

ROCKY VS. RAMBO

by

Paul Rust  
Kulap Vilaysack  
Michael Cassady  
Harris Wittels  
Neil Campbell  
Scott Aukerman

Based on the characters of the Rocky & Rambo franchises by  
Sylvester Stallone

In 2010, six friends sat down to watch all four Rambo movies in one day. Inspired, they realized how fucking awesome it would be if Rambo were to fight his doppelganger Rocky. They plotted the movie in five minutes, split up the writing chores, and each wrote a section, without any of them reading the others' work.

This is that story.

(Not the story of how they wrote it, but the actual script they wrote)

INT. BOXING RING - NIGHT

PAN UP IN SLOW MOTION on a dramatic and familiar silhouette: Rocky Balboa, glistening with sweat, bounces up and down in the ring, pounding his gloves together.

The final match from the last Rocky film. Rocky squares off against Mason "The Line" Dixon.

INTERCUT BETWEEN:

EXT. BURMA - DAY

The final battle from the last Rambo film. John Rambo hijacks a jeep-mounted .50-caliber machine gun and opens fires on the Burmese army, killing hundreds.

INT. BOXING RING

Balboa makes a dramatic comeback, surprising the audience with his prowess and chin despite his age. The fists fly furiously.

EXT. BURMA

Karen rebels join the fight, turning the tide of the battle. The bodies fall by the hundreds.

The INTERCUTTING moves so quickly, Rocky and Rambo seem like the same person. As Rocky throws his final punch, and Rambo personally disembowels Major Tint, the SCREEN EXPLODES!

**!!!\*\* ROCKY VS. RAMBO \*\*!!!**

FADE IN:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

We open where the last Rocky movie left off. ROCKY - The Italian Stallion (AKA "Boxing Champ!") - stands over the grave of his dead wife ADRIAN.

ROCKY  
Yo, Adrian. We did it. We did  
it.

Rocky smiles, sadly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Y'know Adrian, I've been thinking. Now that I'm officially through with boxing, maybe it's time I follow my true passion: being a couch potato. Haha. Yeah, it's gonna be nice sitting back and relaxing, watching the ol' boob tube. I've been hearing good things about this new show - what's it called? - that's right, *20 Good Years*. Wow, with Lithgow and Tambor, how can you go wrong?

(beat)

Anyways, I'll see you tomorrow Adrian. And I'll make sure to figure out that mix-up with your epitaph. It should've said: "Rest in Peace."

EXT. ROCKY'S HOME - NIGHT

Establishing shot of Rocky's neighborhood home.

INT. ROCKY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rocky relaxes on couch, watching TV with his son ROBERT and his moody brother-in-law/best friend PAULIE.

ROCKY

I'm so excited. The premiere of *20 Good Years* is in 5 minutes. From what I hear, it's television's breakout hit of the season.

ROBERT

Wow dad, you're really excited about this show. You've been talking about it non-stop for three weeks.

ROCKY

Hey, what can I say? With Lithgow and Tambor together, how can you go wrong?

ROBERT

I guess so, yeah.

PAULIE

That show stinks!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROCKY

Aw whaddya know, Paulie? You ain't ever seen it.

PAULIE

I watched a screener of the pilot!

ROCKY

Huh? Where'd you get a screener?

PAULIE

From my buddy Mike Rosenstein at Red Hour. The pilot was terrible! *20 Good Years?* More like... lemme think, lemme think... *22 Lousy Minutes!*

ROCKY

Well, I don't care what you say, I'm still excited. With Lithgow and Tambor onboard, how can you go  
---

ROBERT

We know, dad.

Rocky smiles with pride. He loves his son.

ROCKY

So Little Champ, how ya been keeping yourself busy eh?

ROBERT

Well you know how I quit my job as a corporate employee to help you train for your match against heavyweight champion Mason "The Line" Dixon?

ROCKY

Uh-huh.

ROBERT

Well I learned something when I was in that corner, stitching up your eyelid and wringing that washcloth into a bucket of cold water...

ROCKY

You learned you wanted to be a boxing trainer?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROBERT

No, I learned I love buckets of cold water.

ROCKY

(under his breath)

Hmm. Not quite what the Ol' Champ was expecting.

ROBERT

So I'm starting my own business: "Robert's Buckets of Cold Water" - Philadelphia's #1 store for all your buckets of cold water needs.

PAULIE

I dunno, Robert. Buckets of cold water? That don't sound too promising.

ROCKY

Paulie's got a point. How often do folks *need* buckets of cold water?

ROBERT

Please fellas. Do me a favor and think outside the bun.

Robert stands up, gives his pitch.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Let's say it's Saturday night. You've been out all night partying and carousing, having a helluva time ---

ROCKY

Sounds like Paulie.

PAULIE

Watch it, Rockster. Haha.

ROBERT

You get home, you crash on the bed, you're just about to fall asleep when you realize: "Oh no, I gotta get up for church tomorrow morning."

PAULIE

If I had a dime for every time that happened.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ROCKY

Yeah, you'd be a millionaire,  
haha!

PAULIE

(real angry)  
I said watch it, Rocky.

ROBERT

In a situation like this, how can  
you make sure you'll wake up in  
the morning?

ROCKY

I'd set my alarm.

ROBERT

But what if your alarm is broken?

PAULIE

I'd have a friend call me.

ROBERT

But what if your friend is dead?

Paulie cries a little bit.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Your only guarantee for a sure-  
fire wake-up call is a *bucket of  
cold water*. Fortunately for you,  
"Robert's Buckets of Cold Water"  
is still open down the block and  
you can go in, pick up a bucket of  
two - maybe three, it's up to you -  
go back home, and install the  
buckets on the mechanical arm next  
to your bed that dumps buckets of  
cold water on your head at a  
preset time.

PAULIE

But I don't have a mechanical arm  
like that.

ROBERT

Yeah but in this case, *you would*.

ROCKY AND PAULIE

We love it!

ROBERT

Good to hear... because tomorrow,  
guys? Robert's Buckets of Water is  
having its grand opening!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Rocky and Paulie high-five.

ROCKY

What could get any better than  
this?

NBC ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Now, for the series premiere of *20  
Good Years!*

ROCKY

The Rockster stands corrected!

Everyone gathers to watch *20 Good Years*.

CUT TO:

INT. NBC STUDIOS - NEXT MORNING

Hollywood, California. ROCKY enters the waiting room and speaks with a RECEPTIONIST behind the desk. She's really pretty. Not in a slutty way. Just like a really beautiful motherly way. But again, not in a slutty way.

ROCKY

Hi there, my name's Rocky Balboa.

RECEPTIONIST

And who are you here to see, Mr.  
Balboa?

ROCKY

John Lithgow and Jeffrey Tambor.

RECEPTIONIST

Ok.

She types into her computer. Hmmm.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

And what time was your meeting  
with Mr. Lithgow and Mr. Tambor?

ROCKY

Oh, we didn't set a time.

RECEPTIONIST

I see. But Mr. Lithgow and Mr.  
Tambor are expecting you, yes?

ROCKY

Nope.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RECEPTIONIST

Do they know you?

ROCKY

Probably not. You see, last night, I saw their show *20 Good Years* and fell in love with it. Fell in love! Absolutely delivered on my highest of expectations. So I took a red-eye flight from Philadelphia to Hollywood so I could tell them in person how much I love it.

RECEPTIONIST

Hmmm. Well, they're in rehearsal right now. Why don't you have a seat?

JOHN LITHGOW and JEFFREY TAMBOR pass through.

JOHN LITHGOW

(always has a British accent)

And I told Joseph Gordon Levitt: "Y'know kiddo, you remind me of one of my costars: Harry from the *Harry and The Hendersons* movies."

JEFFREY TAMBOR

The acidic wit of Mr. John Lithgow, haha! I bet that put J-G-L in his P-L-A-C-E.

ROCKY

(to Receptionist)

Wait, there they are right now!

RECEPTIONIST

Please don't bother them, Mr. Balboa. They're very busy.

ROCKY

John! Tambo!

Jeffrey Tambor turns his head.

JEFFREY TAMBOR

Did someone just say a name like "John Ram--?"

Rocky runs over to John Lithgow and Jeffrey Tambor.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

ROCKY

For starters, let me just say: I hope *20 Good Years* lasts for *20 More Years!*

The Receptionist butts in.

RECEPTIONIST

I am so sorry, Mr. Lithgow and Mr. Tambor. This man did not schedule an appointment. I'll have security escort him out.

JOHN LITHGOW

You'll do nothing of the kind, my dear lady. Where I come from, we respect our boxing legends! Do you know who this man is? This is the Italian Stallion! Better known as "Boxing Champ!"

JEFFREY TAMBOR

It is an honor to meet you, Mr. Balboa.

JOHN LITHGOW

The ultimate honor.

Lithgow and Tambor bow to Rocky.

JOHN LITHGOW (CONT'D)

(to Receptionist)  
And you? You're fired.

RECEPTIONIST

But daddy, I'm your daughter.

JOHN LITHGOW

Not anymore.

Lithgow claps twice and SECURITY takes away his daughter. Even though the Receptionist's got a bunch of other guys' hands all over her, she remains beautiful and not slutty.

JOHN LITHGOW (CONT'D)

(to Rocky)  
Sorry for that, great one. Let's say you, me, and Tambor have a bite to eat. On me!

CUT TO:

INT. NBC STUDIOS COMMISSARY - MOMENTS LATER

Lithgow, Tambor, and Rocky eat baked potatoes.

ROCKY

And the best part?! The theme song!

Rocky hums the *20 Good Years* theme song, in its entirety, for Lithgow and Tambor.

JOHN LITHGOW

Please, Mr. Balboa. You've spent the last 4 hours praising us and recounting every line from the pilot. Let us flatter you now, yes?

JEFFREY TAMBOR

Rocky, you are - hands down - the best boxer there ever was. You took down Apollo Creed, "Clubber" Lang, Dolph Lundgren. Tell us, what's your secret?

ROCKY

Well... every time they knock you down, you gotta get back up.

JEFFREY TAMBOR

Sounds like advice for a Hollywood acting career, as well. Haha!

Everyone laughs for a solid 3 minutes.

JOHN LITHGOW

And how is your son, Rocky? Robert.

ROCKY

Well I was real worried about Robert after his mom died, but now he's doing real good. Today, he's opening his own business!

JOHN LITHGOW

A business venture? Splendid! What's it called?

ROCKY

Let me get the name right...

(thinks)

That's it, "Robert's Buckets of Cold Water."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN LITHGOW AND JEFFREY TAMBOR  
(in unison)  
Finally! I'll be able to wake up  
for church!

ROCKY  
So you like it?

JOHN LITHGOW AND JEFFREY TAMBOR  
WE LOVE IT!

ROCKY  
Well, why don't you little  
Hollywood faggots come back to  
Philadelphia and join me for the  
grand opening celebration? It'll  
be the biggest party Philly's seen  
since 1776... the musical was put  
on by the Temple University  
undergrad theatre department.

Lithgow, Tambor, and Rocky cheer!

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE AIRPLANE - HOUR LATER

Lithgow, Tambor, and Rocky all drink champagne and party  
on the plane back to Philly. (NOTE: their luggage is off-  
camera in the above-head compartments)

INT. PHILADELPHIA AIRPORT - HOURS LATER

Baggage claim. John, Jeffrey, and Rocky all wait for  
their luggage.

JOHN LITHGOW  
Sometimes these bags take so long  
to come out, I think they must  
store them on a *third rock from  
the sun*.

Everyone laughs.

JEFFREY TAMBOR  
Wait, isn't that Earth?

JOHN LITHGOW  
Huh?

JEFFREY TAMBOR  
The third rock from the sun? That  
means Earth, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN LITHGOW

... Yes.

JEFFREY TAMBOR

So why - I'm sorry, why would storing our luggage on planet earth mean it'd take longer for it to come out? We're on planet earth.

JOHN LITHGOW

Jesus Christ, I didn't know we'd be accompanied by the fucking grammar police.

ROCKY

Guys! Calm down. I like you both, okay?

Lithgow and Tambor smile at each other. What a silly thing to have been arguing about (they think that).

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Now. Let's see some hugs here.

Lithgow and Tambor hug. Rocky smiles. They're his best friends.

A VETERAN in a wheelchair rolls up to the fellas at the baggage claim.

VETERAN

Any of you fellas spare a dime?

The Veteran sees Rocky, and his eyes light up.

VETERAN (CONT'D)

I know you! Rambo! John Rambo!  
Good to see you again, old buddy!

ROCKY

Excuse me?

VETERAN

How long has it been? 30 years?  
35?!

ROCKY

I'm sorry, have we met before?

VETERAN

Have we met?! Man, we fought side-by-side in Vietnam!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROCKY

You must have me confused with  
someone else, pal. I'm Rocky.  
Rocky Balboa.

VETERAN

Pfft! You're John Rambo and you're  
a killing machine!

ROCKY

I'm a boxer, not a fighter. The  
only things I kill are the dreams  
of those who would claim the title  
of "Boxing Champ."

Veteran shrugs.

VETERAN

My mistake. I guess I'm like Steve  
Jobs or Phil Knight, everywhere I  
look, I see RAM... BO. Steve Jobs  
sees RAM in his computers, and  
Phil Knight sees Bo Jackson as a  
spokesperson of his company Nike.

Veteran rolls away. Rocky turns to Lithgow and Tambor.

**TRAILER MOMENT:**

ROCKY

I mean, c'mon - do I look like a  
Rambo to you?

Lithgow and Tambor laugh. Certainly not!

ROCKY (CONT'D)

What kinda name is that? Rambo.  
Sounds like something Steve Jobs  
or Phil Knight sees.

They laugh some more.

JOHN LITHGOW

Well if I know one thing it's that  
you're our Rocky, through and  
through!

ROCKY

Hey who knows? Maybe someday, I'll  
meet this Rambo guy?

(beat)

(beat)

(beat)

Naaaaah!

(beat)

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ROCKY (CONT'D)

(beat)  
Naaaaah!

JOHN LITHGOW

Let's be on our way to your son's grand opening, shall we? It begins in nary a few minutes, I believe thusly.

Lithgow, Tambor, and Rocky leave, *without their luggage* (it's a continuity error)

CUT TO:

EXT. ROBERT'S BUCKETS OF COLD WATER - MOMENTS LATER

A large crowd of 500 or so people have gathered in the parking lot of "Robert's Buckets of Cold Water." There's balloons and music and TV reporters. A big party!

Robert stands at a podium on a gigantic stage, addressing the crowd.

ROBERT

Ladies and gentlemen, today we begin a new chapter in the story of America.

