

DITCHWEED

by
David Weeden

969 West Main Road, #8401
Middletown, RI 02842
401-847-4340
DavidVWeeden@aol.com

FADE IN:

EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

Thousands of acres of green corn in the sun radiate a wavy heat mirage.

A handsome vagabond strips ditchweed - non-potent wild marijuana. JIMMY PHILPOT, late twenties, sweats in his city clothes and shoves the worthless weed into garbage bags.

He sniffs his hands, then whistles "ZIP-A-DEE-DOO-DAH".

JIMMY

AH!

A green caterpillar crawls up his arm.

He pats the little monster and feeds it ditchweed.

The caterpillar vomits green goo on his "Peggy" tatoo.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Ugh.

Jimmy cocks his ears - an approaching ENGINE!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A grimy pick-up, driven by a fat, red-faced FARMER, hurls dust as it barrels along the dirt road!

The gun rack is stocked.

EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

Jimmy places the caterpillar on a leaf, then scrambles. He scoops up garbage bags and crams them into vinyl suitcases!

He dashes into the stalks, slips, falls and struggles!

The pick-up BRAKES in a dustcloud!

The no-neck Farmer grabs his shotgun.

FARMER

HEY, YOU SON-OF-A-BITCH!

Bubba BLASTS away, leveling a swath of corn!

EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

Jimmy bolts through corn stalks slapping his face.

Shotgun pellets THUD on the cheap suitcases!

He discovers red ooze on his pants.

He pulls restaurant condiments from his pockets (sugar, honey, butter) - one's a greasy red ketchup packet.

Shotgun BLAST!

He grabs the suitcases and skedaddles!

INT. JIMMY'S ROOM - DAY

The walls are decorated with colorful Hawaiian posters: Na Pali Cliffs, hula girls, surfing, the sunset at Diamondhead.

Jimmy stuffs plastic baggies with ditchweed.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

NIGEL (O.C.)
It's me, mon.

He unfastens a chain lock, bolt locks and slides a latch.

The Jamaican neighbor, NIGEL MANLEY, thirty-five, smiles. He wears bright clothes and long dreadlocks.

NIGEL (cont'd)
Hey, mon, I can smell dat ganga all
de way down de hall.

JIMMY
Smells like money, huh?

Jimmy looks up and down the corridor before re-locking.

NIGEL
What you got?

JIMMY
Ditchweed, man.

NIGEL
Oh, you mean shitweed.

JIMMY

Yeah, yeah. You want to get rid of some of it for me?

NIGEL

You crazy? I got a reputation, mon. Dat crap is like smokin' goat turd.

JIMMY

Oh, I thought you only used that in your hair. You smoke it, too?

NIGEL

Come on, Jimmy, mon. You give us herb men a bad name bringin' dat stuff around.

JIMMY

What do you want me to do? I promised Peggy we'd be living in Hawaii before the holidays!

NIGEL

What holidays? Every freakin' holiday you say da same shit.

JIMMY

You want me to give up my dream?

NIGEL

No. Hey, I was down to Flynn's yesterday. She been axin' about you. How come you don't tell her where you go?

JIMMY

Nigel, Nigel, my money-maker from Jamaica. Don't ever tell the right hand what the, ah, the other thing is..."

NIGEL

Huh? Whatever, mon. I'll never know what dat beautiful girl see in you. It sure ain't brains. You must got some voodoo thang happenin', mon.

JIMMY

Here, voodoo some of this doodoo.

Jimmy tosses ditchweed baggies and Nigel catches them.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

PEDESTRIANS in summer clothing stroll by businesses: a beauty parlor, liquor store and the Torchlight Restaurant.

Jimmy, out of season in his trenchcoat, stops at a newsstand and picks up a paper.

While paying the cigar-smoking CASHIER, he palms a pink roll of PEPTO ANTACID TABLETS.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - LATER

Jimmy struts past businesses.

JIMMY

"Zip-a-dee-doo-dah, zip-a-dee-ay,
my, oh, my, what a wonderful day!"

He grins at a toothless, elderly ASIAN PRODUCE VENDOR, and slyly pockets two apples on the hoof.

JIMMY (cont'd)

"Plenty of sunshine headed my way,
zip-a-dee-doo-dah, zip-a-dee-ay!"

He stops to pet a stray DOG and feeds it a treat.

CHILDREN play hopscotch.

Jimmy skips through the boxes and tosses apples to the kids.

He saunters by STREET PEOPLE.

STREET PEOPLE

Hey, Jimmy! Sup, man? Yo, bro!

Jimmy flashes the Hawaiian "hang loose" sign.

JIMMY

"Oh, Mr. Bluebird's on my shoulder,
it's the truth, it's actual,
everything is satisfactual."

HONK! He's brushed a speeding car!

JIMMY (cont'd)

CLOSE, BUT NO, NO DEAL! "Zip-a-dee-
doo-dah, zip-a-dee-ay, wonderful
feelin', wonderful day!"

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

BUMS SNORE on benches.

Newspapers swirl around scattered litter.

Jimmy peeks over his shoulder. He exchanges money with two JUNKIES, hard-looking dudes, old for mid-thirties.

Junkie One smokes a fat reefer.

JUNKIE ONE
Where'd you get this shit?

JIMMY
Ah, the, ah, Baja in Panama.

JUNKIE TWO
Huh?

JUNKIE ONE
Never heard of it. I don't feel
nothin', man.

JIMMY
Oh, you will, you will. Just go
with it, give it a little time,
it'll kick in. Alrighty then, hey,
I'd love to stay and chat, but you
know how it is. A penny saved is a,
ah, one that's, ah... Hey! Enjoy,
fellas!

Jimmy pockets the cash and skips off WHISTLING.

The Junkies suck on the worthless weed, glaring at the happy-go-lucky dealer.

EXT. FLYNN'S PUB - DAY

A rat-like, elderly BLIND MAN squats beside the door. He wears sunglasses and grasps a cane and a metal cup.

Jimmy waves his hand across the rodent man's face.

Nothing.

Jimmy considers making a withdrawal from the cup, then decides to plunk a few coins down before entering the pub.

INT. FLYNN'S PUB - DAY

The BOISTEROUS working-class bar is jammed with CUSTOMERS drinking a liquid lunch.

The walls are decorated with yellowed wrestling posters and tarnished trophies.

The barmaid, PEGGY FLYNN, mid-twenties, hustles, making drinks, serving food, picking up tips. Peggy is a dark-haired, blue-eyed stunner, incongruous in this joint if she weren't the owner's daughter.

MIGHTY MIKE FLYNN, Peggy's father, is an ex-professional wrestler. He looks like a bulldog towering over his cash register, monitoring his dive like a surly sentinel.

Mike checks out his newest walk-in - Jimmy Philpot.

Jimmy takes a stool at the bar, next to a tipsy BUSINESSMAN.

PEGGY

God, where have you been? I was worried sick about you!

JIMMY

Better late than...

BUSINESSMAN

Hey, baby, hit me up again! Give my buddy boy here a drink.

The boozy Businessman slaps a twenty on the bar.

PEGGY

What do you want, Jimmy?

JIMMY

You know what I want, baby.

Jimmy winks.

Peggy smiles, but shakes her head

BUSINESSMAN

So, how you doin', huh?

JIMMY

Man, things are so good I pinch myself all the time. My ass is black and blue.

The lush isn't listening - he's fixed on Peggy's behind.

BUSINESSMAN
I'd pay big bucks to hit that.

Mighty Mike stares down the bar.

Jimmy blows the grouch a kiss.

JIMMY
Careful, Mr. Trump. That's her father.

Mighty Mike approaches with a bar rag.

MIGHTY MIKE FLYNN
So, Cassanova's back with his
Salvation Army trench coat on.
(coughs)

JIMMY
You sound good, Mike. You look
good, too. You've got like an
artificial tan. Nicotine bronze
gives you that healthy glow.

MIGHTY MIKE FLYNN
Wiseass.

Mighty Mike skulks away coughing.

PEGGY
Here you go. One beer; one milk.

BUSINESSMAN
Milk?

PEGGY
That will be four dollars, sir.

BUSINESSMAN
Take a buck for yourself. I've got
to visit the little boy's room.
Honey, I'll be thinking of you.

The Businessman winks at Peggy and weaves off.

PEGGY
Take it easy there, cowboy.

JIMMY
Go get 'em, pard'na.

Peggy picks up the twenty and lays down a five and a ten.

PEGGY

Hey! I'm mad at you! You didn't
call me for two days!

JIMMY

Honey, listen to me. When your
pretty little feet sink into that
Hawaiian sand, you'll know why I'm
doing this. This place isn't
healthy, Peg. Your old man's
coughin', guys hitting on you all
day; humans are not supposed to
live like this! Our babies are
going to need fresh air and
sunshine.

Peggy's mesmerized.

MIGHTY MIKE FLYNN

PEGGY!

PEGGY

Oh, God, I've got to go. Dad made a
huge Irish stew. Want me to save
you some?

JIMMY

I'd love some.
(holds chest)
Easy on the onions, okay?

PEGGY

Okay, sweetie. Come back later.
Promise?

JIMMY

Promise.

Peggy leans in to kiss him.

MIGHTY MIKE FLYNN

PEGGY!

PEGGY

I have to go. I missed you so much.
Now, get out of here, I have to
work.

Jimmy pops a Pepto antacid tablet in his mouth and chews it.

Then, he pockets the Businessman's ten dollar bill.

EXT. FLYNN'S PUB - DAY

Jimmy produces a quarter for the Blind Man, thinks twice, puts it back in his pocket, and strolls down the street.

A tattooed THUG, stubble-headed and pierced, creeps out from behind a dumpster.

The Blind Man, still as a Buddha, raises his cane and silently points at Jimmy.

The Thug shadows his mark - ditchweed dealer Jimmy Philpot.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Jimmy gazes at a ukulele in a pawn shop window.

He notices the Thug checking him out.

When he moves on, the two disgruntled Junkies burst from an alley! They grab Jimmy and drag him into the shadows!

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

The dirty dead end is lined with seeping, fetid dumpsters.

Jimmy's pinned on the ground, soaking in swill, while the goons pummel him! The Thug picks him up by the neck and CRASHES him into garbage cans!

JIMMY

AHHH!

THUG

YOU'RE DEALIN' SHIT TO THE WRONG
PEOPLE, ASSHOLE!

JIMMY

YOU GOT THE WRONG GUY, MAN!

Junkie One yanks Jimmy's trench coat off, and a baggie of worthless ditchweed drops into a stinking puddle.

JUNKIE ONE

YOU SON-OF-A-BITCH!

The three lowlifes beat Jimmy silly!

JIMMY

AH! NO! AH! UGH!

The Junkies pilfer his pockets: an apple, the Businessman's ten dollar bill, Pepto tablets, restaurant condiments (sugar, salt, ketchup), more ditchweed and a roll of cash.

One more kick, and the bullies scatter!

A steel door opens.

An Asian DISHWASHER hurls a bucket of slop!

It splatters Jimmy, but, he plays dead, his eye on

A GREASY RAT

waddling toward him. It licks Jimmy's face, freaking him out of his fake coma!

JIMMY (cont'd)
AHH! GET OUT OF HERE! AHH!

Jimmy leaps on top an overturned garbage can, scared witless!

SCREECH!

A police car jams to a halt!

Two OFFICERS pile out: a fat female with a doughnut and coffee, and a wiry Barney Fife.

ASIAN RESTAURANT WORKERS CHATTER in the doorway.

FEMALE OFFICER
WHAT'S GOING ON, PHILPOT?

JIMMY
There's a rat over there. Be careful.

MALE OFFICER
You're fighting with rats?

The Asian Workers GIGGLE.

FEMALE OFFICER
Okay, Sung Young Moon, go inside.
C'mon, move it.

MALE OFFICER
Let's go! Vamoose! Mr. Philpot, what's the problem? We got a call on a disturbance back here.

Jimmy climbs down and spots his ditchweed baggie on the ground. As he talks, he deftly hides it with his foot.

JIMMY

I, ah, lost my cat, and, ah, to add insult to, ah, I slipped on some grease. The city ought to clean this up. It's terrible. Anyway, I saw a rat and fell. I hate rats. I love animals, but I draw the line with rats. I don't what it is. Hey, so, ah, thanks for comin' out, but, I'm fine. I appreciate it. Really. I've got to get out of here. These rats freak me out.

Jimmy tiptoes away.

JIMMY (cont'd)

I'll see ya.

FEMALE OFFICER

Imagine that. A lower species that detests its own kind.

She chomps down on the doughnut.

INT. JIMMY'S ROOM - DAY

Jimmy nurses his welts, then makes faces in the mirror.

He lays back on his CREAKY bed and watches a FLY buzz around the bare light bulb.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

PEGGY (O.C.)

Jimmy, open up.

He rises like an arthritic and unbolts the many locks.

Peggy masks her shock by smiling. She's holding Tupperware.

PEGGY (cont'd)

I've got Irish stew, always better a day old, some apple pie, and milk for your stomach.

JIMMY

Peg, you're too good to me.

PEGGY

I know.

There's a new Hawaiian poster on the wall.

PEGGY (cont'd)

Hey, that's a nice one.

JIMMY

Beautiful, huh? Kauai, the oldest island. Nice and quiet. I think we'll go there when we get old.

PEGGY

Nigel told me what happened. Honey, you can't go on like this. Look at you.

JIMMY

Aw, it's nothin'. I feel great!

PEGGY

I had an idea. I've been thinking about it all night. Why don't you work at the bar for awhile? Dad will let you stay in the apartment upstairs. I asked him. We could fix it up, you know, paint, new curtains.

JIMMY

I don't want curtains.

PEGGY

Oh, I know, those cute little blinds! You can put all your Hawaiian pictures on the walls. It'll be perfect. Here's the best part: you can eat from the kitchen! Anytime you want, and you don't have to eat a lot of spicy food!

Jimmy grips her shoulders.

JIMMY

Peggy. Honey. I don't want food. I don't want cute little blinds. I want a future. Baby, this place is killin' us!

He points to his Hawaiian posters.

JIMMY (cont'd)
Look! That's what I want! Paradise!
AND PARADISE TAKES MONEY!

PEGGY
WELL, WHY DON'T YOU WORK FOR IT
LIKE EVERYONE ELSE!

JIMMY
Honey, please, we've been over this
a thousand times.

PEGGY
But, Jimmy, we can have paradise
right here! Dad is going to give me
the business. We could be all set,
but you don't see it. I mean, come
on, look at this place! LOOK AT
YOU!

Jimmy looks into the mirror and laughs.

JIMMY
Do they still have freak shows?

PEGGY
It's not funny. Please, think about
what I said, because, baby, this is
getting old. God, if I didn't love
you so much. Everyone thinks I'm a
fool to be hooked up with some
dreamer that lives in a flop house.

JIMMY
Maybe you are.

Peggy unbolts the locks herself.

PEGGY
Remember to bring back the
Tupperware! And I'm not a fool!

Jimmy pushes the food aside and pops a Pepto tablet.
He makes clown faces in the mirror.

EXT. TORCHLIGHT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jimmy's swollen face reflects off the storefront glass.
A sign reads: "All You Can Eat Buffet. Italian Night."

INT. TORCHLIGHT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A buffet table steams near a bar packed with CUSTOMERS watching televised football.

The BARTENDER and WAITRESS, wearing Italian chef outfits, are glued to the game.

A bruised Jimmy slinks in and secretly crams his pockets with meatballs wrapped in garlic bread.

When the Waitress flashes him a piteous smile, Jimmy fans his mouth, pretending the food is hot.

He looks about, then skulks away with spaghetti sauce dripping down his leg.

Red footprints appear on the floor.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Jimmy gorges himself as he strolls. He tosses bits of meatballs to stray cats and licks his greasy fingers.

