

FLORIDA POP
AN ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY
BY
EDWARD MURPHY

3658 North Fredonia Drive
Los Angeles, CA 90068
(213) 876-8457

FADE IN

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Checkout girl CHRISSY LOVEJOY, 22, ringing up MRS. GOLDBLAT's order.

MRS. GOLDBLAT

Peace and quiet. That's what my doctor told me I need.

CHRISSY

Everybody needs a little peace and quiet, Mrs. Goldblat.

MRS. GOLDBLAT

Right. So we got cable television.

CHRISSY

Oh I have that in my apartment.

MRS. GOLDBLAT

Have you seen the porno movies that come on at eleven-thirty?

CHRISSY

No, my cable doesn't get them.

MRS. GOLDBLAT

Well ours does. So now every night Murray wakes me up about one when the porno movie's over. Instead of getting peace and quiet, I'm getting Murray.

CHRISSY

That's funny, Mrs. Goldblat.

MRS. GOLDBLAT

It is? Last night he asked me why I didn't moan like Linda Lovelace.

EDUARDO ELDORADO AND RAMON AGUILAR

concealed behind a toilet paper sale. Eduardo is short, 32, and wearing a black suit. Aguilar is handsome, 50, and wearing slacks, sport coat and ascot.

EDUARDO

I cannot believe that we have

finally found her.

POV

Chrissy ringing up Mrs. Goldblat's order.

EDUARDO (O.S.)

(continuing)

Now we shall find out where the
airplane went down and at long
last recover the gold.

EDUARDO AND AGUILAR

AGUILAR

General Ramirez is going to be
a very happy man today.

Eduardo pulls a pistol from his coat and checks the
breach.

EDUARDO

Enough talk. Pull the car
around to the door.

(coats his pistol)

AGUILAR

(looks around)

Are you sure this is the right
time and place to take her?

EDUARDO

(stops)

What do you mean?

AGUILAR

All these people. Maybe we
should wait.

EDUARDO

We have waited long enough,
Ramon.

(surveys the market)

There will be no problems. I
will simply show her my pistol
and tell her to walk outside
where you will be waiting with
the car.

AGUILAR

Are you sure it will work,
Eduardo?

EDUARDO
Trust me, my friend.

AGUILAR
Alright.

Aguilar goes off. Eduardo glances over at the courtesy booth.

POV

The store MANAGER busy talking on the phone and trying to take care of a long line of impatient customers with checks to okay and cash.

EDUARDO

walks toward Chrissy.

CHRISSY AND MRS. GOLDBLAT

Chrissy is counting a huge pile of coupons Mrs. Goldblat has laid on her. As Eduardo approaches, a 300-pound woman wheeling a loaded shopping basket steps in front of him. With the woman is a 4-year-old boy eating a melting vanilla ice cream cone. The woman starts offloading watermelons onto the rotating counter.

EXT. SUPERMARKET

Aguilar pulls up in a black Cadillac.

CADILLAC

Aguilar looks around at the shoppers. Aguilar doesn't have the cool-headed confidence that his partner, Eduardo, has. It's very hot. Sweat is forming on Aguilar's forehead. He unscrews the cap of a flask and takes a gulp of whiskey to calm his nerves. Then he peers inside the market.

INT. SUPERMARKET

Eduardo waiting in line rolling his eyes behind the fat woman. Chrissy still counting Mrs. Goldblat's coupons.

EXT. SUPERMARKET

Aguilar waiting nervously in the Cadillac. He turns

on the radio.

RADIO

It's a nifty ninety-two in the
sunshine state with no chance
of rain so let's all hit the
beach today, huh, people?

Something in front of the car catches Aguilar's eye.

POV

JUNKIES #1 and #2 pull navy watch caps down over their
faces and enter the market.

INT. SUPERMARKET

The kid with the 300-pound woman is dripping ice
cream on Eduardo's shoe as Eduardo leafs through a
National Enquirer to look inconspicuous.

JUNKIE #1 (O.S.)

(screams)

NOBODY MOVE!

Eduardo, startled, looks up. So does Chrissy and
Mrs. Goldblat and the store manager and everybody
else in the store.

FULL SHOT

Junkie #1 waving a Saturday Night Special.

JUNKIE #1

'Hands up! No talkin'!

Junkie #2 works his way across the front of the store
methodically emptying the register drawers in one of
the supermarket's large brown bags.

EDUARDO

trying to think what to do.

CHRISSY

like everybody else in the store is motionless and
dumbfounded. She glances at Mrs. Goldblat who is
hyperventilating.

CHRISSY

Don't worry, Mrs. Goldblat.

They'll be out of here in a
minute.

Mrs. Goldblat freaks and starts screaming.

JUNKIE #1

runs over to Mrs. Goldblat to pistol whip her across the puss.

EDUARDO

Hey, man, don't do that!

Junkie looks over. Eduardo yanks out his pistol. Junkie fires but Eduardo hits the floor and returns the fire. Everybody in the store hits the floor.

ANGLES

Eduardo and the junkie exchanging fire. Eduardo ducks through passageway and takes a position behind bags of dog food.

JUNKIES

working their way to the doors at the far end of the row of checkout stands. Junkie #1 and Eduardo continue to exchange fire.

MANAGER

ducked down behind the courtesy booth on the phone to the police.

MANAGER

(into phone)

That's it ... a robbery in progress is what it is ... For Christ's sake, hurry!

ANGLES

on Eduardo and the junkies. He's moving in on them as they retreat toward the far doors. Eduardo and Junkie #1 are both terrible shots. We hear distant sirens. When junkies reach exit they see a large sign that says USE OTHER DOORS. Junkie #2 grabs a rental rug shampooer and swings it into the glass.

EXT. SUPERMARKET

Aguilar in the Cadillac watching in disbelief Junkie #2 trying to hack out a hole in the door.

INT. SUPERMARKET

Junkie #1 firing trying to keep Eduardo pinned down.

JUNKIE #1
HURRY UP!

Chopping a hole in the door is harder to do then it looks. The glass in the steel door is thick and Junkie #2 is emaciated.

EXT. SUPERMARKET

Police cars start arriving in the parking lot. Car doors fly open and pistol-wielding policemen rush the market.

AGUILAR

watching.

INT. SUPERMARKET

Junkie #1 pushes Junkie #2 aside and puts his leg through the jagged hole and rips open his pants and leg.

JUNKIE #1
AAAHHHH ...

POLICE

Police rush inside the market.

POLICEMAN
FREEZE!

Junkie #2 throws his hands up. Junkie #1 is hung up on the glass. Police jump on them from all directions and handcuff them.

EDUARDO

watching more and more police enter the market. They never seem to stop pouring in the door. Chrissy is cheering them on. Aguilar walks up to Eduardo.

EDUARDO
We will wait until tonight.

EXT. APARTMENTS - NIGHT

Chrissy's apartment building.

INT. KITCHEN

Chrissy with a bottle of Chablis in one hand and pulling on a corkscrew with the other. She's wearing a negligee. She pulls the corkscrew straight out of the cork.

CHRISSY

Shit.

She pushes the broken cork back into the bottle and pours herself a glass of wine through a tea strainer.

EXT. APARTMENTS

Eduardo and Aguilar drive up in the Cadillac, Eduardo driving.

EDUARDO

We must do this with a minimum of confusion.

AGUILAR

I agree.

EDUARDO

We will break in, request that she come with us.

AGUILAR

That's it.

Aguilar offers his flask to Eduardo.

AGUILAR

Here.

EDUARDO

I will drink when she tells us where the gold is.

AGUILAR

I too.

(takes a swig)

Eduardo exits the car and steps a dirty puddle of water.

INT. BATHROOM

Chrissy grabs her clock radio and positions it beside the tub overflowing with bubbles, and turns on music. She pours herself another glass of wine through the strainer and takes a drink. Then she

takes off her house coat and steps into the tub.
What a body.

EXT. APARTMENTS

Eduardo and Aguilar creeping through the bushes to a thick chorus of crickets. Eduardo stops at a window and motions to Aguilar. Aguilar takes out a screwdriver and tries to jimmy the screen. After some trying without success, he says ...

AGUILAR

Are you sure this is her apartment, Eduardo?

EDUARDO

Positive.

AGUILAR

(pinches his hand)

Ouch!

EDUARDO

Let me do it.

Eduardo removes the screen, opens the window and separates the curtains.

INT. STRANGE LIVING ROOM

POV of two fags on a couch watching Bett Middler on television.

EXT. APARTMENTS

Eduardo closes the window.

EDUARDO

It must be the next one.

INT. BATHROOM

Chrissy in the tub singing with the radio and trying to shoot some liquid soap at her big toe at the other end of the tub.

CHRISSY

(singing)

HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST SHOT ...

COME ON AND HIT ME WITH YOUR

BEST SHOT ...

HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST SHOT,

FIRE AWAY ...

INT. LIVING ROOM

The window slowly rises. Then Eduardo slowly comes through and puts his foot through the seat of Chrissy's wicker chair.

INT. BATHROOM

Chrissy downs her wine, refills her glass and picks up a paperback entitled ARABIAN MEATRACK.

EDUARDO (O.S.)
Good evening, Miss Lovejoy.

She turns around startled.

EDUARDO

standing in her bathroom doorway in his black suit.

EDUARDO
(trying not to scare
her)
My name is Eduardo Eldorado.
This is Attorney Aguilar.

CHRISSY

frozen in fright.

AGUILAR

AGUILAR
(smiles)
Buenas noches, senorita.

CHRISSY

tries to cover herself with a washcloth.

CHRISSY
(terrified)
What do you want? My jewelry?
My money?
(swallows)
Me?

EDUARDO
Yes.

Aguilar hands her a towel.

AGUILAR

Do not be afraid, Miss Lovejoy.
We will not harm you.

Chrissy takes the towel, stands and wraps it around her. Aguilar offers her his hand out of the tub like Sir Walter Raleigh. She steps out, takes a few steps and whips into a fighting stance.

CHRISSY

Hi-yo!

Eduardo grabs her. Aguilar assists. They try to subdue her with necessary force. Chrissy trying all the things Howard Kato teaches on TV to no avail. In the process all three of them fall in the bathtub. A huge volume of water gushes over the side of the tub. The bathroom fills with bubbles. Finally Eduardo manages to get out his gun.

EDUARDO

(angrily)

Now you will come with us!

CHRISSY

No! I would rather be dead
than raped!

EDUARDO

We are not going to rape you.

She sits on the toilet seat wrapped in the bathroom rug.

CHRISSY

Oh sure. That's what they all
say.

EDUARDO

Put on your clothes!

CHRISSY

Why? So you can move me,
right? So you can take me out
of my apartment?

EDUARDO

Yes.

CHRISSY

Well you're not budging me.
I'm not putting on my clothes.

EDUARDO
(to Aguilar)
What shall we do?

AGUILAR
I don't know.
(lights a cigarette)
Let me think.

Aguilar pours himself a glass of Chrissy's wine. The wine gives Eduardo an idea.

EDUARDO
I have it. Give me the drug.

CHRISSY
The what?

AGUILAR
(to Eduardo)
We are supposed to wait until
we get back to the hotel before
we give her the injection.

CHRISSY
HELP!

She makes a dash out the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Chrissy flies toward the front door. Eduardo tackles her just in front of it. They wrestle. Aguilar helps. Finally they subdue her.

EDUARDO
Give it to me!

Aguilar manages to hand Eduardo a vile of sodium pentothal at the same time that he holds Chrissy's mouth. Eduardo loads a syringe.

CHRISSY
(muffled)
I've had all my shots. Measles,
chicken pox, swine flu ...

AGUILAR
(to Eduardo)
Not too much.

EDUARDO
Don't worry. I know what I am

doing.

Eduardo loads the syringe to the brim.

CHRISSY

gazes at the big needle moving toward her and passes out.

CUT TO

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The Fontainebleau. Uniformed DOORMAN opens limo doors and helps out the retired rich.

INT. HOTEL SUITE BEDROOM

GENERAL HECTOR RAMIREZ, 55, finishes buttoning his uniform jacket around the middle with some difficulty. He tosses a gleaming white silk cravat around his neck in the grand style, checks himself in full-length mirror and walks into the living room.