Everyone cheers - including our fellas Lithgow, Tambor, and Rocky - in the crowd.

JOHN LITHGOW

You must be so proud of your son, Rocky.

ROCKY

I am. I really really am.

Robert continues with his speech.

ROBERT

Today, we enter a brave new world where buckets of cold water are readily available for all from 10am to 7pm every weekday. Now, just a heads up: we don't have any cold water today. We didn't start our water service in time, but I'm proud to report we *will* have cold water in 2-3 weeks.

The crowd cheers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFFREY TAMBOR

He's really doing it.

ROCKY

That's my boy. You're my boy,  
Robert!

Robert smiles from the podium. He loves his father. He continues.

ROBERT

Also, one last small detail: we have no buckets. It turns out our supplier is no longer in business. And possibly never existed. But I can promise this: we will have buckets in stock within 5 months or not at all.

The crowd chants Robert's name. They love him.

CROWD

Ro-ber-t! Ro-ber-t!

ROBERT

Thanks, everybody! You're too kind. Let's celebrate and take a load off! I know I earned it!

Robert walks away from the podium, doing the Egyptian dance. (NOTE: We'll have to clear rights to this music). Lithgow pats Rocky on the back and whispers in his ear.

JOHN LITHGOW

Look, I gotta take a major whiz.  
I'll be right back.

Jeffrey Tambor whispers in Rocky's other ear.

JEFFREY TAMBOR

And I gotta take one of my famous mushy shits.

Lithgow and Tambor walk away towards the bathroom. Rocky hangs out, when he hears Paulie's familiar voice.

PAULIE

Yo Rocky!

Rocky turns around: It's Paulie!

ROCKY

Paulie! What's up?! What a great day for our boy Robert, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAULIE

Most definitely! I must admit, I had my doubts about this whole "Buckets of Cold Water" thing, but now that I'm here, I can see what a huge success this is going to be. And hey, I know Adrian would be proud too.

ROCKY

Thanks, Paulie. I know she's looking down from heaven right now, smiling and laughing all the time.

Rocky sees a letter in Paulie's hand.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Whaddya got there?

PAULIE

Oh right. It's a letter for you. Sorry I opened it. I thought it was from the BMG Music Club and I was getting my new CD: "Rubberneck" by The Toadies.

ROCKY

It's ok. I understand. What'd it say?

PAULIE

It's from a boxing promoter in Thailand. He wants you to come to Thailand and go head-to-head with one of their country's best fighters.

ROCKY

A match? No way. I'm retired.

PAULIE

I dunno, Rocky. They're offering a boatload of money: three hundred thousand dollars!

ROCKY

What did I just say, Paulie? "The Italian Stallion" is retired. "Boxing Champ" is no more.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

PAULIE

But this is some serious money.  
Think of all the "Rubberneck" CDs  
you could buy with that kinda  
dough!

Rocky takes the letter and rips it up.

ROCKY

They could offer me all the money  
in the world, and I'd turn them  
down! For the first time in my  
life, I can relax. I can wash the  
blood from my hands and enjoy the  
autumn of my years.

(eyes filling with  
tears)

And y'know, I've been talking to  
Lithgow and Tambor and they think  
they can get me a PA job on *20  
Good Years*. How great would that  
be?

(trying to hold back  
tears, can't)

Picking up Lithgow's dry cleaning  
and dropping off Tambor's fat wife  
at the airport. It's a dream come  
true!

(beat)

No, no. Rocky's not going to  
Thailand. Rocky's staying right  
here.

In the distance, we hear a howling. It's the wind. What  
is it? What could it be?

John Lithgow and Jeffrey Tambor come running towards them  
in a panic - piss and shit spraying and falling out of  
them everywhere.

JOHN LITHGOW

Oh my God! It's a... TWISTER!!!

The crowd of people looks out along the horizon.  
Lithgow's right. A tornado's rapidly approaching Robert's  
Buckets of Cold Water!

TORNADO SEQUENCE:

- Everyone runs in terror as the tornado hits. Rocky,  
always the smart one, hides under a car hood to protect  
himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- The tornado destroys everything: demolishing Robert's Buckets of Cold Water and killing onlookers.

- Robert is crushed by a tree, Paulie's thrown onto some wires and electrocuted, Jeffrey Tambor falls down a hole onto some spikes, and John Lithgow is ripped in two.

- Rocky emerges from under the car hood - weeping and freaking out - splattered in the blood of his friends and family.

ROCKY

They're all DEAD!!!!

CUT TO:

INT. FUNERAL HOME - LATER

Rocky - calmed down, but still covered in the blood of his friends and family - sits with DEBORAH MOORE, director of the Funeral Home.

DEBORAH MOORE

First of all, Mr. Balboa. I'm sorry for your loss.

ROCKY

I didn't lose no match!

DEBORAH MOORE

I meant your friends and family.

ROCKY

Right. Yes. Thank you for your sympathy.

DEBORAH MOORE

Now it's come to my attention that you want to handle the funeral arrangements for your son Robert, your brother-in-law Paulie, and actors John Lithgow and Jeffrey Tambor, is that correct?

ROCKY

Yes. Their families all approve. Particularly the wives of Lithgow and Tambor.

DEBORAH MOORE

It's such a shame to lose those two. I really liked *20 Good Years*. I mean, I only saw the first episode, but it was funny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROCKY

Did you hear? As expected, NBC cancelled the show this morning. And for all you haters, that's the *real* reason it was cancelled.

DEBORAH MOORE

What a pity. And y'know it would've only gotten better. With Lithgow and Tambor onboard, how ---

DEBORAH AND ROCKY

(in unison)

Could you go wrong?

ROCKY

I agree. I completely agree.

DEBORAH MOORE

And what did you have in mind for the arrangements?

ROCKY

I want to memorialize them with a statue, and put it right next to Rocky's statue on the steps of Philly City Hall!

DEBORAH MOORE

Can I just say that I love that idea?

ROCKY

Everyone! Everyone in the statue. My son, Paulie, Lithgow, Tambor. All together in the statue. And they gotta look cool. Like sunglasses and loose ties and they're all sort of leaning against each other.

DEBORAH MOORE

Perfect. And as you know, because we're a funeral home, we make statues all the time.

ROCKY

So let's talk money. How much is this going to cost "Boxing Champ?"

DEBORAH MOORE

It won't be cheap. We're looking at around three-hundred thousand dollars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROCKY

What? How am I ever gonna pay for that statue to memorialize my friends and family? Rocky doesn't have that kind of dough!

(beat, thinks)

Kind of dough... kind of dough...

PAULIE (V.O.)

Kind of dough... kind of dough...

ROCKY

Wait a fucking minute!

Rocky reaches into his pocket and pulls out the letter from Thailand. It's all taped up. (NOTE: we'll have a behind-the-scenes mini-movie that shows how it got taped up)

Rocky scans the letter. CLOSE-UP: "We will pay you three-hundred-thousand dollars to fight in Thailand. Goodbye." Rocky's eyes light up!

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Looks like I'm getting on a plane and flying to Thailand, then I'm going to get off the plane and box for money.

(beat)

Then I'm getting back on a plane and flying to America and using that money to pay for a statue.

CUT TO:

INDIANA JONES STYLE MAP GRAPHIC:

We see Rocky's plane fly from "Philly, Pennsylvania" to "Thailand."

EXT. THAILAND AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

Rocky is picked up by a Thai CHAUFFEUR holding a card that says: "BALBOA." Rocky nods. Yep, he's Balboa alright. Haha.

INT. LIMO

Rocky rides in the back of the limo, as his Thai Chauffeur drives. Rocky checks out the scenery. Niiiiiice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROCKY

Where we headed?

CHAUFFEUR

To the Holiday Inn.

ROCKY

Oooh I love the Holiday Inn! I hope they have a pool and an arcade like the Holiday Inn in Mankato, Minnesota.

They drive right by the Holiday Inn.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Hold on, that was the Holiday Inn right there.

CHAUFFEUR

Oh, did I say "Holiday Inn?" I meant: "Holiday Pen."

EXT. HOLIDAY PEN - DAY

The Chauffeur makes a sharp turn and whips the limo into a secret lot called "Holiday Pen," filled with pens holding various prisoners.

ROCKY

What's going on?

The limo stops and a group of BAD DUDES pull out Rocky and throw him into a pen (note to art direction: the pen has roughly 32 bars)

INT. HOLDING PEN

Rocky is thrown into a cage.

ROCKY

Hey! You can't do this to me! I'm Rocky Balboa! The Italian Stallion! Boxing Champ!

The Bad Dudes walk away. Rocky shakes the bars of his pen, but can't get out. He's stuck.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Where is Rocky now?

He takes a photo from his wallet. It's Adrian.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Here we go again, Adrian.

Rocky pulls out another photo from his wallet. It's Robert, Paulie, Lithgow, Tambor, and Donal Logue all at Disneyland.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

This is for you guys.

Rocky, very sad, folds up the photo and lightly blows on it for 5 minutes.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

I create the breeze.

Suddenly, from deep within the shadows, a figure emerges...

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Whoever you are, show yourself  
before I knock you THE FUCK OUT!

It's HANJA, a Thai overlord with a long black ponytail and a tiny mustache.

HANJA

Oh you WILL knock someone the fuck  
out, Mister Balboa. Ha ha. Ha ha  
ha. (But not me.)

He smiles evilly and rubs his yellow hands together.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTHERN THAILAND - DAY

The beautiful, lush fields of Thailand.

EXT. DAY - NORTHERN THAILAND, CHIANG MAI

Two jeeps filled with men and gear make their way on a dirt road. They go through a wooden gate that says "ELEPHANT NATURE PARK". The jeeps stop in front of a bamboo hut that says "HILL TRIBE TREKS & TOURS BY RAMBO".

Out steps a hardened mercenary chomping on a cigar. This is COLONEL HAIRPIE.

Shots of the Colonel and the rest of the mercenary crew - NEIL, HARRIS, PAUL, SCOTT, and MIKE -- getting out of jeeps. Neil sniffs the air. Smells really bad.

EXT. ELEPHANT PARK

The Colonel pulls out his gun and kicks open the door.

Inside is JOHN RAMBO.

Rambo is using a machete to crack open a very large green fruit with a thorny husk. An odor not unlike skunk spray and rotten onions fills the small room. Hairpie immediately covers his nose and mouth.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

Fucking HELL! What the FUCK is that thing?

RAMBO

It's a durian. Smells like hell, tastes like heaven. Want some?

Rambo takes a bite. Paul can't take it - gagging, he runs outside to the jeeps where his men have their weapons drawn. Rambo casually follows with the durian.

RAMBO (CONT'D)

(re: guns)

I'd put those away if I were you. The elephants hate guns.

(grunts)

But they love this.

He takes a bite of the soft yellow flesh of the durian. The men look to Colonel Hairpie, who nods. They put down their guns and pull up their shirts over their noses. Rambo whistles.

RAMBO (CONT'D)

Kulap! Kulap!

An elephant breaks away from a herd and walks to the group of men. A frightened Harris draws his rifle.

HARRIS

Holy shit, that mutherfucka's hu-u-u-u-uge!

Harris points his rifle at KULAP THE ELEPHANT. The creature grabs his rifle and breaks it into two with her trunk. She throws the pieces at the nearby tree and a coconut falls and hits Harris square in the head. The other mercenaries laugh.

RAMBO

Told you. No guns here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kulap the Elephant walks to Rambo, cradles him in her trunk and then gently sets him on her back. Rambo gives her some durian as a reward.

RAMBO (CONT'D)

How can I help you gentlemen?

EXT. ELEPHANT CAGE

Rambo lies on Kulap the Elephant's back, listening to Colonel Hairpie's pitch.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

I've gathered a team together for a rescue mission. An American boxer has been kidnapped and taken to a remote Hmong village in the mountains. You may have heard of him. Rocky Balboa.

RAMBO

No.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

Are you sure? He won the title of "Boxing Champ."

RAMBO

I mean no -- I'm not going to join you. I'm done with killing.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

All we need is transpo. Helicopter can't land there. The only way is by foot or elephant.

RAMBO

You ain't borrowing my elephants. And you won't make it there alive without a guide.

(gestures)

I got a competitor 20 minutes up the road, go see him. He's a bastard, but he'll do it.

Rambo gets off Kulap The Elephant and starts walking back to his bamboo hut.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

I know who you are, John Rambo.

RAMBO

What do you think you know?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

COLONEL HAIRPIE

I know you're a guy who is frequently asked to go on dangerous missions. And I know that at first you refuse, but then you feel like your moral code compels you to reluctantly join in. And I know you've personally killed 175 people. (BEAT) I looked it up on "WikiAnswers."

RAMBO

Both you and WikiAnswers don't know shit!

He spits on the ground. And continues on.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

The rest of the men are surrounded by the village kids. Paul is buying gum from one of them.

VILLAGE KID 1

You pay me extra. I take you and your friends to discotheque tonight. I know best disco.

PAUL

Oh no, thank you. You speak very good English.

VILLAGE KID 1

Yes, I am very smart. I take you to hostess bar? Go-go bar? Erotic Massage? I can negotiate fair price.

PAUL

No, just the gum.

VILLAGE KID 1

Aho. You are special case. I see, I see. You want go to "special" bar? Hmm? A Katoey bar? Because you are KATOEY!

The rest of the kids point at PAUL and chant "KATOEY, KATOEY!"

PAUL

What that's mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VILLAGE KID 1

Katoey is a lady boy!

(Laughing)

You are a lady boy, lady boy!

The rest of the kids start to chant "Lady Boy."

PAUL

Shut up!

PAUL starts to chase the kids. They pass by an elephant who picks up Paul by the ankle and shakes him upside down. Everything in his pockets falls down to the ground. The kids excitedly collect his things while the rest of the men laugh.

INT. BAMBOO SHACK

Rambo, frustrated at the situation, is about to crack another Durian when The Colonel walks in.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

I'm going to have to hold my breath. Those things smell like vomit and baby shit.

RAMBO

Instead of holding your breath, why not try saving it?

COLONEL HAIRPIE

Ah, yes. The two things you can do with breath.

RAMBO

I moved here from my farm in the US to get away from the killing.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

You know what? You remind me of my uncle. You knew him too. (OFF HIS LOOK) My Uncle... Sam.

Rambo runs angrily outside and grabs the COLONEL HAIRPIE by his collar.

RAMBO

You think that's funny? I was a US Soldier! I went to Vietnam, then back to Vietnam secretly, then some how to Afganistan! All I have to show for all my service is scars and a handful of necklaces.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMBO (CONT'D)

Your Uncle used me and spit me out! I was expendable to Uncle Sam!