He BURPS, then pops a Pepto.

A FLOWER VENDOR re-arranges his wares.

Jimmy cases the situation, ready to swipe a bouquet, but the Vendor spots him.

Jimmy pretends to look at a watch on his bare wrist, then reluctantly pays cash.

INT. FLYNN'S PUB - NIGHT

The joint is NOISY with CUSTOMERS watching football.

Eagle-eyed Mighty Mike is manning the register.

Jimmy enters with his bouquet of flowers.

JIMMY

I've been waiting all day to give
you these.

MIGHTY MIKE FLYNN

I didn't know you cared, asshole.
What happened to you?

JIMMY
I had an allergic reaction to your
stew. Where's Peg?

MIGHTY MIKE FLYNN
She's workin' in the kitchen. Leave
her alone.

JIMMY
Make sure she gets these. Okay,
sweetie pie?

CUSTOMER
Hey, look! Philpot's givin' Mighty
Mike flowers! Ha, ha, ha!

MIGHTY MIKE FLYNN
I always knew he was a little
strange.

CUSTOMERS
HA, HA, HA, HA!

Jimmy looks up at a poster on the wall: Mighty Mike, in his
wrestling prime, with tights on.

JIMMY
Hey, at least I don't wear
pantyhose!

The laughing stops. Mighty Mike is pissed.

MIGHTY MIKE FLYNN
So, what are you saying, Philpot?

The bar freezes.

JIMMY
What am I saying? I'll tell you
what I'm saying. I'm saying I love
you, man. Love is never having to
say, ah, I love you even though you
got problems. And Mike, I mean,
Mighty Mike, I will be eternally
grateful that you were able to
produce your gorgeous daughter
before you discovered your latent
homosexuality.

MIGHTY MIKE FLYNN
HUH?

The Customers HOWL! Jimmy runs out and Mike chases him!

INT. GANGSTER BAR - NIGHT

ALBERT "THE BABOON" MARTIN is an egg-shaped, simian mobster. He shoots eight-ball pool with black-eyed, bruised Jimmy.

The Baboon is accompanied by his bodyguard, ANTHONY "TWEEZER" TERHUNE, a long-nosed creep with sharp gold teeth.

SPECTATORS timidly watch the Baboon strut around the table, chomping a cigar, sinking striped balls.

BABOON
Okay, punk, the twelve, vicariously
in the side.

TWEEZER
Vi-what-iously?

BABOON
Shut up, Tweezer.

Baboon sinks the twelve ball.

SPECTATOR
Nice shootin', Baboon.

TWEEZER
Ho! It's Albert, now. No more
Baboon. You got that? Albert.

SPECTATOR
Sorry about that, Al.

TWEEZER
AL-BERT!

SPECTATOR
Yes, sir. Sorry. I got it. Albert.
Sorry.

BABOON
Philpot, watch the position. And,
you peasants might learn somethin'
here! Pay attention.

As the Baboon shoots, the kibitzer pipes up.

SPECTATOR
What'd he call us?

He miscues! The apeman glares.

Jimmy's cue ball is blocked.

BABOON

See what I told youse, I mean you.
It's all in the position. Finesse
and electrocution is the key to
this game.

JIMMY

I'll backslap it one bank in the
side.

BABOON

Yeah, right.

JIMMY

You don't think I can do it, Bab, I
mean, Mr. Martin?

TWEEZER

You ain't got the expertise.

BABOON

You HAVEN'T got, Tweezer. Go ahead,
kid, but you're not in my league.

JIMMY

Maybe you've got something to back
that up?

The audience recoils.

Baboon reaches for his gun, but produces a wad of cash. He
peels off two "C" notes and tosses them on the green felt.

BABOON

Can you cover that, punk?

JIMMY

For a deuce, I'll do it behind my
back.

Jimmy lays down his crinkled, greasy bills.

BABOON

Okay, kid, dig your own grave.

Jimmy wraps the cuestick behind his back, but has to stuff
some garlic bread and meatballs back into his pocket. He
performs a masse shot that curves around the eight ball and
sinks the object ball in the side pocket.

SPECTATORS
YES! ALRIGHT! NICE SHOT!

TWEEZER
SHUT UP!

Dead silence as Jimmy sinks the eight ball.

The Baboon's infuriated. His eyes bulge, he turns red, and cigar smoke trickles from his ears - a volcano ready to blow.

INT. TORCHLIGHT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The Bartender, in a cheap aloha shirt and crepe paper lei, watches television with a few CUSTOMERS.

Jimmy, wrapped in a few paper leis, serves himself from the hokey "all-you-can-eat" Hawaiian luau. He scans about, then slyly stuffs hot pineapple ham into his pockets.

The Waitress wears a muumuu with a plastic flower in her hair. She think she sees him pilfering food.

JIMMY
Hi! How ya doin'? This is
unbelievable, just great. Did you
have any?

She bristles.

JIMMY (cont'd)
You ought to get yourself a plate.
Talk about paradise. This is it,
right here. Well, good to see you
again. Beautiful dress.

As Jimmy exits, a slab of ham falls out a hole in his coat and steams on the floor.

INT. TORCHLIGHT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A gum-chewing, teenage CASHIER reads a movie magazine.

Jimmy presents the bill, his pockets protruding with food.

CASHIER
Was everything alright?

JIMMY
Alright? For a moment there I
thought I was surfing at Waikiki.

CASHIER
Really?

JIMMY
Can't you smell the ocean?

She takes a whiff.

CASHIER
Come on. It's not that good.
That'll be eight forty-five with
tax.

JIMMY
Oakee doakee.

Jimmy hands her a ten with his right hand.

With his left hand he attempts to palm a roll of Pepto.

She catches him.

JIMMY (cont'd)
How much are these?

CASHIER
A dollar thirty-nine.

JIMMY
A dollar thirty-nine? Man, the
price of things nowadays.

CASHIER
Sixteen cents is your change.

JIMMY
What are you reading?

CASHIER
Movie Star Magazine.

JIMMY
No kidding. You know, when I first
saw you, I thought to myself, "Boy,
this girl belongs on the big
screen."

CASHIER
No. You think so?

Jimmy's left hand slips over the Pepto and he slides it into
his pocket as he speaks.

JIMMY

Are you kidding me. Legit big time movies, you know? Hold on to your dreams, sweetie, and remember, everything happens for a, a, ah, everything happens in season.

The girl stops chewing. Open-mouthed, she watches Jimmy exit.

EXT. JIMMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tupperware containers are stacked at the door.

A note is taped to a lid.

JIMMY

"Thanks for the flowers. XXX. Me."

INT. JIMMY'S ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

City lights illuminate the Hawaiian posters.

Jimmy's awake, sweating, his sheets wet. He's unshaven and tousled. He breathes deeply and holds his chest.

He chews a Pepto and reads the label.

JIMMY

"If you are not completely satisfied with this product, send the wrapper and unused portion to the Pepto Corporation for a full refund." Damn right I will. These things don't work anymore.

He rummages for an envelope and addresses it.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Bastards. I want my money back. A dollar thirty-nine, my ass.

The city lights drift across the Hawaiian posters.

INT. JIMMY'S ROOM - DAY - TWO WEEKS LATER

The room is now ship-shape. Empty Tupperware is clean, neatly stacked, ready to return.

Jimmy laces new sneakers. He's shaved, with combed hair and fresh clothes. The black eyes have disappeared.

NIGEL (O.C.)
Yo, Jimmy.

JIMMY
It's open!

Nigel has a fat bundle of mail.

JIMMY (cont'd)
Hey, man.

NIGEL
Here you go.

JIMMY
What's all this?

NIGEL
You got me, mon.

JIMMY
Look at this stuff. Pepto
Corporation. Pepto Newsletter. New
product information. Pepto press
release. Oh, I know! I sent for a
refund. Here it is. Look. A check
for one dollar and thirty-nine
cents. Stupid bastards, it cost
them ten times that to mail all
this crap.

NIGEL
Speakin' of crap.

Nigel tosses a wad of cash on the bed.

NIGEL (cont'd)
Ditchweed money, mon. I put on de
Rasta man accent real tick for de
drunk college kids.

JIMMY
Cool.

Jimmy counts the money.

NIGEL
One other ting, mon.

JIMMY
What's that?

NIGEL
 Baboon says he wants to see you.

JIMMY
 Me?

NIGEL
 Yeah, mon, you.

JIMMY
 What for?

NIGEL
 Not my business, bro.

Suddenly, the money is unimportant - Jimmy's scared.

INT. GANGSTER BAR - DAY

Baboon and Tweezer play a rabid game of cards.

Jimmy troops in with a fake smile plastered on his face.

BABOON
 Kid, you know Tweezer.

JIMMY
 Yeah. Hey, Tweeze, how you doin'?

TWEEZER
 It's Anthony now. No more Tweezer.

JIMMY
 Sorry.

BABOON
 Sit down, Philpot, I got a problem.
 I need your help.

JIMMY
 Me? Mine? My help? Oh, sure,
 whatever you need, Bab, ah, Mr.
 Martin.

BABOON
 Look, kid, I need you to get
 something for me. There's a couple
 grand in it for you. Take you five
 minutes.

JIMMY
 What, ah, what is it?

BABOON

A brooch.

JIMMY

A what?

BABOON

You never heard of a brooch?

TWEEZER

It's like a dog, Boss?

BABOON

Shut up , will you? A brooch is a pin these old broads wear on their dresses. The one I need you to get for me is shaped like a heart. It's got like, ah, diamonds in it. An old hairloom.

TWEEZER

Don't you mean heirloom? Sorry.

JIMMY

Where is it?

BABOON

Up at the Regency. Apartment one "B". It's in the bedroom. Think you can handle that, Philpot?

JIMMY

Whose apartment is it?

BABOON

Don't ask questions. Listen to me. A little thing like this might go a long way in helpin' your future. You know what I'm sayin'? And, let's say, for the sake of hypothesis...

TWEEZER

What's that, Boss?

Baboon's rage melts Tweezer.

BABOON

Let's say you refuse. Things might, how should I put this, things might not go so, what's the right word?

TWEEZER

Good?

BABOON

Yeah, that's right, things might
not go so good. You pickin' up what
I'm puttin' down here?

JIMMY

Yes, sir, Mr. Martin.

The Tweezer nods and grins with his pointed gold teeth.

EXT. REGENCY APARTMENTS - NIGHT

Jimmy creeps around the building and peeks into windows.

He climbs onto an inverted trash can, but it tilts and
CRASHES, toppling him to the pavement!

DOGS BARK!

A RAT scurries from the shadows.

Jimmy panics!

He leaps up onto a dumpster and trembles, pale as a sheet.

EXT/INT. REGENCY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jimmy peers in a window at an elderly Italian lady. MRS.
CACCHIOTTI is a beaked crone in a robe and fuzzy slippers.
Her hair is a confusion of bobby pins and plastic rollers.

She clicks the television off, then crosses herself before a
plaster statue of the Virgin Mary.

Jimmy tries to slap a mosquito and BANGS the window.

The old bag peers out the window, blinking, straining, but
the glare makes Jimmy invisible.

She turns off her lights.

INT. REGENCY APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy climbs inside, feet first, knocking over a vase.

CRASH!

MRS. CACCHIOTTI (O.C.)
Joseph? Is that you, Joseph?

He cowers behind the couch, but his foot gets entangled with an electrical cord, yanking a lamp off its table!

CRASH!

MRS. CACCHIOTTI (cont'd)
JOSEPH! I LEFT SOME MEAT-A-BALLS IN
THE ICE-A-BOX! JOSEPH?

Jimmy shivers as a DISTANT SIREN wails.

INT. REGENCY APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

The hag SNORES.

Jimmy tiptoes into the room.

A JEWELRY BOX

waits on the dresser.

He lifts the cover, then stops for a

LOUD SNORE.

Jimmy fingers through bracelets, rings and necklaces, when a BLAST OF PEPPER SPRAY blinds him!

JIMMY
AHHH!

MRS. CACCHIOTTI
YOU SON-OF-A-BITCH!

JIMMY
CUT IT OUT!

The old biddy saturates him with spray!

MRS. CACCHIOTTI
GET OUT! GET OUTTA MY HOUSE!

Jimmy gropes his way to the door.

MRS. CACCHIOTTI (cont'd)
(into phone)
JOSEPH! GET OVER HERE QUICK!
SOMEONE'S IN MY BED-A-ROOM!

INT. REGENCY APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Blinded, Jimmy fumbles and trips over furniture.

He knocks over a row of Italian family pictures.

The hag scurries from the bedroom.

Through his haze, Jimmy sees her nightgown fly open!

MRS. CACCHIOTTI
IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT, SONNY?

JIMMY
OH GOD, NO!

She grabs the lamp and beats him!

MRS. CACCHIOTTI
GET OUT, YOU FILTHY PIG!

JIMMY
CUT IT OUT! STOP IT!

He feels his way to the open window.

Mrs. Cacchiotti SMASHES the Virgin Mary over his head!

Jimmy falls out the window, covered in holy plaster dust.

INT. REGENCY APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

The old crone sips a glass of red wine.

Her son, JOSEPH "JOE CASH" CACCHIOTTI, EXPLODES through the door! He's a well-dressed gangster with perfect hair.

JOE CASH
MAMA! OH, MAMA, I THOUGHT YOU WAS
HURT!

Bodyguards follow: two burly, look-alike HENCHMEN. The massive twins wear overcoats and mullet haircuts.

Henchman One wears glasses and carries a book.

Henchman Two has a blank expression.

MRS. CACCHIOTTI
Don't worry about nothing.

JOE CASH

Mama, I was tearin' my hair out!
Look, I gotta have Freddy down at
the salon re-do it. What'd the guy
take?

MRS. CACCHIOTTI

He went for the jewelry, Joseph,
but I sprayed him with that stuff
you gave me.

JOE CASH

You sure he didn't get nothing?

MRS. CACCHIOTTI

He didn't get nothing. But, jewels
wasn't all he was after.

JOE CASH

What do you mean, Ma?

MRS. CACCHIOTTI

He had other things on his mind.
Filthy things.

JOE CASH

Mama, no.

MRS. CACCHIOTTI

He saw me, Joseph.

JOE CASH

Don't, Ma.

MRS. CACCHIOTTI

He saw it all.

JOE CASH

OH, GOD!
(into mirror)
Does this azzhole know who I am?

HENCHMAN TWO

Does anybody know who they are?

HENCHMAN ONE

Shut up!

Henchman One slaps his stupid brother.

Joe Cash re-arranges his perfect hair in the mirror.

INT. REGENCY APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Cacchiotti helps the Henchmen pick up jewelry from the floor while her son admires himself in a mirror.

JOE CASH

I wonder if they got Grecian
Formula for Italians? Ma, look,
when the cops come we pretend the
guy took all the jewelry, okay?

MRS. CACCHIOTTI

Lie, Joseph?

JOE CASH

No, Ma, God forbid, we just gonna
like make-a-believe. Capiche? They
don't wanna come here for nothing,
you know what I'm sayin', Ma? After
we get the insurance, I'll bring it
all back. It'll give 'em something
to do, okay?

MRS. CACCHIOTTI

What ever you say, son. Do you boys
want some macaroni?

Henchman Two drools.

JOE CASH

Ma, who can eat at a time like
this?

Joe Cash returns to his best friend - the mirror.

EXT. FLYNN'S PUB - DAY

Jimmy stands near the entrance, gnawing on a turkey leg,
throwing pieces to a group of scruffy cats. His face is still
red and bloated from the pepper spray.

The Blind Man squats nearby with his metal cup.

Peggy dashes out of the bar!

PEGGY

Jimmy, what happened now?

