

SUBPLOT

An Original Screenplay

By Edward Murphy

FIRST DRAFT

THE BURBANK STUDIOS
4000 Warner Boulevard
Burbank, California 91522
(213) 843 6000

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<u>Character</u>	<u>Proposed Cast</u>
David Travis	KURT RUSSELL
Patrick Finnegan	JONATHAN WINTERS
Ginger O'Bannon	ADRIENNE BARBEAU
Larry Keith	JOHN RITTER
Pamela Allen	CHERYL LADD
Susie Madrid	CHARO
Cueball	GARY BURGHOFF
Jack Rico	RORY CALHOUN
Chester Daily	KEENAN WYNN
Richard Wells	VINCENT PRICE
Charlie French	-----
Tom Knight	-----
Stanford Allen	-----
Eunice Allen	-----
Margaret Everson	-----
J. P. Trapper	-----
Annie Jeanne Decker	-----
Detective Zink	-----
Jose Pampampango	-----
Gail Smith	-----
Harry Wing	-----
Ned Sparrow	-----

Bits

Prosecutor, judge, Yan Su, merchant seaman,
Marine MP, house dick, clerk, manager, Raoul,
Ruben, Carmen, Henry, Fidel, Horncheck, sea-
man's buddy, officer, Mario, Felix

FADE IN

EXT. PIER AREA - AMERICAN EMPRESS LINE - DAY

The docked oceanliner Empress of New York. Passengers, tourists crowd bayside shops. Subtitle superimposes ...

MANILA
1938

LARRY KEITH wearing a white missionary's frock is standing near the edge of the water, past the ship's stern, with RAOUL. At Keith and Raoul's feet are several pieces of wicker luggage. Keith glances across the crowd at JACK RICO who is wearing an American Empress Line uniform, holding a bullhorn and kind of hiding behind a bale of bananas. Rico in turn signals over CUEBALL who is wearing a suit and standing in front of the terminal building under a sign that says AMERICAN EMPRESS LINE. Cueball crosses to Rico.

RICO
What're you waitin' for?

CUEBALL
The right choice.

RICO
(indicating)
What's wrong with her?

A good-looking blonde standing alone in front of an art shop amongst a deluge of oil paintings.

CUEBALL
Do you think she's alone?

RICO
Do you see anybody with her?
(shoves him)
Go ahead!

Cueball reluctantly navigates over. Rico watches. Cueball says something to the blonde. Blonde says something to Cueball. Cueball turns around and hurries back. Rico shakes his head in disgust.

RICO
What happened?

CUEBALL
German broad. Didn't speak English.
Not a word.

RICO
Come on.
(starts walking,
surveying)
This crowd is loaded with Americans.

PAMELA, STANFORD AND EUNICE ALLEN approach in a rickshaw. Pamela, exceptionally beautiful, is wearing a fetching sundress and rakish off-the-face

hat. Her mother, Eunice, is buried under shopping bundles and packages. Her father, Stanford, looks pooped.

PAMELA

Dad, let's come back here next time you win the Nobel Prize.

STANFORD

Next time I'm going to have them mail it to me.

EUNICE

(to Pamela)

Pay no attention, Pamela. Your father's just a little punchdrunk from shopping all day.

(to Stanford)

Aren't you, dear?

Rickshaw comes to a stop at the foot of the gangplank.

STANFORD

I still wish somebody would tell me how I got roped into going from Long Island to Oslo via the Panama Canal.

EUNICE

(to Pamela, looking off, climbing out)

Did you say you wanted to buy that young man of yours a jade identification bracelet?

PAMELA

(climbing out)

Yes.

EUNICE

Well let's check out those shops. I think you might just find what you're looking for.

PAMELA

Okay.

EUNICE

Stanford?

STANFORD

Sorry, Eunice, but if you want a dance partner tonight, I'm going to have to go up our stateroom and soak my corns for two hours in Epsom salts.

Cueball watching from a distance. Rico grabs him by the arm.

RICO

Will you come on!

CUEBALL

Take a gander at that.

RICO
She's with those people!

CUEBALL
I know. All I said was take a gander.
Jesus, Rico. Why're you so edgy?

RICO
(starts walking)
He makes me edgy.

CUEBALL
(looks off)
Larry Keith?

Keith and Raoul looking back.

RICO
Right.

CUEBALL
Why, Rico?

RICO
Because he's a jerk.

Eunice and Pamela rooting through racks of silks outside a shop.

EUNICE
I can't believe these prices!

PAMELA
I know...and we sail tomorrow morning.
This is our last chance.

EUNICE
I'm going inside.

PAMELA
(not looking up)
I'll be in in a minute.

Eunice goes in. Pamela continues to root. After a minute, Cueball comes up behind her.

CUEBALL
Excuse me.

PAMELA
Huh?

CUEBALL
Are you a fellow American?

PAMELA
Yes I am.

CUEBALL

Good. So am I. Would you mind coming over a minute and witnessing a customs declaration for my brother and me?

PAMELA

(dubious)

Where's your brother?

CUEBALL

(looks off)

See him right over there talking to the harbor official?

Keith and Raoul taking.

PAMELA

Yes, I see him.

CUEBALL

It's a shipment of Bibles. Only take a minute.

PAMELA

Sure.

As Cueball and Pamela cross toward Keith and Raoul. Theme music begins.

CUEBALL

The name's Goodwell. What's yours?

PAMELA

Mine? Pamela Allen.

Cueball glances at Rico now positioned near the American Empress Line sign. Keith glances at Pamela and Cueball as they approach. Cueball calls to Keith, exuberantly

CUEBALL

I found somebody, Luther ...

Keith turns and smiles at Pamela. Rico checks to see if the coast is clear, then yells through the bullhorn

RICO

ATTENTION PLEASE!

Pamela glances at Rico, continues approaching. Cueball says to Keith

CUEBALL

Say hello to Pamela.

RICO

(continues in the distance)

The Empress of New York will sail at 0900 hours tomorrow for Calcutta and Europe.

KEITH

Hello, Pamela.

As Keith holds out his hand to shake, his frock sleeve rises and reveals part of a tattoo that says MOTHER. Pamela holds out her hand, they shake, but before she can get out a "hello," Keith yanks her forward and off the pier. She sails down and hits the choppy green water with a neat splash. All the while Rico continues in the distance.

RICO (OFF)

All passengers should be aboard ship by
0800 hours.

Pamela surfaces. Treading water, she looks up at Keith, is about to holler when her expression freezes. Something sucks her back under. Keith, looks down at her floating hat. Then the hat is sucked under. Keith, Cueball and Raoul briskly walk off. Back on the water. No sign of Pamela. Main titles roll.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. PIER AREA - AMERICAN EMPRESS LINE - NIGHT

Pier is deserted. Shops are closed for the night. The Empress of New York is gone.

EXT. PIER AREA APARTMENT - NIGHT

A silver 1933 Indian Superchief motorcycle with sidecar parked in the driveway next to a small apartment villa across the street from the pier area. Camera tilts up and stops at a living room balcony facing the bay.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

An open bottle of Diamante on top of a polished narra bar. Telephone also on the bar. Radio playing soft music. Clock on the radio. Camera pans the room. Window shutters open. More narra furniture. A large table fan on the floor blowing air over a large block of ice in a pan, aimed at the couch on which is DAVID TRAVIS locked in a kiss with a golden-haired, green-eyed voluptuous dish named SUSIE MADRID. On a table in front of the couch, a bottle of San Miguel beer and an empty wine glass. When the kiss is over, Travis smiles and says softly

TRAVIS

Come on in the bedroom. I'll give you one
of my famous massages.

SUSIE

(playfully)

You sure that is all you have in mind?
Just a massage?

Susie speaks with a Spanish accent. Travis - tall, lean, hard, good looking - stands up, takes her by the hand.

TRAVIS

Come on.

SUSIE

Wait, David. First I want to talk to you about something. I have a favor to ask you.

TRAVIS

(crosses to bar with glass)

Ask me anything. That's what longtime good friends are for.

SUSIE

Are we really good friends, David?

TRAVIS

(fills her glass)

Are you kiddin'? You're like a little sister to me.

SUSIE

I am?

TRAVIS

(crosses back)

What's the favor?

SUSIE

Will you do me this favor, David?

TRAVIS

(sits)

Of course.

(hands her her drink)

As long as it doesn't involve money.

SUSIE

(elatedly)

It definitely does not involve money.

TRAVIS

Then I'll definitely do it for you.

(kisses her)

What is it?

SUSIE

I want you to marry me.

TRAVIS

(gravely)

You want me to what?

SUSIE

To marry me.

TRAVIS

I can't do that.

SUSIE

But you just said -

TRAVIS

I can't do that, Susie, I've always been a bachelor.

(finishes off the San Miguel)

SUSIE

I know. That is why I want you to marry me.

TRAVIS

(stands, crosses to kitchen)

Are you crazy? Good friends don't get married. Why do you want to get married?

SUSIE

(following)

To better my life.

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN

Travis crosses to a wooden icebox which has a large photograph of Jean Harlow thumb-tacked to the door, opens it and takes out a cold San Miguel.

TRAVIS

Oh, well, right there you'd be defeating your own purpose because marrying me would only worsen it.

SUSIE

That is not what I mean. I want to go to America. That is why I want you to marry me. So I can go to America and start a new life.

TRAVIS

(sits at the kitchen table)

The Philippine Islands is America. Kinda. What's wrong with the Philippines?

SUSIE

Are you kidding? I do not want to stay here the rest of my life.

TRAVIS

(turns on an ancient portable fan)

I'll grant you, it does get hot.

SUSIE

I hate it here.

TRAVIS

Why don't you go back to Spain?

SUSIE

There is a civil war going on in Spain, David, that is why I left. Anyway, I do not want to go back to Spain, I want to go to the States. Please do it for me?

TRAVIS

Why do I have to marry you to go to the States? Why don't you just get on a ship and go?

SUSIE

Because I have a Spanish passport. The only way I can go to the States now is on a thirty-day tourist visa. Thirty days, sixty at the most. I want to stay there. And the only way I can do that is with the visa of a spouse. I need an American spouse.

TRAVIS

But I don't want to be married.

SUSIE

After a few months you will not be.

TRAVIS

How's that?

SUSIE

After I get to Honolulu, I will go to Reno, Nevada, and get a divorce. I already have a lawyer, David. There is nothing to it. Altogether it will take about an hour of your time.

(sits on his lap)

Oh, please do it for me, David.

TRAVIS

What will my other girlfriends say?

SUSIE

Your other girlfriends do not have to know. Look, do you want to talk to my lawyer?

TRAVIS

My god, if anybody finds out ...

SUSIE

Nobody will find out.

(kisses him)

TRAVIS
I gotta give this some very serious
thought.

EXT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Old Manila's business district. A sign in a window which contains a magnifying
glass logo reads

PATRICK FINNEGAN
Former FBI Agent
Private Investigations
Tracer of Missing Persons

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE

Stanford and Eunice Allen sitting across the desk from PATRICK FINNEGAN.
Eunice is going to start crying any minute.

STANFORD
The police have come up with nothing?

FINNEGAN
(playing with a magnifying
glass)
Zero.

STANFORD
What about the American Empress Line?

FINNEGAN
The company's been avoiding me like the
plague.

STANFORD
Why?

FINNEGAN
Fear of a lawsuit.

Eunice begins to whimper.

FINNEGAN
(to Eunice)
But all that is going to change tomorrow,
Mrs. Allen.

STANFORD
How?

FINNEGAN
Their president is arriving from San
Francisco to take personal charge of
the investigation. I intend to park myself
in his path until he cooperates. When

I was one of J. Edgar Hoover's boys I
was known for my persistence.

Eunice's whimpering turns to sobbing.

STANFORD

There, there, my dear. We must let
Mr. Finnegan check out every lead be-
fore we return to New York.

FINNEGAN

(to Eunice)

I'll find your daughter, Mrs. Allen.
Remember what I said when you hired
me.

EUNICE

(between sobs)

What .. was that ... Mr. Finnegan?

FINNEGAN

Lost females are my forte.

INT. STOREFRONT MISSION - DAY

Larry Keith, the guy who yanked Pamela Allen into the water, is lugging
a large heavy drum of marine diesel down the aisle of the little chapel
toward the front door. Helping Keith is Cueball.

KEITH

I know he's your friend, Cueball, but
I'm sorry I ever let him join the gang.

CUEBALL

Rico's not a bad guy, Larry, once you
get to know him.

KEITH

Then why don't you explain to him that
I m the boss of this operation.

EXT. STOREFRONT MISSION

A taxi creeps toward us. Inside are David Travis, Susie Madrid, and a
photographer. Travis is wearing a dark gabardine suit and sweating like
a pig. Susie is wearing a wedding dress and holding a bouquet of flowers.
The photographer has a large box camera, tripod and powder trough, and
a sign that says YOUR PHOTO IN FIVE MINUTES. On the sidewalk are
beggars, bag ladies, derelicts and other unsavory denizen of the Manila
waterfront.

TRAVIS

(looking out the window)

I'm positive it's along here somewhere.
I passed it once.

SUSIE

(chary)

You sure they marry people down here,
David?

TRAVIS

(looking OFF)

There it is!

The little mission sandwiched between a fish market and a pool room. A sailor is sleeping on the sidewalk in front of the door. A sign in the window says

MISSION OF GOD

Manila

Dr. Luther Goodwell

Pastor

Travis exits taxi. Susie balks.

TRAVIS

What's amatter?

SUSIE

Nothing.

TRAVIS

This is okay, ain't it?

SUSIE

Sure.

Susie and photographer exit taxi. Keith and Cueball come out the front door with the drum of diesel. Travis whispers to Susie

TRAVIS

Ask him.

SUSIE

(to Keith)

Good morning.

KEITH

(turns, surprised)

What? Oh. Good morning.

Keith and Cueball quickly continue across the street.

TRAVIS

(to Susie)

Ask him.

Susie and Travis follow Keith and Cueball across the street to a motor launch they are in the process of loading. The launch holds several drums of marine diesel and a few cartons of items like Post Toasties and Colgate's toothpaste. The bow of the launch reads MISSION OF GOD, SULU ISLANDS.

SUSIE

(to Keith)

We would like to get married, sir.
Would you marry us?

KEITH

Huh?

SUSIE

Would you marry us?

Keith and Cueball look at each other, then Keith replies

KEITH

In this neighborhood?

CUEBALL

(to Travis)

You don't want to get married in this neighborhood.

TRAVIS

(clears his throat,
steps forward)

Are you Reverend Goodwell?

KEITH

That's me.

TRAVIS

(holds out his hand)

Dave Travis.

KEITH

(shakes)

Hello.

TRAVIS

This is Susie. Where you from, Reverend?

KEITH

Texas.

TRAVIS

Are you? How 'bout that. I'm from L. A.

KEITH

Small world.

TRAVIS

(to Susie)

Excuse us a second, sweetheart.

(takes Keith aside,
says to him)

Look, Reverend, what we want is a very quiet, very quick little marriage. Get the drift?

Keith doesn't answer. Travis continues.

TRAVIS

Now your little, ah, church happens to be exactly what I had in mind. Think you could oblige us, Reverend?

KEITH

Well, I ... would be glad to, but when we finish loading these provisions ... See, I have to return to our mission in the Sulu Islands.

TRAVIS

It'll take five minutes.

SUSIE

David, maybe we better go someplace -

TRAVIS

(pressing Keith)

I mean you are a regular, legit church and all that, ain't you?

KEITH

(defensive)

Of course.

TRAVIS

Do you perform marriages like other churches?

KEITH

Ah, yeah ... certainly. It's just that ... we just don't get many calls for marriages down here. That's all. In fact you're the first.

TRAVIS

(to Susie)

Hear that, Susie, we're the first.

KEITH

But I can't marry you just like that.

TRAVIS

Why not?

KEITH

Well ... for one thing you've got to have a marriage license.

TRAVIS

(reaches in his pocket)

Here.

(hands Keith a license)

Come on, Reverend, so I can get out of this suit. It's givin' me a rash.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

TOM KNIGHT seated at the bar with Travis looking at a nicely posed wedding picture of of Travis in his gabardine suit, Keith holding Bible to his breast,

and Susie holding her pretty bouquet of flowers.

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KNIGHT
(amazed)
You really did get married.

TRAVIS
Susie's lawyer said to have pictures
taken just in case.

KNIGHT
Her lawyer?

TRAVIS
(looking around)
I like this place. How did you find it?

The place is packed with a rowdy thrown-together crowd that includes people from all walks - American sailors, Spanish hacendados, German machinery salesmen, Oriental politicians and plenty of luscious hostesses. A stripper is bumping and grinding her way down the bar behind which GINGER O'BANNON is helping her bartender YAN SU make drinks.

KNIGHT
What if she decides to move in with you?

TRAVIS
(laughs)
Don't worry, she won't.

KNIGHT
You know my wife has spies planted all
over this city.

TRAVIS
(calls to Ginger through
stripper's legs)
Bourbon and water and a San Miguel.

KNIGHT
The only place I can bring a date is your
apartment.

TRAVIS
(to Ginger)
HEY, DOLL?

GINGER
Got it.

TRAVIS
(to Knight)
Who's that?

KNIGHT
She owns the joint.

TRAVIS
(eyeing Ginger)
I think I'll make this place my regular
hangout.

KNIGHT

Forget what your thinking. She doesn't mess around.

TRAVIS

How do you know?