COLONEL HAIRPIE

Uncle Sam never thought you were expendable!

RAMBO

Maybe you don't know what expendable means! Expendable means a person that no one cares if they show up to a party!

COLONEL HAIRPIE

Uh... I don't know if that's the best definition of that word...

RAMBO

That is the best definition of that word. I told this girl, Co-Bao what it meant.

(a beat, remembering)

We had a brief thing in Vietnam the second time I went. She gave me a necklace. Then she died.

(Realizing)

Oh god, she was an expendable too!

RAMBO lets go of COLONEL HAIRPIE and collapses on ground.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

Rambo? I think you think I mean the personification of the United States when I say Uncle Sam. My uncle is Col. Sam Trautman.

RAMBO

Oh. How is Colonel? Its been a long time.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

He died in 2003.

RAMBO

Oh, THAT'S why he wasn't in Burma with me. I wondered. Crazy shit went down in Burma.

He looks off into the distance, lost in his own thoughts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAMBO (CONT'D)

There was a girl on that trip too. She looked like the vampire that turned Angel into a vampire on "Buffy the Vampire Slayer." Now that I think of it, she looked even more like Dexter's wife in the show "Dexter". I guess we've been watching too many pirated DVDs here... The real girl was annoying as hell... almost died. She gave me a necklace too. So many necklaces. Her and her husband are missionaries and they send me necklaces every year. I guess what I'm saying is... do you want a necklace?

COLONEL HAIRPIE

(SHAKES HIS HEAD) Uncle Sam would tell me stories about you. I used to beg him to retell the one about the horse game you played with the Taliban.

RAMBO

How did you find me?

COLONEL HAIRPIE

Yelp.

RAMBO

Good reviews?

COLONEL HAIRPIE

Yelp. (BEAT) I mean "yep."

Rambo nods - this is good news. He ponders this information.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE JUNGLE OF THAILAND - DAY

As we push into the thick of the trees, a yellow bird, The Oriental White-eye, walks out onto a branch. The White-eye smiles at us and parts the vines,

REVEALING:

## A RE-PURPOSED MILITARY COMPOUND

Armed guards are patrolling barbed wire fences rigged with security cameras. Inside the muddy compound, concrete and iron cages hold all manner of monstrous men - these are the death match prisoner-warriors.

Behind the cages is a gigantic fighting ring dug into the ground surrounded by rusty corroded metal bars and the concrete of the abandoned military base. They have built a make shift fighting arena complete with ropes and turnbuckles made from jungle vines and bamboo.

A crow's nest sits atop a fortified main gate at the far end of the compound, accessed only by a dirt road that rolls out into the wilderness.

## EXT. PRISONER CAGES

A TOUGH STREET THUG is being hauled in roughly by two guards. He looks menacingly strong, but has been severely beaten and screams as we follow them down a row of holding cells. We slowly come to rest on the cage holding a single hulking figure, Rocky Balboa. He is exhausted and holds his head in his hands.

THUG (O.S.)

Get your hands off me, jerk-off!!  
I'll snap your neck in fucking  
half if you don't let me out of  
here--

We hear the guards CRACKING THE THUG IN THE JAW and the screaming abruptly stops.

The two guards approach Rocky's cage, pointing at him and laughing with one another. Rocky stares coldly ahead as they mock him, speaking in Thai.

THAI GUARD 1

(sub-titled)

Here is the new fish from America!  
A champion!

THAI GUARD 2

(sub-titled)

Do they call you the Italian  
Stallion because you look like a  
greasy old horse?

ROCKY

What are you even saying to me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THAI GUARD 2

(sub-titled)

You know in our culture, having muscles big like yours is considered very, very gay.

THAI GUARD 1

(sub-titled)

The Italian *Sissy Boy* won't last a week.

This really tickles the guards,

ROCKY

Of all the Thai torture prison guards in the world, I had to get these two numbskulls.

A gruff voice pierces the laughter.

HANJA (O.S.)

Let Mr. Balboa focus!

The guards sheepishly retreat as Hanja descends the staircase from a nearby bunker.

HANJA (CONT'D)

He will need all his wits about him if he intends to defend his reputation.

Hanja toes up to the edge of Rocky's cage.

HANJA (CONT'D)

And if he wants to survive.

ROCKY

What the hell is this place? Why are you treating Rocky like an animal?

HANJA

Because you are an animal, Mr. Balboa. A caged beast. A great warrior.

ROCKY

I'm not a warrior. I'm a boxer.

HANJA

And hopefully, a survivor. You are perhaps the greatest boxer who has ever lived.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HANJA (CONT'D)

But it remains to be seen how you will measure up against the greatest fighters from around the world.

ROCKY

And what if they don't?

HANJA

Unfortunately, the only title on the line here is the title of "Most Alive Man." Because the other man will be dead. You have to fight to the death is what I'm getting at.

Hanja circles around Rocky's cell, eyeing him closely.

ROCKY

I came to Thailand to fight one more man - ONE MORE!! And that's behind me, it's all behind me. I got nothing to prove to you.

HANJA

I thought you might need a little more...motivation...

Hanja flings open the door of a small concrete bunker to reveal MICKEY, Rocky's long time trainer bound and gagged in a chair.

ROCKY

Mickey! No!

HANJA

I want to make sure you gave your performance in our fighting enterprise your all. Very powerful men pay incredible amounts of money to watch you fight with passion. You are a very expensive investment for them.

ROCKY

If you touch one hair on Mickey's head, I'll TKO you all the way back to Tokyo.

HANJA

I'm afraid it's not his *head* you'll need to worry about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Hanja rips a sheet off of Micky's lap revealing that they have his ballsack hanging down into a glass tank filled with baby alligators. One of the baby alligators hisses and snaps at Rocky.

ROCKY

You sick fucks, naauauugggh!!

Hanja nods to the guards, who un-gag Mickey.

MICKEY

They been torturing my nuts,  
Rocky. They mean business, kid!

HANJA

When the sun sets, you fight. I suggest you use what time you have to prepare.

Hanja nods to the guards and they retreat up the stairs.

MICKEY

That guy's a real spicy noodle, eh kid?

ROCKY

Mickey? Didn't you die in Rocky Thr-- I mean, back in the eighties?

MICKEY

These Thai guerillas faked my death and brought me here to blackmail you into fighting.

ROCKY

Thirty years ago? And how old are you now? Aren't you super old?

MICKEY

I'm sorry, kid, I really made a mess of things here. Let em kill me, damn em all to hell.

The baby alligators hiss and snap.

ROCKY

You were definitely older than me like a super long time ago.

MICKEY

I know! Just leave me and get the hell outta here!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (4)

Rocky toes up close to Mickey, leans into him face to face.

ROCKY

I ain't going anywhere as long as  
we're both alive.

Rocky draws back to kick, mustering up all his strength to send his boot straight INTO ... THE GLASS ALLIGATOR CAGE Mickey's nuts are in. The glass shatters and baby alligators slither out onto the ground.

SUDDENLY Rocky grabs two of the alligators and cracks their heads together, then picks up a third and snaps its neck and tosses it into the trees nearby.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

(mumbling)

We got training to do.

Mickey nods in agreement, but it is obvious that he couldn't understand a word of what Rocky said.

TRAINING MONTAGE - SAME DAY

BILL CONTI MUSIC (but not the Rocky Theme) kicks in to accompany Rocky training for his first fight.

- Rocky is bench-pressing Mickey while a pair of pelicans look on. He finishes a set and rests Mickey on a makeshift bench. Rocky lifts one of the pelicans up to reveal a nest of blue pelican eggs. He takes three of the eggs and cracks them into a gigantic wooden bowl. These eggs are much bigger than normal eggs. He breathes deep and starts drinking, chugging until he gets them down. Rocky is disgusted but Mickey nods his head in admiration.

- A room full of other prisoners hung up by their hands like animals in a meat locker. Rocky is punching one of them in the sides, you can tell that this is agonizing for the prisoner. Rocky mouths "I'm sorry! I'm sorry!"

- Hanja looks on approvingly as Rocky trains. He has little boys rubbing him all over.

- Rocky looks up at a photo of his old boxing gloves that he has hung up on the wall of his cell. He looks down to the make-shift gloves he's got now - cobbled together with rags and gauze and pita bread. He eats a little bite of the pita bread and looks ahead with renewed vigor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- Rocky runs up the long staircase of an ancient temple (a la the stairs sequence in Rocky I). The stairs are steep, and much sweat drips from Rocky's hoodie. The old stone steps crumble under his feet as the MUSIC CLIMAXES - Rocky reaches the top! A Buddhist monk is praying nearby as Rocky punches his fist through a religious statue at the pinnacle of the temple in victory. Rocky pumps his fists, the Buddhist monk is very sad about the statue though.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

Traditional outdoor dining structure, thatched roof and bamboo beams, concrete floors. Rambo, Colonel Hairpie, and all the mercenaries are joined by two park rangers around the table. Food is being served by villagers.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

Listen up! Tomorrow morning we will be going up to the mountain with three elephants. Since they get skittish around drawn guns--

HARRIS

HELLS Yeah, they do!

COLONEL HAIRPIE

... keep them stowed until necessary. Rambo?

RAMBO

I care more about these elephants than I do any of you.

SCOTT

(sarcastic)  
Well, that's reassuring.

RAMBO

I don't care about an ugly boxer who got himself in trouble. Or why six mercenaries are needed to get him back.

SCOTT

Bet you could use the money to get out of this dung heap.

MIKE

Who'd chose to live here if they weren't from here?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE (CONT'D)

You'll probably be coming back home with us to get away from all these stupid elephants.

Everyone laughs except for Rambo. He swiftly reaches across the table, inexplicably holding a bowie knife in each hand, one to Mike's right eye and one to Scott's left. If they blink, the blade will split their lids.

RAMBO

Ever since my father died, these elephants are all I have. These elephants are my business partners. They come with me on my tours in return for all the durian they can eat and health care. But more importantly, they get respect. Can you respect them too?

SCOTT

Y-yes.

MIKE

So much respect I have. For them. And you... Mr. Rambo.

Rambo withdraws his knives. He walks to a beam and looks out into the night, his back to the table. The others slowly start eating again. Paul puts a hand on Rambo's shoulder.

PAUL

I'm sorry about your father, sir.

Rambo grabs his hand, turns to face Paul and throws him onto his back, fireman style. He moves towards the table and looks like he's about to slam Paul onto the table. But instead he sits down in a chair at the head of the table and puts Paul on his lap. Everyone is shocked.

RAMBO

(wistful)

I'm sorry too. I waited too long to visit him. When I finally came home, we only had a week together before he died. Ask me how he died.

Everybody looks at each other shaking their heads.

PAUL

(reluctantly)

...how did he die?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAMBO

Old age. Can you believe that?  
You hear it happens, but I've  
never experienced it around me  
before. In the circles I run with  
people usually get disemboweled,  
eviscerated, fatally raped and  
shot in the face.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

All due respect, Rambo. Uncle Sam  
also died of old age.

RAMBO

Is that right? Hmm. Well, I  
guess I've been living in a bubble  
all these years.

(to Paul)

Eat up. We leave at daybreak.

Rambo spoons up rice and feeds PAUL with it.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND FIGHTING ARENA - DUSK

A large crowd has gathered, chanting loudly in Thai. All  
manner of low-life are in attendance, being served every  
exotic pleasure they could dream of. Beautiful Thai  
girls are serving alcohol, drugs, etc. while exotic  
dancers gyrate on metal poles.

Surrounding the dirty ring are subterranean cages where  
the prisoners can look out onto the crowd before being  
summoned to battle. THE PRISONERS are savage looking  
beasts, but even the toughest of them seem terrified just  
under the skin.

EXT. COMPOUND OUTER FENCE - SAME

A line of limousines awaits inspection at the gate. A  
guard hands back ID papers through the rear window of  
one, motioning it through as thick hydraulic locks open  
the formidable gate.

INT. COMPOUND VIP LOUNGE

The VIP section of the compound, where wealthy and  
powerful men drink cocktails and get lap dances while  
waiting to watch the battles from their box seats.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hanja moves among the elites, rubbing elbows before retreating to his own private box seat near the VIP area.

EXT. COMPOUND FIGHTING ARENA

A row of dirty men sitting in the seats above smoke from hookas and laugh menacingly down to the prisoners being held in small cages near the ring. They spit on them and throw pieces of food.

In a cage all of his own, nearest the mouth of the fighting arena sits THE MONSOON, silently wrapping his hands. He appears to be numbed to the experience, bearing the face of a man who has been victorious in this arena before. He smiles at the roar of the blood-thirsty crowd, taking some kind of sick pleasure in it.

LOW-LIFE 1

Better bring the storm tonight,  
Monsoon!

LOW-LIFE 2

Or you can kiss your ass goodbye!

IN A FLASH Monsoon's hand reaches through bars and latches onto LOW-LIFE 2's ankle. In one motion he snaps the LOW-LIFE's ankle in half, his bones ripping through the skin of his twisted leg. He crumbles to the floor, shrieking, his face getting sliced on the rough barbed wire. The low-life screams in agony. MONSOON spits onto the floor and grins as the crowd roars.

EXT. ROCKY'S HOLDING PEN - SAME

The sounds of the arena crowd can be heard in the distance.

MICKEY

They seem to be practicing traditional Muay Thai, varying significantly from the ancient art Muay Boran, using kicks, punches and knee and elbow strikes. But they're wearing gloves similar to those used in Western boxing.

ROCKY

So...what should I do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICKEY

Whatever you have to. It's gonna take everything you have to beat these animals. Everything you have and then some.

ROCKY

I wonder if my Italian restaurant is still doing okay.

MICKEY

Just send 'em to Hell, kid.

ROCKY

I can't! I'm not a murderer!

GUARD (O.S.)

On your feet!!

Guards appear and unlock the cell. They pull Rocky up to his feet and begin putting Mickey's nuts back into a cage of baby alligators.

MICKEY

(to Rocky)

You can do it kid.

(to Guard)

Your obsession with my nuts is never-ending.

INT. PRISONER HOLDING AREA

We hear metal cranking of the door beneath the ring being pushed open. Guards shove Rocky into the holding room. Monsoon is there. He snarls at Rocky, smelling fresh meat.

ROCKY

You are the ugliest thing I have ever seen.

Monsoon grins, revealing an even uglier mouth than the one we thought he would have.

EXT. ARENA

Wrestling celebrity Vince McMahon is shoved onto the ring wearing a full suit as a microphone lowers down to his head. He appears to be weeping, until the guard behind him sticks his gun into his back.

GUARD

No tears, Vince.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He sucks it up and reads from a card.