JIMMY

Oh, nothing. I got some chemical on
my face. Hey, I've got an idea!

PEGGY
Oh, God. Jimmy, no more ideas.

JIMMY
Wait, this is a good one.

PEGGY
NO! Jimmy, I've got to tell you something before somebody else does.

JIMMY
Okay, shoot.

PEGGY
I've got a date tonight.

JIMMY
Great! Where we going?

PEGGY
I can't sit home for the rest of my life.

JIMMY
Yeah, me neither. It's Chinaman night at the Torchlight.

PEGGY
Jimmy! Stop it! I've got a date with Aaron Goldstein.

JIMMY
Oh, Jesus.

PEGGY
It's just a date. That's all.
Listen to me. Jimmy, I love you.
You know that. But, I need someone who's honest.

JIMMY
Honest? Aaron Goldstein is a LAWYER for Christ Sakes!

PEGGY
Jimmy, I want the same dreams you do, but we have to do it right.
Until then, you have to do it alone.

Peggy leaves, abandoning Jimmy, alone, but for the alleycats, and, oh, yes, the Blind Man, his head cocked - all ears.

INT. GANGSTER BAR - DAY

Jimmy enters with his red, bloated face.

The Baboon smokes a cigar while playing pool with Tweezer.

BABOON
Long night, kid?

TWEEZER
He looks shitfaced, don't he, Boss?

BABOON
I believe the word is inebriated,
Anthony.

TWEEZER
Sorry.

The Baboon quickly reaches in his breastpocket, leaves his
hand hidden for a scary moment, then produces a wad bills.

BABOON
Where's the brooch?

JIMMY
There's a little problem...

TWEEZER
The Boss don't like no, ah, any
problems.

JIMMY
That old crow sprayed me with mace!
She's crazy, man! I couldn't get
the brooch, Baboon!

TWEEZER
ALBERT!

JIMMY
Sorry, Tweezer.

BABOON
ANTHONY! Listen to me, kiddo. Get
the hell out of here before I have
Dr. Tweezer here give you an
examination with the pool cue.

JIMMY
But...

BABOON

SCREW!

Jimmy backs off, humiliated, and exits.

TWEEZER

What are we going to do now, Boss?

BABOON

What do I keep tellin' youse? I mean, you. Don't ever tell the left hand what the, ah, forget it!

TWEEZER

I thought it was the right hand you ain't supposed to tell.

BABOON

SHUT UP! The point is there was nothing in that old lady's apartment! I made all that up! I don't even know what a freakin' brooch is!

TWEEZER

Ha, ha, ha. Huh?

BABOON

I sent that punk Philpot up to Joe Cash's mother's house!

TWEEZER

Joe Cash? No, Boss! He's a made man! He worships his mother!

BABOON

Tough meatballs. That wise-ass kid had it comin'. Nobody fuh..., messes with the Baboon, I mean, me, Albert Martin. No pantywaist like Joe Cash, and especially no punk who thinks he can beat me at pool!

Tweezer's still confused - then a light bulb goes on!

TWEEZER

Wow, I figured it out! That's why you're the Boss, Boss! I love it when I get understandin' like that!

BABOON

It's called a revolution.

TWEEZER

A what?

BABOON

Go ahead and shoot, will you?

Tweezer sinks the eight ball and realizes he won the game!

TWEEZER

Oh, God, Boss, I didn't mean to do that! The stick slipped! I didn't even call the shot! I'll spot it, it didn't count. My mistake.

Tweezer spots the eight ball.

TWEEZER (cont'd)

Go ahead and shoot, Boss. You're the best. Everyday is like going to school with youse. Ah, you.

BABOON

Pay attention to the teacher. You might learn somethin' here, Dracula.

With authority, Baboon sinks the eight ball, leaving Tweezer with his mouth open, nodding his sharp, gold grin.

INT. JIMMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room's a mess: pizza boxes and dirty laundry. Two Hawaiian posters are loose and curled over.

Jimmy's sleeping.

Light KNOCK.

He doesn't stir.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

He opens one eye as manila envelopes, circulars and mailers are being slid under his door.

He gathers it all up and sits on the edge of his bed.

JIMMY

Pepto. Pepto Corporation. Pepto newsletter.

He throws the junk mail into his wastepaper basket.

JIMMY (cont'd)
Urgent from Pepto.

One envelope looks official.

He opens it.

INSERT: A check from the Pepto Corporation, issued to James L. Philpot, for one hundred seventeen thousand, six-hundred eighty-five dollars and thirty-two cents.

BACK ON SCENE

Jimmy rubs his swollen eyes.

JIMMY (cont'd)
Ohhhh, my God. Oh, man. They
screwed up! Ha! YEAH! THEY SCREWED
UP! ALRIGHT!

He leaps up and throws a punch!

JIMMY (cont'd)
YEAH, MAN, HAWAII HERE WE COME!

He strums his ukulele and shimmies a hula.

INT. BANK - DAY

A row of middle-aged FEMALE BANK TELLERS front the glassed office of the BANK MANAGER, a buttoned-down geek.

Jimmy's in line with CUSTOMERS, wearing his black funeral suit. He nervously taps the Pepto check, then trembles before his TELLER, porky with horn-rimmed glasses.

TELLER
Good afternoon. May I help you,
sir?

JIMMY
Yeah, ah, I'd like to cash my
check?

TELLER
Certainly. Thank you.

Her eyes widen at the amount.

TELLER (cont'd)
Sir, ah, I, ah, I have to have this
authorized. Excuse me.

Jimmy winces as she waddles into the Manager's office.

Behind the glass, the Bank Manager uses reading glasses to inspect the check. He whips them off, glares out at Jimmy, then grabs the telephone as the Teller duck-walks back.

TELLER (cont'd)
I'm sorry for the delay, sir.

JIMMY
No problem. That's a beautiful brooch you're wearing today.

TELLER
This? Oh, it's just a trinket from a former suitor.

JIMMY
Former? Now, there's an unlucky guy.

TELLER
Oh, thank you.

The Manager POUNDS on the glass.

TELLER (cont'd)
Please excuse me again.

The Manager shouts at the Teller, and throws his hands up. He storms out from behind the glass and confronts Jimmy.

BANK MANAGER
Mr. Philpot, I must apologize.
We're having computer problems.
Allow me to take care of this personally. How would you like your check cashed, sir?

Jimmy smiles.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

DETECTIVE VAN NOSTRAND, fifty, a veteran cop with a reddish rake-over, sneezes as he shows mug shots Mrs. Cash.

Joe Cash, trims his nails, sandwiched by the twin Henchmen.

One reads "Quantum Theory."

Two has an upside-down comic book.

Detective Van Nostrand displays a picture of Jimmy Philpot to the crone. She's excited and points.

Joe Cash gestures "slit the throat" to his Henchmen.

Number One slams his book shut.

The numbskull brother grins and pants like a rabid dog.

INT. FLYNN'S PUB - DAY

A small, brown MEXICAN COOK slices vegetables.

Jimmy, still wearing his black suit, barges in the back door!

JIMMY
Peggy here?

COOK
Jimmy! Da boss ain't gonna like
dis. Peggy!

Jimmy filches some food, then hands him a twenty dollar bill.

COOK (cont'd)
You hit da numbers, man?

JIMMY
Better.

Peggy's flushed.

PEGGY
Who died?

JIMMY
The old Jimmy! Honey, I'm taking
off for awhile. I'm going to send
for you as soon as things are set!

PEGGY
Jimmy, please, not again!

JIMMY
I just have to know one thing. Will
you wait for me?

Peggy's reluctant, then closes her eyes and hugs him.

PEGGY
That stupid date I went on made me
realize something. I have to wait
for you. I love you, Jimmy.

JIMMY
I love you, too, baby.

The Cook watches them kiss, is lost in the bliss and almost
cuts his finger off!

Mighty Mike's angry red face fills the food exchange window.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

A BALD EXECUTIVE, wearing an eyepatch, snoozes beside Jimmy
in first class. His expensive Rolex glistens.

Jimmy attempts to remove it, but the bald man stirs.

Jimmy plays cat and mouse until the man shifts position,
revealing his opened briefcase, and a shiny gold credit card.

EXT. HAWAII, HONOLULU AIRPORT - DAY

A coppery Filipino CAB DRIVER in a blue porkpie hat and red
plumeria aloha shirt, licks shave ice.

Jimmy's exhausted. He shields his eyes from the bright sun
and carries the suitcase close to his chest.

CAB DRIVER
Aloha!

JIMMY
Hello-ha.

CAB DRIVER
Where you headed?

JIMMY
Where do they have the, ah, palm
trees and the, the ocean?

CAB DRIVER
First time in Hawaii, brah?

Jimmy looks down at his own chest.

JIMMY
Oh, you mean bro?

CAB DRIVER

Brah is bro, man. We talk pidgin out here.

JIMMY

No kidding. Hell, one time I was broke and I had to eat one of them damn things.

The Cab Driver opens door for Jimmy and looks up at the sky.

CAB DRIVER

Hawaii gonna eat this fool up.

EXT. HAWAII, ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL - DAY

Butterfly hibiscus bordering lokelani roses decorate the foyer of the "Pink Palace".

A towering Polynesian DOORMAN, wearing a white tux with a pink sash, opens the cab door.

Jimmy emerges, pale and disheveled.

He trips on the curb, then won't allow the Doorman to carry his suitcase.

The tall Polynesian rolls his eyes at the Cab Driver.

INT. HAWAII, ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, LOBBY - DAY

Jimmy lugs his precious suitcase across giant oriental carpets, past knots of TOURISTS in colorful Hawaiian garb.

He checks out the displayed Chinese vases and jade, noting if he's being watched.

Beyond the open threshold is an ivory sand beach, palm trees and blue ocean.

Jimmy's mesmerized and lowers his suitcase.

An ELDERLY TOURIST picks it up the by mistake.

Jimmy wrestles the suitcase away, causing unwanted attention.

Once he secures the bag, he pretends to act normal.

EXT. HAWAII, ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, BEACH - DAY

Jimmy tramps by bronzed SUNBATHERS. He carries his black city shoes, white socks - and the suitcase.

At the water's edge, he gingerly dips his toe.

A sun-baked METAL-DETECTOR MAN with headphones gets an OBNOXIOUS BEEP at Jimmy's feet.

Jimmy snatches his suitcase up.

It's a false alarm. The detector has honed in on a target in the sand. As the Man digs, Jimmy spots a diamond ring.

Behind the Man's back, he pockets it.

Jimmy strolls off, WHISTLING, with the green hump of Diamondhead behind him, jutting into the twinkling Pacific.

EXT. FLYNN'S PUB - DAY

Joe Cash picks lint from his cashmere coat.

Henchmen One questions the Blind Man.

Henchman Two threatens to punch him, but the sightless rodent doesn't flinch.

From behind his dark glasses, the Blind Man points inside.

INT. FLYNN'S PUB - DAY

Joe Cash strolls in, followed by the muscular Henchmen.

CUSTOMERS stop breathing.

Even Mighty Mike pales.

Joe Cash checks his hair in the mirror.

JOE CASH
Mighty Mike, long time no see.

MIGHTY MIKE FLYNN
Good afternoon, Mr. Cacchiotti.

JOE CASH
Cash.

MIGHTY MIKE FLYNN
Yes, sir. Mr. Cash.

JOE CASH
SET 'EM UP! GIVE EVERYONE WHATEVER
THEY WANT!

A common SIGH of relief.

Peggy pours beer from the taps.

MIGHTY MIKE FLYNN
So, ah, Mr. Cash, how's your mom?

Joe Cash's head whips around quick as a bird.

The Henchmen's muscles swell.

JOE CASH
What about her?

MIGHTY MIKE FLYNN
I was just, ah, wondering how she's
doing. Such a nice lady.

JOE CASH
Yeah, and what's your point?

MIGHTY MIKE FLYNN
I know that you and your mom are
very close and I was just trying
to...

JOE CASH
Shut up, Mike, you're starting to
irritate me. Don't never mention my
mother's name in a barroom.

MIGHTY MIKE FLYNN
Sorry.

JOE CASH
So, Mike, for old times sake, why
don't you tell my boys here about
the time you hung Frankie Peppers
naked out the thirteenth floor of
the Belvedere Hotel? Was he
excited, or what?

Henchman Two snickers.

He accidentally spits on Joe Cash's cashmere coat.

Joe Cash steams.

Mighty Mike scrambles for a clean rag.

Two gingerly wipes the spittle off.

Frightened Customers pull their drinks in closer.

INT. FLYNN'S PUB, BOOTH - DAY

The Baboon has his back to the bar.

Tweezer watches the mobsters from behind dark glasses.

BABOON

Now what's he doin'?

TWEEZER

They're still shootin' the shit,
Boss, I mean, engaging in, ah,
conversational intercourse.

BABOON

What the hell is Joe Cash doin'
here?

TWEEZER

Take it easy, Boss. He's talkin' to
Peggy.

BABOON

I knew it! He ain't in here for
nothing!

The red Baboon looks as if he's about to unload a huge dump.

INT. FLYNN'S PUB - DAY

Joe Cash shows Peggy a mug shot of Jimmy.

Henchman Two has a stupid, lovesick grin.

JOE CASH

So, you never seen him, huh?

PEGGY

No. I'd remember a handsome guy
like that.

JOE CASH
Handsome? This guy? He looks like a
little mama's boy to me.

HENCHMAN TWO
Yeah, a little crybaby pantywaist.

JOE CASH
Shut up!

The old hag, Mrs. Cacchiotti, appears in the doorway.

MRS. CACCHIOTTI
JOSEPH! I CAN'T WAIT IN THE CAR ALL
DAY!

JOE CASH
MA, I THOUGHT YOU WAS USIN' THE
REST ROOM AT THE HAIRDRESSER!

MRS. CACCHIOTTI
IT WAS ONLY GAS! LET'S GO!

JOE CASH
Nobody knows what I go through.

Joe Cash shuffles out.

The cowering Henchmen follow.

Customers stifle their laughter.

Mighty Mike chews his nails.

INT. FLYNN'S PUB, BOOTH - DAY

Behind a "GQ" magazine, the Baboon's eyes are wide: he's
having an actual epiphany.

BABOON
That lyin' son-of-a-bitch-of-a
dirty weasel Philpot. When I get my
hands on him, I'm gonna...

The Baboon's face is blood-red.

TWEEZER
What's-a-matta, Boss?

BABOON

That freakin' kid musta lifted the old broad's jewelry and fenced it, that's what! The dirty little punk, he screwed us!

TWEEZER

I thought we was the ones who played the trick on him, Boss.

BABOON

The trick's on us, you stupid bastard! That old broad's worth big bucks! What the hell would Joe Cash himself be doin' in this dump if nothin' happened?

Baboon smacks Tweezer over the head with his "GQ" magazine.

INT. BANK - DAY

A well-dressed Federal law officer questions the geek Bank Manager and his chubby Teller. AGENT SPECK is a diminutive man, thirty-five, with a shaved head and pinky ring. He has a habit of rising on his feet to appear taller.

The Manager and Teller nod "yes" when shown Jimmy's mug shot.

The Manager slumps to his desk, holding his head.

The Teller clearly has eyes for Agent Speck. When she juts out her chest and produces an amorous look, the small man turns on his heels and exits in disgust.

INT. HAWAII, ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, FRONT DESK - DAY

The DESK CLERK, a nervous fellow about thirty, fidgets with Jimmy's stolen gold credit card.

Jimmy pops a Pepto.

DESK CLERK

Mister, ah, Bla, Blatowski, without a reservation...

The Clerk ogles the hundred dollar bill that Jimmy has slid across the counter, then pockets it.

DESK CLERK (cont'd)

Sir, your view of Diamondhead will be magnificent.

