

ESCAPE FROM DARKNESS

An Original Screenplay

By

Edward Murphy

Based on a Story

By

James T. Aubrey and Edward Murphy

SECOND DRAFT
April 4, 1986

ENTERMARK CORPORATION
1511 N. Ogden Drive
Hollywood, CA 90046
(213) 851-8700

FADE IN

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

TIGHT ANGLE on a snarling Bengal tiger in a thunderstorm. VOICES ... people shouting ... "Watch out!" ... "Don't get too close!" ... "Careful!" MORE ANGLES on monkeys yelling, rhinoceroses grunting, birds of paradise screaming. A cobra flares and hisses. DOLLY BACK to reveal what all the commotion is about. The animals are in cages and are being loaded on an Emery Air Freight 747. A customs official pointing a rifle perched on the roof of a junker Citroen. Five customs officers safe and dry inside the car with the windows rolled up. Rain is falling in torrents. JACKIE RICHARDS, 25, and a dozen other young Americans holding umbrellas, getting drenched, supervising the complex operation under klieg lights. Jackie's blonde hair is braided in the back and she's wearing a baseball cap, drenched khaki T-shirt that says I LOVE GECKOS, khaki pants and laced army shoes. Lightning. Thunder. All in all there are 116 animals, including four elephants that walk into the belly of the giant airplane under their own steam. The last animal loaded is a sleek black panther. Jackie climbs up on a forklift and makes an announcement.

JACKIE

Okay, kids, give a listen.
 You've done a super job. The
 rest of us leave Thursday
 morning so we have all day
 tomorrow to pack and do
 whatever last minute things you
 want to do. Thanks for your
 hard work and dedication. I
 know the animals we're bringing
 back will make a terrific
 addition to the Bronx Zoo.

EXT. BAZAAR - DAY

MAIN TITLES superimpose over throngs of people all shapes and sizes buying everything from fresh fish to snake oil to Betamax video tape recorders under a scorching noonday sun. Jackie and ROSEMARY BAKER, 31, broad in the beam, wearing an orange moo-moo, going through the wares of an altitudinous Hindu

wearing a magnificent yellow turban. Jackie is wearing sunglasses, white dress shirt tucked inside her blue jeans, flat shoes and carries a large shoulder bag. The Hindu hands Jackie a brilliant red reclining female Buddha with a tray in front for burning incense. Jackie turns to Rosemary who is rooting through temple rubbings.

JACKIE

Rosemary, look! This would go perfect in Aunt Harriet's bathroom!

(to Hindu)

How much?

As Jackie and Hindu haggle and TITLES continue PAN over to a little BOY, 9, barefoot with big eyes, wearing rags, standing behind a tree, watching her. He looks like he hasn't eaten in a week.

POV

Jackie fishes in her shoulder bag, withdraws a fat wallet and counts out twenty dollars.

FULL

As Jackie puts her wallet back in her bag, the boy sneaks up behind her, and when he gets right behind her, he snatches her bag and takes off running.

JACKIE

HEY!

Jackie takes off running after him.

ANGLES

on the chase.

JACKIE

HELP! STOP HIM! HE'S GOT MY PURSE!

The boy scoots in and out of the crowd knocking over people, pineapples and personal computers ... and Jackie is hot on his heels but the boy knows the terrain and gradually puts distant between himself and his female pursuer. Then a foot juts out and trips him and he falls flat on his face. The foot belongs to ALEX, 37, tall, dark and handsome. Alex is wearing a stylish short sleeve white shirt, gold

neckchain, expensive sports watch, pleated gray Bermuda shorts with zippers and pouch pockets, and blue loafers with no socks. He grabs the boy by the scruff of the neck, and picks up Jackie's shoulder bag. DIRECTOR'S CREDIT superimposes as Jackie comes running over.

JACKIE
Oh God thank you!

ALEX
(hands her shoulder bag)
I would expect you would be needing this.

The boy is trying to squirm loose but Alex has a good grip on his shirt.

JACKIE
You bet! My airplane ticket and passport are in there not to mention all my money!
(to boy)
You are very bad little boy!
You should not steal! Very bad!

The boy blurts out something and starts to cry.

ALEX
He says he wanted money to buy food for his mother and sisters.

Alex whacks the kid a couple times, releases his grip and kicks him in the behind as he runs away. Jackie is going through her shoulder bag checking the contents. Rosemary arrives out of breath with Aunt Harriet's gift.

ROSEMARY
(panting)
You got it!

JACKIE
He got it!
(to Alex)
This is my friend, Rosemary.
My name is Jackie.

ALEX
My name is Alex. I am very

pleased to meet both of you.
 (to Jackie)
 When are you leaving?

JACKIE
 Tomorrow morning. We're going
 back to New York.

ALEX
 I have an idea. I would like
 to invite the two of you for a
 drink.

Jackie looks at Rosemary.

ROSEMARY
 I can't. I got too much
 shopping to do. But why don't
 you go.

JACKIE
 You don't mind, Rosemary?

We can tell Jackie likes this guy. He's very
 charming. Dressed well. And really handsome.

ROSEMARY
 No, of course not.
 (to Alex)
 Take care of my friend.
 (gives Jackie the gift)
 Here.

JACKIE
 Oh, thanks.

Rosemary kisses her on the cheek and walks off.
 Alex smiles at Jackie and they walk off too - the
 opposite way.

INT. DISCO - NIGHT

A kaleidoscope of moving lights in sync with the
 music which at the moment is MADONNA singing DRESS
 YOU UP. Jackie and Alex dancing on a packed
 floor.

ANGLES

on the two dancing, laughing, sweating, thoroughly

enjoying themselves amidst a crowd also having fun. She's a great dancer and so is he. She is wearing ethnic chandelier ear rings and matching beaded necklace with an off-the-shoulder white silk blouse, a gold belt, matching white silk pants, and gold high heel shoes. He too is dressed very 1986 - an off white linen suit over a V neck white T shirt, dress watch, no socks, white shoes. The music ends and the twosome crosses to their booth.

BOOTH

Jackie slides in first, then Alex slides in next to her. He sits closer than he was sitting because he has to move his drink so it is now in front of him.

ALEX

Are you having fun?

JACKIE

You bet! I come alive in these places!

ALEX

I have not had so much fun in a long time.

JACKIE

Come on. I bet you do this every night.

ALEX

No. This is my first time here too.

JACKIE

Really?

ALEX

What time does your flight arrive?

JACKIE

My flight? I think we get in Kennedy at about noon. Why?

ALEX

Nothing. I guess there will be a lucky man there to meet you.

JACKIE

No but you must have somebody

special. Are you married?

ALEX

No.

JACKIE

Why not?

ALEX

(grins)

I haven't found the right girl yet.

He holds up two fingers to the waitress, signaling two more drinks.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Alex seated on the bed with his jacket off writing on hotel stationary on the bedside table. A bottle of champagne is in a bucket of ice. Behind him the French doors are open and we can see the lights of the city.

ALEX

Three fifteen west seventy-ninth street, apartment twelve.

JACKIE (O.S.)

Right. New York 10056. Do you think you really might get to New York?

ALEX

For sure I go there all the time.

(pockets the paper)

Is it all right for me to write you at this address?

He refills their glasses from the bottle of champagne

JACKIE (O.S.)

(laughs)

Alex, believe me I'm not married and I don't live with a guy ... and I love letters.

(enters the room)

Hi.

He looks at her. She is wearing a salmon silk nightgown. What a body! She looks like she stepped straight out of the pages of Penthouse. Long legs, slender torso and big breasts.

FULL

Alex crosses to her and gives her her glass of champagne. Then he pulls off her glasses and releases her satin blonde hair.

ALEX

I think I am going to miss you.

JACKIE

You know, it's funny, but I feel that way too. I feel a certain ... I don't know, like good vibra -

He draws her close to him and kisses her passionately. First her lips and then he moves down her neck. She squeezes her eyes tight.

ALEX

I hope you believe me when I say this is one of the most perfect nights I have ever had in my life.

He kisses her again. She smiles demurely and sips her drink. He drinks too. They both put their glasses down. He kisses her and gently pulls her down on the bed. HOT SCORE swells over ...

TIGHT ANGLES

His glistening tongue exploring her ear. Her hand sliding along his linen trousers. His hand creeping over her nightgown toward a space between her parted long legs. Her eyes wide and green as she feels sharp pleasure. His handsome face buried in her large firm bare breasts. Her fingers frantically finding the zipper of his fly and tugging it down. His hands pulling down her tiny red panties. Her fingers unbuttoning his shirt. Him removing his tie. Her watching him. His hands sensuously pulling down his pants. Their mouths pressed open against each other. Her face showing the pleasure of sex. His hand switching off the light.

EXT. HOTEL - DAWN

A rooster crows as we PAN from sunrise over the city to the balcony of Jackie's hotel room and then CRANE through the French doors into the room where Jackie is sleeping soundly on the ruffled bed. It looks like they had quite a night. Empty champagne glasses, bottles, ashtrays filled with cigarettes ... We PAN over to Alex dressed doing something to Jackie's red acrylic tote bag next to her large suitcase on the wall luggage rack.

CLOSE

With a razor blade he meticulously slits open a seam which forms a small pocket in the bag's lining. He slides a small bulky white envelope into the pocket. Soft SOUND o.s. Alex quickly looks over at Jackie.

POV

She turns in her sleep but does not wake up. She looks really wiped out.

ALEX

reseals the slit with a squirt of Krazy Glue. He puts on his coat. Then he pens a short note.

CLOSE

He writes:

Truly a night to remember.
Hope to see you in New York.

All my love ...
Alex

He places the note by a vase of fresh orchids on the bureau, quietly opens the door and exits the room.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Raucous cacophony of SOUNDS over mobs of people. Porters pushing luggage, passengers sleeping on benches, soldiers smoking cigarettes, hawkers selling

food, and announcements over the PA system. Jackie and Rosemary trailing other members of their group from the Bronx Zoo weaving through the crowd. Jackie is wearing a tan bow in her hair, stud ear rings, black long-sleeve full-skirted knit dress with leather belt and matching leather pumps, and carrying a tweed jacket and her tote bag.

JACKIE

We have plenty of time,
Rosemary.

ROSEMARY

Yeah but I want to pick up some
perfume for my sister in the
duty free shop.

Rosemary is carrying two filled shopping bags.

JACKIE

You're gonna freeze when we get
to New York. It's February.

ROSEMARY

It's okay, Hall'll be there to
keep me warm.

They arrive at the baggage checkpoint. Rosemary puts her two shopping bags on the table in front of the SECURITY OFFICER, a tall thin guy with a nervous twitch. He eyes the bags and waves her past. Jackie's next.

OFFICER

(points at tote bag)
What is inside that bag?

JACKIE

(stops)
Nothing really.

OFFICER

Please open it.

Jackie unzips the bag, the officer roots through it and pulls out the gift-wrapped box.

JACKIE

That's just a gift for my aunt.

OFFICER
 (jiggles it)
 What is it?

JACKIE
 A Buddha.

OFFICER
 (frowns)
 Open it!

JACKIE
 Listen, do I have to? It's
 wrapped so pretty.

ROSEMARY
 What's the big problem?

JACKIE
 Don't ask me.

She takes off the wrapping and opens the box to
 reveal the Buddha.

OFFICER
 You gotta get an okay from
 Ministry of Culture to export
 any religious thing.

JACKIE
Now you're telling me that?

OFFICER
 That is the regulation.
 (produces sheath of papers)
 Stand over there fill out these
 forms.

ROSEMARY
 Oh shit.

JACKIE
 (to officer)
 Come on. I gotta fill out all
 these for one little incense
 doodad for my aunt's john?

Another security officer has been removing everything
 in Jackie's tote bag. Laid out on the table are a
 Harold Robbins novel, a Hershey bar, Nina Ricci
 perfume spray, Tampax, Cosmopolitan, birth control

pills ...

ROSEMARY

Jackie, I'll be at the duty
free shop.

JACKIE

Okay.

(to officer)

Is there some kind of duty or
something that I could take
care of here and now. You
know, I really don't have a lot
of time to fill out all these -

The other officer is scrutinizing the seam sealed with
Krazy Glue.

INSERT

His finger presses the seam and a corner of the white
envelope protrudes.

JACKIE (O.S.)

What are you doing?

FULL

Security officer tugs a little, the seam pops, and he
pulls the envelope out. Then he opens the envelope
and removes six gigantic diamonds.

OFFICER

(to Jackie)

Where did you get these?

JACKIE

(eyeing the diamonds)

I don't know. Jesus, they're
not mine. I didn't know they
were there. I didn't put them
there.

Security officer motions other officers in the area.

OFFICER

Okay lady you gotta come with
me.

JACKIE
 (scared)
 What for? I haven't done
 anything!

Two officers each grab an arm.

JACKIE
 (craning to see)
 Wait ... Please ... I want to
 tell my friend ... Please ... I
swear to you I didn't ...

POV

Just passengers and a long corridor but no Rosemary.

PA SYSTEM
 Pan American Airlines announces
 the boarding of Flight 102 to
 New York. All passengers
 please proceed to Gate 11.

REVERSE ANGLE

As officers walk Jackie away PAN opposite direction a distance down the terminal to Alex wearing sunglasses standing next to the newsstand pretending to be reading a newspaper but watching everything with a very pained expression. He angrily throws the newspaper in a trash can and disappears in the crowd.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

CLOSE on Jackie's passport opened to her picture. She is smiling in the picture.

PISIK (O.S.)
 Home New Jersey, eh?

JACKIE (O.S.)
 I'm from New Jersey. I live in
 New York City.

FULL

KARIM PISIK, 37, tall, muscular, bald, wearing a khaki uniform, diamond ring, seated behind the desk leafing through Jackie's passport. Behind him a

small fan trained on his back but it isn't doing much good in this unairconditioned smoke-filled room. Almost everybody is smoking a cigarette including Jackie who is sweltering in her long-sleeve knit dress. Other officers are ripping apart her suitcase. Dresses, shoes, underwear and the rest of its contents are scattered everywhere.

PISIK

Okay now you tell me truth, eh?