VINCE MCMAHON  
 TONIGHT! YOUR FIRST WARRIOR - The  
 American Newcomer Rocky Balboa  
 faces All World Savage Champion  
 THE MONSOON!!

The crowd roars. Rocky and Monsoon enter the ring.  
 Mickey is shoved in nearby, and sits ringside with his  
 nuts in the alligator cage.

VINCE MCMAHON (CONT'D)  
 Gentlemen, as far as I know there  
 are no rules. Just...try not to  
 get killed, like the rest of us.

Vince McMahon is pulled out of the ring roughly and men  
 begin beating him immediately. He screams out while  
 being kicked in the stomach and face.

VINCE MCMAHON (CONT'D)  
 Let's get... UNGH... ready! ...AH!  
 ...to Ruuuuuuuuumblllllll ...OW!  
 ...llllleeeeeeeeeee!!

The battle is on:

Rocky eyes Monsoon, circling him slowly. Monsoon  
 thunders across the ring, quickly dodging two punches  
 from The Stallion, then lifts Rocky up above his head  
 like a ragdoll and throws him onto the ground in the  
 opposite corner.

Mickey winces ringside.

Rocky gets up again, eyeing Monsoon, searching for  
 weaknesses. Monsoon clobbers Rocky again, swatting him  
 with one hand onto the mat. This is blood sport for  
 Monsoon, and he is deft at it. He floors Rocky again and  
 again - easily overpowering him.

ROCKY  
 (mumbling)  
 God damn this is a nightmare.

MONSOON  
 What's that pipsqueak?

ROCKY  
 (mumbling)  
 I'm sorry, I get mumbly when I'm  
 worn out!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MONSOON

What the fuck are you saying, you  
freak?

ROCKY

(worse mumbling)  
I *said*, I get *mumbly* when I'm worn  
out!

MONSOON

Wha? What did you say?

Rocky, tired of trying to articulate himself, musters up everything and roundhouses The Monsoon - sending him back into the ropes, one knee goes down! The CROWD GOES CRAZY! Rocky is shocked and elated.

MICKEY

That's it, Rocky!! Keep mumbling!

ROCKY

(indiscernible)  
Whahuuuuaa?

MICKEY

KEEP! MUMBLING!

The Monsoon has pulled himself up, and sets his sights on Rocky, rallying.

ROCKY

(mumbling)

MONSOON

(frustrated)  
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

ROCKY

(louder mumbling)

The Monsoon looks around for someone who understands what Rocky is saying, and gets three sharp cracks to the jaw. Monsoon is dazed, Rocky works the body until they lock arms.

MICKEY

Now, Rocky!! He's going down!!

The crowd loves the underdog, and cheers for Rocky.

THEN WITHOUT WARNING Monsoon charges Rocky, knocking the wind out of him and cracking his head against the turn buckle. The crowd winces. Will Rocky get up?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

Slowly and trembling, Rocky holds one arm up, mustering a weak mumble

ROCKY  
...mehmanwurler...

Monsoon tries not to be baited, instead he looks menacingly at the crowd trying to silence their cheers for Rocky.

ROCKY (CONT'D)  
...MERMALLwuhnzer...

Monsoon can't stand the mumbling, he is terrified as Rocky climbs to his feet.

ROCKY (CONT'D)  
MERMATWURLLZERRRRRRRR!!!

Rocky NAILS Monsoon with punch after punch, backing him across the ring. Monsoon reels after each hit, ROCKY IS FINISHING HIM. Finally, Monsoon struggles to stand as Rocky winds up for one last uppercut, sending him to the floor, out cold.

Rocky sighs in relief of victory, but the fight isn't over...

CROWD  
FINISH HIM! FINISH HIM! etc.

Rocky begins weeping as he realizes what he has to do. He looks up to Hanja, pleading. Hanja nods, urging him on silently. Mickey shakes his head. Rocky stumbles over to Monsoon's unconscious body, reaches his arms down around his neck, closes his eyes and PULLS HIS SPINE OUT OF HIS BODY, RIGHT THROUGH HIS SKIN.

The crowd ERUPTS! Vince McMahon with suit torn and bloody having been beaten during the match, stumbles out to raise Rocky's arm in victory.

VINCE MCMAHON  
Ladies and gentleman, your new  
champion, The Italian Stallion,  
Rocky Balboa!!

Rocky, bloodied, drops the spine to the ground, falling to his knees. He looks to Mickey in agony. Mickey gives him a smile and thumbs up. We hear the snapping of the baby alligators.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELEPHANT VILLAGE - DAYBREAK

Daybreak. The mercenaries back at the elephant village. Scott & Harris are grabbing gear from the two jeeps.

SCOTT

I slept good last night.

HARRIS

Really?

SCOTT

Fuck no! There were hummingbird-sized mosquitoes getting caught up in the net around my "bed."

HARRIS

Holmes, at least sleeping was an option for you.

Harris hands a pack to an elephant who lifts it up to Mike in a carriage on its back. One of the park rangers from last night is sitting in the saddle position.

MIKE

You weren't supposed to sleep because you might have a coconut concussion, remember?

HARRIS

Well you did your part to keep me up, didn't you?

(To Mike)

This fool was whimpering and farting in his sleep!

(He imitates him)

Scott, Harris and the PARK RANGER 1 laugh.

MIKE

Its because I tried that durian last night! Apparently you aren't supposed eat it with alcohol.

Scott and Harris walk over to the next elephant with PARK RANGER 2 in the saddle. They hand a pack to the elephant who gives it to Neil in the carriage.

SCOTT

I'm not gonna miss this durian stank. Mike said it tasted good, but when he said it to me, his breath smelled like he'd been frenching a hobo's asshole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he talks the elephant wraps her trunk around him and lifts him into the carriage with Neil.

NEIL

Apparently they call it the "Fruit of Kings."

SCOTT

Well YOU are the king of fruits.

NEIL

Well, YOU are...

(he sees behind  
Scott)

Uh oh. Looks like Rambo's gear is a huge sack of Durians.

They both look down at approaching Rambo & Colonel. Colonel Hairpie looks miserable as he is lifted by Kulap The Elephant into the carriage and then Rambo. She lifts the sack of Durians to Rambo who puts it behind a glaring Colonel Hairpie. Rambo smiles unapologetically and sits in the saddle.

RAMBO

We ready to go?

Harris suspiciously eyes Kulap the Elephant.

HARRIS

I'm gonna stretch my legs a bit before I join y'all up there.

Kulap puts the snout of her trunk right in front of Harris's face. And then sneezes! Harris wipes elephant snot off of him.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

What is this, Operation Dumbo Drop? She did that on purpose!

MIKE

Where's Paul?

NEIL

Saw him early this morning. He said he wanted to take a walk before we left. Haven't seen him since.

SCOTT

There he his! Paul! Let's go!

Paul is running very fast holding his wallet, gum and other stuff that the kids had taken from him last night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Not too far behind him are the village kids giving chase. Paul makes it to the elephant who lifts him up into the carriage with Mike.

PAUL

In your face, kiddies! Bye-Bye!

VILLAGE KIDS

(swearing in Thai)

[lady boy], [dog fucker], [his mother fucked a dog]....

The kids back up so they don't get trampled by the elephants as the caravan begins its trek. Rambo waves to the villagers and to his bamboo shack. He cracks open a durian.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

(gagging)

For fuck's sake!

CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF TREK

Shots of the caravan going past rice fields, Temples, small villages, up the mountain etc.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER BANK IN FOREST - DAY

The mercenary caravan stops at the river bank. Rambo's head cocks to the side. He stops the caravan and is listening for something.

RAMBO

Tell Harris to get in the carriage. Guerilla rebels sometimes pass through here.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

Harris, you are coming up!

(to Rambo)

What's going on?

RAMBO

Kulap.

Rambo pats the elephant on the head. She picks up Harris with her trunk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRIS

Hey, what the fuck! She's gonna throw me into the trees--

RAMBO

Don't struggle.

Harris is put in the carriage with the Colonel. A far off shot is heard. The elephants become tense; they raise and curl their trunks up.

RAMBO (CONT'D)

Keep your weapons down. Probably just a hunter. Let's continue on up stream. There's a village just up the way. I've got a friend who lives there. We'll camp there for the night.

CUT TO: TIME  
LAPSE

EXT. THAILAND - DUSK

The caravan stops. Up ahead the forest is smoking.

NEIL

Fire up ahead!

COLONEL HAIRPIE

What should we do, Rambo?

RAMBO

This is normal. The locals burn off the forest undergrowth. Centuries old practice, it's their way.

NEIL

That's horrible for the environment. Does Al Gore or James Cameron know about this?

RAMBO

Couldn't say if they do. Don't know the first guy, but the second sounds familiar.

(then)

The village is on the other side of this forest. We should be there before sunset.

Shots of a piece of mother earth dying as she goes up in flames.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

What has she deserved to be treated by humans like this year after year? All shots should express this heresy. Lots of shaking heads and fighting back tears from entire cast.

CUT TO:

EXT - VILLAGE ON FIRE IN THE NEAR DISTANCE

The elephants are in a line surveying the fire and the field between them and the village.

RAMBO

This isn't right.

Colonel Hairpie is looking through binoculars.

POV BINOCULARS: BACK AND FORTH UNTIL WE SEE A BODY STRUGGLING TO GET UP. CUT BACK.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

There's somebody out there.

RAMBO grabs the binoculars and looks. It's a familiar face...

Rambo leaps off of the elephant and charges towards the "friend."

EXT. VILLAGE

It's PAKU, who can barely lift his head. Rambo cradles him in his arms.

PAKU

Old friend. You saved me in Burma just so I can die in Thailand.

We realize that Paku was one of the Karen Tribe Rebels who fought alongside Rambo in Burma! OMG! Can we do a flashback, please?!?

RAMBO

Paku? Who did this to you?

PAKU

They made us build a boxing ring in the middle of the village... they killing everyone... woman... children... I leave to find you... too late...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMBO

Who did this?

PAKU

From next village... guerilla  
rebels...

Paku struggles for something at his neck.

RAMBO

What are you doing? No--

Paku uses all the life he has left to yank off his  
necklace and open his palm to Rambo.

PAKU

For you.

PAKU DIES. The elephants are approaching as---

RAMBO

(screaming)

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Kulap the Elephant trumpets first and then the other two  
elephants follow. Rambo puts Paku's necklace on. His  
face is filled with determination and revenge. Kulap the  
Elephant picks him up and puts him on her mount.

RAMBO (CONT'D)

Let's go do some killing.

Rambo lifts his bamboo stick up to spur the elephant on.  
But before he can...

COLONEL HAIRPIE

(catching up to him)

I'm sorry about your friend. But  
what's the plan? Just charge in  
on three elephants and start  
shooting?

Rambo pulls a crossbow from the carriage.

RAMBO

Sounds good to me.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

What about the elephants getting  
spooked by our firearms?

RAMBO

They'll be more mad at who is  
shooting at them than who is  
shooting ON them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRIS

Whoohoo! Get me on the ground  
then. I'm not gonna fucking die  
like a baby bird in a nest,  
holmes! I'm a fucking eagle,  
motherfucker!

He stands up on the carriage.

CU: A LONG RANGE RIFLE BARREL

A shot is fired and we follow the bullet across some  
distance.

BULLET POV: AS IT HITS HARRIS BETWEEN THE EYES

SIDE VIEW: WE SEE THE BULLET EXIT THE BACK OF HIS HEAD IN  
SLOW MOTION. HIS BODY COLLAPSES.

CU of a smoking gun and then a grin as we push back to  
see first the guerilla rebel shooter then push back  
further to see a group of 40 armed men behind him at the  
edge of the village. Cut back.

Rambo's EYES NARROW TO TINY SLITS.

He smacks Kulap the Elephant, who charges towards the  
village. The other elephants close behind.

LET THE BODIES HIT THE FLOOR! LET THE BODIES HIT THE  
FLOOR!

Shots are being fired back and forth. Down on the  
guerilla rebels and up to the elephants.

The elephants are enraged:

-Elephant plowing through men, picking them up and  
tossing them like trash.

-Elephant stomping on men like grapes. Their blood and  
guts are the wine.

-Elephant's foot as it slams down on a man's head like a  
bug. CU of everything.

-Elephant crushes two men with her knees. When she  
stands back up some intestines are hanging from them.

-Elephant picking up a burning log, swinging right and  
then left batting away four men on each side.

-Elephant using bamboo poles as spears and nailing men to  
the ground. We see them struggle to pull it out of their  
abdomens before they die.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

-There's only one bamboo pole left so she shish kabobs three men. Stabbing them one after the other and then tossing them into the fire.

Both Park rangers have hunting rifles and are immediately picked off of their mounts.

Mike is using his sniper rifle to pick off shooters who are on higher ground. We see in his scope that a grenade launcher is being aimed at he and Paul's elephant.

MIKE

Incoming!

The elephant is hit as Paul and Mike jump out and roll on the ground. They hurry to get up before the elephant falls. Mike is crushed-- all we see is his arm underneath the elephant. His hand tenses and then relaxes... he dies.

Paul runs for cover and starts tossing grenades that were clipped to his vest. He pulls the M-16 that was slung to his back forward and jumps up shooting. We see a side view of him shooting and then him flying back at the force of a grenade that launched and hit him in the heart. He explodes and dies.

Scott and Neil got off their elephant as soon as their Park Ranger died. They stand back to back, both have an AK-47 in each hand shooting a circle of bullet spray. Neil needs to reload.

NEIL

Cover me!

SCOTT

Go!

He runs to a wooden structure cover with Scott behind him. As he is reloading he is ambushed, repeatedly stabbed in the back and disemboweled. Scott sees this right before a grenade flies in, blowing him in two.

Meanwhile, Rambo & Colonel Hairpie are the only ones left on their mount, Kualp the Elephant. Colonel Hairpie is shooting with an assault rifle, ducking in between rounds. Rambo is firing from his cross bows. With what seems like an endless amount of arrows, we see that he hits men in both their eyes, through their mouths, through their necks, between their ears and their scrotums. He shoots multiple arrows as he slides down Kulap the Elephant's trunk and rolls to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RAMBO  
Get off her! Kulap! Bring him  
down!

Kulap the Elephant gets a hold of the Colonel and places him on the ground. He ducks and runs for cover.

RAMBO (CONT'D)  
Kulap go! Leave here!!! Leave  
here and live!!!

She looks at him at first with defiance and then with understanding.

RAMBO (CONT'D)  
Go!!!!!!!

She trumpets and then inexplicably speaks.

KULAP THE ELEPHANT  
Thank you Rambo. My calves shall  
know your name.