DESK CLERK(cont'd)
If there's anything I can do for
you, anything Mr. Blatowski, don't
hesitate. Do you need help with
your bag?

JIMMY
Nope, all set. There is one thing
you could do for me.

DESK CLERK
Ask and you shall receive.

Jimmy looks both ways and beckons the Clerk in close.

JIMMY
Where can I get some of that stuff
that makes you tan real fast?

DESK CLERK
Man Tan?

JIMMY
Yeah. Man Tan.

DESK CLERK
Actually, I use it myself. You can
pick some up at the gift shop.
Remember, don't use too much! Enjoy
your stay with us, Mr. Blatowski.
Aloha.

JIMMY
Hello-ha to you, too.

Jimmy swaggers off, bold in this new world.

INT. HAWAII, ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, ROOM - DAY

The blinds are drawn. Jimmy opens his suitcase packed with
cash. He adds the diamond ring, then slides it under the bed.

He cases the television and follows the wires, fiddling with
one that SPARKS! He gives up.

Jimmy picks up the Yellow Pages and absentmindedly applies
the Man Tan as he searches for a listing.

JIMMY
(into phone; still
applying Man Tan)
Yeah, ah, I'd like to set up an
appointment to look at some
property. Yes.

JIMMY(cont'd)

Maybe something on the ocean, some palm trees, nice breezes, you know. Oh, and it's got to be near a school. Ah, no, not yet, but we will be. By the way, could you give me a range of the prices?

He drops the Man Tan on the floor.

JIMMY (cont'd)

(into phone)

Are you serious? My God, I didn't realize. And, there's nothing less expensive? Gee whiz. Who can afford that? Well, ah, I'll have to get back to you. Yes. Thank you. Hello-ha.

He opens the blinds: Waikiki Beach, the blue ocean, surfers, outriggers and multi-colored catamarans.

Diamondhead lurks in the distance, like a crouching lion ready to spring.

JIMMY (O.S.) (cont'd)

Paradise. Whatever it takes, Jimmy. Back to the drawing, ah, department.

He looks in the mirror.

His face has already turned a blotched, orangey mess.

EXT. HAWAII, WAIKIKI BEACH - DAY

Three immense, brown female UKULELE PLAYERS in florid muumuus strum and SING HAWAIIAN MUSIC.

The audience is a clump of overweight, white TOURISTS with cameras, sandals and white socks.

LOCAL MEN, of Asian and Polynesian descent, play chess on stationary concrete boards.

A gigantic WILD POLYNESIAN MAN, mid-thirties, tattoos on his face and long black hair, studies a chess board.

Brown CHILDREN play in baggy trunks, happy in the sun.

Beside the tiny beachside Police Station, an OLD POLYNESIAN WOMAN is huddled under a blanket. She sits among four arranged boulders. A sign identifies them as "Kahuna Stones".

Jimmy eats ice cream. He's the color of an apricot.

JIMMY
Hey, how's it goin'?

No response from the Old Woman.

JIMMY (cont'd)
Hello-ha.

Nothing.

Jimmy rests his foot on the Kahuna Stone and drips ice cream.

The Old Polynesian Woman is panic-stricken!

The Wild Polynesian Man comes running!

WILD POLYNESIAN MAN
HEY, BRAH, WHAT'S YOUR DEAL, MAN?

Jimmy's still using the Kahuna Stone as a footrest.

JIMMY
Yo, brah, bro. Hello-ha.

WILD POLYNESIAN MAN
YOU SOME PUPULE HAOLE?

JIMMY
Huh?

More ice cream drips on the Stone.

The Old Polynesian cowers.

WILD POLYNESIAN MAN
MOVE! YOU STUPID PUA'A!

An island policeman, OFFICER NAHUA, approaches from the station, dark and Hawaiian handsome at twenty-five.

OFFICER NAHUA
HEY! YOU! GET OFF THOSE SACRED
STONES!

Jimmy jumps like there's red ants in his pants!

OFFICER NAHUA (cont'd)
These Wizard Stones were brought
here over the oceans by our
ancestors. They are holy to us
Hawaiians.

WILD POLYNESIAN MAN
He got ice cream ALL over it!

As Jimmy attempts to wipe it, Nahua sees his tattoo: "Peggy".

JIMMY
Sorry about that.

OLD POLYNESIAN WOMAN
Pele is watchin' you now, haole boy.

JIMMY
Who's Pele?

WILD POLYNESIAN MAN
You stay in Hawaii, you find out who Pele is.

The three Hawaiians are disgusted with the orange tourist.

As Diamondhead looms in the distance, Jimmy nervously looks about, then pops a Pepto.

INT. JIMMY'S ROOM - DAY

The poster of Diamondhead is still on the flophouse wall behind Detective Van Nostrand's head. He holds handkerchief, ready to sneeze, as he questions Nigel.

DETECTIVE VAN NOSTRAND
So, you're just watching the place for the guy, right?

NIGEL
Yeah, mon, keepin' a lid on tings, you know what I'm sayin'?

Van Nostrand sneezes.

DETECTIVE VAN NOSTRAND
Yes, I know what you're saying. I wish you'd stop saying, "do you know what I'm saying." Do you know what I'm saying?

NIGEL
I know what you're sayin'.

DETECTIVE VAN NOSTRAND
What's all this Hawaiian shit on the walls? This yours?

NIGEL
Ah, yeah.

DETECTIVE VAN NOSTRAND
I thought you said you're from
Jamaica?

NIGEL
Hawaii, Jamaica, it's all de same,
mon. One love.

Van Nostrand stares hard at Nigel.

DETECTIVE VAN NOSTRAND
I think the ganga is goin' to your
brain, buddy. Well, its been
wonderful. The place smells great.
If you see Philpot, tell him we
need to sit down and chat. You know
what I'm sayin'?

Van Nostrand gawks at a Hawaiian bikini poster before
checking out the heavy-duty interior locks.

NIGEL
Better to be safe than sorry. You
know what I'm sayin'?

Van Nostrand is disgusted as he wipes his nose.

INT. PEGGY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Peggy's in bed reading James Michener's "Hawaii".

She picks up a photo of Jimmy on her bedstand and kisses it,
then lays the book on her chest and closes her eyes.

EXT. HAWAII, INTERNATIONAL MARKETPLACE - DAY

A moving swarm of JAPANESE TOURISTS shops. Orange Jimmy is
pressed in their center like a sardine. They pass tee-shirt
VENDORS, MILITARY PERSONNEL and LOCALS.

Jimmy breaks free and looks for postcards at a bamboo kiosk.

An ELDERLY CHINESE WOMAN has her arms folded.

CHINESE WOMAN
You want?

JIMMY
This looks like my girl back home.

Jimmy shows her the card and the Chinese Woman scowls.

CHINESE WOMAN
You got girl look like that? Four dollar.

JIMMY
Four bucks? For a postcard?

CHINESE WOMAN
This Hawaii. Four dollar.

JIMMY
Are you nuts?

CHINESE WOMAN
Three dollar.

JIMMY
You're still two-fifty off!

CHINESE WOMAN
Okay. Two-fifty.

JIMMY
Forget it!

The Chinese Woman waves him off. He replaces the card. When she helps another CUSTOMER, Jimmy pockets it.

EXT. HAWAII, INTERNATIONAL MARKETPLACE - DAY - LATER

Jimmy wanders to a jewelry kiosk.

A KOREAN SALESGIRL haggles with a giant Japanese businessman, silver-haired, forty-five, wearing an expensive suit.

His huge hand is missing the "little" finger - the sign of the YAKUZA, or Japanese Mafia.

KOREAN SALESGIRL
Two-hundred twenty-five.

YAKUZA
No.

KOREAN SALESGIRL
Two-hundred fifteen.

The Japanese Giant shakes his head "no".

While they bicker, Jimmy slips a fistful of gold chains into his pocket and strolls away.

The Yakuza sees this, but remains silent.

A woman is lurking nearby. CLEOPATRA is about thirty with jet black hair and heavy blue eye make-up.

The Yakuza cocks his head at Cleopatra and she follows Jimmy.

INT. HAWAII, ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, LOBBY - DAY

Cleopatra tails Jimmy into the hotel.

He nods to GUESTS, startled by his orange face.

Jimmy stops to read a sign at a banquet room announcing the marriage of Duke Kamahama and Leilani Akala.

He continues on past the front desk, walking briskly, with Cleopatra trailing behind.

DESK CLERK
Hello, Mr. Blatowski.

Jimmy makes the Hawaiian "hang-loose" sign.

JIMMY
Hello-ha.

The Clerk is shocked at the tangerine skin.

INT. HAWAII, ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, ROOM - DAY

Open curtains reveal the gorgeous beach and blue ocean.

Jimmy deposits the gold chains in his suitcase, leaving it open on the bed, the cash exposed.

He opens a phone book and places a call.

JIMMY
(into phone)
Hello-ha. Is Duke around? No, the one that's getting married to Leilani. Oh, your cousin? Okay, I got it, thanks.

He places a second call.

JIMMY (cont'd)
(into phone)
Hello-ha. Is Duke there? This is
his cousin Jimmy calling from, ah,
California. Yeah. I'm, ah, flying
in for the wedding and just wanted
to make sure everything was all
set. Yes. Jimmy, ah...

He looks down at a hotel menu with a Hawaiian chef.

JIMMY (cont'd)
(into phone)
Cook. Cousin Jimmy Cook. Yes. Make
sure my name's on the list. Great.
I'll be there. Hello-ha to you,
too. Bye, bye.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

Jimmy's forgotten the open suitcase.

CLEOPATRA
Did you call for a massage?

JIMMY
Me?

Cleopatra scopes the room out, honing in on the suitcase.

CLEOPATRA
Yes, we had a call.

JIMMY
It wasn't me. I'm innocent, ha, ha,
ha!

CLEOPATRA
I must have the wrong room.

JIMMY
Yeah, you've got me confused with
someone else. I wasn't even there!

CLEOPATRA
Sorry I bothered you.

JIMMY
Hey, no problemo. I'll see you.
Take it easy. Goodbye-ha.

Jimmy realizes he's left the suitcase open! He scrambles to
hide it under the bed!

INT. FLYNN'S PUB - DAY

Blue collar PATRONS are NOISY as they eat and drink beer.

Puny Agent Speck enters wearing an expensive suit, a lapel carnation and shoes as shiny as his polished skull.

Mighty Mike doesn't notice his new arrival.

AGENT SPECK
Excuse me.

Big Mike doesn't look down.

AGENT SPECK (cont'd)
EXCUSE ME.

Agent Speck rises on his toes and flashes his badge.

AGENT SPECK (cont'd)
SPECIAL AGENT ROBERT SPECK! STEP
OUTSIDE, MISTER! GOVERNMENT
BUSINESS!

MIGHTY MIKE FLYNN
Okay, alright. No problem.

Mighty Mike panics as the little squirt pulls him outside.

The bar regulars are puzzled.

EXT. FLYNN'S PUB - DAY

The Blind Man squats, motionless behind his dark sunglasses.

Mighty Mike Flynn towers over Agent Speck who holds Jimmy's mug shot. Again, Speck rises on his toes to gain height.

MIGHTY MIKE FLYNN
Sir, believe me, I knew he was a
bum, but I didn't think he was
smart enough to..., oh, there she
is.

Peggy parks her car and exits with a bag of groceries.

MIGHTY MIKE FLYNN (cont'd)
The half-pint little bastard...

Agent Speck takes it personal.

MIGHTY MIKE FLYNN (cont'd)
 Sorry. The son-of-a-bitch has been
 chasin' my daughter since high
 school. PEGGY!

PEGGY
 Yes?

MIGHTY MIKE FLYNN
 This is Agent Speck, honey. He's
 looking for Jimmy.

AGENT SPECK
 (shows credentials)
 Do you have any idea where Mr.
 Philpot is?

Peggy cannot look Speck in the eyes.

MIGHTY MIKE FLYNN
 Baby, don't try and protect the
 scumbag. He's a thief.

AGENT SPECK
 A large sum of corporate money is
 missing, Miss Flynn. Withholding
 information is a federal offense.

PEGGY
 I have no idea where he is. He
 comes and goes.

Peggy's lower lips quivers.

MIGHTY MIKE FLYNN
 Yeah, she's right. He's just a
 small-time punk. Big dreamer. In
 and out. Nobody knows his business.
 He's a bullshitter, you know,
 always talkin' about paradise. Hey,
 who knows, the little mooch
 could've ended up in Hawaii.

The Blind Man cocks his head, drinking it all in.

INT. HAWAII, ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, BANQUET ROOM - DAY

HAWAIIAN MUSIC plays. Local WEDDING GUESTS dance.

A name tag, "Cousin Jimmy Cook," waits on a flowered table.

Jimmy swaggers into the reception.

A massive Hawaiian female GREETER pins the tag on Jimmy's lapel, then escorts him to a table.

An obese Samoan Family is already seated: a FAT FATHER, his BULKY WIFE, and two PLUMP KIDS - all silent Buddhas.

JIMMY
Hello-ha! So, ah, what's up?

The Family members are still as statues.

JIMMY (cont'd)
You been here long?

Nothing.

JIMMY (cont'd)
Just got in from the coast myself,
by the skin of my...

The fat Father scowls.

JIMMY (cont'd)
Ever been to California? No, right?
Just as well, the place is full of
freaks. So, ah, hey, I bet the food
here is great! I'm starving! How
about you?

The Family is frozen, their dull brown eyes locked on Jimmy.

INT. HAWAII, ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

The party's in full swing! A HAWAIIAN BAND plays FAST MUSIC!

Dancing Wedding Guests part for the Bride and Groom.

DUKE KAMAHAMA is an island god, tall and handsome.

His new wife, LEILANI, is a Polynesian beauty.

A local man in an ill-fitting suit approaches Jimmy. LOLO is small and wiry with darting eyes.

LOLO
Hey, brah, I'm Lolo, Duke's best
man.

JIMMY
Cousin Jimmy. Just in from the
coast. Beautiful couple, huh?

LOLO

Oh, yeah, so much in love. So, how long you stayin', Cousin Jimmy?

JIMMY

Oh, a couple days. You know, catch up on old times.

LOLO

Funny, Duke never mentioned no cousin in Cali.

JIMMY

Well, you know Duke.

LOLO

Yeah. Okay, man, I'll be seein' you around.

JIMMY

Sure thing. Hello-ha, bro, brah.

To make things worse, Jimmy screws up the island handshake.

Lolo's so suspicious he sneers.

INT. HAWAII, ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, COAT ROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy frantically searches through coat pockets. He has a fur and a pocketbook in his arm.

The door opens.

He melts between the garments.

Jimmy emerges when all is quiet and continues to pilfer.

INT. HAWAII, ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, ROOM - NIGHT

The fur coat is splayed on the bed along with Jimmy's suitcase, packed with Pepto money.

He places cash, jewelry and credit cards into compartments.

Accidentally, Peggy's photograph falls onto the carpet.

Jimmy stares at the picture, then places it face down, ashamed to look at it.

EXT. FLYNN'S PUB - NIGHT

A "C" note dangles in front of the Blind Man's sunglasses.

It's held by Henchman One's baseball mitt hand. In his other hand is the Blind Man's neck.

Number Two twin brother is reading a "Superman" comic book.

BLIND MAN
I'm thinking.

HENCHMAN ONE
It would be to your distinct
advantage to accelerate the
process.

H-One squeezes his neck.

HENCHMAN ONE (cont'd)
Does that clear the cerebellum?

BLIND MAN
He's in Hawaii.

H-One drops the "C" note in the cup and slaps his brother.

HENCHMAN ONE
Let's go.

HENCHMAN TWO
Now? Superman's gonna rescue Lois.