INT. HOTEL SUITE LIVING ROOM

Ramirez crosses to the window and looks out.

EXT. HOTEL

POV of the limos and activity at the entrance.

INT. HOTEL SUITE LIVING ROOM

Ramirez looks at his watch and crosses to a large map of Florida and the Bahamas. As he stands there studying it, a button pops off his jacket. He bends over to pick it up and rips open the seat of his pants. Then the door buzzes. He looks at his watch. He is delighted to see that they are early. What efficiency. He goes to the door, opens it and is surprised to see ...

MORLEY FARP AND MRS. COOK

standing in the hall with suitcases.

FARP
General Ramirez?

RAMIREZ
Yes. Who are you?

Ramirez tries to conceal the rip in his pants with

his hands.

FARP

(hands Ramirez a card)
Mercenaries Unlimited.. I'm
Morley Farp and this is my
associate, Mrs. Cook. I be-
lieve you want to hire an army?

RAMIREZ

Yes and I definitely want to
talk to you but now I am
expecting some people.
(looks down the hall)

FARP

(enters the room)
This will only take a minute,
General, and I think you'll be
pleasantly surprised when you
hear our prices and see what we
have to offer. Mercenary
armies are like any other
product, the consumer must
be -

EXT. COLLINS AVENUE - NIGHT

The Cadillac speeds toward us.

CADILLAC

Eduardo driving, Aguilar beside him, Chrissy zonked
in the back seat wearing her bathroom rug. Aguilar
finishes off the booze in his flask.

AGUILAR

Eduardo?

EDUARDO

Yes?

AGUILAR

Stop at one of these cantinas.
I need to eat something.

EDUARDO

Stop?

AGUILAR

Yes. I have low blood sugar.
Pull in here.

EXT. JACK-IN-THE-BOX

Eduardo pulls off Collins Avenue into a Jack-In-The-Box parking lot and up to the speaker box. Box beeps before and after it says anything.

BOX

Thank you for stopping at Jack-In-The-Box. I am a computer fully capable of receiving your order. Please speak clearly. What would you like to eat?

CADILLAC

Eduardo and Aguilar.

AGUILAR

(studying the menu)

Go ahead.

EDUARDO

(to the box)

Uh, one Crescent Breakfast Sandwich.

BOX

(static)

Sorry, no Crescent Breakfast Sandwiches after eleven a.m.

AGUILAR

(to Eduardo)

Try the Chicken Supreme on a toasted wheat bun.

EDUARDO

(to the box)

One Chicken Supreme on a toasted wheat bun but please hold the cheese.

BOX

(static)

Sorry, no special orders on Chicken Supremes.

EDUARDO

What?

AGUILAR

(to the box)

Put his cheese on one Chef's
Salad with Buttermilk House
Dressing.

BOX
(static)
Is that a separate order, sir?

EDUARDO
We are one.

BOX
(unintelligible)

EDUARDO
(to Aguilar)
What did it say?

AGUILAR
I do not know.

EXT. JACK-IN-THE-BOX

Teenage guy in Firebird behind the Cadillac blows his horn.

CADILLAC

Aguilar turns around.

AGUILAR
Wait your turn, man!

BOX
(static)
What was that, sir?

EDUARDO
(trying to make it easy)
Instead of the Chicken Supreme
give me a hamburger and french
fries.

More horn blowing.

BOX
Regular or Sooper Scoop?

EDUARDO
Huh?
(turns around)
RELAX, MAN!

AGUILAR
Pay no attention, Eduardo.

EXT. JACK-IN-THE-BOX

Three cars lined up blowing their horns.

CADILLAC

Chrissy blinks. She's really spaced out.

BOX

One Jumbo Jack with regular
french fries. Please move
forward to pick up your order.

POV

Aguilar talking loud to be heard over the horns.

AGUILAR

Wait! Also one bacon cheese-
burger, onion rings, an apple
turnover and a strawberry
shake.

BACK ON CHRISSY

BOX

Anything else?

EDUARDO

Give me a Dr. Pepper.

EDUARDO

BOX

Is that a separate order?

CHRISSY

spacily opens the door and exits the Cadillac.

EDUARDO (O.S.)

No, that one goes with the Jumbo
Jack and regular french fries.

EXT. JACK-IN-THE-BOX

Occupants of cars hooting and hollering at Chrissy as
she staggers down the beach toward the surf wearing
her rug.

INT. HOTEL SUITE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Farp and Mrs. Cook have the suite filled with advertising materials, sample weapons, diagrams, etc.

FARP

(with pencil and paper)
So you think you'll need a
total of two thousand men?

RAMIREZ

at the window looking out.

RAMIREZ

Yes.

FULL SHOT

MRS. COOK

How long will you need them?

RAMIREZ

How long? Oh, I would say
three weeks at the most.

MRS. COOK

That will cost ... each man
fully armed and supplied ...
about twenty million dollars.

RAMIREZ

(peering out the window)
No problem.

FARP

(looks at Mrs. Cook)
How do you intend to pay for
all this, General Ramirez?

RAMIREZ

(crosses)
In gold bullion.
(sits)

Telephone rings. Ramirez picks it up.

RAMIREZ

Hello?
(reddens)
You what?

CUT TO

EXT. JACK-IN-THE-BOX - NIGHT

Eduardo at a pay phone in the parking lot, standing at attention.

EDUARDO

We only stopped to get a ham-
burger and a Chicken Supreme
... But she was sound asleep
and naked... Yes sir....

CUT TO

INT. HOTEL SUITE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ramirez raging angry.

RAMIREZ

DO YOU UNDERSTAND! FIND HER!
YOU ARE SUPPOSED TO BE MY CHIEF
OF SECURITY, YOU NITWIT!

Farp nudges Mrs. Cook.

CUT TO

EXT. JACK-IN-THE-BOX - NIGHT

Eduardo, trembling.

EDUARDO

Yes sir yes sir ...

AGUILAR

seated in the Cadillac listening to the CB radio
tuned to the police channel.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Go ahead Beach Patrol.

DITT (V.O.)

We have a naked Jane Doe
at end of Eighty-ninth street.

AGUILAR

EDUARDO!

EDUARDO

EDUARDO

(into the phone)
Excuse me, sir, but I have to
go now. Do not worry. We will

find her. I'll call you back.
(hangs up)

CUT TO

INT. HOTEL SUITE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ramirez.

RAMIREZ
Hello?...Hello?...
(jiggles the phone)
God damn idiot!
(slams down the receiver)

FARP
Can we be of any assistance,
General?

RAMIREZ
(deep in thought)
Huh? I'm sorry. What were we
saying, Mr. Farp?

FARP
We were talking about gold
bullion.

CUT TO

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Officer JOHN DITT seated in the front seat of a
police car with the door open.

DITT
(into police radio)
She doesn't remember her name,
she has no identification and
she's naked.

Chrissy glassy-eyed wrapped in her rug sitting a-
gainst a sign that says NO CAMPING ON THE BEACH.
Officer BARKER squatting next to her trying to
glimpse her boobs.

BARKER
You have the right to remain
silent. Do you understand that
right?

CHRISSY
Remain silent?

BARKER
You have the right to a lawyer.

CHRISSY
Lawyer?

BARKER
How did you get here?

CHRISSY
I don't remember.

BARKER
This is a "no camping" area.

CHRISSY
(giggles)
Really? Where's the sign?

DITT
Okay, ma'am, step in the car

Barker helps Chrissy stand up.

BARKER
(looking off)
What's that?

POV

A set of headlights barreling toward them.

CADILLAC

Eduardo driving, Aguilar beside him.

AGUILAR
What are you going to tell
them?

EDUARDO
Don't worry. I know just what
to say.

Eduardo stops, gets out and grins.

EDUARDO
Pardon me, senores, but that
lady she is my wife.

BARKER, DITT, CHRISSY

Ditt looks at Chrissy who is a head taller than

Eduardo.

EDUARDO
I have come to take her home.

EDUARDO

EDUARDO
(chuckles)
A little too much to drink.

DITT AND CHRISSY

DITT
(to Chrissy)
Is he your husband?

CHRISSY
(looking Eduardo over)
I hope not.

FULL SHOT

BARKER
(to Ditt)
I can handle this.
(steps up to Eduardo)
Let me see your driver's license.

Eduardo reaches in his pocket and pulls out his
pistol.

EDUARDO
How is this?

BARKER
That's fine.
(to Chrissy)
Ma'am, you wanna hop in the
car?

CHRISSY AND DITT

staring at the gun.

EDUARDO

EDUARDO
I am sorry, senores, but she
must come with us.

BARKER
(to Ditt)
Best she does what he says,

Dave.

Ditt just squints.

BARKER

This is no time to argue,
right?

Ditt suddenly draws his 38, drops to a firing stance
and screams ...

DITT

DROP IT!

EDUARDO

just stands there contemplating what to do next.

DITT

DITT

I SAID DROP IT!

FULL SHOT

Eduardo fires and blows the police car's front tire
to smithereens. Ditt fires and just misses Aguilar
seated in the Cadillac. Everybody dives for cover.

ANGLES

Much shooting, ducking, darting and yelling. Even-
tually Eduardo manages to crawl in the Cadillac and
throw a switch.

FULL SHOT

Billowing sooty black smoke envelops the scene. When
it settles, Ditt, Barker and Chrissy are coughing and
gagging and the Cadillac is halfway up the beach.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - MORNING

INT. COURTROOM

Chrissy, still spacy, seated in the jury box with
hookers and bag ladies. They're all wearing gray
dresses. One of the bag ladies is EFFIE CRAPPER-
FIELD.

EFFIE
(to Chrissy)
First time in court, honey?

CHRISSY
I think so.

EFFIE
Relax, it's no big thing.
(extends her hand)
Effie Crapperfield ... but my
friends call me Boom-Boom.

CHRISSY
(shaking)
They call me Jane Doe.

JUDGE

seated behind the bench.

JUDGE
State of Florida versus Jane
Doe. Indecent exposure and
camping on the beach.

CHRISSY AND EFFIE

EFFIE
(to Chrissy)
That's you, Jane.

CHRISSY
Oh. Thanks.

EFFIE
Don't mention it.

Chrissy stands and excuses her way through the
crowded jury box.

JUDGE
What is your name?

CHRISSY
I don't know, Your Honor.

JUDGE
Do you know where you live?

CHRISSY
No sir.

AGUILAR, RAMIREZ, EDUARDO

seated in the audience. Aguilar is wearing dark glasses. Eduardo is wearing one of those fake noses. Ramirez shakes his head in disgust.

RAMIREZ

I want her to remember where an airplane went down in the mid-Atlantic ten years ago and now she cannot even remember where she lives. You two did a good job.

Eduardo hangs his head in guilt.

JUDGE AND CHRISSY

JUDGE

Are you employed?

CHRISSY

I don't know.

AGUILAR, RAMIREZ AND EDUARDO

RAMIREZ

She does not remember your bungled attempt to detain her. We have to get her back before she gets her memory back. Otherwise we are sunk.

Eduardo produces his pistol.

RAMIREZ

Put that away!

Eduardo puts it away.

JUDGE

JUDGE

(reading)

The police report says here that you were partially covered with a bathroom rug.

AGUILAR, RAMIREZ, EDUARDO

AGUILAR

(to Ramirez)

This is a minor charge, Hector. She will be released forthwith.

JUDGE AND CHRISSY

JUDGE

I think I'll suspend proceedings and commit the defendant for psychiatric examination.

(looks at papers)

Who's next? State of Florida versus Effie Mae Crapperfield. Shoplifting and resisting arrest.

As Effie comes down for her turn before the judge, bailiff hauls Chrissy off.

REVERSE ANGLE

Ramirez glumly watching Chrissy disappear out the door.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Pouring rain. Sign says DADE COUNTY HOSPITAL.

INT. CORRIDOR

A portly attendant reading an old Penthouse is seated in front of a door under a sign that says PSYCHOLOGY - ABSOLUTELY NO ADMITTANCE.

INT. PSYCHO WARD

A young DOCTOR, a guy, is examining Chrissy's head and also trying to glimpse her boobs under her loose-fitting gown. In b.g. a rich collection of loonies watch.

DOCTOR

Very interesting.

CHRISSY

What are you doing, doctor?

DOCTOR

Looking for lumps.

