat, and a single bare light bulb.

Matilda comes in and puts his stuff down. Derek follows her in.

MATILDA
Let's go, we'll be late for dinner.

DEREK
Wait a minute. Can't I take a shower? I need my emollients...

MATILDA
No time. Let's go.

DEREK
What is going on here? This is not like any photo shoot I've ever been on. There's not even a mirror in here!

MATILDA
(trying to be hard)
Let's go!

DEREK
This is ridiculous. My hair is all messed up and I'm sweating. I can't go to dinner like this. I thought your job was to help me.

Matilda turns to him.

MATILDA
Look, let's get something straight. I don't like models. I think they're vain, stupid, and incredibly self centered.

DEREK
Yes, I totally agree, but how do you feel about male models?

MATILDA
You don't want to know.

Derek seems hurt.

(CONTINUED)
DEREK
(taking the high road)
Well, I happen to like model helpers,
males or females. Maybe you're in the wrong
business.

He leaves. She shakes her head.

CUT TO:

DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

It has a tropical flavor, bamboo and chimes.

SERVANTS serve huge portions to the diners, who are: Matilda,
Chet, Derek and a balding small man in a dark suit and thin
tie. He has piercing eyes, and a weird manipulative demeanor.
He is DR. LINDENLAEUB.

DR. LINDENLAUB
...and that's how Mr. Mugatu was able to
establish our research facility here,
Derek. But it's mainly his winter
getaway. It's just a fun spot to relax
and also do some research.

DEREK
What kind of research, Dr. Lindenlaub?

At this point, a SERVANT, who is incredibly handsome, sets
down a plate in front of Derek. The servant is perfect,
except that he has three nostrils. Derek takes this in.

DR. LINDENLAUB
This and that. Just fun psychological and
genetic stuff.

DEREK
I'm really hungry.

Derek looks down at his plate. In contrast to all the other's
hearty portions, he only has two pieces of lettuce. He
scarfs them down.

The clean plate reveals the SMILING MALAYSIAN MAN staring up
at him.

Chet leans over and looks at the plate.

CHET
Seems that smiling old sack of crap
doesn't want you to eat too much.
DR. LINDENLAUB
Perhaps you’re feeling a certain hostility towards the man on your plate who won’t let you eat. A desire to hurt him wouldn’t be wrong, Derek. In fact, it would be completely understandable.

Derek tries to figure out what is going on. Chet looks to Matilda, to chime in and help. She does so, reluctantly.

MATILDA
Uhh, the Malaysian man is bad, Derek.

There is a lull. After a long beat...

CHET (to Derek)
You’re a piece of shit.

Derek feeling very hurt and confused, looks down, only to see the Smiling Malaysian.

CUT TO:

INT. DEREK’S HUT -- NIGHT

Derek lays on his mat, staring at the light bulb. He gets up and tries to turn it off, but he can’t find a switch. He looks very tired, lonely and hungry.

He pulls a spoon from his shirt that he stole from the dinner table. He forlornly looks at his reflection.

A branch cracks outside his window. He looks out and sees the rear of a small donkey. Derek smiles.

DEREK
Hello, Mr. Donkey. Are you as lonely as I am?

The donkey looks back, and Derek sees that it has the face of male model superstar MARK VANDERLOO.

DEREK (cont’d)
Ahh!

Startled, Derek jumps back. The donkey runs away, braying a half donkey half human wail.

CUT TO:
EXT. MATILDA'S DELUXE HUT - NIGHT

Derek walks over, shaken. He knocks on the door.

MATILDA (O.S.)
Just a second.

She opens the door. Inside is a king bed, full minibar, cable TV hookup, etc. She tries to hide this from Derek's view, keeping the door as closed as possible.

MATILDA (cont'd)
-What's wrong?

DEREK
I just saw a donkey with Mark Vanderloo's face. It was horrible!

MATILDA
Wait a minute. Calm down. Mark who?

DEREK
Vanderloo -- the supermodel?

He peers over her shoulder.

DEREK (cont'd)
You have a bed?

MATILDA
Look, it's been a long day. Your eyes were probably playing tricks on you. Get some sleep, okay?

Derek rubs his eyes. He thinks a moment.

DEREK
I'm telling you I saw a donkey with Mark Vanderloo's face!

MATILDA
Derek, that's the stupidest thing I ever heard. Now go back to your hut.

DEREK
Did you see that waiter at dinner? He had three noses.

MATILDA
So? Everyone can't be handsome as you, Derek. We all can't be beautiful, perfect and dumb.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Derek looks down, hurt. Matilda softens.

DEREK
I don’t want to do this anymore. I don’t
even know why I’m here. I was going to
take some time, rethink my whole
existence.

MATILDA
(dropping her front a bit)
Why are you here?

DEREK
Mugatu said he would build the Derek
Zoolander Institute for Kids Who Can’t
Read Good. That’s the only reason I
agreed to this gig.

MATILDA
(touched)
Really. Well that’s a good reason.
(then)
You better get some rest, you have to get
up in...
(checks watch)
...forty minutes.

They look at each other a moment before Matilda closes the
door.

We hold on the door a few beats. Then the door opens, and
Matilda, checking to see that Derek has gone away, quietly
sneaks off into the darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN BUILDING -- NIGHT

Matilda goes into a side door, that leads downstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY -- NIGHT

She makes her way through the nether regions of the building.
She reaches an unmarked door, and punches a code into a
keypad. The door clicks open and she goes in.

CUT TO:
INT. LINDELAUB'S LAB - NIGHT

It is a state of the art genetic lab. It is a bit eerie at night, though there is activity in the back. She walks past huge cylindrical containers that have MUTANT MODEL EXPERIMENTS gone bad -- perfect bodies with horrible deformities, some with animal heads, some with too many limbs, etc.

In the back, she comes upon Lindenlaub. He is disheveled, his glasses crooked and what little hair he has is unkempt. A half empty bottle of Jack Daniels sits on his work table.

DR. LINDENLAUB

What is it?

MATILDA

He just saw one of your Vanderloo donkeys.

DR. LINDENLAUB

Yes... and?

MATILDA

I don't think we want to get in the habit of letting your failed experiments roam around the grounds.

DR. LINDENLAUB

(bitterly)

The Vanderloo donkey is smart, polite, friendly, and easily potty-trained. Is that how you'd typically define a "failed experiment?"

MATILDA

Whatever, at least keep the three nostril guy off the waitstaff.

DR. LINDENLAUB

Hey, I have no support here. I'm expected to head up a total psychological submission project on Zoolander, a full on brainwash to make him your puppet, the least you can do is get me a cook and some waiters. It's the CIA for god's sake, you'd think they could pay for decent caterers.

MATILDA

I'll see what we can do.

He takes a swig of the JD.

(CONTINUED)
DR. LINDENLAUB
I'm so close on the Smart drug. So close. Those jealous bastards at the FDA are going to kiss my sweet genius butt when I work the bugs out of that one. You tell that to your tight ass boss.

SLOANE (O.S.)
Why don't you tell him yourself?

Lindenlaub drops his drink. Sloane is standing in the doorway.

SLOANE (cont'd)
Don't be flustered Karl. I like employee feedback. Especially when it is from alcoholic, licensed-revoked researchers who should be down on their knees thanking me for a chance to get anywhere near a lab.

DR. LINDENLAUB
Don't misinterpret my meaning, Mr. Sloane...

MATILDA
The Vanderloo donkey got out again.

SLOANE
Karl.

DR. LINDENLAUB
He loves to run.

SLOANE
Then shoot him.

DR LINDENLAUB
I keep trying, but every time I look into those beautiful blue eyes of his...

SLOANE
Let me make it simple for you. You have a very clear mandate -- the reprogramming of a male model's psyche around one specific task. When you've completed that task, we'll bring him back and you can do whatever you want with him. Smartypants drugs, gene splicing till the half cow half lizards come home. But if I find out that we have another Sabato Jr. situation on our hands...

(MORE)
CONTINUED: (2)

SLOANE (cont’d)
(he looks to Matilda)
Both your asses are grass. Understood?

Lindenlaub nods. So does Matilda.

SLOANE (cont’d)
(to Lindenlaub)
Until then, let’s keep the animals in the
zoo.

CUT TO:

INT. DEREK’S HUT - NIGHT

Derek tosses and turns having a fitful sleep. We slowly push
in on him and...

DISSOLVE TO:

LIMBO -- DEREK’S NIGHTMARE:

Frightening images of... a donkey head morphing into the
Vanderloo donkey... then into a Meekus donkey... then into a
Sabato Jr. donkey, then finally into a DEREK donkey.

DEREK DONKEY
Help me! I’m a donkey. Help!

DEREK’S EYES POP OPEN

We pull back; he has been gagged and tied up ... In the limbo
TWO FIGURES in MUGATU UNIFORMS are carrying him somewhere...

DEREK’S POV -- DARK JUNGLE -- NIGHT

Eerie jungle sounds and distorted rustling and donkey braying
as trees rush by... a hood is placed over his head...

BLACKNESS

Fade up on ... MUGATU, dressed in a strange kimono, backlit
by golden light and sparkly things.... is this dream or
reality?

MUGATU
How goes the transformation, Assassiné?
Do you feel the hunger burning inside of
you? Are you understanding what it is
like to be deprived of your basic needs
by an elderly Malaysian man who is not
even a human being, who, if you were you
blow his head apart no one would even
care?

(CONTINUED)
At this point subliminal, split second images of the Malaysian Man appear behind Mugatu. The Malaysian Man smiling one moment and then exploding the next. Also peppered in are the words

BAD... KILL... BAD... MAN... DEREK... KILL

MUK'ATU (cont’d)
This is all a dream... There are no boundaries... Derek is Assassin, Assassin is Derek... It is glorious, and it is you!

He does a strange dance, and slowly MORPHS into the

FACE OF CHET -- DAWN

Screaming at Derek. The darkness fades and Derek’s hut appears around him.

CHET
Who do you hate! Who do you hate!!

He drops a SMILING MALAYSIAN MAN MASK ON HIS FACE and PUNCHES DEREK....

CHET (cont’d)
Let’s get to work!

Derek jumps out of bed automatically -- he’s starting to respond. A DRIVING TECHNO SONG COMES UP as we...

CUT TO:

DEREK FIGHTING MACHINE MONTAGE:

EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE - DAY

Derek, outfitted like a stylish Rambo, runs expertly through a muddy series of obstacles, holding an AK47. Chet yells at him all the way through...

Derek leaps across a ditch using a rope... He lands on the other side, rolling into a flip.

Chet throws a watermelon in the air with the MALAYSIAN FACE, in SLOW MOTION. Derek instantaneously pulls his machine gun out and RIDDLES the melon, blowing it to bits.
ON SLOANE AND MATILDA

They watch from an observation point, impressed.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE OBSTACLE COURSE

Derek runs through a GAUNTLET OF MIRRORS. Chet runs behind him...

CHET
DON'T LOOK! DON'T LOOK!

Derek can't do it -- he checks his look in the last mirror.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAGOON -- DAY

Chet holds a stopwatch. Derek, wearing a wetsuit with a cool, fashiony collar, and holding a speargun, dives into the water.

UNDERWATER

Derek swims dolphin style to the bottom. He looks from side to side, speargun at the ready.

A Shark passes on the left, an eel passes on the right. They are not his target. Then...