KNIGHT

I already tried and struck out.

TRAVIS

Well watch this.

Ginger brings the drinks.

TRAVIS

(to Ginger)

What's your name, doll?

GINGER

Ginger O'Bannon.

TRAVIS

Where you from originally?

GINGER

San Francisco.

(holds out her hand)

Seventy five.

TRAVIS

Great town. I spent a weekend in jail there once.

GINGER

Did you?

TRAVIS

(leans close)

Can I ask you a personal question?

GINGER

You can ask.

TRAVIS

What time do you close?

GINGER

Four.

TRAVIS

How 'bout if I give you a ride home on my motorcycle?

GINGER

I live upstairs.

TRAVIS

I wasn't talkin' about your home, I was talkin' about my home.

GINGER
(smiles)
Seventy five.

Travis pays Ginger and she walks off.

TRAVIS
What if I throw in breakfast?

Ginger waits on another party.

KNIGHT
I'm still watching.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

A uniformed doorman stands outside the entrance next to a bronze sign that says MANILA HOTEL.

INT. SUSIE'S HOTEL ROOM

Susie and HARRY WING. Both look distraught. Wing's nervously puffing on a long cigar. We can tell that Susie has been living in this room for several months.

WING
What the hell have you been doing with
the money I have been giving you?

Susie snickers.

WING
I said something funny?

SUSIE
You have not been giving me that much,
Harry.

WING
You call thirty five bucks a month
not much?

SUSIE
It sounds like a lot when you say it,
but it is not that much. This room
alone costs thirteen fifty a night plus
tax.

WING
So who ever stipulated you had to live at
a hotel? The fanciest in town, already.

SUSIE
You would have preferred I lived at
the YWCA?

WING
I did not say that.

4/7

SUSIE

Harry, do you want to see the bill?

WING

I believe you. I believe you. Only I cannot lend you six hundred dollars.

SUSIE

That is one crock!

WING

That is the truth.

SUSIE

Are you trying to tell me that the most powerful politician in the Philippines does not have six hundred dollars? Is that what you are trying to tell me?

WING

Right. All I have is a mountain of debts from last year's senate race, nine expensive children, and a wife that does not understand me. What about this boob that married you? Ask him to pay your hotel bill.

SUSIE

David is not a boob! He is a good friend that came through when I needed one - which is more than I can say for the present company!

WING

(puts his arms around her)

Oh, Susie ...

(holds her close)

I love you.

SUSIE

I know you do, Harry.

WING

Forget this nonsense about emigrating to America. All you need is to get away from Manila for a while.

SUSIE

(removes his arm)

I am not going to Australia with you.

WING

See I can put you down as my secretary.

Susie pulls her big suitcase out of the closet and starts throwing clothes in it.

WING

Has the hotel demanded payment yet?

SUSIE

No but they will when I check out.

WING

What are you going to do?

SUSIE

The same thing I did in Cairo in thirty six.

WING

What is that?

SUSIE

Not check out.

EXT. PIER AREA APARTMENT - NIGHT

Travis pulls in the driveway on his Indian and dismounts.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

Susie unpacking her dresses and hanging them in Travis's living room closet. Travis enters.

TRAVIS

(surprised)

Susie.

SUSIE

Surprise!

TRAVIS

What're you doin' here?

SUSIE

Is that a nice way to talk to your wife?

EXT. JUNGLE CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Lots of construction activity. Travis and Knight. Travis is making adjustments on a detonation box. Knight is standing over him. In b.g. the door of a dusty parked truck reads THOMAS KNIGHT CONSTRUCTION CO., MANILA.

KNIGHT

What'd you mean she moved in?

TRAVIS

Just until she gets her visa so she can leave for the States.

KNIGHT

But I got a date with that striptease artist tonight.

TRAVIS

Well what'd you want me to do, Tom, kick her out on the street?

4/7

KNIGHT

I didn't say that, Dave. But I think you ought at least to find out when she's leaving so people can make plans.

TRAVIS

Alright, I'll find out.

KNIGHT

Doesn't she realize that you and I use your apartment?

TRAVIS

When I go home tonight I'll pin her down.

KNIGHT

(gets in the truck)

Pin her down, Dave. I mean there's such a thing as carrying this marriage business too far.

(drives off)

TRAVIS

Damn it, he's right. She knows I'm a bachelor.

Travis pushes down the plunger and blows a jungle hill to smithereens.

EXT. STATE DEPARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A man is standing outside the entrance to an impressive building. A sign reads

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF STATE
Office of the High Commissioner of the Philippine Islands

Susie happily exits the building looking at the spouse's visa stamped in her passport. The man snatches it from her hands.

SUSIE

Give me that!

MAN

(grabs her arm)

Let's go, sister.

SUSIE

Who are you? I know you.

MAN

You should know me. I'm the house dick at the Manila Hotel.

(opens door to parked station wagon)

SUSIE

(pulls loose)

Give me my passport back!

HOUSE DICK

You can have it back when you settle your bill. Get in the car.

SUSIE

No!

HOUSE DICK

Okay.

(gets in car)

Your passport'll be in the manager's office.

SUSIE

GIVE IT TO ME!

Susie swings her pocketbook at him and tries to take back her passport by force but house dick slams the car door shut, locks it and drives off.

SUSIE

COME BACK HERE, YOU CROOK!

House dick is gone. Susie curses in Spanish, gets in a waiting taxi and drives off.

EXT. STOREFRONT MISSION - DAY

Jack Rico wearing his American Empress Line uniform looking at a spot in the water which is bubbling and churning. Behind Rico, parked across the street in front of the Mission of God, is a Buick convertible with the top down.

RICO

(to himself)

What are those guys doing?

INT. SUBMARINE EXIT/ENTRY CHAMBER

Keith banging with his fist on the greasy wall of a cylindrical iron chamber, yelling

KEITH

Let me out! I'll suffocate!

Wedge against Keith's folded legs is a large can of industrial grease.

INT. SUBMARINE

CHARLIE FRENCH sweating, flushed, working furiously with a monkey wrench amid a maze of hot, greasy pipes, and other sweaty, smelly bodies, trying to free the jammed overhead interior hatch. Keith's muffled cries can be heard in b.g. French is wearing an ancient two-piece bathing suit, lowered water goggles and one of the first (1930s) Aqualungs. Assisting French is RUBEN also outfitted in goggles and Aqualung. Raoul has a guitar slung over his shoulders. HENRY is at the sub's controls. We are inside one of the post World War I vintage four-man-crew midget submarines that were documented failures at accomplishing the underwater espionage missions they were designed to accomplish. Oily rags have been used to stop some of the leaks. These quarters are very cramped.

FRENCH

It sure picked a fine time to stick!

EXT. STOREFRONT MISSION

Rico looks at his watch.

RICO

If they don't surface soon, we ain't gonna have time to set up.

INT. SUBMARINE

French working with the wrench. Suddenly the hatch comes open.

KEITH

(falling)

WATCH OUT - I CAN'T HOLD ON ...

Keith and the grease can land on top of French and Ruben.

KEITH

Now I know why these subs hold the record for crew drownings.

FRENCH

(defensively)

That's never been verified.

KEITH

Just bring her up.

EXT. STOREFRONT MISSION

Rico waiting. Then, in rapid succession and crescendo the bubbling and gurgling increases and the midget submarine swooshes to the surface. The sub's exterior resembles a more or less cylindrical, riveted iron tank tapered at both ends. Gross dimensions about 20 to 25 feet long and 7 to 10 feet in diameter. The exit/ entry chamber is on top, in the middle - kind of a simplified conning tower. The outside hatch of the chamber is pushed open from the inside like the cap of a huge beer stein, and Keith climbs out putting on his frock. Raoul climbs out after Keith.

RICO

Where the hell you been?

KEITH

(crossing to the Buick)

The hatch jammed again.

RICO

(following Keith)

We need a new sub.

KEITH

You think it's easy to steal one of those things? You go out and try it.

Keith, Raoul and Rico get in the Buick and drive off.

INT. AMERICAN EMPRESS LINE OFFICE - DAY

Finnegan parked in front of J. P. TRAPPER's desk.

FINNEGAN

You mean to say that you are not going to share your investigation with a former special agent of the FBI?

TRAPPER

I'm sorry, Mr. Finnegan, but our attorneys have given strict instructions.

FINNEGAN

You don't seem to realize, Trapper, two very nice people want to find out what happened to their only daughter.

TRAPPER

Mr. Finnegan, there's nothing I want more than to find your clients' daughter. I've come halfway around the world to take personal charge of the investigation.

FINNEGAN

Then allow me to look at your records and reports. I may be able to spot something your people missed.

TRAPPER

The answer is no. Now if you'll excuse me ...

FINNEGAN

I'm not budging until you let me see your records.

TRAPPER

(pushes an intercom
and says into it)

Send in Mr. Horncheck.

Finnegan smirks. Door opens. MR. HORNCHECK enters. Horncheck is built like a safe.

TRAPPER

(to Finnegan)

Now are you going to leave peacefully or am I going to have to have you thrown out?

FINNEGAN

I'll leave after I look at your records.

Trapper nods. Horncheck advances. Finnegan stands.

FINNEGAN

(to Horncheck)

Back off, buster. I hold a black belt in jujitsu, the Oriental art of self-defense.

Horncheck keeps approaching. Finnegan springs into a stance. Horncheck keeps approaching. Finnegan kicks. Horncheck grabs his foot and effortlessly leads him out by the leg.

EXT. PIER AREA - AMERICAN EMPRESS LINE

Side door to the terminal building opens, Finnegan sails out, door slams shut.

FINNEGAN

(shaking his fist)

You haven't seen the last of me, Trapper!

Finnegan dusts himself and walks off. Rico, Keith and Raoul pull up, park and exit the Buick.

EXT. PIER AREA APARTMENT

Finnegan gets in a battered Chevrolet and drives off. Camera tilts up to living room balcony.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

Susie talking on the phone on the bar. Radio playing. Living room door open.

SUSIE

I know he is leaving today for Australia.
I need some help with my passport. This is his cousin. What?

(turns down the radio)

His secretary? Would you please check?

(gets a cigarette from her pocketbook)

Hello? I would like to speak with Senator Wing please. He left already? When? What is the name of his ship?

(writes)

Empress of Manila.

Susie hangs up, crosses to the balcony, looks out over the pier area.

EXT. PIER AREA - AMERICAN EMPRESS LINE

The Empress of Manila in the distance - Susie's p.o.v.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

Susie rushes out.

EXT. PIER AREA - AMERICAN EMPRESS LINE

Passengers board the Empress of Manila. A real American Empress Line officer is stationed at the gangplank. Nearby Raoul is positioned with his guitar. Keith is milling through the crowd. Rico is seated on a bench off in the distance

4/7
 by the water's edge. Keith spots MARGARET EVERSON hurrying to make the sailing. Margaret is what used to be referred to as pleasingly plump. Keith signals Rico that Margaret will be their mark. Rico signals Keith no. Keith signals back yes. Margaret approaches. Keith intercepts her. He has a telegram.

KEITH
 (Spanish accent)
 Excuse please, madam ...

MARGARET
 Yes?

KEITH
 I no speak English. You speak English?

MARGARET
 Sure, Padre. Can I help you?

KEITH
 (big smile)
 Oh, you ... are ... American, no?

MARGARET
 Yes.

EXT. PIER AREA APARTMENT

Susie crosses the street.

EXT. PIER AREA - AMERICAN EMPRES LINE

Margaret and Keith. Margaret reading Keith's telegram. Rico in b.g. shaking his head no to Keith.

MARGARET
 ... expected to arrive Manila the twenty-first on the Zamboangan Queen. Is that an inter-island crusier?

KEITH
 My sister. I meet.

MARGARET
 (looking around)
 I think you're on the right pier but I don't see ... that's the Empress of Manila over there and that's not it ...

Keith points to Rico and indicates "Let's ask him."

MARGARET
 Sure. He'll probably know.

Margaret heads over for Rico, Keith follows.

Susie approaching.

Margaret, Rico and Keith.

MARGARET

(to Rico)

Pardon me sir, can you help this padre?

RICO

(clenched teeth)

Certainly.

MARGARET

He's looking for the Zamboangan Queen
which according to his wire should be in
port -

KEITH

(pointing off)

There!

MARGARET

(crosses to edge)

Where?

Keith nods to Raoul who starts playing and singing as loud as he can.

RICO

(whispers to Keith)

Pick another. She's too fat.

KEITH

Shut up.

As Susie comes up behind them, Keith pushes Margaret off the pier. Susie gasps.

EXT. UNDERWATER

Margaret breaks through the water's surface and sinks into the hands of French and Ruben positioned above the sub hovering hatch-open. French and Ruben guide and stuff Margaret into the exit/entry chamber whereupon French effortlessly closes the hatch.

INT. SUBMARINE EXIT/ENTRY CHAMBER

Margaret struggling to get her cheeky face coughing and gasping into the expanding air pocket of the filled chamber as the seawater is pumped out.

EXT. PIER AREA - AMERICAN EMPRESS LINE

Keith and Rico looking down at the water. Susie behind them.

KEITH

(to Rico)

Because I just lined it with an inch of
grease, that's how I know!

SUSIE

(angrily)

HOW COME YOU GUYS PUSHED THAT
GIRL IN THE BAY?

Keith and Rico turn around. Susie immediately recognizes Keith.

SUSIE
Reverend Goodwell ... Why ... What ... ?

KEITH
(to Rico)
I know her.

RICO
You jerk.
(to Susie)
Listen carefully, sister.
(shows her a revolver)
See this?

Susie nods yes.

RICO
Turn around. See that car?

Susie turns around, looks at the Buick parked a distance away, nods yes.

RICO
The three of us are gonna calmly
walk over and get in it. Understand?
Like nothin's wrong.

Susie nods yes. The three of them start walking over to the Buick.

A chauffeured limousine approaches. Senator Harry Wing in the backseat. He spots Rico, Susie and Keith arriving at the Buick. Wing says to his chauffeur

WING
Stop.

Wing exits the limousine and crosses to the Buick. A confused Raoul surrounded by hand-clapping knot of people keeps playing. Wing calls out

WING
Susie.

as she is about to climb in the Buick. Rico says to Susie under his breath

RICO
Smile and get in.

Susie smiles at Wing and gets in. Keith smiles at Wing and gets behind the wheel. Wing watches them drive off.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Sign out front says O'BANNON'S EAST. Travis's parked motorcycle and Knight's parked truck.

4/8
INT. BAR

Knight and Travis drinking at the bar on which another stripper is doing her number.

KNIGHT

What'd you mean she went out? You mean she's coming back?

TRAVIS

I guess she went out. The door was open and the radio was playing and her suitcase was still there.

KNIGHT

She's coming back.
(to stripper)
The older I get, the lousier my luck.

SEAMAN (OFF)

I'm lookin' for a hot date.

Travis turns and sees a muscular MERCHANT SEAMAN with his arm gripped around Ginger wearing a sexy dress.

GINGER

I got twenty-two on duty tonight. Take your pick.

SEAMAN

I'll take you. How much for a short time?

GINGER

Would you mind removing your arm?

SEAMAN

Maybe.
(to Yan Su)
Hey, Charlie Chan, give mamasan a drink.

YAN SU

Lady not drinking.

SEAMAN

(sighs)
Whatcha gotta put up with nowadays ...
(ducks under the bar,
comes up on the other
side, says to Ginger)
What'll you have, honey?

YAN SU

Okay, mister, either you go back on other side of bar or I flag you rest of night.

SEAMAN

Get lost you little creep.

Yan Su grabs seaman's arm, whercupon seaman picks up Yan Su and throws him up on the stage. Travis catapults over the bar, jumps up on seaman's back and gets a choke hold on him. Seaman's buddy materializes. Knight gallantly tries to stop buddy with a right to the jaw but misses by a mile. A bar-room fighter Tom Knight is not. Ginger grabs buddy by the hair which gives Knight a chance to pull him down wrestling.

Meanwhile seaman is trying to shake Travis off his back but Travis is holding on with a death grip. Finally, they crash into the bottles and mirrors behind the bar and Travis comes loose. They both get to their feet and face off against each other and it doesn't look good for Travis. Seaman, frothing at the mouth with anger, is about to tear Travis apart. Seaman lunges for Travis who sidesteps and brings a bottle of Four Roses crashing down on seaman's head. Unfortunately, seaman is only stunned. But before he can do anything, Yan Su appears, picks up the iron cash register and drops it on seaman's face. Money flies all over. End of fight.

Seaman's buddy, Ginger and Knight, however, are still going at it. Ginger has succeeded in pulling buddy off Knight, but is now getting the worst of it herself. Travis comes up behind buddy, pulls him off Ginger and lets him have a right to the jaw which him knocks him out. Now the fight is really over. Travis says to three waiters

TRAVIS

Drag these bozos out.

GINGER

(straightening her hair)

Can I buy you a drink?

TRAVIS

Sure.

GINGER

(to Yan Su)

Give us a round, Yan Su.

(to Travis)

Where'd you learn to fight so good?

TRAVIS

I spent a dozen years in the Marine Corps.

GINGER

Well if you're ever looking for work, let me know. I got just the job for you.

TRAVIS

(drinks beer)

What's that?

GINGER

Vice president in charge of law and order at O'Bannon's East.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

A green house lizard poised motionless on a blade of an overhead fan. The fan starts to revolve but the lizard stays put. When the fan gets up to speed, camera tilts down to a neatly-made bed canopied with mosquito netting, pans over to Susie's underthings hanging to dry in the bathroom, keeps panning to Travis standing in the doorway holding Susie's pocketbook.