A nurse appears and hands the doctor a lab report. He reads it.

DOCTOR

Ah-ha!

CHRISSY

What?

DOCTOR

They found sodium pentothal in.
your blood.

CHRISSY

What's that?

DOCTOR

A drug. It has several uses.
One is as a hypnotic to enhance
memory. Only the dosage has to
be just right. An overdose can
produce the opposite effect and
cause temporary amnesia.

CHRISSY

Really?

DOCTOR

That's what you've got.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY

Ramirez, Aguilar and Eduardo enter and shake the rain
from their umbrellas. Eduardo is carrying a black
satchel. They look like three diplomats from the
U.N. Ramirez crosses to NURSE.

RAMIREZ

Excuse me. Where is the nympho
ward?

NURSE

I beg your pardon?

AGUILAR

He means the psycho ward.

NURSE

Second floor, this wing.

EDUARDO

Thank you very much.

The three of them walk off.

INT. PSYCHO WARD

Chrissy and doctor. Nurse too. Loonies inching in
closer to hear.

DOCTOR

Don't worry. Drug-induced memory loss is almost never permanent. You'll start to see things.

CHRISSY

See things?

DOCTOR

Yes. You see things that trigger your memory. You should be fine in a few days. Not that you're not fine now.

A loud CRRRAAAASSHHH o.s. Everybody looks over at the door.

POV

Eduardo wrestling with the portly attendant on the floor in the doorway of no admittance. Ramirez and Aguilar step over them and dash in the ward.

CHRISSY

reacts with horror.

RAMIREZ

waving a pistol.

RAMIREZ

Everybody remain where they are, please!

AGUILAR

grabs Chrissy. She starts beating him.

CHRISSY

Let go of me, you masher!

Loonies laugh and boo and cheer. Nurse starts to scream. Aguilar carries Chrissy out the door. Ramirez and Eduardo follow. Doctor rushes out in pursuit. Loonies follow the doctor out.

INT. CORRIDORS

ANGLES on Eduardo, Ramirez and Aguilar carrying a screaming, thumping Chrissy. Other doctors and nurses join the chase but some have to pin down the loonies that are loose.

A BODY

covered by a sheet is wheeled out of Pathology by an orderly. Eduardo runs straight into it sending it rolling along the floor.

AGUILAR

holding on to Chrissy who is tearing his shirt and scratching his skin.

AGUILAR

This way!

He runs into the pharmacy. Ramirez and Eduardo follow.

INT. PHARMACY

A burly pharmacist grabs Aguilar and they start wrestling. Eduardo pulls pharmacist off Aguilar but in the process hundreds of bottles come raining down and Chrissy gets loose and runs out a rear door Pursuing doctors and nurses enter. Eduardo throws a switch on his satchel and envelops everybody again in black smoke.

INT. OPERATING ROOM

A brain surgeon with a saw is ever so carefully making a section on his patient's cranium. The only sound in the room is the sound of steel sawing bone. Six other surgeons and nine nurses are in attendance. The room glistens with sterile-perfect cleanliness.

CHRISSY

bursts through the swinging doors.

CHRISSY

Help!

SURGEON

(without looking up)

Ignore her.

Ramirez and Aguilar burst in. Chrissy runs around the operating table. Ramirez and Aguilar after her. Then Eduardo runs in with his smoke machine and instantly fills the room with soot.

EXT. HOSPITAL

JOE DILLER, 33, pulls up to the entrance in his

truck.

TRUCK

Diller has a plaster cast on his leg. He maneuvers out of his truck into the pouring rain.

DILLER

God I hope they decide to take this blasted cast off today.

He reaches back to get his crutches.

CHRISSY (O.S.)

You've got to help me!

He turns around. Chrissy runs up to him.

CHRISSY

They're after me! I've got to get out of here!

She climbs in the truck.

DILLER

Who's after you?

TRUCK

CHRISSY

The South Americans. Get in!

Diller has to struggle to get back in. Chrissy helps him.

DILLER

South Americans?

CHRISSY

The South Americans with the suitcase that pours out black smoke!

Joe understands. This girl is crazy.

DILLER

Oh those South Americans.

CHRISSY

Yeah. Start the car!

DILLER

Listen, why don't we go back

inside. That way the nice
doctors and nurses can help you
catch the South Americans.

 CHRISSY
They are helping!

 DILLER
They are?

Chrissy quickly ducks.

RAMIREZ, AGUILAR, EDUARDO

exit the hospital in a cloud of smoke.

TRUCK

Chrissy down on the floor.

 CHRISSY
Now can we please get the hell
out of here?

 DILLER
You bet!

Diller starts the truck and zips away.

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

The rain has stopped. Docked vessels as far as the
eye can see.

EXT. ALBATROSS

Sign on the dock says:

Deep Sea Fishing
ALBATROSS
Miami Beach
Parties & Charters

A light is on inside the Albatross cabin.

INT. ALBATROSS

Diller cooking. He backs up to the door of the
bedroom, keeping an eye on his cooking, and knocks.

 DILLER
Ah ... Hello?

CHRISSY (O.S.)
Be out in a minute. It's a
little cramped in here, you
know.

Diller pours scrambled eggs from the skillet onto two
empty plates.

 DILLER
 (to himself)
I know. I like it that way.

It doesn't look like much food so he tries fluffing
the eggs. He places two pieces of bacon on each
plate. The toast pops out. It is burnt. He looks
over his shoulder and scrapes one side then puts it
on the plate burnt side down. He looks at his
masterpiece. Not bad.

 DILLER
 (calling)
You come eat now, Missy. Chop
chop.

He puts the two plates on the little table where
coffee and orange juice are already in place.

CHRISSY

enters wearing what is obviously a woman's robe and
spots the food.

 CHRISSY
Scrambled eggs!
 (sits)
I love scrambled eggs! And
bacon!

She starts wolfing down the eggs. Diller watches
approvingly. Chrissy picks up the toast and rises.

 CHRISSY
I like my toast burnt.

She drops it in the toaster with another piece of
bread. She ties a bow in the tie of the robe.

 CHRISSY
Nice robe.

 DILLER
Thank you.

She eyes him because she's not too sure of him.

CHRISSY

Yours?

DILLER

(laughs)

No ... It belongs to an old girl friend.

CHRISSY

"Old" as in "former?" Or "old" as in "old?"

DILLER

"Old" as in "former."

CHRISSY

Hmmm. She didn't take it with her. Is she coming back?

DILLER

I doubt it but you never know.

Chrissy eats. Diller studies her.

CHRISSY

What?

DILLER

You look a little like her.

CHRISSY

(mouth full)

Because of the robe?

DILLER

No, I think more like your eyes, the way they sparkle, and your smile, the cute little way your mouth turns up at the ends.

She's really unsure now.

CHRISSY

Yeah, well this light can play tricks on you.

Toast pops up burnt to a crisp.

CHRISSY

Toast?

DILLER
(looking at it)
No thanks.

Chrissy eats.

DILLER
Listen, I'm not terribly excited and happy about what happened this afternoon.

CHRISSY
That makes two of us.

DILLER
Who are these crazies that are after you?

CHRISSY
No idea.

DILLER
So let me see if I've got this straight. What you're saying is you don't know, one, who you are, and, two, who's trying to get you?

CHRISSY
Right.

Diller watches her eat.

CHRISSY
By the way, who are you?

DILLER
Who am I? I'm Joe Diller. I know who I am.

CHRISSY
What happened to your leg?

DILLER
I caught my foot in the anchor line and almost keelhailed myself!

CHRISSY
I'm sorry.

DILLER

That was two months ago. I was going to the hospital in hopes that they would take off the cast. Now I gotta make another appointment. You know, it's hard nowadays to make a buck in the party boat business with two legs.

Chrissy finishes eating and yawns. She's had a big day.

CHRISSY

I'd love to sit up and chat,
Joe, and that really was a
great meal, but I think I'm
fading fast.

She rises slowly, drops her dishes into the sink and
saunters into the bedroom unable to stop yawning.

CHRISSY

Good night.

DILLER

Good night.

Chrissy closes the door.

DILLER

Tomorrow you're going to have
to turn yourself in.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Eduardo, Ramirez and Aguilar approach in the Cadillac.

CADILLAC

Eduardo is driving, Ramirez in the front beside him,
Aguilar in the back shaking a batch of whiskey sours.

RAMIREZ

Our only hope now is to inter-
cept her if she tries to turn
herself in.

Aguilar holds out a whiskey sour.

AGUILAR

Here, Hector.

RAMIREZ

(annoyed)
Ramon, please.

Aguilar downs the drink himself.

FORD

tailing the Cadillac. Morley Farp, the guy that was trying to rent Ramirez mercenaries, is keeping down in the back. D'ARCY, his 26-year-old boss, is driving. Mrs. Cook is on the floor in the front.

MRS. COOK

Could you follow a little less close, sir?

D'ARCY

(ignoring the question)

Farp, are you sure Ramirez didn't get suspicious that you were CIA?

FARP

Yes, sir.

D'ARCY

I can't figure it out. The Government spent two years and nine million dollars searching for that plane. How the hell does Ramirez know where it is?

FARP

Well, we're not sure that he does, sir. All we know is that he suddenly shows up wanting to rent a mercenary army. That tells us something, right, Mrs. Cook?

MRS. COOK

They either know where the plane went down or they have a way to find out.

D'ARCY

Then it's just a simple matter of staying on their tail until they lead us to the gold.

MRS. COOK

Right.

CUT TO

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

POV of the building from the street.

REVERSE ANGLE

Chrissy in sunglasses seated behind the wheel of Diller's truck watching the entrance.

INT. CLERK'S OFFICE

A sign on the wall says DO NOT REMOVE FILES FROM COUNTER. Below the sign Diller is reading the clerk's file of Florida v. Jane Doe - Indecent Exposure and Camping on the Beach. He flips the page and sees a new charge has been added in big red letters:

NO BAIL FELONY ESCAPE

DILLER

Oh my god.

He glances over his shoulder and reads on.

EXT. COURTHOUSE

Cadillac rounds a corner down the block.

CADILLAC

Eduardo, Ramirez, Aguilar.

EDUARDO

With all due respect, General,
I think we are wasting our time
looking for the girl here. She
would not even consider turning
herself -

RAMIREZ

(looking off)

Put a zapata, there she is, you
stupid shit!

POV

Chrissy sitting in the truck dead ahead.

CADILLAC

Eduardo hits the brakes. Aguilar loses his drink.

FORD

D'arcy hits the brakes to avoid rear-ending the Cadillac. Mrs. Cook cracks her head on the dashboard.

CADILLAC

Eduardo whips out his pistol and opens the door.

RAMIREZ

Wait!

EXT. COURTHOUSE

Diller quickly hobbles out of the courthouse, over to the truck, throws his crutches in the front seat and slides in after them.

DILLER

Go.

CHRISSY

Huh?

DILLER

Go.

Chrissy starts the motor and pulls away. Eduardo turns around, runs back to the Cadillac, starts it and pulls away after the truck.

FORD

pulls out after the Cadillac.

FULL SHOT

Truck approaches CAMERA.

TRUCK

Chrissy and Diller

CHRISSY

Felony means serious, right?

DILLER

Christ yeah! God knows what I could get.

CHRISSY

For what?

DILLER

For harboring a fugitive.

CHRISSY

I meant it was serious for me.

DILLER

Right.

CHRISSY

I wish I knew who I was, Joe.

DILLER

Well those crazy South Americans apparently know who you are.

CHRISSY

(glances in rear view mirror)

Speaking of those guys ...

POV IN MIRROR

Eduardo, Ramirez and Aguilar in the Cadillac tailgating.

CHRISSY (O.S.)

... I think they're right behind us.

CADILLAC

Eduardo sticks his pistol out the window and fires.

FORD

D'arcy, Cook, Farp.

FARP

HOLY SHIT!

TRUCK

Chrissy floors it and the chase is on.

EXT. STREET

Truck zooms past CAMERA and cuts down a side street.

CADILLAC

zooms past and does the same.

FORD

zooms past and does the same.

EXT. STREET

Truck approaches, doing 70. This is a very high class neighborhood.

TRUCK

Chrissy and Diller. Diller is scared to death. Chrissy is concentrating on her driving. She glances in the mirror and yanks the wheel sharp left.