A LOBSTER pops out of his hole, with a Malaysian Face taped to him. Derek SHOOTS and skewers him, right between his lobster eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAINING AREA -- DAY

Blindfolded, at SUPER SPEED UP SPEED Derek takes apart and puts together a machine gun.

He then repeats the exercise with the blow drier.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIRROR GAUNTLET -- DAY

Derek still can't get through without looking at himself.
EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE -- NIGHT

Derek scales a wall using knives to pull him up, each knife stabbing into a picture of the Malaysian Man on the wall.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOJO AREA -- DAY

Derek, dressed in billowy karate pants, and looking ripped, spars with Chet:

CHET
Hit me in the stomach as hard as you can.

Derek punches him.

CHET (cont’d)
Harder.

He punches him harder:

CHET (cont’d)
Harder.

Derek punches him pretty hard:

CHET (cont’d)
Come on, you pansy; what do you do in that gym in Greenwich Village, suck cock all day? Hit me!

Derek delivers another mediocre punch.

Chet slips on a mask of the Malaysian Man.

Derek responds to this immediately, and digs in a body shot that lifts Chet off the ground. Chet coughs up blood, but is proud.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIRROR GAUNTLET -- DAY

Derek finally runs through without looking at himself. Chet smiles, the blood still caked on his lips.

ON SLOANE AND MATILDA
CONTINUED:

SLOANE
We’ll see tomorrow.

INT. LINDENLAUB’S LAB - LATER

Derek is being checked over by a drunk Lindenlaub. He sits on an examining table. His look is steely-eyed, though a bit vacant.

DR. LINDENLAUB
Your fat content is down to four percent, your muscle mass is up by six pounds. How do you feel?

DEREK
(almost monotone)
Tired and hungry.

DR. LINDENLAUB
Good. It’s dinner time. As always, serve yourself, Derek.

Derek walks over to a machine that has a Malaysian face on an armature. Derek SLUGS IT WITH ALL HIS MIGHT, letting out a war cry.

A small FOOD PELLET drops into a container. Derek devours it.

Lindenlaub steals a swig from his bottle. Derek starts to leave. Just before he walks out...

DR. LINDENLAUB (cont’d)
Derek!

Derek stops at the door.

DR. LINDENLAUB
You do seem a bit fatigued, now that you mention it. How would you like a nice B twelve shot to perk you up?

Automaton Derek turns around.

DEREK
Sure. If you think it would help me to kill the Malaysian man whom I hate with all my soul and is the source of all my pain.

DR. LINDENLAUB
I do.

(CONTINUED)
He goes to his cabinet and takes out a vial.

**DR. LINDENLAUB**
Now, just drop your drawers Derek. This won't hurt a bit.

Lindenlaub, almost shaking with anticipation, draws the fluid from the vial as Derek drops his pants.

CLOSE ON THE SYRINGE -- as it pokes Derek's ass...

**DEREK**
Ow.

**DR. LINDENLAUB**
Now, this might take a moment...
(beat)
But I want you to tell me exactly how you're feeling.

**DEREK**
Okay.

**DR. LINDENLAUB**
It might be a new sensation, Derek, something you've never experienced before.

There is a long moment as Derek sits there blankly. Lindenlaub studies him. Nothing.

**DR. LINDENLAUB** (cont'd)
Do you feel anything? Maybe a bit more...lucid?

**DEREK**
Lu-what?

**DR. LINDENLAUB**
You know, astute? Prescient?

**DEREK**
Does that mean hungry?

Lindenlaub frowns.

**DR. LINDENLAUB**
You can go.

Derek leaves, oblivious. Lindenlaub takes another swig.

CUT TO:
EXT. THE GROUNDS -- NIGHT

Derek walks back to his hut. We hear a mosquito buzzing around him, which he waves away. It keeps circling though, and finally lands on his cheek.

Annoyed, Derek SLAPS IT, hitting his own face.

DEREK

Gotcha.

We PUSH INTO HIS EAR...

CUT TO:

INT. DEREK'S BRAIN - CONTINUOUS

FLYING THROUGH the dimly lit pathways of Derek's brain, past A LOT OF JUNK. It is dark and ghostly as we pass cobwebbed synapses, and broken down looking brain cells. Then we are in the realm of the thoughts and dreams...

MOUNT RUSHMORE, all with DEREK'S FACE...

MALE MODEL OF THE YEAR AWARDS BEING HELD BY A SMUG LOOKING HANSEL...

A 'NO LEFT TURN' SIGN...

DEREK HIMSELF, WINKING AT THE CAMERA...

Finally, WE SHOOT INTO the inner sanctum, where a dusty bulb, flickering and buzzing, POPS TO LIFE.

Sparks fly as we ZOOM BACK from where we came, following the neon lit energy flow at supersonic speed through once dormant, but now vibrant, brain matter... we FLASH TO WHITE!

ON DEREK

All of a sudden his eyes brighten, in a way we have never seen.

CUT TO:

EXT MATILDA'S HUT -- NIGHT

She opens the door. Derek is standing there, looking intelligent.

MATILDA

Derek?

(CONTINUED)
DEREK
Matilda Jeffreys. If that's your real name. You say you're a model's assistant, yet your language, gestures and references reek of someone in law enforcement.

MATILDA
Derek, is that you?

DEREK
The real question is, are you you?
It's obvious you've been using modified Crutchfield techniques to break me down. Standard thought control procedures used by most cults and certain military institutions.

MATILDA
(after a beat)
Have you been eating?

He goes to her mirror, and starts writing a complex mathematical equation on it.

MATILDA (cont'd)
Did Lindenlaub do something to you?

Derek finishes the equation and turns to her.

DEREK
From what I can gather, I'm being trained for some sort of covert operation that you and Sloane are spearheading. And it's clear that Mugatu has some stake in the outcome as well. If my brain functions weren't so lethargic due to malnutrition and interrupted sleep patterns I might be able to deduce the--

MATILDA
Listen to me, Derek, did Lindenlaub give you a shot?

DEREK
Yes. He said it was a "B 12" injection, though the vial he extracted it from was a standard U.S. issue restricted narcotic glass container.

MATILDA
The smart drug... When did it kick in?

(CONTINUED)
DEREK
Roughly, eighty-nine seconds ago.

He holds his head, feeling a sharp pain.

MATILDA
Are you okay?

He nods, and goes to the window. Matilda is intrigued. Derek looks out the window. There is a sky full of stars.

DEREK
Look at all those stars. Did you know that the amount of stars in the universe is expanding at a rate that we are incapable of calculating? There are so many things that we don’t know. (he turns to Matilda)

What are you doing to me?

Matilda is dumbstruck. She is attracted to him for the first time, drawn in.

MATILDA
I can’t tell you. I mean, if I did... well, it’s so incredibly complex...

DEREK
Matilda, right now, I am seeing things that the eight percent of your brain that you use could hardly begin to fathom. Don’t for a moment believe that you can comprehend the limits of my intellect.

MATILDA
(fascinated)
Derek, if I tell you this, you have to promise not to tell a soul--

Derek holds his head again, feeling another pain. As she speaks, he slowly loses focus and starts to look at the equation on the mirror.

MATILDA (cont’d)
This operation is so secret that not even the President is aware of... Derek? Derek?

Now Derek is looking much more familiar. He wipes away the equation and gazes vacantly at himself in the mirror.

MATILDA (cont’d)
Has the drug worn off?

(CONTINUED)
DEREK
(turning to her)
Somebody wrote weird numbers on your mirror. What's that about?

Matilda deflates.

DEREK (cont'd)
I better get to sleep. There's a big thumping in my head.

He leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUONSET HUT -- MORNING

A jeep pulls up carrying Derek and a couple of Mugatu soldiers and Chet. They escort him off the truck, and into the hangar-sized hut.

MUSIC: heavy snare drums...

CUT TO:

INT. QUONSET HUT

It is dark. Derek and the men are silhouetted as they enter, looking very cool, walking in unison and carrying their weapons. Derek is in ultimate condition.

Sloane and Lindenlaub come up to him, with Matilda behind.

SLOANE
This is our final runthrough, a dress rehearsal, if you will. I don't have to tell you how to walk on a runway.

DR. LINDENLAUB
Derek, it is extremely important that you do what you've been trained to do. Which is to react cleanly, simply and effortlessly to the appropriate stimuli. Is that understood?

Derek nods automatically.

DR. LINDENLAUB (cont'd)
And have fun out there.

They walk away.

(CONTINUED)
Derek's trigger finger squeezing --

BOOM!

In SLOW MOTION, the Malaysian head EXPLODES IN GORY DETAIL, flying apart like a watermelon dropped from a skyscraper.

Derek blinks, then realizing what he has done, starts to shake. Just as he is about to cry...

A PINK BALLOON slowly inflates from the neck of the decapitated Malaysian. It has a smiley face on it.

As it pops... the LIGHTS COME UP, revealing about thirty observers in Mugatu uniforms. HAPPY MUSIC plays. Matilda Sloane and Chet step forward, smiling. Mugatu appears, holding his arms in the air, like a proud father.

MUGATU
For he's a JOLLY Assassin! For he's a jolly Assassin! Yeaaa!! Yeaa! I am so proud! I am so proud!

CHET
Good job, Derek.

SLOANE
Nice shot.

Derek is freaked out and confused, happy to get all the reinforcement but still trying to understand what just happened.

DEREK
What did I...? I thought I killed --

SLOANE
The Malaysian president? Well, that was the point.

MUGATU
It was necessary for you to believe, so that the audience will believe.

SLOANE
You shot a puppet, Derek. Just as you will at the fashion show. It's all part of the show.

MUGATU
And what a spectacle it will be, Assassin, but it must remain a secret.

(CONTINUED)
A huge BUFFET is wheeled in. Derek’s eyes light up.

SLOANE
Enjoy yourself Derek. The plane leaves in an hour -- you can take a well deserved rest for a couple of days back home. The show’s on Monday. Good work.

MUGATU
If everyone is not dancing in the next two minutes I will personally slap their ass!

Forced revelry ensues. Derek voraciously downs some food. He goes to Matilda.

DEREK
I guess I did good.

MATILDA
(worried)
Yes, Derek, you did well.

He seems oblivious, eating his food.

DEREK
I wonder if Leonardo DiCaprio is really going to be there.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK SKYLINE -- NIGHT
Title types on: NEW YORK CITY

CUT TO:

EXT. BOWERY BAR -- NIGHT
A crowd is gathered outside the front, trying to get in.

CUT TO:

INT. BOWERY BAR -- NIGHT
Derek is at a booth, surrounded by SYCOPHANTIC BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE: some OLDER DOWNTOWN TYPES, A few STYLIST TYPES WITH RIDICULOUS HAIR and a FEMALE MODEL, who’s in her own little world, rolling a GIGANTIC JOINT.

(CONTINUED)
STYLIST GUY
(feeling Derek’s shirt)
Mmm. You have to wear this fabric more, Derek. It plucks your eyes out.

Hansel comes in the front door. The entire table looks over, as they do anytime the door opens.

OLDER SYCOPHANT
(re: Hansel)
Sorry. I don’t get it.

Hansel walks through the crowd, looking like a star. He has a retro-hippie entourage with him, and he carries his skateboard.

As he passes Derek’s table, Derek subtly yet intentionally moves his chair to be in his way.