TRAVIS
This definitely ain't right.

INT. STATE DEPARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Travis getting jostled and elbowed by a mob of would-be immigrants as he tries to talk to a prissy female government CLERK.

CLERK
I am sorry. We are not permitted to give out that information.

TRAVIS
You gotta be kiddin'.

CLERK
Would you like to see the rule?

TRAVIS
I'd like to see you make an exception to the rule.

CLERK
We are not permitted to make exceptions.

TRAVIS
You mean to say you can't tell me whether a visa was issued to my wife?

CLERK
We do not have authorization to -

TRAVIS
Listen, sister. My wife disappeared and I aim to find out what happened to her. Now just tell me whether a visa was issued so I can be on my way.

CLERK
There is only one person in this building that can authorize release of that kind of information.

TRAVIS
Fine! Who?

INT. HIGH COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE

United States High Commissioner of the Philippine Islands RICHARD

WELLS seated behind a desk, looking at an open file folder. Wells is flanked by an American flag and a picture of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

WELLS

Your wife was issued a class two visa by reason of having an American spouse. Is there anything else you would like to know, Mr. Travis?

Travis seated across the desk.

TRAVIS

Do you think, sir, you could have your office, you know, investigate what happened to her.

WELLS

This kind of matter is not the prerogative of the U. S. Department of State.
(pours a glass
of iced tea)

TRAVIS

But we're talkin' about the wife of an American citizen?

WELLS

(pours another glass)
The problem is that this is an extremely delicate period in U.S. -Philippine relations. Heavens, these islands are on a timetable for absolute independence in 1946.
(hands glass to Travis)
I'm afraid there's only one thing you can do.

TRAVIS

(afraid to ask)

What?

WELLS

Call the police.

EXT. PIER AREA APARTMENT - DAY

An ancient Manila police car parked beside Travis's Indian. Uniformed OFFICER snoozing behind the wheel.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

The wedding picture being studied by DETECTIVE FRANCISCO ZINK.

ZINK

You are a very lucky man to have a bride so beautiful as Mrs. Travis.

Travis seated in a chair in this underwear in front of a fan nursing a San Miguel. Zink is standing in front of the closet which contains Susie's dresses and suitcase.

TRAVIS

Yeah, well, thanks.

ZINK

(slits his eyes)

Therefore I am quite puzzled over why you would let her travel to America alone. If she was my wife I would not let her out of my sight.

TRAVIS

I was, ah, gonna meet her there later.

ZINK

I see.

(touching things in
around the room)

Tell me, Mr. Travis, can you think of anybody that would want to do your wife in?

TRAVIS

Not offhand.

ZINK

Where did she live before you were married?

TRAVIS

At the Manila Hotel.

ZINK

She lived there?

TRAVIS

Somethin' wrong with that?

ZINK

Perhaps not.

(holds up wedding
picture)

Can I borrow this?

TRAVIS

What for?

ZINK

So when I find Mrs. Travis, I will know it is her.

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS - NIGHT

A sign next to a padlocked gate in a chain-link fence reads

MISSION OF GOD
Sulu Islands
Dr. Luther Goodwell
Pastor

The fence runs right up to the barracks, so the barracks forms part of the perimeter. Inside the gate, stationed on the porch, is MARIO, wearing missionary whites. Also on the barracks porch are piles of bananas, coconuts, pineapples, mangos, breadfruit, and a cistern of drinking water. Barracks is constructed of unpainted, rough-hewn boards and nipa roofing. Parked next to barracks is a truck with MISSION OF GOD painted on the side. Compound is lit by kerosene lamps.

INT. JUNGLE BARRACKS

French, Cueball and Raoul. French is pacing. Cueball is folding towels and putting them in a box. Furnishings consist of iron cots, a maze of mosquito netting, couple chairs, table and a locked rifle cabinet.

FRENCH

I'm worried about that car.

CUEBALL

Stop worryin', Charlie. Rico knows what he's doin'.

FRENCH

I'm worried somebody saw them. The top doesn't work.

CUEBALL

Charlie, Rico and me been partners ever since we did a stretch at Leavenworth together in twenty seven. I know Rico inside and backwards. He's a master criminal, the best in the business.

(exits with the box)

FRENCH

If he's so good, what was he doing in Leavenworth?

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS

Cueball steps off the porch, heads for the other building within the compound, a jungle church.

INT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Pamela Allen, Margaret Everson, ANNIE JEANNE DECKER and GAIL SMITH in pajamas having a quiet talk. The church interior is appropriately austere - just rows of pews and a simple altar with a large cross. To the side of the altar is a door to the girls' shower. Above, looking down from the perch, is FELIX. Narrow steps lead up to the perch and from it you can see what's going on inside and outside.

PAMELA

(softly)

I think all Larry wants is sex.

ANNIE

Not true, Pamela. Keith has taken a liking to you.

GAIL

Annie and I are positive.

ANNIE

He's really fallen for you.

PAMELA

So what should I do?

ANNIE

Play along with him. Get his confidence. Tell him what he wants to hear.

GAIL

(to Pamela)

Find out their intentions.

ANNIE

(to Pamela)

We need to know their intentions in order to form a realistic plan of escape.

MARGARET

Why do we have to escape? Can't we just wait until we're rescued?

ANNIE

Margaret, dear, I realize you just got here but I wish you would stop saying rescued.

Door opens and Cueball enters with the box of towels.

ANNIE

(to Cueball)

Did you get us the crossword puzzles?

CUEBALL

Come on, Annie, you know how hard it is to get things.

GAIL

You promised, Cueball.

CUEBALL

Gail, we're doing our darndest to keep you girls as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Have a little patience.

Females hiss and boo. Cueball is offended.

CUEBALL

Now that's just flatout unfair. We've got you makeup, bubble bath, needlework, lingerie, toilet paper ... I mean, Jesus, what a bunch of ingrates.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Rundown sign outside the rundown building says MANILA DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

INT. POLICE STATION OFFICE

Finnegan and Zink. On Finnegan's lap a copy of the Manila Times opened to a reprint of Susie's wedding picture cropped to show just Susie over an article headlined BRIDE REPORTED MISSING. The first lines of the story are, "Police are seeking the whereabouts of Susan Travis reported missing by her husband, David Travis. Mrs. Travis mysteriously disappeared ..."

FINNEGAN

How could she go to Australia without her passport?

ZINK

Congressional parties are not required to go through customs.

FINNEGAN

Harry Wing, huh?

ZINK

Correct. I spent a whole afternoon at the Manila Hotel.

FINNEGAN

The greatest cocksman since Kubla Kahn.
(stands)

Well I guess that kills my theory of a connection with the disappearance of my clients' daughter. Anyway I appreciate your extending professional courtesy to me.

(starts out)

ZINK

Mr. Finnegan?

FINNEGAN

Yes.

ZINK

I was wondering if I could ask you to do a small favor for me?

FINNEGAN

What's that?

ZINK

When will you be in Washington again?

FINNEGAN

Probably within the next couple months.
I like to keep current on the latest crime
detection techniques.

ZINK

Do you think you'll see Mr. Hoover?

FINNEGAN

Oh yes. John and I will probably dine
together several nights.

ZINK

Would you ask him if he has any openings?
If he does, perhaps you could pick me
up an application of employment.

EXT. PIER AREA APARTMENT - DUSK

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

Ginger behind the bar making a drink. Travis seated on a stool in front
talking on the phone.

TRAVIS

(into phone)

But she wanted to go to the States. Okay,
you do that, Detective.

(hangs up)

He's crazy. Susie didn't wanna go to
Australia.

GINGER

Did he say whether her name was on
the ship's passenger manifest?

TRAVIS

He said somethin' about not expecting
to find it there.

GINGER

I know Harry Wing.

TRAVIS

(surprised)

You do?

GINGER

Sure, Harry comes in my place. We
always have a drink or two together.
Then he always propositions me.

Travis looks at her.

GINGER
I always turn him down.

TRAVIS
Oh, okay.

GINGER
I like him though. He's a very charming man.

TRAVIS
Zink said he can't keep his fly buttoned.

GINGER
(giggles)
He can't.
(finishes making her drink)
Where do you keep your beer?

TRAVIS
In the icebox.

GINGER
(crosses to kitchen)
What brought you to Manila?

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN

Ginger crosses to icebox, smiles at the photograph of Jean Harlow tacked to the door.

TRAVIS (OFF)
The Marines. My last station was Sangley Point across the bay.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

Travis monkeying with the radio, trying to get the right kind of music. Ginger enters, hands Travis a San Miguel.

GINGER
Why did you get out after twelve years?

TRAVIS
(evasive)
I got tired of playing war games.
(takes her hand)
Let me show you the view.

They cross to the balcony.

EXT. PIER AREA - AMERICAN EMPRESS LINE

Famous sunset on Manila Bay - p.o.v.

GINGER
But couldn't you have retired with a

pension after twenty years?

TRAVIS

That's right.

GINGER

Then why didn't you wait eight more -

TRAVIS

The truth is I had to leave.

GINGER

Why?

TRAVIS

I blew up the Philippine Constabulary's main ammunition depot in Zamboanga by mistake.

GINGER

Oh.

(beat)

For that they made you get out of the service?

TRAVIS

It ruffled the feathers of the local politicians. They demanded the guilty party be punished. Nobody was killed, understand, but it was a hell of an explosion. This is a touchy time. I was boarded out to appease the natives.

GINGER

How unfair!

TRAVIS

Oh, I got Tom's lawyer in Washington working on my case. We're asking the War Department to expunge my record.

GINGER

Why did you stay on here in Manila after you got out?

TRAVIS

I don't want to go home until, you know, we got this thing straightened out. Anyway, what brought you here?

GINGER

I wanted to see what the world was like beyond Baker Beach.

He goes to kiss her.

GINGER

You want to explain your marriage one more time?

Knock on the door.

8/6

TRAVIS

Probably Tom.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

Travis crosses, opens the door to reveal JOSE PAMPAMPANGO, a diminutive representative of Manila's lowlife.

PAMPAMPANGO

Mr. Travis?

TRAVIS

Who the hell are you?

PAMPAMPANGO

I am Jose Pampampango.

TRAVIS

So what?

PAMPAMPANGO

(holds up Susie's picture
in the newspaper)

I have information about your wife.

EXT. PIER AREA APARTMENT - NIGHT

Police car speeds up and stops in front of the entrance. Zink hops out and runs up to Travis's apartment.

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN

Ginger filling Pampampango's glass with more milk. Pampampango is finishing up what apparently has been his first square meal in months.

TRAVIS

And they didn't see you?

PAMPAMPANGO

No sir.

Knock on the door.

TRAVIS

(stands)

That's Detective Zink.

PAMPAMPANGO

(stops Travis)

Wait.

TRAVIS

What?

PAMPAMPANGO

Are you sure he will not be angry?

TRAVIS

No problem, Jose. I explained everything.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

Travis crosses, opens the door.

ZINK

(angry)

Where is he?

TRAVIS

In the kitchen but ...

Zink pushes Travis aside and heads for the kitchen.

TRAVIS

... Hey, I promised no reprisals ...

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN

Zink seizes Pampampango by the shirt and hollers

ZINK

WHY DID YOU NOT IMMEDIATELY
CALL THE POLICE, YOU WRETCHED
BEGGAR?

PAMPAMPANGO

I was afraid the men in the car would find
me and kill me, sir!

ZINK

You better talk fast, my friend, and what
you say better make sense!

PAMPAMPANGO

Oh yes sir, yes sir -

ZINK
(raises his hand)

TALK!

PAMPAMPANGO
I WILL TALK! I already told Mr. Travis.
I was in the alley behind the Sportsmen's
Club.

TRAVIS
(to Zink)
The casino on Dewey Boulevard.

PAMPAMPANGO
Yes, sir, when suddenly I heard a car approach-
ing so I hid behind the garbage cans. The car
pulled right up - not six feet from where I was
hiding.

TRAVIS
Tell him who was in the car.

ZINK
Mrs. Travis and two men. One man wore
a uniform and had a gun.

ZINK
A uniform?

PAMPAMPANGO
Yes, sir. But it was not a police uniform.

ZINK
OF COURSE IT WAS NOT A POLICE
UNIFORM!

TRAVIS
(to Pampampango)
What kind of uniform was it?

PAMPAMPANGO
I do not know. I was very frightened. He made
Mrs. Travis get in the trunk. He got back in
the car and they drove off.

TRAVIS
(to Zink)
He thinks the driver was a priest.

PAMPAMPANGO
I could not see the driver well from where I
was hiding.

ZINK
What were you doing in the alley in
the first place?

PAMPAMPANGO
Looking for some lunch.

EXT. CASINO - NIGHT

Cabs waiting for riders. A doorman standing beside the entrance next to which a small sign says

SPORTSMEN'S CLUB
Members Only

INT. CASINO

Rico going from one gaming table to the next filling large canvas bags with money.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND CASINO

Travis, Zink, Ginger and uniformed officer in the police car looking at the Buick convertible parked next to a fire exit and under a sign that says SPORTSMEN'S CLUB - NO PARKING

TRAVIS

Let's go in.

ZINK

I hope for the sake of that beggar it is not too late!

Officer drives toward the street.

EXT. INTERSECTION OF STREET AND ALLEY

Police car pulls out onto the street.

EXT. CASINO

Police car pulls up, stops amidst the cabs. Travis, Zink, Ginger, officer exit the car and walk up to doorman who gives them all a very dirty look and pushes a buzzer.

INT. CASINO

A floorman crosses, says something to casino MANAGER.

EXT. CASINO

Travis, Zink, Ginger, officer waiting. Doorman studying them. Door opens revealing manager.

MANAGER

Yes?

ZINK

(entering casino)

Who owns the Buick parked in the alley?

INT. CASINO

Manager and others follow Zink in.

MANAGER

It belongs to the club. Is something the matter?

ZINK

Who used it Tuesday?

MANAGER

(chuckles)

Why, did somebody go through a red light?

ZINK

(menacingly)

Answer my question.

Rico comes out of the kitchen carrying the canvas money bags and stops in his tracks when he sees Zink and the officer.

MANAGER

I believe our chief pit boss had the car last Tuesday.

(turns, to Rico)

Mr. Rico, you wanna step over here a moment?

Rico drops the bags, turns and runs back toward the kitchen. Zink, officer and Travis take off after him.

INT. CASINO KITCHEN

Rico sprints past a waiter coming the opposite direction with an enormous tray piled high with delicious-looking food and exotic-looking drinks.

INT. CASINO

Just as Zink and officer near the door to the kitchen, waiter comes out and there is a spectacular collision. Travis keeps going.

INT. CASINO BACK HALLWAY

Rico runs out of the kitchen, locks the door behind him and runs down the hall, past the office, toward the fire exit.

INT. CASINO KITCHEN

Travis runs through the kitchen, reaches the locked door, takes a step back, cocks his foot, lets go, kicks the door open and runs through.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND CASINO

Rico emerges from the fire exit, jumps behind the wheel of the Buick.

INT. CASINO BACK HALLWAY

Travis runs down the hall.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND CASINO

Rico turning over the starter. It won't start. Rico curses. Then it starts. Travis emerges from the fire exit. Rico puts the Buick in gear and lays a strip. Travis lunges for the Buick's wide running board, connects and grabs Rico by the neck. Rico tries to roll up the window on Travis's arms and maneuver the car at the same time but can't. The Buick sideswipes the wall of the casino, bounces off garbage cans.

EXT. INTERSECTION OF STREET AND ALLEY

Buick out of control, barrels out of the alley onto the street, crashes into a carromata laden with live chickens and comes to a halt.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Pampampango standing in front of Zink seated at a table. Travis and Ginger standing next to Pampampango. Behind them a lineup stage.

ZINK
(ready to write)

Spell it.

PAMPAMPANGO

Spell it?

ZINK

P-A-M-P-O -

TRAVIS

No, I think it's P-A -

ZINK

Wait a minute, Mr. Travis. P-A-M-
P-A-N -

TRAVIS

No, I think it's guh - Pamganpango.

GINGER

I don't think so, Travis.

ZINK

(to Pampampango)

What is it?

PAMPAMPANGO

Jose Pampampango.

ZINK

What?

At another location in the station house Rico is standing in front of a camera holding a card under his chin giving his name and number.

RICO

Like I say, my lawyer's name is Sparrow.

Officer behind a camera. Powder trough explodes into a brilliant white flash.

RICO

(continuing)

You can probably reach him at the General Pershing bar in the Jai Alai Club.

Back on Travis, Pampampango, Zink and Ginger.

TRAVIS

(to Pampampango)

Is it Pamganpango or Pampampango?

ZINK

(writing)

I have it, Mr. Travis, it is Pampang -

Officer and Rico waiting in the wing of the lineup stage with four other criminal types. Rico is squinting, listening.

PAMPAMPANGO (OFF)

No, it's Pampam.

ZINK (OFF)

Pampampango?

Zink, Pampampango, Travis and Ginger.

PAMPAMPANGO

Yes sir, Jose Pampampango.

ZINK

(finishes writing,
calls off)

Send them out!

Officer turns on a bank of bright lights and motions for the five men to walk out on the stage. Rico is number two.

ZINK

(to Pampampango)

Alright, turn around and look at the men on the stage.