EXT. MANSION

A wedding in progress on the lawn of a large estate as the truck bursts through a high hedge. One hundred guests seated on folding chairs turn around to see what it is.

TRUCK

Chrissy and Diller.

DILLER

Watch out you don't hit anybody!

WEDDING PARTY

scatters and dives for cover.

FULL SHOT

Truck trenches across the manicured lawn. Somehow Chrissy avoids hitting anybody or anything.

CADILLAC

comes through the hole in the hedge made by the truck.

TRUCK

jumps onto a private driveway and crashes out through a locked wrought iron gate.

FORD

comes through the hole, crosses the lawn and drives through the flower-strewn altar and keeps going.

CUT TO

EXT. STREET - DAY

Officer Ditt behind the wheel, Barker beside him.

BARKER

See, Dave, that whole fiasco on the beach shouldn't have happened because I knew the guy had a gun the minute he got out of his car and said the girl was his wife.

DITT

How did you know that?

BARKER

The way he slit his eyes when he said "wife." So I real quick surveyed our situation - his position, our position - my mind works like a computer at times like that - and I figured the best -

POV

Chrissy and Diller whiz by doing 80.

POLICE CAR

Barker and Ditt.

BARKER

(beat)

Jesus, I think that was her!

Ditt calmly starts the car to give chase.

DITT

No it wasn't, Barker.

FULL SHOT

Ditt pulls out but has to abruptly hit the brakes as the Cadillac whizzes by.

POLICE CAR

BARKER

THAT'S THE GUYS!

DITT

You're right!

Ditt tries to pull out a second time but has to brake to let the Ford pass.

FULL SHOT

Chrissy and Diller in the truck speed past CAMERA, then Eduardo, Ramirez and Aguilar in the Cadillac, then D'arcy, Farp and Mrs. Cook in the Ford, then Ditt and Barker in the police car.

POLICE CAR

sirens screaming, red lights rotating, pulling up the rear. Barker opens fire on the Ford with the shotgun.

FORD

The back window explodes to the right of Farp's head.

FARP
Jesus Christ!

D'ARCY
What was that!

FARP
The goddamn police!

D'ARCY
Tell them who we are!

Farp turns around, gets half-out the hole where the rear window was, and starts waving his hands and shouting.

FARP
HOLD YOUR FIRE! WE'RE SPECIAL
AGENTS OF THE C-I-A!

POLICE CAR

Ditt and Barker.

DITT
What's he saying, Barker?

BARKER
Some crap about the CIA.

TRUCK

Chrissy and Diller.

DILLER
(muttering)
Somebody, wake me up, please.

Truck speeds past CAMERA to reveal a highway sign that says DRAWBRIDGE 1 MILE.

CUT TO

EXT. INLAND WATERWAY

A barge piled extra high with garbage also approaches the drawbridge. Two shirtless sanitation engineers bask in the sun on the deck.

BRIDGE GATES

descend with flashing red lights and clanging bells.

TRUCK

Chrissy and Diller.

CHRISSY

Is it a short bridge?

DILLER

NO!

FULL SHOT

Truck crashes through the gates doing 90, shoots off the rising bridge, arches 150 feet across the Florida sky, lands on the other side.

GARBAGE MEN

look right, then look left.

CADILLAC

arching across the sky and landing on the other side.

FORD

approaching the bridge at 90. D'arcy hits the brakes. Car goes into a wild skid up the raised bridge and comes to a stop right at the edge.

D'ARCY

A nice piece of driving if I do say so my self.

Then ...

WHAAAAAMMMMM!

The police car smashes into the back of the Ford and they both go off the side. The Ford lands in the in the garbage and the police car lands in the water.

CADILLAC

closing fast on the truck.

EDUARDO
THE HARPOON GUN!

Aguilar passes Eduardo the harpoon gun. Right hand on the wheel, Eduardo gets half his body out the window, points the gun at the truck's tailgate and fires FAAAAVOOOOMMM!

TRUCK

Harpoon impacts.

CHRISSY AND DILLER

CHRISSY
Did you feel something?

FULL SHOT

A steel cable now connects the two speeding vehicles.

CADILLAC

Eduardo wrapping his end of the cable around the Cadillac's steering column.

RAMIREZ
Do you know what you are doing?

EDUARDO
Yes! The steering column is
the strongest part of an automob-
bile!

Ramirez gives him a hand. Once the cable is secured, Eduardo hits the brakes.

FULL SHOT

Cable whips taut.

TRUCK

Chrissy floors the gas.

FULL SHOT

Truck rips out the Cadillac's steering column and left front door. Ramirez, Eduardo, Aguilar unceremoniously come to a fast dead stop.

CUT TO

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Waterfront neighborhood bar. Diller's truck parked outside with the harpoon still in it.

INT. BAR

Chrissy and Diller sitting at the bar. She has a glass of milk, he has a beer. He looks distressed.

DILLER

This is the end of the line,
sister. This is where you get
off. I'll take you back to the
hospital, to the jail, to the
home for unwed mothers ...
wherever you want ... I don't
care, but I've had it.

He drinks the entire beer with one gulp.

DILLER

(to bartender)

Fill it up.

CHRISSY

Joe, you can't toss me away
just like so many potatoes,
especially after all we've been
through.

DILLER

You can say that again.

CHRISSY

Please let me stay ... at least
until my memory comes back.
The doctor said -

DILLER

No!

CHRISSY

But I -

DILLER

No, no, no. My final answer is
no!

Chrissy is hurt, confused and scared. She looks down
in her milk. Slowly an idea comes to her.

CHRISSY

Joe, I've got an idea.

DILLER

Take it somewhere else.

Diller downs his beer and motions for another.

CHRISSY

Remember what you said about
the party boat business?

DILLER

I've been known to say a lot of
things about the party boat
business.

CHRISSY

Joe, be reasonable and listen
to me a minute.

Diller drinks part of his new beer.

CHRISSY

You said it's hard enough to
make a buck with two legs, let
alone one.

DILLER

That's right.

CHRISSY

Why don't you get a second
mate.

DILLER

A what?

CHRISSY

What do you call an assistant
... a helper?

DILLER

Oh, I don't think so. It's
hard to find a good one, and if
I did, I couldn't afford him.

CHRISSY
I'm talking about me.

DILLER
(chokes on his beer)
You? Are you kidding?
(wipes his shirt)
What's in that milk? Reminds
me of that old Brando movie
where he spikes the lady's
milk.

CHRISSY
Joe, I could help you. I'm
good at taking orders, I don't
talk much and I don't eat much
and I could entertain the
passengers.

DILLER
Hold on a minute. I don't run
that kind of a ship.

CHRISSY
That's not what I meant and you
know it.

DILLER
Do I? You've got half the
world chasing you, including the
police. How do I know what
you've been up to? You can't
even tell me.

Chrissy is taken back with truth. She sits quietly
for a moment finishing her milk. An old guy sitting
on the other side of Chrissy sides with her.

CHRISSY
I guess you're right. I
shouldn't be dragging you into
something you've had absolutely
nothing to do with.

She holds out her hand to shake good-bye but Diller
just looks straight ahead.

CHRISSY
Bye, Joe. Thanks for every-
thing. I'll return your
friend's clothes when I get to
prison.

She slips off the bar stool and exits the bar. Joe

looks at the old guy who shakes his head. Other patrons shake their heads. The bartender takes Chrissy's glass away.

BARTENDER

I wouldn't have let that one get away.

DILLER

Wanna bet? Give me another brew.

Bartender takes Diller's glass. Other patrons look at him like he made a big mistake, which is making Diller very uncomfortable. After a moment of silence, the door opens, Chrissy storms back in.

PATRONS

cheer.

CHRISSY

crosses to Diller.

CHRISSY

You won't have to do anything but steer the goddamned boat!

BARTENDER

(brightly)

What'll it be, miss - another milk?

CHRISSY

Give me a shot of Canadian Club. Make it a double.

DILLER

You don't drink.

CHRISSY

Oh yeah? Watch me!

She boldly picks up the glass and drinks it in one gulp. Then her face turns red and water runs out of her eyes. When she recovers, she continues.

CHRISSY

You'll leave the passengers to me. I got it all figured out. When they come aboard, I'll stick glasses in their hands and serve them Cold Duck!

DILLER
Cold Duck?

CHRISSY
Then I'll see that they're
comfortably seated and explain
a few safety rules. On the way
out to sea, I'll bait their
hooks.

DILLER
What's the catch?

CHRISSY
That depends on where you take
us to fish.

DILLER
(smiles)
No, no. What's it gonna cost
me?

CHRISSY
Not one red cent. Except room
and board of course.

They both drink.

CHRISSY
Well?

Diller thinks a minute then notices most of the
patrons have gathered around, also waiting for his
answer. He scowls at them.

DILLER
This is a private matter. Do
you mind?

They all pretend to go back to their business but
they really don't. Diller looks at Chrissy.

DILLER
(sternly, almost fatherly)
Okay, but if one more idiot
shows up and starts chasing
you, I'm gonna throw you over
the side with the rest of the
macrel.

EXT. ALBATROSS - DAY

Chrissy helping passengers board the boat and serving them Cold Duck. They are your classic tourists. The men wear Hawaiian shirts. The women wear dresses and high heels. None are under 55. Six in all.

ABOUT TO TAKE OFF

Chrissy making sure everybody has taken a seat. One man stands. Chrissy explaining the reasons for taking a seat before starting the boat. The man sits. Chrissy turns to Joe at the wheel and gives him an "A-okay." Joe starts the boat and Chrissy falls on her ass.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Way in b.g. Miami coast. Diller busy trying to show everyone how to cast. Chrissy having a hard time of it. He comes to her aid, putting his arms around her to show her the proper motion and grip. She finally gets the hang of it.

LATER

Chrissy gets a bite on her line. She doesn't know what to do with it. Diller starts to help her when his line tenses and dances. He hobbles for his pole, leaving Chrissy to fend for herself. She manages to reel her fish in. It's about a foot long. Diller laughs ... until he reels in his which is five inches.

EVEN LATER

Chrissy taking a picture of one of the men and his fish. Then he indicates he wants a picture with her. She hands the camera to Diller. The man and Chrissy stand close. As Diller takes the picture, Chrissy reacts. The man pinched her rear end. She looks at him surprised. He looks innocently away.

LATE AFTERNOON

Chrissy standing beside Diller as he steers the boat back to Miami. He offers the wheel to her. She's a little hesitant. Then she takes it. After a few moments, Diller takes off his captain's hat and puts it on her.

LONG SHOT

The Albatross heading back to the marina. The sun is starting to set and the sky has turned a beautiful pink.

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

Diller carrying a box of junk food hobbles along the dock and steps onto the Albatross.

INT. ALBATROSS

Two candles on the table perfectly set for two. Chrissy has fixed herself up with makeup and a pretty dress. She is arranging some flowers on the table when Diller comes down the stairs.

DILLER

Surprise, I bought half a dozen ...

He notices the table ...

DILLER

... hot dogaronies...

... and the way Chrissy has fixed herself up.

DILLER

... crunchy. What's going on here?

CHRISSY

I just thought you might like an ordinary dinner for a change.

Joe checks out everything.

DILLER

Candles ... flowers ...

(opens the oven)

Souffle? This doesn't look like your ordinary dinner.

(beat)

That dress!

CHRISSY

I know it's hers. I'm sorry--

JOE

Oh, no. That's okay. It looks

much better on you.
(dryly)
You wouldn't be after my body,
would you?

CHRISSY
(coyly)
Oh, no.

DILLER
Good because I'm not that kind
of a guy. You girls make a guy
dinner then think we owe you a
good time.

CHRISSY
(playing along)
I promise to be gentle.

DILLER
Yes but will you respect me in
the morning?

CHRISSY
Of course.

DILLER
Forget it then. If I wanted
respect I'd be a captain in the
Navy.
(turns on the radio)
It just won't work.

Both sit there silent a moment. Diller looks at her.

DILLER
I like you. A lot.

Chrissy smiles.

DILLER
But I can't let this happen.

CHRISSY
Why? Because you're still hung
up on the girl who left you?

DILLER
No. Because I'm afraid I'll
get hung up on you.

CHRISSY
What's wrong with that?