HANSEL
Excuse me, bro.

DEREK
You’re excused. And I’m not your bro.

Hansel gives Derek a look, then checks his entourage, smiling.

HANSEL
No shit. Look, If this is about that award thing, you can have it, man.

DEREK (cont’d)
No thanks, I’ve got plenty.
(patronizingly)
And, hey. I’m really sorry you didn’t get the “Assassine” campaign.

Derek looks to his entourage. The stylist guy makes a silent “ouch” face and “high knuckles” the Sycophant Guy.

HANSEL
The what?

DEREK
What-ever.

HANSEL
What kind of stupid name is “Ass-ass-ass” or whatever you said?

He laughs to his friends. Derek puts down his drink.

(CONTINUED)
DEREK
Hey, I was only trying to be cool with you.

HANSHEL
Hey, I was only trying to ask you what "Assassafrazz" or whatever it is you called it was.

DEREK
Okay, Han Solo.
(He checks the table, proud of his joke)
I'll pretend along with you that you don't know about the new Mugatu worldwide campaign that I happened to have snagged instead of you.

HANSHEL
Oooh. I guess you are a real "cool dude" Derek -- cause I never heard about it. Me and my buddy Jamuug have been bathing with mandrills in southern India for the last three weeks, on acid. Changed our whole perspective on shit. But rock on, "Assass-hole". It's all good.

At this point all his friends crack up. Derek stands.

DEREK
No, it's not. What do you say we settle this on the runway?

The rest of the room is starting to notice. Pothead Model stops toking her mega joint. LINDA EVANGELISTA whispers something to SHALOM HARLOW.

HANSHEL
(laughing)
Are you challenging me to a walk-off?

DEREK
Yeah, I am.

HANSHEL
Look around amigo, there's no runway here.

DEREK
No, but there is a Barbizon school just around the corner.

(CONTINUED)
HANSEL
I wouldn't know about that. I grew up on a commune in Oregon. Besides, if we're gonna throw down, might as well kick it freestyle.

Hansel flips over a table in the middle of the room, holding his stare at Derek. Everyone looks at Derek. He keeps his stare at Hansel, and flips another table. Now the room is watching, silently.

DEREK
You got a date.

Very quickly they flip an entire row of tables, creating a runway in the middle of the restaurant.

Excited whispers pass through the hip crowd. A small "Kids" type underage URCHIN scampers over to the DOORMAN, and whispers in his ear. The Doorman locks the door.

Derek and Hansel shake it out, two gunfighters getting ready for a showdown.

HANSEL
Who's gonna call this sucker?

DEREK
Anyone you want.

A tall, flamboyant Black man, dressed in a red crushed velvet suit emerges from the crowd. He wears sunglasses and is very... flamboyant.

ANDRE
I rank.

Everyone in the room turns to him. Pothead Model takes a toke.

POTHEAD MODEL
(to herself)
Andre Deleon Talley, Fashion editor of Vogue, you bet yo' ass he ranks.

Derek and Hansel nod.

ANDRE
This will be a straight walk-off, old school rules.

He nods at two BUSBOYS, who run like ballboys at a tennis match and quickly tape out a makeshift runway.

(CONTINUED)
Andre does a preemptory measurement of the runway.

ANDRE (cont'd)
This runway is not regulation length, so
I'm calling it a one-way.
—he looks at Derek
No turns.

Derek smiles to himself, relieved. Hansel shrugs like it
doesn't matter to him.

Hansel and Derek sit on a bench, loosening up, not looking at
each other.

They go through a male model ritual that's old as time, with
Andre presiding:

They bow towards each other, mumble what looks to be a
prayer, then hug. They break it off -- time to get down to
business.

They both stand at the far end of the runway. Derek steps to
the middle. He nods to the busboy. The kid hits "Play" and
MUSIC pounds throughout the room.

Pothead Model takes a long toke and watches.

Derek closes his eyes, listening to the music, feeling it in
his body. He finds the beat, and leaps on it. Suddenly,
Derek Zoolander is Zoolander -- SUPERMODEL.

He cuts a mean swathe down the worn, wooden floor; feet
pounding, arms flailing, eyebrows working overtime.

He reaches the end of the runway, feeling proud of himself.

Now, it's Hansel's turn. It's like H-O-R-S-E. Hansel must
duplicate Derek's walk to a T, but then, must add at least
one distinct flourish of his own...

Hansel duplicates the walk effortlessly, then adds a head
movement. Derek grins. This is too easy.

DISSOLVE TO:

WALK OFF MONTAGE

THE WALL CLOCK tells us the walk-off is into its third hour.

Pothead Model is getting more and more wasted.

(CONTINUED)
Derek is in the midst of a complicated maneuver involving a snapping hand-gesture combined with a smoldering glance when his toe finds the one and only weak floor board.

His pointy Italian shoe catches for a split second.

In SLOW MOTION we watch as Derek turns potential disaster into triumph. He makes the toe-catch his obligatory added flourish. Only we know how close he came to failure.

Both of the male supermodels sit, swigging bottles of Evian, contemplating their next move.

Derek rises, his feet bandaged and swollen, but still stuffed into the tight Italian loafers.

Hansel looks up.

Derek, Blue Steely with determination, finds it within himself to pick himself off the bench. He nods, cueing the music, and hits the runway like it was his first turn on the boards.

The four-time Male Model of the Year winner pulls an amazingly complex turn out of his ass, bringing the crowd to its feet.

Pothead Model passes out.

Triumphant, Derek collapses into the arms of his cheering fans, Andre holding his arm up in victory.

All Hansel can do is shake his head in awe. He realizes he’s been beaten by the master, and comes over to shake Derek’s hand. There is a tense moment, and then Derek, seeing Hansel is being sincere, takes his hand and turns it into a full scale hug.

CUT TO:

INT. BOWERY BAR -- LATER

Derek, Hansel, and several other male models including ALEX LUNDQUIST, JASON LEWIS, TYSON BECKFORD, and JOHNNY ZANDER are crowded into a booth.

SHALOM HARLOW, CHRISTY HUME AND AMBER VALETTA stagger past with cigarettes hanging out of their mouths.
SHALOM HARLOW/AMBER VALETTA/CHIRSTY HUME
Can we pick up your check fellas? Don't spend too much! You boys are on a budget, aren't you?

They stagger off, laughing cruelly. The male models shake their heads in disgust.

TYSON BECKFORD
Soon they will eat their words. The day of equal pay for equal work will come, my brothers.

They all toast to that. Derek and Hansel exchange a smile.

HANSEL
By the way, Derek, I never got a chance to tell you how bummed I was about Mekus, Rufus and Brint. That was whack.

DEREK
It was whack.
(after a beat)
I can't believe this whole fight started over that stupid "Assassin" campaign.

HANSEL
Honestly dude, I've never heard of it.

DEREK
(to other models)
You guys have heard of Mugatu's "Assassin" campaign, haven't you?

They shrug.

DEREK (cont'd)
It's a very big deal. It's a clothing line, it's a scent, it's a video game... I even had to go to this special island for training. Whoops. I wasn't supposed to say anything.

JASON LEWIS
Wait a minute, that sounds kind of familiar. Mugatu has a some sort of retreat there, right? And the island has some weird name, doesn't it?

DEREK
No. It's called Chibbi Chibbi.

(CONTINUED)
JASON LEWIS
Right, right. I heard some scary shit
about that place. I heard they like tie
models up and torture them...

Derek and the other models laugh.

JOHNNY ZANDER
That’s just one of those urban folktales.
Like the one about the donkey Mark
Vanderloo’s face! It’s such bullshit.

The color drains from Derek’s face.

CUT TO:

INT. MUGATU ENTERPRISES -- DAY

Mugatu is making adjustments on a mannequin of Derek dressed
as Assassin. Sloane stands by the window, looking over the
city. Maury is checking his sports pager. Matilda sits
uneasily.

SLOANE
...and after he takes out the target, We
have men at strategic points in U.N.
Security uniform who will immediately
“escort” him into a waiting NYPD cherry
top.

MAURY
And then what happens to the kid?

SLOANE
What happens to the “kid”? The “kid” is
dealt with just like all the others,
Maury. If all goes well, he’ll end up in
Model Protection.

MAURY
You mean the model zoo. Let’s call a
spade a goddamn spade. You send him back
to that freak show island so that
faggotinni doctor can mess with his
insides.

SLOANE
Easy, Maury. You got your finder’s fee.
A hefty sum, if I remember correctly.
Your job is done. Thank you. Goodbye.
MAURY
Hey, come on, I'm not complaining, it's just that this one's a good kid. I bet if you scared him nice and good--

MUGATU
Are you out of your bald little head? We all know what happened the last time you pulled this sentimental crap.

There is a silence in the room.

SLOANE
Prewitt.

MUGATU
J.D. Prewitt.

MATILDA
Who's that?

ALL
The world's greatest hand model.

MATILDA
Oh, right, right.

MAURY
Yeah, and he disappeared nice and fine and to this day he hasn't talked, has he?

SLOANE
What happened with Prewitt is a mistake that will not be repeated. Can you deal with that, Maury?

Maury looks around the room; finding no allies, he goes to the door.

SLOANE (cont'd)
(softening)
We'll see what we can do.

MAURY
I'm gonna take some steam. I don't like this whole business. Not one bit.

He goes.

MATILDA
I'll go check up on Derek. Make sure he's prepped.
Matilda goes also. Mugatu pulls a skimpy G-string off the mannequin. He holds it proudly and delicately.

MUGATU
Gentlemen, here's something we can "do" with young Mr. Zoolander. I give you the latest version of the Model Protection Program.

He moves the butt thong around, stretching it between his fingers.

MUGATU (cont'd)
This is Assassine's personally designed butt thong.
(bad little boy laugh)
It is a very special butt thong, however.

He places the thong on a MECHANICAL MAN MODEL. He works it by remote control. It starts running. When it gets into a full on mechanical jog --

MUGATU (cont'd)
We have it on a timer, so should anything not go according to how do they say? Hoyle? Well, Mr. Zoolander will experience a little how do they say? "body rockin'"!

KABOOM! -- The thong explodes, blowing the groin of the mechanical model to pieces.

Everyone looks around. After a beat, there is applause.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONEY ISLAND -- DAY

Matilda waits in line for the Cyclone. It is a rainy day. Wendell, dressed as a ticket taker, straps her into the first car. They are totally alone.

MATILDA
I think they're planning on taking Zoolander out right after the assassination. We need--

(CONTINUED)
Wendell hits the switch, not even acknowledging Matilda. She tries to stop him, in vain.

CUT TO:

EXT. CYCLONE -- LATER

Sick to her stomach, Matilda stumbles off. Wendell passes her.

WENDELL
Hurricane.

Her face drops.

CUT TO:

EXT. HURRICANE RIDE -- DAY

Wendell is in one car. Matilda in another. Her face is green, she looks like she’s going to blow chunks any second.

It’s a ride where their cars pass at high speed once each revolution.

WENDELL
Pull him aside right before the show...

A few seconds later they pass each other again.

WENDELL (cont’d)
Tell him how to botch the attempt...

They pass each other again.

WENDELL (cont’d)
Make it look like an accident...

They pass each other again.

WENDELL (cont’d)
Right after, you grab him...

They pass each other again. Wendell himself seems to be getting sick from the ride.