Pampampango turns around, looks at the five men, turns back to Zink and says

PAMPAMPANGO

Number Two.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

INT. COURTROOM

Stanford, Finnegan and Eunice seated in the crowded audience section. NED SPARROW rises in front of camera and says

SPARROW

I object.

JUDGE

Objection sustained, Mr. Sparrow.

Rico seated next to Sparrow at the defense table. PROSECUTOR standing by Travis in the witness box wearing his gabardine suit, the one that gives him a rash. Fans slowly revolve overhead. Everybody in the courtroom is perspiring.

PROSECUTOR

Let me rephrase the question, Mr. Travis.
When was the last time you saw Mrs. Travis
alive?

TRAVIS

When I left for work.

Finnegan and Stanford attentively listening. Eunice is in the throes of a silent cry.

TRAVIS

(continuing)

That was about quarter after eight.

Prosecutor crosses to his table.

PROSECUTOR

I would like to show you a picture, Mr. Travis ...
(hands him the wedding
picture of Travis, Keith,
and Susie)
... and ask you if you recognize the woman.

TRAVIS

That's her.
(swallows hard)
That's Susie.
(glares at Rico)

PROSECUTOR

(sits)

Let the record show that the witness has

identified the victim.

JUDGE

Cross examination, Mr. Sparrow?

SPARROW

No questions.

JUDGE

(to Travis)

Thank you, Mr. Travis.
(to Prosecutor)

Call your next witness.

PROSECUTOR

The prosecution calls Jose ...
(looks at a paper)

Pam ... Pampampango.

JUDGE

(writing)

How do you spell that, counsel?

Travis comes down from the witness box. Prosecutor spells Pampampango for judge. Keith, sitting next to Ginger in the audience section, asks her

KEITH

Aren't they suppose to produce a corpus delecti?

GINGER

According to the prosecutor, this next witness's testimony will be enough to at least hold Rico for trial on the charge of kidnapping.

Travis sits next to Keith.

KEITH

You did very well, Mr. Travis.

TRAVIS

(wipes his brow)

I'm gonna have to get myself another suit.

Prosecutor having an animated conference with Zink in the doorway. Finally prosecutor says to judge

PROSECUTOR

Ah, Your Honor, our next witness has not arrived yet. Could we have ... the prosecution requests a recess.

SPARROW

I object.

JUDGE

(to prosecutor)

Where is your witness, counsel?

PROSECUTOR

He seems to have disappeared for the moment.

JUDGE

Have you checked his home and place of employment?

PROSECUTOR

He lives on the streets, Your Honor. When he didn't appear at the police station the officer searched for him to no avail.

SPARROW

May I enquire, Your Honor, how long my client has to languish in jail until they find their witness?

JUDGE

(to prosecutor)

Do you have any idea when Mr. Pam-pampango will be located?

PROSECUTOR

No, sir.

SPARROW

Defense moves to dismiss the charges.

JUDGE

(to Prosecutor)

Does the prosecution have any more witnesses?

PROSECUTOR

Not at this time, Your Honor.

JUDGE

Motion granted. Charges dismissed without prejudice to renew them at some later date. Hearing adjourned. Prisoner released.

RICO

(stands, says to Sparrow)

Good work, Sparrow.

(exits)

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Travis seated at the bar staring at Rico's mug shots. He's had a lot to drink. Ginger behind the bar looking concerned at him.

GINGER

What're you thinking about?

TRAVIS

Nothin'.

GINGER

Don't hand me that crap. You're thinking about something. What is it?

(takes the mug shots)

Gimme these.

TRAVIS

(grabs her arm)

NO!

(takes them back)

I'm thinkin' about what I gotta do.

GINGER

About what?

TRAVIS

About today's miscarriage of justice.

"Renew the charges." Who're they

kiddin'? The rat bastard righteously got away with murder.

GINGER

There isn't anything you can do about it,

Travis.

Travis downs his drink, gets up leaving the mug shots on the bar.

TRAVIS

Can't I?

GINGER

Hey, sit down. Where you going?

Travis shoves his way through the crowd. Ginger comes around the bar to intercept him. She grabs him just before he reaches the door.

GINGER

If you try to do something, you'll just make matters worse.

TRAVIS

Let go of me!

GINGER

No.

Travis, thinks a second, then dislodges her. In the process, she lands on the floor.

GINGER

TRAVIS!

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Angles on Travis speeding through the streets of Manila on his motorcycle.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND CASINO

The Buick parked about four cars from the fire exit.

EXT. INTERSECTION OF STREET AND ALLEY

Travis standing in the shadows. He looks around, takes out a .45 automatic and makes sure it's loaded.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND CASINO

Travis approaches, passes the fire exit, walks around the Buick and sits on the running board so that the car pretty well hides him.

INT. CASINO

Rico going around, filling the canvas bags with cash from each table. He finishes, looks around the room, sees the manager sitting in a booth drinking with some babes. Rico crosses the room toward the kitchen.

INT. CASINO BACK HALLWAY

Rico walks to the office, unlocks the door and goes inside.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND CASINO

Travis sitting on the running board. Sound of somebody approaching. Travis peeks around the Buick, sees Charlie French. French stops near the fire exit and lights a cigarette. Travis peers around the Buick. He has a hard time seeing French because three or four cars are parked between them.

INT. CASINO OFFICE

Rico's dividing a very large amount of paper money. Most of it he puts in a safe but a portion he siphons into one of the bags.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND CASINO

Travis behind the Buick watching French waiting by the fire exit. A sound French turns around. The fire exit opens from the inside and Rico appears with the bag of cash.

FRENCH

You couldn't leave well enough alone.

RICO

What're you talkin' about?

Travis starts crawling toward Rico and French with his automatic out.

FRENCH

You had to make the Spanish broad get in the trunk.

RICO

I think your brain is watersoaked from too many dives, French.

Travis ready to spring.

RICO

(continuing)

If it wasn't for your bosom pal, Keith, there wouldn't have been any Spanish broad!

As Rico hands French the bag, the shaking steel black barrel of a .38 police special is pressed to Travis's head.

FINNEGAN

(whispers to Travis)

Hand me your gun.

TRAVIS

Who ... ?

FINNEGAN

(takes Travis's automatic)

Shhhh ...

FRENCH

(to Rico)

I can't understand it. Things went so perfect last time with the Allen girl.

Finnegan reacts. Rico goes back inside the casino and closes the exit. French walks down the alley toward the street.

FINNEGAN

(to Travis)

He said "the Allen girl," right?

TRAVIS

Who the hell are you?

FINNEGAN

(stands)

My name's Patrick Finnegan. I'm a private investigator.

(looking in all directions)

For the time being I want Rico and French alive. Okay, you can stand up now, son. It's alright. I'm a former FBI agent.

Travis starts to get to his feet, then suddenly with the speed and force of a bolt of lightning, his arms come crashing up into Finnegan's, knocking both guns in the air, instantly followed by a splendid kick in the balls. Finnegan crumbles into a heap. Travis pockets the .45 and .38 and walks off.

FINNEGAN

(getting out his wallet)

Wait a minute! I'll show you some ID!

EXT. BAR - DAY

Finnegan's Chevrolet parked behind Travis's motorcycle.

INT. BAR

Travis, Ginger and Finnegan seated at a table. Travis has his .45 apart and is cleaning it. Briefcase at Finnegan's feet. A barboy waltzes over the floor readying it with a brilliant polish for the night's mob. Yan Su is behind the bar.

GINGER

(to Travis)

Why don't you do it Mr. Finnegan's way?

TRAVIS

I'm only gonna kill Rico if he doesn't talk.

FINNEGAN

But first we should give him a chance to lead us to the women.

GINGER

(to Travis)

If he knows you're after him he isn't going to lead you anywhere.

TRAVIS

We don't even know if Susie's still alive.

FINNEGAN

That's true, son, but she might be. Our chances of solving this mystery are over once you jam that gun in Rico's face.

TRAVIS

It's the only language his kind understands.

YAN SU

(calls)

Telephone, Missy.

GINGER

(stands)

Be right back.

(goes off)

TRAVIS

(to Finnegan)

I'll deal with Rico. If you want to follow somebody, follow French.

FINNEGAN

What good will that do? Threatening or killing Rico will tip French off. Look, it's only for the time being. You can deal with Rico after he leads us to the women. How about it, son?

TRAVIS

I wanna deal with him now! You don't wait!
You either do it or you don't!

Finnegan glances off to make sure Ginger's away, then asks sotto voce

FINNEGAN

Have you ever seen Pamela Allen?

TRAVIS

What's that got to do with it?

FINNEGAN

I'm asking you a question. Have you ever
seen her?

TRAVIS

No.

Finnegan produces a copy of Life from his briefcase. On the cover is Stanford Allen standing in front of a cyclotron. The caption says NOBEL LAUREATE IN PHYSICS STANFORD ALLEN.

FINNEGAN

That's her father.

TRAVIS

So what?

Finnegan flips through the magazine until he finds what he wants. A full page, absolutely terrific poolside picture of Pamela in a bathing suit. The caption starts out DAZZLING DAUGHTER PAMELA ...

FINNEGAN

That's her.

Travis looks at the picture. Maybe he'll wait.

EXT. JUNGLE CHURCH - DAY

Pamela, Annie, Margaret and Gail washing clothes and talking to Susie. All the girls are dressed like missionaries. A sign near the church door reads MISSION OF GOD, Dr. Luther Goodwell, Pastor

SUSIE

Rico did not want to bring me back.

PAMELA

Why?

SUSIE

Because I am Spanish. He said they
only wanted Americans. He was going
to shoot me.

ANNIE

What stopped him?

SUSIE

Keith.

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS

Keith and Cueball lead tied-up Pampampango through thick jungle bush toward the compound.

CUEBALL

Rico's gonna be mad when he finds out we took this guy prisoner.

KEITH

That's your buddy's problem.

EXT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Pamela, Susie, Annie, Margaret, Gail watch Keith, Pampampango and Cueball approach.

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS

Keith, Cueball and Pampampango walk through the open gate. CARMEN watching from the porch.

KEITH

Take him in the barracks.

CUEBALL

Where you goin'?

KEITH

Since when do I have to tell you where I'm going?

CUEBALL

Jesus, don't get sore. I'm just tryin' to be pleasant.

KEITH

One of the church window slats is loose. I want to take a look at it.

CUEBALL

Oh, okay.

Keith walks toward the women.

CUEBALL

For a minute I thought you were goin' over to try to get in Pamela Allen's pants.

EXT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Pamela and the women watch Keith approach.

KEITH

Can I see you a minute, Pam?

PAMELA

(gets up)

Sure, Larry.

Keith and Pamela walk over to a window on the side of the church. The church is same construction as barracks, only the windows are covered with heavy wooden slats. FIDEL is positioned in the belfry observation post.

KEITH

(jiggling the loose
slat)

Remember how you and me were talkin' about how this place was laid out so that we could always keep an eye on what you girls were doin'?

PAMELA

(forces a little giggle)

Yeah - you guys didn't exactly design it for privacy, did you?

KEITH

Well I got an idea.

(takes her by the hand)

Come on.

Keith leads Pamela around to the door. They pass - and Keith nods to - Henry and Ruben.

PAMELA

Is Rico still in the gang, Larry?

KEITH

Sure, he's been away on business. He'll be back tomorrow.

PAMELA

Are you going to, you know, bring in any more girls?

KEITH

I don't know. Stop asking so many questions.

Keith and Pamela enter the church.

INT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Keith and Pamala walk toward the altar.

PAMELA

Where we going?

KEITH

To the one spot in this compound we can be alone.

PAMELA
(stops)
The girls' shower?

KEITH
(stops, turns)
Yeah.

PAMELA
Why do you want to go in the shower?

KEITH
To smooch.

PAMELA
Smooch?

KEITH
Yeah.

PAMELA
I'm not ready for that yet.

KEITH
You're not?

PAMELA
But I'll let you know when I am.

Keith is silent.

PAMELA
(smiles)
Okay, Larry?

KEITH
Okay.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND CASINO - NIGHT

The Buick convertible parked.

EXT. INTERSECTION OF STREET AND ALLEY

Finnegan and Travis seated in the Chevrolet parked across the street,
watching the Buick.

FINNEGAN
You know, I'm getting a damn nice per
diem for this case, Travis.

TRAVIS
Are you?

FINNEGAN
Oh yeah. The Allens have pulled all

stops. Wonderful people to work for.

TRAVIS

I'm lookin' forward to findin' their daughter.

FINNEGAN

(looking off)

Duck!

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND CASINO

Rico emerges from the fire exit carrying cash - not one bag but several.

EXT. INTERSECTION OF STREET AND ALLEY

Finnegan and Travis ducked down in the Chevrolet. Rico comes out of the alley and walks towards the front of the casino. Finnegan starts the engine, edges up a little so he can keep Rico in view.

FINNEGAN

How long since you've been in the States?

TRAVIS

Eight years - careful, not too close.

EXT. CASINO

Rico gets in one of the several cabs and is driven off. Finnegan takes off after it.

EXT. STREETS

Angles on Finnegan's Chevrolet following Rico's cab.

FINNEGAN

Funny you never heard of me. Have you ever heard of Al Capone?

TRAVIS

Huh? Of course. Everybody's heard of Al Capone.

FINNEGAN

Well, I was in on nailing him to the cross.

TRAVIS

Al Capone?

FINNEGAN

Yeah, in fact you might say I was the one that nailed him to the cross, actually.

EXT. STOREFRONT MISSION

Rico's cab pulls over to the curb a distance down the street from Mission of God, Manila.

Finnegan and Travis in the Chevrolet slowing to a stop.

FINNEGAN

Sure. Al Capone. My last big case
before I left the Bur -

TRAVIS

Pull over!

FINNEGAN

(pulls over)

Not to worry, son, shadowing's my forte.

Rico with the cash bags walks toward the Mission of God.

INT. STOREFRONT MISSION

Charlie French waiting in the dark on the other side of the front door.

EXT. STOREFRONT MISSION

Travis and Finnegan slip out of the Chevrolet.

TRAVIS

Believe it or not I got married in
this neighborhood.

FINNEGAN

Reminds me of the place we put the cuffs
on Legs Diamond.

Finnegan takes one step and his shoes squeak.

Rico approaches the door to the mission but just as French starts to come
out, Rico whispers

FRENCH

Get back. I'm being followed. When
they pass, cross and start the launch.

Travis and Finnegan. Finnegan's shoes still squeaking.

FINNEGAN

John personally requested me to write the
chapter on surveillance in the FBI manual.

EXT. STREETS

Rico slips around a corner, hides in the shadows, pulls out his gun. Travis
stops, shushes Finnegan.

Rico waiting.

Travis and Finnegan, guns drawn, move cautiously to the corner of the far
end of the street where Rico just was. They're beside a warehouse. Travis
ever so slowly steps around the corner and sees Rico who lets go an ear-
splitting fusillade of gunfire. Travis dives for his life behind a parked car.
Rico takes off running. Travis and Finnegan take off in pursuit. Rico running.
Travis running. Finnegan can't keep up. Rico reaches a fence, climbs it.
Travis stops, gets in a firing stance. Rico going over the top of the fence.
As Travis opens fire, Finnegan running in the distance, yells

FINNEGAN
 DON'T KILL THE BASTARD UNLESS YOU
 HAVE TO, SON ...

Travis curses, takes off again in pursuit. Rico running. Travis climbing over the fence. Rico running. Travis comes down the other side, continues pursuit. Finnegan climbs the fence, goes over the top, catches his pants and misfires his gun. Bullet whizzes by Travis's ear.

TRAVIS
 (stops, turns, yells)
 YOU NEARLY KILLED ME, FINNEGAN!

Finnegan dangerously hanging upside down on the fence.

FINNEGAN
 Help ... help ...

Travis shakes his head in frustration, pockets his automatic and runs back to help.

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS - DAY

Mario stationed on the porch.

INT. BARRACKS FRONT ROOM

Rico, Keith, French, Henry, Ruben, Raoul, Carmen and Fidel. Cueball seated on an iron cot in front of a typewriter.

KEITH
 (to Cueball)
 Dear Mr. High Commissioner.

RICO
 Don't start it dear.

KEITH
 Okay.
 (dictating)
 We are holding prisoner four American
 women -

RICO
 Throw in Chiquita Banana. She's here.
 We may as well throw her in.

KEITH
(to Cueball)

Make it four American and one Spanish.
Say group picture enclosed. Also list of
their names and home addresses enclosed.
We will reveal location of women unharmed
only if ...

CUEBALL
SLOW DOWN!

KEITH
(beat)
You got that?

CUEBALL
(typing)
... women unharmed -

KEITH
Only if two million dollars -

RICO
Hold it. I financed this job on the
understanding that we ask for five
million.

KEITH
That was when we were gonna snatch
ten women. We only snatched four. So
I'm changing the demand to two -

RICO
Uh-uh. The demand stays at five million.
(to Cueball)
Five million, Cueball.

CUEBALL
(typing)
... only if five million -

KEITH
THEY WON'T PAY FIVE MILLION!

RICO
You don't have to shout, Keith, we
can hear you.

KEITH
IF YOU THINK ... the U.S. Federal
Government is going to pay five million
dollars for four girls and one Spaniard,
you're crazy! I even thought five million
was high for ten girls. But four or even
five girls -

RICO
SHUT UP, YOU JERK! You're wrong!
The only difference between five girls and
ten girls is that with five I might have

to grease one or two to show the Government we mean business. That's the only difference, right, Cueball?