She turns and runs away into the night. Hairpie lifts himself off the ground. He's bleeding.

Rambo looks around at all the dead bodies - both animal and human. A single tear runs down his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERBED - DUSK

Rambo, furious, leads the way across the jungle. Colonel Hairpie tries to keep up.

COLONEL HAIRPIE  
Rambo! Slow down, you goddamn  
maniac!

RAMBO  
Why? They're not getting any  
deader.

COLONEL HAIRPIE  
What do you expect when you go out  
half-cocked like that?

RAMBO  
RAMBO GOES FULL COCKED OR NOT AT  
ALL. This guy better be worth the  
crazy shit we just did.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLONEL HAIRPIE

He is. He was the greatest.

RAMBO

I mean everybody else we were with died just now, that's crazy. Everybody but us. I like just met those guys, you know?

COLONEL HAIRPIE

We're here.

Hairpie leads them up into a small outcropping. Rambo trails after him.

RAMBO

I mean you've known them from other missions and stuff, but I JUST met those guys and now they're all dead. Don't you think that's crazy?

Colonel Hairpie pulls apart the branches to reveal that they are positioned directly across the entrance road from the fighting compound where they are keeping Rocky.

Rambo sizes up the compound. Then:

RAMBO (CONT'D)

Look, I know, "I'm Rambo. I do a lot of war stuff, I have to be tough all the time." But I'm sorry, I'm not a machine. I'm not just some terminator. I'm flesh and blood. Death still has an emotional effect on me.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

By nightfall this compound will look like the hottest club in a thousand miles. It's going to be a melee - and that's when we'll have to do it.

RAMBO

I'll be ready.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

Good.

RAMBO

It's just - and I promise this is the last thing I'll say about this - I put up a tough guy front, but I'm still human, you know?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAMBO (CONT'D)

That shit still gets to me.  
Thanks for listening. Please  
don't tell anyone I get scared.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

Whatever.

Rambo smiles and puts his arm around Colonel Hairpie.

EXT. HOLDING COMPOUND - DUSK

Rocky and Mickey sit, listening to the crowd. Nightfall  
has arrived again and soon the fights will begin.

ROCKY

This isn't the life of a champion,  
Mickey. I'm eatin' bugs. My  
gloves are made from food. And  
these ostrich eggs got me shittin'  
six hours a day. But the biggest  
thing is I can't stand taking  
these men's lives. I done some bad  
things Mickey, but I'm not a  
murderer.

MICKEY

Whatever it takes to keep you  
alive, Rocky.

Rocky screams and pounds his fist into the wall. We move  
in on his bicep as the muscle flares up and we

MATCH CUT TO:

RAMBO'S IDENTICAL BICEP

...gripping a pair of binoculars. Rambo slowly takes the  
binoculars down from his face and stops ponderously.

RAMBO

Did ya ever get the feeling that  
your arm was exactly the same as  
somebody else's?

COLONEL HAIRPIE

Say again John?

RAMBO

Forget it.

Rambo starts grabbing large blades from the ground nearby  
and sheathing them neatly onto his sides.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLONEL HAIRPIE

What's your plan?

Rambo begins assembling an enormous assault rifle.

RAMBO

We get in. We shoot their heads  
until they die. We get out.

Rambo sets two grenade launchers out in front of them.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

If it were as simple as walking in  
the front gate we'd already be in  
there.

RAMBO

We've been watching people move in  
there for the last two hours with  
no trouble whatsoever. And the  
only difference between us and  
them...

Rambo produces two tuxedos.

RAMBO (CONT'D)

Is attire.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

Where did you get those?

EXT. COMPOUND ACCESS ROAD

Rambo and Colonel Hairpie now wearing the tuxedos run  
across field grass to a limousine idling on the side of  
the road. As they run, they pass TWO BUSINESSMEN who  
have been killed and stripped naked.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

When did you kill these men?  
We've been sitting together in  
that foxhole for hours, neither of  
us left!

RAMBO

(running and talking)  
You fell asleep earlier while I  
was talking about how Adrian hated  
hearing me talk about myself.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

Adrian who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMBO

Adrian Zmed. We were friends in high school.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

The Zmed-ster.

RAMBO

This goes back to what I was saying earlier, like, I'm not a machine. Just because I kill people doesn't mean I can't experience human emotion, you know? Does that make sense?

COLONEL HAIRPIE

Jesus.

Colonel Hairpie gets into the back of the limousine.

RAMBO

You're welcome.

**One frame of THE EXPENDABLES LOGO flashes onto the screen.**

EXT. COMPOUND OUTER FENCE

A Guard motions a car through the gates and waves his hand, asking the next limo to approach. He raps his knuckles on the back window. The window rolls down and a gloved hand holds out two passports.

GATE GUARD

(looking through  
passports)

Mousier...Bordeaux?

Through the window we see that Mousier Bordeaux is actually John Rambo in a tux, wearing a beret and a small mustache.

BORDEAUX

Oui.

GATE GUARD

And, Mister Tamagachi.

MISTER TAMAGACHI is Colonel Hairpie, who silently bows.

The guard considers them for a moment, then hands the passports back through the window and motions for them to move through.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GATE GUARD (CONT'D)

Enjoy the fight, gentlemen.

BORDEAUX

Gracias.

GATE GUARD

You are well-travelled for a French man.

BORDEAUX

Danke schoen.

The limo pulls through the gates of the compound and heads up the slope to the VIP area.

EXT. HOLDING COMPOUND

Rocky awaits the fight.

ROCKY

This is it, Mickey. I can't do it anymore, I'm gonna throw the fight.

MICKEY

NO. I've NEVER had a fighter throw a fight under my watch. Least of all the greatest fighter I've ever known.

ROCKY

You mean that?

MICKEY

Besides. You're better for me alive than dead. I need somebody to distract the baby alligators.

They laugh, appreciating this moment of peace in their horrible reality.

ROCKY

I love you, Mickey.

MICKEY

Too much.

INT. COMPOUND VIP LOUNGE

Rocky and Hairpie are undercover as Bordeaux and Tamagachi. They are ushered towards an exotic woman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ESCORT

Mister Bordeaux?

RAMBO

Hey sweetheart.

ESCORT

You're French? That means you're into Les Miserables, right?

RAMBO

Absolutely.

The beautiful woman escorts the supposed Bordeaux and Tamagachi to a VIP box seat with windows looking out onto the arena. Rambo smiles at the woman, kisses her cheek and nudges Colonel Hairpie - making the gesture to pay the girl. Hairpie begrudgingly hands her some cash. The Colonel follows her out and closes the door.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

FOCUS, Rambo.

RAMBO

Relax and enjoy yourself. I just got you right where you wanted to be. When the crazy shit goes down, meet me at the command post we passed earlier.

Rambo gestures towards the open door adjacent to their box seat. Hairpie looks over to the next room where Hanja is being rubbed down. One of their targets is within arms reach.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

Well done, Rambo.

EXT. VIP BUNKER

Rambo walks up behind a guard and snaps his neck, pulling him along and dragging him behind a bunker.

EXT. VIP BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

Rambo, wearing the guards uniform, rounds the corner carrying an enormous assault rifle. He aggressively tears off his little fake mustache.



EXT. ARENA

Rambo leads Hairpie up a corridor to the opening to the arena.

COLONEL HAIRPIE  
What are you, crazy? The  
guards'll be all over the ring.

RAMBO  
I just gotta send a message.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIGHTING RING

As the crowd cheers, Rocky steps into the ring and sees his new opponent - a SEVEN FOOT TALL GIANT (played by Andre The Giant).

ROCKY  
You're a big one, aren't you?  
Little bigger than Creel. Almost  
as big as Dolph Lundgren.

SEVEN FOOT TALL GIANT  
I'm actually taller than Dolph  
Lundgren.

ROCKY  
We don't have to do this, ya know?  
We could just lay down our gloves  
and refuse to fight.

SEVEN FOOT TALL GIANT  
I'm gonna reach inside your  
eyesockets and squeeze your brain.

ROCKY  
That's certainly another way ta  
go. Boy, ol' Rocky is stymied  
here!

Rocky looks up at Mickey, alligators snapping at his nuts. Mickey shakes his head sadly - don't throw that fight, Rock!

THE BELL RINGS!

The Giant rushes at Rocky.

The Stallion, weary, puts his hands down, making his decision. He closes his eyes, prepared for his death.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

...WHEN SUDDENLY, the Giant's HEAD EXPLODES from a GRENADE. SPLOOSH-BOOM!

Rocky is splattered with Type O Negative. The Giant runs around with his head cut off, which would back memories for Rambo (but he is not looking at the ring at this particular time).

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Huh?

Rocky, covered in blood, looks up at Hanja's perch. The evil dictator, realizing what is happening, jumps out of his box JUST AS A GRENADE HITS IT, causing it to EXPLODE!

EXT. HOLDING COMPOUND

Rambo has just fired the grenade launcher. He shakes his head, realizing Hanja escaped. Rambo puts it down just as three rebels arrive. He takes a knife out of a holster, slashing them both through the gullets. Blood rain.

Rambo runs through the compound, searching for Rocky. As guards pop out from every nook and cranny, Rambo quickly defeats them.

Rambo reaches the meetup place. He takes out a knife and slices a Guard's penis off.

RAMBO

Where is your leader's quarters?

GUARD

I'll never talk, Rambo!

RAMBO

In that case...

Rambo stuffs the Guard's bloody penis into his mouth.

RAMBO (CONT'D)

If you change your mind and want to stop sucking your own dick, let me know. I'm meeting my partner here. And we're taking this entire place down.

COLONEL HAIRPIE (O.S.)

No, Rambo -- I'm afraid we're not.

NO! Colonel Hairpie steps out of the shadows, accompanied by guards who quickly disarm Rambo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hanja emerges from the pack of guards and joins sides with Hairpie.

RAMBO

Hairpie. You sold me out, you son of a bitch.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

You of all people should have seen this coming. This has happened to you a dozen times.

RAMBO

That's true.

A fist hits Rambo first in the stomach and then between the eyes. He blacks out.

CUT TO:

INT. WOODEN STRUCTURE

A bucket of cold water is thrown (by a mechanical arm) on Rambo. As he revives we see that he is near a hearth and is tied up like a hog. Hanja, the guerilla leader, is dipping a sword that is in the fire.

HANJA

You killed 69 of my men.

RAMBO

69! High Five! Anybody?

A guerilla fighter punches him in the face.

HANJA

You didn't tell me the boxer was your brother.

RAMBO

He's not.

A guerilla fighter punches him in the face. Hanja rushes up on Rambo and puts the hot blade of his sword near his neck.

HANJA

Do not make jokes. Rocky is your brother. Very strong family resemblance. I killed two men when I saw you because I thought they let Rocky escape.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMBO

I ain't got no brother. My only family died when I went to visit him too late. My father R. Rambo.

HANJA

What does the R stand for?

RAMBO

Rochester.

HANJA

So... Rocky?

RAMBO

Are you saying that this boxer is my dead father?

Hanja presses the sword against Rambo's face. It hisses as the flesh sizzles.

HANJA

Only talk when I let you. Do you understand?

RAMBO

(through gritted teeth)

Go fuck yourself.

HANJA

Ooooooh boy. Even though I don't like what you said, technically I DID ask you a question. Okay. What is your name?

RAMBO

John Rambo.

HANJA

Okay, John Rambo Balboa. Do you expect reinforcements?

RAMBO

Why not kill me?

HANJA

Oh, you WILL die.  
(beat)  
...But not yet.

He begins to laugh maniacally.

INT. CAGES - DAY

After a long night of torture, Rambo is thrown into a very familiar cage. Wide-eyed, the Guard turns to another Guard nearby, speaking in Thai.

THAI GAURD 1  
(sub-titled)  
Rocky and Rambo are here now.

THAI GAURD 2  
(sub-titled)  
Yeah they are both in there together now.

THAI GAURD 1  
(sub-titled)  
That's so awesome.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Rambo stumbles into the cell. It's hard for his eyes to adjust to the dim light.

He sees someone in the shadows, holding out a ladle of dirty water.

ROCKY  
Drink this. It gives you diarrhea, but at least it tastes like shit.

Rambo takes the ladle and sips greedily at the filth. When his thirst is satisfied, he hands Rocky back the ladle appreciatively.

ROCKY (CONT'D)  
It ain't much but it's home. Compared to West Philly, this is the Ritz fucking Carlton.

Rambo doesn't respond.

ROCKY (CONT'D)  
You don't say much, do you?

RAMBO  
Ain't nothin I need ya to hear.

ROCKY  
You got a family?

Rambo doesn't answer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROCKY (CONT'D)

What's your name?

RAMBO

John Rambo. And you must be the Italian Stallion I've heard so much about.

ROCKY

Oh yeah? What've you heard? Good things?

RAMBO

I've heard that when people try to rescue you, they end up dead.

ROCKY

Sooooo not so good.

RAMBO

Some good men gave their lives to try to get you free. The least you could do is cut the comedy.

ROCKY

The minute I cut the comedy is the minute I punch my one-way ticket to Heaven-ville. It's all I have in this place. You'll learn.

Rambo nods. He really gets it.

RAMBO

You know what, kid?

ROCKY

Kid? No one calls me "kid" other than Mickey.

RAMBO

Why's he do that?

ROCKY

It started when I was five. And I was starring in a grade school production of "The Kid." Upon which the Bruce Willis movie was based.

(thinks)

Bruce "Bruno" Willis. What a star. I always wanted to meet him. And Arnold Schwarzenegger, my other favorite.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAMBO

So why didn't you? Aren't you  
some kind of famous bigshot?

ROCKY

My assistant Holly said she was  
planning on introducing me. I  
always thought-- plan it, Holly  
would.

RAMBO

But plan it, Holly never did?

Rocky shakes his head sadly.

RAMBO (CONT'D)

That's such a great story. In  
fact, one of the best.

Rambo still sits, staring at the wall.

A LOUD CAN clangs against the bars signifying lunch.

GUARD TAO

Eat lunch!!

INT. MESS HALL - LATER

Roughly 30 INMATES eat a sloppy bowl of gruel. Rambo  
eats next to Rocky.

ROCKY

Compared to West Philly, this is  
Ruth's fuckin Chris.

In the BACKGROUND as Rocky and Rambo are eating, a  
freakishly large Vietnamese inmate, named TONG-TONG,  
talks to the guards, who slip him something.

INSERT: A homemade shiv-blade.

Tong-tong sneaks up behind Rambo and is about to stab  
him. Rambo sees him in the reflection of his spoon and  
turns around and PUNCHES him in the stomach, knocking  
Tong-tong back but only making him angrier.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

You call that a punch?