WENDELL
...and get to the service door on Second Avenue. There will be a an un--

They go around again.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

WENDELL (cont'd)
--marked van waiting for you.
(he breathes hard)
Understood?

MATILDA
An unmarked?--

She has to wait one more spin.

MATILDA (cont’d)
Van?

WENDELL
Yes.

He holds his heart. Matilda, not feeling at all well herself, hardly notices.

WENDELL (cont’d)
See you...

One more revolution.

WENDELL (cont’d)
Later.

The ride stops. Matilda leaves, never looking back.

Wendell, however, goes into full scale CARDIAC ARREST. He gasps for a few moments, and then falls limp in the car, lifeless.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNITED NATIONS -- DAY

Title types on:

G7 WORLD ECONOMIC CONFERENCE AND FASHION SHOW

HEADS OF STATE pull up in limousines and are escorted inside.

A huge PRESS CONTINGENT snaps pictures and shoots video.

CUT TO:

INT. UNITED NATIONS -- BACKSTAGE AREA

Matilda works her way through the typical fashion backstage frenzy.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Only here it is SECRET SERVICE MEN, BODYGUARDS, mixed with TOPELESS MODELS and EFFEMINATE MAKE UP ARTISTS and HAIR DRESSERS.

STAGE MANAGER
Ten minutes people! Ten Minutes!

She passes Mugatu, who is reaming out a MODEL dressed like a ninja.

MUGATU
(dripping with sarcasm)
Walking can be tricky. I realize that.
It can be hard to put one foot in front of the other...

Mugatu does a demonstration of how difficult it is to walk, like someone on a tight rope. He crumbles to the ground in an exaggerated fashion.

MUGATU (cont’d)
See? But, despite the dangers inherent, let’s see if we can WALK DOWN A FUCKING RUNWAY LIKE A PROFESSIONAL FASHION MODEL!

Matilda finds Derek’s dressing room door and goes in.

INT. DEREK’S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In contrast to the frenzy outside, here it is calm. New age music plays, incense and candles burn.

Derek is face down on a massage table getting a massage by an incredibly attractive YOUNG MAN. Matilda stands near by.

MATILDA
Derek, we really need to talk.

DEREK
It’s okay. Mattias doesn’t speak English.
He’s Macedonian.

Mattias indicates for Derek to turn over.

Derek turns over and lays on his back. His large erection is causing a tent-like effect with the sheet that is impossible to ignore.

MATILDA
Look, I’ll wait outside until you’re down, I mean, done.
(to young man)
How much longer will you be?

(CONTINUED)
MATTIAS
Want you release?

DEREK
(as if to a child)
Sure, Mattias. But later. Can you wait outside?

Mattias nods and exits.

MATILDA
(frustrated)
Are you gay?

DEREK
What?! Is that what you want to talk to me about?

MATILDA
No, I’m sorry...

She checks that no one is listening at the door.

MATILDA
Derek, I’m not who you think I am.

DEREK
You’re gay?

MATILDA
No. Look, do you have any idea what’s about to happen?

As Matilda talks to him, her eyes keep going back to the erection, which bobs, weaves and twitches around on its own.

DEREK
Release? That’s not a gay thing. It’s nothing. It’s like milking a cow.

MATILDA
Derek, you are about to assassinate the president of Malaysia!

DEREK
What are you talking about?

MATILDA
The man you have been trained to kill is not a puppet. He’s a human being.

(CONTINUED)
DEREK
You're being silly. Look, I'm going to
shoot the puppet and the pink Balloon is
going to pop out and--

MATILDA
No, Derek! There is no pink balloon.
Think! Try to remember that night you
came to my hut, when you felt very smart.

Derek's mind seems elsewhere.

MATILDA (cont'd)
Listen to me. I work for the Justice
Department of the United States of
America. I'm investigating the B'alls
Models connection to Sloane and his
division of the CIA.

DEREK
Honestly, I'm probably bi.

MATILDA
Did you hear what I just said?

Derek sadly shakes his head.

MATILDA (cont'd)
What is wrong with you?

Derek sadly shrugs.

MATILDA (cont'd)
Just listen to me, okay? You've been
trained to kill the President of Malaysia
because he wants to raise the minimum
wage of the sweatshops in his country by
five hundred percent. Mugatu knows that
if this happens he'll be driven out of
business.

DEREK
What are you talking about?

She grabs him by the collar.

MATILDA
Derek, they killed Meekus, and they're
going to kill you.
DEREK
They didn't kill Meekus. Meekus died in a preventable, albeit unfortunate, gas station/convenience store accident.

MATILDA
Think about that accident, Derek. Go back to the moment when Meekus put the cigarette in his mouth. Isn't it true that he hadn't yet struck the flint when the explosion occurred?

Derek thinks hard.

EXT. GAS STATION -- DEREK'S DREAMY FLASHBACK -- DAY

ALL SLO MO and very STYLIZED -- glittery and ... 

Rufus, Meekus, and Brint are all drenched in gasoline. Meekus reaches for the pack of cigarettes in the glove box. At the moment of ignition, we see indeed that Meekus' lighter has not been lit.

Instead, a BLACK GLOVED HAND holding an acetylene torch enters the frame, igniting the blaze.

CUT TO:

INT. DEREK'S DRESSING ROOM

Derek is disturbed by the memory, not wanting to it to be true.

MATILDA
They killed Meekus because he knew your place was bugged.

DEREK
No, no, you're wrong. You're saying this because you're jealous of models, and you're bitter because you still have to work at the Department of Motor Vehicles.

MATILDA
Uhh! You drive me crazy!

She slaps him across the face really hard. Suddenly, his eyes turn from doe-eyed and dreamy, to sharp and intelligent. She takes another look at him.

CONTINUED)
MATILDA
Derek, are you alright?

DEREK
(smart voice)
I was just processing what you said. It makes perfect sense. President Ferdinand and his forward thinking policies can only spell trouble for Mugatu, whose work force is made up solely of third world labor.

MATILDA
Did my slap trigger the effects of the "smart drug"?

DEREK
That would seem to be the logical conclusion.

There is a loud knock on the door.

STAGE MANAGER (O.S.)
We're ready, Derek! Places everyone!

DEREK
Wish me luck. I'm going to need it.

MATILDA
Whatever you do, don't shoot the President.

Matilda goes to Derek, and caresses his cheek where she slapped him. He locks eyes with her. They kiss.

DEREK
Don't worry. Everything will be okay.

BACKSTAGE AREA

Matilda comes out and runs right into Sloane and Mugatu.

SLOANE
How is he?

MATILDA
(gives a bold thumbs up)
He's ready.

DEREK'S DRESSING ROOM

He stares into the mirror, starting to lose his smarts.
DEREK
Remember. Remember. Re...

He looks around the room frantically. He finds a POST IT and a pen.

BACKSTAGE AREA

Mugatu knocks on the door.

MUGATU
Are you ready, Assassine? Did you put on your new butt thong that I made especially for you?

Derek emerges from the door, looking as dumb as ever.

DEREK
It's on. Snug like a bug in a rug.

MUGATU
Then let's blow some people away!

Matilda looks at Derek. He seems not to acknowledge a thing.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY -- NIGHT

It is packed. Hanging from the rafters are “ASSASSINE” banners, and giant photos of Derek as Assassine.

The runway is lined with the very same stars and political figures we saw as cut-outs back on the island. Ferdinand sits at the end, smiling, just like in the photos.

The lights go down, the music begins with an ominous Nine Inch Nails vibe. Strobe lights buzz as...

MALE AND FEMALE MODELS hit the runway brandishing exotic weaponry. It's like the Bob Fosse version of a Soviet military parade.

We see the various reactions of the heads of state as they enjoy the show.

Sloane and Matilda watch from near the bank of PHOTOGRAPHERS at the end of the runway.

Ominous looking SECURITY GUARDS are stationed all around the runway, waiting for Derek to complete his mission.

IN THE WINGS

(CONTINUED)
Derek gives the model of front of him an encouraging pat on the ass as she steps on the runway.

Derek is dressed in his full on, para-military uniform, holding two fully loaded, very real looking, Uzis. Mugatu comes up behind him.

MUG' TU
Some men are born great. Others have greatness thrust upon them. And the rest become Assassin!

He gives Derek a gentle shove on to the runway.

RUNWAY -- DEREK'S POV -- SLOW MOTION

FLASHES go off. PEOPLE APPLAUD. He nervously glances from side to side seeing all the same people from the simulation... John Major, Stephen Dorff, Boutros Boutros Gali, etc.

Derek strides towards Ferdinand. The MUSIC FADES, replaced by HEARTBEAT AND BREATHING sounds...

THE SECURITY GUARDS

Finger their triggers...

DEREK

His knuckles are white from gripping the Uzis. As he approaches the end of the runway, he raises his weapons. His view of the president partially obscured by the FEMALE MODEL in front of him.

SLOANE

watches intently ...

MUGATU

bites his knuckle, watching from the wings...

MATILDA

watching Derek's face for some sign, and not getting anything. She looks at the Security guards. She checks the exits...

DEREK

aims his weapons at the President. The Model in front of him is just starting her turn, giving Derek a clean shot...

(CONTINUED)
Derek's fingers squeeze the triggers simultaneously...

Then, something catches Derek's eye...

He notices something on the ASS of the model in front of him...

There's a yellow POST IT stuck there.

DEREK

squints his eyes, his lips moving as he reads it.

ZOOM INTO POST IT -- it reads:

"DEREK, JUST A REMINDER, DO NOT SHOOT THE PRESIDENT OF MALAYSIA.

LOVE, DEREK"

Just as he processes this, his fingers SQUEEZE THE TRIGGERS!

BUT -- Derek jerks the Uzis upwards, firing hundreds of rounds into the ceiling, sending powder and small chunks of plaster onto the crowd.

THE ROOM ERUPTS into a frenzy... PHOTOGRAPHERS AND NEWS CREWS DOCUMENTING IT ALL.

In a matter of split seconds:

SLOANE, seeing that it has gone bad, looks at Matilda then immediately DIVES ONTO FERDINAND, seizing an opportunity to be perceived as a hero.

The Security Guards aim their weapons at Derek, but just as they fire off their rounds...

MATILDA LEAPS ONTO a confused DEREK, and they go rolling off the runway just under a hail of bullets.

MUGATU curses from the wings and quickly disappears.

MATILDA AND DEREK

scurry to one of the exits she scoped out.

SERVICE HALLWAY

They bust through a door, running.

DEREK

Some guy with my name left me a note.

(CONTINUED)
MATILDA
That was you, Derek.

DEREK
I don't think so. My penmanship's not that good...

FOUR SECURITY GUARDS bust through the door in hot pursuit. Derek pulls at his crotch and butt crack.

They round a corner. Matilda pulls over a metal shelf in the hallway, creating an obstacle behind them.

DEREK (cont'd)
You think we could stop a second? This butt thong is killing me!

MATILDA
Later Derek, later!.

They are almost to the exit.

DEREK
You don't understand. I have a really bad chafing problem. It's cost me work.

MATILDA
How would you like it to cost you your life?

Now the guards are about thirty feet behind them, climbing over the downed shelf.

DEREK
Please! I won't be able to run much farther if this keeps up!

MATILDA
Are you nuts?