CUEBALL

(to Keith)

That's the only difference, Larry.

KEITH

(pounding a cot)

It won't work, it won't work!

RICO

Which reminds me, Keith, I'm gettin' tired of you always trying to change things.

Keith stops carrying on and looks at Rico.

KEITH

What're you talking about?

RICO

Pamela Allen.

KEITH

What about Pamela Allen?

RICO

I thought we made an agreement that we were gonna keep our hands off the broads.

KEITH

So, I haven't laid a hand on Pamela Allen?

RICO

I know. We were just all wondering when you were.

Everybody laughs except Keith.

EXT. PIER AREA APARTMENT - DUSK

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN

Tom Knight at the kitchen table drinking bourbon and water and looking dapper in a white Saigon suit. Bouquet of flowers in front of him. Travis is in his underwear, drinking a San Miguel and sitting in front of the fan and block of ice. Finnegan at the stove in apron is pouring one hundred proof Irish whiskey over steaming fried rice.

KNIGHT

Maybe the cops'll find Rico.

TRAVIS

The cops ain't gonna find him, Tom.

KNIGHT

Ain't the Sportsmen's Club looking for him for taking off with the night's receipts?

TRAVIS

They ain't gonna find him either.

KNIGHT

Aren't there any leads?

TRAVIS

According to Finnegan, Rico was supposed be the lead.

FINNEGAN

(to Knight)

We know that Rico has two cohorts named French and Keith.

KNIGHT

Who's Keith?

FINNEGAN

Apparently the guy that was with Rico when they abducted Susie.

TRAVIS

(gets up to get another beer)

Oh what's the difference who was with him?

When Travis opens the door of his icebox, we see Jean Harlow has been replaced by the picture of Pamela in Life.

TRAVIS

(continuing)

The point is we don't know where the bastards went.

Knight drinks his bourbon and looks at his watch.

TRAVIS

Finnegan and me are leavin' right after we eat, Tom. You can bring back your friend, whoever she is, and have the whole apartment to yourselves.

KNIGHT

That's damn nice of you, Dave.

The telephone in the living room starts to ring.

KNIGHT

How you making out with Ginger?

TRAVIS

(exiting)

I ain't.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

Travis crosses to bar, picks up the phone.

TRAVIS

Hello? Hi, Ginger, we were just talkin' about you.

Shouting from the kitchen.

TRAVIS

(into phone)

What? Who? ... He is? Well, I'll be damned.

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN

Knight unsuccessfully helping Finnegan put out a burning frying pan.

FINNEGAN

Son of a bitch!

Travis enters very excited pulling up his trousers.

TRAVIS

Come on, Finnegan, we gotta go!

He sits down, hurriedly puts on his shoes.

FINNEGAN

(stops putting out the fire)

Well wait and help us put this out, son, it's your apartment!

TRAVIS

The hell with the apartment!

KNIGHT

(putting out the fire)

Don't say that, I gotta use it.

FINNEGAN

(to Travis)

Where we goin'?

TRAVIS

Ginger's.

FINNEGAN

I thought we were gonna line our stomachs first?

KNIGHT

(still with the fire)

GIVE ME A HAND WILL YOU!

TRAVIS

(to Finnegan)

No, we gotta meet a guy there right away.

FINNEGAN

Who?

TRAVIS

(stands, buttons his fly)

Senator Harry Wing.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Harry Wing, wearing dark glasses, seated at a table with Travis, Ginger, Finnegan. Ginger has her arm around Travis.

WING

The three of them got in the car and drove off. I honestly did not think anything was wrong.

TRAVIS

Can you ID the two men?

WING

I think so. I got fairly close to them. The priest was about, oh, five nine or so ... about thirty years old ... and he had a tattoo.

FINNEGAN

(taking notes)

Say again?

WING

I saw it when he opened the car door. Struck me as odd - a tattoo on his right arm peeking out of his sleeve. I think it said "mother."

TRAVIS

(to Ginger)

Where's the mug shots?

GINGER

Behind the bar. Ask Yan Su.

Travis crosses to the bar. As Finnegan writes, Wing says softly to Ginger

WING

You sure they can be trusted?

GINGER

Positive.

WING

The publicity would ruin me.

GINGER

(takes Wing's hand)

Don't worry, Harry.

WING

What are you doing later tonight?

Travis returns and shows Wing Rico's mug shots.

TRAVIS

Recognize him?

WING

Yes. He was the one in uniform.

TRAVIS

Did you notice what kind?

WING

Yes, the American Empress Line.

EXT. PIER AREA - AMERICAN EMPRESS LINE - DAY

INT. AMERICAN EMPRESS LINE OFFICE

Finnegan, Travis and J.P. Trapper. Looming in b.g. is Horncheck.

FINNEGAN

You bet he's sure, Trapper!

TRAPPER

Alright. Thank you, gentlemen. I'll pass this along to our attorneys.

FINNEGAN

(angrily)

You mean to say you're still not going show your records?

TRAPPER

Mr. Finnegan, as I told you before, we greatly sympathize -

FINNEGAN

(stands)

Ready, Mr. Travis?

TRAVIS

(puzzled)

Huh?

FINNEGAN

(starts for the door)

Goodby, Mr. Trapper. I imagine there'll be a lot of people wantin' to contact you startin' this afternoon.

TRAPPER

I beg your pardon?

FINNEGAN

(to Horncheck)

Out of the way, Horncheck.

TRAPPER

(stands)

Ah, why would a lot of people be wanting to contact me, Mr. Finnegan?

FINNEGAN

(stops, turns)

Why? Because not one but two ladies have disappeared from your company's pier. Only the second didn't just disappear, did she? She was abducted at gunpoint! And what was her abductor wearing? He was wearing your company's uniform! I think the police would be interested in knowing that little tidbit. Come on, Mr. Travis.

(opens the door)

TRAVIS

(to Trapper)

Then we're going to the world press.

TRAPPER

(comes around the desk)

Wait a minute, will you?

FINNEGAN

Make it fast.

TRAPPER

If I let you see our files, how do I know you won't turn everything over to the press and police?

FINNEGAN

You have my word as a private investigator.

TRAPPER

What the hell good is that?

TRAVIS

Look, Mr. Trapper, this is a private investigation. We don't want what you got so we can turn it over to the police. We want it so we can check it out with what we got. The police have closed their books on the case. I guarantee you, we have no reason to turn anything

over to the police. But we will turn over everything we find out to you. If we pool our efforts, maybe we can crack this mystery!

Trapper eyes Travis and Finnegan with great trepidation.

EXT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE

Finnegan, Travis and Stanford Allen. Trapper's files spread out over the desk.

STANFORD

(surprised)

How many?

FINNEGAN

Five. All tolled, five women are missing, counting Susie. Ten days before Pamela disappeared, a female passenger by the name of Gail Smith of Chicago disappeared from the poop deck of the Empress of Seattle.

TRAVIS

(to Stanford)

Three days later, a real estate lady from Palm Beach named Decker vanished from the same ship.

FINNEGAN

(to Stanford)

The last one - Margaret Everson - was booked as a passenger on the Empress of Manila and disappeared the same day as Susie.

STANFORD

Each disappearance has been near the water. That suggests they're using a boat. They must have a fast boat.

TRAVIS

Trouble is, Dr. Allen, nobody's seen a boat. Right, Mr. Finnegan?

FINNEGAN

Complete reports of every disappearance. Witnesses interviewed. Every lady disappeared in broad daylight. Yet not one single witness has seen ...

TRAVIS

(beat)

What?

FINNEGAN

No, where would they get one.

TRAVIS

One what?

FINNEGAN

No.

TRAVIS

WHAT?

FINNEGAN

A submarine. Where would they get a submarine?

TRAVIS

There's no way anybody could get a submarine. If there's one thing I learned in the Marine Corps . . .

FINNEGAN

(beat)

What?

TRAVIS

You know, just before I got out there was a rumor . . . that one of those mid-get subs, that they built toward the end of the war, had been stolen from the base.

FINNEGAN

Son, are you serious?

TRAVIS

Yeah, I remember because they were designed for underwater demolition work, only they had a lotta problems with them and they were finally more or less left to rust.

STANFORD

And one was stolen?

EXT. JUNGLE CHURCH - NIGHT

INT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Keith and Pamela in the small belfry. Below them, Margaret, Annie, Gail, Pampampango and Susie sleeping in the pews. Keith is showing Pamela his tattoo.

KEITH
Alcatraz. My cellmate was an artist.

PAMELA
(swallows)
I see.

KEITH
Look, I'll be truthful with you, Pamela.
My life hasn't always been a bed of roses.
I have a past.

PAMELA
Really?

KEITH
Back in thirty four I kidnapped the son
of a prominent mortician in Billings,
Montana.

PAMELA
What happened?

KEITH
The second day we were holding him,
the mother had a seizure. So the FBI
put out a public appeal: Let the kid go
and no questions would be asked.

PAMELA
What did you do?

KEITH
My partner thought it was a trick.
But I felt sorry for the mother. So
I let the kid go.

PAMELA
That was nice of you. It really was.

KEITH
Twenty-four hours later I was arrested on
Federal charges of kidnapping for ransom.

PAMELA
But what about "no questions would be
asked"?

KEITH
The judge said that the FBI could use
any kind of deception they wanted when
dealing with kidnappers, and that he was
going to make me an example of how
the Federal Government meant business
when they passed the Lindbergh Law.

PAMELA
What ... did you get?

KEITH

Life.

PAMELA

Oh dear.

KEITH

It was a blessing in disguise. Alcatraz's got the best law library in the entire American penal system. That's where I worked out this caper. I learned that Federal agencies don't have jurisdiction outside the U. S.

PAMELA

When did you get out of prison?

KEITH

Last Christmas.

PAMELA

How?

KEITH

Under three tons of garbage.

EXT. U. S. NAVAL BASE - DAY

Travis and Finnegan riding Travis's motorcycle.

TRAVIS

I gotta hand it to you, Finnegan.

FINNEGAN

What for?

TRAVIS

For thinkin' of a submarine.

FINNEGAN

Comes from years of experience.

They approach the marine guard shack.

FINNEGAN

Let me handle this, son.

A MARINE MP steps out of the guard shack and indicates for Travis to stop.
A big sign reads

UNITED STATES NAVAL BASE
SANGLEY POINT
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
Rear Admiral Chester Daily
Base Commander

Travis slows to a stop.

MARINE
Can I help you fellows?

FINNEGAN
Afternoon, Corporal. As a matter of fact
I think you can.

MARINE
What's your pleasure, sir?

FINNEGAN
We'd like to talk to somebody about
your missing submarine.

MARINE
About what?

FINNEGAN
About the submarine that was removed
from here about a year ago.

MARINE
You want to step out of that motorcycle,
gentlemen.

FINNEGAN
Why, Corporal?

MARINE
You're under arrest.

INT. BASE OPERATIONS - DAY

REAR ADMIRAL CHESTER DAILY seated behind a desk with his name and
title on it.

TRAVIS (OFF)
... and so we're sure these characters
- Rico, French, Keith - are involved
in the disappearances of all five ladies,
sir.

Finnegan and Travis standing before the admiral ... at attention. The Marine
MP and a second marine are standing behind them in case they try anything.
One wall contains a huge map of Southeast Asia. The room is cluttered with
an impressive array of the implements of war - a farflung command post in
a period of peace.

FINNEGAN
And we think they also might be involved
in the theft of your submarine, ah, that
is the alleged theft of your submarine, sir.
(eyes straight ahead)
Don't we, Mr. Travis.

9/7

TRAVIS
(to Daily)

French apparently was a professional diver before he turned to crime. We figure he was the one that supplied the know-how in the, ah ... theft.

Daily silent.

FINNEGAN
(to Daily)

We'll be glad to make our entire investigation available to you, Admiral.

Daily. Beat. He nods to the marines. The marines exit. Then he says to Finnegan and Travis

DAILY
Sit down, gentlemen.

Finnegan and Travis sit.

DAILY
In two months I retire.
(beat)
Twenty-nine years in the Navy.
(beat)
Twenty-nine years of hard work in the service of my country and I don't begrudge a solitary second of it.
(stands, starts to pace)
So what happens? When I got barely more than a year to go, some dirty bastards steal one of my submarines. Think about that gentlemen.
A submarine.

TRAVIS
But, Admiral, wasn't it obsolete and awaiting consignment to the War Museum in Arlington, Virgin -

DAILY
I DON'T GIVE A SHIT IF IT WAS WAITING CONSIGNMENT TO THE SCRAP HEAP! A submarine is a submarine. And gentlemen ... I want that fucker back!

INT. BAR - DAY

Ginger's employees preparing for the night. Travis and Ginger at the bar. Travis munches a cornbeef on rye.

GINGER

What if when you find Mr. Rico and his buddies they blow your brains out?

TRAVIS

That's the chance you gotta take.

GINGER

Why you?

TRAVIS

I wanna find out what happened to Susie.

GINGER

Come to think of it she is your wife.

TRAVIS

She's not my wife, she's my friend. I married her as a favor, remember?

GINGER

Then I don't think you ought to continue to risk your life. Finnegan and this admiral are getting paid to do that.

TRAVIS

You don't seem to understand, Ginger. It's not just Susie. Four other girls are missing.

GINGER

So what? You don't even know them.

TRAVIS

Sure I do. What about Pamela Allen?

GINGER

What about Pamela Allen?

TRAVIS

I know her ...

(looks at Ginger
eyeballing him)

... in a way ... I mean I know her father.

GINGER

Do you have a crush on her?

Travis laughs.

GINGER

(not seeing the humor)

Well, do you?

TRAVIS

Oh, come off it, Ginger.

GINGER

Because if you do, I have bad news for you, Travis.

TRAVIS
(stops laughing)

What?

GINGER
(laughs)
Pamela Allen wouldn't give you the time
of day.

TRAVIS
(coloring)
Oh, I see. You know that for a fact, right?

GINGER
Maybe if you graduated from Princeton,
she would.

TRAVIS
So I didn't go to Princeton. So I had to
go to work. Does that mean every lady
in my life has to be either a hooker or
a saloon keeper?

Phone rings.

GINGER
(icely)
Don't ask me.

TRAVIS
I graduated from the School of Hard Knocks.

GINGER
(into phone)
O'Bannon's East.
(hands phone to Travis)
It's for you.
(walks off)

TRAVIS
(into phone)
Hello?... Hiya, Finnegan, what's up?

INT. HIGH COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Commissioner Wells reading the ransom note. Admiral Daily standing by him.

WELLS
... if five million dollars in tens and twen-
ties is placed in a flotation container, flown
to latitude seventeen degrees thirty minutes
north ...

Travis seated next to Finnegan, solemnly studying a picture.

WELLS
... longitude one hundred and twenty degrees
twenty minutes east, and dropped by parachute
into ocean at ten a.m.

4/7
Angle on picture of Pamela, Susie, Gail, Annie and Margaret standing behind end-to-end sheets of plywood so that just their heads are showing.

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WELLS (OFF)

Delivery aircraft to immediately depart the area. If money is not dropped as specified or if any vessels or other aircraft are seen in the drop area a woman will be exterminated.

Travis exasperated, flips the picture to Finnegan. Wells continues

WELLS

Women will continue to be exterminated until compliance. Any attempt to discover location of women will result in them all being exterminated. Our next communication will reveal either location of women unharmed or new drop instructions and name of first woman exterminated with enclosed picture of corpse.

(to Daily)

What do you think, Chester?

DAILY

I think that not only have the sons of bitches used our submarine to kidnap the ladies, they also intend to use it to grab the money!

WELLS

I think you're right.

DAILY

I tell you, Richard, the thought of it makes me mad as a hornet. I'd be willing to pay the five million just to get the submarine back.

FINNEGAN

Can I suggest something?

WELLS

Sure, Mr. Finnegan. That's why you're here.

FINNEGAN

I can appreciate Admiral Daily's feelings about the submarine, but I think we can all agree that our first concern is the safety of the ladies.

WELLS

That's right.

FINNEGAN

So I think we ought to pay the money, retrieve our women, and then pursue the kidnapers to the ends of the earth. Bring the entire might of the United

States Government to bear on them after the ladies are home safe. Five million just isn't that much money when you're talking about human life.

WELLS

(to Daily)

What do you think, Chester?

DAILY

Five million bucks is one hell of a lot of money, Richard.

WELLS

No question about that.

DAILY

One of the conditions of payment would have to be the return of the sub.

WELLS

(to Daily)

Absolutely.

(to Travis)

What do you think, Mr. Travis?

TRAVIS

Any other rescue plan would jeopardize the lives of the girls.

WELLS

I agree. I think these hoodlums will stop at nothing.

FINNEGAN

They mean business, Mr. Commissioner. I can tell from their modus operandi - which I've run into many, many times during my long career in law enforcement.

WELLS

(to Daily)

Chester, can the Navy take care of this?

DAILY

The Navy doesn't have five million dollars, Richard.

WELLS

Of course. I'll have to wire Washington for the money. You take care of the airplane and that parachute business.

EXT. JUNGLE CHURCH - NIGHT

Carmen stationed in the belfry.

INT. JUNGLE CHURCH SHOWER

Pamela, Annie and Susie taking a shower.

ANNIE

What else did Keith tell you?

PAMELA

Starting tonight, they're going to have two-man patrols going out in the truck after it gets dark.