JACKIE

I told you the truth! That tote bag never left my hotel room!

PISIK

(looks at his notes)

This guy you say ... "Alex."
What his family name?

JACKIE

I don't remember.

PISIK

Why you not remember?

JACKIE

Because I just met him!

PISIK

Where he live?

JACKIE

I don't know where he lives. I never saw him before in my life. He didn't tell me where he lived! I didn't ask him!

PISIK

Where he work?

JACKIE

He didn't say where we worked either! Ah, God ... Look, just believe me! Please? I swear to God I didn't know those diamonds were inside my bag.
PLEASE LET ME GO! I'M INNOCENT,
DAMN IT!

The other men all laugh. PIsik stands and barks something at them and they instantly stop laughing and hurry out. PIsik comes around his desk to Jackie. He wears a 38 revolver and black boots.

PISIK
Pay no attention to those
shits.

Jackie doesn't say anything.

PISIK
I am Karim PIsik. I think you
like me, eh?

JACKIE
What do you mean?

He circles her to put himself between her and the door.

PISIK
I gotta big Shangri La. I make
you very happy, eh?

JACKIE
Look, mister, you can make me
very happy by just letting me
go.

He removes his wallet from his back pocket, takes out a rubber and removes it from its packet. Oil drips on his pants. The guy is a real slob.

PISIK
I let you go after we fuck.
Okay?

JACKIE
No!

PISIK
(unclips his belt)
Girl never forget Karim PIsik.

He drops his pants. We note that he is wearing designer bikini underwear under his uniform. He moves toward her and grabs her breast. She is on her feet and ... WHAAPPPP!.. she slaps him across the face.

JACKIE

Get your filthy hands off me,
you bastard, or I'll scream so
loud this whole police station
will hear me!

A little trickle of blood oozes from the corner of
his mouth.

PISIK

Hey whatsamatter? You no like
have little fun?

JACKIE

I wanna call the American
Embassy right now!

PISIK

I think you no understand,
lady! You fuck me now or I
throw you in jail! You got
that? Oh, yeah. I want
blowjob too.

He grabs her dress and rips it apart down the front
revealing her full creamy breasts. She lets out a
scream and he has to grab her mouth to muffle it.
They struggle and grapple and wrestle knocking over
furniture and generally making a mess of the room.
Pisik's progress is impaired by the fact that he
wants to keep her quiet. She manages to dig her
teeth into his hand covering her mouth and draws
blood. Pisik lets go of her.

JACKIE

I WANT THE AMERICAN EMBASSY!

PISIK

(panting)

Okay okay.

(indicates)

Use telephone on desk.

Jackie crosses to the desk keeping her eyes on Pisik.
She picks up the phone.

JACKIE

(into phone)

Yes, would you connect me with
the American Embassy, please?

(beat)

Thank you.

Pisik pulling up his pants. He clips his belt.

PISIK

You tell them you under arrest.

INT. COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY

A burly BAILIFF leading TOM ANDERSON, 36, thinning hair, glasses, wearing a dark blue suit, and GEORGE FOX, 34, tall, blue eyes, boyishly handsome, wearing a black shirt and gray slacks past rapists, murderers, thieves and all sorts of lowlifes crammed behind bars. Anderson carries a file folder. George carries his sportcoat slung over his shoulder. Raucous MUSIC playing on somebody's radio.

ANDERSON

I really appreciate your doing
this for me on such short
notice, George.

GEORGE

But I don't know anything about
their criminal laws here. I
never tried a criminal case in
our system.

ANDERSON

Isn't it all the same?

GEORGE

Hell no. For one thing they
presume you're guilty here
until you prove your innocence.

A knot of prisoners pawing a grotesque looking drag queen with long hair wearing rouge and lipstick and enjoying the attention. Another guy is vomiting on the floor.

ANDERSON

Well it doesn't make any

difference anyway because all you have to do is observe on behalf of the U.S. Government.

GEORGE

Why do we want an observer?

ANDERSON

It's just a formality to make sure the locals don't do anything outrageous because as you know they do have a reputation in that area. Actually we're glad they're cracking down on smuggling.

They turn the corner and find Jackie at the end of a chain connected to the wall. She is still wearing the long-sleeve knit dress which is starting to wilt. It is stifling hot and she is sweating like a pig. George notes her skirt is hitched to expose her excellent legs. She immediately gets to her feet.

JACKIE

(to Anderson)

Are you from the Embassy?

ANDERSON

Yes. I'm Tom Anderson, Jackie.

JACKIE

Boy am I glad to see you! I've been here all night. How do I get out? I'm innocent!

ANDERSON

(opens file)

Uh-huh, well it says here that customs found stolen diamonds hidden in the lining of your tote bag.

JACKIE

I had no idea they were there! But I think I know who set me up.

ANDERSON

You were set up?

JACKIE
Yeah, this guy I met -

ANDERSON
Okay, before we get into that,
let me introduce George Fox. He's
a lawyer and he's going to be
the U.S. observer at your
trial.

JACKIE
My trial? I don't want to have
a trial, I just wanna get out
of here!

(to George)
Can't you help me? You're a
lawyer. I'm innocent!

GEORGE
We're gonna have to find a
local lawyer to actually defend
you.

JACKIE
I don't want a local lawyer! I
wanna go home! This is a
nightmare! The chief of police
tried to rape me! I'm an
American citizen! Doesn't the
Embassy care about my rights?

ANDERSON
Of course, that's why we're
here.

JACKIE
(to George)
Please, can't we, you know,
settle this thing somehow?
Please.

GEORGE
Smuggling is not the
same here as it is in the
States, Jackie. Here it's ...
(his voice drops)
... a very serious charge.

JACKIE
What do you mean?

GEORGE
Well the best I make it out -

JACKIE
(lashes out)
What'd you mean the best you
can make it out? Don't you
know? Aren't you a lawyer?

GEORGE
Yeah, I'm a lawyer.

ANDERSON
Look, George's specialty is
foreign oil leases.

JACKIE
(rolls her eyes)
Oh that's just super!

GEORGE
As I understand it, smuggling
here is punishable by death.

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

The PROSECUTOR, 39, handsome and aspiring, wearing a blue robe like royalty is pacing, shouting at the JUDGE in shirt sleeves seated calmly behind his desk. Next to judge is clerk. George and BEGIN AMRITRAJ, 35, seated in chairs. George wearing pale blue shirt, brown and blue striped tie and dark brown suit. Amritraj wearing a pin stripe black suit, briefcase open in front of him.

GEORGE
(to Amritraj)
What's he saying?

AMRITRAJ
(nodding and listening)
He is crazy! He is only
willing to accept a plea of
guilty in return for thirty
years! Insane!

GEORGE
What're we offering?

AMRITRAJ

A suspended sentence.

Prosecutor finishes his tirade and sits. Amritraj stands and goes into his spiel. Amritraj is a little guy but has a lot of spark. After he gets a few words out, prosecutor springs to his feet, interrupts him and resumes his tirade.

AMRITRAJ

(to George)

This man is a bloodthirsty
ghoul!

Prosecutor goes on and on until Amritraj interrupts him. Now prosecutor starts shouting at Amritraj. Soon they are toe-to-toe shouting at each other. Suddenly prosecutor grabs Amritraj and starts choking him.

GEORGE

My God!

The opposing attorneys wrestle onto the judge's desk, sweeping everything onto the floor. The judge jumps out of his chair and gives them space. Amritraj pulls himself loose from prosecutor and butts him in the stomach. Prosecutor lands a right hook to the Amritraj's jaw. Amritraj goes down. Prosecutor beats him while he's on the rug. George pulls prosecutor off and prosecutor turns on George. Bailiff barges in and tries to break them up but can't. Bailiff draws his 38 and fires at the ceiling ... BAAAMMM! Prosecutor and George stop fighting. Prosecutor gathers his papers and exits in a huff. George goes to Amritraj.

GEORGE

Are you okay, Begin?

Amritraj wipes blood from his face with his handkerchief.

AMRITRAJ

Of course.

Judge says something to his clerk.

GEORGE

(to Amritraj)

What did he say?

AMRITRAJ

(nodding)

He says enter in the record
that the attorneys are unable
to settle the case.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A curvaceous seductive luscious juvenile with long legs, big breasts, short straight black hair, wearing absolutely nothing except a string of pearls and white high heels is wiggling, twisting, dancing, stooping on the bar directly over George wearing a black T-shirt and jeans playing balut with once-handsome JACK O'SHAUGHNESSY, 47, 6-3, 220 pounds, pot-belly, wearing an untucked Hawaiian shirt, crumpled khakis and green shower shoes. O'Shaughnessy shakes the dice, slams the cup on the bar and removes it to reveal three sixes and a pair of fives.

O'SHAUGHNESSY

(shouting)

Full house.

He slides the leather dice cup to George. The cup reads:

CAPTAIN JACK O'SHAUGHNESSY
CAM RANH BAY
1968

O'SHAUGHNESSY

Is she guilty?

The bar is packed with guys and bargirls, extremely rowdy, and the noise level makes ordinary conversation impossible.

GEORGE

(shouting)

Her defense is known in legal
circles as the Some Dude
Defense.

O'SHAUGHNESSY

What the fuck is that?

O'Shaughnessy downs his drink, signals two more.

GEORGE

(shaking the dice)

Well, your client's arrested for possession of stolen property or drugs or counterfeit money or anything that's illegal, and you ask him where he got it, and he says, "Some dude."

(slams down the cup)

Shit. Pair of threes.

O'Shaughnessy laughs and writes down the win.

GEORGE

I don't know if she's guilty or not. Maybe she's not. It doesn't make any difference. I'm only supposed to be a disinterested observer.

O'Shaughnessy slams the cup down.

O'SHAUGHNESSY

Four sixes.

GEORGE

(looking at the dice)

What'd you eat for breakfast, O'Shaughnessy?

O'SHAUGHNESSY

Let me give you some advice, buddy.

GEORGE

What?

O'SHAUGHNESSY

Stay a disinterested observer.

O'Shaughnessy winks at the dancer now squatting in front of him.

GEORGE

Why?

O'SHAUGHNESSY

She might be Mafia.

He grabs the young delicious little dancer by the buttocks, lets go a loud snarl ...
GRRROOOOOOOWWWWLLLLLLL ... and pulls her crotch into his face.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Jackie in the witness stand wearing a beige cotton dress and a straw hat. Prosecutor standing in front of her spitting questions at her. George, Amritraj seated at defense table. Anderson seated in the second row of the audience. Pisk seated in the back.

PROSECUTOR

How long have you known this "Alex"?

JACKIE

I just met him that afternoon.

PROSECUTOR

Do you always go to bed with a man you just meet?

GEORGE

(elbows Amritraj)

Object.

AMRITRAJ

(nodding)

On what ground, sahib?

GEORGE

I'll do it.

(stands)

We object, your honor, on the ground that it is irrelevant.

JUDGE

(smiles)

Objection overruled.

George sits.

JACKIE

No, I don't. But ... I don't know, Alex and I just hit it

off. We had good vibrations.

PROSECUTOR

I see. How many times did you make love?

JACKIE

(colors)

I don't remember. Three ... or four. Maybe five! What the hell's the difference? All I know is that I never saw those diamonds before in my life!

PROSECUTOR

(to judge, satisfied)

No more questions.

Judge glances at his watch, says something to the courtroom and stands. So does everybody else in the courtroom. Judge goes in his chambers. Jackie looks at George. He gives her a thumbs up. She forces a smile. So does he.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

George smoking a cigarette, drinking a Coke and listening to Anderson.

ANDERSON

(miffed)

What I'm saying is you're getting too involved.

GEORGE

Tom, I'm a lawyer. You can't expect me to sit still in a courtroom.

(drinks)

Besides, they're trying to railroad her.

ANDERSON

What'd you mean by that? She's guilty isn't she?

GEORGE

I don't know. Do you?

ANDERSON

George, I don't think you understand. We're trying to encourage these people to curb smuggling. It's difficult to catch characters like this broad, and once we do, we want to nail them. Get it?

GEORGE

Yeah, I get it. And you know what? I'm completely ignoring everything you just said.

ANDERSON

You're a real traitor, George. You know that?

Bailiff appears.

BAILIFF

(to George)

They want you.

GEORGE

What's up?

BAILIFF

The judge has a verdict.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Jackie in the dock. George and Amritraj at the table. Judge sitting behind the bench announcing something to the courtroom, then he leans forward and says to Jackie in measured tones ...

JUDGE

I find you guilty of receiving stolen property and attempted smuggling.

General noisy reaction. Amritraj stands and pleads for mercy. Jackie watches in a state of shock. Prosecutor rants and rages for a stiff sentence. Everybody talking at once. When they calm down, judge speaks to the courtroom and leans forward to Jackie again.

JUDGE

You are sentenced to serve
three years in prison.

WHAM!

Jackie feels like she was just punched in the
stomach. SOUNDS ... gamelans ... reverberating in
her ears.

JACKIE

Three years in prison? Three
years in prison? What?

Prosecutor angrily objecting that the sentence is too
lenient, Amritraj although well-intentioned doing his
stupid nodding, George just standing there impotent
... and all Jackie is hearing is the gamelans. When
prosecutor finishes, judge shakes his head, gets up
and exits. Prosecutor angrily slams shut his law
book. Jackie stares blankly at George. The gongs
slowly subside as we PAN over and DOLLY in CLOSE on
Karim Pisik's smirking face.

EXT. PLANTATION - DAY

Female prisoners and elephants working a rubber
plantation under the oppressive tropical sun. Rubber
trees as far as the eye can see.

ANGLES

Sweaty bodies glisten in the brilliant sunlight. The
standard uniform is loose-fitting yellow cotton
dresses, brief and unbuttoned in the sweltering heat.
Brassieres are not a priority item.

INTERCUT

Male guards wearing black uniforms and packing
pistols, billy clubs and shotguns eyeing the girls as
they do the back-breaking work. Each guard resembles
an animal. One looks like a pig. Another looks like
a rat. Another has pus sores all over his face and
arms, and his hair is falling out. He looks like a
diseased dog.