Derek, while he is running, expertly removes his pants and the butt thong (though we don't see the details)... Matilda is amazed.

DEREK
I do this all the time. In remote locations.

She looks back. The guards are getting closer. She pushes open the exit door...
EXT. SERVICE ENTRANCE -- DAY

They come out, looking for an escape route, Derek holding the thong in his mouth.

She looks around -- no van!

Making a split second decision, she bolts down the street, Derek in tow.

THE DOOR

The guards come busting out, right behind Derek and Matilda. They train their guns on Derek.

As Derek and Matilda run across the busy street, a TAXI almost hits them. They turn around, the guards are about ten feet behind them, ready to fire.

Purely out of frustration and fear, Derek rolls the thong into a ball and tosses it at them.

DEREK (cont'd)
Leave us alone!

BOOM! the thong explodes, taking out the guards.

Matilda looks to Derek, who shrugs. She opens the cab door and pushes him in.

CUT TO:

INT. CAB -- DAY

MATILDA
Drive! Just drive fast.

They collapse in the backseat. The cab races into traffic.

DEREK
115 Washington Street, driver--

MATILDA
Are you crazy? We can’t go to your place. They’ll be waiting for you.

DEREK
Who?

MATILDA
Try the police, FBI, CIA, Sloane’s men. You just tried to kill a head of state.

(CONTINUED)
DEREK

Let's call Maury. He'll be able to --

MATILDA

Derek, this goes very deep. And Maury is in it with all of them.

DEREK

But he... He's been like a father to me. He got me my first Go-See.

Derek looks out the window, stunned.

MATILDA

I'm sorry. Right now we have to get off the streets. They're going to do everything they can to make sure that everyone in America thinks you are a psycho. We need a safe house, just for a little while, till I can figure a way to contact Wendell.

DEREK

I was supposed to meet Hansel after the show.

MATILDA

I thought you two hated each other.

DEREK

We made up.

MATILDA

Where were you going to meet?

DEREK

He's doing a shoot.

MATILDA

Your rivalry has been played up in the press. That's the last place anyone would expect you to show up.

EXT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY -- DAY

There is an RV parked on the sidewalk and about thirty PHOTO SHOOT CREW milling about.

Hansel is being photographed astride one of the lion statues that guard the front entrance.

(CONTINUED)
He has HUGE ANGEL WINGS and is entirely covered in BRONZE PAINT, wearing only a cloth diaper.

A bandana wearing STEPHEN MEISEL-LIKE PHOTOGRAPHER calls out directions to Hansel, while a STYLIST adjusts his diaper.

STEVEN MEISEL-LIKE PHOTOGRAPHER
I need full “Icarus,” Hansel! Fuck the lion. Hard!

Hansel attempts to follow his direction. Derek waves, trying to get his attention, to no avail.

MATILDA
That is the most pathetic thing I have ever seen.

DEREK
(re: photog)
He’s a genius.

STEVEN MEISEL-LIKE PHOTOGRAPHER
Hump it, baby! Good! Good! You own that bitch!
(to assistant)
Film! Film!

Hansel finally sees Derek, who pops behind the gate.

HANSEL
Hey, Stevo -- gotta take a pissoir break.

STEVEN MEISEL-LIKE PHOTOGRAPHER
Alright, but I need one more roll of that on the color. Finally, you’re owning that bitch. I like it.

Hansel jumps down and steals behind the gate, his giant wings sticking out.

HANSEL
Derek! Dude! You went ballistic, bro. We saw it on E! Channel. Are you okay?

DEREK
I’m fine. When did you get this booking? He’s a great photographer.

HANSEL
I think his work is great? But I don’t like the way he--

(CONTINUED)
MATILDA
Excuse me, Hansel, I'm Matilda Jeffreys, Justice Department. Every law enforcement agency in the world has an A.P.B out on your friend, we need a place to hide.

HANSEL
Okay. That's pretty serious. I'm telling you, this kundalini fire breathing meditation will change your life.

MATILDA
Excuse me. Please shut up. We need to hide, right now.

HANSEL
Okay, okay... Crash at my place. I got this kick ass loft in the old detention center on A and Second. They just redid them as floor-thrus. It came down to a bidding war between me and these two old queens...

MATILDA
(interrupting)
We have to go, now.

Hansel makes a split second decision.

HANSEL
Let's hit it.
(indicating photographer)
This dude has stolen enough of my soul for today.

They sneak off around the gate, and climb into a waiting Town car. Hansel has trouble fitting his wings in and dumps them in the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. DETENTION CENTER APARTMENTS -- NIGHT

The car pulls in front of a dark and dreary old Victorian jail building. It is on the most bombed out looking street in the East Village. A couple of CRACKHEADS hang outside.

They get out and go to the entrance. Hansel punches a code and the door buzzes open.

CUT TO:
INT. DETENTION CENTER APARTMENTS -- NIGHT

The elevator opens onto a really red hall -- you might as well be in Trump Tower. Derek opens the door into the most luxurious loft you've ever seen. The only remnant of the old jail are bars on the windows, and in certain hallways.

As they turn from the entrance into the living room, THREE WAIF MODELS in their panties are doing impossible yoga stretches, all ridiculously sexual.

The TV is blaring the news:

    TV REPORTER
    ...authorities are giving no explanation
    for the veteran male model's aborted
    attempt on the Malaysian President's
    life...

As he speaks, the footage of the assassination attempt plays repeatedly.

The models look over to Derek, Hansel and Matilda nonchalantly, still doing their poses.

    NOSE RING WAIF
    Hey Hansel. Derek.

    LIP SUTURE WAIF
    We got beers.

    HANSEL
    Sweet. Derek, I think you know Natani, Sybil, and Chloe.

    DEREK
    Yeah. Hey.

    HANSEL
    Sybil's chillin' here till her lips heal.

    MATILDA
    They look great.

    HANSEL
    Let's go in here. I just finished this room.

    CUT TO:
SOIL ROOM

This a room that has dirt all over the floor, and a sandbox for a bed. Hansel turns on the light, and flips a switch that starts a flashflood type stream down the middle.

HANSEL
I call this the soil room. Self explanatory.

Matilda takes this in, then goes straight for the phone. Exhausted, Derek sits on the sandbox.

Hansel pulls out some 'shrooms.

HANSEL (cont’d)
So Derek, what the hell is up? You tried to kill that President of Malaysia, dude.

Matilda sits next to Derek on the bed.

DEREK
Did you get a hold of Wendell?

HANSEL
(eating the shrooms)
Who's Wendell? Shroom?

MATILDA
Maybe later. He's the second highest ranking official at the Justice Department.
(looking around)
But that doesn't mean he's above appreciating your "soil room."

HANSEL
(choosing to let it go)
Derek, seriously, what the hell is going down?

DEREK
I don't know? They trained me to kill-- It's so confusing-- Matilda?

Derek shrugs and looks at Matilda.

MATILDA
It's incredibly complicated.
(to Hansel)
You wouldn't understand.

(CONTINUED)
HANSEL
(getting haughty)
Yeah, I guess I wouldn’t. But it seems I
do understand enough for you to partake
of my soil room and make me and my pal
here accomplices to whatever your little
scheme is.

DEREK
(trying to head off an
argument)
Easy Hansel, it’s all good.

MATILDA
(she takes a long beat)
Okay. What I’m about to tell both of you
is extremely sensitive.

Derek and Hansel nod solemnly.

MATILDA (cont’d)
Believe it or not, almost every political
assassination in the history of the world
has been performed by a male model.

DEREK
Why would they use male models as
assassins?

MATILDA
Three reasons. Extremely attractive
people can gain access to almost anywhere
solely because of their looks...

HANSEL
True.
(to Derek)
Dude, remember when we just blew right
into Nobu last week, no questions asked?

MATILDA (cont’d)
(continuing)
Two, male models tend to be strong and
athletic. And finally, male models
usually don’t ask questions because
they’re not that... educated.

DEREK
(unconvinced)
That’s crazy talk...

(CONTINUED)
MATILDA
Let me give you a quick history lesson...
The year, 1865. The place, Ford's Theater, Washington D.C. Abraham Lincoln is shot to death by John Wilkes Booth, the most popular actor of his time. What did Mr. Booth do before he got his break?

DEREK
(hooked)
What?

HANSEL
(thinking)
I know this.

MATILDA
Male model.

As Matilda speaks...

CUT TO:

A MONTAGE OF ENGRAVINGS:

Lincoln watching the play from the balcony, enjoying himself.

John Wilkes Booth creeping up behind him looking like a trendily dressed Marcus Schenkenburg...

Firing a round into Lincoln's head...

A model pose from Booth before he leaps...

SOIL ROOM

MATILDA (cont'd)
The year, 1963. The place, Dallas...

DEREK
Wait a minute, there's no way you're going to tell me that Lee Harvey Oswald was a male model.

MONTAGE: Grainy, black and white documentary footage, interspersed with STILL PHOTOS of the events she is describing.

MATILDA
President Kennedy was assassinated by two B'all models on the grassy knoll.
WE SEE: The Zapruder film, and it suddenly swish pans to the grassy knoll. As plain as day, we watch as two gorgeous male models holding rifles high-five each other, mouthing the words, "We got him!"

MATILDA (cont’d)
Virtually every assassination from Lincoln and the cotton plantations to Kennedy and his commitment to an affordable Ultra-Suede has been textile related.

They sit in silence for a few moments.

DEREK
I have a question... What's a "textile"?

HANSEL
You said B'alls Models... You mean, Maury...?

MATILDA
...has been serving up likely candidates, usually when they are coming to the end of their modelling careers.

They both look at Derek guiltily.

HANSEL
Don't sweat it, Derek. You broke the mold.

(to Matilda)
So let me try to wrap my skull around this. You've been setting up my cuz here so that...

MATILDA
We could pull him out right before the assassination attempt. He would be our star witness to testify against Sloane, Mugatu and the entire operation. Only it went bad.

DEREK
I'm not understanding a word you're saying.

Matilda slaps his face. Hansel gets up, defending Derek.

HANSEL
Hey lady, I don't know how you act in your soil room...

(CONTINUED)
MATILDA
Right. Silly question.

HANSEL
So, is there like a Mr. Matilda back home?

MATILDA
No, there's no Mr. Matilda. There was...

HANSEL
What happened?

MATILDA
Nothing... everything. Who knows. We split up fourteen months ago.

DEREK
Who have you been seeing since?

MATILDA
No one.

Derek and Hansel look at each other.

HANSEL
You mean, you...

DEREK
... haven't...

DEREK/HANSEL
... done it in...

MATILDA
Over a year. That's right.

Derek and Hansel are in shock.

MATILDA (cont'd)
Is that so strange?

They're speechless.

HANSEL
How do you live?

DEREK
Do you like masturbate ten times a day?

MATILDA
No!

(CONTINUED)
DEREK
Five times a day?

MATILDA
Derek, please.

DEREK
One and a half times a day?

MATILDA
Maybe once a week or so. I mean, what's the alternative?

Derek and Hansel look at each other.

SILKY DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HANSEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sensuous sitar music plays, conjuring up images of the Kama Sutra.

Derek and Matilda are locked in long luscious kiss. She softly moans with pleasure.

WIDEN to reveal Hansel behind her, gently kissing her neck and shoulders. All three are naked amongst the pillows, high as kites, lovingly exploring each other's bodies.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

Matilda is in the midst of probably one of the longest orgasms of all time. Derek and Hansel look at each other, genuinely concerned.