SUSIE

What does that mean?

PAMELA

That means that our devil-may-care captors are taking extra-precautionary measures since they delivered the ransom demand.

ANNIE

That also means that our escape plan goes into operation next time it's Keith's turn to do the night shift in the belfry.

CUEBALL (OFF)

Could I have your attention a minute, girls?

INT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Cueball standing in the doorway. Margaret, Gail and Pampampango have been setting up the bedding in the pews.

CUEBALL

(continuing)

I'd like to make an announcement.

MARGARET

What happened to the Clark Gable movie you were supposedly going to put on for us?

CUEBALL

(exasperated)

I told you Margaret, we weren't able to steal a projector. I'm sorry. Alright? I mean I've been breaking my -

Pamela, Annie and Susie emerge from the shower room in towels, robes.

PAMELA

How about the sheets you promised? You were going to buy them!

CUEBALL

That's the last straw! I never promised to buy sheets.

ANNIE

You did so. Even Jose heard you.

(to Pampampango)

Didn't you, Jose?

Pampampango nods yes.

SUSIE

(to Cueball)

What is the announcement?

CUEBALL

(collects himself)

Keeping within our policy to do everything possible -

GAIL

Get to the point, Cueball.

CUEBALL

The sub left to pick up payment in full for warehousing you girls, so it shouldn't be necessary for any of us to be here much longer - thank god!

Cueball exits and the girls and Pampampango walk back toward the shower room out of the hearing of Carmen in the belfry.

MARGARET

What happens now, Annie?

ANNIE

We proceed as planned.

PAMELA

Do we have enough rope?

ANNIE

Yes, it's stashed with the makeup for Jose.

(to Pampampango)

Do you understand what you're supposed to do?

PAMPAMPANGO

Yes, ma'am.

ANNIE

Margaret?

MARGARET

I'm so afraid it's not going to work.

PAMELA

Stop worrying.

MARGARET

But what if the ransom is paid?

ANNIE

We can not take that chance! If the sub comes back without five million dollars in tens and twenties we are all going to be in very hot water! These men aren't playing around.

PAMELA

(to Margaret)

Are you with us or against us?

MARGARET

Well ...

PAMELA

Well what?

MARGARET

Well why does it have to be me?

PAMELA

(to Annie)

Tell this lady, will you Annie.

ANNIE

(to Margaret)

Look around, Margaret. Do you see anybody else who could pin down Keith by sitting on him?

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Finnegan, Daily and Travis having a drink from a bottle of whiskey planted on the desk. Travis is a little smashed.

FINNEGAN

I take it you know why the kidnapers grabbed only women?

DAILY

I think the reason is obvious, Mr. Finnegan.

FINNEGAN

What?

TRAVIS

For somebody to screw while they're waiting for the five million.

FINNEGAN

I don't think so, gentlemen.

TRAVIS

What's the reason then?

FINNEGAN

Women are easier to hold prisoner than men.

(intercom buzzes)

Ever think of that?

(into intercom)

Yes? Send them in.

(to Travis)

You don't have to take as elaborate precautions against escape.

Travis combs his hair. Stanford and and Eunice enter.

EUNICE

Any new developments?

FINNEGAN

Not since I called you, Mrs. Allen.

STANFORD

Mr. Travis, this is my wife, Eunice.

TRAVIS

How do you do, Mrs. Allen. This is Admiral Daily.

FINNEGAN

Let me pour you folks a drink.

TRAVIS

(whispers)

Then how come the girls were all naked in the picture?

Finnegan looks at him.

TRAVIS

The picture that came with the ransom note.

FINNEGAN

I didn't see anybody that was naked.

TRAVIS

Of course not. That's why they had them standing behind the plywood.

Stanford, Eunice and Daily.

STANFORD

Five girls, five million dollars. A million dollars a hostage.

EUNICE

A million dollars is a pittance to pay for Pammy

DAILY

I agree, madam, but your figures are off because you're not taking into consideration the submarine.

Finnegan and Travis enter shot with drinks. Travis hands Eunice hers and engages her in conversation as Finnegan, Daily and Stanford talk in b.g.

TRAVIS

Did you know that Mr. Finnegan led the ambush that did in Clyde Barrow?

EUNICE

Clyde Barrow?

TRAVIS

The famous bankrobber.

EUNICE

(unimpressed)

I see. Well that's impressive, Mr. Travis.

TRAVIS

Oh, sure, Finnegan's a legend in his own time.

EUNICE

Is he?

TRAVIS

I thought that was why you hired him to find Pamela?

EUNICE

Not really. Stanford found him in the Manila Yellow Pages.

(downs her shot)

I can't tell you how relieved I'll be when Pammy's back, Mr. Travis.

TRAVIS

Me too. I'm looking forward to meeting her.

(sassy smile)

If you know what I mean.

EUNICE

(blank look)

This whole ordeal has been terribly trying.

Phone rings.

TRAVIS

I'll get it.

FINNEGAN

(to Stanford and Daily)

On the other hand, Machine Gun Kelly was the most overrated thug since Jesse James. Why I remember back in -

TRAVIS

Commissioner Wells' office. They want us to go there right away. I think there's trouble.

INT. HIGH COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Wells reading a telegram.

WELLS

Take whatever measures necessary to locate and rescue hostages, and to capture kidnapers, but this administration will not be manipulated by criminals.

Travis, Finnegan and Daily.

WELLS

(continuing)

Parachuting them five million dollars will set a dangerous and unacceptable precedent. You are not, repeat, not authorized to use monies, aircraft or other property of the United States to pay or facilitate the payment of any kind of ransom.

(looks up)

Signed ... Roosevelt.

(beat)

I'm sorry, gentlemen.

Everybody's silent. After a pregnant pause, Daily says to Wells

DAILY

One thing about that telegram baffles me, Richard.

WELLS

What, Chester?

DAILY

It makes no reference whatsoever to the submarine.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Radio playing soft music. Travis lying on the couch, drinking a San Miguel. A gentle knock on the door. Travis gets up, crosses the room, opens the door to reveal Ginger.

GINGER

Hi.

TRAVIS

Come on in. You look frazzled.

Ginger walks in and looks around.

GINGER
I am. What have you got to drink?

TRAVIS
I've got some Chivas Regal.

GINGER
I'll take it.

Ginger flops on the couch. Travis crosses to the bar, opens a small bottle of Japanese soda, makes Ginger a drink.

TRAVIS
How's business?

GINGER
Booming. So booming I'm ready for the grave. Mind if I take off my shoes?

Travis crosses with her drink.

TRAVIS
Take off whatever you want.

He sits beside her, hands her the drink. She takes a healthy peg.

GINGER
Thanks. I needed that.

TRAVIS
(rotates her a little)
I got another nice idea.
(starts to massage her
shoulders)

GINGER
Ooooooh, a massage. That feels so good.

TRAVIS
(massaging)
Do you want a massage?

GINGER
(enjoying)
Isn't that what I'm getting?

TRAVIS
This is a backrub.
(stands)
Come on, I'll give you a massage.
(takes her hand)

GINGER
Come on where?

TRAVIS
You have to lie down.

GINGER
Can't you do it here?

TRAVIS
No, no, you have to lie down on a bed.

GINGER
Why?

TRAVIS
I have to be able to get at you from all sides. Honest, I can't do it right here.

GINGER
(standing)
I'm not taking off my clothes.

TRAVIS
Who's saying you have to take off your clothes?

GINGER
Do I have your word on that?

TRAVIS
Yes.

He kisses her full and long on the lips.

GINGER
I don't want to get to know you too well, Travis.

TRAVIS
Why not?

GINGER
Because you're not long for this world.

TRAVIS
You're referring to Jack Rico and his buddies, right?

GINGER
Right.

TRAVIS
Then I got good news for you.

GINGER
What?

TRAVIS
I'm no longer involved.

GINGER
REALLY?

TRAVIS
(pulling her)
The whole shebang is the hands of the
Department of State.

GINGER
Oh, Travis ...

TRAVIS
Come on, I'll tell you all about it.

GINGER
Just a massage.

TRAVIS
Just a massage.

EXT. PIER AREA APARTMENT - DAY

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM

Alarm clock beside the bed says quarter to twelve. Sunlight pouring in the window. Ginger putting on her clothes. Travis sleeping like a baby in the canopied bed. Ginger exits bedroom.

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN

Ginger enters. She already has a pot of coffee brewing on the stove. She pours a cup, puts it on a tray, picks toast out of stovetop toaster, puts it on a plate and says to herself

GINGER
Butter.

She looks around, crosses to the icebox, is about to open the door when she sees the Life picture of Pamela tacked to it. Ginger glares at the picture for a moment, tears it off the door, lays it on the toast and sticks a fork into it.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM

Ginger storms into the bedroom, throws the picture and toast impaled on the fork at Travis and yells

GINGER
THERE! HAVE BREAKFAST WITH HER!

Travis sits bolt upright and mutters

TRAVIS
Breakfast? What?...

GINGER
I'm leaving! Goodby!

Ginger turns and starts out.

TRAVIS
Huh? Why're you all dressed?

He sees the picture of Pamela.

GINGER
I got a saloon to open - remember,
stupid, I'm a saloon keeper.

Travis gets out of bed, wraps the sheet around himself, and goes after Ginger.

TRAVIS
Wait a minute ... I was just keeping it
for purposes of identification ...

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

Ginger crosses the room.

GINGER
Sure you were! Tacked to your lousy
icebox where you keep your precious
beer!

Travis comes out and trips on the sheet.

TRAVIS
When am I going to see you again?

GINGER
When you get her out of your system!

Ginger opens the door and exits.

TRAVIS
HOW WAS I SUPPOSED TO KNOW HER
IF I FOUND HER?

Finnegan appears in the doorway. He has his briefcase and a Manila Times.
The front page headline is

5 WOMEN BEING HELD HOSTAGE
\$5 Million Ransom Demand

under which is a reprint of the group picture.

FINNEGAN
What's the matter?

TRAVIS
I gotta be more careful about what I leave
laying around this apartment.
(crosses to closet)
Make yourself a drink.

FINNEGAN

(crosses to bar)

I'm afraid it'll have to be a farewell drink, son.

TRAVIS

Where you goin'?

FINNEGAN

I'm taking myself off the case. Doesn't make any sense for those nice folks to keep paying me per diem when the President of the United States is involved.

(makes himself a drink)

You know, it's funny. The first time a couple really firstclass folks hire me to help them, I don't do them a lick of good. They may as well not have hired me.

TRAVIS

(pulling down Susie's dresses)

Don't blame yourself, Finnegan. You tried your best. You can't do any more than that.

FINNEGAN

(opens, looks at notebook)

Outwitted by three scoundrels named Rico, French and Keith.

TRAVIS

(folding dresses on a table)

Sounds like a cheap vaudeville act, doesn't it.

FINNEGAN

Every puzzle has a lock and every lock has a key, but I'll be damned if I can find the key to this one. Rico and French, we know. We know who they are. But we don't know where they're at.

(sips his drink)

Keith, now he's a horse of a different color.

Travis slides out Susie's large suitcase.

TRAVIS

He sure is. We don't know who he is or where he's at.

FINNEGAN

True. But we got one hell of a make on him.

TRAVIS

What'd you mean?

FINNEGAN

(looking at his notebook)

Well, we know he's five feet nine inches tall, we know he's thirty years old or thereabouts ... Jesus, we even know he's got a tattoo of on his right arm that says "mother." Plus we know he goes around masquerading as a man of the cloth. Now, I would say that's quite a bit of information on one -

TRAVIS

(staring at the wedding picture)

Finnegan, give me your magnifying glass.

FINNEGAN

(fumbling for his glass)

I can't find it.

TRAVIS

Find it!

FINNEGAN

(opens his briefcase)

Here it is!

(hands it to Travis)

TRAVIS

(holding it over the picture)

Have the electrical circuits of my brain gone south ...

Angle on Keith's tattoo peeking out of his sleeve as he holds his bible close to his heart.

TRAVIS

... or is that a lousy tattoo?

EXT. PIER AREA - AMERICAN EMPRESS LINE - DAY

Harry Wing, flanked by Travis and Finnegan, standing on the spot he saw Rico and Keith force Susie into the Buick, looking at the wedding picture emphatically nodding his head yes. Parked in b.g. are Wing's car and chauffeur.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Travis and Finnegan cutting through thick traffic on Travis's motorcycle.

EXT. STOREFRONT MISSION - DAY

Sailor again sleeping under the sign in the window that says MISSION OF GOD.

Suddenly the window is hit by a ship's anchor, and shatters into a thousand pieces. Sailor jumps to his feet and runs away. Travis, .45 drawn, followed by Finnegan with .38 drawn, steps through the hole.

INT. STOREFRONT MISSION

The place is gutted except for a few empty diesel marine drums.

INT. HIGH COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Angle on a telegram from the Embassy of Switzerland, Sulu City, addressed to Excellency Richard Wells.

WELLS (OFF)

The Swiss Embassy says Sultan Muhammad Zukarno gave Reverend Luther Goodwell and his followers - known as the Mission of God ...

As Wells continues reading the telegram, Travis and Finnegan pour over a folded-out map.

WELLS

... permission to establish a colony on Turc Island

TRAVIS

Turc Island ... here it is, part of the Sulu archipelago.

WELLS

(looks at map)

How far away is it?

Prissy female clerk enters with another telegram which Finnegan takes and reads.

TRAVIS

(to Wells)

About seventy miles south of Manila.

WELLS

(to clerk)

Have you got through to Admiral Daily yet?

CLERK

No, sir. He is out on maneuvers. They are still trying to reach him.

WELLS

(to Travis)

What do you propose we do?

TRAVIS

Attack with a battalion of U.S. Marines.

FINNEGAN

(reading his telegram)

Won't work.

4/7

WELLS

Why not?

FINNEGAN

(holds up the second telegram)

The arrest warrant from FBI.
(reading)

Lawrence Nicholas Keith. Wanted for escape from a Federal penitentiary. Keith is mentally unbalanced and considered extremely dangerous. Approach with utmost caution. Signed, J. Edgar Hoover.

(to the others)

I wouldn't put it past a crazy bastard like that to kill all the ladies if he saw a battalion of marines coming.

WELLS

I would imagine they'll be keeping a sharp watch with all the obvious planning they've put into this diabolical caper.

FINNEGAN

No question. Why my clients' daughter wouldn't have a chance if the kidnapers saw the marines coming. Even if they came at night, the kidnapers would hear them coming. How long do you think that son of bitch would need to kill five women? Ten seconds? It won't work.

WELLS

Also, Sultan Muhammad Zukarno might get a little peeved.

EXT. U.S. NAVAL BASE - DAY

INT. BASE OPERATIONS

Daily still in combat dress from maneuvers.

DAILY

Well fuck Sultan Muhammad Zukarno!

Wells, Travis and Finnegan.

WELLS

Listen, Chester, the American corporate fruit growers' lobby has been pressuring the State Department to establish a legation at Sulu City since the end of the Spanish-American War. Every island in the archipelago is covered with bananas and coconuts.

TRAVIS

(studying the map)

Which is probably what they've been feeding the girls to keep them alive. Turc Island is about four-hundred miles

from the spot the five million bucks was supposed to be dropped.

(to Daily)

Admiral, how long will it take the sub to get back to its base on Turc?

DAILY

(looking at the map)

Let's see ... through the Sibuyan Sea here ... at an average submerged speed of about eight knots ... about forty - forty-five hours.

TRAVIS

(looks at watch)

Okay, about five hours have elapsed since the time the money was supposed to be dropped. Assuming they continue to maintain radio silence, which I think they will, no girl will be killed for at least thirty-five hours because that's at least how long it will take the sub to get back to Turc to tell the others the five million didn't come down.

WELLS

Keep going.

TRAVIS

What if a small party ... small enough not to tip off any guard detail ... a very small party could sneak in and ... and using the element of surprise ...

WELLS

Keep going, Mr. Travis ...

TRAVIS

See, we have a very distinctive advantage.

WELLS

Yes. What's that?

TRAVIS

Surprise. We know who they are and where they are ... but they don't know that.

(turns to map, thinking as he talks)

See, one person like myself ... 'armed to the teeth ... could maybe sneak on the island ... tonight. Then tomorrow maybe I could find out where they're holding the girls, form a plan of attack -

DAILY

No, that won't -

TRAVIS

Wait, bear me out, Admiral. Maybe I could stage a surprise attack in the dark,

tomorrow night. The sub still won't be back tomorrow night. It won't get back until the morning of the day after tomorrow.

DAILY

What if they have fortifications? How would you get through?

TRAVIS

I'll bring explosives with me and if I have to, I'll set demolition charges and blast my way through.

DAILY

What if you don't kill enough of them in the course of your attack? What if after you reach the women, the kid-nappers counterattack?

TRAVIS

I'll bring a shortwave radio with me. If I get pinned down, I'll radio for help. Once I reach the girls, I won't have to maintain radio silence anymore and I'll radio you and your men to come and get us.

WELLS

(to Daily)

Oh, I think we definitely ought to give Mr. Travis's plan a try, Chester.

DAILY

He doesn't even know what's waiting for him, Richard!

TRAVIS

None of us know what's waiting for us. It's gonna take you minimum ... what? ... twenty-four hours to muster and outfit a battalion of marines. I'll just be going ahead, that's all.

WELLS

(to Daily)

That's all, Chester.