HENCHMAN ONE
When you can actually read the
words along with the pictures it
will be more enjoyable. COME ON!

H-One yanks his stubborn brother away.

INT. JIMMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Agent Speck is dapper in his conservative suit. He opens the unlocked door. The room has been abandoned and stripped, but for the Hawaiian posters on the wall.

Speck takes notes on a pad.

Nigel is at the door, smiling under his wild dreadlocks.

NIGEL
You movin' in, mon?

AGENT SPECK
No, no, just making some
observations.

NIGEL
I thought you was measurin' for
blinds. Sometimes de lights at
night are too much, you know what
I'm sayin'? Dey bring out de cock-a-
roaches.

If Speck had hair, it would stand on end.

AGENT SPECK
Cockroaches?

NIGEL
Take it easy, mon. Dey hidin' now.

Speck composes himself.

AGENT SPECK
Did you know the former tenant,
James Philpot?

NIGEL
No. No, sir. Never heard of dat
man. By de way, you best pick up
some Lysol on your way out. De
industrial kind.

Speck checks his clothing for bugs and begins to itch.

INT. FLYNN'S PUB - NIGHT

The twin Henchmen drink beer. They watch professional
wrestling on television.

Peggy tends the bar. Mighty Mike's at the register.

Tweezer reluctantly approaches the Henchmen. He's being egged
on by the Baboon in a booth.

TWEEZER
Give the boys a drink, Peggy.

HENCHMAN ONE
Thank you, sir. We certainly
appreciate it.

H-Two stares at the television with his mouth open.

TWEEZER

Yo, ah, long time no see, but well worth the wait. How you boys been?

HENCHMAN ONE

Very good. Yes, indeed, things are going quite splendidly.

TWEEZER

Good, good. Youse are good boys.

Tweezer looks to Baboon for direction.

TWEEZER (cont'd)

So, ah, I saw your boss in here a while back. Mr. Cacchiotti. He's a nice man. He don't usually hang in this joint.

Mighty Mike eavesdrops, pretending to clean.

HENCHMAN TWO

We was in here lookin' for that punkass that went to Hawaii.

Mighty Mike drops a glass!

H-One jabs his fool brother in the ribs.

Peggy cocks her head.

TWEEZER

Hawaii? Who's in Hawaii?

HENCHMAN ONE

No one!

HENCHMAN TWO

We're goin'! We're gonna fly on a plane! But, our Boss ain't. He's got to take care of that old...

H-One jabs again.

HENCHMAN ONE

Don't mind my sibling's arrested development. Yes, we'll be taking a brief sojourn to that enchanting archipelago.

HENCHMAN ONE(cont'd)
But, ah, don't tell anyone, ah,
it's a rather clandestine
situation, if you catch my drift.

Tweezer looks about for any eavesdroppers.

TWEEZER
Yeah, I get it. I didn't hear
nothing. Okay, youse guys have a
nice day. Oakee doakee. Be careful,
there's a bug goin' around.

H-Two searches the air for flies.

HENCHMAN ONE
Our respects to Mr. Martin.

The Baboon hides his face.

Tweezer turns to his Boss and gives the "thumb's up" sign.

Peggy removes her apron and races out.

Mighty Mike Flynn's dumfounded.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Peggy looks about, covering her mouth over the receiver.

PEGGY
(into phone)
Nigel? It's Peggy. Ever been to
Hawaii? I know. I know, Nigel.
Nobody knows what I see in him!
Look, he's in trouble and he needs
us. I'm taking United tomorrow at
noon. Either you're on it or you're
not!

Peggy hangs up and storms out - a woman on a mission!

INT. HAWAII, ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

The reception ROCKS WITH LOUD MUSIC. The Guests are dancing,
and Jimmy gyrates inside the throng of sweaty Hawaiians.

The Obese Polynesian Family stares at him, as does

Lolo, the distrustful best man.

When the music stops, Jimmy takes a break.

LOLO
So, Cousin Jimmy, you surf?

JIMMY
Surf? Are you crazy? I've been
hangin' ten since back when
everyone was doin' five. Or six.

LOLO
I bet them California waves ain't
like our Hale'iwa, huh?

JIMMY
Nope. No way. Them California waves
aren't like them, ah, them waves
you just said.

LOLO
So, what kind of board you use,
Cousin Jimmy?

JIMMY
Oh, it's, ah, like flat and its got
one of them things on it, you know.
Yeah.

Lolo's dumfounded by this fool.

JIMMY (cont'd)
It's shiny, like plastic, I mean,
fiberglass.

The MUSIC ROCKS again.

JIMMY (cont'd)
NICE TALKIN' TO YOU!

Jimmy wheels around and bumps into the Fat Polynesian Father!

At that instant, Lolo lifts Jimmy's wallet.

As Jimmy continues his gyrations,

As Lolo checks the wallet, the Groom confronts his best man.

DUKE
Who is this guy?

LOLO
I don't know, but I'm going to fix
his ass. Watch this.

Lolo walks up on stage, stops the music and takes the mic.

LOLO (cont'd)
(into microphone)
Ladies and Gentlemen, I'm sorry to
interrupt, but we have some
business to take care of.

GUEST ONE
Cut the cake?

GUEST TWO
Throw the bouquet?

LOLO
(into microphone)
No. No. It seems like we got a
rotten pineapple in the barrel.
There's a piece of haole crap here
that don't belong.

GASPS! All eyes are on Jimmy.

LOLO (cont'd)
(into microphone)
It looks a like man named Cook has
taken advantage of us again.

Lolo holds the wallet up for all to see.

LOLO (cont'd)
(into microphone)
It seems Mr. Cousin Jimmy Cook
ain't who he says he is. Right, Mr.
Blatowski?

Lolo hurls the wallet!

Jimmy bends to pick it up, and the Fat Polynesian father
kicks him in the ass!

CHEERS!

LOLO (cont'd)
(into microphone)
WHAT DO YOU SAY WE GIVE OUR
UNINVITED WHITE THIEF AN OLD-
FASHIONED LUAU?

GUESTS
COOK HIM! ROAST HIM! EAT HIM!

The Guests surge and beat on Jimmy!

Duke leaps on stage and grabs the microphone from Lolo.

DUKE
 (into microphone)
 HOLD IT! HOLD IT! LET HIM GO!
 Listen to me! This guy here really
 is my cousin. I invited him. Let
 him go!

Duke faces the Band and takes Lolo's arm.

DUKE (cont'd)
 Start the music. Lolo, I don't need
 this today. This is my wedding.

The MUSIC begins.

Jimmy skulks away, humiliated.

INT. HAWAII, ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, ROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy's dejected. He re-arranges the stolen wedding items in his suitcase when he finds the upside-down photograph of Peggy. He stares at it, then at his face in a mirror.

Jimmy makes a clown face, but it's not funny.

Another clown face. Not funny.

The face in the mirror is serious. For the first time in his life, Jimmy Philpot sees himself as he really is.

He begins to separate everything he's swiped at the wedding.

Then, he pockets a fat wad of Pepto cash.

INT. HAWAII, ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, COAT ROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy's replacing stolen jewelry, wallets and credits cards into coat pockets. He works fast, sweating.

He stops for a NOISE.

All's clear.

He takes the wad of Pepto cash and fills empty pockets.

EXT. HAWAII, ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, MAI TAI BAR - NIGHT

Under angled palms, with the sounds of a lapping shore, the quiet bar overlooks placid, moonlit Waikiki Beach.

Jimmy looks as if he's been through a war.

The waitress, with her back turned, chats with the bartender, KUHIO, a tough-looking local about thirty-five. When Jimmy sits at a table, she approaches.

It's Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA
Aloha. What can I get for you?

Jimmy doesn't recognize her.

JIMMY
Ah, I'll get a virgin Mai Tai with
no umbrellas.

CLEOPATRA
Okay. You want anything from the
buffet?

That perks him up.

JIMMY
Buffet? What do you have?

CLEOPATRA
All kinds of pupus: lomi lomi,
mahimahi...

He catches himself.

JIMMY
No, no thanks. I'll, ah, I'll skip
the buffet.

CLEOPATRA
Whatever you decide, sir. Mahalo.

She retreats with her drink order for Kuhio. They whisper to each other and Cleopatra crushes

BLUE PILLS into the Mai Tai.

CLEOPATRA (cont'd)
Here you go. One virgin Mai Tai, no
umbrellas.

JIMMY
Thanks.

CLEOPATRA
You're welcome.

Jimmy takes a long drink.

JIMMY
Aren't you the massage lady that
knocked on my door?

CLEOPATRA
No, you've got me confused with
someone else.

Jimmy takes another deep sip.

JIMMY
I wish my Peggy could shee thish.

The more Jimmy sips, the goofier his face gets.

INT. HAWAII, WAIKIKI BEACH, POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Officer Nahua pulls Jimmy's mug shot from the fax machine.

A heavy-set Polynesian woman, OFFICER TONGA, joins him. She's
stoic - never smiles.

OFFICER NAHUA
I've seen this guy before.

OFFICER TONGA
Looks like a creep. He's got a
tattoo. "Peggy".

OFFICER NAHUA
That's the jerk that was dripping
ice cream on the Wizard Stones!

Officer Tonga's infuriated.

INT. HAWAII, ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, BASEMENT - NIGHT

The service elevator opens.

Kuhio drags a limp Jimmy inside.

INT. HAWAII, ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, ROOM - NIGHT

Kuhio flops Jimmy on the bed.

The evil bartender rifles drawers, then finds the suitcase
under the bed. He's astonished at the huge amount of cash!

Kuhio removes the money and stuffs it in a bag.

He replaces the empty compartments with hotel magazines, ashtrays, a towel and the Gideon Bible.

Jimmy's open mouth produces a drool.

INT. BABOON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

In front of a full length mirror, Tweezer adjusts the collar on his boss's aloha shirt.

Baboon slaps his hand and Tweezer backs off.

The little gorilla checks himself out, preening, sucking his stomach in. He tinkers with the white socks under his sandals, revealing the excessively hairy legs.

Tweezer mimics his boss: monkey see, monkey do.

In the mirror's reflection, the Baboon catches the copycat and flails Tweezer with a beach bag.

INT. HAWAII, ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, ROOM - DAY

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Jimmy's fully clothed, wrapped in sheets, soaked in sweat, licking his dry, cotton mouth.

MAID (O.C.)

Hey, Mister? ALOHA! Check out time
was at noon!

Jimmy pops awake, confused. He reaches for a Pepto.

KNOCKING.

MAID (O.C.) (cont'd)

MAID SERVICE! You want to get
charged for another day?

JIMMY

HOLD ON! I'M COMING!

He scrambles, gathering his stuff.

The suitcase under the bed is the last thing he grabs.

INT. HAWAII, ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, LOBBY - DAY

Jimmy hobbles from the elevator, wearing sunglasses, carrying his suitcase. He limps by the front desk, incognito amongst TOURISTS and HOTEL WORKERS.

The Desk Clerk is busy with two large guests: Joe Cash's twin Henchmen have already arrived.

HENCHMAN ONE

I assume we'll have panoramic ocean vistas.

DESK CLERK

Most definitely, sir. We have the fabulous Pineapple Suite ready for you. Wonderful views of Diamondhead and Waikiki Beach. Just glorious! Are twin beds acceptable?

HENCHMAN TWO

What do we look like, a couple of little daddy's boys?

DESK CLERK

Oh, no, sir! Most definitely not! You gentlemen are very masculine. Very, very masculine!

H-One nods in affirmation, but his brother is confused.

EXT. HAWAII, HONOLULU AIRPORT - DAY

Agent Speck, exquisitely dressed in a business suit, deplanes with fellow PASSENGERS. He's welcomed by two sparkling POLYNESIAN GREETERS with flower leis. One attempts a traditional "aloha" kiss, but Speck recoils and scurries.

It seems as if all the passengers have departed.

Then, Detective Van Nostrand appears, anonymous behind dark glasses. He stifles a sneeze that never happens.

A Greeter drapes a lei over his head and attempts a kiss on the cheek, but Van Nostrand plants one right on the lips.

EXT. HAWAII, WAIKIKI BEACH, POLICE STATION - DAY

Jimmy trudges by the station with his suitcase. Officers Nahua and Tonga are chatting in the doorway, but don't notice the dejected tourist.

As he passes the Wizard Stones, the Old Polynesian Woman eyes Jimmy suspiciously.

JIMMY
Hello-ha.

The Old Woman glares at him.

EXT. HAWAII, WAIKIKI BEACH - DAY

The dormant volcano Diamondhead looms in the background.

Jimmy's alone at a chess table, slouched, staring at the ground. He takes out a roll of Pepto and chews one.

The long-haired, Wild Polynesian spots him.

WILD POLYNESIAN MAN
You back for more, haole boy?

JIMMY
No, no more. I had enough. Believe me. Look, I'm sorry about the kahuna stones. I didn't realize.

WILD POLYNESIAN MAN
It's in Pele's hands now.

JIMMY
Who is this Pele?

WILD POLYNESIAN MAN
She's the Volcano Goddess, man. Goddess of Fire! Don't piss her off!

JIMMY
Boy, I've got a lot to learn. I dreamed of coming to Hawaii my whole life. I even wanted my girl to come here and start a family, but, I guess this isn't paradise after all.

WILD POLYNESIAN MAN
Look, man, this is Waikiki. This is
a tourist town. This ain't real
Hawaii. If you want Hawaii, man,
you got to drop all that haole crap
and open your eyes.

JIMMY
What haole crap?

WILD POLYNESIAN MAN
All dat white man bullshit. You got
to learn what aloha spirit means.

Jimmy's brow is furrowed.

The Old Woman's eyes are on him.

JIMMY
Aloha. I thought it was hello-ha.

INT. HAWAII, WAIKIKI BEACH, FAST FOOD JOINT - DAY

A small FILIPINO GIRL with huge brown eyes takes orders from
an impatient line of TOURISTS and LOCALS.

Jimmy waits, He rubs his temples and licks his dry mouth.

FILIPINO GIRL
May I help you?

JIMMY
Aloha.

FILIPINO GIRL
Aloha.

JIMMY
I'll have a large cola with ice,
please.

FILIPINO GIRL
Okay. That will be one dollar and
thirty cents, please.

Jimmy checks his pants.

Empty.

He checks his wallet.

Empty.

JIMMY
Sorry. Wait a second.

People in line are annoyed.

Jimmy opens the suitcase slightly, so others can't see. He feels around and pulls out the Gideon Bible.

People are now angry.

He pulls out a magazine, an ashtray, then opens it.

JIMMY (cont'd)
HOLY SHIT!

FILIPINO GIRL
Sir?

Jimmy's frenetic, checking compartments!

JIMMY
WHERE THE HELL IS IT?

He turns it upside-down, shaking it, hyperventilating!

JIMMY (cont'd)
NO!

FILIPINO GIRL
SIR, COULD YOU STEP ASIDE?

Jimmy grabs his chest. His knees buckle.

JIMMY
I THINK I'M HAVING A HEART ATTACK!

He slumps on the floor, beet-red, and the customers back off.

INT. HAWAII, WAIKIKI BEACH, FAST FOOD JOINT - DAY - LATER

Jimmy's sprawled on the tile floor. His eyes are rolled up and he froths at the mouth.

Customers have moved away.

Tourists peer in the window.

Two giant, brown Polynesian PARAMEDICS enter carrying equipment. They stoop to examine him.

PARAMEDIC ONE
What happened?

JIMMY
Oh, no. Why me? God, please. Pele?
Why me?

PARAMEDIC ONE
It's your chest?

JIMMY
Oh, God! Pele! Help me!

The Paramedics rise to assess the situation.

PARAMEDIC ONE
This guy's got cardialgia.

JIMMY
I KNEW IT! I'M GOING TO DIE!