JACKIE

wearing the yellow uniform is carrying two steel buckets of latex balanced on a thick bamboo pole laid across her shoulders.

ANGLES

She dumps the milky white juice from each bucket into a huge drum on a skid harnessed to an elephant. When she starts back for another load, she sees that the girl behind her, RACHEL FONG, 17, a little sexpot Oriental punker, is having a hard time raising her bucket over the edge of the vat. Rachel has standing sticky blue hair, green mascara, green lipstick and green nails. Jackie puts down her apparatus and gives Rachel a hand.

RACHEL

Thank you.

JACKIE

Don't mention it.

RACHEL

Bucket too heavy for me.

JACKIE

You must be new here like me.

RACHEL

Yes. I am Rachel Fong.

JACKIE

My name's Jackie Richards.

ALLYSON, 25, a voluptuous brunette shows up.

ALLYSON

(to Jackie, Australian accent)

You got something on your mind, love?

JACKIE

I beg your pardon?

ALLYSON

I hate to tell you but I already staked a claim on this cute little bitch.

Jackie glances at Rachel who frowns.

JACKIE

(to Allyson)

That's swell but at the moment,
she and I are having a private
conversation, so why don't you
get lost.

ALLYSON

(shoves Jackie)

Why don't you get lost!

JACKIE

(shoves Allyson)

Keep your filthy hands to
yourself!

SARAH BULL, 28

watching Jackie and Allyson taking turns shoving each other. Sarah is a tall, slender, hard redhead. She wears the yellow uniform but she also wears a whistle around her neck. She walks over to the two girls along with other girls, and even a strange-looking guard, who have collected to watch the altercation.

SARAH

(to Jackie)

What's the problem?

Allyson

Mind your own business, suck-
face!

SARAH

This is my business.

ALLYSON

Your business is keeping your
nose up the warden's ass!

WHAACCK!

Sarah swats Allyson across the mouth.

GUARD

(smiling)

All right!

CRRAAACKKK!

Allyson kicks Sarah square in the vagina.

SARAH
AHHHHHHH!

Then she dives on her and a vicious fight is underway.

ANGLES

on the two girls scratching, biting, clawing, fighting violently. Blood sprays. They go down and roll in the mud. More guards run over but don't try to break it up. Sarah cracks Allyson in the jaw and knocks two of her teeth out then kicks her hard several times ... FWOMP, FWOMP, FWOMP, FWOMP ... in the ribs. Allyson moaning in the mud. Sarah walks away. But before she takes three steps, Allyson snatches a shovel, gets to her feet and raises it to come down on Sarah's head.

JACKIE
WATCH OUT!

Sarah spins around and catches the shovel hard in her hand. Allyson lets go and takes off running. Sarah takes off after her. The crowd takes off after the both of them.

TRACKING

Sarah chasing Allyson. Allyson runs as fast as she can, and we can see the fear in her face. Sarah gaining. Allyson runs up a wooden stairway that leads to a platform from which the latex is mixed in vats with formic acid. Sarah hot on her heels. Allyson stops at the end of the platform. She can't go any further and it's too high to jump. Sarah slowly walks toward her and Allyson backs into a vat of latex.

ANGLES

Allyson bobbing up and down in the milky latex screaming at the top of her lungs. Sarah and other girls pull her out. Her body is covered with the sticky hot milk white goo which is already starting to coagulate. Guards guffaw. Girls walk Allyson back down the stairway. Jackie, Rachel, other girls grimace. Allyson wearing a smoking white rubber suit.

INT. DORMITORY - NIGHT

CAMERA TRACKING girls asleep. The bunks are not arranged in a row but rather in a haphazard fashion and on several tiers. Dresses hang from wires, and conditions generally in the dorm are cramped. We pickup pieces and snatches of faces, legs, breasts, lacy underwear and the like and STOP on Jackie wearing a brown tank top lit by moonlight curled asleep.

SARAH (O.S.)
Jackie?

JACKIE
(startled)
Huh?

Sarah wearing a black duster standing there.

SARAH
Can I sit down?

JACKIE
Sure.

SARAH
(sits on Jackie's bunk)
The name's Sarah Bull.

JACKIE
What do you want?

SARAH
(eyeing Jackie's body)
I wanted to thank you for saving me from a fractured skull today.

JACKIE
Don't mention it.

SARAH
You know, most of the girls here have either a "husband" or a "wife" depending on what type they are.

Jackie doesn't say anything.

SARAH
 You would probably be in the
 market for a "husband," right?
 (strokes Jackie's thigh)

JACKIE
 I suppose so, Sarah, if I was
 in the market, but I'm not in
 the market.
 (removes Sarah's hand)

SARAH
 Are you sure? I think
 something beautiful and serious
 could develop between us.

Sarah yanks Jackie by the neck and kisses her
 wet on the lips. Jackie strains to pry off Sarah's
 pressed head. Saliva drips.

SARAH
 Oh I like you ... you're really
 gorgeous ... lovely ...

JACKIE
 STOP IT! LET GO!

Jackie eventually manages to squirm loose.

SARAH
 (grins)
 Maybe you'll change your mind
 after you've been here awhile.

JACKIE
 I honestly don't expect to be
 here that long!

Sarah returns to her own bunk.

INT. SHOWERS - MORNING

CLOSE on faucets spraying water. CRANE down to the
 girls taking showers. Jackie soaps her body and lets
 the cold water rinse off the suds. When she's all
 rinsed, she turns off the water and dries herself
 with a towel.

POV

of Jackie's lovely shivering circular butt.

ALLYSON (O.S.)

That's her.

Jackie turns around.

REVERSE ANGLE

Allyson standing there with a lot of the white latex still stuck to her. With her are four bruisers that look more like men than women. One wears an eye patch and heavy metal chains around her neck. They look like female bikers. The biggest of the bunch, FAT MAMA, 37, a huge woman with a skull and a snake tattooed on her stomach. Jackie covers herself with the towel.

FAT MAMA

Where did you come from, sugar?

JACKIE

I was sent here the same as you and I really don't want any trouble.

FAT MAMA

Me neither. I just want your pussy.

JACKIE

Pardon me. I have to put on my clothes.

As Jackie passes, Fat Mama wallops her ... WHAAMM!... on the side of the head. Jackie goes spinning into the wall but manages to stay on her feet and immediately rushes Fat Mama and butts the woman in her huge belly ... GHAAAHHH.

ANGLES

The other bruisers and Allyson start flailing and Jackie is catching punches right and left as she and Fat Mama wrestle to the hard floor. The obese woman is in awful shape, and looks a lot worse than she really is.

CLOSE

Jackie sinks her teeth into Fat Mama's ear and holds on like a steel vice.

FAT MAMA
EEEEIIIIIII!!!

FULL

Other girls crowd around to watch the violence. The three other bruisers and Allyson are kicking Jackie very hard and eventually Jackie has to let go of Fat Mama's ear. Fat Mama stands. Jackie is spitting blood and cannot get to her feet.

CLOSE

Jackie blinks her eyes and tries to focus.

FAT MAMA

blurred at first, comes in clear, and we see what she has. She has a giant banana and a jar of Vaseline. The banana is 11 inches long and one and a half inches thick. She unscrews the lid and pulls out a gob of Vaseline with her two fingers.

FAT MAMA
(to Jackie)
You're gonna love this so much
you'll never go back to men!

She smears the vaseline all over the banana then ZOOM in on her face going cross-eyed in ecstasy as she SQUISHES the tropical fruit into her vagina.

FAT MAMA
Unnnnnnnnhhh ...

CLOSE

on Jackie trying unsuccessfully to drag herself away.

FAT MAMA

smiles at her crippled prey.

RACHEL (O.S.)
FIRE!

Fat Mama looks off.

POV

Smoke. And flames. We can't exactly make it out. Maybe it's trash burning.

ANGLES

Girls coughing and choking, running for the one exit. Very quickly the shower room fills with billowing black smoke. Fat Mama, bruisers, Allyson hurry out too. Jackie trying to get to her feet but she's still having a lot of trouble, and she's gagging terribly. Rachel appears

JACKIE

(gagging)

What's ... going on?

RACHEL

I start fire! Only way to save you!

JACKIE

Thanks!

Rachel assists Jackie to her feet, and they too disappear in the confusion and smoke.

SCORE

over following montage:

EXT. PLANTATION - DAY

Jackie and the other inmates trudging back and forth carrying the heavy steel buckets of latex from the trees to the drums on skids. Rachel trips and spills her latex. Jackie and Sarah help her to her feet.

JACKIE (V.O.)

Dear Aunt Harriet. I won't be able to call you anymore like I could from the police station because there are no phones here.

EXT. PLANTATION - DAY

Jackie, Rachel and Sarah laying on the ground with

bugs crawling all over them while they eat fish heads and rice out of tin plates.

JACKIE (V.O.)

(continuing)

I got three years, but don't worry, we have appealed my case and we expect to have the sentence thrown out of court, so it looks like I will only be here three or four months tops.

INT. DORMITORY - DAY

Jackie covered with suds in a wooden tub as Rachel and Sarah give her a bath.

JACKIE (V.O.)

(continuing)

My money situation isn't very great because I had to pay almost everything I had to Mr. Amritraj, my lawyer. Imagine, for a crime I didn't commit!

INT. DORMITORY - DAY

Jackie laying naked on her stomach writing the letter getting a deep massage from Sarah and Rachel. Sarah does her back and Rachel does her legs. Sarah says something and the three of them laugh.

JACKIE (V.O.)

(continuing)

I have made two great friends here. One is Rachel Fong who is doing 50 years for murdering her husband when she caught him with another girl in her bed.

INT. DORMITORY - NIGHT

In the shadows, two girls are standing in an embrace. DOLLY in on the two as they continue to kiss and at the same time undress each other. Feminine fingers slide over a black miniskirt, unzip it, pull it down and off. Skirtless, the girl sits on a bunk and the same hands remove her stockings and high heel shoes. Then a tongue darts into frame and licks the size 5 feet. Soon all she is wearing is a necklace and

bracelet, and we see that it is Rachel ... who now undresses her partner. First her partner's shirt, then the tight jeans and then the spike heels.

JACKIE (V.O.)

(continuing)

The other, Sarah Bull, in here for counterfeiting. She came here from Sydney with her boyfriend whose theory was that if you commit a sophisticated crime in a banana republic you won't get caught, and, as it turned out, he was right. He didn't get caught. But Sarah did. She's serving 25 years.

When Rachel's partner is naked, we see who it is. It is Sarah. The two get in Sarah's bunk and make passionate lesbian love. PAN over to Jackie in her bunk. She finishes the letter, puts it in an envelope and turns out the kerosene lamp.

JACKIE (V.O.)

(continuing)

But I'll survive somehow. Give my love to the all the neighbors, and keep me posted on what's happening in good ol' Cape May. How I wish I was there now! Love, Jackie.

EXT. PLANTATION - DAY

Jackie sweating profusely, swatting flies, digging a ditch. Behind her other female inmates planting saplings. Sarah and Rachel stroll up. Sarah has her arm around Rachel's waist.

SARAH

Hey, Jackie, you wanna get laid by a man tonight?

JACKIE

(rests on her shovel)
What're you talking about?

SARAH

Tonight is Orgy Night.

JACKIE
Orgy Night?

SARAH
You bet. First Saturday of the
month. They bring in the boys.
You'll love it. Rachel can't
wait.

(squeezes Rachel)
Right, lovergirl?

RACHEL
(brave smile)
I try it.

SARAH
You too, Jackie?

JACKIE
I think I'll pass.

SARAH
Oh, you'll be sorry ...

Sarah and Rachel tread off.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A large tractor-trailer rig pulls up and stops in front of the entrance. Driver and guard riding shotgun get out, walk around to the rear of the trailer, unlock the back doors and stand aside.

ANGLES

Hooting, hollering male prisoners wearing black and white stripes pour out of the closed van. They are all shackled together, but they don't seem to mind a bit. These are the same lowlife types we saw crammed behind bars in the courthouse, the dregs of society, only a larger, richer selection. Tall guys, short guys, teenagers, a dwarf, fatsos, cripples - you name it, all shapes, sizes, ages and colors. They file into the warehouse in high spirits.

INT. TOILET

Horny female prisoners dressing up in all manner of apparel ranging from sexy miniskirts to low-cut long dresses to kinky costumes to bikini bathing suits to see-through negligees. The room is packed. Girls putting on makeup pushing and shoving for space in front of the sinks and mirrors. We're now starting to recognize some of the faces. Fat Mama putting on eye liner wearing black spike heels, black stockings, black garter belt, black panties and black bra. Sarah wearing unbuttoned denim shirt, denim short shorts combing her comely red hair. Rachel wearing blue wet-look miniskirt and zipping up blue high-heel boots.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Girls in their yellow uniforms including Jackie mobbed to watch the spectacle. In the center of the floor of the large warehouse the chained men anxiously jump up and down on large sheets of latex. Guards positioned at the exits. Suddenly a loud ROAR. Bright overhead lights come on. The girls all decked out in their feminine garb walk into the midst of the men ... and the orgy on latex begins.

ANGLES

It is wild. In no time, dresses, shoes, stripes, panties, bras, undershorts are flying every which way, and guys are screwing girls, girls are giving guys head, guys are giving girls head ... it is absolute pandemonium. Of course this sequence will be cut for r-rated theatrical release but there will be no doubt in the mind of the audience that everything and anything that people can do to each other is going down with a vengeance at this orgy. To add to the confusion, all the men remain chained together. It is a sequence to remember. We see Sarah and Rachel right in the thick of it, giving one dude a night to remember.

INTERCUT

Jackie smoking a cigarette watching this event with curious fascination. Eventually TILT up to Pisik in his khaki uniform, black boots and diamond ring standing on the catwalk watching her.

EXT. PLANTATION - DAY

CRANE down triple-canopy jungle to Jackie approaching with her long legs clamped around the neck of a bull elephant pulling a skid holding a vat of latex. Pisik standing beside his van parked on the side of the dirt road.

PISIK

How bout you me be friend?

JACKIE

I'm really not interested, Pisik.

He walks along beside her. She maneuvers the beast with ease and skill.