Tong-tong charges at Rambo. Rocky steps in and uppercuts  
Tong-tong. Tong-tong flies back and breaks a table. The  
other inmates applaud the spectacle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONG-TONG

This isn't over, America pigs!

Rambo gives Rocky an appreciative nod.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

A loud clanging again.

GUARD TAO

Go to sleep!!

Rocky and Rambo lie in a bunk bed, Rambo on bottom. The bed suddenly starts to shake. Rambo's eyes narrow. Rocky is feverishly masturbating his penis.

RAMBO

Hey, you're shaking the bed.

ROCKY

I haven't cum since my wife died. But if I'm dying here, I might as well go out happy.

RAMBO

Well could you not do it while we are sharing a bunk bed? I'm trying to sleep.

ROCKY

I already started. I can't just stop.

Rambo sighs, frustrated.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Why don't you just do it too? Then you won't be bothered so much by it.

Rambo thinks. He looks down at his dick. It's hard. He starts to rub it.

Rambo and Rocky silently jack together.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Adriiaaaaaaaaaaan. Adriaaaaaan!

RAMBO

What? What are you saying?

Rocky begins to quietly cry. Rambo stops jacking.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

RAMBO (CONT'D)

Um. You okay up there?

ROCKY

Yeah, I just got to thinking about my wife, Adrian. Er -- my dead wife, Adrian. Gotta remember that. My dead wife.

RAMBO

We all have darkness in our past. I've killed 175 men.

ROCKY

Were you ever in love?

RAMBO

I was in love with the kill.

ROCKY

(ummmm)  
Okayyyy....

RAMBO

I'm done with that now though. Or at least I thought. Til I ended up in this goddamned shithole.

ROCKY

We're gonna get out of here.

RAMBO

Damn right we are.

ROCKY

I'm glad I met you, Rambo.

RAMBO

You too, buddy.

ROCKY

Goodnight.

RAMBO

(orgasms)  
Awwwww fuck.

ROCKY

You were jackin' it that whole time?

RAMBO

John Rambo finishes what he starts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROCKY  
Heh. 'Night, Rambo.

RAMBO  
Night, Rocky.

INT. JAIL GYM - DAY

The inmates work out in a dinky gym. Rocky and Rambo lift weights together.

Guard Tao, Tong-Tong and a few OTHER GUARDS approach them.

RAMBO  
Trouble. Six o'clock.

ROCKY  
It's only 11 am. We'll be fine.

RAMBO  
Turn around.

Rocky sees the posse and is startled.

ROCKY  
Morning, gentlemen.

The posse laughs.

RAMBO  
Look if you want to kill us, then come on with it already. You cowards.

They laugh again.

GUARD TAO  
We aren't going to kill you. What kind of hospitality would that be?

ROCKY  
So, what do you want then?

GUARD TAO  
You are going to kill each other.

Rambo and Rocky look at each other.

GUARD TAO (CONT'D)  
General Hanja has arranged a fight to the death between our very special American visitors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROCKY

I ain't fighting!

GUARD TAO

I have heard you tend to say that a lot. Twice to Apollo Creed, once to the Russian, once to Mason Dixon, and so on.

RAMBO

What's he talking about?

ROCKY

I don't wanna talk about it!

GUARD TAO

Save that tension for the fight tomorrow, boys.

The guards and Tong-Tong laugh.

RAMBO

I ain't fighting either.

GUARD TAO

You fight each other or we kill you now. The choice is yours.

He points a gun at them. They don't say anything.

GUARD TAO (CONT'D)

That's what I thought. See you tomorrow.

The posse walks away.

ROCKY

I hate him.

RAMBO

Understatement of the century.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

The guys sit on Rambo's bed.

RAMBO

What we gonna do?

ROCKY

If we had access to some raw eggs I could drink them and get strong and beat up everyone at this prison, but we ain't got the eggs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMBO

Plan B.

ROCKY

Plan B is we fight to the death  
now.

RAMBO

What good will that do?

ROCKY

If we fight to the death now, they  
can't make us fight to the death  
because one of will already be--  
(realizes)  
Ohhhh okay. Plan 3.

RAMBO

Plan C. I already initiated a  
letter-based plan system. Let's  
not switch the system willy-nilly.

ROCKY

Fair enough. So what's your plan  
C?

Rambo looks at Rocky. Rocky understands.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. JAIL CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Rambo and Rocky jerking off and climaxing.

ROCKY

Adriaaaaaaan!!!

RAMBO

Dead Vietnamese soldiers!!!

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. JAIL CELL - MOMENTS LATER

ROCKY

Plan D.

RAMBO

We fight to the death I suppose.

ROCKY

I can't do that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMBO

Me neither. If we do though, I want you to know you're the closest thing I've ever had to a friend.

ROCKY

You're in my top 5. I was pretty well liked in West Philly. So just cracking the top 5 is crazy.

RAMBO

Thanks man.

ROCKY

Ya know, I've won a lot of boxing matches in my day, and I've lost a lot of boxing matches in my day. I've loved, I've lost. I've been rich. I've been poor. I've had enemies. I've had friends. And it isn't until sitting in this shitpad on the other side of the planet that I've realized the true meaning of life.

RAMBO

What's that?

ROCKY

This.

Rocky holds up one finger.

RAMBO

One?

ROCKY

Gotta watch City Slickers to find out.

Rambo takes this in.

RAMBO

If we ever get back home, I am going to watch City Slickers. I promise you that.

ROCKY

We're getting back home.  
(thinks)  
We're getting back home.

FADE TO:

EXT. PRISON CAMP - MORNING

A rooster crows as the sun rises.

INT. HANJA'S OFFICE - MORNING

Hanja addresses a line of PRE-PUBESCENT ASIAN BOYS.

HANJA

As you know, today is day of big  
Locky Lambo fight. As you also  
know, I love to get blown by  
little boys while watching muscly  
hunks pummel each other. So! Which  
of you little boys is going to  
volunteer to suck my dick today?

None of the boys step forward. They look at each other,  
alarmed.

One of the boys is wearing a feather boa. The other boys  
try to nudge him forward but he mouths "No!"

HANJA (CONT'D)

Oh, you're going to make me  
choose, huh? Okay, open your  
mouths.

The boys all open their mouths. Bad Guy goes to inspect  
the first one's mouth.

HANJA (CONT'D)

Too small.

He inspects the next little boy's mouth.

HANJA (CONT'D)

Too dry.

He inspects the next little boy's mouth.

HANJA (CONT'D)

I don't like the look of that  
snaggle tooth. Oh, woe is me,  
shall I never find the perfect  
little mouth!

VOICE

I'll do it.

Bad Guys spins around to see ROBERT BALBOA JR dressed up  
like a little Asian Boy, complete with coolie hat and  
rice paddy farmer garb.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANJA

Who are you?

FLASH TO:

INT. PHILADELPHIA APARTMENT

Robert Balboa Jr. is on his cell phone. ESPN is on the TV.

ROBERT JR.

Babe, come over. I wasn't dead - I was in a coma, and now I'm awake. So I've got the place all to myself while my dad's in Thailand for his big boxing match. I'll make you some macaroni and we can hot tub. Don't you wanna hot tub together? Get a nice big belly full of noodles and slip into a boiling hot tu...

Robert Jr. is distracted by what's on the TV -- a picture of his father. He turns up the volume.

ESPN ANNOUNCER

Breaking news from Thailand. Rocky Balboa, who was in Thailand to fight one of Thailand's best boxers, has been kidnapped by extremist Thailand guerrillas and is presumably being held for ransom. The fight is canceled, pending the safe return of Rocky Balboa. Reached for comment, President Obama said he doesn't have time to comment on the matter, because he's too busy trying to figure out how to use taxpayer money to fund involuntary late-term abortions. He then whistled at a rich white woman.

ROBERT JR.

Babe, we're gonna have to hot tub some other time.

Robert Jr. hangs up the phone. He dials another number.

ROBERT JR. (CONT'D)

Thai Airways? I need the next flight to Thailand... oh, it leaves that soon? Okay, then the one after that.

EXT. HALLOWEEN COSTUME SHOP

Robert Jr. exits the store carrying a cheap costume marking "Asian Rice Paddy Farmer Costume."

EXT. LIDS

Robert Jr. exits the store carrying a coolie hat.

EXT. THE YELLOW MAKE-UP STORE

Robert Jr. exits the store carrying a big vat of yellow make-up.

INT. PLANE

Robert Jr. is on a plane, watching ESPN on the TV on the back of the headrest in front of him.

ESPN ANNOUNCER

ESPN has used the same computer technology that allowed us to simulate a fight between a young Rocky and Mason "The Line" Dixon a few years ago to simulate what is probably happening to Rocky Balboa right now.

*INSERT - COMPUTER ANIMATION*

*A CGI version of Rocky is being attacked by the hand-drawn kids from THE LAST AIRBENDER cartoon. They shoot fire and wind and water and earth at him. He's clearly in pain.*

Robert Jr. watches this and shakes his head, pissed.

INT. THAI HOTEL

Robert Jr. gets into his costume and applies the make-up.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Robert Jr. walks through the jungle. He pulls back a bamboo leaf and sees the prison camp.



INT. PRISON CAMP - NIGHT

Robert Jr. peeks in a window and sees Hanja being blown by a little boy. Sitting next to Hanja, is a ten-year-old boy who is dressed identically to him. He is also being blown. Robert Jr. nods and smiles. He knows what he must do.

FLASH TO:

INT. HANJA'S OFFICE - NOW

Robert Jr. is lost in thought.

HANJA

Hey! Hey you! I asked where you came from!

ROBERT JR.

I'm, uh, I'm new here. But I'm the best dick sucker you've got in this camp.

HANJA

Hmmm. Okay. I'll give you a try. But you--

Hanja points to the kid with the feather boa.

HANJA (CONT'D)

--you come along as well. I need someone else to suck my ten-year-old son's dick.

EXT. JAIL CELL - MORNING

Rocky and Rambo sit and wait.

RAMBO

Remember the plan. Once we're in the ring, instead of fighting each other, we'll team up and fight everyone else here.

ROCKY

Got it. It's a really good plan.

RAMBO

Thanks.

SEVERAL GUARDS approach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUARD #1

Locky! Lambo! It is time for you  
to fiiiiight!

The Guards grab Rocky and Rambo and pull them in separate directions.

INT. ROCKY'S BACKSTAGE AREA

Rocky is stripped to the waist by the guards. They apply oil to his muscles.

GUARD #2

Are you read to die, Locky? I bet  
my baht on Lambo -- you'll never  
defeat him!

ROCKY

I think you'll be in for quite a  
surprise...

INT. RAMBO'S BACKSTAGE AREA

Rambo is also stripped down to his waist and oiled up.  
But suddenly -- Guard #1 plunges a syringe into his arm!

RAMBO

What's that?

GUARD #1

That's to make sure you don't pull  
any shenanigans, Lambo. I have  
injected you with a special  
compound that we call "rage". In a  
matter of seconds, you will lose  
any sort moral compass you possess  
and be filled only with blind rage  
and the desire to destroy all that  
you see -- including your precious  
friend, Locky.

RAMBO

No...

GUARD #1

Oh yes, Lambo. Oh yes.

HANJA (O.S.)

Bring them out!

## EXT. FIGHTING PIT

Hundreds of Thai guerrillas stand on a elevated bamboo platform around a pit area. Above the guerrillas, seated on a sort of lookout platform, sits Hanja, with Robert Jr kneeling beside him. Next to Hanja is a ten-year-old boy in a matching outfit; his son, PHRAYA. Kneeling next to Phraya is Feather Boa Kid.

HANJA

Bring them out! Bring them out!

## INT. ROCKY'S BACKSTAGE AREA

Several guards push Rocky through an open door into the pit area. They shut and latch the door behind them.

## INT. RAMBO'S BACKSTAGE AREA

Rambo is reacting to the drug.

RAMBO

Arghhh!!! What did you do to me?!

GUARD #1

You want only to destroy all that you see, Rambo. It is your true nature!

Rambo tries to leap at Guard #1 but is held back by several more Guards. They wrangle him and throw him out in the pit area, then close and latch the door.

## EXT. PIT AREA

Rocky and Rambo stand.

HANJA

Locky! Lambo! Are you prepared to battle?!

ROCKY

You better believe it!

Rambo just pants and growls.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

(sotto voce)

Nice touch with the panting and growling, Rambo.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROCKY (CONT'D)

They really believe we're going to fight each other even though we're the best of friends!

HANJA

I shall give the honor of announcing the beginning of this fight to my ten-year-old son, my pride and joy, Phraya.

PHRAYA

Fighters.... BEGIN!!

Rocky and Rambo turn to each other.

ROCKY

All right, now just like we rehearsed, you boost me out of the pit, I'll throw a few guards down here, you'll disarm them then we'll both--

Rambo charges at Rocky and punches him across the face.

EXT. HANJA'S OBSERVATION PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Robert Jr stands up.

ROBERT JR.

No!!

HANJA

What's the matter, little Asian boy?

ROBERT JR.

I've... I've never seen such violence before, sir.

HANJA

If it frightens you so, perhaps you should look at my pubes instead. While you suck my dick, that is.

ROBERT JR.

Yes sir.

Bad Guy pulls down his pants. Robert Jr. begins to blow him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANJA

Oooooohhhh yeahhhhhh... you!  
Feather Boa! Do the same to my  
son!

The Feather Boa kid pulls down Phraya's pants and begins to blow him as well.

EXT. FIGHTING PIT - CONTINUOUS

ROCKY

What the fuck was that, Rambo?  
That wasn't part of the plan.

Rambo's eyes are bloodshot and devoid of any human emotion. He swings at Rocky again but this time Rocky dodges the punch.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

What's going on? Answer me, man! I  
thought we were best friends!

Again, Rambo swings wildly and Rocky dodges it.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

You're really hurting my feelings,  
Rambo! What about our conversation  
last night? I told you things I've  
never told anyone! About how I've  
never truly loved my son and he  
disappoints me at every turn!

EXT. OBSERVATION PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

While blowing Bad Guy, Robert Jr hears this. It makes him sad.

EXT. FIGHTING PIT - CONTINUOUS

Rambo takes another swing at Rocky. Rocky catches it with his fist.

ROCKY

All right, fuck this.

Rocky counters with a RIGHT CROSS TO RAMBO'S FACE! Rambo staggers backwards. Collects himself. Puts up his dukes.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Let's rumble.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rambo rushes Rocky and dishes out a left that catches Rocky above the eye.

Rocky counters with a series of lightning-quick jabs to Rambo's face.

Rambo puts up his arms to block the jabs and Rocky switches to body blows.