DAILY

(to Travis)

What if there're too many of them to form an attack plan? What if their fortifications are too strong to blast apart? What if -

TRAVIS

Look, Admiral. I'll always have the radio.

WELLS

(to Daily)

You see, Chester, he'll always have the radio.

DAILY

I don't know, Richard. I just don't know.

WELLS

My God man, don't you see the beauty of Mr. Travis's plan? We may be able to avoid a U.S. invasion of a foreign sovereignty!

(to Travis)

How soon would you be ready to leave?

EXT. DESTROYER - NIGHT

Destroyer knifing through the ocean (stock shot).

Travis walking along the deck, wearing his .45 automatic, carrying a Thompson submachine gun, boxes of ammunition, hand grenades, binoculars, food, rope. Finnegan walking behind him.

TRAVIS

I don't care if you are in the pink of condition, you're not coming.

FINNEGAN

Why not, son? Give it to me straight.

TRAVIS

(stops, turns)

Okay. You're too old.

FINNEGAN

That's a low blow.

TRAVIS

Well ... for christsake, Finnegan, this is a complicated, dangerous operation. I have a lot to remember and a lot to accomplish.

FINNEGAN

I'm fully aware of that.

TRAVIS

If I have to keep an eye on you, that's just one more complication.

(continues walking)

You can't come.

Sailors loading explosives, a shortwave radio, more paraphernalia into a small boat. Travis throws in what he's been carrying.

FINNEGAN

You've got to let me come, son.

TRAVIS

You don't need this, Finnegan! You've worked the biggest cases, you've captured the most dangerous desperados ... You don't need to be a hero. You've paid your dues. You are a hero.

FINNEGAN

That's just it. I'm not a hero.

TRAVIS

Sure you are.

FINNEGAN

No, I'm not. I didn't capture Al Capone. Hell, I wouldn't know Al Capone if I fell over him.

TRAVIS

So what, you ambushed Clyde Barrow, didn't you?

FINNEGAN

No I didn't.

TRAVIS

(beat)

What ... about Legs Diamond?

Finnegan shakes his head no.

TRAVIS

But you were an FBI agent, weren't you?

FINNEGAN

Nope.

TRAVIS

WHAT?

FINNEGAN

I tried to be a FBI agent. I applied four times but I was turned down ... every time.

TRAVIS

Why were you turned down?

FINNEGAN

Different reasons. First time I was too young. Second time, I failed the entrance exam by one question. I was determined to keep trying, though.

TRAVIS

What did you do?

FINNEGAN

You know those correspondence school ads you see in comic books and magazines that say, "You Can Learn Law Enforcement in Your Spare Time at Home"?

TRAVIS

Yeah.

FINNEGAN

Well I took every one of those courses I could afford. Finally on my third try I passed the exam.

TRAVIS

So then why didn't you become an FBI agent?

FINNEGAN

Because in the meantime Hoover was appointed Director and first thing he did was make tougher entrance requirements. The son of a bitch made having a degree in law or accounting a requirement.

TRAVIS

What did you do?

FINNEGAN

What'd you think I did? I went to law school.

TRAVIS

You ain't a lawyer.

FINNEGAN

Of course I'm not! I flunked out of law school the second month. I had to go the accounting route. Ever hear of such nonsense? Before I could be a G-man, I had to become an accountant! So I got the goddamned degree in accounting ... and I was turned down again!

TRAVIS

On what basis?

FINNEGAN

Age! By then I was too goddamned old!

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Travis and Finnegan in the little boat. Travis rowing, Finnegan resting.

TRAVIS

I still don't see why the hell it was so important for you to come.

FINNEGAN

I'll explain it to you, son. Dr. Stanford Allen - the world-famous Dr. Stanford Allen - hired me to find his daughter, Pamela, and bring her back, right?

TRAVIS

At this point, I don't know what to believe.

FINNEGAN

Don't you see? This is the only chance I'll ever have in my life to show J. Edgar Hoover what a great detective I am.

TRAVIS

I could have brought her back for both of us. It would have been the same thing.

FINNEGAN

No it wouldn't've, son. I gotta be there when we rescue her.

TRAVIS

Why?

Finnegan reaches in his pocket, takes out the arrest warrant,

FINNEGAN

So I can personally serve this arrest warrant on Lawrence Nicholas Keith, personally bring him back to the U. S., personally deposit him in Hoover's office and say, "Here you stupid son of a bitch! See what a colossal mistake you made in keeping me out of the FBI?"

EXT. JUNGLE SHORELINE BROKEN BY ESTUARY - NIGHT

The shoreline is broken by a deep, narrow estuary that snakes into the dark jungle.

TRAVIS (OFF)

Give me the binoculars.

EXT. OCEAN

Travis and Finnegan in the bobbing boat. Finnegan goes through paraphrenalia, comes up with binoculars, hands them to Travis.

EXT. JUNGLE CHURCH

The belfry peeking above a myriad of coconut trees seen through the binoculars. We can see the dim outline of Mario inside.

TRAVIS (OFF)

I see one of them. He's inside what looks like a church steeple.

EXT. OCEAN

Travis hands the binoculars back to Finnegan and rows for the estuary.

EXT. JUNGLE DOCK - NIGHT

Travis and Finnegan approach a dock at which the Mission of God motor launch is tied-up. Marine diesel oil drums on the dock. Travis steps on the dock

TRAVIS

Pass me the gear. Then we'll sink the boat.

FINNEGAN

(picks up a large box of explosives)

I'll bet this estuary is crawling with leeches. (starts to pass it to Travis)

If there's one thing I can't stand, it's leeeee -

TRAVIS

Watch it!

Boat slips backward, Finnegan's foot gets caught in the seat, Travis catches the explosives and Finnegan lands in the water. After a moment he surfaces. Travis pulls him up on the dock.

TRAVIS

(angrily)

Are you okay?

FINNEGAN

(grimacing in pain)

I think ... I broke ... my foot.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Finnegan is sprawled out next to the piled-up gear which Travis is concealing with banana leaves.

FINNEGAN

It's just a sprain.

TRAVIS

You broke your foot.

FINNEGAN

I did not, I sprained my ankle!

TRAVIS

Shut up, they'll hear us!

FINNEGAN

Well I ought to know, god damn it, it's my ankle!

TRAVIS

Alright, alright. We got a big day tomorrow. Let's try to grab forty winks.

FINNEGAN

Go ahead and sleep. I'm just gonna rest my eyes.

TRAVIS

Okay.

Finnegan immediately falls asleep. Travis keeps an eye and ear on the dark jungle.

EXT. JUNGLE CHURCH - DAY

Pamela, Susie, Margaret, Pampampango, Gail and Annie seen through binoculars over chattering monkeys and other jungle sounds.

TRAVIS (OFF)

Will you look at that.

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS

Travis and Finnegan crouched in the thick jungle growth. Travis is peering through the binoculars. Finnegan, peering in the same direction, is holding the Thompson.

FINNEGAN

What the hell have they got on?

TRAVIS

Sisters' clothes.

Travis pans the binoculars.

Barracks seen through binoculars. Rico sitting on the porch watching the open gate. Felix exits barracks. Rico gets up and goes inside. Felix takes over Rico's watch.

Travis brings down the binoculars and hands them to Finnegan.

TRAVIS

Give me the Thompson.

FINNEGAN

(hands him the Thompson)

Where you goin'?

TRAVIS

Take a closeup look.

Finnegan glumly watches Travis crawl off toward the barracks.

FINNEGAN

Careful of pythons.

Angles on Travis crawling through the thick brush. He crawls to the rear of the barracks and peeks in a window.

INT. BARRACKS REAR ROOM

Mario sleeping on an iron cot. Other cots in the room are vacant. Mosquito netting is draped everywhere. A door to a latrine opens, Cueball walks out buttoning his shorts, flops down and goes back to sleep.

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS

Travis crawls toward the front of the barracks. He stops and listens under a window voices are coming from.

INT. BARRACKS FRONT ROOM

Keith, Rico and Fidel.

KEITH

(agitated)

I'll tell you who to shoot first.

RICO

Sorry, Keith, I already made up my mind. Just pray they parachuted us the five million.

KEITH

I AM IN CHARGE!

RICO

Hollerin' ain't gonna change my mind.

KEITH

Who the hell do you think you are, Rico? You wouldn't even be here if it wasn't for me.

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS

Travis rises and peeks in the window.

RICO (OFF)

I'll tell you who I am.

INT. BARRACKS FRONT ROOM

Rico and Keith.

RICO

(continuing)

I'm the guy that's gonna grease the broads until the Feds deliver the five million.

KEITH

So? You think you're the only one around here that can kill people?

RICO

Yes.

(exits)

KEITH

THAT'S FINE, BUT YOU'RE NOT KILLING PAMELA ALLEN!

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS

Travis sinks down and crawls off into the brush.

EXT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Pamela, Susie, Annie, Pampampango, Margaret and Gail talking so Raoul in the belfry can't hear.

PAMELA

When Keith's out of his clothes, Susie will fling open the door and hit him over the head with the crucifix, Margaret will sit on him and I'll grab his gun and knife.

ANNIE

Right. Then as Susie ties him up, Gail and I will put his clothes on Jose.

Travis in the brush, straining to hear but can't.

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS - DUSK

Finnegan watching Felix still seated on the porch. Rustling sounds give Finnegan a start. Travis panting, crawls out of the brush.

FINNEGAN

I thought you were one of those monitor lizards.

TRAVIS

The perimeter fence completely encircles the compound. There's only the one gate.

FINNEGAN

The church and the barracks are the only two structures?

TRAVIS

Yeah. The barracks I think is two rooms and a latrine. Two guys were sleeping in one room. Keith and Rico were arguin' in the other -

(looks off)

Look ...

EXT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Fidel and Carmen rounding up the girls. The girls start entering the church.

FINNEGAN (OFF)

How many doors does the church have?

TRAVIS (OFF)

Just the one.

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS

Travis and Finnegan.

TRAVIS

(continuing)

Apparently they always keep a man on the porch to watch the gate and another man in the belfry to watch the entire island.

FINNEGAN

What're we gonna do?

TRAVIS

Attack tonight.

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS - NIGHT

Felix lighting the kerosene lamps.

Travis and Finnegan in the brush.

TRAVIS

... then I'll crawl up to the fence and plant a demolition charge of TNT and mercury fulminate at that point where the fence meets the barracks.

FINNEGAN

Sounds good.

TRAVIS

The charge will be big enough to blow up a section of the fence and at least part of the barracks, hopefully killing whoever's inside. Then I'll storm the church spraying the man in the belfry with machine gun fire and blow off the door with grenades.

INT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Raoul still in the belfry. Margaret, Pamela, Annie, Pampampango, Susie and Gail spreading bedding on the pews and in the aisles.

MARGARET

(quietly)

What if the guard on the porch sees that Jose isn't Keith?

ANNIE

Stop worrying, Margaret. Gail and I will have Jose made up. The guard will think he's Keith wanting to use the latrine in the barracks.

PAMELA

(to Pampampango)

Do you understand what you're supposed to do?

PAMPAMPAMGO

When I get near the guard, I quickly draw my gun and take his.

PAMELA

Very good.

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS

Travis and Finnegan in the brush.

TRAVIS

(looking off)

You understand the plan?

FINNEGAN

I don't understand what I'm supposed to do.

TRAVIS

How're you gonna do anything? You got a bum foot.

(starts to crawl away)

FINNEGAN

You're crazy - it's all better now! Where you going?

TRAVIS

To get the radio and explosives.

FINNEGAN

I'll get them, for godsake. You're gonna be worn out before you start. You got a big night ahead of you. You better rest while you can, son. I'm not fooling.

TRAVIS

Well if it wasn't for your broken foot, you could go get them.

FINNEGAN

How many times do I have to tell you?
My foot's fine.
(starts to crawl off)

TRAVIS

Wait a minute.

Finnegan stops.

TRAVIS

(hands Finnegan the
Thompson)

Take this.

INT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Pamela in a silk nightgown, peering out through the slatted window. Margaret standing behind her.

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS

Felix seated on the porch - Pamela's p.o.v.

MARGARET (OFF)

Pam?

INT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Margaret and Pamela.

PAMELA

What do you want now, Margaret?

MARGARET

Why can't Gail sit on Keith?

PAMELA

Gail is going to be putting makeup on Jose.

MARGARET

I'll put the makeup on Jose.

PAMELA

(turns from window)

No! Margaret, don't you understand?
We've got to get inside that barracks -

MARGARET

(quickly, overlaps)

I'm sorry, Pam, I won't ask again -

PAMELA

- and get our hands on their damn arsenal!

INT. JUNGLE BARRACKS FRONT ROOM

Hands unlock and open the wall cabinet. Inside are three Browning automatic rifles.

4/7

CUEBALL

Ready to go out on patrol, Rico?

Cueball removes one of the Brownings. Rico is lying on a cot. Keith is combing his hair.

RICO

Not really.

Keith straps on a .45, smirks and exits.

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS

Keith steps off the porch and walks toward church - Pamela's p.o.v.

INT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Pamela hurriedly leaves the window, says to the others

PAMELA

Here he comes.

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS

Travis watching Keith cross, from the brush.

EXT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Keith signals Raoul down out of the belfry.

INT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Pamela lying on her bedding, feigning sleep, looking up at Raoul climbing out onto the roof.

EXT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Keith positioning ladder against the side of the church as Raoul maneuvers down roof.

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS

Cueball hits the starter of the truck. Rico is seated beside him with the Browning.

Travis reacts with alarm to the sound of the truck.

Felix crosses to the gate, unlocks it and swings it open just as Cueball and Rico roar around the front of the barracks.

Travis wide-eyed sees the truck heading straight for him. Felix closes the gate. Travis flattens fast in the brush as Cueball and Rico roar past.

INT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Pamela steps over the girls and Pampampango feigning sleep, climbs the stairs to the belfry observation perch, whispers

PAMELA

Larry?

KEITH

Yeah?

PAMELA

Do you still want to go in the shower
and smooch?

EXT. JUNGLE

Finnegan arrives at the spot they left the radio and explosives and puts down the Thompson. Then he picks up the radio, hears the sound of the truck approaching, turns around and is flooded by the truck's headlights.

CUEBALL

RICO! WHO'S THAT, RICO!

RICO

Get him! Step on it!

Finnegan furiously takes off limping. Cueball and Rico, pursuing Finnegan, ride pass the radio and explosives. Rico starts firing.

CUEBALL

RICO, LOOK AT THE RADIO!

Angles on Finnegan limping, hobbling, being chased by Cueball and Rico in the truck. Finnegan tries to climb a tree but Cueball and Rico pull up behind him, jump out and run up to him. Cueball shines a flashlight at him.

RICO

Stop, you son of a bitch!

FINNEGAN

Don't shoot!

CUEBALL

(hysterical)

HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

RICO

Shut up! Go back and see what he had
there.

Cueball darts off. Rico shoves his Browning in Finnegan's face.

RICO

Who the hell are you?

FINNEGAN

I ... I ... I'm a fisherman ... I ... I've
lost my bearings ... and -

Cueball at the radio and explosives, screams

CUEBALL

RICO! EXPLOSIVES! HE'S GOT EX-
PLOSIVES!

Rico and Finnegan.

RICO

What are you doin' with explosives?
And if I don't like your answer this time
your head's gonna be part of the tree
you just tried to climb.

FINNEGAN

(reflects, then)

Okay. I'm Pat Finnegan of the FBI. We've
got you surrounded.

Cueball rushes into shot.

FINNEGAN

(continuing)

Give up, Rico, before it's too late.

CUEBALL

HOLY CHRIST, RICO, HE KNOWS YOUR
NAME!

RICO

Will you shut up!
(to Finnegan)
You're comin' with us.

INT. JUNGLE CHURCH SHOWER

Keith giving Pamela an awkward kiss on the nape of the neck. When he
finishes, Pamela leans back, smiles seductively and says

PAMELA

Take off your clothes, you sexy devil.

Keith blushes. Pamela waits a moment, then starts unbuttoning his shirt.
Keith unfastens his gun belt.

INT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Susie and Margaret at the shower room door. Susie has the crucifix. In
b.g. Annie and Gail are putting makeup on Pampampango to make him look
white.

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS

The truck barreling toward us. Travis hiding in the brush. Cueball, Finn-
egan and Rico roar past. Felix opens the gate. Truck roars past.

RICO

(looking off)

Where the hell ... ?

EXT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Empty belfry - Rico's p.o.v.

RICO (OFF)
HEY KEITH!

INT. JUNGLE CHURCH SHOWER

Pamela has Keith down to his underwear.

RICO (OFF)
(continuing)
WE GOT BIG PROBLEMS!

Keith and Pamela look at each other.

INT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Margaret, Susie, Annie, Gail and Pampampango make a mad retreat to their bedding.

INT. JUNGLE CHURCH SHOWER

Keith looks through the slats as he hurriedly puts back on his clothes.

PAMELA
What's the matter?

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS

Finnegan flanked by Rico and Cueball - Keith's p.o.v. Fidel also there; Mario, Carmen and Raoul come running out of the barracks. Felix closing gate. Much excitement.

INT. JUNGLE CHURCH SHOWER

Keith runs out still getting dressed. Pamela looks through the slats. Annie enters and also looks through the slats.

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS

Rico, Finnegan and Cueball - Pamela and Annie's p.o.v. Keith approaching half-dressed.

ANNIE (OFF)
Who in the hell is the one in the middle?

