

# ZOOLANDER

Derek enters the room and everybody's eye turn to him.

Hansel enters and walks through the crowd, looking like a star. Attention is diverted. He has a retro-hippy entourage with him. As he passes Derek, Derek subtly yet intentionally bumps into Hansel.

HANSEL  
Excuse me, bra.

DEREK  
You're excused. And I'm not your bra.

HANSEL  
Whatever, dude. Whatever. Peace. God bless.

DEREK  
Hey, Hansel, I'm sorry you didn't get Mugatu's Derelict campaign. Maybe next time.

HANSEL  
What's that?

DEREK  
Mugatu's Derelict campaign. Sorry you didn't book it.

HANSEL  
Oh, yeah? I've never even heard of it. Me and my friends have been too busy bathing off the coast of St. Barts...with spider monkeys for the past two weeks. Tripping on acid changed our whole perspective on shit. So I guess you can "dere-lick" my balls, capitan...

DEREK  
I can "dere-lick" my own balls, thank you very much. You think you're too cool for school. But I got a news flash for you, Walter Cronkite. You aren't.

HANSEL  
Who are you trying to get crazy with, ese? Don't you know I'm loco?

DEREK  
Hey, I got a wacky idea. What say we settle this on the runway...Han-solo? ....(Hansel reacts)...Stop it.

HANSEL  
Are you challenging me to a walk-off...Boo-lander?

BILLY ZANE  
Don't do this, Derek.

HANSEL  
Listen to your friend Billy Zane. He's a cool dude. He's trying to help you out.

DEREK  
Oh, yeah. That's a walk-off challenge, my friend.

HANSEL

Ten minutes. Old Members Only warehouse. You oughta remember that. You're a dinosaur.

DEREK

Let's go. Open up.

BILLY ZANE

I heard some mad stories about this kid. He's too limber.

DEREK

Put a cork in it, Zane!

BILLY ZANE

It's a walk-off.