DILLER

Oh, nothing, except when one party can't answer certain questions.

CHRISSY

Like what? What questions could be so important? Where do I live? Who cares. Did I go to college? So what?

DILLER

DILLER

Are you married?

CHRISSY

The thought never crossed her mind.

DILLER

What happens if we become involved and then we find out you're a married woman? Then what?

CHRISSY

I don't think I am.

DILLER

Nope, it would be another complication to your already complicated life. Believe me, it's better not to get involved for all involved.

(starts eating)

CHRISSY

Joe -

DILLER

That's final.
(swallows)

CHRISSY

You're eating the curry sauce.

Diller's eyes open wide, he stands and starts frantically fanning the fire in his mouth. Chrissy looks around, yanks out the flowers and hands Diller the vase of water. He grabs it. They fall in the cramped quarters. She lands on his lap. He drinks the water. She struggles to get up. He holds her.

DILLER
On second thought let's get
involved.

She smiles and they kiss and ...

CUT TO

EXT. ALBATROSS - DAY

Chrissy happily swabbing the deck.

CHRISSY
I FINALLY GOT TO SEE
ANOTHER SIDE OF YOU
DON'T WAKE ME IF IT'S ALL A DREAM
MY FANTASIES ARE FEW

GUESS I WAS TOO BLIND TO SEE
YOUR LOVE WAS A REALITY
ALL THE FIGHTING THAT WE SHARED
HID THE FEELINGS BURIED THERE

She dips her mop in the water.

POV

Bubbles.

CHRISSY (O.S.)
NOW I FEEL THE MORNING SUN
BURNING OFF THE NIGHTTIME HAZE

CHRISSY

looking at the bubbles.

CHRISSY
MAKES IT CLEAR THAT YOU'RE THE
ONE ...

She trails off.

POV

The bubbles.

CHRISSY (O.S.)
NEED TO HAVE YOUR LOVE EMBRACE

CHRISSY

She looks like she's in a trance.

CUT TO

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Chrissy's bubble bath in her bathtub. Images and sounds altered to indicate a flashback.

EDUARDO (O.S.)
Good evening, Miss Lovejoy.

EDUARDO AND AGUILAR

standing in her bathroom doorway.

CUT TO

EXT. ALBATROSS - DAY

Chrissy. She gasps. She flings the mop and jumps from boat to dock.

EXT. DOCK

Chrissy runs along the dock to the phone booth, drops a dime and dials 411.

CHRISSY
What's the phone number of Dade
County Hospital?

CUT TO

INT. CLINIC - DAY

CLOSE on Diller's face. He grimaces. O.s. loud CRAAACK. DOLLY BACK to reveal doctor and nurse have just removed his cast.

DILLER
What a relief!

Phone rings. Nurse picks it up.

NURSE
Outpatient clinic... Who?
(hands phone to Diller)
It's for you.

DILLER
For me?
(into phone)
Hello?
(smiles)
Hi.

CUT TO

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Chrissy in the phone booth.

CHRISSY

Joe, I remember what happened
to me! I remember who I am!

(pause)

Lovejoy, Joe! Lovejoy!

CUT TO

INT. CLINIC - DAY

DILLER

Is that your first name or your
last name?

CUT TO

EXT. DOCK - DAY

CHRISSY

(thinks a minute)

It's my last name.

(pause)

My first name?

(thinks hard)

Chrissy!

CUT TO

INT. CLINIC - DAY

DILLER

Okay! I'll see you in a little
while ... Chrissy.

He smiles and hangs up.

DILLER

(to nurse, proudly)

Her name is Chrissy.

CUT TO

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Chrissy, looking very happy, exits the phone booth
and stops dead in her tracks.

RAMIREZ

with a pistol pointed up Chrissy's nose.

RAMIREZ

If you resist this time, Miss Lovejoy, I will have to blow your brains out.

CHRISSY

startled and frightened and immobile and silent.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Chrissy sitting on the bed. Ramirez standing in front of her. Aguilar at the bar refilling his glass.

RAMIREZ

I am confused.

CHRISSY

I never remembered anything before the porpoises!

AGUILAR

(to Ramirez)

She means even before Eduardo gave her the overdose of sodium pentothal, Hector.

RAMIREZ

You never remembered being in the airplane before it crashed?

CHRISSY

Correct! I never remembered my mother or my father or where I grew up or where I went to school - nothing.

RAMIREZ

Okay. Tell us what happened starting with the porpoises.

CHRISSY

Then will you please let me go?

RAMIREZ

I promise we will let you go when we are finished.

CHRISSY

I woke up in the middle of the ocean. I was on top of boxes and debris. There were a lot of porpoises swimming around me.

RAMIREZ

How old were you?

CHRISSY

They thought I was about eleven. My life before then has always been a blank.

RAMIREZ

What happened when you woke up?

CHRISSY

A fishing boat came. The crew were all Polacks.

RAMIREZ

(to Aguilar)

What are they?

AGUILAR

The people of Poland, General.

CHRISSY

They took me aboard and dropped me off at Nassau. I was there for awhile and then the British took me to Miami and turned me over to the orphanage where I grew up. That's the whole story of my life. Can I go now?

Ramirez walks to the window.

CHRISSY

(to Aguilar)

What do you guys want from me?

AGUILAR

Help you remember where the airplane went down.

CHRISSY

You're not going to shoot some more of that stuff in me?

RAMIREZ

It is alright, Miss Lovejoy.
This time we will use the right
dose.

(looks out window)
Where is that nincompoop?

INT. ALBATROSS - DAY

Diller sans his cast racking his brains trying to figure out what happened to Chrissy and what to do. He pours himself another glass of vodka and drinks. Then he gets an idea. He roots through the ship's compartments looking for something. He finds it.

CLOSE

A Miami Beach telephone book.

DILLER

He fingers through it.

DILLER

Lodemoor, Lootix, Lottery ...
Lovejoy, C. Twelve-forty Palm
Court.

He runs out.

CUT TO

EXT. APARTMENTS - DAY

CAPS Mr. Haymer, Chrissy's landlord, (still) trying to get the pool sweep right. He looks up to the loud sound of brakes.

POV

Diller in his truck screeches to a stop in front.

HAYMER

Can I help you, chief?

DILLER

Yeah. Which apartment is
Chrissy Lovejoy's?

HAYMER

You a bill collector?

DILLER

No, I'm a friend and I'm in a hurry

HAYMER

That's funny. I haven't seen you around here before.

DILLER

(getting impatient)

Thanks. I'll find it myself.

Diller crosses to the mailboxes and reads them.

DILLER

Lovejoy, eight.

Diller heads for Apartment 8. Haymer follows.

HAYMER

You still haven't told me what you want, buddy.

Diller goes up to the door and tries it. It's locked. He starts banging on it.

DILLER

Chrissy! Chrissy, it's Joe.

Are you in there?

(to Haymer)

Give me the keys.

HAYMER

In a pig's eye.

Diller steps back and prepares to kick down the door.

HAYMER

Hey...

Diller deftly kicks the door in. Haymer grabs Diller. They go down. They roll, they wrestle, they get to their feet. They box. Eventually Diller catches Haymer with a solid right and knocks him into the pool. Diller runs into Chrissy's apartment.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Everything just as Chrissy, Aguilar and Eduardo left it.

DILLER

Chrissy!

He runs into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM

Diller picks up and looks at Chrissy's graduation picture. He knows he's in the right apartment. What a mess. He runs into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

Messier. Cold dirty water in the bathtub. Evidence of a struggle. Diller roots through the soggy mess. He picks up the matches Aguilar used to light his cigarette.

CLOSE

on the matches which say FONTAINEBLEAU HOTEL.

INT. HOTEL SUITE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chrissy listening to Aguilar tell a fantastic story.

AGUILAR

Nineteen seventy-two was a bad year. My country was in the throes of a revolution. Your country agreed to send us fifty million dollars in emergency aid in the form of highly-negotiable gold bullion which we needed to pay the army. The gold was secretly loaded by the CIA on an Air America DC-4 disguised as a civilian charter flight of vacationers. The flight left Washington but it never arrived in Guarahoy City. It went down over the Atlantic ocean.

CHRISSY

So, what's that got to do with me?

AGUILAR

You were in the airplane and survived the crash.

EXT. HOTEL

Taxi pulls up with Eduardo. Doorman opens the rear door.

TAXI

Eduardo has a package under his arm.

DRIVER

Seven forty.

Eduardo hands him a fifty dollar bill.

DRIVER

I ain't got change for this.

EDUARDO

I have nothing smaller.

Taxis behind Eduardo's taxi start blowing their horns.

DOORMAN

(to Eduardo)

Taxis have to keep moving, sir.

EDUARDO

Do you have change for fifty dollars?

DOORMAN

No sir.

Eduardo hands the fifty to the driver.

EDUARDO

Keep it.

DRIVER

Thank you!

Eduardo dashes in the hotel.

INT. HOTEL SUITE LIVING ROOM

Aguilar and Chrissy.

AGUILAR

Because the gold never arrived, the army was not paid and the Communist rebels were successful. Everyone thought General Ramirez was killed in a palace explosion but in fact he escaped to Bolivia dressed as a nun. There he formed a government in exile with me, his

attorney, and Eduardo, his
brother-in-law.

Aguilar offers Chrissy a martini. She shakes her head
no.

AGUILAR

Take it. We mean you no harm,
senorita. That is the God's
honest truth.

Chrissy takes it.

CHRISSY

How did you guys find me?

AGUILAR

For the last ten years we have
been combing the Caribbean
trying to find out where the
airplane went down. Finally, a
month ago, we found a fry cook
in a Nassau restaurant that
remembered the Polish trawler
that dropped off a confused
child that the crew spotted
adrift in the ocean. We traced
you to the supermarket.

Banging on the door. Ramirez comes running out of
the bedroom with lather on his face and wearing only
a towel around his waist.

RAMIREZ

Who is it?

EDUARDO (O.S.)

Eduardo!

Ramirez opens the door. Eduardo looks over his
shoulder then hurries in.

RAMIREZ

Did you get it?

EDUARDO

Yes. Let's get started.

Eduardo takes out the big needle. Ramirez snatches
it.

RAMIREZ

Give me that. This time I will

do it.

CHRISSY

gasps and passes out.

CUT TO

EXT. STREET - DAY

Diller in his truck speeds toward CAMERA.

TRUCK

Diller driving, hoping he'll find Chrissy in time.
He sees something ahead.

POV

A massive traffic jam.

OFFICER DITT

trying to route traffic around an overturned orange
truck. Barker trying too. Thousands of oranges all
over the street.

FULL SHOT

Diller swerves left and jumps the center divider.

DITT AND BARKER

react in horror.

EXT. ALLIGATOR RANCH

The truck leaves the street, drives right through a
sign that says WELCOME TO ANHEUSER BUSCH ALLIGATOR
RANCH - SHOWS TWICE DAILY and crashes into the rear
of the grandstand holding 5,000 people.

EXT. STREET

Ditt and Barker run over to their police car.

BARKER

That's the truck, Dave!

DITT

No shit, Barker.

They get in the police car and screech off.

EXT. ALLIGATOR RANCH

Diller rocking the truck forward and reverse, trying to loosen it from the steel lattice work of the grandstand. Screaming spectators climbing over each other to get off the thing.

TRUCK

Diller frantically shifting first and reverse, first and reverse. O.s. siren. He turns around.

POV

Ditt and Barker in the police car speeding toward him.

TRUCK

Diller shifts.

FULL SHOT

The truck backs into the oncoming police car and the grandstand collapses.

TRUCK

Diller flings it in first and takes off.

POLICE CAR

Ditt does the same.

FULL SHOT

Truck drives through the alligator pond. Forty angry alligators scamper for their lives. Police car drives through too.

POLICE CAR

Barker firing the shotgun.

EXT. COLLINS AVENUE

Diller swings onto the strip.

POLICE CAR

Ditt swings onto the strip.

FULL SHOT

Truck whizzes through a big intersection just before light changes yellow to red.

POLICE CAR

approaching.

INTERSECTION

now packed solid with creeping cross traffic.

EXT. JACK-IN-THE-BOX

Police car swerves right, jumps the sidewalk and crashes through the wall of the Jack-In-The-Box, crashes out the other wall and comes to rest. Ditt in a daze looks out the window at the speaker box.