PISIK

Hey I only do my duty against you. I police officer, okay?

JACKIE

Does your duty include trying to rape me?

PISIK

What? I no try to rape you!

JACKIE

Oh, no, of course you didn't.

Pisik abruptly steps in front of the mammoth pachyderm. It trumpets and rears up on its hind legs.

PISIK

Okay maybe you right. Maybe I not think with my head. I give you apology. Right now. No shit.

JACKIE

(he means it)

Okay, okay. I accept.

PISIK

I gotta good idea. French planters gonna have party. How you like to go?

JACKIE

No thanks. I saw the kind of parties you have here.

PISIK

(laughs)

No, no, not that kind of party! This just dance, talk, have drink, have fun. I think you like handsome rich French guys.

JACKIE

What's the catch?

PISIK

No catch. I come get you seven o'clock tonight.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Raining beating on the roof of an old frame house. PIsik's van parked in front. Lightning followed by a thunderclap eerily illuminates PIsik dozing in a large ratan chair on the roofed porch. Inside we can hear PAUL McCARTNEY singing NO MORE LONELY NIGHTS.

INT. LIVING ROOM

BOUCHERIT, 39, two other guys and two exceptionally attractive inmates we have seen working the rubber plantation are at the bar drinking and talking. One girl is wearing a red blouse, black skirt and red heels. The other is wearing a rust low-cut dress. Guys wearing polo shirts and slacks.

BOUCHERIT

(drunk)

... So I caught the bugger in the toilet with not one but two of my maids, and he had one of the poor girls in the bathtub!

Everybody laughs. Boucherit looks off.

POV

Jackie in front of stereo equipment going through tapes. She is wearing her I LOVE GECKOS T-shirt,

brown shorts and woodblock high heels that emphasize her long shapely legs.

REVERSE ANGLE

Boucherit looking at Jackie while the others talk. He downs his wine, grabs a bottle and tries not to stagger as he crosses to Jackie.

BOUCHERIT

Come over and join the fun.

JACKIE

That's okay. I'll be the disk jockey. What kind of music do you like?

BOUCHERIT

You know I asked for you because I like you. Did anyone ever tell you you have a nice body?

JACKIE

I jog.
(eyes his paunch)
You should start jogging yourself.

BOUCHERIT

I have an exercise machine but I never use it.

JACKIE

Oh yeah? My roommate had one. They're nice.

BOUCHERIT

(takes her hand)
Come, I will show it to you.

JACKIE

That's okay.

BOUCHERIT

Come on, you can show me how to use it.

INT. BEDROOM

Light switches on to reveal a shiny unused Nautilus

exercise machine. It still has cellophane stuck to it. In fact the box it came in is in the corner of the room. Boucherit crosses and turns on the air conditioner.

BOUCHERIT

There. It is practically brand new. Go ahead. Get on it.

JACKIE

Okay.

Boucherit sits on the bed. Jackie removes her shoes, lays down on her back and starts pumping the weight bar. He shifts position to look up between her legs.

JACKIE

Works pretty good.
(gets up)

BOUCHERIT

Hey do not stop!

JACKIE

Let's go back with the others.

BOUCHERIT

(stands)

I have not liked your attitude since you arrived!

JACKIE

Oh well then maybe I ought to be going.

Jackie starts out again. He grabs her arm.

BOUCHERIT

I think I understand. You want some extra money.

JACKIE

I don't want any money, mister.

She yanks loose. He grabs her T-shirt and yanks it half off her back. He tries kiss her but she knees him in the balls.

BOUCHERIT

AGH!

She darts for the door but it is locked. Boucherit gets to his feet and drunkenly lunges for her. She dodges out of the way and runs to a screen window which she opens and tries to climb out but it has iron lattice work outside to keep out burglars. Boucherit grabs her, spins her and slashes her across the face ... WHACK!

BOUCHERIT
You filthy slut!

She punches him in the nose which doesn't do much damage but it stuns him a little and she manages to get loose. Blood is trickling from her mouth. He chases her around the room, drunkenly knocking things out of the way.

ANGLES

The scene is taking on great violence. He eventually gets her in a corner.

JACKIE

terrified.

JACKIE
Please let me go ...

REVERSE ANGLE

Boucherit grins then suddenly drops to his knees and reaches to tug down her shorts. This inebriate wants to give her head! She looks around. On the table next to her are toiletries and a table lamp which she grabs and comes down on his head ... CRAAASH! Boucherit falls forward on his face. She gets the key out of his pants pocket, crosses and unlocks the door.

INT. HALLWAY

Jackie hurries down the hall. Her mouth is bleeding and she has claw marks on her back and arms.

EXT. HOUSE

Pisik wakes up as Jackie stumbles out the front door.

PISIK
Hey what you do out here?

JACKIE
Take me back, you lousy asshole.

She crosses the porch, almost falls down the steps and walks through the rain. She tries to open the door of the parked van but doesn't make it. She collapses into the soggy turf.

INT. DORMITORY - DAY

Rachel fills a pan with water from the spigot. She crosses to Sarah who refreshes the compress on Jackie's mouth. Jackie wearing beige bra and panties.

SARAH
You'll be all right, love.
Just don't go to any more of
Pisik's parties.

She removes the compress.

JACKIE
Oh, Sarah, I'm so depressed.

SARAH
That can happen in this joint.

JACKIE
How did I get here? I was
almost on the airplane.
Mentally I was already in New
York. I keep asking myself
whether this really happened to
me. I keep expecting to wake
up!

SARAH
Take it easy ...

JACKIE
I'M DREAMING ALL THIS! IT'S
JUST A GOD DAMN DREAM ... I
DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THE FUCKING
DIAMONDS WERE -

She stops in mid-sentence. Standing in front of her is the prison WARDEN, 36, tall, high cheek bones, black hair, black eyes and wearing black uniform.

She is very beautiful but definitely dangerous.

WARDEN

You have a visitor. Follow me.

INT. VISITING ROOM

George wearing his dark brown suit is sitting at a long table glancing at with papers in front of him. Another lawyer is talking to a girl six chairs away. A wire mesh separates each side of the table. Door opens on the other side of the mesh. George looks up. Jackie wearing her yellow uniform.

JACKIE

Hi.

GEORGE

Hello.

JACKIE

(looks around)

Where's Mr. Amritraj?

GEORGE

He didn't ... couldn't come.

JACKIE

Why not?

(sits)

GEORGE

Well, he asked me.

JACKIE

Why?

GEORGE

Jackie, the appeals court did not throw out your conviction. You lost the appeal.

She looks at him.

JACKIE

I thought ... I was sure we were gonna ... You guys said I would win.

GEORGE

Begin said, Jackie. I never

said. I just prayed the same
as you've been doing.

JACKIE
But I'm innocent. I haven't
done anything ...

GEORGE
I know you haven't. But the
appeals court didn't review the
question of guilt or innocence.
They just reviewed the record
to see if the judge committed
any errors, and they found that
he didn't.

JACKIE
Oh God ...

GEORGE
Actually that's all appeals
courts do in the States.

JACKIE
Does that mean I have to stay
three years in this prison?

GEORGE
Jackie ... I looked into
parole, and here there is no
such thing. Also there's no
such thing as time off for good
behavior.

Her green eyes are welling with tears.

GEORGE
Here three years means ...
(his voice drops)
... three years.
(hits table with his fist)
Shit!

JACKIE
I ... well ... thanks, George.
I appreciate everything you've
done.
(feeling nauseous)
I better go back now.

GEORGE
No, stay and talk awhile.

Jackie really starts crying.

JACKIE
No ... no ... I want to ... go
back ...

She gets up and crosses to the door and knocks on it. The warden opens it. Jackie turns around and looks one last look at George and exits. The warden look at him too - she kind of smiles - then shuts the door.

EXT. EMBASSY - DAY

American flag flapping in front. U.S. Marine guards. Small metal sign says

EMBASSY OF THE UNITED STATES

INT. ANDERSON'S OFFICE

Anderson in shirt sleeves, loosened tie and collar, seated behind his desk listening to George seated in front of him.

GEORGE
If the ambassador went to the sultan, and said, "Hey, we want this Richards girl back," she would be out of there in thirty minutes.

ANDERSON
And what basis is the ambassador going to have to make a request like that?

GEORGE
He doesn't need a basis!

ANDERSON
He does fucking need a basis! Maybe not for the sultan but for himself ... for the Embassy

GEORGE
The basis is she's innocent!

ANDERSON

You say so! She had a trial, she was convicted, she appealed, and her case was reviewed.

George gets up and walks to the window.

ANDERSON

And I don't remember reading she was innocent in your report.

GEORGE

I wasn't suppose to give a personal opinion whether she was innocent or guilty in my report! There's a lot of things not in my report like the hundred degree zoo they're keeping her in!

ANDERSON

What do you want the ambassador to say? "Hey, Sultan, your jail's a zoo, so we want our citizen released?" Christ, our prisons aren't exactly country clubs!

GEORGE

Let me talk to the ambassador.

ANDERSON

George, forget it. You're talking to me, and I'm your friend, and you're not making any fucking sense.

EXT. QUONSET HUT - DAY

Oil derricks everywhere.

EXT. DAYROOM

George wearing white sportshirt and blue slacks seated at a table with O'Shaughnessy in khakis. Both have a bottle of beer in front of them.

GEORGE

One year I could handle. Even two maybe. But three ... three years with no possibility of parole ... three years!

O'SHAUGHNESSY

Forget she ever existed.
(burps)

GEORGE

No.

O'SHAUGHNESSY

No broad's worth drivin' yourself crazy over. You've done everything that could be done. So you'll see her in three years.

GEORGE

What if something happens to her in prison?

O'SHAUGHNESSY

(drinks)

Okay, then we gotta go in and bring her out.

George looks at him.

GEORGE

What do you mean?

O'SHAUGHNESSY

I mean we go in on a chopper and get her.

GEORGE

You must be joking.

O'SHAUGHNESSY

I'm serious. We used to do it all the time in Vietnam. It's just a simple extraction. You roar in at treetop level, grab your party, kill any son of a bitch VC that try to stop you, and haul ass. Take my word, no big thing. Naturally you gotta

plan it all out ahead of time.

GEORGE

There's got to be an easier way.

O'SHAUGHNESSY

(winks at waitress)

Well while we're thinkin' about it, why don't we have another brew.

INT. DORMITORY - NIGHT

Jackie wearing her tanktop asleep. Something moving in the shadows. Jackie shifts without waking up. It gets closer. Suddenly hands shoot out from the dark. One cups Jackie's mouth. Others grab her arms and legs. It is Fat Mama and her friends. Jackie struggles and gets out some muffled cries but they've quickly got her pinned down tight on her stomach. Fat Mama yanks down Jackie's panties.

FAT MAMA

Well, honey, you had your chance to taste me and you fluffed it. Now we gotta new surprise for you.

The bruisers holding Jackie's feet spread her legs. Fat Mama motions the bruiser with eye patch, and eye patch in turn motions somebody from the darkness. It is the guard that looks like a diseased dog. He is short and skinny, and he looks revolting. His eyes travel up Jackie's spread legs to the inviting dark crack at the base of her butt. Guard drools with craving and lust. His face is covered with open sores. He unzips his fly. Jackie struggles to get loose but can't. Other girls collecting to see what is going on.

FAT MAMA

(to Jackie)

You should enjoy this. He's hot to trot. It's hard for him to find a partner because he has leprosy.

The guard drops his pants and we see that the disease

covers his entire body. He mounts Jackie and reaches under himself to insert his tool.

SARAH

pushes through, pulls him off her and punches him ... FWWAAACCCK!... in the jaw. She is bigger than he is. She hits him twice again but then he manages to grab her and the two go crashing into bunks violently wrestling. More girls, roused by the commotion, watch the two go at. Lights come on. Guard and Sarah keep fighting.

ANGLES

on the fight. Girls cheering. Other guards trying to get through but the large crowd of girls hold them back. Eventually sirens go off. Guard and Sarah keep slugging but now the fact that he is a man and Sarah is a woman starts to show. He punches her in the stomach ... WOOFFF ... and she doubles up in pain ... WHACK!.. he swats her in the head. Sarah dizzily smashes against a wall. Guard grips her neck and starts choking her but then ... ZAMP!

GUARD

AGGGGHHHHH!

He falls backward on his ass and his crotch turns crimson. Sarah stabbed him with a gouge, an extremely sharp knife with a curved blade used to cut the grooves in the bark of the rubber trees. Another guard fighting his way through the crowd emerges and smashes Sarah in the face with his billy club ... WHAACCCK! Sarah goes down. He raises the club to whack her again but two girls and then two more pounce on him and start scratching and punching and biting him.

WIDE

A full-scale riot breaks out. Girls start throwing chairs and pulling down racks of uniforms and underwear. Other girls turn over bunks.

ANGLES

The hollering girls go crazy releasing pent up energy from being in prison. They throw and break and destroy everything in sight. The madness spreads. Even Fat Mama and her friends join the frenzy.

EXT. YARD

More guards rushing toward the dormitory entrance.

INT. DORMITORY

Guards pour inside the dormitory flailing their billy clubs breaking heads, legs, lights ... anything they can hit. The hollering turns into screaming as the girls are pounded like pork.

ANGLES

Skulls crack, teeth shatter, noses break ... girls being bashed to pieces. It is an orgy of violence. Now the guards are releasing pent up energy. So much blood flows, the entire interior eventually takes on an eerie scarlet color. A tide of blood slushes on the floor. Jackie and Rachel steering a dazed Sarah, desperately trying to find a way out of the building.

EXT. YARD

Girls pouring out of the dormitory. Jackie and Rachel manage to get out dragging Sarah. Mass confusion.

ANGLE

Warden half dressed running, yelling to guards, pointing at Sarah:

WARDEN
THAT ONE! TAKE HER! SHE'S THE
ONE!

Guards grab Sarah.

JACKIE
Wait, it wasn't her fault!

SARAH
No! Please! Don't ... Jackie
... HELP! HELP!

Jackie watches guards haul Sarah off.