CUT TO:

INT. HANSEL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Matilda wakes up, naked and alone. She isn't sure where she is, or what's gone on. She quickly gets dressed, and we FOLLOW HER through the loft...

The FEMALE MODELS, Chloe, Sybil, and Natani, are zonked out in various places...

Matilda hears voices and eventually finds Derek and Hansel chatting while doing push-ups in the KITCHEN.

She shyly enters. They stop doing push-ups.

(CONTINUED)
HANSEL
Morning.

MATILDA
(flustered)
I have to make a call...

Derek instantly tosses her the TRENDIEST CELL PHONE available.

MATILDA (cont’d)
Thanks.

She moves away for some privacy. Derek and Hansel go back to their calisthenics.

HANSEL
These Sherpas hook you up Derek. And if you time it right, drop your drugs and make base camp in time, you can peak as you reach the summit. They call it double peaking -- or “Peaky peaky”.

DEREK
Peaky peaky.

They both laugh, repeating the phrase.

Matilda comes back in, the phone by her side, her face expressionless. Derek looks at her.

DEREK (cont’d)
What’s up?

MATILDA
It’s Wendell...he’s dead.

HANSEL
That blows.

DEREK
(beat)
What do we do?

Matilda shakes her head.

MATILDA
We can’t turn ourselves in. Wendell was the only one who knew about the mission. Sloane will nail us anywhere we go.

(CONTINUED)
DEREK
I wish I had an idea.

Matilda looks at Derek and gets the idea to slap him. Derek knows it's coming and instinctively flinches -- but she gets him anyway. Derek's eyes sharpen.

DEREK (cont'd)
Prewitt. We have to find him and convince him to testify. They won't be looking for him -- If we could get Prewitt to give sworn testimony, our case against Sloane would be irrefutable.

MATILDA
Prewitt fell off the face of the earth after the botched Ford assassination. No one knows where he is.

DEREK
In all probability, Maury would have some information as to his whereabouts.

MATILDA
Why would he be in contact with Maury?

DEREK
Prewitt was Maury's first client. I think it's safe to say, judging from both their personality profiles, if Prewitt is alive, he has had at least some contact with Maury.

MATILDA
Why?

HANSEL
The male model/agent connection. It goes deep.

Hansel and Derek exchange a meaningful look. Matilda witnesses this and shakes her head.

MATILDA
Well, we can't leave here.

HANSEL
Everybody wants your ass.

They both realize this. Then look to Hansel.
HANSEL (cont’d)
(smiling)
But they don’t want mine.

CUT TO:

INT. B’ALLS MODELS -- MAURY’S OFFICE -- DAY

Maury is at his desk, playing with his computer.

INTERCOM
Hansel’s here to see you.

MAURY
Which Hansel?

INTERCOM
Uh, Hansel... Hansel.

MAURY
Send him in.

Hansel enters.

MAURY (cont’d)
Hey, there he is.

HANSEL
How’s it going?

MAURY
You know how it is, I got clients squeezing my balls for every last drop of jiz, and models with buckets waiting to catch it. What do you need?

HANSEL
I need to ask you about a model.

MAURY
Really? I thought you might have some interesting query regarding advanced algebraic theory.

(beat)
MAURY
(obvious)
Never heard of him.

Maury gestures: "They're listening!", pointing to his ear, and the room.

Hansel looks around, not getting it.

HANSEL
Are you okay?

Maury shakes his head "no!".

HANSEL
I can't tell you about it Maury, but it's really key I get the four one one on this Prewitt guy...

Maury practically leaps over his desk and places his hand over Hansel's mouth. He wildly gestures for Hansel to shut up.

Hansel shrugs, not getting it.

Maury does an intricate charade involving men with listening devices, men with guns, men with guns killing Hansel.

HANSEL (cont'd)
Is this a game that I should know the rules to?

Maury shushes him again. He takes a magic marker from the desk and draws a crude picture of a big ostrich laying a giant egg. Maury points to it, repeatedly.

HANSEL (cont'd)
(thinking he's a little crazy)
But I really just need to find out...

He then goes to a model's headshot, which he takes off the wall and shows to Hansel. Hansel shakes his head. Maury points to the model's name, "Dakota."

HANSEL (cont'd)
Okay, lemme try this again. I'm not looking for Dakota, even though he is a kick ass shaving commercial pro. I need J.D. Prewitt...

Maury jumps on Hansel, shushing him again. He shoves the ostrich picture in Hansel's hand and pushes him out the door.
MAURY
(totally against what he's doing, laughing)
Have a great weekend, and thanks for saying hi! I love it when you come here and we MAKE JOKES!

He slams the door on a perplexed Hansel.

CUT TO:

INT. HANSEL'S LOFT - DAY

Hansel enters. Derek and Matilda are in the kitchen. They have been anxiously awaiting his return.

MATILDA
What did he say?

Hansel shakes his head.

DEREK
What's wrong?

HANSEL
Maury's really lost it. It's sad.

MATILDA
Does he know where Prewitt is?

Hansel shrugs.

HANSEL
I don't think he knows his own name. He gave me this...

He hands Matilda the crumpled picture.

HANSEL (cont'd)
And he seems totally obsessed with Dakota. The guy is a second rate LA swimsuit man.

Derek studies the picture.

DEREK
I love ostriches. There used to be farm near where I lived.

Matilda's eye's light up.

MATILDA
Wait a minute. Ostriches. Ostriches.

(CONTINUED)
She goes toward Derek, who shields his face.

DEREK
Don't hurt me!

But this time she goes to her bag. She pulls out a pocket computer, and pushes some keys.

MATILDA

DEREK
What a coincidence. There's an Ostrich nursery about an hour from our house. In South Dakota.

MATILDA
South Dakota? I think Maury was trying to help us.

She runs to the phone.

MATILDA (cont'd)
(taking charge)
How many Ostrich farms can there be in South Dakota? I would bet not too many. Hansel, we're gonna need some help not looking like ourselves.

HANSEl
Word.

CUT TO:

INT. HANSEL'S BATHROOM - LATER

Derek and Matilda are seated under makeup lights. Their faces are scrubbed clean.

Hansel is there with makeup artist KEVYN AUCOIN.

HANSEl
No one'll recognize you by the time Kevyn's finished.
KEVIN
When I'm doing undercover stuff, I like to seek out the true essence of the person I'm working on. Isn't it ironic that a person's true identity is their best disguise? Sad. Oh well...

Kevyn gets to work.

KEVIN (cont'd)
So Derek, who are you, really?

After a beat... the opening notes of "Dueling Banjos" play...

CUT TO:

EXT. JFK AIRPORT = DAY

Hansel's truck pulls up. Derek gets out looking exactly like the inbred kid in "Deliverance."

Matilda, done up like a street corner prostitute, follows.

HANSEL
Good luck.

MATILDA
Are you sure you can't come with us?

HANSEL
I promised my buddy Clevon I'd bungee off Crazy Horse's face with him this weekend. I already dropped the acid about fifteen minutes ago, which should time out perfectly if I don't miss my connection in Minneapolis.

DEREK
Thank you for everything Hansel. You rule.

HANSEL
Do me a favor. Would you find that dude and clear your names? I would so be up for that.
EXT. BROOKLYN PROMENADE --DUSK

Maury is jogging in a full on tacky velour sweatsuit. He does that slow, jog-shuffle that’s only slightly faster than a walk.

A black TOWN CAR pulls up alongside him. The window comes down. It’s Sloane.

SLOANE
I never would have pegged you as a fitness buff.

MAURY
Well, you do what you can...

SLOANE
Get in.

Maury keeps jogging.

MAURY
I’d love to, but I got my beats per minute thing going here...

Mugatu sticks his head out of the other window. It is a bit awkward.

MUGATU
I think you should get in the car Baulstein.

Maury is getting a little nervous. He picks up his pace. The car stays with him, forcing others joggers and walkers to get out of the way.

Maury tries to change his path, not quite running away but definitely trying to lose them.

He does a strange “serpentine” pattern, that does nothing to elude the car. The car follows this absurdly slow pattern.

Finally, frustrated with the ridiculousness of it, Sloane jumps out and taps Maury on the shoulder.

MAURY
Alright, alright. I could use a sit anyhow.

They get into the car.
INT. TOWN CAR

Maury is wedged between Sloane and Mugatu. In the front are the two SUNGLASS HENCHMEN.

SLOANE
Hansel paid you a visit this morning.

MAURY
Yeah, big whoop. He's a client.

SLOANE
You told him where Prewitt was.

MAURY
(nervously)
Ho baby. That's a good one. I didn't tell him nothin'.

MUGATU
Are you sure about that?

MAURY
Absolutely.

Mugatu hits a video remote and a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA VIEW of Maury's office pops up on the screen.

ON TAPE we see Maury wildly gesticulating to Hansel where Prewitt is.

MAURY (cont'd)
Look at me. Look at that gut...

Maury laughs sheepishly, beaten.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH DAKOTA ROAD -- DUSK

Title types on: RAPID CITY, SOUTH DAKOTA

We SWOOP DOWN towards a lone rental car on a road cutting through beautiful cornfields.

CUT TO:

INT. RENTAL CAR - DUSK

Derek drives while Matilda looks at a map. They pull off their makeup as they drive.

(CONTINUED)
DEREK
What an incredible coincidence that Prewitt's ostrich farm is only about ten miles from where I grew up.

MATILDA
Not really Derek. The Mount Rushmore area is second only to southern Sweden in terms of Male Model output. Here it is. Make a left!

Derek jams on the brakes, then turns up a bumpy, dirt road, marked with a battered old sign that reads "SHECHTER'S OSTRICH ALLEY".

EXT. OSTRICH FARM -- EVENING

They pull up in front of a big old farmhouse. Hundreds of ostriches surround the car. It's like "The Birds."

A silhouetted figure peaks out from the lace curtained window. After a moment, he emerges from the front door.

Matilda and Derek stay in the car, frightened of the birds. They watch as the very plain looking, middle aged man approaches.

DEREK
Is that him?

MATILDA
He doesn't look like much of a model.

DEREK
Wait till you see his hands.

He wades through the birds. Derek rolls down the window.

MAN (leaning over)
Can I help you?

DEREK
Excuse me, but are you J.D. Prewitt?

The man grimaces. He speaks in a low, weathered whisper.

PREWITT
My name is Al Shechter. I don't know what you're talking about. We're closed. You best leave now. The birds will be sticking their heads in the sand for the evening. Good day to you.

(CONTINUED)
Derek and Matilda exchange a look. After a beat...

MATILDA
That's a pity. Our friend, Maury Baulstein said you stay open late on Fridays.

The man, who is J.D. Prewitt, registers this.

CUT TO:

INT. PREWITT'S FARMHOUSE - EVENING

The walls are covered with framed watch ads, men's glove and ring ads, all featuring J.D's hands over the years. The only other pictures are of ostriches.

In the kitchen, Prewitt puts some tea bags in cups and puts a pot of water on the stove, using his left hand, which is normally aged and wrinkled.

However, his right hand, which he keeps permanently in a portable, fully operative, HYPERBARIC CHAMBER, is unmarried, supple and youthful.

He brings the tray over with his good hand. Derek and Matilda notice the chamber. Derek subtly motions for Matilda not to mention it.