Rambo dances back, prepares for another assault.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Had enough?

Quick as a whip, Rambo lands a PUNISHING uppercut to Rocky's jaw. Rocky staggers, but stays on his feet.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

It's gonna take more than that to knock me down.

Rambo comes back to Rocky with more brutal combinations.

Left.

Right.

Left. Left.

Right.

Rambo wallops Rocky above the eye again, opening up the goose egg that had formed there. Blood spills out.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

That all you got?

Rambo charges Rocky again but this time Rocky isn't on the defensive. He assaults Rambo with a calculated series of body blows.

Rambo's muscles aren't used to this specific brand of punishment.

Rambo tries to defend his body, leaving his face unguarded.

WHAM.

Rambo connects on one of his trademark sledgehammer hooks to the jaw.

WHAM.

And another. Rambo feebly tries to defend his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SMACK. Rocky fires a punch right to the heart.

Rambo jumps back, eager to catch his breath.

EXT. OBSERVATION PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

HANJA

Bring on the fighting sticks!

EXT. FIGHTING PIT - CONTINUOUS

Four wooden fighting sticks are tossed down into the pit. Rocky and Rambo both pick up two of them.

ROCKY

Come on, man, haven't you had enough? Let's get back to the plan!

Rambo just stares at him, unfeeling.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Fine.

Rocky picks up the sticks.

Rambo charges at Rocky and begins beating the shit out of him using the wooden sticks. Rocky tries to block the blows with his own sticks but can't do it.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ, I have no idea how to fight with these things! What is he doing, martial arts? Who the fuck signed off on this?! He's clearly going to kick my ass, it isn't even fair!

Rocky runs to the other side of the pit.

EXT. OBSERVATION PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Bad Guy and Phraya are still being blown.

HANJA

Ooh, I'm gonna explode.

ROBERT JR.

Just hold back a little longer and you will feel the ultimate in pleasure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANJA

You're such an expert -- I've never been blown like this before! Oooh, I can't keep it back much longer...

ROBERT JR.

You must!

EXT. FIGHTING PIT - CONTINUOUS

ROCKY

Can we just agree to veto these fighting sticks and go back to the fistfight? Seriously, I have no training with these things and I obviously don't stand a chance.

Rocky throws his sticks to the ground.

Rambo looks at Rocky's sticks on the ground. Considers them. Then RAISES HIS STICKS AND GETS INTO A FIGHTING POSITION.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Oh, fuck me.

Rambo slowly approaches Rocky.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Rambo! Rambo! Come on! It's me, your friend, Rocky! I'm your friend!

EXTREME CLOSE-UP ON ROCKY'S EYES

They are pleading, searching for some humanity.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

What'd they do to you, buddy? This isn't you, I know it's not.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP ON RAMBO'S EYES

Cold. Unfeeling. Dilated. He's not himself. But wait -- is there a glimmer in there? Of a certain John Rambo, trying to get out?

WHACK!

Maybe not. Rambo slams his fighting stick into the side of Rocky's neck. Rocky's face contorts with pain.

Rocky responds with a nasty uppercut to Rambo's cheek.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Rambo SMASHES Rocky's knee with a stick.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Arrgghhhh!!

Rocky begins pummeling Rambo's body with deadly one-two punch combinations. Welts pop up like popcorn pops up when you pop it.

Rambo steps back. Resumes his deadly martial arts fighting stance.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

You know what? This isn't working.  
Just kill me. You deserve this  
one, Rambo.

Rocky stands there.

Rambo approaches, tentative. He pulls back and slams the fighting stick against the side of Rocky's head. A geyser of blood gushes forth.

FLASH TO:

*EXT. BOXING RING - FLASHBACK*

*It's the end of the original Rocky. Rocky's life is flashing before his eyes.*

ROCKY

*Adrian!!!*

FLASH TO:

*EXT. FIGHTING PIT*

Rocky is still standing. But he's not fighting back.

ROCKY

Again.

Rambo SLAMS him in the head again with the stick.

FLASH TO:

*INT. PAULIE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY- FLASHBACK*

*Rocky gives Paulie the robot for his birthday.*

FLASH TO:

EXT. FIGHTING PIT

Rocky is still standing.

ROCKY  
One more should do it.

EXT. OBSERVATION PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Robert Jr turns his head away from Hanja's crotch to look at the fight. He looks worried.

HANJA  
Keep blowing!

Robert Jr gets back to sucking Hanja's dickles.

EXT. FIGHTING PIT

Rambo swings his fighting stick with both fists, baseball-style, and wallops Rocky right on the temple.

FLASH TO:

INT. ROCKY'S HOME - FLASHBACK

Rocky walks into his son's bedroom.

ROCKY  
Junior, it's time for din-- WHAT  
THE FUCK?

Robert Jr is sucking a MALE FRIEND'S dick.

MALE FRIEND  
Mr. Balboa!

ROCKY  
What is this?!

ROBERT JR.  
I'm doing it for you, Dad! I'm  
practicing in case I need to do  
this to save your life some day!

ROCKY  
That's fucking crazy, what are you  
talking about!

FLASH TO:

EXT. FIGHTING PIT

Rocky sways, then crumples and falls IN SLOW MOTION.

As Rocky hits the ground in slo-mo, it sounds like an EXPLOSION, on that noise...

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE-UP ON RAMBO'S EYES

The sound of ROCKY falling has triggered something in him.

FLASH TO:

*A SERIES OF QUICK FLASHBACKS FROM RAMBO'S LIFE*

*- He fights off rats in a cavern.*

*- He ties on a bandana.*

*- He sees more rats*

*- He ties on another bandana*

FLASH TO:

EXT. FIGHTING PIT

Rocky lies on ground. Rambo drops to his knees and begins to cradle him.

RAMBO  
NOOOOO!!! NOOOOOOO!!!

EXT. OBSERVATION PLATFORM

Robert Jr continues to suck Hanja's dick.

HANJA  
Oh my god oh my god ohmy godd

EXT. FIGHTING PIT

Rambo is kneeling over Rocky's fallen body. Holding him. Weeping.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMBO

It was not my fault! It wasn't my  
fault! OH GOD!!! You don't just  
turn it off!!! It wasn't my war!

The Guards approach, surrounding them both. They kick  
Rocky's body. He's limp.

RAMBO (CONT'D)

The mission is never over!  
Waaahhhhh!!!

The guards start paying each other, paying off their bets  
on the fight.

Rocky's eyes crack open. Nobody notices.

EXT. OBSERVATION PLATFORM

HANJA

Okay, that's it I'm gonna explode.

ROBERT JR.

Just a few more seconds...

HANJA

Oh god ... oh god ... here it  
comes... in three...

ROBERT JR.

Uh huh...

HANJA

...two...

Quick as a flash, Robert Jr pulls away from Hanja, grabs  
Phraya, and slams Phraya's mouth onto Hanja's cock!

HANJA (CONT'D)

ONE!

Hanja COMES and PHRAYA'S HEAD EXPLODES FROM THE FORCE OF  
THE EJACULATE!

EXT. FIGHTING PIT

Rocky pinches Rambo's butt. He looks down at Rocky, sees  
his eyes are open now.

RAMBO

(whispering)  
Rocky?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROCKY

Let's do this.

Rocky and Rambo jump up and start POUNDING AWAY on the guards.

Rambo quickly disarms one and BLASTS several others. He throws a ROCKET LAUNCHER to Rocky.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

What do I do with this?

RAMBO

Pretend it's your arm and the rocket is your fist.

ROCKY

Got it.

Rocky shoots a Rocket at a guard tower. It EXPLODES.

EXT. OBSERVATION PLATFORM

It's just dawning on Hanja what he's done. He's not even paying attention to Rocky and Rambo.

HANJA

HOLY FUCK! OH MY GOD! MY SON! MY BEAUTIFUL SON! I BLEW UP HIS HEAD WITH MY JIZZ! WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON? HOW THE FUCK IS THAT POSSIBLE?

Robert Jr sees that Rocky and Rambo have gotten the upper hand so he jumps off the platform and disappears into the jungle.

EXT. JUNGLE

Robert Jr strips away his costume and washes off his makeup.

EXT. ROADSIDE

Robert Jr reaches a road and hails a taxi.

EXT. AIRPORT

Robert Jr jumps out of the taxi and dashes into the airport.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA AIRPORT

A planes lands.

INT. PHILADELPHIA AIRPORT

Robert exits the runway. His GIRLFRIEND is waiting there for him.

GIRLFRIEND

Did you save your dad?

ROBERT JR.

I... uh, I dunno. I just ran away after I made a guy blow up his own kid's head with his come. Fuck, I should have stayed to see how that played out! That's the whole entire reason I went there, to save my dad! What the fuck was I thinking? Jesus Christ, I'm an idiot!

FLASHBACK TO THREE DAYS EARLIER:

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

We're back to the middle of the Rocky Rambo team-up!

ROCKY

Rambo-ster. What do you say we put our heads together and figure out a way to put our FISTS together, with the patented punching and copyrighted killing, and stuff like dat, that we do.

RAMBO

Nothing would please me more, Rockster, my good fellow.

Rocky punches a Guard.

ROCKY

Punch!

Rambo grabs a gun from a Guard and shoots him in the head.

RAMBO

Shoot!

Rocky gives a Guard an uppercut.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROCKY

Uppercut!

Rambo shoots a Guard.

RAMBO

Uppershoot!

ROCKY

(to Guard)

Your name should be Chambawamba.

(hits him)

Because you "get knocked out."

RAMBO

(to Guard)

Your name should be half of The Beatles.

(shoots him)

Because you're fucking DEAD.

ROCKY

(to Guard)

What's black and blue and red all over?

(punches him; he starts to bleed)

Your FACE.

RAMBO

(to Guard)

What's yellow and dead?

(machine gun shooting him)

Fucking YO-O-O-O-OU!

Rocky, impressed, looks at Rambo's machine gun.

ROCKY

You wanna switch?

RAMBO

Nothing would please me more,  
Rockster my good fellow.

Rambo throws the gun to Rocky, and Rocky throws his boxing gloves to Rambo. Something doesn't seem right.

Rambo realizes he has to throw his bandana to Rocky.  
Atta boy.

[PRODUCTION NOTE: VERY EXPENSIVE COMPUTER GRAPHICS can assist in making them look like each other!]

Suddenly, a Guard comes in brandishing nunchucks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GUARD

Rocky! I kill you!

RAMBO

I ain't Rocky, dumbshit.

GUARD

???

Rambo takes advantage of the situation by throwing a powerhouse knockout punch, knocking his head clear off his body!

RAMBO

I could get used to this!

Suddenly, another guard comes in, brandishing throwing stars.

GUARD

Rambo! I will be your death!

ROCKY

I ain't Rambo, ya big lug!

Rocky fires the gun repeatedly. It creates a dotted line of a smaller Guard-shape inside the Guard. The smaller Guard shape falls out of the Guard and plops on the ground. The Guard looks down to see he's fucking dead.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Uh.... can we switch back?

Rambo and Rocky switch.

RAMBO

I got a score to settle with the Colonel.

ROCKY

And I gotta rescue my trainer Mickey.

RAMBO

I think we should make like bananas and split up.

ROCKY

See you next "sundae."

Satisfied with the calibre of their jokes, Rocky and Rambo split up.



EXT. STADIUM

Colonel Hairpie is in bed with two Thai Whores.  
Suddenly, a Guard rushes in.

GUARD

Colonel! The pris'ners hath  
escaped their chains!

COLONEL HAIRPIE

Poor news, indeed. One assumes  
that great pains  
Were taken to restrain these men,  
which proves  
Their mettle. My fate doth not  
improve  
Each passing moment I remain. And  
so:  
Shall I to battle Rocky and Rambo?

Colonel Hairpiece realizes he needs to get out while the  
gettin's good.

Tenderly, he pulls the covers over the naked breasts of  
the Thai whores.

COLONEL HAIRPIE (CONT'D)

In times as these, it seems the  
mind doth play  
Fierce tricks upon the man who  
need portray  
The villain of the piece.  
Therefore, with grace  
I take my leave upon the stage  
apace.  
My one regret is that I never  
shall  
Again gaze upon your visage  
carnal.  
'Tis fair pity. Enjoyed our time  
have I  
Greatly. And yet fate says that I  
must fly.  
Exeunt, fair maids; I shall  
attempt to thus  
Traverse my trek by train; by  
plane; by bus  
Out of this land! With much regret  
doth I  
Retreat anon; sincere'ly yours,  
Hairpie!

One of the whores awakens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THAI WHORE

You're such a poet. And look at  
your "Longfellow."

Hairpie sees that, indeed, he has a boner. He flicks it.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

Hmmm... Boing. Boing boing.

THAI WHORE

Lemme suck that boing boing,  
baybee.

Colonel Hairpie pulls out [a realistic replica of] his  
veiny, yet average-sized boner. [It drips cum]

Suddenly, a BOOMERANG whips in and SLICES IT OFF!

The boomerang returns to the person who threw it - you  
got it, the Rambo-ster.

RAMBO

Something I picked up in the  
Outback. Steakhouse where I used  
to eat. With my friend, an  
Aussie. Osbourne impersonator I  
used to hang out with. Who used  
to put a shrimp on the barbie.  
Dreamhouse I bought at a yard  
sale...

COLONEL HAIRPIE

Could you stop with the Wendy  
Liebman-style cadence. You sliced  
my dick off!!!!

RAMBO

Kinda makes your pubes look  
bigger.

COLONEL HAIRPIE

No one likes big pubes.

RAMBO

Ya sold me out! You sold AMERICA  
out!

COLONEL HAIRPIE

Tough titty, Rambo. I'd sell out  
my mother for a can of farts.

RAMBO

Sell this.

He fires a round into the Thai Whore. Her eye explodes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COLONEL HAIRPIE

(pleading)

Wait, wait. You don't have to do this. You can join me! We can split the money Hanja paid me.

Rambo squints, not buying it. He fires a gun into Hairpie's knees, felling him. Hairpie holds his bloody knees, shouting angrily from the ground.

COLONEL HAIRPIE (CONT'D)

Who the fuck are you to judge me, Rambo? We're exactly the same! Mercenaries. There's no difference between us. We're both dead inside.

RAMBO

There is ONE difference.

Rambo takes out a samurai sword and literally splits Hairpie in half. His guts spill out onto the floor.

RAMBO (CONT'D)

Now you're dead on the outside.

The audience at Grauman's Chinese Theatre GOES BATSHIT!

INT. CORRIDOR

Rocky, wearing his boxing gloves, stealthily creeps down a quiet corridor towards Hanja's quarters.