BOX

... am a computer fully capable
of receiving your order.
Please speak clearly. What
would ...

CUT TO

EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY

A DC-4 flying through a storm. Lightning. Thunder. Sheets of rain slam against the wings and fuselage.

INT. COCKPIT

Everything violently jiggling and moving. The co-pilot is an overweight guy named RALPH.

RALPH

I'll be honest with you, Frank,
every time I fly over the Bermu-
da Triangle I get the heebie-
jeebies.

FRANK, the pilot, smiles.

FRANK

I don't hear any complaints
from the passengers.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN

All 90 seats are occupied by department store dummies

dressed as tourists shaking in unison.

RALPH (O.S.)
Come on, Frank, you promised me
not to talk about them.

FRANK (O.S.)
Relax, Ralph.

CAMERA PANS down to 925 glistening gold bricks
strapped to a steel pallet in the aisle, each brick
with FORT KNOX stenciled on it.

CHRISSY (V.O.)
My dad didn't know I was on the
airplane.

CUT TO

INT. HOTEL SUITE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chrissy on the bed, stoned on sodium pentothal,
surrounded by Ramirez, Eduardo and Aguilar.

RAMIREZ
Where were you hiding?

CHRISSY
I'll tell you in a minute.

CUT TO

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Frank and Ralph. Weather getting worse.

FRANK
What's our expected time of
arrival at Guahahoy City?

Frank lifts an 8 x 10 glossy out of his flight bag.

RALPH
About four hours and twenty
minutes from now.

8 X 10 GLOSSY

Richard Nixon with his arm around Ramirez in the Oval
Office.

FRANK (O.S.)
Is this a recent picture of

Ramirez?

RALPH (O.S.)
Yeah, it was taken three weeks ago.

FRANK AND RALPH

FRANK
Remember, we land, give Ramirez the gold, then take off. I promised my daughter I'd watch The Beverly Hillbillies with her tonight.

RALPH
(trying to relax)
How is your kid, Frank?

FRANK
She's a pistol.

RALPH
Is she still breeding rats?

FRANK
Yeah in fact the other day I got a call from her teacher that she brought five of them into the classroom.

RALPH
Why'd she do that?

FRANK
Trying to save their lives. The superintendent of our building has been putting poison around.

CUT TO

INT. HOTEL SUITE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chrissy, Ramirez, Eduardo, Aguilar.

CHRISSY
The super's name was Mr. Festerminster and he hated animals.

RAMIREZ
Where were you to hear your

father talking?

CUT TO

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - DAY

A dummy with a black curly wig, bright print dress, and loaded with makeup ... blinks. Then she very cautiously looks around the cabin to make sure no one is around.

CHRISSY (V.O.)

I was in the cabin with the dummies.

INT. COCKPIT

Ralph and Frank.

RALPH

You and the kid are close, ain't you?

FRANK

Yeah, ever since her mother ran off with the 'Sparklett s' man.

RALPH

(listening)

What's that, Frank?

FRANK

What?

RALPH

I heard something.
(turns around)

The cockpit door opens.

CHRISSY

Boo!

RALPH

AHHHHHHHHHHH!

Ralph slumps on the controls in a dead faint.

FRANK

CHRISSY!

CHRISSY

Daddy, you should have seen
your face!

CUT TO

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Diller drives up in his truck, barely misses a high school senior class who literally have to dive for safety, crashes into the back of a taxi, jumps out and runs in the hotel.

DOORMAN

Hey, you can't leave your truck
there!

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Diller runs up to the female CLERK behind the front desk.

DILLER

I'm looking for three men I
think are registered here!

CLERK

What are their names?

DILLER

I don't know. But they're from
South America.

CLERK

I'm sorry but I can't give out
that information.

DILLER

They're here, right?

CLERK

That is confidential information.

DILLER

Can I take a peek in the
registration book?

CLERK

(quickly closes it)
Forget it.

DILLER

Even if I were the FBI ...

(produces a roll of bills)
... and I offered you a tip!

CLERK
Even if you were Robert DeNero
and you offered me a date.

DOORMAN

enters the lobby.

DOORMAN
Hey, stop that guy!

DILLER

scoops up the registration book and runs off.

CUT TO

EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY

The DC-4 in a descent.

INT. COCKPIT

Frank tugging on the wheel. Chrissy tugging on
Ralph's dead weight slumped over the controls

FRANK
(into radio)
MAYDAY, MAYDAY!

CHRISSY
I can't budge him, Daddy!

FRANK
I told you to strap yourself in
a seat!

Instruments are spinning crazy.

CUT TO

INT. HOTEL SUITE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chrissy on the bed.

CHRISSY
MAYDAY ... MAYDAY ...

RAMIREZ
Then what did he say? Mayday

what?

CHRISSEY
MAYDAY ...

RAMIREZ
He said latitude something,
right? Right?

CUT TO

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Frank trying to make the radio work at the same time
yelling in the microphone.

FRANK
EVERYTHING IS GOING CRAZY!
THE PLANE IS GOING DOWN! WE'RE
FIFTEEN MILES NORTH OF
SHIRLEY'S ATOLL AND ABOUT TO
DITCH!

CUT TO

INT. HOTEL SUITE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ramirez.

RAMIREZ
WHAT?

CHRISSEY

CHRISSEY
Shirley's Atoll and about to
ditch ...

FULL SHOT

RAMIREZ
Say it again!

CHRISSEY
Shirley's Atoll.

EDUARDO
AT LAST WE KNOW WHERE THE GOLD
IS!

AGUILAR

with an atlas open.

AGUILAR
Here it is! Shirley's Atoll.

CUT TO

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Airplane heading for the ocean.

CHRISSY (V.O.)
Fifteen miles north and about
to ditch.

Airplane skims, bounces and crashes into the churning
Atlantic.

CUT TO

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Ramirez.

RAMIREZ
WE GOT IT!

He loses his towel. Great jubilation. The South Americans start dancing and shouting. Then o.s. knocking on the door. They stop. They look at each other.

RAMIREZ
(to the door)
Who's there?

DILLER (O.S.)
Room service.

RAMIREZ
(to Aguilar and Eduardo)
Who ordered room service?

AGUILAR
Not me.

EDUARDO
Not me.

Ramirez crosses.

RAMIREZ
(to the door)
Nobody ordered room service.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

Diller poised with a large Wedgewood vase and plant.

DILLER
I got a tray of hors d'oeuvres
and a magnum of champagne.
Compliments of the hotel.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Ramirez opens the door. Diller brings down the vase on his head and rushes in the room.

AGUILAR

goes for his pistol.

DILLER

heaves the TV set into Aguilar's chest. Aguilar lands against the bar, hits his head on the rail and slumps unconscious.

EDUARDO

lunges at Diller. They wrestle.

CHRISSY

sits up in a daze.

POV

Diller choking Eduardo. Latter gasping. Diller drops him, crosses, grabs Chrissy and starts out.

RAMIREZ

groggily stands and blocks Diller and Chrissy's way.

DILLER

kicks Ramirez in the balls and, with Chrissy in tow, runs out of the room.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

Diller and Chrissy run down the hall and fall in with two couples waiting for the elevator.

ANOTHER ANGLE

on the six waiting. Diller nervously looking down at the South Americans' room.

ELEVATOR

arrives, doors open, everybody starts in.

DILLER

glances.

POV

Ramirez staggers out and loses his towel again.

PEOPLE

start screaming. Diller pushes them in the elevator.

RAMIREZ

runs down the hall firing at the elevator's closed doors. Eduardo behind him, still gasping.

EDUARDO

Let them go, it is alright! I remember what she said - fifteen miles north of Shirley's Atoll!

RAMIREZ

What if they get there first, you idiot?

INT. ELEVATOR

The women in the elevator won't stop screaming. Diller tries to calm them down. Eventually he succeeds. Then the elevator doors open and eight more people get in. Diller and Chrissy are pushed to the very rear.

CHRISSY

Damn it.

DILLER

What?

CHRISSY

(reaches down)

I snapped the heel off my shoe.

(brings up her shoe)

Can you believe that? Brand new shoes.

DILLER

If those guys catch us, we're going to be wearing cement.

INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL

Ramirez and Eduardo running down the stairs. Eduardo trips, falls, rolls, springs to his feet a la James Bond and keeps running.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Elevator doors open. Mob piles out. Finally Chrissy and Diller who looks around.

POV

Ramirez and Eduardo run out of a door marked STAIRS.

PEOPLE

start screaming again. Diller and Chrissy take off.

RAMIREZ AND EDUARDO

give chase.

INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM

A stiff maitre d' wipes the dust off a bottle of French wine for two honeymooners lunching in elegance.

MAITRE D'

I think you will enjoy this choice. The Fifty One is light, yet distinctive with a very aromatic bouquet -

DILLER AND CHRISSY

Chrissy is hobbling with one shoe on, carrying the broken one. They burst in and run across the room. Chrissy's good heel catches honeymooners' tablecloth and pulls dishes, food and wine onto the floor.

RAMIREZ AND EDUARDO

enter, spot the chasees and take off after them.

DILLER AND CHRISSY

run into the kitchen.

RAMIREZ AND EDUARDO

running for the kitchen but just as they near the swinging doors a waiter rolls out an enormous birthday cake and SPLAAAT! End of chase.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

INT. HOTEL SUITE LIVING ROOM

Ramirez' suite crowded with CIA agents taking pictures, dusting for prints, etc. D'arcy pacing

listening to Farp.

FARP

We have no idea where Ramirez
and his associates went.

D'ARCY

What about the guy and the
girl?

FARP

From eyewitness accounts, we
know it's the same guy and girl
that were in the truck when we
got involved in that chase.

D'ARCY

Don't remind me of that chase,
okay Farp?

FARP

Sorry sir. Anyway, the guy is
a fisherman.

D'ARCY

Who's the girl?

FARP

The girl is an escapee from a
psycho ward.

D'ARCY

(sits)

This case is starting to give
me a headache. Where'd you get
that information?

FARP

From the two cops in the hall.
They were the ones that knocked
us off the bridge.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

Mrs. Cook blocking the door arguing with Barker and
Ditt. Mrs. Cook obviously isn't moving.

BARKER

This is the second time we've
heard that CIA routine, lady.

MRS. COOK

Does that tell you something?

BARKER

Yeah. That tells me that the CIA is investigating this case and the Miami Police Department is to stay out.

MRS. COOK

Now you're cooking.

BARKER

(to Ditt)

Ever hear such crap, Dave?

INT. HOTEL SUITE LIVING ROOM

D'arcy and Farp. D'arcy has the case figured out.

D'ARCY

That guy and girl are all we got to go on.

FARP

Yes sir.

D'ARCY

You say they live together on his boat?

FARP

Yes sir.

D'ARCY

Tap his phone and keep them under surveillance.

FARP

Yes sir.

D'ARCY

(to himself)

Those two are our only hope.

CUT TO

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Diller in the booth looking over his shoulder as he talks on the phone.

DILLER

What if my partner and I just come over. I don't like talking about it on the phone.

EXT. STREET

Farp peering through binoculars standing outside the Ford battered and dirty from its landing in the garbage barge. A wire runs from the car to a roadside telephone pole. The car door is open. Mrs. Cook is sitting in the front seat with the sound turned up. Diller is talking to a Captain Glick.

GLICK (V.O.)

What do you want to discuss
with me?

DILLER (V.O.)

I want to hire your company to
find something.

FARP

squinting through the binoculars.

GLICK (V.O.)

We're in the mining business.
I mine the sea bed for mangan-
ese nodules.

POV THROUGH BINOCULARS

Diller in the phone booth.

DILLER

I know, I know. I've passed
your ship many times.

GLICK (V.O.)

What did you want me to find?

FULL SHOT

Farp peering, Cook sitting.

DILLER (O.S.)

I DON'T WANNA SAY OVER THE
PHONE!

GLICK (O.S.)

You don't have to lose your
temper, fellow. Okay. Come
around about three.

They hang up. Farp brings down the binoculars and crosses to the car.