PREWITT
I've been waiting for someone to come. I knew it would just be a matter of time. (after a beat, gravelly)
You'll have to kill me. I won't go to that island.

MATILDA
We don't want to you to go to that island either.

PREWITT
You're not from B'alls?

MATILDA
Just the opposite. I'm with the Justice Department Mr. Prewitt.

He stares into the tea cup.

PREWITT
They wanted me to assassinate President Ford.
DEREK
We know.

PREWITT
I couldn’t do it. My fingers were meant for stroking ostriches and showing off rings. Not taking the lives of clumsy presidents.

MATILDA
Squeaky Fromme was the patsy, wasn’t she?

PREWITT
(looking down)
A great lady.

MATILDA
Look, Mr. Prewitt, I don’t want to waste your time so I’m going to cut to the chase. Will you testify against Hayden Sloane and B’alls Models?

PREWITT
I don’t want to waste your time either, so I’ll cut to the chase... Go to hell.

He goes to the refrigerator and pulls out three ridiculously large ostrich eggs.

PREWITT (cont’d)
Who’s hungry?

CUT TO:

LATER

Derek, J.D. and Matilda are seated around the large, stone fireplace. They eat ostrich omelettes.

A couple of ostriches chase each other through the house as they speak.

PREWITT
I’m sorry I can’t help you, Ms. Jeffreys. I made a promise to Maury a long time ago. And I don’t intend to break it.

MATILDA
But Mr. Prewitt, you are the only person who can do this. Maury Baulstein is as guilty as the rest of them.

(CONTINUED)
PREWITT
Be that as it may Ms. Jeffereys. I made a
promise to my agent. And that bond, the
Male Hand Model/Agent Bond, is one that I
cannot break.

DEREK
I understand.

Derek and Prewitt exchange a knowing look. Prewitt looks him
over.

PREWITT
Zoolander. Zoolander. I guess I should
know your work. But I haven't opened a
magazine in years.

He holds up his Hyperbaric arm.

PREWITT (cont’d)
Things have changed for me.
(re: the ostriches)
These little buggers keep me plenty busy
most days.

MATILDA
Please Mr. Prewitt. We need you to come
forward. You are the only person who can--

PREWITT
(still looking at Derek)
Wait a minute, you're not related to...
No, you couldn't be... Ah, what the
hell... Hey, is there any chance you
might be related to Tim Zoolander?

DEREK
Tim Zoolander?

PREWITT
Yeah, you know, the Springsteen guy.

DEREK
He's my brother.

PREWITT
(whole demeanor changes)
Are you shitting me?

DEREK
Uh, no.
PREWITT
Are you blowing smoke up my ass?

DEREK
No.

PREWITT
I fucking love that son of a bitch!

DEREK
(a little hurt)
You do?

PREWITT
Hell, yeah! I’m from Asbury Park so like, forget it. And we hardly get any Bruce-alikes out here. Ah, you’re bullshitting me, aren’t you? You’re not really his brother!

DEREK
No, really, I am.

PREWITT
Can I meet him?

DEREK
I don’t think --

MATILDA
(interrupting)
Definitely. There’s a show tonight, isn’t there Derek?

DEREK
I don’t know. But I don’t want to--

Prewitt goes in the other room and comes back excitedly, holding a paper up.

PREWITT
There certainly is!
(reading)
Four Presidents Theater. If we get our act together, we could make the third show!

MATILDA
(playing as if she is excited)
Let’s go. I love the Boss too! That’s a great idea!

Prewitt lights up.

(CONTINUED)
PREWITT
I’ll go change.

He goes off excitedly, like a little kid. Derek sulks.

MATILDA
Derek, we have to get this guy to testify. It’s our only chance. You know that.

She comes up to him and puts her hand on his cheek.

MATILDA
Besides, it might be good for you to see your family.

DEREK
Yeah, right. Maybe if I show up dressed like Bon Jovi they’ll love me.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

J.D., wearing an old "Zoolander IS The Boss" tour shirt, comes bouncing out of the house. He dumps out a bag of ostrich food on the ground.

PREWITT
That ought to hold ‘em for awhile. Let’s kick it!

He gets in the car with Derek and Matilda.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOUR PRESIDENTS THEATER - NIGHT

The marquee reads...TIM ZOOLANDER IS "THE BOSS"...A small crowd is filtering in.

CUT TO:

INT. TIM’S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Classic Springsteen-style guitars, electric and acoustic, are on stands.

Tim fiddles with his harmonica holder while he gets a shoulder rub from his father, Larry.

There’s a tap on the dressing room door. Sunny goes to the door.

(CONTINUED)
TIM
No interviews, Ma.

SUNNY
Who is it?

DEREK (O.C.)
It’s me.

SUNNY
Who?

DEREK (O.C.)
Derek.

They all look at each other, surprised. She opens the door.

Derek, Matilda and Prewitt enter. Matilda quickly closes the door checking to see if they were spotted.

Larry won’t even look at Derek.

SUNNY
Oh, honey, are you all right? They’re saying such awful things about you on the TV. That you tried to kill some President of some country. How ridiculous…

DEREK
That’s actually all true, Mom, but I can explain. You see…

LARRY
No time. Tim here’s got a show to do.
Right, Tim?

TIM
(Springsteen voice)
Daddy’s right.

LARRY
And in Tim’s show, there most likely won’t be any attempts on people’s lives.

Larry and Tim start to head out. Matilda stops them.

MATILDA
Excuse me. Hi I’m Matilda, I’m a friend of your brother’s. I hate to bother you, Tim, but could you please say hello to J.D. Prewitt?

(CONTINUED)
TIM
(Springsteen voice)
Sure thing. Hey, J.D., thanks for coming
to the show...

J.D. raises his hyperbaric chamber to shake Tim's hand.

PREWITT
I am your biggest...

LARRY
He's got a gun!

Sunny SCREAMS. Larry collapses on Tim like a secret service
agent.

MATILDA
It's not a gun!

LARRY
What the hell is it?

DEREK
(duh)
It's a hyperbaric chamber to keep his
hand youthful and supple looking.

LARRY
Well, whatever it is, keep it the hell
out of my son's dressing room.

Larry gets up. Tim goes over to Derek.

TIM
Hey Derek, I jus' wanna say I'm glad yer
okay and everything. Even if ya did try
to off that Malaysian fella.

LARRY
Come on son. Save your voice for the
show.

He drags Tim out, giving Derek an unhappy look. Matilda goes
with Prewitt who seems flustered yet happy.

Derek is left alone with his mother. He fights back tears.

DEREK
He just doesn't love me.

Sunny sits herself square in front of Derek.

(CONTINUED)
SUNNY

Oh Derek. My poor simple, simple, simple boy. He loves you more than you will ever know.

DEREK

Then why is he so cruel?

SUNNY

He wanted so much for you. The last thing he wanted was for you to follow in his...

DEREK

What?

Sunny looks at him for a moment then pulls out an old faded black and white picture. She hands it to Derek.

It is Larry in a 1950’s Sears catalogue, modeling ski wear. He has a classic model’s pose. Derek is shocked.

DEREK

Why didn’t he ever tell me?

SUNNY

Your father was very successful. Very. He was the king of print ads. And then when they started all that runway foolishness--he was there in the beginning of all that Derek... well, he had a problem.

DEREK

What?

SUNNY

Your father couldn’t turn...left.

Derek looks down.

SUNNY (cont’d)

It stopped his career cold. He knew it was hereditary. There was a chance it could skip a generation, but he didn’t want you to have to go through the humiliation. It broke his heart when you did your first test shots.

DEREK

I never... Why didn’t he just tell me?

(CONTINUED)
SUNNY
Like you would have listened. You may not
be too savvy in the brains department.
But when you fix on doing something, you
do it. I love you Derek. And so does he.

They hug, as Derek tries to process all this new information.

CUT TO:

EXT. PREWITT'S FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The tranquillity of the country night is crushed by the sound
of a military issue HUM-VEE roaring up the dirt road.

It pulls up on the lawn directly in front of the front porch.
The ostriches scatter.

Sloane, Mugatu, and the Sunglass henchmen get out, weapons
drawn. Mugatu is wearing a headdress and Sari-type outfit
that wraps around him.

They peer through the windows. Seeing nothing, they kick
down the door.

INT. PREWITT'S FARMHOUSE -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

The four men tear through the house, looking for clues.
Mugatu notices something. He crosses to a NEWSPAPER open on
the kitchen table.

MUGATU
I've got something...

Sloane comes over.

SLOANE
What?

Mugatu taps on the paper; an ad for Tim's show is circled.

SLOANE (cont'd)
Let's go!

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR PRESIDENTS THEATER - NIGHT

The whole joint is rocking to "Born in the U.S.D.A." Larry,
Matilda, and Prewitt are right up front. Prewitt is clapping
along with his regular hand and hyperbaric chamber.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Derek and Sunny wade through the crowd to join the family up front. Derek sings along, for the first time supporting his brother, and liking it.

Tim sees Derek and gives him a "thumbs up." Derek shoots it back at him.

THEATER ENTRANCE

Sloane, Mugatu and the henchmen make their way into the club.

Matilda spots them, and immediately grabs Prewitt. She tries to alert Derek, but he's too into the music.

Tim, onstage, sees Sloane and his men and sees Matilda reacting.

Sloane spots Derek and Matilda. He pushes through the clapping and singing crowd towards them. The henchmen pull their guns.

Tim spots this.

Matilda finally gets Derek's attention and pulls him away.

Sloane goes for his weapon when...

Tim rips into "Prancin' in the Park." The crowd goes nuts.

Tim reaches down, offering his hand to Sloane, and yanks him up on to the stage, ala Courtney Cox in the famous video.

Sloane freezes, then realizes what's going on, and begins stiffly dancing with Tim.

Mugatu and the henchmen are confused, not knowing if they should watch or go after Derek.

Derek, Matilda and Prewitt head toward the exit. They are about to go, but Derek turns back

MATILDA

Derek!

DEREK

Hold on!

Derek runs back to his Dad, who is rockin' out.

DEREK

I'll do everything.
LARRY
Son, I... didn't want to see you go through the pain... I wanted so much more for you.

Sloane finally jumps off the stage, getting Mugatu and the henchmen and coming straight for Derek.

LARRY (cont'd)
I don't know what you're mixed up in, but you go and get yourself out.
(letting it out)
Blue Steel revolutionized the business.
You're good. Now go!

Derek breaks into a grin and runs.
Sloane and company run by as Larry and Sunny watch worriedly.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOUR PRESIDENTS THEATER - NIGHT
Derek, Matilda and Prewitt run into the car and peel out, only a few steps ahead of Sloane and Mugatu, who give chase in the Hummer.

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT
Derek anxiously looks in the rear-view.

MATILDA
We have to lose them. You must know these roads like the back of your hand!

He looks at her blankly.
She slaps him. Nothing happens.
She hits him again. Again and again. Still nothing.
Now his face is bruised and bleeding -- he looks like Rocky.

DEREK
I think... it would... be safe to say... that that smart thing isn't working anymore.

PREWITT
Derek, remind me to give you the number of a shelter.

CUT TO:
EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

As their car tears up a mound inside road, The Hummer gets up along side them and bangs into the rear bumper.