EXT. YARD - DAWN

CAMERA TRACKING girls everywhere on the ground. The prison looks like a war zone. Some girls are sleeping, others sitting, others standing, walking. The yard is quiet now except for an occasional o.s. SCREAM by Sarah at the top of her lungs. We STOP on Jackie and Rachel peering at a little barred window in Segregation from which the screams are coming.

RACHEL
 (crying)
 Warden is a pig! I want to
kill her!

INT. SEGREGATION

Sarah spread-eagled on a medieval rack. A demented-looking guard at a wench turns a wheel which pulls Sarah's body even more taunt.

SARAH
 OOWWWWLLLLLLAHHHHHGGG ...

Warden watching and enjoying

ANGLES

on Sarah being tortured. As her body is stretched more and more, her skin tears and veins pop. It is awful.

INTECUT

warden watching. Finally, warden holds up her hand. Guard stops turning the wench.

WARDEN
 I will be back.

Warden exits.

EXT. YARD

POV of warden crossing yard.

REVERSE ANGLE

Jackie and Rachel following her with their eyes.

RACHEL
 After girl put in Segregation
 you never see again.

JACKIE
 They'll let her out, Rachel.
 I'm sure they will.

RACHEL
 Never happen. My friend will
 die.

Warden enters her office and closes the door.

JACKIE
 Rachel ... listen. Maybe if I
 went to the warden and
 explained what happened -
 (stands)
 It's worth a try.

RACHEL
 (gets up)
 I go with you.

JACKIE
 No, you stay here.

Jackie crosses the yard and knocks on the door to
 warden's office. She waits. It opens. The warden
 is already in her stocking feet.

WARDEN
 What are you doing here?

JACKIE
 I'm sorry to disturb you,
 warden. If you want, I can
 come back later.

WARDEN
 No, you come in.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE

Jackie comes in. The warden closes the door. We see
 that a glass of wine is on her desk.

JACKIE
 I wanted to explain what
 happened last night.

WARDEN

First a search.

JACKIE

I beg your pardon?

WARDEN

Lean forward and place your hands on the desk.

JACKIE

You want to search me? Are you kidding?

WARDEN

Not in the least.

The warden takes hold of Jackie's arm, swings her around, places her hands on the desk and kicks her ankles, placing her in the conventional position for a search.

JACKIE

I don't believe this!

The warden runs her hands up Jackie's legs, over her thighs and over her butt. When her hands move to Jackie's breasts, Jackie pulls away.

JACKIE

Hold it! I came here to ask you to let Sarah out of Segregation because she only stopped the guard from raping me!

WARDEN

You shut your mouth! You're here! That is all that counts!

The warden grabs Jackie's hands and puts them back on her desk.

WARDEN

Your friend will stay where she is and if you move again, I will put you there too!

JACKIE
 (near tears)
 Would you just let me go back
 out on the yard ...

WARDEN
 (drinks wine)
 After I search you.

The warden turns Jackie toward her and gazes at Jackie's body bursting out of her tanktop.

JACKIE
 Please don't, warden ...

The warden slips a shoulder strap over Jackie's arm and pulls it down to reveal one of Jackie's big firm breasts.

JACKIE
 No ... please ...

The warden goes down and ... SWOOOOSSSSHHH ... sucks vociferously on Jackie's nipple. Slowly DOLLY in on Jackie's face as warden's head drops out of FRAME to do other things. Jackie grits her teeth but at the same time tears stream down her cheeks.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Landrover passing oil derricks speeds toward CAMERA.

LANDROVER

George driving, nodding his head in to a cassette player on the seat plugged into the cigarette lighter hole, doing 80.

EXT. TRAILER

George pulls over to the side of the road and skids to a stop in front of a trailer. A sign says:

ATLANTIC RICHFIELD COMPANY
 MOBILE ENGINEERING UNIT 34

INT. TRAILER - DAY

O'Shaughnessy puffing on a cigarette seated behind his desk. The walls of his office are covered with Vietnam War memorabilia. Framed photographs, emblems, a captured AK-47 ... even a picture of Lyndon Johnson.

O'SHAUGHNESSY
How you gonna get the five
thousand bucks to the guard?

George seated on the other side.

GEORGE
I just give the money to Begin.

O'SHAUGHNESSY
Who's Begin?

GEORGE
Begin Amritraj, her lawyer.

O'SHAUGHNESSY
How do you know the guard won't
take the money and then not let
her out the gate?

GEORGE
Because he's the brother-in-law
of Begin's cook.

O'SHAUGHNESSY
(stuffs his cigarette in ashtray)
Okay, what happens once she's
out?

GEORGE
She gets in the car and we
drive back here. It's that
simple. Don't you see,
O'Shaughnessy, it's no problem
for her to leave the country
from here. She just gets on
the first Arco tanker to Corpus
Christi. It'll work! It's
perfect!

O'SHAUGHNESSY
(takes another cigarette)
Never say anything's perfect.

GEORGE
Will you come with me?

O'SHAUGHNESSY
Why? You don't need me.
(lights)

GEORGE
But what if something goes
wrong?

O'SHAUGHNESSY
(blows out smoke)
You just said nothing would go
wrong.

GEORGE
Sure but, Christ, it's a 180-
mile back road drive through
dense jungle. What if the road
is out or -

O'SHAUGHNESSY
You'll find out the condition
of the road on your trip there.
Right? Hey. You'll be okay,
buddy. You don't need me ...
on a thing like this.

George stares at him.

O'SHAUGHNESSY
(looks at his watch)
Shit, I gotta go to a meetin'.

GEORGE
(icily)
Sorry to take so much of your
time.

George stands and starts out.

O'SHAUGHNESSY
Hey, good luck, huh?

George exits and closes the door. O'Shaughnessy looks at the door a moment. Then he takes a glass and a bottle of Dewars out of his desk drawer and pours himself a drink. He brings the glass to his mouth. Stops. His face reddens and he throws the

glass against the wall ... SMASH!

INT. VISITING ROOM - DAY

Jackie seated behind the mesh.

JACKIE
What do I have to do?

REVERSE ANGLE

George seated on the other side. He is wearing a new white suit looking like the lawyer on duty in the tropics. His briefcase is open. They are talking very softly.

GEORGE
Just walk out tonight after he goes on duty.

JACKIE
Where will you be?

GEORGE
I'll be waiting for you in my car outside the gate.

Jackie looks at him.

GEORGE
It's that simple.

JACKIE
Oh George it sounds too easy. I don't know. I'm scared. What if something goes wrong?

GEORGE
Are you crazy? Do you want to stay here for three more years? You've got to get out of here, Jackie.
(beat)
Besides, I can't stop thinking about you and I want to be with you.

She looks at him and he looks at her for a long moment. A rush of exhilaration floods her skin and

she gets goose pimples.

JACKIE

Okay.

EXT. PRISON - NIGHT

SOUNDS of insects, lizards, owls, bats and other jungle creatures that come alive at night over LOW ANGLE on the high damp stone wall glistening in the moonlight.

INT. DORMITORY

Dark, quiet and asleep except for Jackie wide-eyed in her bunk. She throws back the sheet and gets up. She is wearing a black T-shirt and blue jeans. She slips on black flat shoes and tiptoes toward the door. She passes Rachel. Jackie looks down at her.

JACKIE

(softly)

Goodbye.

Jackie exits.

EXT. PRISON YARD

Jackie moving in the shadows. She pauses and looks up at a guard walking along the top of the wall. When he passes, she darts across an open area and winds up with her back against the wall just a few feet from the window in warden's office. A light is on inside and we see warden talking in a familiar manner to a young inmate. Jackie moves on and stops in shadows a short distance from the main gate. She looks off.

POV

The guard with the porcine face standing outside the guard shack.

REVERSE ANGLE

Jackie creeps a little closer.

JACKIE
(whispers)

Hey.

GUARD

draws his 38 and barks something.

FULL

Jackie walks out of the shadow and crosses to him. They look at each other. He motions her behind the guard shack. She hesitates. He motions her again. She follows.

GUARD AND JACKIE

He grins at her and gestures for her to lift her T-shirt. She looks at him. He gestures again. Jackie lifts her T-shirt. The guard's grin disappears and his expression is now undisguised lust. He literally is drooling looking at Jackie's perfectly formed breasts. Now he motions for her to pull down her jeans. She shakes her head no. He nods his head vigorously yes. We don't see it because it is below FRAME but we know what he's doing: he's got it out and he's masturbating. Jackie pulls down the zipper and lowers her jeans and panties.

EXT. PRISON

George waiting behind the wheel of the Landrover. He looks at his watch and squints to see anything in the darkness.

EXT. PRISON YARD

Porky furiously masturbating. Jackie is looking around, worried that another guard will hear him or see them. He lets go some sounds as he reaches an orgasm. Jackie quickly repositions her pants and lowers her T-shirt. The guard, exhausted, crosses to the padlock, sticks in his key and unlocks it. Jackie cautiously moves to the unlocked gate. He grins at her. She opens it and slips out.

EXT. PRISON

Jackie moving quickly inside the shadow of the wall.

LANDROVER

George sees something.

POV

Jackie in the distance, approaching.

REVERSE ANGLE

George quietly gets out of the car.

GEORGE
(whispers)
Jackie!

She runs into his arms and they embrace.

JACKIE
Shall we go?

They quickly get in the Landrover and drive off.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

A set of bouncing headlights approach CAMERA.
Landrover bounces past.

LANDROVER

George driving, Jackie riding, both bouncing.

JACKIE
I don't believe this. It's
like I woke up from a
nightmare. Am I really a free
person again?

GEORGE
You sure are.

JACKIE
God, George, I don't how to
thank you.

GEORGE
Listen, it's my pleasure.

JACKIE

All I can say is you're one
hell of a lawyer!

GEORGE

Yeah my law school buddies will
get a big kick out of this. If
you can't get your client an
acquittal, help her escape.

She giggles and sidles close to him and holds his arm. He smiles at her. She smiles at him. He leans toward her and she kisses him softly and extendedly on the cheek - and almost drives off the road. They laugh and she snuggles even closer. George is the picture of a happy man.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Binocular POV scans the moonlit jungle-covered mountainside until it picks up Landrover's headlights a distance away traveling down the road.

REVERSE ANGLE

A man brings down the binoculars. He is an ugly bastard. Strange eyes. Scrawny uneven mustache. Only a few teeth. He's wearing a bandolier of bullets over a fuchsia sportshirt, and brown and green camouflage pants. He barks an order.

DOLLY BACK

There are four of them, all dressed in bizarre combinations of military, civilian and native garb. One wears a flak jacket, sarong and shower shoes. They are armed with pistols and daggers.

EXT. ROAD

Landrover approaches CAMERA. The narrow road is cut out of the side of a mountain.

LANDROVER

Jackie asleep and seatbelted. George driving. Cassette MUSIC dreamy strings. George's eyes bulge.

GEORGE
What the hell is that?

Jackie opens her eyes.

POV

The four men standing in the middle of the road
waving their hands to stop.

JACKIE (O.S.)
Who are they?

REVERSE ANGLE

George and Jackie.

GEORGE
Bandits.

JACKIE
(swallows)
Bandits?

FULL

Landrover slides to a stop.

JACKIE
What're you gonna do?

GEORGE
Turn around.

George slams the Landrover in reverse and starts
backing up.

GEORGE
Shit, I can't turn around!

BANDITS

Start running toward the car and firing their pistols
at it.

LANDROVER

Bullets smash the windshield.

GEORGE
Duck!

They both go down but George keeps backing.

EXT. ROAD

Landrover swerves and almost goes off the embankment but George regains control and Landrover continues accelerating back up the mountain.

INTERCUT

Bandits running, firing at the Landrover backing.

LANDROVER

eventually reaches some shoulder. George cuts the wheel and bumps into the hillside.

GEORGE

We gotta lose those guys.

He goes forward to the ledge, backs up once more, then forward and they are on their way back up the mountain. But after they go 100 yards they slide to a stop.

POV

A Ford pickup is parked lengthwise across the road with its headlights on. More bandits are standing on the roof, on the running boards, on the hood shouting, howling, laughing and shooting their pistols in the air.

REVERSE ANGLE

George and Jackie.

GEORGE

HANG ON!

Jackie presses her palms against the dashboard and George swings the wheel.

EXT. ROAD

Landrover swerves off the side and down the embankment.

ANGLES

Landrover bouncing violently down the side of the mountain. George trying to get control but not having a lot of success. Finally Landrover literally flies off a knoll, lands on its nose, cartwheels onto its roof. Gasoline seeps out of the mangled gas tank and ignites and flames spread over the wreckage.

CLOSE ANGLES

George punches the door open, crawls out and pulls out Jackie who is half conscious. He pulls her clear of the fire.

GEORGE
Can you get up?

JACKIE
I think so.

GEORGE
Good, get up!

Jackie gets to her feet. George looks up the hill.

POV

Bandits coming down.

REVERSE ANGLE

Jackie and George take off running downhill.

INTERCUT

Bandits chasing shooting at them.

EXT. RIVER

George and Jackie arrive at a torrential river. George jumps in flotsam near the bank and tries to dislodge a tree stump.

GEORGE
Jump in!

JACKIE
Okay!

Jackie jumps in and pulls on the tree stump too.

BANDITS

getting closer, shooting.

JACKIE AND GEORGE

tugging on the huge tree stump. Bullets PINGING in the water around them. Finally they get it loose.

GEORGE

Hold on to this thing tight!

JACKIE

Okay!

They push it away front the bank, kind of swimming behind it, until the current of the river sweeps them downstream.

BANDITS

reach the bank and let go a fusillade of fire.

ANGLES

George and Jackie racing downstream at breakneck speed holding onto the tree stump with all their might. George sees something.

GEORGE

Trouble ahead!

Jackie tries to see through the spray.

POV

The river ahead ends.

LOW ANGLE

Forty-foot falls. Jackie, George and tree stump go over the ledge.

CLOSE ANGLES

The two spinning and toppling in the white water.

FULL

They wind up at the bottom in tack and disappear into

the ink.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

CAMERA TILTS down from the top of towering triple canopy jungle to Jackie and George asleep on the riverbank. Their tree stump raft parked at the bank. Here the river is almost like a lake.