FARP
Move over, Mrs. Cook. We have
a lot to do.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

The Star of Miami looks like a poor man's Glomar Explorer. What sets it off is a large grapple hanging from a derrick amidships. A sign on the dock says:

MANGANESE MARINE CORP.
Miami Beach

DILLER AND CHRISSY

walking along the dock toward the gangplank. Diller has a briefcase and is wearing a suit. He looks good. Chrissy is a step behind him.

DILLER
Let me do all the talking.

CHRISSY
Joe?

DILLER
Yeah?

CHRISSY
Wait a minute, Joe.
(stops)
I've been thinking. Maybe I
should turn myself in.

DILLER
Honey, I told you we'd do that
first thing after we get the
gold. Okay?

CHRISSY
No, I think it's the right
thing to do now. After all,
Joe, the gold doesn't belong to
us.

DILLER
Ah-ha, that's where you're
wrong, missy.

Diller puts his briefcase on the dock, opens it and
takes out a book.

DILLER

I can see you don't know anything about the law of salvage.

(reading)

Property resting on the deep sea bed for more than seven years belongs to the party that raises it to the surface.

(closes book)

CHRISSY

Even so, it just doesn't seem like it's worth all this bother. We have a great partnership going on the Albatross with the Cold Duck and everything.

DILLER

Do you realize how much money we're looking at? When you crashed in 1972 gold was fixed at \$35 an ounce. Do you know what it closed at yesterday?

CHRISSY

No.

DILLER

Guess.

CHRISSY

I don't know.

DILLER

Eight hundred! It closed at eight hundred!

CHRISSY

Really?

DILLER

You bet your ass! Gold worth fifty million in 1972 is worth a billion dollars today!

POV

Diller and Chrissy.

FARP (O.S.)

You better hurry. They're gonna be here in a minute.

INT. WARDROOM

Farp standing at the window next to the ship's radio.
D'arcy and Mrs. Cook watching Captain MICKEY GLICK
seated at a table covered with thick packets of
twenty-dollar bills.

GLICK

(as he counts)

I'll level with you people. If
it wasn't for this huge amount
of money you're paying me, we
wouldn't have any part of this.
Nine hundred and sixty, nine
hundred and eighty, one
thousand.

Glick puts the packet in a half-filled suitcase,
tallies it and takes another packet.

GLICK

Twenty, forty, sixty ...

D'ARCY

Look, Captain Glick, do you
think you can count the money
later? The people are going to
be aboard in a minute.

D'arcy starts putting the counted packets in a suit-
case. Mrs. Cook assists him.

GLICK

(stops counting)

How do I know I can trust you?
You show up out of the blue and
make an offer to charter the
Star of Miami I can't refuse -

D'ARCY

Mrs. Cook and I will make sure
nobody touches this, and you
can resume counting it after
the meeting.

FARP

I better go out.

Farp exits. D'arcy and Mrs. Cook get all the money
in the suitcase and close it. There's so much money
in it, it's hard to close.

GLICK

Who the hell are these people

outside?

D'ARCY

We'll tell you later. For now
just make the meeting sound
real.

D'arcy and Mrs. Cook exit.

GLICK

(to himself)

I don't cotton to this cloak-and-
dagger shit.

EXT. SHIP

at the top of the gangplank.

FARP

Are you Mr. Diller?

EXT. DOCK

Chrissy and Diller. He's packing away his books and
papers.

DILLER

Yeah?

FARP

Pleased to meet you. Come on
aboard. We're anxious to hear
what you'd like us to help you
find.

DILLER

(to Chrissy)

Now will you stop getting cold
feet?

INT. WARDROOM - DAY

Captain Glick looking at a large-scale chart of the
mid-Atlantic.

GLICK

Shirley's Atoll is an unin-
habited reef.

(draws an X)

Fifteen miles north is right
here.

CHRISSY, DILLER, FARP

DILLER

(to Farp)

How much would your company
charge to bring the gold to
the surface?

FARP

What do you think, Captain
Glick?

GLICK

(playing along, reluctantly)
Huh? Uh, two million dollars.

DILLER

How much would we have to pay
upfront?

GLICK

(looks at Farp)
Two million dollars.

FARP

Of course my company is willing
to negotiate, Mr. Diller.

CHRISSY

How about nothing upfront?
Your company would get a share
of the take.

FARP

How much of a share?

Chrissy and Diller answer at once.

CHRISSY

Twenty five.

DILLER

Fifteen.

DILLER

Uh, twenty five.

GLICK

Fifty.

DILLER

No way.

FARP

Forty.

CHRISSY

Thirty.

GLICK

We won't go lower than forty.

FARP

Well ...

CHRISSY

Thirty-three and a third.

FARP

It's a deal.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The Star of Miami steams toward CAMERA.

ANGLES

on the ship.

EXT. SHIP

Captain Glick at an instrument-packed control console. Looking over his shoulder is Farp.

GLICK

I want to know where you people are from.

FARP

We represent an eccentric millionaire that wants to do a favor for the fellow and the girl because the fellow gave him a lift when he was stranded in the desert.

GLICK

Jesus Christ, give me a break.

FARP

No really it's true.

CLICK

Mister, you just better understand one thing. I'm the captain of this ship. And I ain't doing anything I think is even remotely dangerous. Capicci?

FARP

Yes sir.

GLICK

Stranded in the desert. Who do you think I am, some noodle from the Okefenokee?

INT. SHIP CABIN

Diller changing his clothes. Chrissy lying on a bunk looking through one of Diller's book's entitled SERIOUS TREASURE HUNTING.

DILLER

How do I look in this shirt?

CHRISSY

Something's fishy about this ship, Joe.

DILLER

Please don't start that again.

CHRISSY

But I can't put my finger on it.

DILLER

What's the difference. They made us a good deal. We'll raise the gold, split it up and say goodbye.

CHRISSY

Thirty-three percent of the take for us isn't all that good, Joe.

DILLER

Will you put that book away?

CHRISSY

In the first place, you don't need all this ship's fancy equipment. This ship was built to mine manganese nodules, not recover sunken cargo.

DILLER

I see. Suddenly you're an

expert on the subject.

 CHRISSY
 (crosses to him)
It says right here.
 (shows him a picture)
All you need is one of these
little submarines rigged with a
flotation pontoon.

Diller kisses her.

 DILLER
I'm a fisherman. Let me worry
about this.

Diller goes in the bathroom. Chrissy rolls her eyes.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Star of Miami bobbing in a choppy sea.

EXT. SHIP

Glick, Farp, Chrissy and Diller. Chrissy is fascinated by the control console.

 GLICK
That's it for today.

 DILLER
You want to stop? We still got
three hours of daylight!

 GLICK
Sea's getting too choppy.

Glick goes in the pilot house.

 FARP
 (to Diller)
We'll start again fresh in the
morning.

 DILLER
Do you have any idea what the
interest on a billion is in one
day?

CHRISSY

looking at the sonar screen.

CHRISSY
Does a white blotch mean
anything?

 DILLER
 (working his calculator)
At fifteen percent - which you
couldn't get but say you
could - that's ... let's see ...

 CHRISSY
The blotch seems to be getting
brighter.

 FARP
Blotch?

 CHRISSY
It's getting closer too.

Farp crosses and looks at the screen.

 FARP
Jesus Christ.

 CHRISSY
Joe!

 DILLER
 (punching his calculator)
Interest calculations are
always tricky.

 FARP
Hey Captain Glick!

 DILLER
Seven million dollars a day.
But, what the hell, it's only
money. Let's pack it in.
What's that sound?

Glick comes out of the pilot house and looks at the
screen.

 FARP
We got something on the sonar!

Glick throws a switch and the console starts beeping.

 CHRISSY
JOE!

Diller rushes over as Glick barks orders to the crew.

DILLER

What is it? What is it?

GLICK

Something metallic.

ANGLES

The crew comes to life. Sea water fills the centerwell. Electrical connections are made and joined so the grapple can be maneuvered. When the centerwell is filled, the ship's underwater doors open and the derrick lowers the grapple into the ocean.

CHRISSY AND DILLER

watching the show.

CHRISSY

I still say we should have
checked with Jacques Cousteau
first.

CUT TO

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

One of those pre-WW2 midget submarines the Navy tried for awhile until they caused too many drownings, lumbering along the bottom of the ocean. Sub's exterior is a huge riveted iron tank about 20 feet long and 10 feet in diameter.

INT. SUBMARINE

Several leaks stopped by oily rags. Eduardo at the controls.

EDUARDO

Depth bearing eight point one
seven fathoms. Undercurrent
steady. Drift west by
southwest ...

RAMIREZ AND AGUILAR

Ramirez has files and papers spread over a tiny desk. Aguilar is making drinks out of a briefcase bar. Ramirez speaks to Aguilar softly so Eduardo can't hear him.

RAMIREZ

Does that idiot know what he is doing?

AGUILAR

I think so, Hector. Do your paperwork. Let him be.

RAMIREZ

(picks up an invoice)
Mercenaries are not the same as regulars. They require harsh discipline. And superior weapons. We will need bazookas, flame-throwers, grenades and motors.

EDUARDO

DEPLOY THE FLOTATION PONTOON!

RAMIREZ

What is it?

EDUARDO

Look at the sonar! It is showing us the gold!

RAMIREZ

Where?

EDUARDO

At twelve o'clock!

RAMIREZ

Twelve o'clock?

EDUARDO

Deploy the pontoon ...

RAMIREZ

How could that be the gold? It is above us!

EXT. UNDERWATER

The Star of Miami's grapple descending directly above the submarine.

CUT TO

EXT. SHIP - DAY

Glick, Farp, Diller and Chrissy. Glick controlling

the grapple, watching the ship's sonar.

DILLER
Is it the downed Douglas?

GLICK
I don't know.

FARP
It's moving!

Glick throwing switches like mad. Everybody very excited. A green light flashes.

GLICK
Contact.

CUT TO

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

The strongback's steel claws clamp the submarine.

INT. SUBMARINE

Ramirez, Aguilar and Eduardo are thrown to the floor.

AGUILAR
What was that?

EDUARDO
(exuberant)
We have got the gold!

RAMIREZ
No! Something has got us!

EXT. UNDERWATER

The claws of the strongback pull the submarine off the sea bed and start its ascent to the surface.

CUT TO

EXT. SHIP - DAY

Glick at the controls. Farp and Chrissy and Diller watching.

ANGLES

The submarine approaches the ship's open underwater doors. The ship's derrick raises it into the center-well as the doors close behind it. The crew maneu-

vers the dangling submarine to a catwalk where Farp is waiting.

FARP AND DILLER

open the submarine's hatch. Ramirez pops out with a Thompson submachine gun and points it in their faces.

RAMIREZ

I am in command of this ship!

(stares at Farp)

I have met you someplace before, sir.

EDUARDO

You have never seen him, General. He just reminds you of someone.

RAMIREZ

Don't tell me that!

(to Farp)

You are the man with the mercenaries.

FARP

Right.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Star of Miami bobbing in a very choppy sea.

EXT. SHIP

Eduardo at the console throwing switches like he has been running a ship like this all his life. Ramirez with Thompson submachine gun is next to Eduardo, dividing his attention between what Eduardo is doing and Farp, Glick and the crew huddled seated nearby on the deck. Wind and rain make it uncomfortable for all.

EDUARDO

Perhaps we should wait until morning when the sea is calmer, General.

RAMIREZ

No more waiting!

INT. SHIP CABIN

Chrissy and Diller tied up on the bed.

DILLER
This is ridiculous!

He starts bouncing up and down trying to get the ropes loose.

CHRISSY
Watch you don't give yourself a heart attack.

DILLER
Those crazy bastards are going to kill us and you're worried about a heart attack?

CHRISSY
You don't really think they'll kill us, do you, Joe?

DILLER
What do you think?

Chrissy looks like she thinks they will, too.

EXT. DECK

Ramirez and Eduardo. The sonar starts beeping.

RAMIREZ
What is that?

Eduardo peers at the sonar.

RAMIREZ
What is it?

EDUARDO
Maybe it is the gold!

Ramirez crosses to Glick and presses the Thompson into the nape of his neck.

RAMIREZ
Order your crew to man their duty stations.

GLICK
(to himself)
I knew I shouldn't have gotten involved with these people.

Glick stands, hits the signal bell and starts barking orders again.

ANGLES

Crew scurrying, doing the same things they did when the submarine was spotted.

CENTERWELL

flooded with water.