PARAMEDIC TWO
Say it again?

PARAMEDIC ONE
The guy's got heartburn, man.
Heartburn.

Jimmy's shocked into reality, but he doesn't see...

Cleopatra, peeking in the window.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

A graphic screen in second class indicates the jet's location: halfway between Los Angeles and Honolulu.

Nigel exits a lavatory, colorfully dressed, dreadlocks, and walks down the aisle smiling and nodding to PASSENGERS.

He freezes: Baboon and Tweezer are playing cards.

Peggy reads "Hawaii" beside Nigel's empty seat.

NIGEL
You wouldn't believe who's on this flight.

PEGGY
Who?

NIGEL
Baboon and Tweezer.

PEGGY

Oh, God.

NIGEL

They didn't see me.

PEGGY

Are you sure? What are we going to do?

Across the aisle, a FLOOZY sips a drink. She looks older than her forty-five years, and the cheap jewelry accenting her gaudy tight outfit doesn't help.

A man sleeps beside the Floozy. He rolls his head, and the face is revealed. It's the bald Executive with the eyepatch, Blatowski, the victim of Jimmy's nimble fingers.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY - LATER

The graphic screen now shows the plane close to Hawaii.

A conservative black businessman emerges from the lavatory. He wears an expensive suit and has a totally shaved head. It is Nigel transformed.

Exiting another rest room, a sleazy slut appears: heavy make-up, mini-skirt and heels. It's Peggy.

She strolls down the aisle chewing gum. The Baboon looks up, smiles and winks.

BABOON

Hey, baby. How you doin'?

PEGGY

I'm doin' just fine. How you doin'?

BABOON

Just peachy, baby. Look, Tweeze, ah, Anthony, whatever, we're headed for paradise, but paradise comes to us.

TWEEZER

And how, Boss.

PEGGY

Don't you know it, big boy.

Peggy moves on, leaving the Baboon very satisfied with himself, and Tweezer, grinning with his sharp, gold teeth.

INT. HAWAII, WAIKIKI BEACH, PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Jimmy's rabid, sweating, dropping coins!

JIMMY
(into phone)
Duke!

DUKE (V.O.)
Yeah?

JIMMY
(into phone)
Duke, this is Jimmy! Cousin Jimmy?

DUKE (V.O.)
Hey, man, what happened to you?
Leilani and I wanted to thank you
for all the generous gifts.

JIMMY
(into phone)
Duke, listen to me...

DUKE (V.O.)
Yeah, man, and all that other stuff
you handed out. My guests really
appreciated it.

JIMMY
(into phone)
Listen, I...

DUKE (V.O.)
Sorry about that thing with Lolo.
Man, he loved the envelope you...

JIMMY
(into phone)
DUKE, LISTEN TO ME! I got robbed,
man! They ripped me off at the
hotel!

DUKE (V.O.)
How'd that happen?

JIMMY
(into phone)
I think they drugged me at the Mai
Tai Bar.

DUKE (V.O.)
Kuhio.

JIMMY
(into phone)
You know those people?

DUKE (V.O.)
Are you crazy? My people and
Kuhio's are the Hatfields and
McCoys of Hawaii!

Jimmy's jaw drops and he wipes the sweat from his brow.

INT. HAWAII, ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, FRONT DESK - DAY

Agent Speck, in a conservative suit, has caught the attention
of the Desk Clerk, who bats his eyelashes.

DESK CLERK
Alo-ha.

Speck displays his credentials along with Jimmy's mug shot.

AGENT SPECK
Agent Speck. Have you seen this
gentleman?

DESK CLERK
I sure have. Mr. Blatowski skipped
out without settling.

AGENT SPECK
Mr. Who?

DESK CLERK
Blatowski.

Agent Speck and the Desk Clerk exchange amorous looks until
Speck snaps out of it.

AGENT SPECK
When was the last time you saw him?

DESK CLERK
Let me see. He attended the
Kamahama wedding. He got real palsy
with the guests, then, all of a
sudden, he splits! Just like a
banana!

Agent Speck is enraptured by the Desk Clerk.

SERIES OF SHOTS

1) EXT. KOKO HEAD - DAY. Duke is at the wheel of an older car, Jimmy rides shotgun, Lolo is in the back seat. They drive past the ancient volcano and emerald green water. A geyser shoots from the Halona Blow Hole.

2) EXT. KANEOME BAY - DAY. Duke's car passes the sheer, green cliffs, past Heeia Fishpond, an eighty-acre fish pen with a five thousand foot wall.

3) EXT. VILLAGE - DAY. Chickens scatter as the old car prowls through a tiny settlement. KIDS chase the vehicle, passing under shady banyan and ironwood trees.

4) EXT. WINDWARD COAST - DAY. Duke's car travels by empty beaches of coral sand, coconut palms and rolling surf: pristine, natural, tourist-free Hawaii.

BACK ON SCENE

INT. HAWAII, DUKE'S CAR - DAY

Duke drives and listens to Lolo at the same time.

Jimmy stares out the window, agog at the overwhelming beauty.

LOLO

Brah, how you figga dis shahkbait
get cockaroached?

SUPER: "Brother, why do you think this tourist was robbed?"

DUKE

Mebbe he give stink eyes, mebbe he
mak ass.

SUPER: "Maybe he gave a look of disrespect, or made a fool of himself."

LOLO

Bummahs. Dis haole poi dog gimme
cheeken skeen kine.

SUPER: "This white mutt gives me goose bumps."

DUKE

Fo'what?

SUPER: Why?

LOLO
I got no beef wit Kuhio. We don
need no hold ass.

SUPER: "I don't want to fight Kuhio. We don't need any scary
moments."

DUKE
Cool head main ting.

SUPER: "Relax."

LOLO
So, Cousin Jimmy, how much money
you, I mean they, steal?

Jimmy is still engrossed by the beautiful vistas.

JIMMY
Huh?

DUKE
It don't matter, Lolo. We showin'
dis kaikua'ana some aloha love,
man.

LOLO
Ass right?

DUKE
Ass right. Look, brah, we got to
hit da beach.

LOLO
Wikiwiki, man. I need some grinds
and I got to piss.

SUPER: "Hurry up. I need some food and I must urinate."

EXT. HAWAII, BANZAI PIPELINE - DAY

Huge waves with long breaks roll in endlessly.

SURFERS perform on the giant thirty-five foot seas.

Bikini-clad WAHINES sit in groups on the beige sand.

Brown LIFEGUARDS scan the water.

KOKO, a muscular brown surfer, sits in a circle with Duke,
Lolo and Jimmy. Koko cooks and shares food.

KOKO
You guys gonna like these meat sticks.

DUKE
Yeah, brah.

LOLO
Shaka!

JIMMY
What's that, Koko?

Jimmy inspects a substance that looks like paste.

KOKO
Poi, man. Try some. Use your fingers.

Jimmy swirls some poi, eats some, then makes a horrible face.

DUKE
Ha, ha!

JIMMY
Man, it tastes like cardboard!

DUKE
It's good for you, brah!

JIMMY
Hey, that burning in my chest just went away.

DUKE
What'd I tell you, man? So, Koko, my man, which road we take up to Kuhio's place?

KOKO
Kuhio? Oh, man, I never been up in dere. It's way in, brah, off Pupukea Road. Choppers can't even get up dere, man: too misty.

LOLO
How far?

KOKO
Too far, brah. Don't even bother.

A Lifeguard's WHISTLE BLOWS!

A YOUNG SURFER's in trouble!

Lifeguards race to the water's edge and pull the boy out!

His board washes onshore, a semi-circle missing from the tip.

DUKE

Cousin Jimmy, out here you ain't
careful, man, you end up shahkbait.

Jimmy's busy downing as much poi as he can.

EXT. HAWAII, NORTH SHORE - DAY

Duke's car stops at a rutted, impassible off-road. Duke and
Lolo get out, then Jimmy with his mouth circled in poi paste.

LOLO

Oh, man, look at dis shit.

DUKE

Bummahs. We got to go over dat
mountain, man.

JIMMY

Well, let's go. I feel good!

DUKE

Hold on, brah. We just don't walk
in dere naked. Too dangerous. Get
killed, man.

JIMMY

You serious?

DUKE

Fo' real. Cousin Jimmy, dat's
pakalolo country, man.

JIMMY

Pakalolo?

LOLO

Weed, man.

DUKE

Marijuana, brah. High test. Best on
earth.

LOLO

Maui Wowiee.

Jimmy sees dollar signs!

JIMMY
We'll get some machetes, some
backpacks, I got a ...!

DUKE
HOLD IT! Jimmy, get real, man. De
animals in dis jungle got dere own
rules, bruddha. We ain't talkin'
about no ditchweed here.

Jimmy's been scared straight.

EXT. HAWAII, ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, MAI TAI BAR - NIGHT

A balmy evening. Hawaiian MUSICIANS strum guitars and
ukuleles, playing soothing HAWAIIAN MUSIC.

PATRONS relax.

A smiling FILIPINO BARTENDER prepares cocktails.

Agent Speck wears a loose aloha shirt, shorts and flip-flops.
He drinks a mai tai with the after-hours Desk Clerk.

AGENT SPECK
When's thish green flash gonna
happen?

DESK CLERK
You'll see it on the horizon just
as the sun sets. It's fabulous,
Bobby.

AGENT SPECK
Don't use my firsht name in public.
I am Agent Speck.

The Desk Clerk smiles and puckers.

DESK CLERK
Okay, Schpeckles.

Baboon and Tweezer, wear polyester leisure suits. Cleopatra
takes their order.

BABOON
I'll get a scotch and water, baby,
and go easy on the h-two-o.

TWEEZER
Same here, baby doll.

Tweezer grins his gold incisors, but Cleopatra is frigid.
They check her out her ass as she leaves.

TWEEZER (cont'd)
Not bad, huh?

BABOON
I wouldn't kick her out of bed. Or,
should I say, banish her from the
boudoir?

TWEEZER
Yeah, that's more better.

Peggy and Nigel enter in their disguises. He looks like an ad
from GQ; Peg is heavily made-up in a leather mini.

Cleopatra glares at Peggy, then serves Baboon and Tweezer.

BABOON
Thanks, sweetheart.

TWEEZER
Me and him are goin' surfin'
tomorrow. You want to join us,
sweetheart?

The icy waitress stares with dull eyes.

BABOON
Hey, forget ten, baby doll, this
guy here'll be hangin' about an
inch and a half if he's lucky! Ha,
ha, ha!

Cleopatra isn't impressed.

A barstool CRASHES! Agent Speck has fallen!

AGENT SPECK
I SAW IT! THE GREEN FLASH! IT WAS
BEAUTIFUL!

The Desk Clerk tries to help Speck up, but he resists.

Cleopatra senses a pickpocket opportunity.

BABOON
Hold on there, Miss Antartic.

Baboon flashes Jimmy Philpot's mug shot to the Snow Queen.

BABOON (cont'd)
You ever seen this guy?

CLEOPATRA
No.

BABOON
You sure?

CLEOPATRA
I wouldn't remember anyway. All you haoles look alike to me. Except you.

BABOON
Hey, what can I say? Maybe you seen me in GQ.

CLEOPATRA
No, I think it was National Geographic. The "Gorillas in the Mist" issue.

Baboon fumes.

Cleopatra locks onto Peggy's stare.

EXT. HAWAII, ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, MAI TAI BAR - NIGHT

LOUD MUSIC plays and torches now light the open-air bar, crowded with PARTYING TOURISTS.

Baboon and Tweezer are loaded. They dance a hula.

BABOON
(singing)
"I want to go back to my little
grass shack in Kealakekua, Hawaii,
I want to be with all the kanes and
wahines that I knew long ago, yeah,
yeah!"

Peggy's at the bar, pretending to chat with Nigel, but she's eavesdropping on a conversation between Speck and the Clerk.

Cleopatra clears a nearby table.

DESK CLERK

I knew there was something wrong with Blatowski as soon as he checked in. I even checked the hundred he slipped me to see if it was fake.

Detective Van Nostrand enters the bar, stifles a sneeze, looks both Cleopatra and Peggy up and down, then sits within earshot of Agent Speck.

AGENT SPECK

That dirty little bastard spendin' all that Pepto money makes me schick.

DETECTIVE VAN NOSTRAND

Excuse me, did you say Pepto?

AGENT SPECK

Yeah, the heartburn people.

Cleopatra's not the only one who is all ears.

AGENT SPECK (cont'd)

THE PEPTO PEOPLE ARE FURIOUS! THE SON-OF-A-BITCH SHTOLE OVER A HUNDRED GRAND!

PEGGY

Is there a reward for this guy?

AGENT SPECK

REWARD? THERE'S BIG GODDAMN HUGE REWARD! LET ME TELL YOU...!

DESK CLERK

BOBBY! STOP IT!

AGENT SPECK

WHAT DID I TELL YOU?

DESK CLERK

AGENT SPECK, WE'D BETTER GET YOU UPSTAIRS, WIKIWIKI!

The Desk Clerk wrestles Speck off his stool.

The Baboon approaches Peggy.

BABOON

Hello there, sweetie pie. Remember me?

PEGGY
How could I forget?

BABOON
You come here often, dollface?

PEGGY
I come as often as I can.

BABOON
Oh, I hear that, baby. I hear that.
So, you with this guy?

Nigel picks up his drink and moves.

NIGEL
She's all yours, buddy.

BABOON
My name is Albert, baby.

PEGGY
Albert Baby. That sounds right.

The Baboon fumes.

DETECTIVE VAN NOSTRAND
BABOON! What are you doing here?

BABOON
What are YOU doing here?

TWEEZER
Maybe he's on vacation, Boss.

BABOON
I got Sneezy Van Nostril over here,
I don't need you, Goofy.

Van Nostrand displays his badge to the struggling Speck.

DETECTIVE VAN NOSTRAND
Detective Van Nostrand. Bunko.

AGENT SPECK
Schpecial Agent Schpeck. Drunko.

The Henchmen hide behind a palm. Cleopatra slips away, and the massive twins are on her heels.

Peggy and Nigel break away and trail the brawny twins.

The chase is on!

INT. HAWAII, ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, TELEPHONE - NIGHT

Henchman One operates a listening device, masked by a potted palm. Both he and his brother wear headphones, but Number Two bops to music.

Cleopatra dials the adjacent public phone.

CLEOPATRA
(into phone)
Kuhio. Listen. All kinds pupule
assholes lookin' for dat haole fool
wit da suitcase. What? Koko already
tol' you?

Henchman One writes down the information. He rips the headphones off his fool twin and bops him over the head!

When the hulks depart, Peggy and Nigel shadow them.

EXT. HAWAII, ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, MAI TAI BAR - NIGHT

The MUSIC and partying continue.

Detective Van Nostrand and the Desk Clerk hold Agent Speck up, preventing his rubbery legs from folding.

Officers Nahua and hard-boiled Tonga enter with solemn faces.

OFFICER NAHUA
Detective! I'm glad I found you!
You'd better come with us!

DETECTIVE VAN NOSTRAND
I'm a little occupied right now,
Officer. Hello, Officer Tonga.
I've, ah, never seen you in the
evening light.

She's stone-faced.

OFFICER NAHUA
Detective, the Philpot case has
opened up a whole new can of worms!

AGENT SPECK
What'd he call me?

DETECTIVE VAN NOSTRAND
I'm sorry. Special Agent Speck,
this is the lovely Officer Tonga
and Officer Nahua.

AGENT SPECK
Nahua manure. Where's the boy's
room?

OFFICER NAHUA
Wow. You're undercover. I never
would have guessed. Clever
disguise.

The Desk Clerk places his arms akimbo.

DESK CLERK
Bobby, you'd better go with your
flatfoot friends. I'll see you
later!