INT. HUMMER -- NIGHT

MUGATU
How could you have fallen for that Dancing in the Dark routine?

SLOANE
I got caught up. He's very good.

CUT TO:

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

They are being banged hard by the Hummer. Derek is forced to pull off onto a dirt road...

PREWITT
Did he used to do the act around the house? I wouldn't have been able to deal with it.

MATILDA
Over here! Pull off the road!

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD -- NIGHT

Derek pulls off, driving through rough terrain, in between scattered trees.

The Hummer is on his ass.

Finally the trees break, and there is a clearing -- that is an abrupt drop off. The car skids to a halt.

Sloane and the henchmen run out, drawing their guns on the rental car.

SLOANE
It's over.

(CONTINUED)
Derek, Matilda and Prewitt get out of the car. Sloane pushes his gun into Derek’s face. The henchmen surround Prewitt and Matilda.

Mugatu watches, a bit removed from them.

SLOANE (cont’d)
You’re coming with us, Derek.

DEREK
No way, Sloane!

Derek backs up slowly to the edge of the road. He suddenly stops, out of room. Mugatu laughs.

MUGATU
What is wrong, Derek?

WE PULL BACK BEHIND DEREK TO REVEAL that they are on top of the MOUNT RUSHMORE MONUMENT, ON TOP OF LINCOLN’S HEAD.

SLOANE
We never wanted this to end badly, Derek. Come with us and we’ll set you up very nicely on Chibbi Chibbi. You liked it there, didn’t you?

Derek shakes his head.

DEREK
I won’t be one of your mutant freaks!

MUGATU
But you seemed so carefree there. I think it was the salt air.

Sloane signals to the henchmen, who produce a roughed-up looking Maury, still in his jogging suit. Sloane puts the gun to Maury’s temple.

DEREK
Maury?

PREWITT
Maury!

MAURY
J.D. Prewitt. There he is. Best natural knuckles I ever seen. I’m sorry I let you down. Both of ya...

(CONTINUED)
DEREK
How could you let this happen, Maury? You were like a father to me.

MAURY
(breaking down)
Don’t you think I know that? People think that selling your soul is something you do over lunch, but, lemme tell you, it’s more like a Jenny Craig type of thing. It happens gradually.

SLOANE
Now, we can make this easy, or we can make it hard.

DEREK
Let’s make it hard.

Derek moves to help Maury.

SLOANE (cont’d)
Another step and I shoot.

Derek stops.

MAURY
I don’t care. Shoot me. Blow my brains so far out of my head that I can’t remember any of this crap. You tell ‘em the truth, J.D. -- tell the world. It’s too late for me now.

Prewitt tries to move to help him. Sloane cocks the gun.

MAURY (cont’d)
That’s right. Blow me to kingdom come. You heard me. Do it. Do it. Come on, do it. Do it.
(almost threatening)
Do it.

Spooked, Sloane lets the gun fall away for a moment. In that instant, Maury pulls something out of his back pocket.

MAURY (cont’d)
Hey, Derek. Remember this guy?

Maury slips on a paper mask of the smiling Malaysian President.

(CONTINUED)
ZOOM in on DEREK -- he zeroes in on the mask and immediately reverts back to ASSASSINE! He does a quick move into a roll, straight towards...

Sloane -- who panics. Maury is peeking right over Sloane's shoulder...

Derek attacks Sloane, in a series of JACKIE CHAN MOVES... disarming him, all in an effort to get to the Malaysian face...

Prewitt takes the opportunity to strike the Henchmen with his HYPERBARIC ARM... he gets in one good hit on each... they back off.

He then sees that Derek needs help with Sloane, who has his gun trained on Derek....

Matilda goes after Mugatu, yanking his RIDICULOUS HEAD DRESS over his eyes, blinding him...

Prewitt knocks Sloane over the head with his hyperbaric chamber, SHATTERING IT... Sloane crumbles to the ground....

Maury grabs the gun. But the henchmen grab him...

Prewitt and Derek share an appreciative nod. But then Prewitt looks down to his hand...

CLOSE ON HIS HAND AS IT SHRIVELS AND DECAYS in the cracked chamber...

Maury, doing a little jig, yells to Derek, even though he is restrained. He waves the mask in front of the Henchmen's faces...

MAURY (cont'd)
Hoo hoo! I'm over here Derek! Look at me!
Bad Malaysian dude!

Derek sees this and shimmies up a pine tree and throws himself on to the Henchmen, doing a split kick, so as not to get Maury. He knocks them both off the ledge.

They fall, bouncing off Lincoln's nose, into oblivion. Derek and Maury watch this, but are immediately distracted by....

Mugatu, who tussles with Matilda -- he is getting the better of her when they both slip and ROLL OFF the top of Lincoln's head on to a LEDGE.

MATILDA
Derek! Help!

(Continued)
Derek scampers down Lincoln’s face, like a lizard, and grabs Matilda.

Mugatu tries to push them off the cliff, but instead trips on his own platform shoes.

Derek tries to save Mugatu by grabbing the bottom of his wrap dress.

Mugatu’s dress unravels as he tumbles down Lincoln’s cheek, leaving him completely naked except for his platforms and head dress as he falls to his death.

Derek stands there, holding a one hundred yard strip of Mugatu’s outfit.

MATILDA
(gravely)
He was killed by his own poorly designed clothing.

Derek and Matilda hug. They look around to realize they’re stranded on Lincoln’s eyebrow. Maury appears above them.

MAURY
It’s okay. there’s a way up. There’s a ledge around the corner!

Matilda immediately starts going to the end of the eyebrow, followed by Derek.

MAURY (cont’d)
That’s right. It’s just around the corner. To the...

Suddenly Derek freezes. Matilda goes around. But Maury realizes it too.

MAURY (cont’d)
...Left. Uhuh.

Derek immediately turns around but SLOANE, bruised and battered, emerges around Lincoln’s nose. He moves toward Derek, cutting him off.

SLOANE
You seem to have a little trouble going to your left, don’t you. That’s unfortunate.

Matilda is now up with Maury.
MATILDA
Derek, don’t listen to him. You can do it. Don’t even think about it. Just walk to the end and turn...not right!

MAURY
She’s right. Derek, forget all that crap I talked about. Left, schmeft. Just do it! Do it!

Sloane is now coming up on Derek. Getting ready to push him off. Derek looks back and forth.

DEREK’S POV

The ledge, which goes off into nothingness...

CLOSE ON DEREK

exhausted and forced to overcome the biggest obstacle in his life... the sounds fade away...

DEREK’S POV

Magically, the dark sky behind the ledge gives way to a montage of glowing faces...

DEREK’S MOM
My simple, simple, simple boy. I know you can do it!

TIM
(Springsteen voice)
I know ya can do it. It’s all about believin’ in yerself, Derek. Kind a like what the American coal miner’s had to do in the early part of the twentieth century, when they were forced to picket for...

He fades off, going on and on. He is replaced by...

LARRY
Derek. You can do it son! I know if anyone can overcome this horrible affliction, it’s you! Do it for me! Turn left for Daddy!

Finally, the three faces of BRINT, RUFUS AND MEEKUS appear, all slightly burnt...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RINT RUFUS MEEKUS
Derek! You go boy! Make that left turn for us!

ON DEREK

He lights up, full of confidence and...

He glances back at the ugly and battered Sloane, who is almost upon him. Then forward, where the ledge awaits him.

And he walks... strong, proud and confident as at any runway show. As he reaches the end of the ledge, where he must turn left...

He can't, and falls straight off the side of the mountain.

MAURY AND MATILDA

gasp in horror

SLOANE

smiles...

DEREK

falls...

Suddenly, from out of nowhere...

HANSEL IS FALLING NEXT TO HIM!

We see that he is in the middle of a bungee free fall. They see each other, shocked and surprised.

Hansel reaches out and grabs Derek. They fall together, Derek hanging onto Hansel's arm for dear life.

HANSEL
I think I know your weakness at the next walk off!

DEREK
Hansel! What are you doing...

(CONTINUED)
HANSEL
Cleavon and I got boned up at Crazy Horse--still has scaffolding up all over-- So
we re-shroomed a couple of hours ago figured we go for a night bungee off
Rushmore.

They reach the bottom of the fall, the bungee maxes out, and they slowly bounce up and down.

HANSEL (cont'd)
(shrooming)
We're bouncing from Lincoln's lip. Let's ponder that!

On Derek's relieved face...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRAND JURY ROOM -- DAY

A LAWYER is questioning J.D. Prewitt. Prewitt's formerly pristine right arm is now as weathered, dried out and wrinkled as the rest of him.

LAWYER
...and is the man who asked you to assassinate former President Gerald Ford in the courtroom?

PREWITT
Yes, he is.

LAWYER
Can you please point to him?

Prewitt points to Sloane, seated at the defense table.

LAWYER (cont'd)
Let the record show that Mr. Prewitt pointed to Hayden Sloane.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

The lawyer is now questioning Derek.

LAWYER
...and is the man who asked you to assassinate Malaysian President Ferdinand in the courtroom?

(CONTINUED)
DEREK
Yeah, he’s here. That’s him there...
Derek points to Sloane.

LAWYER
Let the record show...

DISSOLVE TO:

GRAND JURY ROOM - LATER

LAWYER
And is this the man who performed genetic engineering experiments on you and your fellow male models, without your prior consent?

We see LINDENLAUB sitting next to Sloane at the defense table.

The VANDERLOO DONKEY, in the witness chair, lets out a half human, half donkey bray as all of the courtroom spectators look on in horror and amazement.

LAWYER (cont’d)
Let the record show that the Vanderloo donkey brayed at Dr. Karl Lindenlaub.

Sloane buries his head in his hands.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE -- DAY

Derek and Matilda stop at the bottom of the steps.

MATILDA
I think they’re gonna cut Maury a good deal. He won’t do too much time.

DEREK
What about you?

MATILDA
Me? Well they want me to run Justice. But I don’t know. I think I’m going to take some time. Figure things out.

DEREK
But that’s what I was supposed to do.

(CONTINUED)
MATILDA
Well there's no reason we both can't do it.

DEREK
(after a beat)
Together?

Matilda looks off, then smiles warmly at Derek.

MATILDA
We come from different worlds.

DEREK
But I'm from planet Earth. You're from planet Earth.

She gives Derek a long passionate kiss.

DEREK
I'll never forget you.

Matilda walks away.

MATILDA
Yes you will. But that's not your fault.

They exchange a smile. Derek watches her wistfully as she goes off.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Derek enters a classroom full of children, carrying a box full of books. They excitedly raid the box, rushing back to their desks with brand new books.

TEACHER
Okay, kids, I want everyone to thank Mr. Zoolander for their book.

KIDS
Thank you, Derek!

Derek smiles, tears welling up in his eyes.

LATER

Derek is read extremely haltingly from a large children's book. A LITTLE GIRL sits on his lap as the whole class watches, a bit bewildered.
DEREK
(reading)
And...then...the golden bracelet...feel...fell...

GIRL
Why don't you let me try, Derek?

DEREK
No, I can get it.
(reading)
And then the gol---deen -- golden Brace-cellet fell... feel?

The little girl takes the book.

GIRL
(reading simply)
And then the golden bracelet fell into the still pond, shattering it like a mirror struck by a stone, and he could no longer see his beautiful reflection...

Derek leans back and enjoys the story.

FADE OUT.