FULL

He has his arm around her. The two are sound asleep.

CLOSE

on Jackie. She opens her eyes because she senses something. She blinks.

POV

A 22-foot crocodile floating toward them opens its massive jaws. We have never seen a crocodile this big.

REVERSE ANGLE

Jackie springs to her feet.

JACKIE

GEORGE!

GEORGE

(sleepily)

Huh?

The crocodile scampers toward George. Jackie lunges, expertly grabs its mouth and retards its charge enough for George to realize what is happening and pitch in. The two of them wrestle the 600-pound giant as it drags them both toward the water where a dozen more crocodiles are collecting for the feeding orgy.

JACKIE

When I count three let go and run!

GEORGE

Start counting!

JACKIE

One two three.

They both release their grip. The large crocodile whips around still trying to get a piece of George but just gets a piece of his watersoaked white suit. Jackie and George run. The brazen crocodile scampers after them.

ANGLES

on the chase. Jackie leads George through thick foliage. Eventually they put a distance between themselves and the croc and it gives up. After Jackie and George go a distance further, they stop too.

JACKIE

(panting)

I thought this sounded too easy.

GEORGE

(panting)

Don't worry, we'll make -
(sees something)

POV

Three muscular natives standing behind Jackie wearing only necklaces of brown ipil-ipil seeds, and woven red loincloths. They are armed with knives and blowguns. One is carrying two monkey carcasses.

REVERSE ANGLE

JACKIE

Do you guys speak English?

Nothing.

GEORGE

It doesn't look that way.

The guy with the dead monkeys beckons Jackie and George to follow them.

GEORGE

What'd you think?

JACKIE
Let's go with them.

GEORGE
Okay.

Jackie and George follow the three natives into the brush.

EXT. TRAIL - DAY

SCORE over ANGLES on Jackie and George following the three native hunters through breathtaking fog-enshrouded rain forest. Jackie has a field day with monkeys screaming at them from the trees, snakes slivering out of their way, spiders and other animals, and the brilliant flowers. Eventually they stop to rest. Jackie and the three natives sit on the ground. She hand feeds fern leaves to a giant shrew. George is standing looking hither and yon trying to figure out what direction they have been going.

GEORGE
I got bad news. I have no idea where we are.

JACKIE
So the good news is that nobody's going to find us.

GEORGE
That's one way of looking at it.

Everybody gets up and they continue on their way.

MORE ANGLES

on the five. There's not much left of George's new suit. Eventually they stop again.

GEORGE
(looking off)
I think we're finally here.

REVERSE ANGLE

A village in the gray fog. The huts are made of

bamboo with thatched roofs. Natives gather around Jackie and George. The men are dressed like the three hunters. The young women are barebreasted and wear colorful sarongs. The old women have blackened teeth from chewing beetle nut. The children are naked. ABAHT, 68, is wearing a green and blue feather headdress.

ABAHT

Who are you?

GEORGE

I am George. This is Jackie.

ABAHT

I am Abaht. Welcome to our village.

JACKIE

Thank you.

ABAHT

You are beautiful lady. What may I do for you?

JACKIE

Do you think you could give us something to eat?

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

A boar slowly revolving on a spit over an open pit fire. It looks wildly delicious. DOLLY back to reveal Jackie and George wolfing down chunks of crisp skin. They have traded their clothes for native garb. Jackie is wearing a green, red and white sarong, and George is wearing a brown sarong with black print. They are seated across a bamboo table from Abaht and other villagers under a large thatched roof. In front of them on the table, besides the roast pork, are fresh mangos, papayas, and pineapples. George sips coconut milk from the shell.

GEORGE

(to Abaht)

So you think you guys can do it?

ABAHT
Why you want raft?

GEORGE
So that we can travel down the
river.

Abaht thinking.

JACKIE
And we'd like you to start on
it when we finish eating if
that's okay.

ABAHT
Where you live, Jackie?

JACKIE
Me? I live ... in New York.

ABAHT
Why you in jungle?

JACKIE
Oh well that's a long, long
story ... Right, George?

George is holding a waterlogged wallet.

GEORGE
You bet.

He removes three watersoaked hundred dollar bills.

GEORGE
(to Abaht)
Listen. I have three hundred
dollars. I'll give it to you
if you make us the raft.

ABAHT
(eyeing the money)
Where you go in raft?

GEORGE
We're gonna to follow the river
all the way to the sea. Why?
Is there any problem about
that?

Abaht doesn't answer.

JACKIE
We'll also need provisions to
take us that far.

ABAHT
(takes the money)
Take two day to build raft.

GEORGE
Great!

George and Jackie continue to eat. DOLLY in CLOSE on
Abaht.

EXT. POOL - DAY

Jackie and George's sarongs are laying on the grass
beside a pool by a waterfall that generates an
idyllic haze.

ANGLES

The two splashing and playing and swimming in the
dark blue water. The spot is perfectly beautiful:
red and purple Bougainvillaea, brightly colored
birds, absolute isolation ... if we didn't know it
was real we would think it was a movie set.

GEORGE
Would you say that I needed a
bath?

JACKIE
We both did.

He puts his nose in her shoulder and breathes deep.

GEORGE
You smell great!

JACKIE
Even without my Nina Ricci
perfume spray?

He kisses her, tender and sweet. Then she kisses him
passionately ... and he responds in kind.

ROMANTIC SCORE

over following montage:

Jackie and George walk out of the water arm-in-arm naked. George's hard muscular body contrasts perfectly with Jackie's flowing softness. They flop on the soft blue-green grass, embrace, kiss and begin to make love.

DISSOLVES

His face straining to drive himself deeper inside her. Her mouth issuing quick sounds as she reaches an orgasm. His torso moving violently and his eyes squinting and his mouth moving as he reaches an orgasm. Her face relaxed and smiling. His face satisfied and tired. Her fingernails tracing patterns across his hairy chest.

GEORGE

That was the best.

JACKIE

I give it a Ten.

GEORGE

I give it an Eleven.

He rolls over on her and they start in again.

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

The entire village - men, women and children - crowded around a large deep pit lit by torches. CRANE down to two naked men viciously wrestling hugging the pit wall. In the center is a 900-pound leopard chained to a post, straining to pull loose, jumping, growling ... going absolutely berserk.

JACKIE, GEORGE AND ABAHT

with the others watching the show. Abaht has his arm around a beautiful 14-year-old girl named Moon Child with long straight black hair down to her legs and wearing a white sarong.

ABAHT

They both want Moon Child. The

winner shall have her.

JACKIE

The leopard looks starved.

ABAHT

He is. We have not fed him for three weeks.

POV

One of the combatants is tall and sinewy and leveraged. The other is short and squat but built like a safe. Each is trying to feed his opponent to the starved leopard.

ANGLES

The short guy gets behind the tall guy and grips his arms around tall guy's waist. He starts walking the tall guy away from the wall and toward the snapping, screaming leopard. Tall guy is violently kicking and flailing. When they get about five feet from the animal, tall guy somehow manages to pull short guy down and they roll in the dirt. The leopard takes a swipe and horribly scratches short guy across his back. The guys roll more. Short guy grips tall guy's testicles and pulls. Tall guy groans in pain but manages to get his finger in short guy's mouth and tears his mouth at the cheek. Blood flows.

INTERCUT

Jackie and George watching, grimacing.

THE COMBATANTS

now circling each other but staying clear of the leopard. There isn't a lot of room. They have to stay near the pit walls. Short guy dives at tall guy and tall guy comes down hard on the back of his neck ... FWOOMP! But short guy grips tall guy by the ankles and upends him. The two wrestle - grueling and bloody even though they are unarmed. Eventually tall guy maneuvers short guy closer and closer to the beast. But at the last minute short guy using brute strength flips tall guy over so that the leopard can get a paw on tall guy's leg. That's all the leopard needs. It sinks its talons deep into tall guy's skin and pulls in unison with short guy pushing. Slowly but surely tall guy's leg is edged under the

leopard's giant head. Tall guy SCREAMING at the top of his lungs.

JACKIE AND GEORGE

JACKIE
 (looks away)
 I don't think I can watch this.

CRAACCKK!

Leopard chomps down chews off tall guy's leg. Short guy keeps straining and pushing and the leopard keeps voraciously eating ... CRAACCKK!...CRAACCKK!... CRAACCKK!...CRAACCKK!...CRAACCKK! Short guy lets go of what is left of tall guy and leopard eats everything.

VILLAGERS

applaud and play MUSIC on crude instruments. Moon Child beaming at short guy and he is beaming back at her. The bottom of the pit is a pool of blood.

JACKIE AND GEORGE

JACKIE
 What'd you say we call it a night.

INT. HUT - NIGHT

George lying on a thick mat of woven banana leaves lit by a native oil lamp. Jackie sitting at his feet.

JACKIE
 One of the last things I remember about my father is that he gave me a turtle.

GEORGE
 Is your father passed away?

JACKIE
 I don't know. He just disappeared. Dad was a party boat captain and one day he just didn't come home.

GEORGE

What was his boat lost in a storm or something?

JACKIE

No, he was seen a few months later in Florida. Where're you from?

GEORGE

Beverly Hills. I was actually born there.

JACKIE

Where did you go to school?

GEORGE

UCLA. Five minutes from my house. Seven years. Undergraduate and law. How about you?

JACKIE

When I graduated from high school I wanted to go to college and become a veterinarian but there wasn't any money so I went to New York and got a job as a sales clerk in a pet store on 8th Avenue and took zoology at NYU at nights. When I got my B.S. I got a job at the Bronx Zoo where I've been for the last two and a half years.

GEORGE

A zoologist.
(points)
What's that guy?

POV

A mounted stuffed deer head hanging on the wall.

JACKIE (O.S.)

He's an Asian deer. They're dwarfs - only two feet high.

REVERSE ANGLE

GEORGE

The old man told me that deer
is why this hut is for
honeymooners.

JACKIE

Oh is that where we are?

GEORGE

You didn't know? We're staying
at Honeymoon Hotel.

George douses the light and they hug each other and
start in again.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

George standing next to ABAHT inspecting the raft
which the men are making out of poles of bamboo tied
together with cord made from coconut husks.

GEORGE

Not bad. Not bad at all.

They are tying together the oars and a steering
mechanism.

GEORGE

How do we get it down to the
river?

ABAHT

Carry. Twelve strong men.

GEORGE

Great.

SOUND of airplane. ABAHT and George look up.

POV

A Beachcraft Queen Air approaches at low altitude and
ROARS overhead.

GEORGE

Who the fuck is that?

ABAHT
Just coconut farmers.

GEORGE
I didn't see any farms around
here.

ABAHT
Other side of mountain.

Airplane flies out of sight.

GEORGE
Listen, do you think you
guys can speed up work so we
can take it down to the river
this afternoon?

ABAHT
Yeah yeah.

GEORGE
Great. Let me know when it's
finished. We'll be in
Honeymoon Hotel.

ABAHT
(nervous laugh)
Okay Honeymoon Hotel.

George starts walking back to the house. We are TRACKING in front of him. Behind him we see a dot in the sky but it is growing larger. It is the Beachcraft coming in for a landing. George keeps walking. The Beachcraft must have its motor shut off. It keeps getting closer and closer. George keeps walking. It's coming right at him. He turns around and looks at it as it touches down.

CLOSE

on George.

GEORGE
They're not coconut farmers ...

FULL

George starts running. The Beachcraft rolls up beside him. He looks over as he's running.

POV

Pisik has his head and his 38 out the window.

PISIK

STOP!

FULL

George breaks into a sprint. Pisik fires ... BAAMMM!
BAAMMM!

GEORGE

running toward the huts.

BEACHCRAFT

skids to a stop and Pisik and three guards jump out. Abaht runs over to Pisik yelling and pointing in the direction George ran. Pisik and the others give chase.

EXT. HUT

George runs toward the hut. Jackie is out front. Natives have collected behind her.

JACKIE

What the heck is going on,
George?

GEORGE

They're here! Let's go!

George and Jackie run through the crowd of natives and into the brush.

PISIK

and guards arrive at the house. One of the hunters points to where Jackie and George ran. Pisik, guards and natives run into the brush.

ANGLES

on George and Jackie running through thick brush getting scratched and cut by branches and thorns.

INTERCUT

Pisik and guards in pursuit also getting scratched and cut.

EXT. CAVE

George and Jackie run inside a cave.

INT. CAVE

ANGLES on George and Jackie running through brackish water, jumping from rock to rock, climbing over rocks, avoiding bats and snakes, finally hiding in a crevice.

JACKIE

(panting)

How did they know we were in the village?

GEORGE

(panting)

Don't ask me. That old bastard somehow sent word back to the prison!

JACKIE

(looks around)

I don't know if this was a good idea. What if they come in looking for us?

GEORGE

(looking around)

A lot of these caves have more than one entrance. We might be able to find another way out.

JACKIE

(beat)

I think I hear something.

GEORGE

Come on. Let's go.

The two continue inward but when they turn a corner they stop dead in their tracks.

REVERSE ANGLE

Pisik standing there grinning with his pistol pointed straight at Jackie's face.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Amritraj seated at the defense table wearing a mournful expression. The prosecutor seated at his table gritting his teeth. Both in their blue robes. Jackie and George standing in the dock handcuffed together. Jackie is wearing her beige dress, George his brown suit. The clerk blurts out something. Everybody stands. The judge enters from his chambers behind the bench. This is the first time we've seen him look angry. He sits and starts talking to the courtroom. Jackie grips George's hand. Anderson is sitting in the front row

JUDGE

(to Jackie)

I find you guilty of escape.
You are sentenced to serve five
years in prison. The sentence
is to begin running when you
finish serving your present
sentence.

(to George)

You are to be deported
forthwith.

Judge stands and goes back in his chambers and slams the door. That's it. Jackie just gazes impassively. She didn't expect much less. The bailiff unlocks the handcuffs that connect her to George.

JACKIE

I love you.

GEORGE

I love you too.

Bailiff handcuffs George to a waterpipe and leads Jackie away. George watches her. She turns around and smiles at him. Then she disappears around a corner. Anderson approaches George from the audience section, shaking his head.