AGENT SPECK
Okay, poopsie.

OFFICER NAHUA
Man, this guy is terrific. We could
learn a lot about undercover work
from you mainlanders.

Van Nostrand suppresses a series of sneezes.

The law officers help Agent Speck exit.

Baboon and Tweezer dog behind.

EXT. HAWAII, JUNGLE - DAY

Duke, Lolo and Jimmy hump backpacks. It's rough terrain; they
sweat in the humid mist.

The Hawaiians swing machetes.

Jimmy lingers, inspecting flora.

The Hawaiians glance back at the haole. They're pissed!

Jimmy tries to act macho, flailing his machete, but he's
spastic and almost cuts his leg off!

EXT. HAWAII, HOMESTEAD - DAY

The trekkers pass a small farm planted with taro and bananas.

All's quiet, except for birds SINGING.

Suddenly, a crazed, TUSKED BOAR bursts from the bush!

Jimmy panics!

The wild animal chases him!

Duke and Lolo HOWL!

EXT. HAWAII, CLIFFS - DAY

Jimmy's trussed with climbing rope. He trembles.

Duke and Lolo pull him up a green-velvet, mist-draped cliffside with distant views of the turquoise sea.

A fat frigatebird flies over and SPLATS on Jimmy's head.

LOLO

Hey, Jimmy! FRIGATE! Ha, ha, ha!

The Hawaiians GUFFAW as Jimmy wipes the green/white goo off.

EXT. HAWAII, JUNGLE - DAY

The trio hikes through a rich blend of trees, vines, bamboo and orchids amidst the SOUNDS OF RUSHING WATER.

Then, a ROAR!

The sun filters through the mist created by a cascading waterfall! Colorful rainbows are created in the LOUD FLOW!

The Hawaiians pause to drink.

Jimmy wanders behind the falls. There's a figure carved into the rock: a stick man with an arch connecting his shoulders.

JIMMY

HEY, YOU GUYS!

The Hawaiians are frightened.

JIMMY (cont'd)

WHAT'S THIS?

LOLO
NA KI'I POHAKU.

DUKE
A PETROGLYPH. ANCIENT ART OF OUR
ANCESTORS.

Jimmy reaches out to touch the stick man.

LOLO
NO! DON'T TOUCH IT!

DUKE
IT'S RAINBOWMAN, JIMMY. SOMETIMES
YOU SEE HIM IN THE CLOUDS.

Duke and Lolo slowly back off.

Jimmy's baffled.

EXT. HAWAII, KOKO HEAD - DAY

Under a rainbow arch, a police cruiser driven by Officer Nahua barrels past the ancient volcano and the Halona Blow Hole. Officer Tonga rides shotgun with Detective Van Nostrand and Agent Speck in the rear seat.

Speck leans out the car window and spews a plume of tangerine puke as a geyser shoots from the Hole!

A slow-moving jalopy arrives with speckles of tangerine on the windshield. Tweezer's driving, being clobbered by the Baboon like a rider beating his nag horse!

EXT. HAWAII, KOKO HEAD - DAY - LATER

A rugged black Jeep races by, driven by Cleopatra.

Behind the Jeep, a huge red Cadillac convertible speeds along. Henchman One is at the wheel. Number Two is riding in the back seat. He creates jumbo bubbles with a twisted coat hanger and a basin of dish detergent suds.

One fat bubble floats aimlessly, then bursts on the grill of a souped-up dune buggy. Peggy races the buggy without her disguise, scaring the hell out of her passenger Nigel!

EXT. HAWAII, JUNGLE - DAY

Duke leads Lolo and Jimmy along the rugged crest of a remote ridge. They drip with sweat, surrounded by mist.

Then, dazzling sunshine!

A vast, lush, emerald green valley lays before them!

Jimmy sniffs.

DUKE
Pakalolo.

Below, sunlight blankets the valley, illuminating acres of greenery, like the opening cornfield scene, but this is a marijuana plantation. Thousands of healthy, ten-foot pot plants shimmer in the heat.

A distant HUMAN COUGH.

WORKERS emerge from the rows of magnificent plants; muscled, tattooed, brown Maori warrior-types carrying hoes.

A Worker opens a viaduct to flood a field.

Total silence - just a breeze.

Jimmy BURPS! It ECHOES across the valley.

Workers drop their hoes! They pull machetes from their sheaths! Fire burns in their eyes as they hunt like wolves!

Jimmy shivers when he notices Duke and Lolo cowering.

EXT. HAWAII, PLANTATION - DAY

Ferocious carved wooden idols protect a cleared area of Polynesian hales (traditional houses): pili grass roofs with woven ti-leaf sidewalls.

A pit fire smoulders, there are wooden bowls of half-eaten poi, but no one is there, just mangy dogs.

The three move cautiously beyond the worker's hales, Jimmy now in the lead. He breaks out into an open tract, and the sun blinds him. Now able to focus, he's amazed!

Before Jimmy is a grand esplanade, highlighted by a reflecting pool the size of a football field!

A magnificent hale waits at the end of the pool, a South Seas Taj Mahal, ringed by palms, fit for a Hawaiian king!

The Polynesian palace is glorious under the blue, cloudless sky, idyllic, with only the CALLS OF EXOTIC BIRDS. Even the slight breeze fails to ruffle the flat, calm pool water.

SPLASH!

A shark fin ruptures the surface!

SPLASH!

Another fin!

SPLASH!

Another!

Duke and Lolo freak as the man-eaters circle!

DUKE
LAYDAHS, MAN!

The Hawaiians bolt, leaving Jimmy with his mouth open.

WHACK!

Jimmy slumps to the ground.

Kuhio is standing over him with a wooden war club decorated with rows of dull shark teeth.

The bartender/thug sports a maniacal grin.

EXT. HAWAII, NORTH SHORE - DAY

A gorgeous, golden sand beach with massive breaking waves.

The police car carrying Nahua, Tonga, Van Nostrand and Agent Speck pulls off the road.

Van Nostrand plugs his nostrils, and the pale Agent Speck looks for a place to die.

Officer Nahua unloads hiking gear.

Officer Tonga helps Speck with his backpack, but the puny Agent becomes top-heavy and falls backwards into the sand.

Agent Speck refuses assistance.

The four officers enter the jungle.

Tweezer and Baboon pull up in their jalopy. Typical tourists: cheap shirts, white legs, white socks and sandals.

The Baboon roughs Tweezer up, forcing him to march into the dense vegetation.

Cleopatra's Jeep speeds by, throwing a cloud of dust!

The Henchmen in the red Caddy tail the Jeep!

Peggy and Nigel bring up the rear, hurdling along in the souped-up buggy, Nigel still holding on for dear life!

EXT. HAWAII, NORTH SHORE - DAY

Opposite a crude sign reading "Pupukea Road," Cleopatra jams her Jeep to a halt. She then REVS it, exhaust gushing, and plunges into the wild!

The Henchmen wheel in.

Guided by the cloud of exhaust smoke, Number One floors it, but gets stuck. Dunc brother Two, lifts the entire rear-end off the ground and pushes it into the dense vegetation as the tires spin and fume.

Peggy races up in the dune buggy and enters the hole in the jungle, bouncing, with a scared Nigel squeezing the roll bar.

INT. HAWAII, PLANTATION, MANSION, LIVING ROOM - DAY

If there was a Hawaiian Elvis, this would be his pad: wide-screen televisions, pinball machines, a disco ball, pool table - beaucoup gaudy with plenty of naugahyde.

Kuhio and a giant Worker with a TATTOOED FACE drags Jimmy into the sunken living area!

A silver-haired man sits on a sofa, watching "Hawaii Five-0" on a wide-screen. He's being attended to by a GEISHA GIRL, in full costume and make-up.

The large man stands up at the commotion - it's the monstrous Japanese Yakuza that Jimmy first encountered at the International Marketplace!

YAKUZA

What do we have here?

KUHIO
It's dat stinkin' haole, Yakuza, da
one wit da suitcase full of cash.

YAKUZA
WHAT THE HELL IS HE DOING HERE?

JIMMY
Look, I know it's pushing the, ah,
whatever, but I came to get my
money back.

Laughter!

Kuhio slaps Jimmy for no reason.

KUHIO
SHUT UP!

YAKUZA
You compromise our operation by
bringing this fool here.

KUHIO
But, Yakuza...!

YAKUZA
Kuhio! I told you to cool it in
Waikiki! You must take care of this
clown immediately!

JIMMY
Look, guys, I'm thinking that maybe
we should ...

YAKUZA
GET HIM OUT OF HERE!

The Tattooed Face grabs Jimmy by the hair.

JIMMY
WAIT UNTIL DUKE AND LOLO GET THEIR
HANDS ON YOU GUYS!

YAKUZA
HOLD IT! WHAT DID HE SAY?

KUHIO
I got all the men on it, Yakuza. No
one gets out alive!

YAKUZA

Kuhio, you disappoint me. Bring the white boy over here.

The Yakuza towers over shivering Jimmy.

YAKUZA (cont'd)

You brought others with you, white boy?

JIMMY

No, ah, yes.

YAKUZA

I saw you steal, white boy. Do you know what they do in my culture when one steals?

JIMMY

Ah, no, actually I don't.

Yakuza displays his huge hand with the missing finger.

YAKUZA

GET THE KNIFE!

JIMMY

Look, ah, hey, I need my fingers. I'm thinking about learning how to play the piano.

Yakuza slaps Jimmy!

YAKUZA

SHUT UP!

The bowing Geisha Girl presents Yakuza with a carved, wooden case. He removes a glistening, sharp Samurai tanto blade.

JIMMY

C'mon. Cut it out, will you?

YAKUZA

GAG HIM!

The Tattooed Face holds Jimmy as Kuhio rips a piece of duct tape and covers his mouth.

Jimmy's eyes pop out when his hand is placed on a table and held down. He squirms, whimpers and sweats.

Yakuza raises the glinting knife.

The Geisha Girl averts her eyes.

YAKUZA (cont'd)
This will make a fine hors d'oeuvre
for my tiger sharks! Something to
nibble on before the main course!

Kuhio and Tattooed Face laugh!

YAKUZA (cont'd)
I would eat it myself, but I find
white meat so bland! Ha, ha!

More laughter!

YAKUZA (cont'd)
NOW YOU PAY, WHITE FOOL!

Yakuza grits his teeth and squeezes the tanto.

Jimmy's little pinky quivers under the steel blade.

Yakuza stops short. He hands the knife to Kuhio.

YAKUZA (cont'd)
Here, you do it. I, ah, thought I
heard the timer go off. I'm boiling
some eggs.

Kuhio looks like a kid at Christmas!

KUHIO
Oh, yes, Yakuza! Thank you!

TATTOOED FACE
Me do it for you, Yakuza.

YAKUZA
No, no, no. You sit tight, you big
lug. I'll be right back. You guys
have some fun!

Kuhio places the knife over Jimmy's shaky finger.

KUHIO
We'll just trim the tip off.

Beads of sweat drip from Jimmy's forehead.

With savage ferocity, Kuhio raises the blade, and ...

Cleopatra charges in!

CLEOPATRA
DON'T DO IT! THIS GUY IS WORTH MORE
ALIVE!

TATTOOED FACE
HUH?

YAKUZA
WHAT IS GOING ON?

CLEOPATRA
KUHIO DIDN'T TELL YOU? DERE'S A BIG
REWARD FOR DIS BUGGAH!

YAKUZA
KUHIO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME?

Kuhio cringes and lowers the knife.

Jimmy relaxes.

A GIANT RAT resembling a capybara skulks across the floor.

Jimmy's eyes pop out and he explodes from his seat, grabbing the tanto knife and ripping the duct tape off!

JIMMY
I HATE RATS!

With supernatural energy, Jimmy races toward the Yakuza like a billy-goat and head-butts him in the gut! The giant hits the deck and Jimmy poses, flexing his biceps!

JIMMY (cont'd)
AYEEE!

Kuhio, Cleopatra and the Geisha Girl run!

Only the Tattooed Face remains, grinning with missing teeth.

Jimmy circles the wild brute, who SNARLS like a bloodthirsty wildcat! Jimmy SNARLS, but it's more like a housecat.

The Tattooed Face sticks his tongue out: the hostile gesture of a Maori warrior! Jimmy sticks his tongue out, but wiggles it like Gene Simmons of Kiss.

The Face GROWLS like an enraged Lion! Jimmy GROWLS, but it is more like a peevish Pekingese.

The Tattooed Face SPITS!

Jimmy SPITS!

Saliva lands on the Tattooed Face's face. The barbarian touches it, inspects it, cringes, then runs!

Jimmy sees himself in a mirror and makes a war face.

JIMMY (cont'd)

GRRRRRR!

The Giant Rat re-appears, crawling on the unconscious Yakuza.

Jimmy's terrified! He runs from the room and leaps over the pool table, a pin ball machine and furniture!

EXT. HAWAII, JUNGLE - DAY

Baboon and Tweezer slog through mud, sweating. The tourist sandals make vulgar SUCKING SOUNDS.

Baboon stops and sniffs.

BABOON

Yo, gasbag. Did you fart again?

TWEEZER

Who, me? No, Boss, no.

BABOON

It smells like that Parmesan you ate last night.

TWEEZER

No, Boss, it's the mud. We ain't used to being around plants and shit.

BABOON

"Ain't used to being around plants and shit?" Why do I even try with you?

TWEEZER

I mean, we are not, ah, accustomed to the, ah, various aromas emanating from the, ah, external floras and faunas.

BABOON

You're startin' to make me sick.

Tweezer feels his neck.

TWEEZER

Boss, I think I lost my gold chain.

BABOON

Huh?

TWEEZER

My chain. It's gone. I think I gotta turn back, Boss. I feel naked without it.

BABOON

Don't make me think weird, Tweezer.

TWEEZER

That's Anthony, Boss.

BABOON

No it ain't! You're goin' back to Tweezer!

TWEEZER

Boss, please!

Dried sticks SNAP in the jungle.

Three angry Workers explode from the brush!

Baboon and Tweezer run as fast as their white legs will go!

EXT. HAWAII, PLANTATION - DAY

Duke and Lolo, gagged and trussed, dangle over a pit full of dry kindling. They twist and squirm as Workers stack wood, then douse it with gasoline.

There's a RUSTLING in the marijuana field.

Peggy and Nigel peek out from behind green pakalolo plants.

A Worker ignites the fire. Flames singe Duke and Lolo's feet. They wriggle and contort, frantic!

Like a quick, green snake, a hemp rope whips around Peggy's neck! Cleopatra holds the business end!

A machete appears at Nigel's throat, in Kuhio's grip!

The captives are marched out and the Workers CHEER!

KUHIO

TIE THEM UP AND COOK THEM!

CHEERING!

Then, chanting...

WORKERS
MORE MEAT TO EAT! MORE MEAT TO EAT!
MORE MEAT TO EAT! MORE MEAT TO EAT!

EXT. HAWAII, JUNGLE - DAY

Agent Speck squats, pants around his ankles, using leaves as toilet paper.

Detective Van Nostrand has a hanky at his nose. He attempts to suffocate his sneezes and his shoulders convulse.

Officers Nahua and Tonga wait impatiently for the white men.

Speck FARTS.

OFFICER TONGA
Oh, God.

He looks up sheepishly at his colleagues.

EXT. HAWAII, PLANTATION - DAY

Jungle drums POUND.

Peggy and Nigel, trussed and gagged with Duke and Lolo, twist over the burning fire.

A Worker inspects Nigel, pinching him, testing the dark meat.

A distant conk shell BLARES!

The drumming stops.

Workers stand at attention.

Kuhio and Cleopatra are drawn to the MOANING CONK. The Workers ignore their human luau and follow their superiors.