EXT. UNDERWATER

Doors open.

EXT. SHIP

The derrick lowers the grapple into the centerwell.

CUT TO

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

ANGLES on the grapple descending. It reaches the crumpled Douglas peacefully resting on the sea bed. Fish swim in and out of its cracked fuselage.

CUT TO

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT

Eduardo at the console.

CONSOLE

Green light starts flashing.

RAMIREZ

RAMIREZ

What does that mean?

EDUARDO

Contact.

CUT TO

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The strongback's claws are clamped on the center section of the airplane's fuselage.

CUT TO

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT

Ramirez and Eduardo.

RAMIREZ

What are you waiting for?

Raise it up!

Eduardo turns a rheostat labeled LIFT.

CUT TO

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The cable stiffens and pulls but the Douglas's fuselage doesn't budge.

CUT TO

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT

Ramirez and Eduardo.

RAMIREZ

What's wrong?

EDUARDO

Too heavy.

RAMIREZ

Turn it to full power!

CONSOLE

Eduardo turns LIFT to FULL.

INT. SHIP CABIN

Diller and Chrissy. Diller is now in a weird position with his feet not far from his ears.

DILLER

God damn it! Houdini could do it. Why the hell can't I do it?

CHRISSY

cringes.

DILLER

stops, gives up.

DILLER

Are you religious?

CHRISSY

Yes.

DILLER

I think we better try prayer.

Chrissy closes her eyes and starts to pray.

CHRISSY

Hail Mary, full of grace, hal-
lowed be thy name ...

As Chrissy goes on, the cabin door opens and Mrs.
Cook eases in.. Chrissy opens her eyes.

CHRISSY

Boy, that was quick.

DILLER

(to Mrs. Cook)

Who are you?

MRS. COOK

Shhhhhh ... a friend.

CHRISSY

Where did you come from?

MRS. COOK

(untying Diller)

Tell you later.

CUT TO

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Grapple pulling and tugging on the fuselage.

CUT TO

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT

Ramirez and Eduardo at the console.

DERRICK

straining.

CUT TO

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The grapple pulls a section of the fuselage loose from the rest of the airplane and starts to bring it to the surface.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The section tilts and a steel pallet with the 925 gold bricks strapped to it slides out intact and falls back to the bottom.

CUT TO

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT

Eduardo and Ramirez watch the sonar.

SONAR

The bright blip has separated into two blips, a bright one and a dull one.

RAMIREZ

What does that mean?

EDUARDO

We lost the concentration of weight.

RAMIREZ

That was the gold! Go back and get it!

INT. PASSAGEWAY

Mrs. Cook, Diller and Chrissy tiptoe down a deserted passageway.

DILLER

(looking around)

This is not your normal salvage ship.

CHRISSY

No kidding.

MRS. COOK
(looking off)
Shhhh ...

CUT TO

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The strongback's claws come down and grapple for the separated pallet of gold.

INTERCUT

Eduardo topside operating the controls at the console, with the grapple on the sea bottom trying to grip on the gold.

CUT TO

EXT. DECK - NIGHT

Eduardo and Ramirez watching the sonar. The ship is really rolling and pitching. Green CONTACT light flashes again.

RAMIREZ
Contact!

Ramirez turns LIFT to FULL power.

CUT TO

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The pallet of gold secured in the vice claws of the strongback steadily starts its ascent.

CUT TO

INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Cook, Diller and Chrissy positioned outside the ward room. Inside we hear somebody snoring.

INT. WARDROOM

Aguilar sleeping sitting at the ship's radio. An empty bottle of Canadian Club beside him. His Thompson is propped up against the door - which flies open as Diller, Cook and Chrissy barge in. Aguilar turns around. Diller springs at him, Aguilar tilts and Diller lands on his nose. Cook grabs Aguilar and they wrestle and roll and fight on the pitching floor. Chrissy is busy trying to help Diller, who is

in great pain, and Cook, who is trying to subdue Aguilar. Finally Chrissy is able to coldcock Aguilar by hitting him over the head with a voltmeter.

EXT. DECK

The derrick raises the pallet of gold out of the water in the centerwell.

RAMIREZ, EDUARDO, FARP

Ramirez and Eduardo happy as hell.

RAMIREZ

It's here, Eduardo, it's here!

Eduardo kisses Farp on the lips.

DILLER AND CHRISSY

sneaking up. Diller has Aguilar's Thompson.

POV

Ramirez, Eduardo, Farp

DILLER

steps out in the open.

DILLER

DROP THE GUN, RAMIREZ!

Ramirez turns and opens fire. Diller dives for cover. Ramirez dives for cover. Everybody does.

INT. WARDROOM

Mrs. Cook at the communications equipment. Aguilar asleep at her feet.

MRS. COOK

Well where the hell are you?
Oyer!

CUT TO

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

A U.S. Navy helicopter is being tossed all over the place by the wind and rain.

HELICOPTER

D'arcy in the co-pilot's seat.

D'ARCY

I'm trying to tell you we don't
know, over.

In the seat behind D'arcy and pilot are the United
States Marines.

CUT TO

INT. WARDROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Cook.

MRS. COOK

But you were supposed to stay
behind us just out of sight!
Over!

Aguilar wakes up and crawls out the door.

INT. HELICOPTER

D'arcy.

D'ARCY

You're not being reasonable.
This is the Bermuda Triangle,
over.

MRS. COOK

There's a firefight going on
here!

D'ARCY

We'll find you, we'll find you.
Just stay cool, okay? Over and
out.

(to pilot, pointing)

Let's try over there.

CUT TO

EXT. DECKS - NIGHT

Diller, Chrissy, Farp, Glick, Ramirez, Aguilar, Ed-
uardo shooting, running, ducking, yelling - a lot of
commotion but no hits. Mrs. Cook joins the fiasco.
Eventually Ramirez and Aguilar make it to the sub.

RAMIREZ

Eduardo! Swing it out over the water!

EDUARDO

braves the bullets, crawls to the console, throws switches, swings the sub clear of the ship and releases it.

SPLAAAASSSHHHH ...

The submarine bobbing in the ocean. Aguilar waves to his friend.

AGUILAR

Eduardo! Over here!

EDUARDO

flings off his black coat and leaps.

LOW ANGLE

Eduardo sails down and hits the water.

FULL SHOT

Aguilar pulls Eduardo aboard the sub.

FARP AND MRS. COOK

come out from behind the lifeboat they were using as a shield.

FARP

Get them!

Just then an o.s. sound becomes ear-shattering, scene is flooded with brilliant white light, and the helicopter with D'arcy and Marines makes a hard landing on the deck.

SUBMARINE

bobbing in the ocean. Aguilar and Eduardo are already inside. General Ramirez, with one leg in the hatch, cries ...

RAMIREZ

YOU HAVE NOT HEARD THE LAST OF US!

With that, he climbs in the sub and it submerges

never to be seen again.

CHRISSY AND DILLER

jumping, dancing, kissing ...

CHRISSY

We did it, Joe, we did it!

DILLER

We sure did, Chrissy!

CHRISSY

A billion dollars!

DILLER

A billion dollars!

THE GOLD

Sitting there glistening in the bottom of the center-well is the pallet of gold.

CHRISSY AND DILLER

in a romantic embrace.

CHRISSY

It's like a dream.

FARP, D'ARCY AND MRS. COOK

MRS. COOK

(to Farp)

Do you want to tell them?

FARP

Let's all do it.

Farp, D'arcy and Mrs. Cook cross to Chrissy and Diller.

MRS. COOK

Listen, there's something we've got to talk about.

DILLER

Sure. But first would you tell me one thing?

FARP

Okay.

DILLER

Where'd that helicopter full of

Marines come from?

FARP

That's, er, part of what we've got to talk about. Our company?

CHRISSY

(slits her eyes)

Yeah?

FARP

Well, it isn't exactly what it purports to be.

DILLER

What'd you mean?

FARP

Well, our company doesn't mine the deep sea bed for manganese nodules. Manganese Marine Corporation is just a cover.

MRS. COOK

(to Diller and Chrissy)

This company's a front for another company.

DILLER

(Astonished)

What!

FARP

In other words, it's not really a company.

MRS. COOK

We just call it that.

D'ARCY

We're with the Central Intelligence Agency.

Chrissy and Diller look at each other, then at Cook and Farp and D'arcy, then at the helicopter, then at the Marines, and then again at each other.

CHRISSY

You're serious ... ?

FARP

I'm afraid so. The CIA chartered this ship.

Chrissy looks off.

DILLER
(deflated)
S-h-i-t.

FARP, DARCY, MRS. COOK

don't answer.

DILLER
The next thing I guess you're
gonna tell me is that the god-
damn CIA owns that goddamn gold!

Farp looks down at the gold.

FARP
SOMEBODY STOP HER!

POV

Chrissy in the centerwell. She has removed the pal-
let straps and is heaving the gold bricks in the ocean.

CHRISSY
... if Joe and I can't have the
gold neither can the CIA ...

SPLASH

CHRISSY

CHRISSY
Swim for it, CIA ...

SPLASH

FARP AND D'ARCY

climbing over the railing and each other and down the
ladder to the centerwell. Farp falls and lands on
his ass. Chrissy keeps heaving. SPLASH. SPLASH.
D'arcy reaches her and grabs her.

D'ARCY
Are you crazy? You just threw
a million dollars away.

CHRISSY
What do I care? It wasn't
mine.

FARP
(to D'arcy)
What are we going to tell the
Agency?

CHRISSY
Do something new and tell them
the truth.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

The Star of Miami back in port.

CHRISSY AND DILLER

at the top of the gangplank about to leave the ship.
Farp, D'arcy and Mrs. Cook there too. Chrissy is the
only cheerful face in the group.

CHRISSY
Goodbye everybody and thanks
again for taking care of the
felony escape, indecent expo-
sure and camping on the beach
charges.

FARP
You're welcome. Goodbye, Mr.
Diller.

DILLER
You'll all be hearing from my
lawyer.

Chrissy and Diller walk down the gangplank and along
the dock.

DILLER
I don't understand why you're
so happy. We just lost a
billion dollars.

CHRISSY
So what, we have each other.

Diller doesn't answer.

CHRISSY
Which would you rather have,
me or the billion?

Diller doesn't answer.

CHRISSY

Well?

DILLER

I'm thinking.

She punches him in the side. He puts his arms around her and kisses her.

DILLER

(chiding)

I guess, since I really have
no choice ...

(beat)

I'd rather have you.

CHRISSY

God, I was hoping you would say
that.

They continue walking with their arms around each other.

DILLER

Now that that's settled we can
concentrate on the litigation.
It may take ten years but in
the end we'll win. First thing
we do is sell the Albatross.

CHRISSY

Why?

DILLER

We need a good lawyer, and a good
lawyer costs bucks.

They arrive at Diller's truck. He opens the door for her. She doesn't get in.

CHRISSY

Let's forget about all that
hassle. I've got enough money
for whatever we need.

DILLER

(laughs)

That's sweet, Chrissy, but you
don't have any money. Get in.

CHRISSY
Guess again.
 (opens her purse)

POV

A shiny gold brick nested in there with the lipstick
and birth control pills.

DILLER AND CHRISSY

 DILLER
Where'd you get that?

 CHRISSY
One of the splashes wasn't a
gold brick, it was a crewman's
lunch box.

Chrissy hops in the truck.

 CREWMAN (V.O.)
Now do y' believe me, Cap'n?

REVERSE ANGLE

Glick peering through binoculars standing next to
CREWMAN. They're at the other end of the parking
lot. Behind them is a motorcycle and sidecar.

 CLICK
I guess I do.

 CREWMAN
She ain't got no more right to
it then all of us!

 GLICK
I agree. What do you want to
do?

 CREWMAN
 (looking off)
Well we better make up our
minds pretty goddamn fast!

TRUCK

Diller starts the motor. Chrissy is smiling.

 DILLER
You're sure nobody knows you
have that?

CHRISSY

Positive.

DILLER

Because if there's one thing we
don't need is more pursuit.

Truck drives away with Eduardo's harpoon still protruding from the trunk. Crewman on the motorcycle and Glick in the sidecar pull out after them. CAMERA rises, frame freezes, END TITLES roll and when they finish we ...

FADE OUT