ANDERSON
What're you going to do in
Singapore, George?

GEORGE
Get a job.

ANDERSON
Doing what?

GEORGE
I don't know. Oil lease
lawyer.

ANDERSON
They don't have any oil wells
in Singapore.

GEORGE
Then I'll figure something out!
I'm not gonna put ten thousand
miles between us! That's it.
Don't worry bout me. I'll find
something. I'm a survivor.

ANDERSON
(eyeing the handcuffs)
Sure you are.

Anderson removes items from a manila envelope and
hands them to George.

ANDERSON
All right. Here's your
passport, and here's your
airplane ticket. I bought it
with your American Express card
like you asked.

GEORGE
Did you book me in a hotel?

ANDERSON
Yeah, you're in the Raffles.

GEORGE
Hey, man, that's my favorite.

ANDERSON
Remember you're unemployed now.

GEORGE

I know.

ANDERSON

(looks at his watch)

Okay. I gotta go.

Anderson stands. George holds out his hand.

GEORGE

I want you to know I really appreciate everything you've done, Tom.

ANDERSON

(shakes)

Just promise you won't do anything crazy.

GEORGE

Okay, that's a promise.

EXT. COURTHOUSE

Bailiff walking Jackie in the brilliant sun. Straight ahead is Porky standing on a platform in front of a chopping block, and in front of the block is a wicker basket. His hands are tied behind his back. He looks at Jackie and she looks at him. Three policemen are on the platform with him. One has a machete. The other two force the guard that looks like a pig to his knees, and hold his head in position on the block. He starts jerking and yelling. Jackie is walking toward Pisik's van which is parked right beside the platform. Pisik is leaning against the van smoking a cigarette. He glances at Jackie approaching but his main point of attention is what is happening on the platform. The man with the machete raises the mean-looking blade and comes down ... THWAACKKK! Blood squirts and sprays. THWAACKKK!... THWAACKKK!... THWAACKKK!... THWAACKKK!... THWAACKKK! Blood sprays so horrendously some catches Jackie on her beige dress when she climbs in the van. Pisik wearing a satisfied look gets in the van ignoring Jackie and drives off.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

INT. SEGREGATION

The demented-looking guard playing solitaire. We TRACK past the filthy females behind bars and STOP on Jackie naked sitting against the wall just staring into space.

SARAH (O.S.)

Jackie?

Jackie stands and goes to the bars and doesn't see anybody.

REVERSE ANGLE

Sarah, barely recognizable, is catercorner from Jackie, just out of her field of view.

SARAH

I'm down here, love.

Sarah is thin and ashen color and nude and has bruises over all over her body.

INTERCUT

between the two.

JACKIE

Sarah! Are you okay?

SARAH

I'm alive. Did you see Rachel?

JACKIE

No they took me directly here. Sarah, this place is awful!

SARAH

I heard about your escape. Was it George?

JACKIE

(grins)

Yes.

SARAH

He sounds like a real nice bloke.

JACKIE
He is, Sarah. He really is.
He ...
(fills)
But I ... don't think I'm ever
gonna see him ... again.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Sign says:

THE RAFFLES
Singapore

INT. HOTEL BAR

George seated at the bar drinking a martini talking
to CHEN, the bartender.

CHEN
Maybe best thing for you forget
her.

GEORGE
Oh no I couldn't do that, Chen,
no way. I'll never forget her.

CHEN
But nothing you can do.
Chinese forget problem cannot
solve.

GEORGE
But I'm not Chinese, I'm a
Californian.

CHEN
Then why you in Singapore?

GEORGE
I can't leave the woman I love.
(drinks)
I'm gonna start looking for a
job tomorrow.

CHEN
You say same thing last night.

GEORGE
 I know but I mean it tonight.
 (downs his drink)
 Give me a nightcap.

CHEN
 Sure.

Chen goes to pour George's drink.

O'SHAUGHNESSY (O.S.)
 I thought I'd find you in the
 bar.

George looks off.

REVERSE ANGLE

O'Shaughnessy wearing sportcoat and slacks standing
 in the entrance.

GEORGE (O.S.)
 O'Shaughnessy!

O'SHAUGHNESSY
 Hi.

FULL

George crosses to him.

GEORGE
 How did you know I was here?

O'SHAUGHNESSY
 Your friend at the Embassy.
 What's this shit about your not
 going back to the States?

GEORGE
 I'm not going back and leaving
 Jackie in that stinking prison.

O'SHAUGHNESSY
 Is that your final decision?

GEORGE
 Yes.

O'SHAUGHNESSY
 All right. Then let's get her

the fuck out so we can all go
back to living a normal life.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Taxi creeping through a teeming Singapore street
approaches CAMERA.

TAXI

traveling. George and O'Shaughnessy in the back seat.

O'SHAUGHNESSY
Come on, George, you got more
than that?

GEORGE
Honest to God, O'Shaughnessy,
that's the truth. I got twelve
hundred dollars to my name.

O'SHAUGHNESSY
The helicopter alone is gonna
cost more than that!

GEORGE
We'll use my American Express
card.

O'SHAUGHNESSY
(to himself)
What am I doin' here?
Financin' a prison rescue with
American Express.

EXT. MESSAGE PARLOR

Taxi pulls up in front of a message parlor. Sign
says:

NANCY'S MESSAGE

O'Shaughnessy looks at his piece of hotel stationary.

O'SHAUGHNESSY
This must be it. I think he
lives in an apartment in the
back.

O'Shaughnessy heads in but George grabs his arm.

GEORGE

Why are you doing this for me,
O'Shaughnessy?

O'SHAUGHNESSY

Why am I doin' this? I'll tell
you why. I'm 47 years old. I
been out of the Army 18 years
and I still haven't done shit
with my life. I haven't even
been home yet. I've had the
clap 14 times. I ain't doin'
this for you. I'm doin' it for
myself. It's the only thing I
do right!

O'Shaughnessy goes in. George smiles and goes in
too.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

HARVEY GOLDBERG, 45, sitting on his sofa wearing a
Chinese bathrobe. George and O'Shaughnessy sitting
there listening to him finish his story. As he
talks, his Chinese wife brings in a tray of rice
cakes. Harvey takes one.

HARVEY

(to O'Shaughnessy)

... so the guy turns out to be
a colonel in the Viet Cong!

(to George)

See, in 1967 the VC used Nha
Trang as an R&R center the same
as we did.

(to both)

Anyway would you believe we
drank together, told lies, ate
rotten fish ... Then we went
back to our units and picked up
where we left off - trying to
blow each other's brains out.
I don't think there'll ever be
another war like it.

O'SHAUGHNESSY

So what'd you think, Harv? Are

you in?

Harvey glances to see if his wife is out of earshot.

HARVEY
(sotto voce)
Sure, I'll do it.

O'SHAUGHNESSY
Thanks. I knew I could count
on you.

HARVEY
But don't tell my old lady.

GEORGE
Do you think we'll have any
trouble getting the chopper,
Harv?

HARVEY
No, my license is current.

O'SHAUGHNESSY
How much will it cost?

HARVEY
The rental is, I think, nine-
hundred dollars a day plus they
want you to buy insurance. So
the total is about a thousand a
day.

O'SHAUGHNESSY
We'll just be takin' it for two
days, right?

HARVEY
Yeah, just don't tell them what
we're gonna use it for.

O'SHAUGHNESSY
Okay, I think that's it for
now. I'll call you tomorrow.

O'Shaughnessy and George stand.

GEORGE
Nice meeting you, Harvey.

HARVEY
Pleasure meeting you, George.

George exits. Harvey stops O'Shaughnessy.

HARVEY
Who's financing the operation,
Jack?

O'SHAUGHNESSY
George.

HARVEY
How much is in the budget for
the pilot?

O'SHAUGHNESSY
Oh, we're not takin' any money
for this, Harv. This one's
strictly for fun.

O'Shaughnessy exits.

HARVEY
For fun?

MUSIC

over the following montage:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Nondescript place. Harvey's Buick parked in front.

INT. WAREHOUSE

CLOSE on a lethal-looking blue-black Uzi submachine gun. DOLLY back to reveal O'Shaughnessy inspecting it. George, standing next to him, is opening and closing the breech of a 45 automatic pistol. Harvey is over with the Chinese proprietor counting boxes of ammunition.

EXT. HANGER - DAY

Sign says:

SINGAPORE HELICOPTER, LTD.
Sales & Charter

Harvey's Buick and four Bell 206A six-seater

helicopters parked in front.

INT. HANGER OFFICE

Harvey has his wallet out and hands his license to the Chinese guy behind the counter who copies information into the rental agreement. George standing next to Harvey. O'Shaughnessy over by the window looking at the helicopters. The Chinese guy says something to Harvey and Harvey says something to George who takes out his wallet and hands the Chinese his American Express card. O'Shaughnessy turns around and watches the Chinese run George's card through the machine, and shakes his head.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

George drawing a map as he talks on the telephone. O'Shaughnessy and Harvey look at what George draws.

GEORGE

(to phone)

You're sure there's only one Segregation block in the prison?

(beat)

Okay, Begin, listen, thanks a lot, you've been a big help.

(hangs up)

O'SHAUGHNESSY

What'd he say?

GEORGE

(looking at map)

Okay. This is the main gate. This is the warden's office. This is the dormitory and this is Segregation right here next to the power plant.

INSERT

George's drawing.

GEORGE (V.O.)

(continuing)

There's one guard in here and he stays right here. The Segregation inmates are in this area.

FULL

O'Shaughnessy points.

O'SHAUGHNESSY

That means we want to land
right here.

(to Harvey)

Think you can manage that,
Harv?

HARVEY

Be a piece of cake.

O'Shaughnessy and Harvey studying the map.

GEORGE

What else do we need, guys?

O'SHAUGHNESSY

Nothin'. We're ready to move.
You agree, Harv?

HARVEY

I agree.

GEORGE

All right!

EXT. PRISON YARD - NIGHT

Very quiet. One of those no-movement nights in the
tropics. Laundry hangs still on clothesline.
Distant SOUND of approaching aircraft. TILT up.
Suddenly a Bell 206A helicopter ROARS into view.

HELICOPTER

braking. The NOISE is ear-shattering. Harvey cool
at the controls. George wearing black jacket and
black jeans and fighting back a touch of panic.
O'Shaughnessy wearing black coveralls, and has the
Uzi submachine gun across his lap. A black satchel
and other paraphernalia on the floor. O'Shaughnessy
is not cool and not panicky. Just busy. He leans
out and looks down.

FULL

O'Shaughnessy points.

O'SHAUGHNESSY

That means we want to land
right here.

(to Harvey)

Think you can manage that,
Harv?

HARVEY

Be a piece of cake.

O'Shaughnessy and Harvey studying the map.

GEORGE

What else do we need, guys?

O'SHAUGHNESSY

Nothin'. We're ready to move.
You agree, Harv?

HARVEY

I agree.

GEORGE

All right!

EXT. PRISON YARD - NIGHT

Very quiet. One of those no-movement nights in the
tropics. Laundry hangs still on clothesline.
Distant SOUND of approaching aircraft. TILT up.
Suddenly a Bell 206A helicopter ROARS into view.

HELICOPTER

braking. The NOISE is ear-shattering. Harvey cool
at the controls. George wearing black jacket and
black jeans and fighting back a touch of panic.
O'Shaughnessy wearing black coveralls, and has the
Uzi submachine gun across his lap. A black satchel
and other paraphernalia on the floor. O'Shaughnessy
is not cool and not panicky. Just busy. He leans
out and looks down.

POV

Helicopter hovering 35 feet above the prison roof.
O'Shaughnessy drops the satchel. When it hits the
roof, it explodes ... BOOOO0MMMMMM!

HELICOPTER

shaking violently as Harvey wrestles to get back
control.

FULL

Helicopter sets down on the prison roof.
O'Shaughnessy and George jump out. O'Shaughnessy has
a rope ladder. George has a huge pair of rescue
shears. They run through the smoke.

ANGLES

O'Shaughnessy tosses the rope into the gaping hole
left by satchel then climbs down. George follows.

INT. SEGREGATION

O'Shaughnessy lands a few feet from the smoking
corpse of dead guard, the demented-looking one.
George lands.

O'SHAUGHNESSY

Cut her loose!

O'Shaughnessy runs over and takes a defensive
position vis-a-vis the yard while George with the
shears runs past each girl looking for Jackie.

ANGLES

Girls yelling at George, a few just stare, one prays
... He reaches Sarah.

SARAH

Who are you?

GEORGE

Where's Jackie Richards?

SARAH

Are you George?

GEORGE

Yeah!

SARAH

They took her away, love.

GEORGE

WHAT?

SARAH

She was over there ... Pisik
and the warden came in
yesterday and took her away ...

George sees the vacant cell.

GEORGE

Where did they take her?

SARAH

I don't know.

Two guards appear at the opposite end and open fire -
one with shotgun, the other with pistol. George
dives behind a pillar. O'Shaughnessy darts into
position and cuts them both down with two short
bursts from his Uzi.

GEORGE

(to O'Shaughnessy)

O'Shaughnessy, she's not here!

O'SHAUGHNESSY

Where the fuck is she?

GEORGE

I'm gonna find out!

George runs out.

O'SHAUGHNESSY

Hey, come back here!

EXT. YARD

George sprints across the yard. A guard fires at him
with his 38. George returns the fire with his 45.
Guard eats some lead.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE

The warden wearing bathrobe over nightgown behind her desk furiously transferring packets of crisp one-hundred dollar bills to a briefcase when suddenly ... BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM ... and WHAM! her door flies in and George barges in with his 45 pointed at her face.

GEORGE
WHERE IS SHE?

WARDEN
(eyes on the barrel)
Who?

GEORGE
JACKIE RICHARDS!

WARDEN
She was put in Segregation.

GEORGE
Bullshit! You got three seconds to tell me where she is or I'll blow your fucking brains out!

He presses the barrel hard in her throat.

GEORGE
One ... two ...

WARDEN
(terrified)
Wait! She is not here! But look ... I have a lot of money! I will give you money!

We can hear the helicopter hovering outside.

GEORGE
(presses deeper)
WHERE IS SHE, LADY!