Duke manages to produce a small knife and cuts Peggy free. She then helps Duke, Nigel and Lolo.

The four escape into the thick stand of marijuana.

INT. HAWAII, PLANTATION, MANSION, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room is ransacked.

The Yakuza is sprawled out, being nursed by the Geisha Girl.

CRASH!

The twin Henchmen, shirtless and ripped, break into the room!

The Yakuza springs to life!

HENCHMAN ONE
WHERE'S PHILPOT?

YAKUZA
YOU GOT THE LONG NUMBER, WHITE
BOYS! NO FLILLPOT HERE!

HENCHMAN ONE
LISTEN UP, GODZILLA, WE'RE NOT
LEAVING UNTIL WE FIND PHILPOT AND
THE MONEY!

The Tattooed Face crawls out from under the pool table.

TATTOOED FACE
MAYBE YOU SAPHEADS DON'T UNDERSTAND
THE YAKUZA!

HENCHMAN TWO
HOW CAN WE? THE DUMMY DON'T EVEN
SPEAK GOOD ENGLISH! DID YOU HEAR
HIM? HE WENT "FLILLPOT!"

YAKUZA
I GIVE YOU SISSY BOYS ABOUT TEN
SECONDS BEFORE YOU LEAVE! TEN,
NINE, THREE....AYEEEEEE!

The Yakuza attacks!

TATTOOED FACE
AYEEEEEE!

The Tattooed face attacks!

They wrestle! It's like the WWF meets Jackie Chan: headbutts,
chops, clotheslines, drop kicks, suplexes...

Furniture's SHATTERED!

Televisions are SMASHED!

Berserk pinball machines DING!

Chokeholds! Flips! The match goes back and forth, the Henchmen on top, then Yakuza and the Tattooed Face!

Finally, the Henchmen team executes a double pile-driver in unison, planting both the Yakuza and Tattooed Face head-first into the shag carpet!

EXT. HAWAII, CLIFFS - DAY

Soaring sea cliffs drop to a turbulent sea.

In the distance, a volcano blows dark smoke.

Peggy, Nigel, Duke and Lolo run, looking over their shoulders. They come to the edge of the cliff.

In the rough water below, there's a feeding frenzy of shark fins: thousands swirl in a bloody chaos!

Workers appear from the bush, scores of them, armed, tattooed, toothless - looking for blood!

Kuhio and Cleopatra break from the pack.

Ominous DRUMS.

The four walking lunchmeats have no place to go.

KUHIO

You made a big mistake bringin' dese haoles here, Duke. I have my orders.

DUKE

You made a big mistake rippin' my Cousin Jimmy off.

KUHIO

He ain't your real cousin! You should stick with your own people! These haoles don't respect you. Our families go back many generations, Duke. Maybe it is time we made peace.

DUKE

Hand over the money and you can have all the peace you want.

CLEOPATRA
 CUT THE CRAP! YOU GOT ONE CHOICE
 HERE! GET EATEN BY THEM,
 (points to sharks)
 OR THEY GONNA EAT YOU FOR
 BREAKFAST!

Workers CHEER!

Peggy bares her teeth and lunges at Cleopatra!

Duke rushes Kuhio!

Nigel and Lolo fend off attacking Workers!

The distant VOLCANO ERUPTS, spewing a plume of black smoke
 and fire skyward!

The drums stop.

The fighting stops.

A CREATURE appears from the bush. It wears a curving Hawaiian
 ali'i headdress and a cape fashioned from marijuana buds. The
 face is smeared with a green paste.

Workers drop to their knees.

The Hawaiians are frightened, confusing the haoles.

KUHIO
 PELE? IS DAT YOU?

Kuhio and Cleopatra lower themselves to the ground.

CREATURE
 GRRRRR!

The Creature flails its arms and the Workers, Kuhio and
 Cleopatra run for their lives!

Lolo trembles, but not as much as Nigel.

Peggy backs off to the edge of the cliff.

Duke's jaw drops.

DUKE
 Jimmy?

JIMMY
 Fooled you, didn't I.

PEGGY

JIMMY!

Peggy and Jimmy rush to embrace!

The volcano EXPLODES, ejecting a red-hot plume!

Helicopters WHIRR, swooping in over the blue ocean.

The law rushes out of the bush: Officers Nahua and Tonga,
Detective Van Nostrand, sweating and exhausted.

Agent Speck stumbles out with his gun drawn.

AGENT SPECK

ALRIGHTY NOW! HANDS ON YOUR HEADS!
THAT INCLUDES YOU, TOO, GREENY!

OFFICER NAHUA

With all due respect, sir, I
believe...

AGENT SPECK

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT HAS PRIORITY
HERE, MISTER!

DETECTIVE VAN NOSTRAND

Sorry, Nahua, I think he's right.
Aloha, Philpot. Long time no see.

AGENT SPECK

This is Philpot?

DETECTIVE VAN NOSTRAND

I'd recognize him anywhere.

JIMMY

Detective. How are the allergies?

DETECTIVE VAN NOSTRAND

You know, Jimmy, I haven't had a
real sneeze since I got to Hawaii.

The choppers land.

AGENT SPECK

ALRIGHT PEOPLE, LISTEN UP! WE'RE
GOING TO TRANSPORT YOU BY AIR. YOU
WILL BE PROCESSED IN HONOLULU. EACH
ONE OF YOU...

Speck slips on the cliff-edge! He grabs onto a flimsy vine, an umbilical cord that prevents him from dropping three-thousand feet to the shark-infested maelstrom!

AGENT SPECK (cont'd)
HELP! HELP!

Jimmy grabs Speck's free hand!

The vine SNAPS!

AGENT SPECK (cont'd)
NO!

Jimmy holds little man's life in his hands.

AGENT SPECK (cont'd)
PLEASE! DON'T LET GO!

JIMMY
My hand's getting slippery.

AGENT SPECK
PULL ME UP! PLEASE! PLEASE!

DETECTIVE VAN NOSTRAND
Do the right thing, Jimmy.

Agent Speck's hand slips, but Jimmy clenches on with his free hand and pulls the whimpering shrimp up.

EXT. HAWAII, PLANTATION, MANSION - DAY

All's calm on the grand esplanade. The reflecting pool is still, the South Seas Taj Mahal sits peacefully, surrounded by motionless palms.

Total silence, but for occasional EXOTIC BIRD CALLS.

The Baboon and Tweezer emerge from behind the Worker's haies, fatigued, dripping with sweat.

TWEEZER
Whoa, Boss, look at this joint.

BABOON
Not bad. This guy must be into somethin' big, huh?

They check out at the thick stands of marijuana.

TWEEZER
I didn't know they grew corn in
Hawaii.

BABOON
Boy, are you stupid. Them is, I
mean, these here are pineapples,
you idiot!

TWEEZER
Oh. I'll say one thing, though,
Boss. This guy keeps one clean
pool.

Baboon removes his shirt, revealing a hairy torso.

BABOON
Hold my shirt. I'm going to take a
little dip.

TWEEZER
Good idea, Boss. Cool off and
relax.

Baboon leaps in and does a dog paddle.

A shark fin breaks the surface!

TWEEZER (cont'd)
I can't wait to tell the boys back
home about Hawaii.

Quietly, the Baboon is pulled under!

TWEEZER (cont'd)
Especially Big Mike. He ain't
gonna, I mean, he won't believe
this place.

Baboon surfaces, but is wrenched under before he can yell!

TWEEZER (cont'd)
Imagine, we're right in the middle
of a pineapple plantation...

The Baboon is ejected from the pool!

BABOON
AHHH!

The simian lands on the ground beside Tweezer.

A huge shark disappear under the pool's surface.

TWEEZER
HOLY MACKEREL, BOSS! HE SPIT YOU
OUT! I THOUGHT THEY ATE ANYTHING!

BABOON
SHUT UP, YOU MORON!

A distant ROAR OF A CROWD.

Frenzied Workers, with Kuhio and Cleopatra, bust out of the field, terror-stricken, leveling everything in their path!

BABOON (cont'd)
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?

TWEEZER
LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE COMIN' OUR WAY,
BOSS!

The Workers advance, screaming, crying...

TWEEZER (cont'd)
BOSS! WHAT SHOULD WE DO?

The apeman shakes. Workers, Cleopatra, Kuhio, rabid with fear, run past the small-time hoods!

The Yakuza, Geisha Girl and Tattooed face spill out the front door of the Taj Mahal and join the horde!

The Henchmen follow, running at top speed!

Then, the Giant Rat scampers out!

A squad of COMMANDOS race from the pot field: uniformed, smeared with combat grease-paint and armed!

Baboon and Tweezer are dumbfounded. They rest by the pool.

A shark HURTLES from the pool and grabs the Baboon's shorts!

TWEEZER (cont'd)
AHHHH!

BABOON
AHHHH!

Tweezer bites the shark with his pointed gold teeth!

The shark retreats, taking the shorts with him.

Baboon's naked! He covers himself and bolts!

INT. HAWAII, POLICE STATION, CELL BLOCK - DAY

In this sterile, cinder-block institution, Officer Nahua escorts Jimmy along a row of jail cells.

The first cell contains an angry Yakuza, Kuhio, Koko and the Tattooed Face, who bares his toothless grin.

TATTOOED FACE

GRRRRRR.

The next cell holds Baboon and Tweezer.

BABOON

You got us in a real mess now, punk.

TWEEZER

Hey, Boss, you was the one who set him...

BABOON

Shut up!

Duke, Lolo and Nigel are next. Nigel has his fingers crossed, Duke gives the "thumb's up," and Lolo high-fives Jimmy.

Cleopatra, slumped on a bench in the last cell, rises.

CLEOPATRA

PHILPOT, WHEN I GET OUT OF HERE I'M GONNA CUT YOUR BALLS OFF!

JIMMY

First my finger, now this. Remind me never to eat at her house.

INT. HAWAII, POLICE STATION, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Officer Tonga, Detective Van Nostrand and Agent Speck fill out paperwork at a wooden large table.

Peggy drums her fingers.

Officer Nahua escorts Jimmy in.

JIMMY

Hey, ah, look everybody, I didn't mean to...

AGENT SPECK

Before you say anything that might incriminate you, Mr. Philpot, Detective Van Nostrand has a statement to read. I'd read it myself, but I just can't bring myself to do it.

DETECTIVE VAN NOSTRAND

I never thought I'd see this day, but, here goes: "From the Attorney General of the State of Hawaii. On behalf of all concerned with this matter, we would like to express our sincere gratitude for giving us a solid case for the successful prosecution of the perpetrators known as "Kuhio and Cleopatra," the Bonny and Clyde of Waikiki, thus ending a five year crime spree. I thank you, and the State of Hawaii thanks you."

Jimmy relaxes.

DETECTIVE VAN NOSTRAND (cont'd)

"However, this apprehension pales in comparison to the arrest of Mr. Nogo and his associates, the largest marijuana growers in the South Pacific. Law enforcement officials have now recovered most of the funds embezzled from the Pepto Corporation. We also have the matter of a stolen credit card issued to a Mr. Blatowski. So, by order of the United States Attorney General's office, we have been instructed to deduct that entire sum from the reward money offered by the government of Japan.

Agent Speck rubs his temples.

DETECTIVE VAN NOSTRAND (cont'd)

Therefore, Mr. James Philpot, along with your freedom, I am happy to present you with a check for seven-hundred thousand, four hundred twelve dollars, and thirty-three cents."

PEGGY
Oh, my God!

Jimmy and Peggy hug.

DETECTIVE VAN NOSTRAND
You know, Jimmy, I've been chasing you for a long time. Mostly petty stuff; I never thought of you as a bad guy, just a little skewed. Do you think you've learned anything from all this?

JIMMY
I think from now on, I'm always going to tell the right hand what the left hand is doing.

Jimmy squeezes Peggy and plants Big Hollywood Kiss!

Speck is red with rage.

EXT. HAWAII, BEACH - DAY - A YEAR LATER

A glorious, sunny day beside the blue Pacific.

BEACHGOERS eat at tables under the shade of leaning palms as HAWAIIAN MUSIC drifts from two loudspeakers attached to a concession stand. A sign reads "Jimmy's Shack."

Mighty Mike Flynn, trim and tanned, cooks at the grill.

Nigel sweeps the patio, wearing headphones. His hair has grown back. He uses his broom to play "air" guitar.

Peggy rocks her BABY in a double swing. She's with Leilani, Duke's wife, feeding poi to her HAWAIIAN BABY.

Under a banyan tree, the Wild Polynesian plays chess with the Old Polynesian Woman.

Near "Jimmy's Shack" is a surfboard concession. The proprietors are the twin Henchmen, surrounded by WAHINES.

A powerful sports fishing boat cruises up to the beach. Duke and Lolo help three fisherman off: a sunburned Desk Clerk, Agent Speck and Detective Van Nostrand.

DESK CLERK
Bobby, I've got an awful sunburn.

AGENT SPECK

Let's go back to the condo, Jimmy
gave me some poi we can rub on it.
Noseman, do you want to join us?

DETECTIVE VAN NOSTRAND

No thanks, boys. I've got a little
wahine business to take care of.

Van Nostrand takes a deep breath, doesn't have to sneeze,
then struts up the beach to big, smiling Officer Tonga in a
colorful muumuu. She gives him a huge aloha hug.

EXT. HAWAII, BEACH - DAY - LATER

Baboon and Tweezer hunt with metal detectors.

KIDS follow the bare-chested, hairy Baboon.

A KID apes like a monkey.

BABOON

GO ON, YOU LITTLE BRATS! WHAT DO I
LOOK LIKE, A STUFFED ANIMAL?

Tweezer nods and the Kids laugh!

BABOON (cont'd)

Don't press your luck, Tweezer.

The two hoods amble over to the swing where Peggy and Leilani
rock their babies.

Jimmy and Duke enjoy a shave ice.

JIMMY

Find anything, Albert?

BABOON

How much we got?

TWEEZER

Thirty-seven, oops, I mean, thirty-
eight cents.

Leilani points to the sky.

PEGGY

What?

DUKE

Oh, yeah. You see it, brah?

JIMMY
No.

LEILANI
Right up there. Look.

There's a stick figure optical illusion of prismatic color.

JIMMY
Wow. It's Rainbowman! Well, I'll be
a, oh, nevermind.

PEGGY
Thank you. Wow, check that out.

The Baboon isn't impressed.

BABOON
Philpot, watch my stuff, okay? I
got to get to the airport.

Jimmy's busy looking at the sky.

JIMMY
Huh?

BABOON
I said watch my stuff. I got some
friends flyin' in.

Jimmy remains awed by the Rainbowman as the Old Polynesian
Woman and the Wild Polynesian stray from their chess game.

OLD POLYNESIAN WOMAN
I think Rainbowman forgives you for
impersonating Pele, Jimmy.

The Old Polynesian Woman produces a sexy wink for the Baboon.

He twitches, signals Tweezer, then waddles off flustered.

EXT. AIRPORT, RUNWAY - DAY

An "island-hopper" taxis to a halt.

TOURISTS deplane, welcomed by GREETERS with flower leis.

Joe Cash helps his mother off.

JOE CASH
Are you okay, Ma?

MRS. CACCHIOTTI
Very nice, Joseph. Remember,
there's a meatball sandwich in the
suitcase. You haven't eaten in
three hours.

JOE CASH
Okay, Ma.

There's a lull.

No more passengers?

One more.

The Blind Man totters off the plane. He's wearing an aloha
shirt, porkpie hat and sunglasses.

The rat feels his way along with the cane.

He bends down and kisses the ground.

Then, the Blind Man stands straight, removes his sunglasses
and tosses his cane aside. With eyes wide-open, he strides
toward the terminal like a man with somewhere to go.

FADE OUT.