He accidentally steps on a creaky board. He stops, wondering if anyone heard him.

He proceeds forward, this time stepping on a squeaky children's toy. He stops again.

ROCKY

Sheesh.

Hoping no one heard him, he steps forward again. This time, he lets out an enormous ripping fart. He stops again.

The fart continues. Finally it's done. He steps forward once more, and a tiny squeak of a Pffft of a fart comes out.

GUARD

Intruder!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Five Guards enter the corridor, swords drawn. Rocky throws the ol' one-two puncheroo on 'em! They all fall.

Rocky, knowing his cover is blown, enters Hanja's quarters. He is surprised to find...

ROCKY

Mickey!

Mickey is lying on Hanja's floor, disemboweled. He is gasping his last breath.

MICKEY

Rock... He got me.

HANJA

You're too late, American.

MICKEY

All the things I'll never do. All the things I'll never see. Why couldn't I have died of old age?

ROCKY

To be fair, you are SUPER old. Like over a hundred.

MICKEY

I'll never get to show you that awesome fighting technique I saw in the Karate Kid.

ROCKY

Old one or new one?

MICKEY

Old one. You always said you were too busy to watch it.

ROCKY

(a la Twilight Zone)  
That's not fair. That's not fair at all. There was time now! There was all the time I needed. It's not fair!

MICKEY

H-hey, that's my line.  
(dies)  
Aaaaaaaa.

Rocky looks up, furious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROCKY

You want a boxing match to the death? Well you got one, pal. YOURS.

HANJA

(strips to the waist)  
Excellent. What you never knew about my little contest is what first prize was. The opportunity to fight ME.

An assistant wraps Hanja's fists and puts gloves on him. Another assistant takes off Hanja's robes - dude is jacked.

HANJA (CONT'D)

So, Mr. Balboa. Shall we fistfight, AKA box?

ROCKY

You don't have ta ask me twice. AKA repeat yourself.

The two fighters approach each other, circling, sizing each other up. Rocky throws a punch, connecting. Hanja just smiles.

HANJA

Such an interesting specimen. The overstuffed Italian sausage. Famous for losing as many matches as he's won.

Rocky throws another punch. This one connects, and Hanja steps back.

Rocky throws a combination, causing Hanja to stumble. The Champ moves in for the kill, winding up. But this time, Hanja catches Rocky's fist, twisting his arm.

ROCKY

Aaaaaaah!

HANJA

Where is your American superiority now, eh, Balboa?

Rocky gets out of the arm-twist and shoots a body blow into Hanja's torso. The Thai leader is knocked back.

HANJA (CONT'D)

Very good. Keep it up, Mr. Balboa and you may have a future. A very brief future.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ROCKY

Like Philly's Z-103 says, "less talk and more rock." As in "Rocky." Beating the shit out of you.

Hanja smiles. The two circle again. With frightening speed, Hanja whips a circle-kick into Rocky's head. The old pug falls backward. Holding his head, he grunts...

ROCKY (CONT'D)

No fair.

HANJA

Thai kickboxing rules.

Rocky gets up off the ground. He is really worse for the wear.

HANJA (CONT'D)

Look at you. Mentally and physically exhausted. You've lost everything and everyone you care about. I almost feel sorry for you.

ROCKY

Then no need to apologize for this.

Rocky charges headfirst into Hanja's groin, headbutting it. Hanja is knocked to the ground, writhing in pain. His boxing trunks have split down the middle.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Philadelphia street fighting rules.

(mumbles)

Winner by "split" decision. Punk-ass.

Rocky, disgusted with Hanja, turns to exit. Hanja, on the ground, motions to one of his Guards...

The Guard kicks Rocky's legs out from under him! Down goes the pugilist, knocking his head onto the bamboo floor.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Ooooooof!

HANJA

(getting up)

Get up. Only one of us is exiting this arena alive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Rocky gets up. The two opponents are tired, glistening with sweat.

Hanja quickly moves in and begins to ferociously pummel Rocky. One punch becomes two, which becomes three, four, and countless. The Champ falls to his knees.

He starts to FLASHBACK. To Apollo Creed winning the fight in Rocky I. Mason Dixon winning in Rocky Balboa. Mr. T telling Hannibal that he "ain't gettin' up in no airplane."

Hanja deploys a VICIOUS KICK TO ROCKY'S FACE. He goes down, bloody and bruised, perhaps for good.

ROCKY'S POV -

The ceiling is blurry as moving out of focus.

JUDGE MILLS LANE

One! Two! Three....!

Rocky lays his head back down upon the ground. Looks like it's time to give up.

But suddenly, Rocky sees a HEAVENLY GLOW.

ROCKY

A-Adrian...?

Yes, it's the ghost of Adrian, there to comfort the champ.

ADRIAN

Yes, Rock. It's me. It's time. Let go. We can finally be together.

ROCKY

Wh-whaddya sayin'? Is this the end for good ol' Rocky?

ADRIAN

It's beautiful here. So much to eat. Join me.

Rocky is about to accept her offer, when he realizes...

ROCKY

You ain't Adrian. Adrian woulda never wanted me ta become a quitter. WHO ARE YOU?

The ghost of Adrian SNARLS, transforming into SATAN HIMSELF.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SATAN

*That trick always works! What  
kind of man are you, Balboa?*

Rocky reaches up and PUNCHES SATAN BACK INTO THE HELLHOLE FROM WHENCE HE CAME.

SATAN (CONT'D)

*Ieeeeeeee!!!!*

ROCKY

The kind that don't give up for  
nobody or nuthin'.

Hanja gets a new fear in his eyes as Rocky jumps up, invigorated.

Rocky moves in quickly, sending punch after punch into Hanja's shocked face. Hanja's lip splits open, and blood streams down his face.

HANJA

W-wait...!

ROCKY

Like you waited for me? LIKE YOU  
WAITED FOR MICKEY?

Rocky sends a startling amount of combinations into the Thai leader's body. Broken, Hanja falls to his knees.

Rocky administers the final indignity - he reaches down the back of his pants, rubs his hands on his asshole, and then rubs his poo-stink all over Hanja's face.

HANJA

Aaaahhh!

Rocky throws the final punch - right into Hanja's dumbstruck face. DING! Knockout!

Rocky looks down at his prey. Hanja lies upon the ground, looking up at the Stallion. He smiles a bloody, toothy grin and begins to laugh.

ROCKY

What's so funny?

HANJA

Finish me. For you see... I have  
already won.

ROCKY

You're confused, pal! I beat ya  
fair and square!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (6)

HANJA

I have achieved what I set out to do. I have transformed you into a killing machine. Interested only in the death of your opponent. Now claim your prize, as the winner of this battle.

Rocky is about to, sure. But then he screams to the sky - he can't!

ROCKY

Aaaaaadriiiiiaaaaannnn!

Suddenly, Rocky hears behind him...

RAMBO (O.S.)

No, Hanja. YOU won.

Rocky turns to see Rambo is there with a machine gun.

HANJA

I won? Won what?

RAMBO

WET T-SHIRT CONTEST, MOTHERFUCKER!

Rambo opens fire into Hanja, whose T-shirt, indeed, becomes wet with blood. Rambo continues firing until his clip is out, and he continues to dry fire.

Hanja's remains are everywhere; just a sack of rotting meat. His eyeballs slip out of his sockets and onto the floor. Rocky pockets one to keep as a souvenir.

Rocky gets up and embraces Rambo (almost slipping in the blood - NOTE: opportunity for great outtake?).

ROCKY

Rambo! I gotta say - you sure know how to make an entrance.

Rambo smiles the first smile he's smiled in what seems like a long, long time.

RAMBO

Oh yeah? Well, whaddya say we make an exit?

ROCKY

Could not. Agree. More.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

Rambo and Rocky, weary, walk away from the compound, which is on fire and exploding. Rambo gets a faraway look in his eyes.

RAMBO

Maybe now the villagers can have their land back without worrying about being put into an illegal boxing death camp. And maybe my elephants will finally find their peace.

ROCKY

Thanks for havin' my back out there. I gotta tell you - I could sleep for a week.

(remembers)

Aw what am I thinking? No I couldn't! Friday's Christmas! I can't sleep through that!

RAMBO

What's Christmas?

ROCKY

You ain't never heard of Christmas? That's three shades of outta-dis-world.

(getting an idea)

Hey, I got an idea.

(smiles)

Rambo-ster, instead of showing you, why don't I just TELL you?

(explains)

Christmas, or Christmas Day, is a holiday observed mostly on December the 25th to commemorate the birth of Jesus, the central figure of Christianity. The date is not known to be the actual birth date of Jesus, and may have initially been chosen to correspond with either the day exactly nine months after some early Christians believed Jesus had been conceived, the date of the winter solstice on the ancient Roman calendar, or one of various ancient winter festivals.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

## ROCKY (CONT'D)

Christmas is central to the Christmas and holiday season, and in Christianity marks the beginning of the larger season of Christmastide, which lasts twelve days. Although nominally a Christian holiday, Christmas is also widely celebrated by many non-Christians, and many of its popular celebratory customs have pre-Christian or secular themes and origins. Popular modern customs of the holiday include gift-giving, music, an exchange of greeting cards, church celebrations, a special meal, and the display of various decorations; including Christmas trees, lights, garlands, mistletoe, nativity scenes, and holly. In addition, Father Christmas (AKA Santa Claus) is a popular folklore figure in many countries, associated with the bringing of gifts for children.

(realizes)

Say, that gives me an idea!

EXT. PHILADELPHIA - EARLY MORNING

"Jingle Bells" (AKA "One Horse Open Sleigh," copyrighted on September 16, 1857) plays as a fresh Philly snow falls.

We see the statue of Rocky overlooking the city. Workers are erecting a second statue - that of a headbanded Rambo carrying a machine gun (NOTE: Rambo is a statue but the gun is real). (PS - The workers are grumbling they have to work on Christmas)

INT. LIVING ROOM

Robert, in his pajamas, and his girlfriend, in sexy Christmas-themed lingerie, are sitting by the brightly lit Christmas tree. They are both soaking wet.

ROBERT

Why'd I set our alarm if Christmas ain't started yet?

GIRLFRIEND

Sh! Let your dad do Christmas the way he wants to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, SANTA CLAUS comes down the chimney. (It's obviously Sly Stallone in a cheap beard) He lands with a thud. He has a huge pack of presents.

SANTA

Ho ho ho! Merry--  
 (looks at script)  
 --Christmas. Who's been a good boy this year?

ROBERT

Dad, this schtick was hokey when you did it last year.

ROCKY (O.S.)

But that ain't your dad. That's good ol' Santa Claus.

Robert whips around to see Rocky, wearing a Christmas sweater, smiling by the stairs. Then he looks to Santa, who pulls down his beard. It's Rambo. Robert rubs his eyes at the doppelgangers.

ROBERT

I told all the kids at school that Santa was real. They didn't believe me. We'll, they'll believe me now!

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

Robert is surrounded by a group of children. They're heckling him.

ROBERT

I'm telling you, it's true! I saw him!

KID

Shaddup!

TEACHER

I've told you a million times, stop hanging around this elementary school!

ROBERT

Why are you laughing at me?

We PAN DOWN. Robert's fly is open and he is masturbating. The children laugh at his pitiful penis.

## INT. MICKEY'S BOXING GYM - DAY

Rocky and Rambo are in a the old, deserted gym that once belonged to Mickey. There is a dusty boxing ring in the center.

ROCKY

Merry Christmas, you old building  
and loan.

RAMBO

Ya really did teach me the meaning  
of Christmas. I'm assuming.

ROCKY

Sure. Santa comes down a chimney  
then we all split up and I go to a  
gym.

(sad)

I only wish my other friends were  
here to see this.

RAMBO

Who?

ROCKY

I forget their names. They had  
some shitty TV show. I remember I  
was supposed to do something for  
them...?

(shrugs)

Ah, "fuggetaboudit."

RAMBO

Hahaha... you're Italian, all  
right.

ROCKY

So what're ya gonna do now?

RAMBO

Don't know. The only "special  
skills" on MY resume are maiming,  
proficiency in Fortran,  
dismembering.

(smiles)

Maybe there's a washed up old pug  
who needs a new dishwasher at his  
restaurant?

ROCKY

Boy oh boy... I'm sorry we got out  
of that death camp before I got  
the chance ta beat ya to a pulp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMBO

You kiddin' me? You never woulda beat ol' Rambo.

ROCKY

I coulda beat you with one hand tied behind my back.

RAMBO

Oh, is that a fact?

INT. RING - MOMENTS LATER

Rocky is in his starred-and-stripped boxing shorts, gloves on. Rambo is tying one hand behind Rocky's back.

ROCKY

What'd I get myself into?

RAMBO

This'll settle it once and for all - the question that everyone has wanted to know for thirty years. Who would win in a fight (if Rocky had one hand tied behind his back)? Rocky? Or Rambo?

ROCKY

Wish there could be an audience to see this.

RAMBO

I think it's better that no one does but us.

Rambo and Rocky take their corners. Rocky looks down at his gloves and softly says...

ROCKY

Yo, Adrian. We did it. We did it.

Rambo reaches over and dings the bell.

RAMBO

Round One, Rocky.

ROCKY

Just get yer dukes up, Rambo.

The two touch gloves and give each other a sly smile.

They circle each other for a moment. Then Rocky lunges toward Rambo, who takes out a grenade launcher.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He fires a grenade right at Rocky's incoming fist.  
Before impact...

FREEZE FRAME.

THE STILL BECOMES A PAINTING.

A driving rock tune begins to play. Sure enough, the band Survivor has written a new song; a sequel to "Eye Of The Tiger." Even though it's 30 years since the first one came out, it doesn't sound dated. It sounds really good; like a song that could be a crossover hit on the radio even today. I mean it - it really could be a worldwide smash.

As it plays, and CREDITS ROLL, no one leaves the theatre. In fact, people start to sob a little. Then uncontrollable weeping breaks out in the auditorium. I mean, this is really it, you know? Cinema history. The final film to star two icons of the genre.

People think about how much both of these characters have meant to them. They trace back important events in their lives, and remember how each of the films were released in conjunction with them. Marriages. Births. Deaths of parents.

As the credits end, people have come to terms with how tenuous their grasp on life is, and how we must really make the most of each day. Tomorrow is not promised to any of us, and Rocky and Rambo know that better than any human alive.

It is a new day in Philadelphia. A new morning across the world. What will YOU do to take advantage of it?

AFTER CREDITS:

The film UNFREEZES. The grenade flies into Rocky, who EXPLODES.

Rambo is covered in the blood of the Eye-talian Style-yun. He looks up at the sky.

RAMBO  
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

The End?