WARDEN
Pisik took her ... to the island.

GEORGE
What island?

WARDEN

The Isle of Epernay ... I swear
she is there ... a small island
not far from here! Please
don't shoot me!

O'Shaughnessy screams in the door:

O'SHAUGHNESSY

WE GOT TO GO NOW!

George stands, hesitates, exits.

EXT. WARDEN'S OFFICE

O'Shaughnessy firing his Uzi at guards in the area of
the gate. They're pinned down but they're starting
to consolidate. George has to shout to be heard.

GEORGE

WHERE'S EPERNAY ISLAND?

O'SHAUGHNESSY

I DON'T KNOW!

GEORGE

WE GOTTA GO THERE!

O'SHAUGHNESSY

OKAY BUT FIRST WE GOTTA GET
OUTTA HERE!

HELICOPTER

Harvey lands behind them. George climbs in as
O'Shaughnessy provides cover. O'Shaughnessy then
turns to climb in.

REVERSE ANGLE

The warden comes out with a 38 and gets off a shot
... BAM!

FULL

She hits O'Shaughnessy in the back. A neat red
circle in his black coveralls below his shoulder.
The big man falls onto the ground. George fires his
45 ... BAM BAM BAM!... and the warden drops. George
tries to pick up O'Shaughnessy. Guards firing.

O'SHAUGHNESSY
Get in the chopper.

GEORGE
Not without you.

With a surge of superstrength you get in emergencies,
George snatches O'Shaughnessy clean off the ground.

GEORGE
(grunting)
Jesus, O'Shaughnessy ...

George lugs O'Shaughnessy to the helicopter. Guards
let go a fusillade. George dumps O'Shaughnessy in.
George jumps in, Harvey lifts off and helicopter
flies into the night.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAWN

Sign says SINGAPORE GENERAL HOSPITAL.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

George tense pacing talking on the telephone.
O'Shaughnessy bandaged in bed.

GEORGE
(to phone)
Okay, thanks, Begin. Go back
to sleep.
(to O'Shaughnessy)
Okay, I got the full story.
The Isle of Epernay is a
brothel for perverts.
(looks at watch)
I gotta go. The hydrofoil
leaves in half an hour.

George jams a full clip of bullets in the handle of
his 45.

O'SHAUGHNESSY
Wait til I get on my feet.

GEORGE
No I gotta go right away.

O'SHAUGHNESSY
 You're wrong to just
 go, God damn it! You gotta
 have a plan!

GEORGE
 (checks the breach)
 You saw what our plan did for
 us.

O'SHAUGHNESSY
 That's right, she wasn't there.
 But there's something else.
 Without a plan, we wouldn't
 have gotten out alive! I know
 about these things! This is
 what I used to do! And if you
 don't wait, you're not gonna
 come back alive!

GEORGE
 (puts on his jacket)
 Calm down. The nurse said you
 need plenty or rest.
 (starts out)

O'SHAUGHNESSY
 What if they're expecting you!

GEORGE
 That's the chance I gotta take!

George exits. Then he reappears.

GEORGE
 Have you got any cash on you,
 O'Shaughnessy? I may need it.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

A hydrofoil approaches.

HYDROFOIL

skimming the ocean at 70 miles per hour.

COCKPIT

Chinese SKIPPER at the throttle.

CABIN

George wearing his black jacket and jeans is riding with four other passengers, all men.

ANGLES

One guy, about 40, is tall and gaunt and is wearing a blue trenchcoat. Another guy, about 35, is wearing little round spectacles and weighs 350 pounds. Another has a strange-looking long black case at his feet. The other is a man in a suit with a leathery face.

GEORGE

looks off in the direction the boat is racing.

POV

A massive, unbeautiful jagged rock with no vegetation jutting out of the ocean.

REVERSE ANGLE

George sits back, sticks his hand inside his jacket and reassuringly grips the handle of his 45 concealed under his belt.

EXT. WHARF - DAY

Foreboding SCORE over ANGLES on hydrofoil as it docks. Four or five other boats are docked at this wharf including a 40-foot yacht.

FULL

George standing waiting for the other men to disembark sees something.

POV

At the far end of the wharf are three Arabs, wearing white kaffiyehs and solid black suits and neckties, waiting next to a sign in Chinese, French and English that says ALL GUESTS SUBJECT TO SEARCH.

REVERSE ANGLE

George flushes. What was that about proper planning?

GEORGE

Shit.

As he steps from the boat to the wharf we hear a quiet splash as he drops his 45 in the water.

ANGLE

George walks to the end of the wharf and waits his turn to be searched. One Arab is searching and the other two are scrutinizing. George gets caught in an exchange of looks with one of them which is broken by the hands of the searcher running up and down his legs. Then his torso. Then his arms. George forces out the indignity and looks straight ahead.

POV

The building is two-story cinderblock. Stark.

REVERSE ANGLE

Searcher finishes and George heads for the entrance.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Mounted color Polaroid photographs of boys and girls 8, 9, 10 and 11 years old. DOLLY back to reveal George seated at a metal desk leafing through an album. The other men from the hydrofoil are also looking through albums. ARAB #1 and another Arab are standing by an innerdoor. All the Arabs wear black ties and suits. Harsh fluorescent lighting. The severe decor reminds us a little of the State Unemployment Office. George leafs ahead in the album to women available for S&M. He studies each photo.

INSERTS

Polaroids of women in kinky dress.

FULL

George keeps leafing. When he gets to the last page ZOOM in on a Polaroid of Jackie that hasn't even been

mounted yet. She is wearing black underwear, garter belt and stockings

GEORGE

stands and crosses to Arab #1.

GEORGE

Okay.

ARAB #1

You find one you like?

GEORGE

(points to Jackie)

Yeah this one.

ARAB #1

I will check to see if she is available.

Arab #1 unlocks the innerdoor, exits and closes the door.

INT. OFFICE

Jackie gagged and strapped naked to a gurney. ARAB #2 watches ARAB #3 listen to Jackie's chest with a stethoscope. (The following is in Arabic with English subtitles.)

ARAB #2

What do you hear?

ARAB #3

She has the heartbeat of a lioness.

ARAB #2

She better! She cost a lot of money. I don't want to lose her until we show a profit.

ARAB #3

With proper maintenance, she will last a year at the very least.

ARAB #2

What is her blood type?

ARAB #3
AO positive. Very easy to
replace.

ARAB #2
He says her age is twenty five.
(pinches Jackie's breast)
Her hide is still elastic.

REVERSE ANGLE

Pisik wearing a polo shirt and slacks seated counting
a huge amount of money piled on a desk in packets of
hundred dollar bills, and like warden earlier,
stuffing them in a briefcase.

PISIK
Hey why you guys worry, eh? She
good choice. You make beaucoup
money deal with Karim Pisik.

ARAB #2
(English)
I hope so.

Knock on door. Arab #2 opens it to reveal Arab #1.

ARAB #1
(subtitles)
A customer is requesting this
one. Is she ready?

ARAB #2
Yes.
(to Arab #3)
Get her dressed.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Arab #1 and George come around the corner and walk
toward CAMERA.

TRACKING

George and Arab #1 walking past rooms with the doors
ajar. They reach a door that is shut.

ARAB #1
Girl is in there. I will

remain here until you finish.

Arab #1 puts a key in the lock, opens it and George goes in.

INT. ROOM

Brightly lit. George slowly walks past the bathroom and then stops.

POV

Jackie in the black underwear wearing a leather gag curled on a bare mattress hogtied with red nylon cord. On the floor next to her is a rubber hose.

GEORGE
(whispers)
Jackie ...

Jackie grunts. George removes her gag.

JACKIE
George, I thought I was dead!
I said my prayers and I was
ready to meet God!

GEORGE
Don't talk. One of them's
outside the door.

George unties her arms and she hugs him and kisses him.

GEORGE
You untie your legs.

He checks all around the room and bathroom for some way to get out, and finds no windows, nothing. Jackie completes untying herself and removes her heels.

GEORGE
The only way out of here is
through that lousy door!

JACKIE
What about the guy?

GEORGE
(looking around)
See if you can find a weapon.

Jackie picks up the rubber hose.

JACKIE
How about this?

GEORGE
No ... it's gotta be something
more lethal.

George checks the bed. It is comprised of a mattress and box spring and four short wood legs that screw into the bottom of the box spring. George unscrews a leg, grips it and shakes his head.

GEORGE
Too short, too light.

They check everywhere in the room which is just the bed and a smelly upholstered chair. No tables, no lamps, nothing. George steps in the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

Sink, shower stall with a curtain, one towel and one washcloth and one roll of toilet paper and that's it.

GEORGE
God damn it!

He exits bathroom, stops, has an idea and goes back in. He carefully lifts off the porcelain top of the toilet and grips it with both hands like a thick heavy paddle.

INT. ROOM

George comes out with porcelain top and gives it to Jackie.

GEORGE
Stand behind the door. When he comes in, hit him over the head with all your might.

JACKIE
Okay.

Jackie stands in the corner. George knocks on the door. Key goes in the lock and Arab #1 opens the door.

ARAB #1
Finished?

INT. CORRIDOR

GEORGE
I gotta little problem. Can
you come here a second?

EXT. ROOM

Arab #1 comes in. As he does the door covers Jackie behind him. He walks past the bathroom, Jackie raises the porcelain top and comes down hard ... CRAAACCKK!... over the man's head. He goes down but he is just dazed. George loops nylon cord around his neck and strangles him until he goes limp. Then he goes through his pockets and pulls out a Beretta automatic pistol. He checks the clip. It's loaded. He releases the safety.

GEORGE
Let's go.

George and Jackie exit the room.

INT. CORRIDOR

George and Jackie walk quietly down the corridor. George peeks around the corner

POV

A small window at the end.

REVERSE ANGLE

GEORGE
There's a window. Come on.

They start down the corridor and then stop at the SOUND of footsteps coming up stairs. They duck into another room.

INT. ROOM

George and Jackie stand behind the door. George

holds the Beretta ready to use. The footsteps approach and pass the door. George peeks out.

POV

It is an Arab and the tall gaunt guy carrying his trenchcoat in one hand and with the other holding the hand of a little boy about 11 years old. The arab is carrying video equipment.

REVERSE ANGLE

Jackie and George.

JACKIE
(whispers)
George, that's horrible!

GEORGE
(shushes her)
I know.

INT. CORRIDOR

When the group turns the corner, George and Jackie walk quickly down the corridor to the window. George unlocks and opens it and looks out.

POV

The wharf, hydrofoil, other boats. Crews shooting the breeze.

GEORGE
The hydrofoil's still there.
Okay. You jump out first.

FULL

Jackie gets a leg out when the Arab who was with gaunt guy reappears around the corner.

JACKIE
GEORGE!

George spins around. Arab goes for his gun. George fires twice ...

BAAAMMM!

BAAAMMMM!

Arab drops to the floor.

INT. OFFICE

Arab #2 seated at his desk. PIsik has finished counting the money and is smoking a cigarette.

ARAB #2
You hear something?

PISIK
Hey that sound like gunfire!

They hurriedly exit the office.

EXT. BUILDING

Jackie falls two stories to the ground and hits with a THUD. She gets to her feet and looks up.

POV

George jumps, sails down and also hits with THUD.

FULL

George and Jackie take off running toward the wharf.

ANGLE

Arab #2 and PIsik come running out the door. When PIsik sees it's Jackie, he freaks.

PISIK
HEY YOU SON OF A BITCH!

He draws his 38 and fires ... BAM! BAM! BAM!

GEORGE AND JACKIE

George yanks Jackie behind a tree. Bullets PING.

PISIK

running as fast as he can after them.

GEORGE

steps out from the tree and opens fire with the

Beretta:

BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

Pisik dives behind a tree too.

GEORGE AND JACKIE

GEORGE
We gogo.

JACKIE
Okay!

George and Jackie take off running again.

REVERSE ANGLE

Pisik, running, fires again ... BAM!

EXT. WHARF

Crews are all under cover as George and Jackie run for the hydrofoil.

HYDROFOIL

Chinese skipper out on deck hollers at them:

SKIPPER
No come on board!

ANGLE

George jumps onboard and points the Beretta at him.

GEORGE
START THE ENGINE! MOVE OUT!

SKIPPER
Yes sir!

PISIK

running, fires ... BAM!

GEORGE AND JACKIE

duck. George returns fire ... BAM!

PISIK

running, fires again ... BAM!

HYDROFOIL

Engines start. George fires again. SNAP! SNAP!
He's out of ammunition.

REVERSE ANGLE

Pisik running reaches the wharf.

FULL

Hydrofoil rises above the water and slowly starts to inch away from the wharf. Pisik running out the wharf. He leaps and lands on the hydrofoil as it pulls away. George jumps on him and they fight.

ANGLES

on the two of them fighting violently. Pisik is big and powerful but George fights like a hell. They box, roll, wrestle, kick ... everything. Pisik gets the opportunity and pulls out a 9-inch switchblade and attacks. George takes a slash on the hand but manages to grab Pisik's wrist and keeps the mean-looking blade away from his body for a moment but soon the blade is moving close to George's face. Jackie is behind Pisik beating him on the head and neck and back with her fists but not doing much good. Pisik comes around and ferociously heaves Jackie onto the deck. This gives George a second to pull loose. He manages to wrestle the knife from Pisik. Pisik lunges for him again. They roll out to the boat's stern. George grabs a gaff and swings it and ...

THUNK!

He catches Pisik in the eye socket. George lets go but the gaff remains wedged in Pisik's eye socket. It is grotesque. Pisik staggers forward then backward and falls over the side. Jackie rushes in George's arms. They kiss. Chinese skipper turns around and smiles.

GEORGE

(to Jackie)

I think it's over.

JACKIE
It's about time.

GEORGE
What's next?

JACKIE
I want to sleep for a week.

GEORGE
Me too. I'm staying at the
Raffles. Is that okay?

JACKIE
As long as they don't wake us
up in the morning and chase us
in a cave.

They kiss again.

FULL

Hydrofoil skids into the sunset, END TITLES rise from
the bottom of the FRAME and we ...

FADE OUT