INT. JUNGLE CHURCH SHOWER

Pamela looking through the slats.

PAMELA
I don't know, but he sure picked a fine time to show up!

INT. BARRACKS FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Finnegan sitting on a cot. Keith screaming in his ear.

KEITH
 SINCE WHEN'S THE FBI GOT JURIS-
 DICTION IN THE SULTANATE OF
 SULU?

FINNEGAN
 (chuckles falsely)
 I can see you've done your legal home-
 work, Larry.

Keith turns to Rico, Cueball, Raoul and Fidel.

KEITH
 I don't believe this is happening. I
 don't believe this is happening!

Cueball, Rico and Raoul each armed with a Browning. The short wave
 radio and explosives are piled on the floor. Keith turns back to Finnegan.

KEITH
 How many other G-men are illegally
 on this island?

FINNEGAN
 I told you, Larry, U.S. Navy ships
 are lying off the horizon blocking the
 approaches but I came on the island
 alone.

RICO
 Why'd you come alone?

FINNEGAN
 Do I have to go through the whole thing
 again, Rico? We were afraid if we
 sent in the marines, you guys would start
 killing the girls, so we figured that the
 safest way was to send in one man.

RICO
 Why'd they send in you?

FINNEGAN
 (can't resist)
 Probably because they felt I could do the
 job better than anybody else.

KEITH
 (to the others)
 Even if Charlie, Henry and Ruben do
 show up tomorrow morning, there's not
 enough room in that sub for all of us.
 We won't all fit.

CUEBALL
 (to Rico)
 He's right, Rico.

RICO
 (to Fidel, indicating
 Finnegan)
 Get him out of here.

As Fidel marches Finnegan out, Keith says to the others

KEITH
 The sub was designed for four bodies.
 The maximum number that can squeeze
 in is seven. When Charlie, Henry and
 Ruben show, there'll be eleven of us,
 which means at least four of us would be
 left behind.

RICO
 (looks around the
 room)
 Who's not here?

CUEBALL
 Mario, Felix, Carmen and Fidel.

RICO
 Okay, they'll have to stay.

KEITH
No!

RICO
 WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO, THEN,
 KEITH?

KEITH
 (calmly)
 We're all gonna leave this island
 in the motor launch.

RICO
 Oh, I see. And when we meet the
 United States Navy waiting for us,
 what is it we want to say to them,
 Keith? Pardon us, fellows, but we'd
 like to pass?

KEITH
 We're gonna bring the girls with us!
 It'll be a little cramped, but we'll all fit.
 Then, when we reach the blockade, we'll
 make known our demands.

RICO
 What're our demands?

KEITH
 Stores, provisions and safe passage
 to Japan.

CUEBALL
 Say again, Larry?

RICO

(deadpan)

He said we're goin' to Japan.

KEITH

(elatedly)

Don't you understand, you idiots?
The way the U.S. has been treating
Japan lately, Emperor Hirohito will
welcome us with open arms!

EXT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Felix now in the belfry, armed with the Thompson, watching the compound perimeter.

INT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Finnegan, Pamela, Susie, Pampampango, Annie, Margaret and Gail talk quietly in the front.

PAMELA

But if it was supposed to be a one-man mission in the first place, why doesn't your partner have a chance?

FINNEGAN

Because to make it work, the one man needs explosives, and fire power and the element of surprise. Travis is out there with nothing except a pistol. On the other hand, the gang is armed to the teeth and expecting something. Are you kidding me? There's no way he can rescue us. No way.

SUSIE

What about the navy and the marines?

FINNEGAN

We were supposed to radio them if we ran into trouble, but our friends got the radio.

GAIL

What will the marines do? Wait out there?

FINNEGAN

That depends on the next move Keith and company make. But eventually, if they have to, the marines will storm the beach. And that could be very bad for us to say the least.

ANNIE

I agree.

MARGARET

If anybody needs sitting on, Annie, just tell me who and when.

ANNIE

Thanks, Margaret.

(to Finnegan)

What'd you think ought to be our next step?

FINNEGAN

We don't have any choice.

ANNIE

What do you mean?

FINNEGAN

We have to plan another escape.

INT. BARRACKS REAR ROOM

Rico and Cueball.

RICO

The man's not only a jerk and a creep, he's a lunatic, you realize that, don't you?

CUEBALL

Think so, Rico?

RICO

No question about it.

CUEBALL

What're we gonna do then?

RICO

Number one, we gotta hope that sub shows tomorrow. Number two, we gotta immediately take it over before Keith has a chance to explain his latest hare-brained scheme to his pal Charlie French. And number three, we now gotta figure out how to do it.

CUEBALL

How we gonna do it?

RICO

(figuring)

We're gonna stage an ambush.

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS - DAY

Green coconuts bunched high near the top of the tree backlit by the searing tropical sun. Camera tilts down to the barracks.

INT. BARRACKS FRONT ROOM

Keith and Fidel sleeping. Rico enters from rear room with his Browning. Fidel and Keith snap awake.

RICO

(looks at watch)

I think I'll stroll down to the dock
and wait for French.

KEITH

(straps on his .45)

Good idea. We'll go with you.

RICO

Okay.

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS

Felix, Carmen and Mario are on the porch as Keith, Rico and Fidel come out. Felix, still with the Thompson, goes down and opens the gate.

EXT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Raoul armed with his Browning, watching from the belfry.

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS

Keith, Rico and Fidel approach the gate. Keith has a thought.

KEITH

(turns around)

Carmen ... Mario ... come on down to
the dock to wait for Charlie.

Carmen and Mario run down and join Keith, Fidel and Rico. Felix closes the gate behind them.

Cueball lying in wait in the brush with his Browning as Keith and the rest approach in the distance.

Keith and Rico leading followed by Carmen, Fidel and Mario.

Cueball ready to spring. Travis whispers evenly

TRAVIS

Don't move. Don't talk.

Travis has his .45 jammed in the small of Cueball's back. Keith, Rico and the others walk past Cueball and Travis hidden in the brush. Keith looks at his watch and says

KEITH

Charlie's due anytime now.

Rico, walking, wondering what happened to Cueball.

Travis with the Browning says to Cueball

TRAVIS

You're gonna walk up to that guy on the porch and pray to God you can convince him to open the gate.

CUEBALL

Yes sir.

EXT. JUNGLE

Keith, Rico, Carmen, Mario and Fidel walking toward the dock. Rico now knows something went wrong.

INT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Finnegan slowly but surely climbing the stairs leading to the perch in the belfry. Pampampango and Margaret are right behind him.

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS

Cueball approaches the gate. Felix on the porch of the barracks.

CUEBALL

Hey, Felix, you ol' sonofagun. Open the gate.

Felix unlocks the gate. Cueball starts to walk through.

EXT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Raoul watching from the belfry. Finnegan appears behind him and clamps him in a headlock. Raoul lets out a yell.

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS

Felix turns around. Travis steps out of the foliage. Cueball cuts and dives through the front door into the barracks. Travis opens fire on Felix who drops his Thompson and also runs into the barracks.

EXT. JUNGLE

Keith, Rico, Carmen, Mario, Fidel react.

KEITH

What's that shooting?

Rico suddenly spins around and opens fire with his Browning. Everyone dives for cover. Keith slips away into the brush.

EXT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Finnegan, Pampampango and Raoul wrestling.

INT. BARRACKS FRONT ROOM

Travis with the Browning in one arm and the Thompson in the other. He steps over the short wave radio and other captured gear, kicks open the door between the rooms.

INT. BARRACKS REAR ROOM

Travis enters the rear room. He wonders what happened to Cueball and Felix. Then a sound in the barracks latrine and Travis reflexively spins around and lets go the absolutely loudest, most devastating double-barrel burst of automatic weapon fire ever seen or heard on the silver screen.

Travis's fusilade brings down the entire wall of the latrine to reveal Felix crouched in the cistern and Cueball's head protruding from the hopper. Cueball manages a thin smile and says

CUEBALL

Missed.

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS

Keith approaches the gate, stops and looks at the church.

EXT. JUNGLE CHURCH - FINNEGAN, RAOUL, ANNIE, MARGARET

Pampampango helps Finnegan overpower Raoul as the struggle overflows from the belfry to the roof. Raoul's Browning rolls off the roof and drops to the dirt.

INT. BARRACKS FRONT ROOM

Travis completes tying Cueball and Felix to a post with rope from the captured gear.

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS

Keith runs toward the church.

EXT. JUNGLE BARRACKS

Travis comes out on the porch, opens fire on Keith.

EXT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Keith returns fire. On the roof, Finnegan and Pampampango are beating and choking Raoul. Margaret cheers them on. Keith shots the lock off the door to the church and rushes in.

INT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Keith crosses to Gail, Annie and Pamela halfway up the stairs.

KEITH

You still wanna go with me, Pamela?

Pamela bites her lip, shakes her head no. Keith grabs her.

KEITH

Then I guess I gotta force you.

EXT. JUNGLE CHURCH

Travis advances. Finnegan, Pampampango and Raoul are fighting precipitously near the edge. Travis at the door. Suddenly it flies open and Keith runs out with his gun pressed against Pamela's head, yelling

KEITH

Gangway!

Keith circles Travis, holding Pamela as a shield.

TRAVIS

Let her go, Keith.

Behind Travis, Raoul breaks loose of Finnegan, falls off the roof and lands hard on his head.

TRAVIS
(to Pamela)
My name's David Travis.

Keith backing out the gate with Pamela.

KEITH
Screw you, Travis.

PAMELA
(yells past Travis)
NOW, MARGARET!

Travis turns around and at once sees a dazed Raoul crawling toward the Brown- ing and Margaret every pound of her jump off the roof and land squarely with bone-crunching force on Raoul. Finnegan, climbing down the ladder, hollers

FINNEGAN
I owe you an apology, son.

TRAVIS
Go in the barracks and radio Admiral
Daily to haul ass!

EXT. JUNGLE

Keith and Pamela rapidly heading for the dock.

Travis running with his Thompson. Rico suddenly lunges out of the bush. Rico gets ahold of Travis's Thompson. They wrestle for its possession at dan- gerously close quarters. Every few seconds the submachine gun lets go an ear-shattering burst of fire. It is wedged between them as they grunt and sweat and fight. Finally Rico breaks loose with the gun. He points it at Travis and pulls the trigger. But there is no more ammunition left. Travis dives for Rico's throat and bashes his head against a rock. Rico is out like a light. Travis runs off.

EXT. JUNGLE DOCK

Keith with Pamela out at the end of the dock.

Travis in the distance comes running toward them, yelling

TRAVIS
Let her go, Keith, we got you surrounded!

As Travis approaches, Keith yells

KEITH
TOO CLOSE, TRAVIS ...

Travis stops running. Keith looks at the water, then turns back toward Travis edging toward the dock. Keith presses the .45 into Pamela's temple and yells

KEITH

Set one foot on the dock and I pull the
trigger!

Travis stops dead in his tracks. Keith looking at the water again, turns back to Travis and shouts past him

KEITH

GO BACK TO WHERE YOU CAME
FROM, G-MAN!

Travis turns around. Finnegan is in the distance, hobbling double time toward them, shouting

FINNEGAN

How about letting me take the girl back with me, Larry? Her parents would sure like to see her again.

KEITH

Thanks for the offer, but I think I'll just take her along with me if you don't mind.

Keith looks again at the water. Finnegan reaches Travis.

TRAVIS

(softly to Finnegan)
I'm gonna rush him.

FINNEGAN

(softly)
No, son. There's no way you can get to him before he shoots her. Let me handle this.

(calls out to Keith)

I hope you're not looking for your submarine, Larry.

Keith keeps looking for the submarine.

FINNEGAN

(continuing)
Reason why I say that is because yesterday Admiral Chester Daily's boys spotted it changing its air and recaptured it before it had a chance to submerge.

Keith turns around and looks at Finnegan. Travis says to Finnegan under his breath

TRAVIS

Is that true?

FINNEGAN

(continuing to Keith)
So the sub won't be coming, in case that's what you're -

KEITH
BULL, COPPER!

FINNEGAN
It ain't bull, Larry, I just talked -

KEITH
IT'S ANOTHER FBI LIE! You Feds never learn, do you? How many times d' you think I'll fall for your lies? You think I'm a jerk? I know you're lying through your teeth.

FINNEGAN
Am I, Larry? Then listen to this. When they captured the sub, they took Charlie French and two other members of your gang into custody. French was wearing a green and red striped polo shirt. Now there's no way I could know that, Larry, unless Daily really captured the sub and just a minute ago told me over the short wave radio.

TRAVIS
(to Keith)
Hang it up, Keith. The sub ain't comin'. It's all over. Let her go.

Keith is silent.

TRAVIS
(softly to Finnegan)
Nice goin'.

FINNEGAN
Thanks, son.
(to Keith)
And don't get any ideas about using the motor launch, either.

Travis cringes.

KEITH
(to Pamela)
Get in the motor launch.

Pamela and Keith get in the launch.

FINNEGAN
(to Keith, in desperation)
The U. S. Navy's out there waiting for you. You'll never make it.

TRAVIS
You should have quit while you were ahead.

Keith starts the motor and yells to Finnegan

KEITH

Maybe alone I wouldn't, copper, but
you're forgetting I got bargaining power ...

and pulls out with one hand on the rudder, the other on Pamela to make sure she doesn't try anything. Then we hear the bubbling, gurgling sound. Pamela screams. The submarine erupts out of the water directly in front of them like the monster of Loch Ness. The launch rides right up on top of the surfacing submarine and overturns into the water. Pamela and Keith each dive clear in different directions. Pamela swims for shore. Keith minus his .45 swims for the submarine. Its exit/entry chamber hatch opens, a confused French appears wearing a green and red striped polo shirt and is confronted by Travis and Finnegan at the end of the dock with their guns trained on his heart.

FINNEGAN

REACH FOR THE SKY, YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST!

French, followed by Ruben and Henry, climbs out of the sub with hands up. Annie, Gail, Margaret, Pampampango approach with prisoners Rico, Cueball, Raoul, Fidel, Carmen and Mario.

TRAVIS

Where did you find out French was wear-
ing a green and red striped polo shirt?

FINNEGAN

(indicating Cueball)

I asked him.

Travis laughs, puts his arm around Finnegan and gives him a strong hug.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. PIER AREA - AMERICAN EMPRESS LINE - DAY

J. P. Trapper at the foot of the gangplank of the Empress of the Orient, amongst familiar faces - Eunice, Stanford, Wells, Susie, Margaret, Annie, Gail, Pampampango, Zink - happily going from person to person, topping glasses from a cool magnum of Veuve Cliquot. Trapper reaches Travis talking to Pamela in his dark gabardine suit.

TRAPPER

Last call.

TRAVIS

No thanks, Mr. Trapper.
(to Pamela)

What'd you say?

PAMELA

I'm flattered by your offer, Dave. But
I don't think it would be a good idea.

TRAVIS

Why not? Life in the tropics ain't that bad.

PAMELA

The truth is I'm already involved with somebody else.

TRAVIS

Oh, well, I didn't know that. Who is he?

PAMELA

A third year medical student at Princeton.

The ship's whistle sounds. Trapper calls out

TRAPPER

All aboard everybody!

PAMELA

(to Travis)

Goodby and thank you.

Pamela kisses Travis on the cheek and goes off.

Tom Knight pulls up in his dusty truck.

Susie crosses to Travis and kisses him on the cheek.

SUSIE

Thanks for paying my hotel bill, David.

TRAVIS

You should have asked me to pay it in the first place. That's what friends are for.

SUSIE

I love you.
(goes off)

TRAVIS

(calls)

Be sure and send me a copy of the divorce.

Knight comes up behind Travis.

KNIGHT

You got a letter from the War Department, Travis.

TRAVIS

Huh?

KNIGHT

(hands Travis official-looking envelope)

I opened it by mistake.

TRAVIS

(lights up)

I got it! They gave me an honorable

discharge!

FINNEGAN (OFF)

Hey, Travis!

Travis and Knight look up. Finnegan and an officer and a handcuffed Larry Keith on a lower deck. Finnegan is waving.

FINNEGAN

I'll call you first thing when I get back from Washington. Never can tell. Maybe we'll team up again on another adventure.

Travis winces, smiles, waves, hollers

TRAVIS

Sounds like a good idea, Finnegan ...

Travis opens the door of the truck. Sitting there is Ginger.

TRAVIS

Hello.

GINGER

(icely)

Hello.

TRAVIS

(climbs in)

What's the matter?

GINGER

Did you say goodbye to Pamela?

TRAVIS

I said goodbye to everybody.

Knight gets behind the wheel. Travis says to Ginger.

TRAVIS

She's got a boyfriend, you know.

GINGER

Oh?

TRAVIS

(holds out his letter)

Did you see this? They expunged my record.

GINGER

Yes. Congratulations. Now you can go back to the States.

Travis looks at her. She looks at him. Travis shakes his head.

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TRAVIS
I'll just stay parked here in Manila.

He kisses her.

GINGER
Really, Travis?

TRAVIS
You have my word.

KNIGHT
(clears his throat)
Where to?

TRAVIS
Drinks. My place. I got to get out
of this suit.

Knight hits the gas.

TRAVIS
By the way, I never got a chance to ask
you.

GINGER
What?

TRAVIS
How did you like that massage?

They look at each other and laugh. Camera pulls back. Travis sticks his hand out the window and waves. Shot widens and we see Admiral Daily in the sub, and he's waving back.

FADE OUT